

The Youth's Instructor



I Will Rebuke

The Devourer

By NELLIA BURMAN GARBER

DEACON SKWEBELE was frankly worried. It was harvesttime, and all his family were ill. What was going to happen to them? Would they starve? No; God had promised to care for those who pay their honest tithe. Surely He would care for them. But how?

Days passed, and still the deacon's grain was unharvested. He worried not a little about it, for it meant food—or famine—for his family during the long months of November, December, and January. All Barotse land suffers then, even with a fair harvest to draw upon. Suddenly very bad news reached his ears. The birds had come—by the thousands! They always came near the end of the harvest to clean out what had been left.

How earnestly the deacon prayed as he lay on the mud floor of his hut. He reminded the Lord of His promise to open "the windows of heaven," and again, to "rebuke the devourer." He claimed that promise, and God heard him.

The birds did not go near Deacon Skwebele's fields. They ate from the fields all around, but not one ate his mealies or Kaffir corn.

It caused great talk among the villagers. Why had the birds not ruined the unharvested fields of the deacon? The whole family was ill; there was not even anyone to put up the reeds with papers tied to the ends to frighten the birds away, nor any small boys to beat drums* to keep the birds out of the field. The neighbors could not understand it, so they went straight to the one who knew. They asked Skwebele.

* In each field of Kaffir corn a platform fifteen or twenty feet high is built. This is usually in the center of the field, and there small boys sit during the harvest, beating drums (or tins) to frighten the birds away until the crop has been reaped.



H. M. LAMBERT

Our Lord Has Promised to Open Windows of Blessing Upon His Faithful Tithepayers. The Deacon's Experience Was No Exception

"It is because I pay tithe," he answered softly, for the answer to his prayer was so direct and so unusual that he felt in the very presence of God, "which means that I return to Him the tenth of all that I gain. He has promised to care for me if I do that; and you have seen that He has kept His promise."

The silence which followed showed that Skwebele's words had made a deep impression upon the minds of the listeners. Finally someone spoke: "We will reap your corn, deacon. God has saved it for you, so we will reap it." And that is what they did. The neighbors not only harvested it but even shelled the grain.

But still the deacon was ill. It seemed that no care or medicine could bring him or his family back to health. Could

it be that God had an even greater miracle in store for him? Was he to witness further before the heathen?

The months passed; time for the planting arrived. The women in Africa always do the planting, but Skwebele's wife was still too weak to plant. The women of the village had been greatly impressed by the miracle of the harvest, so they planted the fields for her. But when the weeding time came, they could not find the time to weed their own gardens and the deacon's also. Barotse rains have a magic when it comes to making weeds grow. They seem to spring up overnight. The neighbors were "very sorry," they told the deacon, but they simply could not take care of his weeds.

The good man felt a bit anxious, but
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Let's Talk It Over

THE island of Guam steamed under the intense tropical heat one mid-summer day in 1914, when an alert young American Marine sergeant stood on the bank of a river that bisected the Agaña agricultural station on the island of Guam and waited for his bride. After a half-mile swim, which seemed the only way she could elude the watchful eye of her Prussian army officer-father, she climbed the bank to meet her bridegroom, was hurried off post-haste to a U. S. Navy chaplain, and there under the palm trees the two happy young people were married.

When the first World War was ended the Marine sergeant returned to civilian life, and his work as publicist, archaeologist, advertising representative, and mining engineer took him from San Francisco to Saipan, to Tinian, to Rota, and finally to the Philippines. But wherever Hans George Hornbostel journeyed Gertrude accompanied him, endured hardships as a good soldier, was his right-hand assistant, and did her full duty in the rearing of their three children.

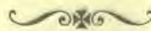
The outbreak of the second World War caught them in Manila. Hans promptly joined the U. S. Army engineers, fought on Bataan, survived the terrible Death March, and finally was confined in Bilibid prison. Gertrude and their son Earl were interned at Santo Tomás, only a few blocks away, but not once during those long years of the war did they see each other. Mrs. Hornbostel's weight dropped to 105 pounds, but she refused an offer of freedom under the sponsorship of her German brother, explaining her action with, "I couldn't go free while Hans was in prison."

It was while she was in Santo Tomás that Mrs. Hornbostel noticed that "something strange" was happening to her skin. The "something strange" continued to give her trouble after they had all been liberated and had returned home. Several weeks ago she insisted on taking a skin test, and the final analysis showed that somewhere, somehow, she had contracted the dread disease of leprosy. The law of these United States decrees that she must enter the leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana, and that she go alone. But her husband, now an Army major seeking discharge, appealed from this decision to Surgeon General Thomas Parran. It was his one desire to go into the leprosarium with his wife, and spend the rest of his life making her as com-

fortable as possible. Finally this request was granted.

Physicians point out that the major is thus sentencing himself for life, for while over a ten-year period 169 out of 769 patients who have gone into Carville have been returned to normal life as "arrested" cases, no longer considered a menace to public health, specialists agree that there is no cure for leprosy—"no recovery—only relief."

We shudder at the very thought of this terrible disease. It is a loathsome affliction. And as we are reminded that despite all modern scientific discoveries in the fields of preventive and curative medicine, this malady of the tropics is still something to be reckoned with even in temperate zones of the world, we breathe a prayer for protection from such a living death.



BUT hold just a moment! We are all victims of leprosy. Yes, even you and I, to make it very personal. For in God's Inspired Word, sin is well likened to this fearful malady. *All of us—every human being—"have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."* And the leprosy of sin is not one whit less tragic, less loathsome, an affliction than is physical leprosy.

Also, its inevitable end is an agonizing death in the "lake of fire burning with brimstone" "prepared for the devil and his angels" in the last great day when Christ shall have come a second time, and when judgment shall be meted out to all "according to their works."

Stunned by this breath-taking prospect, we cry, "Is there no cure for this awful malady? no escape from its stark results?"

The answer is "None." Humanly speaking, there is no cure, no escape.

But there is a divine Physician who can cleanse not only the decaying body but the festering heart as well. Some two thousand years ago He left His throne in heaven, where, with His Father, He was Co-ruler of the universe, and came to earth, where He walked as a man among men "yet without sin." During the short three and one-half years of His active ministry He healed many a leper, not only of his incurable physical illness, but of the sin which was eating out his heart. His earthly walk ended with his crucifixion and death on Calvary's cross, where He was hung as man's substitute, that we, who are dying of the

leprosy of sin, might claim cleansing and eternal life through His sacrifice.

What unselfish, wonderful, measureless love! Christ, the sinless Son of God, took upon Himself our sins and suffered death for them, that we might share eternal life with Him. And He made the sacrifice willingly, gladly. Our part in this unique transaction, which no human mind can fully understand, is simple—we have but to surrender our sinful hearts to this matchless Physician, "who knew no sin" for complete cleansing. There is no compelling pressure, no exorbitant bill to pay; as He gave His all for us, so we give our all into His care for washing and for safekeeping from recontamination. There are no "arrested" cases on His patient list. The cure He gives is complete and lasting for all time, unless we deliberately choose to place ourselves outside the zone of safety, where we can no longer walk with Him.

It is said that Martin Luther, the great Protestant Reformation leader, once dreamed that Satan appeared before him and unfolded a long record of his sins. After examining the list carefully the courageous Luther inquired: "Are these all my sins?"

"No," Satan replied.

"Then show me all of them—great and small," demanded Luther.

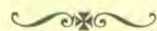
Accordingly a much more appalling list was presented to him. He also looked this one over carefully, then asked again:

"Is this all?"

"Yes," Satan assured him.

"Then," said the courageous Reformer, "take your pen and write across the page, '*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*'"

And this it really does, friend o' mine. Furthermore, there is no other cure for the leprosy of sin in all the universe. And it is yours and mine for the simple taking!



A CHURCH bulletin board once carried these startling words:

"IT PAYS TO SIN;
THE WAGES? DEATH!"

Suppose you spend a bit of time with this thought, keeping in mind the fact that through the grace of a crucified yet living Saviour your case is not hopeless—not at all!

Lora E. Clement

God's Cloud

By GUNNAR ENGEN

[Note.—We are happy to share with our readers a chapel talk recently given to the office family of the Review and Herald Publishing Association. Pastor Leif Tobiassen, a mutual friend, introduced the speaker, and his remarks make a fitting preface to a thrilling story.]

were more or less actively engaged in the underground resistance movement which in our country was not merely a movement of sabotage of military material but a movement definitely engaged in various campaigns of distributing information to keep up the morale of the nation and also to light the torches of freedom in our hearts and keep them constantly burning.

"I remember a day early in 1942 when a young man came into my office in the publishing house in Oslo and indicated to me some of his experiences and said that he was now on his way to Sweden, fleeing for his life. Followed by our fervent prayers, because we knew something of the dangers involved, he went on and miraculously succeeded in getting into Sweden, where he joined an evangelistic force and conducted several efforts in that country. There he was joined by sixty thousand others, many of whom were Adventists, and many of whom became Adventists in Sweden during the war. These men and women came not only from Norway but also from Denmark, where the underground movement was very active.

"It is a personal pleasure to me to introduce Gunnar Engen, a graduate of our Norwegian Junior College, who had these experiences in Norway and in Sweden, and who is on his way now to California with his traveling companion, Reidar Arden, where he will complete his education at Pacific Union College."

WHEN the Nazis occupied Norway the ninth of April, 1940, I had been an Adventist for one year. I was at our college in Norway, and I graduated one year after the occupation was effective. It was my purpose at that time to continue my education in the United States, but all possibilities seemed to be closed, and I thought the future to be very dark. As time went on, I was asked by a lawyer friend of mine, an underground resistance movement leader, whether I would join the underground movement and help them in their work of liberation. By this time our legal government had fled to England. Radios had been taken from us, and all newspapers were controlled by the Nazi censorship. The Nazi propaganda tried to confuse our minds as to the war situation.

I was assigned to the information service. I listened to the Royal Norwegian broadcasts from London, which gave us reliable facts about the war situation. Sometimes I listened in hen-houses, and sometimes I listened in forests, but always I had great tension, because if I were discovered by the Gestapo I had no chance for escape.

For a time I was attached to an illegal newspaper, which, after it was printed I distributed among a select class of people—lawyers, journalists, and so on. This we did to find out whether we could trust these people as future members of the underground resistance movement. About one and one-half per cent of the population were collaborators with the Germans, and if we did not isolate them as black sheep, it could mean tragic consequences for the underground.

For example, seven young Norwegians were sentenced to death because one of their leaders in the underground movement played double. But in spite of dangers and betrayals, the underground movement was enlarged, and soon we had an invisible but highly organized resistance front all over the country. The national leader of this movement was the chief justice of the supreme court. While some groups here and there were engaged in acts of sabotage, the main purpose was to strengthen the morale of the Norwegian people and to organize a uniform attitude toward the Nazi decrees. This well-disciplined attitude of resistance served to counterbalance German attempts at Nazification of Norwegian schools, churches, welfare organizations, and commercial associations.

As you know, the Germans never succeeded in Norway, and as I have said, only one and one-half per cent of the population were collaborators. The significant feature of the organization was that you did not know more than one of the leaders. I was surprised when I, much later, discovered that I had worked for the British secret service.

In one part of Norway a large number of English secret-service agents were dropped from parachutes, and they did not always find their headquarters. One time I was in a bookstore and heard a man whistle a certain melody which I had learned in the secret signal system of the underground movement. I dared not answer him with the corresponding melody, but I followed him into another shop, and there he continued his whistling, and this time I answered him. He was soon placed in security with the home front.

Soon I discovered that I was being



A. ROBERTS
The Pursuing Germans Were Forty Yards From the Boat When a Small Cloud Covered the Moon

"In the Bible we are constantly admonished," said Pastor Tobiassen, "to take a very active part in the warfare against sin—against sin in all its forms. In addition to that, in the Spirit of prophecy again and again we are told that it is our duty to take an active part in the fight for freedom—religious freedom. While we as Seventh-day Adventists not only in the United States but also in Norway and many other countries do not believe in engaging in any combat with arms, we do believe in, and we often use, the very effective weapons of information and education. And the recent world war, to us as Adventists in Norway and many other countries, in a sense, was a fight for religious liberty. We knew very well that a Nazi victory in Europe could have led to a Nazi victory in many other parts of the world, and this would have meant an end of our organized denominational work. Many of us in Norway felt it to be our duty to use the weapons of information and education to help on the right side of this great struggle for freedom. Many of our men and women

shadowed by a Nazi agent; everywhere I went he followed. Christmas night in 1942 the Norwegian uniformed quislings had come to my home city to punish the people because of the strong but elusive resistance there. They were armed with machine guns and rubber sticks. People were buying Christmas trees and so on. Suddenly fifty young Nazis began to assault the people. These wild men beat girls and women and old men until they fainted. I was speaking with a young mother who had her baby in a carriage when suddenly one of the men struck her in the face so that she fainted. I must confess, I did not remain entirely passive. Afterward I was surrounded and, with several other Norwegians, put into a police car. When the car started, some Norwegians from the resistance movement attacked it and turned it over so the wheels were in the air. All around us a formidable battle raged. To begin with, the Nazis were outnumbered. Even women took an active part in neutralizing the wild Gestapo agents. I saw several of the Nazi boys stripped and thrown into the near-by river. One was tied to a Christmas tree, and several were baptized in the ice-cold water. However, the Nazi boys were re-enforced by German soldiers, the battle was lost, and I was taken to the Gestapo headquarters.

As I have said before, I was already suspected by the Germans of working with the Royal Norwegian Government, and I had to go through some experiences I shall never forget. I was examined by a Gestapo officer. I received ten blows in the face until my teeth began to rattle and blood began to run from my mouth and forehead. They then used other forcible means of persuasion, but with every blow I was more and more obstinate. Every day for two months I was examined, whipped, and tortured. God helped me to endure. Everything possible was done to prove that I was an agent for the English organizations in Norway, but in vain.

One day I was released from the prison so that they might be able to shadow me and perhaps find out where the headquarters for the resistance movement was located. Now I had to report my name every day at Gestapo headquarters.

Some days afterward the underground warned me that I had to flee, because my name was on the list of people who were going to be sent to Germany.

In this connection I mention that one of my comrades, not an Adventist, joined with four others to push a German ammunition car into a lake. The four others succeeded in escaping, but my comrade was caught by the Germans, and was asked to tell the names of the other four. But he refused, because he knew it would be certain death for all of them. I was asked by

the Germans whether I knew him, and I must admit I was a little nervous when I answered, "Not very much." Nothing happened to me, but this proud national died a martyr's death.

Now I had to flee to the forest for a little while. My food was carried to a certain tree by my relatives. I could not stay there long, however, so I went to a Norwegian town on the coast where we could see Sweden very easily. Though it was only about forty miles, I could not go by train, because the

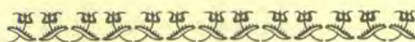


I Know a Wood

By INEZ BRASIER

I know a wood where wild flowers blow,
Where breezes are soft in the spring,
Where leaves are rustling through the hours,
And little birds waken to sing.

I know a wood; its flower-strewn naves
Are still with the hush of prayer.
In sweet communion with my Lord
I know that His presence is there.



Gestapo agents guarded the trains, and if you were caught you had no chance of escape. So my comrade and I went to Halden to investigate the possibilities of escape by boat. We found that there was a very strict German watch.

I had a friend, a Seventh-day Adventist girl, who knew quite a bit about the home front, and she told us how to get over—how we could borrow a rowboat. This rowboat was hidden below a mountain on which a German fortress was laid. There were guns to protect the shore, and if the guards saw anyone, of course they shot at him.

It was the second of May, 1942, when my comrade and I took the boat. We went along the shore very anxiously and nervously, because above, in the mountains, there were Germans. If the Germans had heard anything they would have caught us. I had bound silk socks around the oars in order to be able to row in silence, and we rowed along in the shadows of the shore as far as we could. However, we had to pass an island where a lighthouse was watched by a Norwegian Nazi. When we came to the middle of the sea, he signaled to the Germans, because the moon was up, and the moonlight made it possible for the Germans and this Norwegian to see us very clearly. Suddenly I heard the roar of motors as German patrol boats left the shore. They moved very quickly, and we saw

that they were speeding toward us. We wondered whether we should try to jump into the water and swim over, but the water was very cold at that time, and had we done so, we probably never would have arrived on the farther shore. My friend did the only thing we could do in such a position. He uttered a prayer that the Lord would protect us. I shall never forget that prayer as we saw the Germans coming toward us. If we had been in earnest before, we were twice as earnest now.

Do you know what happened? The Germans were about forty yards from our boat when a cloud just big enough to cover the moon came up and it became so dark that we could not see our hands. I threw off my jacket and rowed as fast as I could, and we reached the Swedish shore in the darkness. There I saw Swedish soldiers who were ready to shoot the German soldiers if they crossed the border. *And when we two put our feet on the Swedish earth, the cloud slipped away, and the moon shone full again!*

The same fight against Nazi oppression was carried on in all the occupied countries of Europe. From all these lands young men and women in many instances were forced to flee for their lives into neutral Sweden. Two young men in Denmark were involved in the resistance movement there. Eventually they had to escape into Sweden to save their lives. These particular two young men found in Sweden something more than refuge. We had an inspiring experience as they attended one of the evangelist efforts which I had the privilege of conducting in the North Swedish Conference. They were baptized, and now they are continuing to fight against evil with the same vigor but with other methods and higher purpose. A Nazi victory in Europe would have meant the end of the organized work of Seventh-day Adventists. Never in the history of mankind have satanic forces been so cruelly revealed as in the Nazi movement. While we under no circumstances would have resisted with arms, the Adventist youth in the occupied countries felt it their sacred duty actively to aid the forces of freedom and liberty. This fight has now been brought to victory. The Allied forces from the East, the West, and the North have crushed the Nazi power. This victory was not gained with military weapons alone. God helped.

Yet the fight was exceedingly hard. Again and again we had to renew our strength from the precious fountain of the Word of God. We often read the words of the 121st psalm:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold;

(Continued on page 22)

The Road Back

Part XVI

By R. E. FINNEY, JR.

SO THAT'S that, Annette. Your father's attitude is what we both expected. But at least I've done my duty in going to talk to him." Pete Laski finished his report of the previous evening's encounter with Annette's father, as they sat in their favorite corner of the Student Union lounge. Now he waited for Annette to speak.

"Well, Pete, as you say, that's what we expected. Are you still determined to stay with your religion?"

"Annette, there are *two* things I have settled in my mind: One is my religion. The other is you. And I still want to know what you're going to do about both of the questions."

"Pete, I'm sorry I've kept you waiting so long for an answer. About you—you know how I feel. I—I don't see how I can get along without you. But about the religion I haven't quite made up my mind. Oh, I see that it's right, and according to the Bible, but it's going to be such a *big* change. I guess maybe I'm proud or something. Give me just a little more time, will you?" Annette's composure was undisturbed, but her voice was very earnest.

"Of course, dear. All the time you need. You're going to the meeting with me tonight, aren't you? This is the last one."

"Yes, and I'd better be off now, so that I can get some other things done first. I'll be ready at seven. Good-by, Pete." And the visit ended then and there.

The final meeting of the evangelistic campaign at the Silver Tabernacle was something like a great family party. It is true that not quite so many people crowded the building as had been present on many former occasions, but the audience had stabilized into a rather homogeneous group which presented much the same appearance night after night.

Some important changes had come, of course. One of them was the presence of Mom Goodrich. Evangelist Freeman was delighted; but how she came to be there, he could not guess, for he knew nothing of her presence in the newspaper office during his chance meeting with Reverend Small, nor of the conversation in the Goodrich home the previous evening. At any rate, there sat the whole Goodrich family in a row, looking very happy about something.

Annette and Pete were there together, too. Annette had been coming



EWING GALLOWAY

In Front of the Family Fireplace Pete and Annette Made Their Vows
"to Love, Honor, and Cherish"

rather often of late, however, so this was not surprising. The evangelist knew something of their situation and had been greatly interested in what would be the outcome.

There was Charlie Bennett, of course, up near the front, ready to drink in every word. He had, true to his promise, missed but one night's meeting since he first started coming, and that had been on an occasion when he had had to be out of town. All in all, it was an interested and friendly group that the evangelist faced on this final evening.

"My duty tonight is not to point out to you the difference between right and wrong. That I have been doing for the past many weeks. In this closing lecture I wish to emphasize the importance of *choosing* to do right.

"Speaking to the Jews on a very solemn occasion, Jesus said: 'Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: *but* the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall *not* be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against

the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall *not* be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.' Matt. 12:31, 32.

"Nowhere in the Bible are there more weighty words than these. When Jesus said these words to them He was in dead earnest. We shall do well to ponder them and find out what they mean to us.

"In order to understand this scripture and what sinning against the Holy Spirit means, it will be necessary to understand the work that the Holy Spirit does.

"Says the Inspired Word: 'And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.' John 16:8. One work of the Spirit, then, is to convict us of sin. In fact, this is the *first* work of the Spirit and points the way to getting right with God. When we are convicted of sin, we should confess our sin, and if we confess we shall be forgiven. For, 'If we confess our sins,' God 'is faithful and just to forgive us our sins,

and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' 1 John 1:9. Therefore, one definition of the unpardonable sin is that it is the sin that is not confessed; and the sin of which we have not repented will not be forgiven.

"Now, a very important point, and one which many people do not understand, is that repentance comes from God. This has been already pointed out in the text we just read. Peter expressed it thus, 'Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.' Acts 5:31. It is expressed a bit differently in John 6:44, where we find Jesus saying, 'No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day.' So we see that repentance comes from God; we are absolutely dependent upon Him for it.

"Another question that should be answered just here is, 'How does the Spirit convict us of sin?' and we find the answer as follows: 'When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will shew you things to come.' John 16:13. And where do we find the things that the Spirit received from God? In the Bible, which is a Spirit-dictated book.

"Therefore, if I am not willing to be led by the plain teachings of the Spirit as written in the Word, I am a lost man. 'For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' Rom. 8:14. The Holy Spirit appeals to a man's heart through Bible truth. Nearly always, as you have witnessed here, a man will comply with some of what he hears. As he accepts one point, the Spirit will lead him on to a fuller knowledge of God's will, until he finally perhaps reaches a point which he will refuse to obey.

"It may be that the Spirit will leave him alone for a while, but eventually he will be led back to face this same obligation until he finally accepts it or rejects it for eternity. Every time he rejects light from God, it will be harder for him to accept it if he ever does. He steals his heart against the Spirit until eventually he shuts himself completely away from His influence.

"A man who always rises with the alarm clock will never experience the difficulty of sleeping through its ringing. Years ago when I attended college I had to work my way through, and when I went to bed at night I would be exceedingly tired. In that dormitory we had worship every morning, and attendance was obligatory. For the convenience of those who wished to rise early and study there was a rising bell at six o'clock. This bell was supposed to rouse the whole dormitory. It was a brass hand bell which was rung by one of the students

who would run up and down the halls making a horrible clamor with it. Now I did not like to study early in the morning, and soon I was able to sleep soundly through the ringing of this loud bell. But the worship bell was different. When it rang, I knew that in five minutes I had to be in my seat in the dormitory assembly room, or be marked absent. It was just a feeble little buzzer, but the second it rang I would be wide awake and out of bed in a flash.

"Do you know *why* I always heard the little buzzer when I could sleep soundly through the clamor of the much louder bell? Because I *always* heeded its voice.

"So it is with our obedience to God's



Waste not the smallest thing, for grains of sand make mountains, and drops of water make the sea. Well thou knowest that seconds form eternity.—E. Knight.

Holy Spirit. If we *always* heed it we are safe. It is never safe to ignore it. We need to be very careful to maintain a sensitive ear to His pleadings. Remember, no one will want forgiveness or salvation unless the Holy Spirit puts the desire in his heart; and if one has erected a wall between himself and the Spirit, this cannot be done.

"When David committed his great sin, he was immediately aware of his danger, and we find him praying, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence; and *take not thy Holy Spirit from me.*' Ps. 51:10, 11. Do you know why David prayed such a prayer? Because he knew that if the Spirit left him he could not be saved.

"My dear friends, *any* sin that you refuse to give up may become the sin against the Holy Spirit. In the case of Judas the tenth commandment became the unpardonable sin. He coveted money so much that he was willing to betray the Master for it. We read, finally, 'And after the sop Satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly. . . . He then having received the sop went immediately out: and it was night.' John 13:27-30. It was night in the heart of Judas when the Holy Spirit left him and Satan took control. It is night in the heart of any man when he drives the Spirit from him.

"Let us go back to our opening text again. 'I say unto you, All manner of

sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: *but* the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall *not* be forgiven unto men.' Matt. 12:31.

"With this solemn text I want to couple two others still more arresting in their import. For a long time I pondered these texts and hesitated to use them, so terrible their meaning seemed to me. Listen attentively as I read. 'For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame.' Heb. 6:4-6.

"The second of the two comes from the same epistle, chapter ten, verses twenty-six to twenty-nine, and verse thirty-one. 'For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins. But a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace? . . . *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.*'

"What do these dreadful words mean? Do they mean that the backslider is in a hopeless condition? No, I do not think so, if that backslider has a desire in his heart to come back to God. Only remember that that desire comes from God.

"What these texts mean is this: When I turn my back on God's revealed will and walk away from Him, it is not me but *God* who will decide whether or not I ever have an opportunity to come back to Him. I could extend a plank from the roof of a ten-story building and walk out to the far end of it. Whether or not I made the trip back to safety would depend upon whether the *plank* held. When I turn my back on God and His plain commands I cannot tell whether that mercy will ever be extended to me again.

"The Bible speaks of Esau as a 'profane person' because he despised his birthright. What Esau really despised was his birthright in the new earth. Paul, in speaking of him, uses him as a warning to the careless ones today. 'For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found *no place of repentance*, though he sought it carefully with tears.' Heb. 12:17.

"Oh, my friends, I plead with you
(Continued on page 19)

Campus Gleanings

COME with me to the Spanish Sabbath school this morning."

"Are you joking? I've had only one year of Spanish, and all I can remember is *Adios* and *Yo te amo*."

"Oh, you remember more than that! Come along."

We went down the Hello Walk (the path where everyone says hello to each person he meets) and turned into the auditorium of the Music Conservatory. As we entered, the familiar tune of "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" met our ears, but the words *did* sound a little strange. We listened more carefully and finally we, too, were able to catch the rhythm and we joined in on the last stanza. That was fun! And by substituting the English words we knew for the few unknown Spanish ones, we were able to understand and appreciate the full and beautiful meaning of the song.

The song leader, raising his hands and saying what sounded to novices like "Pongamonosdepieparacantar," actually was saying in good Spanish, "Pongamonos de pie para cantar," which we were sure meant that we were to kneel for prayer. We knelt, but found ourselves kneeling alone, for everyone else was standing up to sing! He always raised his hands to signify the beginning of the theme song, we found out later. His name was Pastor W. A. Lusk, and it was no wonder he could speak Spanish so rapidly, for he not only has his master's degree in it from the University of Southern California but also has labored for three and one-half years in Spanish-speaking lands. Upon completing a major in Spanish here, he and his wife left for Panama. After being there for sixteen days, a message came that Pastor Lusk was to preach a funeral the next day. Preach a funeral! With only a small working knowledge of the native language! That was a knee-knocking job, but he did it. Whether he made any mistakes or not is irrelevant, but the funeral did proceed in a fitting manner.

After fourteen months in Panama he and his family moved to Salvador, where they stayed for two and one-half years, doing evangelistic work. After other shifts in localities incident to mission work, the Lusk family came back to the States, and eventually to W.W.C. for a recuperative period. But they want to go back again—back to do evangelistic work among the Spanish people.

Who is that Spanish girl giving the mission story? Oh, yes, that is Inez Plata. And that is her brother, Carlos,

LEARNING TO Assimilate Spanish at Walla Walla College

HELEN WARD, Reporting

sitting right over there in the second row. They came from Bogotá, Colombia. Inez is taking a secretarial course, and she plans to go back and teach while Carlos plans to return as a doctor. They have been here only since September, 1945, but already are well adjusted.

My, what a beautiful Spanish song! Who is that tall, slender girl with the soprano voice and the halo of dark hair? Oh, yes, Helen Robinson, who was once the treasurer of the mission in San Salvador. She learned Spanish in grade school down there and can speak it well. Her father, O. L. Robinson, taught in the Colón church school for a time and was also in charge of the Army-Navy Y.M.C.A. in Cristobal. When we try to talk Spanish with them, they are always considerate and speak slowly, so we can understand.

We are separating into classes now for the lesson study. Our teacher is Dr. Clayton Potts. He and his wife were at Juliaca for six years, Dr. Potts serving as superintendent of the fifteen-bed hospital there. Previously the hospital had been closed for lack of help, but Dr. and Mrs. Potts reopened it and took girls from the training school in Lima, Peru, and trained them in the work. The outstanding department of the hospital was the obstetrical. Owing to the superstitions and fears of the mothers, opposition to modern methods was strong and difficult to break. At first the babies were kept in the kitchen, because there was no nursery.

Finally one was built, and the kitchen once again was used for cooking. After a short time the popular saying was, "The clinic's babies eat regular meals, don't cry at night, and don't suck their thumbs. If you want an educated baby, go to the clinic!"

The only Spanish that Dr. Potts knew was what he had had in two years of high school, so he was under a tutor for his first six weeks in Peru. Mrs. Potts knew no Spanish when she arrived there, but was doing her own buying and selling within three months, and within six months was the Sabbath school leader. She used the same method for her programs as we do now—write it all out, then memorize it!

Dr. and Mrs. Potts plan to take complete equipment back with them this summer to start new medical work on the coast of Peru.

We looked at the class right ahead of us and discovered that Gracita Matar was teaching it. Having Spanish conversation laboratory with the students has enabled her to speak slowly and distinctly enough so each person can understand every word. She and her brother Alfredo are prominent members of the Spanish Sabbath school, although they are not Spanish, but Arabian, both languages, however, being spoken in their home at Trujillo City, Dominican Republic. They arrived in the States, August 21, 1944, and have done admirably well at mastering the English language, as evidenced by Gracita's occasional explanatory remark in English during her Spanish teaching. Gracita is taking the Bible instructor's course, while Alfredo is a theologian. Both plan to be missionaries.

The closing song, *numero cuarenta y seis*, was announced by Pastor Lusk,



The Music Conservatory on the "Hello Walk" at Walla Walla College

and *this* time we *all* stood to sing. Somehow Spanish lends itself to music more gracefully than does English. The Spanish words themselves are so melodious that the harmonious sounds of the chords and the words blend to make a beautiful song. And we noticed that the singing was especially enjoyed by those present. Miss Agnes Sorenson, professor of modern languages and sponsor of the Spanish Sabbath school, offered the closing prayer.

As we again came to the Hello Walk and proceeded down it, we felt that the morning had truly been well spent. An experience like that would surely prepare one for the mission field. Where else could one obtain a knowl-

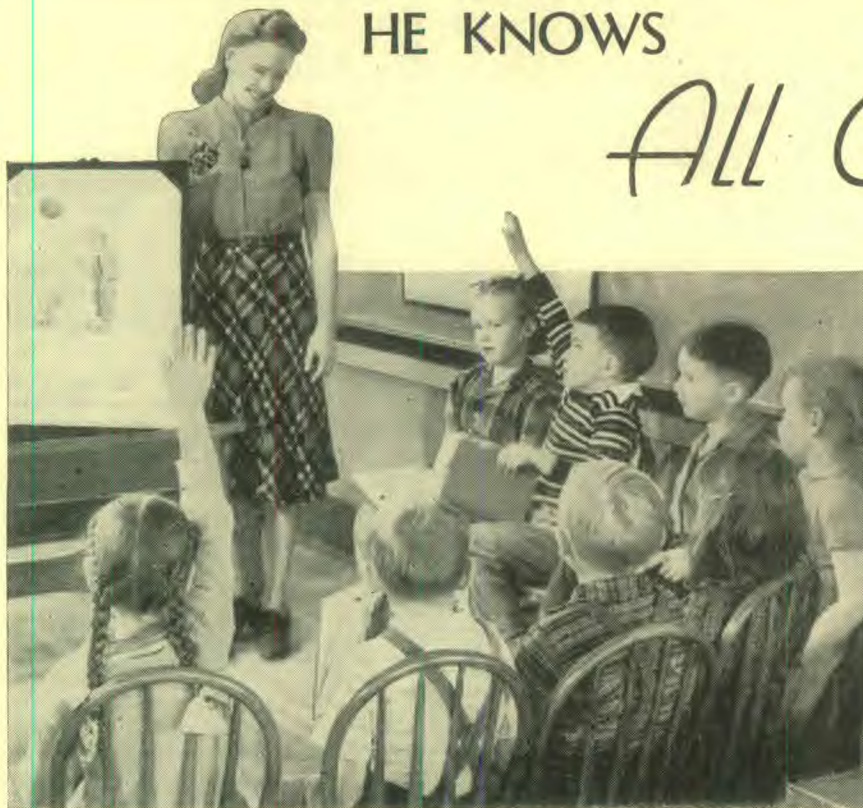
edge of Biblical Spanish? In comparing the Spanish interpretation with the English, one often finds a new depth in some of the well-known verses that are so often recited rather than studied.

Three months later we again made our way down the Hello Walk and into the auditorium of the Music Conservatory. What a change! The whole meeting was being conducted by second-year Spanish students and, yes, even by some first-year students. They made mistakes, as proved by the quickly hidden smiles of the Spanish-speaking people, but they were learning, really learning, to take charge of the meeting. The organization is so arranged that

each office is filled by a duumvirate, one a student of Spanish and the other a native in Spanish or an experienced worker from a Spanish land.

The project is fortunate in that seven of its members and promoters have Spanish as their mother tongue, and four others have labored for some years as mission workers in Spanish-speaking lands—all of which gives a most valuable "native" flavor and inspiration to the enterprise.

Yes, the Spanish Sabbath school is a definite part of the mission preparatory work here in W.W.C., and it is felt that those taking part in it are truly preparing themselves for service for God.



My Teacher Had a Gift for Making Lessons a Game, and Loved Every Pupil,
From Dainty Nanette to Dirty Little Oscar

HE KNOWS

All Our Joys

By J. D. BARE

His omniscience and great love, He has a way of making "all things work together for good"—yes, even for those who know Him not.

I had been taught to believe in a higher power, but it was all so vague. Never had I heard of a God who is interested in all our joys, our sorrows, our cares, and our fears. Had I only known then that "no calamity can befall the least of His children, no anxiety harass the soul, no joy cheer, no sincere prayer escape the lips, of which our heavenly Father is unobservant, or in which He takes no immediate interest"! Had I then known that God Himself would provide, as He had for Adam when He had said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." I could have found much comfort had I known the God who sent His angel before Abraham's servant and brought Rebekah to Isaac while he meditated in the field at the eventide, but I had never heard of that God.

Though I knew Him not, He knew me. Little did I realize that in that very experience God was withholding "present pleasures for future benefits."

It is a common saying, and in this case a true one, that "absence makes the heart grow fonder." A few short months brought about just this change in my lady's heart. But even more interesting, during those months a change took place in my heart, too, for in the humble, little Seventh-day Adventist church on East Ninth Street in Tucson, Arizona, I heard about the God who

(Continued on page 17)

I MASTERED the first rule of school early that year. Not many September days had passed until I had learned to love my teacher. It seemed there was everything nice about her. True, she was a blonde, and I had always preferred brunettes; she was tall and slender, and I had always admired the shorter build; she had laughing blue eyes, and I had always liked brown, demure ones. But even though I could not exactly analyze my love into thoughtful reasons why, still I loved her—she, my teacher, and I, her principal.

We were teaching in the public schools, and as chief of her building I saw her frequently—daily, hourly. Her training, plus her natural gift for teaching, made her one of the finest teachers I had ever known. She had a way of making every learning process

a game, and her students excelled in scholastic attainments. She could laugh or weep with her students as occasion demanded, and loved them all, from dainty Nanette to dirty, unlovely Oscar. These traits, linked with her originality for turning the simplest things into objects of beauty, captivated the hearts of all the young people, and of, yes, her principal, too.

And so the following spring I asked her an all-important question, and we promised each other that someday we would make a home for two. But alas! That promise was like a rope of sand, that is, as far as she was concerned. And in my effort to find balm for my broken heart I followed the advice of Horace Greeley, and a year later went West, taking my broken heart with me.

Had I known God then, I would have known, as I later learned, that in

To Camp

Part III

By Elsie Peterson Brownsberger

GIRLS, girls, wake up! It's almost time for morning meeting," we heard mother calling as she stood at the tent door. Dawn was breaking, and we could see her dimly in the morning light, fully dressed, with a light shawl over her shoulders. We did not question why she was about so early. We knew. She had returned from her hour of prayer, probably in the near-by woods, for to rise early, to meet God "when the day was at its best," had been her habit, both at camp meeting and at home. Could we have seen her face clearly, we would have seen peace and contentment written large there, for thus she always looked when "out of the woods" she came.

The straw ticks crunched and creaked noisily as we stretched and turned, hesitant to rise in the coolness of the early morn. We were conscious of muffled voices emanating from an adjoining tent; we could hear the tramp of footsteps of early risers already passing on their way to the big tent; awakening birds were twittering in the treetops above, and in the distance a baby was crying. Life was astir in camp, and we, too, must arouse. With a bound we leaped from our beds, scrambling into our clothes, rushing hurriedly by turn to the bench in the back of the tent where a wash in cold water from the tin basin thoroughly awakened us. Braids and ribbons are a nuisance when one is in a hurry, but hair must be combed!

Then in the misty dawn we dashed out, following the path closely, for the grass was heavy with dew. Through the morning stillness floated the strains of a song, and we slowed as we passed the big tent. Beneath the spreading canvas were clustered a group of faithful souls, dimly visible in the morning light, singing with deep earnestness and reverent devotion:

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
That calls me from a world of care
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known."

And the memory of that scene ever brings tranquillity to my soul.

Reaching the youth's tent, we slipped in quietly beside Josie and Nellie as they moved to make room for us on their bench. There, too, they were singing, lustily and with youthful enthusiasm, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There." And I believe they meant it.

Probably no sessions of the camp

Meeting by COVERED WAGON



T. K. MARTIN, ARTIST

made more permanent and lasting impressions upon us than these early morning meetings. Somehow God's voice seemed clearest in that early hour. It is unfortunate that in these modern days of late night hours, the precious hours of dawn are so often permitted to flit useless away. Some great souls have learned the value of early devotional activities. I think now of one, a great scientist and a godly man, George Washington Carver, who once wrote, "At no other time have I so sharp an understanding of what God wants to do with me as in the hours of dawn. When other folks are still asleep, I hear God best and learn His plan." And numberless miracles were wrought in his laboratory. And, in the early dawn at camp, miracles were also wrought in the heart of many a youth!

The sun was up as we left the tent, flooding the new day with golden light. On every blade of grass, on every flower of the field, gleamed jewels of dew, and through this sparkling meadow I skipped as—

"Every little daisy in the grass
Did look up into my face and smile
to see me pass."

At our tent there was breakfast to prepare on the outdoor grill—a simple meal, but there was always enough. No central dining tent was provided for campers in those days. Only the eating needs of the visiting preachers were cared for; others must provide their own meals at their tents. But I liked it. It was fun to eat out in the open, close to the shadowy rippling stream. I delighted in the gladsome sound of the birds singing their morning hymns with joyous abandonment. It was a pleasure to watch the smoke rising lazily from the many campfires, and exciting to see the long snake that once slithered noiselessly through the grass under the table on its way to the bank of the stream.

After clearing up the morning meal and straightening the tent, we gathered

for the family worship hour. From near by we could hear the deep voice of a father as he knelt with his little family in prayer; from another tent came the strains of children's voices in song, and from another we could hear faintly the voice of a mother reading Scripture to her little flock. But our mother, too, was reading, and then came our own prayer season, in which, one by one, we all took part. There followed a period of relaxation, with freedom from responsibilities. As children we romped and played, and as youth we congregated in groups, enjoying the renewed acquaintance of dear and lasting friends. Suddenly the bell called all to the regular morning services, and the program of the day began.

I loved it all. Probably there were unpleasant features. There must have been; but whatever they were, they have definitely faded from my memory. I simply cannot think of them. There were rainy days, of course, but I liked them, too. We could gather cozily in our tents and watch the "streamers of rain," as Rutledge once said, forming "silver curtains" at the tent door. Sometimes a storm would arise suddenly when we were in a meeting, the heavy downpour drowning the voice of the speaker. Then we would spend the hour in group singing—and I liked that, too!

Once as we left the big tent, there was a rainbow. It appeared suddenly, the colorful bow arching high in the sky and reaching down to the woods just beyond the last row of tents. We children rushed toward it, and while we found no pot of gold, we did hear someone say that this was God's way of telling us that He Himself was hovering near.

"O beautiful rainbow, all woven of light!
There's not in thy tissue one shadow of
night;
Heaven surely is open when thou dost
appear,

And, bending above thee, the angels draw near
And sing, "The rainbow! the rainbow!
The smile of God is here."

So the day passed, filled with good things, stirring sermons, touching appeals for consecration, victories won. It was a day of decisions, a day of power when God worked mightily for His people. And the coolness of night drew on, with twilight, mysterious and fleeting, following apace, bringing peace to the camp in the woods. Mothers were calling their little ones to bed; there were contented twitterings of birds, as they, too, prepared for the night. A saintly old man, with long whitened beard, carrying his large Bible under his arm, made his way slowly and hesitantly to the big tent. He liked to go early. But we, too, with other campers, soon joined him, for the bell had rung, calling all to the evening service. And, as the darkness of night dropped its black blanket over our camp, we sat under the flickering lights of the oil lamps high on the tent poles, and heard again the story of the cross—the story that never grows old. There was a closing song, a last prayer, and we left for our tents. Looking up, we saw that while we had worshiped, the stars had appeared.

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadow of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Sometimes when we left the tent, there was a moon, bright and glowing, casting a strange and mysterious light over all. We would linger long at the tent door, for the night was enchanting.

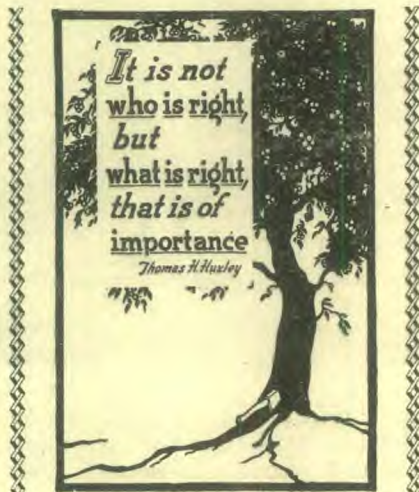
"The round moon hangs like a yellow lantern in the trees,
That lie like lace against the sky.
Oh, still the night, or hushed the breeze;
Surely God is nigh."

Suddenly the retiring bell pealed out on the night air. Our day was over, and we must go to our beds. Silence settled over the camp—a silence broken only by the babbling brook flowing laughingly by, and the night winds softly playing seraphic symphonies in the treetops above.

All the meetings of the camp seem blended into one. Few particular sermons are remembered, and many of the ministers also I have forgotten. I do recall Pastors S. N. Haskell, O. A. Olsen, G. B. Thompson, K. C. Russell, and once Pastor A. G. Daniells was with us. There were also Pastors Wheeler, Johnson, and Miller from our own local conference. From them all ever came the appeal, "Prepare to meet thy God." And in response, sinners sought their Lord. Many decided to be Christians and join those who were waiting their Lord's return. Even as children we responded, and were baptized in the crystal stream flowing by the camp.

Probably I should mention one min-

ister in particular who attended some of the earliest meetings, and whose memory remains vivid and clear—Pastor Luther Warren. How we children loved him! He never seemed too tired or too busy to talk to us. Often he took groups of children on walks through the woods or up the sides of



cliffs, leading them as a shepherd leads his sheep. Occasionally he would stop in some shady spot to tell us Bible stories. He would play with us, romp with us, and swing us about. On one especially hard climb he carried the little ones, one by one, over a precipice. I am glad I was one of the little ones then. He is gone now, but the influence of his godly life lives on today in the hearts of many whose lives he touched.

A few years later there was Pastor Meade MacGuire. I was in the youth's meetings at the time. One never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath he announced that our sunset vespers would be held on a distant mountainside overlooking a broad verdant valley. As we reached the spot and seated ourselves on the green slope, the evening sun was low in the west, and the sky was ablaze with glory, its golden rays seeming to cast a halo over the speaker's head as he talked to us. He spoke of Jesus and His life in woods and on mountains; of Jesus spending His nights on the mountain in prayer; of Jesus on the mount of transfiguration, of His agony in the garden and His suffering on Calvary. Probably the story of the cross was never more effectively told. There were tears coursing unashamedly down the cheeks of many a youth. Then he closed with the story of the earth renewed, the beauties of our heavenly home, the glory of life eternal, and what it would be like to be there. The radiance of the sunset was rivaled only by the shining countenance of the speaker. Somehow, we did not want him to stop. We did not want the rapture of the hour to pass. As we descended we now understood in part why Peter, James, and John were so reluctant to leave the mount

of transfiguration, for we, too, had been with Him in the mount.

That had been a blessed Sabbath day.

I recall some other sessions, smaller groups where the Scriptures and the messages from the Spirit of prophecy were studied and explained. Often were we told of the place of the camp meeting in the lives of those who were waiting for their Lord's return, and how every effort should be made to attend these annual gatherings. We ourselves read in *Testimonies for the Church*, volumes 2 and 6:

"The camp meeting is one of the most important agencies in our work."

"It has been shown me that our camp meetings are to increase in interest and success. As we approach nearer the end, I have seen that in these meetings there will be less preaching, and more Bible study. There will be little groups all over the ground with their Bibles in their hands, and different ones leading out in a free conversational study of the Scriptures."

"Let all who possibly can, attend these yearly gatherings. All should feel that God requires this of them. . . . Come, brethren and sisters, to these sacred convocation meetings, to find Jesus. He will come up to the feast. He will be present, and He will do for you that which you most need to have done."

We knew from experience that all this was true. We had come up to the feast. While the way had been rough and hard and long, while troubles and perplexities often confronted us as we journeyed, yet always upon reaching the sacred convocation we found Jesus there, as He had promised; He did for us what we most needed to have done; and peace and joy unspeakable filled our hearts.

Long years have passed since those camp meetings, since we journeyed by covered wagon the rocky trails of the Midwestern hills. Now again, I am interested in another trip, a longer one, a more difficult one, going to another gathering, another reunion, another great meeting. In fact, as I write I am already on my way. I hope to succeed in reaching the distant goal. Many people I have known in years past will be there. It may seem a bit strange, but I really do not know the opening date, and others who are traveling the road with me do not know it either. He who announced the meeting and invited us to attend did not say. But He did tell us it would open soon, and we should hasten on our way.

While we know the name of the city to which we are traveling, and also the general direction, yet we do not know the exact route, as we have never been over it before. Fortunately, there is a good road map, an accurate one, which helps a great deal, and there is also a

(Continued on page 18)

YOUTH'S FORUM

Proposition:

What attitude should we, as Seventh-day Adventist young people, take toward foreign mission service? If a call came to me, personally, would it be consistent for me to base my acceptance or refusal on the consideration of what course would bring to me seemingly wider opportunities for advancement? what course would make my future comfort and position more secure? Is a young man or woman who goes to a mission field "literally buried alive"? Or does foreign mission service today offer the greatest opportunities and the greatest challenge that have ever come to youth who have ability and ambition, who confidently look for the soon coming of Jesus, who gave them the commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature"?



HARRY ANDERSON, ARTIST

I FIRST received my burden for foreign missionary service while I was attending Southern Missionary College. I was drafted into the Army in December, 1945, and since that time God has given me a greatly valued experience in actually seeing and helping in foreign missions.

When I arrived in Japan the latter part of August of last year there had been no Seventh-day Adventist services allowed for over two years. I have had the wonderful privilege of seeing the headquarters church here grow from nothing until now we have an average of 100 adults and over 150 youngsters coming to church each Sabbath. How encouraging and heart thrilling it is to see their happiness at being able to worship our heavenly Father as their conscience dictates. The most wonderful thing to me is that my heavenly Father has given me the wonderful privilege of playing an important part in the re-establishment of His work, as the Sabbath school superintendent in the headquarters church. We have witnessed the baptism of ten members since the end of the war, which is remarkable for Japan.

My firsthand experience as a foreign missionary (at Uncle Sam's expense) has in no way changed my attitude on foreign missionary service, but, to the contrary, it has greatly strengthened my desire and determination to serve my Lord in the foreign field until Jesus comes.

We young people should not base our acceptance or refusal of a call on the consideration of whether it will bring to us seemingly wider opportunities for advancement. If we do this we shall never succeed as foreign missionaries. Neither should we consider whether this course will make our future comfort and position more secure, for our Lord Himself tells us to "take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment." If we are burdened for lost souls, we will not worry about our comfort and position, and, besides, we have a promise in Matthew 6:33 which covers these needs. Is a young man or woman who goes to a mission field "literally buried alive"? Absolutely not. Ask any returned foreign missionary. From my short experience here in Japan I am sure that the joys of service in a foreign field are so great that one need not worry about being "buried alive."

Note.—This is the conclusion of the Forum discussion begun last week.

To the last question of the proposition I answer a definite *yes*. Opportunities for soul winning are indeed great here in Japan, and I have found my greatest joy to be the privilege of seeing souls for whom I have labored accept the truth of the third angel's message. "Our burden for the regions beyond can never be laid down till the earth is lightened with the glory of the Lord." *Sgr. J. S., Japan.*

AT THE beginning of each day every young person ought to stop for a moment and ask himself the question, "Why am I here today?" Then, by tracing briefly over the history of the last six thousand years, he can see that he is on one side or the other of the great warfare between the two superhuman forces that motivate the present activities of the world. That being true, any thought of self or personal advantage in the service of the Master Warrior is a victory for the enemy.

Foreign mission service today does not mean to be "literally buried alive" any more than conversion means that, for at baptism every Seventh-day Adventist buries self and rises to walk in the path of service. However, as we look at the leaders of the church we realize that progress in the third angel's message has not been impeded by duties and responsibilities overseas. In fact, all indications say that foreign experience is a boon.

If accepting a mission call means the neglecting of some God-given duty, one should by all means refuse it. But if there is no hindering cause or family responsibilities demanding one's personal presence at home, then a single person, or a young couple to whom the call comes from God for service abroad, has an opportunity for service that can well be envied by those who are bound to duties in the homeland. To them there comes in the greatest sense the call, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." *M. L. S., Texas.*

WHEN the foreign mission service call came to me, I was rather surprised, because I had never before felt it my duty to offer myself for mission work. After prayer and thoughtful consideration I sent in my questionnaire and received such a prompt reply that I knew God was calling me. Before anyone can feel the call to mission work he must be so completely surrendered that no personal ambitions will mar the vision of service God gives.

When we become co-workers with Jesus, the zeal for souls causes us to ask, "Where can I win the most for Him?" Whether we stay at home, or whether we go to foreign lands, the pursuit of personal ambition alone has no place in the life of a Christian. But if we know we are developing and using every talent in God's individual plan for us we shall find a deep contentment that can be gained in no other way.

Most of the leaders of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination can testify that the general nature of mission work develops the ability and challenges the ambition of young people who engage in it. It is just as easy for a young person to be "literally buried alive," or to get into a rut, here at home as for that to happen abroad. We fix the horizons of our possibilities by the vision of our souls. When God needs us individually in the mission fields He will call us in a definite way if we are ready to answer. That is why, after several years in denominational work, I, as a single teacher still in my twenties, plan to be on my way to the mission field by the time this is printed.

G. M., California.

NATURALLY as young people we consider our future position in life with a glowing enthusiasm—we have high hopes and ambitions. Our Master desires that we progress educationally as well as mentally and physically. However, the real preparation of our lives should be for the service of the King. Jesus is our pattern and example, and He left all the glory of heaven, which we cannot fathom, to come and live a life of deep humility and shame, and finally die. Was His a missionary life? Most certainly, for He came to a foreign land to expend all.

As young people of the remnant church the desire of our hearts should be primarily to follow where He may lead. To be led, we must be fully resigned to follow. Not all of us may be called to foreign mission work, as there is a ripe harvest in the highways and byways of our own land. But should the call come to a prepared and consecrated young Christian to follow His guidance to a land across the sea, then to that young person has come the greatest challenge as well as the highest calling. Who could call it being "buried alive" when we go to bring life to souls dead in trespasses and sins? Who could question the probability of a missionary's having future comfort, position, and security when

one day in return he will have the comforts of heaven, a position in the royal family, and the security of eternal life?

Surely God's plan for carrying the message of His soon coming to all the world is definite. It may mean farewell to comforts, friends, or family, but what could we call sacrifice in the light of the love of the cross? Shall we not rally to the call rather than wander longer in the wilderness of our own selfishness?

M. K. F., Oregon.

IN MAKING our decisions in the Lord's work we should ever keep in mind, not our personal gain or advancement, but the urgent needs of this hour. How could foreign missionaries be buried alive in their service? Is anyone beyond God's sight? True, the missionary who travels the paths of the jungle, teaching, healing the sick, and telling the story of salvation, may not receive much recognition in this world, but what about his reward in heaven? What about the stars in his crown? Will they be insignificant compared with those of his brothers who have labored and who have perhaps gained honor in the homeland? I think our attitude regarding mission service, as Seventh-day Adventist young people, should be as nearly as possible like that of Jesus when He was among men. Somehow I cannot think that He would turn down a call for

help simply because His recognition would not be so great as He would like. I believe that if a call for foreign mission service comes, we should base our acceptance or refusal on the consideration of where our efforts are most needed, where we can do the most good in finishing the Lord's work. I firmly and sincerely believe that the greatest challenge ever offered our young people is in the foreign mission service.

Surely, now is the time the gospel message should be proclaimed to a sin-sick world. We, who are looking forward to our Lord's return, should do all we can to hasten His soon coming by carrying that message to the far corners of the globe, as well as in our homeland. Shall we continue to delay His coming by our hesitancy in accepting calls to foreign mission service based on selfish reasons, greed, or love of honor and position? Let us forget self and put on Christ's armor, fling out the banner, and proclaim the story of salvation to every "nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people"!
B. G., Florida.

MATTHEW exhorts us to "go ye therefore, and teach all nations." This "Go ye" is addressed to each and every member of the remnant church, personally. We are today witnessing the greatest era in the history of the remnant church. Calls are coming from every cor-

ner of the world. If a call comes to me to go as a foreign missionary, I cannot refuse. Some think greatness is measured by the amount of worldly goods possessed, and they work toward that end. Christ does not measure the same way. His measuring stick contains hardships and privations, and how wholeheartedly you accept His commission. There may be many difficulties on His measuring stick, but the reward that He will give you when your service with Him is over will far more than compensate you for any sacrifices you may make on this earth.

Several years ago I vowed before God that when I finished school, my first choice of work would be to go as a foreign missionary. It may cause me to sacrifice a little of the better living conditions, but His work comes first. This fall I shall begin training in a Seventh-day Adventist college. I have already placed myself in His work. I know that if it is His will that I shall go, with my family, as a foreign missionary, when the times comes, He will have a place for me.

To my mind, one who goes forth as a missionary does not become "literally buried alive"—not unless he allows himself to become complacent in his work. But the activity enjoined by the command to "preach the kingdom of God" will never allow anyone to become buried alive.

(Continued on page 22)



The questions addressed to this column will be considered by men and women of experience who are sympathetic with the youthful viewpoint and have had long experience as counselors. Their answers will reflect their personal convictions, and in no case are to be considered a denominational pronouncement. Address all communications to Editor, Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

How to Cultivate Confidence

Can you suggest how I can develop confidence? I have always been shy about speaking up in a group. I can think of plenty to say but have the handicap of a slight speech impediment. I am trying to overcome this and have succeeded in a measure, but now I am beset by the fear that if I speak up I may say the wrong thing. I am not brilliant or anything like that, but I do long to be a part of things and not just a silent onlooker. Any suggestions will be much appreciated.

The question which you ask is, in essence, I believe, "Can a person overcome his own self-consciousness?" and my answer to that must be—he is the only one who ever can. It is true that to tackle a problem of this kind scientifically would require a knowledge of your heritage, background, interests, capabilities, hobbies, and other personal data which is not available through your question. It is true also that no doubt you could get a great deal of help from the personal ministrations of a good psychologist or a common-sense counselor. Any suggestions which may be given without that information must deal, of

course, with principles and be at best a "shot in the dark."

With that preliminary, then, let us begin. I say a person himself must overcome his own self-consciousness. You ask, "But what is self-consciousness?" It is simply a form of that old curse of humanity—fear. This is a type which causes us to make a blanket judgment of ourselves and compare it with some *one* quality in other people. They are better dressed, or talk more easily, or are more aggressive, or something, and we think we are just no good all over. That, of course, is pure nonsense.

Now, what to do about it. There are two approaches to the eradication of this fear. Both are workable, and both can be worked in harmony with each other, with the hope, of course, of establishing confidence. When you state that you fear to speak up because you are afraid of being wrong you are expressing, I am sure, a feeling that grips all of us at some time, but it need not be an ever-present phobia. It is in no sense unique, and everyone feels it; a few have learned not to show it.

If you wish to establish your confidence conversationally, the best method I know is to study diligently

some subject in current events or dealing with the great human problems of mankind. Study that subject so thoroughly that you will be bound to know more about it than your companions. Then when opportunity offers, bring up the subject, comment upon it, show enthusiasm for it, and contribute your own views. This you should be able to do in perfect confidence. A few experiences of this kind will do a great deal to eliminate your fear along this line and establish your confidence conversationally in others fields of interest.

Another approach is to establish confidence among inferiors until the confidence becomes habitual and carries over among your equals. For example, if you find it difficult to speak in your own group, try teaching a youth's Sabbath school class or leading a unit of progressive class work or being a scout master or a life guard. In each of these positions you will be definitely superior. Such experiences can do a great deal toward establishing or re-establishing confidence in general.

In conclusion I would state that it has been proved psychologically that we are to a large degree the product of our habit system. We have rising habits, study habits, social habits, work habits, play habits, etc. The aggregate of these is our personality. To improve ourselves, all we need do is to simply study and improve these habits. In your particular case it would seem to be social confidence. Therefore, the solution must be the establishing of that confidence by the methods I have indicated, or similar ones.

W. H. BEAVEN, Associate Professor of English, Union College, College View, Nebraska.

Advent Youth in Action

We Apologize

Early in the year Central California held a conference-wide Officers' Institute and Youth's Congress in Fresno, and Secretary Glenn Fillman, right on his toes as usual, sent us a good report and several excellent pictures of both groups. These were mislaid, and have just now come to light. So, late though it is, we shall tell you about this enjoyable and profitable meeting. "The attendance was especially good," says Pastor Fillman, "and when we look over the program and agenda, we feel sure that every Missionary Volunteer who attended considered it a real privilege." The theme song, printed on the back of the program, was introduced by the Voice of Prophecy quartet on Friday evening, at the officers' council, and to the congress by the officers' group, after which it was used in several meetings during the session. The words, written by Pastor Fillman with his own young people in mind, are a prayer under the title "Running Life's Race."

"Help me find my place, and run in life's race,

My eyes ever fixed on the Saviour;
Each weight laid aside, all self crucified,
Help me lead some soul to heaven."

The music by Harry D. Clark and the arrangement by Wayne Hooper placed these heart-searching words in a setting that was appealing indeed.

"Our conference president, R. C. Baker, sounded the keynote on Friday

evening," to quote Pastor Fillman's report, "and then it seemed that each speaker built on that platform to round out the program. Our slogan, 'Each in His Place, Running the Race,' was referred to often by those who had part on the program.

"Ivar Johnson, the young people's leader for the Mountain View Society, acted as superintendent in the huge Fresno Memorial Auditorium Sabbath morning. The Fresno Union Academy orchestra played for Sabbath school, and also for the afternoon congregational singing. Pastor W. B. Ochs, president of Pacific Union Conference, brought a very inspirational message at the church hour, and in response to his invitation, hundreds of young people stood to rededicate their lives to God. The choral groups in the various academies of this conference had practiced the same numbers and combined to render them under the direction of Professor Dick Gibson of Armona Union Academy. Miss Madge Gould, instructor in piano at Fresno Union Academy, was at the piano.

"We expected to have Duane Kinman in the afternoon after the Voice of Prophecy program, but sickness and other things prevented his coming. We tried to get Desmond T. Doss to come, but he was unable to get transportation, and so as a substitute Pastor F. G. Ashbaugh, War Service Commission secretary for the Pacific Union Conference, gave a tribute to our youth

in service, and we played the transcription of Corporal Doss' experiences as given by the National Broadcasting Company. During this part of the service over fifty servicemen were on the platform, and one woman was also present who had been in the service. All these individuals were given their choice of the book *Conquering Personal Problems or Managing Yourself*.

"President P. W. Christian of Pacific Union College brought us a helpful vespers message. The evening program included a brief spirited song service and a trumpet solo by Kenneth Lorenz, of Fresno, then 'A Challenge' by Eric B. Hare. He pictured the enjoyment, adventure, and inspiration which come to those who follow the Master Comrade work. A number of Missionary Volunteers responded in one-minute talks to his appeal.

"Everyone appreciated the brief concert by the Pacific Union College band. The floor of the auditorium was cleared, and they did several formations, including a large Y. Next the young people who wanted to play games gathered in the center of the auditorium while the others observed from the side lines and the balcony. The participants divided into four groups under the direction of four group leaders for the games. A grand march concluded the day's program. Of course, there were too many for a single march in spite of the size of the auditorium, and so we had two.



The Central California Youth's Congress Meeting in the Fresno Auditorium. Pastor H. M. S. Richards, of the Voice of Prophecy, is Speaking



Young People of the Charlotte, North Carolina, Church Who Have Reached the Junior Minute Man Ingathering Goal

"Sunday morning the officers again gathered at the Hotel Hughes to take up agenda topics. I might say that after the meeting Sabbath, several persons told me that we had the largest attendance they had ever seen at any Seventh-day Adventist meeting in Central California. You see, we have two camp meetings here, so naturally the attendance is not so large as it would be if we had only one. I have received many letters from those in attendance at the meetings, and they all seem to feel that the inspiration gained will go with them throughout the year."

A Panel Discussion Program

Reporting from Hempstead, New York, Ruth E. Stefko, leader of the wide-awake Missionary Volunteers in that church, tells of a "most interesting meeting," in which the then current YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Forum topic was the basis for a panel discussion which took an entire evening meeting hour. "Four young people were asked to take part in this discussion," says Miss Stefko. "Two were to give all the possible points in favor of going to foreign mission fields, and two were to present as many reasons as they could think of for remaining in the homeland and spreading the gospel here. These four speakers, as well as the chairman, sat at a table, facing the audience. Each panel member was given about ten minutes to present his side of the question and then the chairman promoted a discussion. Questions and comments from the floor were further clarified and answered by the panel. The discussion was highly stimulating—to the point where it was difficult to call a halt and make a summary of the points presented. In fairness to those panel members who presented the negative side of this question (they chose to stay at home) I would like to add that they did a wonderful piece of work while actually believing wholeheartedly in foreign

mission work. Those present felt that this was one of the most interesting meetings we have had this year."

Carolina M.V.'s Ingather

"Among the very best Ingatherers that we have in the Carolina Conference are the young people, and the Charlotte young people have done outstanding work," writes J. O. Marsh. "They have worked hard soliciting in the Ingathering on the streets, from house to house on field days, and in the Singing Band. The largest amounts gathered by individuals in this group were: \$204.27, \$65, \$56.30, \$32.22, \$51.87, \$50.34, and \$50. The rest of the young people in this group gathered a Minute Man goal or more. In addition to this, a number of smaller children reached a junior Minute Man goal. These young people counted it a great joy and pleasure to have a part in the Lord's great work, and we believe that His special blessing rested upon their activities."

Mile-high Denver

Captain George T. Simpson, reporting: The churches of Denver were honorably represented at an inspiring and beautiful ceremony in the Barnes Auditorium the evening of April 13. At that time forty-nine Missionary Volunteers were solemnly invested with the responsibility for Christian leadership. There were 8 Master Comrades, 8 Comrades, 4 Companions, 8 Friends, 3 Builders, and 18 Sunbeams invested. Among those honored were many pupils, several mothers, professional men, two clergymen, and an Army officer. The vocational credits showed a wide diversity of interests, ranging through agricultural pursuits, homemaking, research, camp lore, Christian storytelling, astronomy, tailoring, barbering, home decoration, business science, and many others. A total of 510 such credits were awarded. The outstanding Master Comrade was

Pastor W. S. Jesske, who had 58 vocational credits. All 8 Master Comrades invested had more than the usual number of honors.

The program was concluded by an impressive candlelighting ceremony, which was enhanced by the poem "A Master Comrade," by Adlai Esteb, read by Mrs. H. G. Burden. "The Charge" was given by Dr. G. D. Hagstotz, followed by a ladies' trio from the Central church, who sang "Let Your Light Shine." Arrangements for the program were under the leadership of Mr. Earle Geeting, president of the Denver Master Comrade Club, and Mrs. Dorothy Mitchell, Junior leader of the club. The Court of Honor, composed of Master Comrades, wearing their regalia, added dignity to the ceremony. This is the fourth large investiture service in Denver in recent months. We are anxious that the credit should go to the motivating influence of Dr. Hagstotz, who has inspired many such occasions throughout Colorado during the past year. We are very fortunate and grateful for devoted and qualified leadership among our Missionary Volunteers.

Potomac Reporting

J. Ernest Edwards, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Potomac Conference, tells us that the Washington Missionary College M.V. Society in Takoma Park has two well-organized and active missionary bands—the Sunshine and Literature Correspondence bands. The Correspondence Band is contacting with literature 1,000 enrollees of Pastor Dallas Young's Radio Bible Correspondence Course. The Lynchburg, Virginia, young people are faithful in keeping well filled all literature racks, which their church has put up. They also visit the city hospital regularly, distributing good church and gospel literature as they go. An all-day M.V. council, held in Buena Vista, Virginia, several weeks ago was well attended and voted an enjoyable occasion by the group. In the afternoon there were council topics, Junior stories, and progressive class work. In the evening a social, directed by the local pastor, was held, and one particular feature of the program—kodachromes of Junior camp—was received with special enthusiasm.

A Union Master Comrade Camp

Recently Pastor C. P. Sorensen, M.V. secretary of the Columbia Union Conference, called his secretaries from the seaboard conferences of the union together at Philadelphia to lay plans for the first Union Master Comrade Camp to be held in that field. The date settled upon was August 25 to September 1; the place, West Virginia. Not only Master Comrades will be welcomed at this camp, but Senior youth soon to be invested and interested in leadership training.



I SUPPOSE most of you started making airplanes during the war. I got my start in grade school, when three of us began to build models in our spare time. When our first model was finished, all of us gathered around to watch its flight. It skipped down the sidewalk, climbed over a house, made a large circle, and landed in a neighbor's back yard.

That afternoon I went to the store and picked out a model. Though it is a hard job to make the first plane, and you feel more like quitting than finishing, the only way to succeed is to stick to it, and that is what I did. As the weeks rolled by, the red fuselage, the yellow wing panels, and tail assembly were completed, and it looked almost like a real plane waiting for its first flight.

About two weeks later the boys came over and wanted to see it fly. "If it flies as good as it looks," said Jim, "you won't have to worry." It took me a while to get up my courage, but at last I went into the house, got the plane, and wound it up. It took off and spiraled up into the sky. After level-

ing off it headed for an open field. As it came in for a landing, one of the wheels hit a large rock and broke off. No other damage was done. The next two or three years I did not get much accomplished, since I was helping my father build our new house and barn.

I was in the eighth grade when the war began with Japan. My cousin, who was going to high school, came over one afternoon and said, "You know what? We get to make model airplanes in our woodwork period. The Navy wants us to make various models for aircraft identification. The Government sends us the plans and all the materials. You ought to see whether your shop teacher would let you make some."

"That's a good idea," I agreed. "I'll see what he says about it."

The next morning I got the boys together and said, "My cousin told me yesterday that he is making model airplanes for the Navy during his shop period at high school. He said they even get a certificate for every model they make that passes inspection. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could make some here at school?"

"Let's go ask Mr. Lust for permission to find out whether it will be possible," said Leonard. We talked it over with our teacher, who wrote this note:

"DEAR MR. BOSWELL: "The boys tell me that you are making airplane models for the Navy. They are interested and would like to see the work you are doing. If the

Government permits, they would like to make some models here during their woodwork period. I assure you they will be made accurately.

"Yours sincerely,
"DAVID LUST."

At noon we walked to the high school and gave Mr. Boswell the note. While he was reading it, Jim said under his breath, "I hope he will let us pick out the ones we want to make." When Mr. Boswell finished, he looked up with a big smile, "So you boys want to see the planes."

"That's right."

Leading us into his office, he said, "Here they are. I'm surely glad you are interested. We have a lot of models to make but not enough boys. Pick out the ones you want while I get the materials." Soon he came back with wood, glue, and paint. We thanked him and hurried to tell our teacher. We went to work immediately, and in about three weeks we took our models up for inspection. The boys at high school had elected two old model workers from town as inspectors, and every Tuesday night they checked to see that the planes were made according to the pattern. That Tuesday every one of us was present to see whether his plane passed, and sure enough they all did. Each boy received a certificate with the rank of cadet on it.

Next year I attended high school. Since the Navy was still calling for models, I kept on making them. Soon I had finished twelve, ranging from a small single-motored trainer to a four-motored Lockheed Constellation. For this work I received a certificate of the highest rank obtainable. During the two years I was there, we completed over two hundred accurate scale models.

When father saw the planes I had been making, he said, "What would you think of having a shop where we can make things here at home?" I was naturally in favor of the idea. After the shop was finished, dad bought a new overhead saw, a band saw, a jointer, a turning lathe, and a drill



H. M. LAMBERT
Dad Often Said, "I Would Rather Have You Doing This and Learning Something Than Running Around Town Getting Into Mischief"



Solid Model (Nonflying) of a P-38
Made by John Trummer



Gas Model of a P-51 Mustang Flown
by the Author

press. I could hardly wait to move in. From then on I spent my spare time in the shop. Dad often said, "I would rather have you doing this and learning something than running around town and getting into mischief."

Later dad bought me a gas motor, so I decided to make a model plane for it. It was not long before the other boys talked their fathers into getting them motors; and the real competition began. All of us started making U control models. Mine was a small one, twenty-four-inch wingspan, and built for speed. In about a month Paul, Glen, and I had finished our models. Anxious to try them out, we decided to go to a small airport the following Sunday. As we approached the entrance, Glen's eyes almost popped out. "Look! Right over there are two Navy dive bombers! But there is a guard on the wing." This surprised us so that Paul and I

just sat there and stared. "As long as he isn't looking this way, let's carry our planes out on the runway," said Paul. "He can't do any more than kick us off the field."

We picked up our equipment, walked quietly to the runway without the guard's seeing us, and began to gas up the planes. Suddenly Glen let out a yell. He had received a bad shock from the spark plug. The guard heard it, turned around, picked up his rifle, and started toward us. "He is going to make us get off the field," said Glen.

"How did you boys get out here without my seeing you? Some pretty nice models you have there. Today looks like a fine day to fly them. I used to make models, but haven't had time in the Navy. I better get back on my post, but I'll watch you from there."

(Continued on page 17)

The Pearl OF GREAT Price

A JUNIOR SERMON

By DAVID I. SHAW

AGAIN, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." In these few words Jesus taught one of the most beautiful lessons ever given to man, and it is of very special interest to young people today.

There are still, as there were in New Testament days, people who make a business of buying and selling precious stones. They know their gems, and seldom do they make a mistake in appraising the value of the materials of their trade. Modern science has come to the aid of the human senses in revealing the qualities of gem stones, so that it is possible to determine the false from the true. Gems are still being sought by discriminating merchants, and even the pearl is of value today.

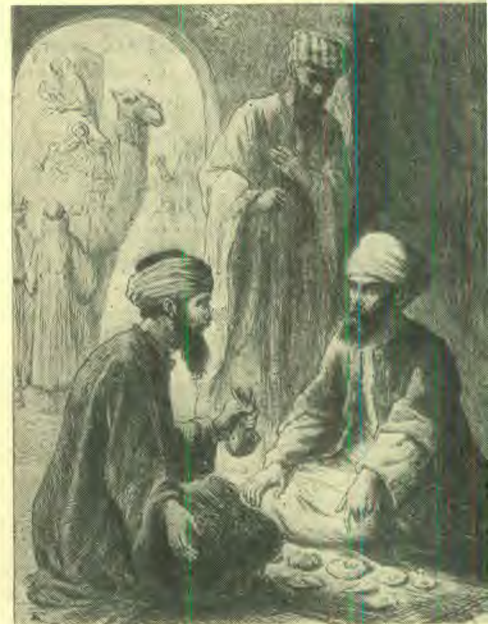
The most precious pearls are of snowy whiteness with an iridescence showing beneath the surface. Of course a valuable pearl must have no flaw, and those which are of a perfect spherical shape are the most sought

after. Such rare gems are found among the treasures of kings and princes and are not seen frequently on the street or in stores.

Young people today are gem collectors. We do not mean by this that all boys and girls collect pearls and rubies and sapphires for fun. Such a hobby would be far too expensive for most of us. But all youth are looking for what they think will bring them joy and happiness. Everywhere we see young people seeking a good time. Many of them are easily deceived in the matter of values, for they think they have something worth while in the theater, in exciting books, in wordly amusements.

But those who are wise will search for the pearl of great price. What is this pearl? It is the pure and spotless life of Christ. He is like the pearl, perfect and without a flaw. Pilate saw His holy life and said, "I find no fault in Him."

The thief on the cross saw Him suffering in agony and testified of Him, "This man hath done nothing amiss." No person has ever found the least defect in the life of Jesus. His



Young People Are All Gem Collectors—Looking for What They Think Will Bring Joy and Happiness. Are You a Good Judge of Values?

life is beautifully radiant. Amid the darkness of sin it has always glowed with heavenly luster, like a pearl on a cushion of black velvet. Viewed from all sides, Jesus' life is satisfying, sinless, eternal. "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

The meaning of the parable of the pearl is that we shall come into possession of the wonderful treasure. Christianity is not merely belonging to something; it is the Saviour and His spotless life made our own. The hymn writer had grasped this thought when were penned the words, "Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine!" When we realize what Jesus can be in our lives; when we see that a life in Him is the greatest thing in the whole world, then we have opened our eyes to the value of eternal things.

Having seen Him in His beauty, let

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

us not be satisfied until He is ours. We should not entertain the thought that the blessings of the Christ life are for the older members of the church alone. Dear Junior, Jesus and His life are for you, and you may have Him in your heart to admire and adore and copy.

You will need to sell all that you have to obtain this one great pearl. You will count it a bargain, will you not, to part with any worldly thing, to give up all selfish love of sin, in order to make Jesus yours?

And having obtained Him once, let us keep Him forever. Let us look at Him often and long. The Saviour once said to His disciples, "Neither cast ye your pearls before swine." By this He meant that we should treasure the gospel and its blessings. We should never surrender our high ideals.

There are others who are looking for the best in life. Let us make them acquainted with our lovely Jesus, the Pearl of great price.

According to the Pattern

(Continued from page 16)

Soon we had our motors running to warm them up. I glanced over to see how Paul and Glen were coming, and there stood two lieutenants and a captain who had driven up in a jeep. "Here's where we get put off the field for sure," I thought to myself.

Just then the captain bent over and shouted in my ear, "Let's see you take her upstairs." I ran over and picked up my control handle while Glen started my motor, and gave it a final check before shoving it off. I held the tail on the ground until it got up speed, then pushed the stick forward. Just before it left the ground the right tire hit a sharp rock and blew out. I pulled the stick clear back to get the ship into the air. All the time it was flying I kept wondering how it was going to land with a flat tire. After about five minutes it ran out of gas and had to make a forced landing. It leveled off over the runway, and then—BANG! The wheels hit; the ship shuddered and flipped over on its back. Running to it, the boys announced, "The motor's O.K., but the rudder is cracked, and the prop is broken." While I sat there working, Paul and Glen flew their models. After about half an hour mine was back in flying condition, and the second flight was a perfect one. Twice we had to follow the models in the car, because they flew so far from the airport. One landed in a cow pasture about a mile away; the other landed alongside the main highway.

My next model was a P-51 Mustang. The material for this came from many different places—the balsa from scraps my uncle salvaged in a shipyard; ignition wiring from two P-38's that crashed

near our house; and the nylon from a parachute. The model was completed three days before I left for school. Sunday afternoon Paul and I took it down to the field, where we gave it its first flight. It looked and flew just like a real P-51 Mustang up in the sky.

I hope that these experiences of mine will inspire some of you who have trouble finding some thing to do in your spare time to start making airplanes. It is a hobby that never grows stale.

He Knows All Our Joys

(Continued from page 8)

provided an help meet for Adam and for Isaac. I heard of Him who cares for the wants of the little, brown sparrow, and my heart thrilled as I saw the beauty of His commandments and His love for sheep out of the fold.

Then came spring. The sun was casting its last golden rays behind the Tucson hills. Splashes of gaudy purple, brown, and rose painted the horizon. Giant Sahuara stood boldly silhouetted against the desert sky. Strains of "Here Comes the Bride" and "I Love You Truly" drifted from the little church on Ninth Street. To the ministers inquiry, I heard myself say, "I do." And, yes, God had provided! By my side stood my tall, blonde teacher, and she also said, "I do."

A decade has passed. She still has a way of turning common things like a pair of socks into something lovely like a doll for the one who makes us now a threesome. We have shared many joys

and many tears together, but one of our greatest joys is found in recounting how God permitted that broken engagement, which made it possible for Him to lead me where I might hear His blessed message of truth for these closing days of earth's history.

That broken engagement meant being led from a Midwestern State, where we had lived for a quarter of a century without ever hearing the glad tidings of His soon coming, to a Western city, where we immediately heard it in all its power and beauty. Instead of an elaborate marriage ceremony in worldly style, it meant a simple ceremony in a little church with a godly minister who, as we exchanged vows, prayed, "God, help me, and I'll baptize these two young people!" (And God honored that prayer, for three months later he did baptize us in that same little church.) It meant a home founded on Christ Jesus, instead of a home built after the way of the world. It meant two lives dedicated in loving service to the Master, instead of two lives seeking the tinsel of the world. Ah, friend, words are too feeble! Neither tongue nor pen can proclaim what it has meant. Eternity alone will reveal the fullness by which God not only provided an help meet, but by which He also "provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

To Christian youth everywhere my challenge is this: When God wrought so for us, who knew Him not, what will He do for you?



Story of Panama Canal

By ALEX. FRANZ

(Get ready to write a long word of twenty-one letters.)

Once upon a time there was a man, Ferdinand de Lesseps, a distinguished French engineer. (Let us start our word with "Aman.") M. de Lesseps constructed the Suez Canal during the 1860's. Then he worked out another plan. (Add "aplan" to our word.) This plan also was for a canal. (Add "acanal.") He began work on the canal in Panama in 1880, but about eight years later operations were suspended because of lack of funds. Another effort to build the canal failed for a like reason in 1893. (Complete the word by adding "Panama.")

Early this century the United States took over the project, beginning active operations in 1906. The canal is 40¼ miles in length from shore to shore, extending from the Atlantic Ocean (Limon Bay) east (not west) to the Pacific Ocean (Gulf of Panama). The building of this canal was the world's greatest engineering enter-

prise. In what year was it completed? Now begin with the last letter of our long word, and what does it say?

Where?

By E. E. MESSINGER

1. Where did God speak the Ten Commandments to Israel?
2. Where was the place in which Israel defeated the Amalekites and where Aaron and Hur upheld the hands of Moses?
3. Where was the army of Joshua defeated?
4. Where was Jesus when He foretold the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the world?
5. Where was Jesus crucified?
6. Where was Paul beheaded?
7. Where is the island of Patmos?
8. Where was Ezekiel exiled?
9. Where was Jeremiah taken as a captive?
10. Where did Esther live?
11. Where did Timothy live?
12. Where was the home of Job?
13. Where did Simon the sorcerer live?
14. Where did Saul go after his conversion at Damascus?
15. Where was Paul stoned?
16. Where was Paul shipwrecked?
17. Where was Paul beaten?
18. Where was Paul mobbed?
19. Where were the five thousand fed?
20. Where was the home of Gideon?

(Continued on page 22)

STAMPS

CONDUCTED BY REID SHEPARD

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

STAMP EXCHANGE

Use Commemoratives on All Stamp Corner Correspondence

(In sending requests to this corner, state your name and address, whether you are a junior or senior, how long you have been collecting, the size of your accumulation, what stamps you offer, and what you wish to exchange.)

C. B. Brown, Box 1267, Roseburg, Oregon (senior, 10,000 stamps), is interested in trading world-wide stamps.

A. C. Vine, 27 Vernon Gardens, Clontarf, Dublin, Irish Free State (senior, beginner), desires stamps from British colonies in exchange for those from Ireland and Nigeria.

Commercial Value of Common Stamps

STAMPS have a very definite market value, and hundreds of dollars' worth are destroyed each business day. I would suggest that you save all the stamps which come into your possession, as it takes quantities of the ordinary issues to be of value. Ask your friends to save stamps for you. Watch the wastebaskets; look over any scrap paper accumulations to which you may have access. Be on the lookout for stamps constantly. I am sure some commercial firms in your town would be glad to let you have the stamps from their mail if they knew the proceeds will be used for missionary purposes. Perhaps your stamp club, Sabbath school class, or Missionary Volunteer Society can collect stamps to sell for investment or some local need. This is a project in which persons of all ages may take part.

Be sure to instruct all those who save stamps for you to leave large margins around the stamp when they cut it from the envelope, and not to try to peel it from the stationery.

If common stamps are to bring top prices they must be of fine quality—clean, bright, well-centered, lightly canceled, and with no tears, thin spots, or defacements. Many of the copies you find will not bring top prices; therefore, all stamps should be carefully sorted into first, second, and discard grades. Just now the current commemorative three-cent stamps have a wholesale value of up to fifty cents a hundred.

The stamp dealer usually uses these common specimens to build up his stock for immediate use, lays away a quantity for future sale, and sells some of them to dealers who are not able to buy in large quantities or who do not have access to original sources of supply. The foreign market is always ready to buy current issues of stamps.

I am afraid we must admit that

large numbers of these more common stamps, especially those of the second grade, are used to "stuff" common mixture packets. Perhaps I should explain this last statement. Some dealers, in making up these mixtures, use a few fair-value stamps, which they mention in their advertisements, and then they "stuff" the mixture with whatever material they may have on hand, at a total cost to them of about ten cents per pound (5,000 stamps). Of course, there are reliable mixtures available, but to get a good one you must pay a good price.

Stamps which are left on envelopes usually sell for from ten to fifty cents a pound, or they may bring as high as two dollars a pound if they are mostly stamps of larger denominations. When these same stamps are removed from the paper, sorted into varieties, and carefully graded, they are sold by the hundreds, and of course bring varying prices, depending on the kind and grade.

Be careful not to overlook stamps which come on parcel-post packages. The current twenty-two-cent Presidential stamp has a wholesale value of about ten cents, and the nineteen- and twenty-four-cent denominations are valued at seven cents. From this you can see that some of these odd-value stamps are well worth saving.

Another way to realize returns from used stamps is to use what is known as controlled mail. This means you use stamps of philatelic value, and then ask your correspondents to return them to you. Commercial firms which do extensive interoffice correspondence often maintain the practice of using stamps of commercial value on all mail. Also there are dealers who will furnish these stamps at a discount of face value, with the understanding that they are to have the used stamps. Missionaries in foreign countries have a fine opportunity to use controlled mail. If, when you have your stamps ready for market, you are unable to find an outlet, write to the Stamp Corner, and we will try to help you.

To Camp Meeting

(Continued from page 10)

Master Guide in whose footsteps we may follow if we keep our eyes fixed upon Him. Too often our eyes fall upon roadside attractions, beautifully broad highways which lead to lovely vistas of great enchantment, and we almost lose our way. But the Guidebook says the right way is the hard way, the rocky way, the rough way, that bears upward and onward. The farther we journey, the more rugged and rough the road becomes, and we are told that the last lap of the journey is especially difficult. We have not reached that part of the trip yet.

Storms and tempests frequently arise, which we fear will seriously slow us. But if we keep on the right path they really hasten our progress. There is little cause for apprehension, even without visible shelter from the gale. We find better shelter under the "shadow of His wings."

Sometimes perilous and treacherous streams impede our progress, but there is no real danger, for we are promised, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

Occasionally we are confronted by savage beasts that go about seeking whom they may devour, but we know the armor provided us cannot be penetrated, and we continue unmolested on our way.

Disease and pestilence prevail through the country, and enemies obstruct our course, but we are promised, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." Safely do we travel through the perils of the way as our Guide leads us on and on and on.

Eventually the journey will be ended, the city will be reached. Massive gates of purest pearls will be swung wide. It will be a meeting eclipsing the greatest gatherings of all history, for at that time "all nations shall come and worship." The city itself will transcend all cities in population, size, construction, and architectural beauty—over three hundred miles square, with walls of precious stone, streets of pure gold! The homes will be mansions of surpassing beauty. The opening session of the great meeting will be held on a crystal sea of glass, where will be gathered a choir of thousands of voices. Many of these choir members will be your friends and mine; in fact, all who are successful in reaching the gathering may sing in the choir—you and I, too, if we are there. Instead of the black choir robes familiar to us, this choir will be clothed in garments of pure linen, clean and white, with dazzling crowns of gold upon their heads! Accompanying this unusual choir will be an orchestra, a large one; its members will be celestial beings—ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, playing exquisite melodies on golden harps. We have already been given the words of the opening song. You may know them, but in case you do not, I will quote them here—the words of the most beautiful song in the universe!

"Great and marvellous are Thy works,
Lord God Almighty;
Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King
of saints.
Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and
glorify Thy name?
For Thou only art holy:
For all nations shall come and worship
before Thee;
For Thy judgments are made manifest."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

But best of all we shall meet there the One who invited us, who guided us, who sheltered and protected us on the way. He will be there—the chiefest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely, the Prince of Peace, and we shall see His face!

Lead On!
MASTER COMRADES

The Art of Storytelling

By EVA E. MACIVOR

TO MASTER the art of storytelling should be one of the main objectives of all Christian young people, because therein is embodied possibilities for soulsaving, teaching lessons of truth and benefit, and furnishing inspiration for better living. It is also a source of wholesome entertainment and pleasure.

Everyone loves a story! And it can be made a thing of beauty and benefit if the correct technique is used in the telling of it. S. S. Curry, an authority on interpretation of the written page, has stated that "a man cannot express what he does not possess." It would seem, therefore, that for the storyteller to be successful, his background must be adequate; and, lacking that, he should at least have a realization of his needs in that direction. Life and living, together with reading intensively and extensively, will give one that necessary background. The story is only genuine and impressive when it comes from *you* and is a part of *you*.

When telling a story which is not of your own personal experience, your tastes and experiences must be closely allied with those of the author if you are to give an exact and true interpretation. Nothing is more pathetic than to listen to a storyteller who has not made the author's ideas and intention, in point of meaning, emotional mood, and correct vision, his own. In using the stories of others, one is a custodian of another's art, and the storyteller must not misuse it. He is the medium of communication between the creative artist and the audience. This calls for most sincere searching of one's thoughts and feelings.

Getting the "feel of the story" and "living" with the characters and events is very essential in the development of this art. Correct thought and emotion and the attainment of ease and poise are not accomplished hurriedly; the process is slow. But when the storyteller has finally arrived, we find the physical, inward feeling expressed with pleasing vocalization, each substantiating the other. He does not concern himself with meticulous detail as to gestures, standing position, rate of movement, etc.; for when that "inner

feeling" is attained, the *whole* physical self responds.

The degree of success which one has is dependent upon his personality, consisting of quality of speech, bodily control, emotional balance, the use of words and language, the quality of one's voice, the control of the volume of sound, the use of pauses and phrasing, and the modulations of pitch. A great deal could be said about each one of these, but development of them can be brought about by attentive listening to good speaking and good storytelling and critical examination of oneself.

The rendering of a story for any age group involves two phases of education: first, the receiving of impressions, understanding, gaining knowledge and appreciation; and second, a unified, spontaneous, facile response of body and voice, with the audience contacts always in mind. Style, vocabulary, and expressive action must be varied according to the age level; but at all times the storyteller must remember to make his story simple, sincere, and expressive, with a definite aim and climax.

The Road Back

(Continued from page 6)

tonight. Do not despise the birthright of truth that has been set before you here in these meetings. Who can tell whether God will ever give you the opportunity of saying 'No' to His pleading again? Do you know how many times He will let you say 'No' to Him? None of us knows!

"Several years ago I knew a young man who had been reared in a Christian home, educated in a Christian school. In spite of his good training he grew up careless and indifferent toward God, and at the time I knew him he worked regularly on the Sabbath. One beautiful Sabbath morning, as he was starting off to his job, his mother followed him to the door and begged him, as she had often done in the past, to quit his careless ways, give up his day's work, and go with her to church. Indifferently he refused her and went on to his job. At two-thirty that afternoon, in a very mysterious accident at the shop, he was instantly killed.

"As he stood at the doorway that beautiful summer morning and once more refused to obey God's commandment, he could not have known that he was saying 'No' to his heavenly Father for the last time; yet that is what he did.

"Don't say 'No' to God! *Never* say 'No' to God. To live obediently is the only safe way to live.

"And now as we have come to the closing moments of this last meeting, I am going to give you the opportunity of saying 'Yes' to God. Almost all of

you have heard most of the sermons here. You know the truth. You know what God wants you to do. You have learned that He has here on the earth a true church—the Seventh-day Adventist Church—that keeps *all* His commandments. Tonight I want to give to each of you one more invitation to surrender your will to God's will and to express your desire to unite with His remnant church. As Mr. Fox leads us in an invitation hymn, will you come forward to the rostrum if this is your decision?"

Evangelist Freeman knew his audience well. Nearly all who would make decisions had already done so either publicly or privately; yet there were some few who were still wavering, and it was for these that he prayed silently as the soft music began and the people took up the melody.

"I'm going down, Pete. Come with me." Annette caught him by the hand, her eyes bright with determination and new-found courage. Hand in hand, nearly in the lead, the two young people walked down the aisle, accompanied by many a tender smile from those looking on.

To the evangelist's surprise Mom Goodrich was one of the first on her feet, and Lou Ellen was with her as she came to the front. And before they had taken many steps the rest of the family joined them. They *must* all be together on this great occasion, they felt.

There were others who came also—a goodly number. And when the invitation had been concluded, there was a period of earnest prayer, after which the announcement of the baptism to be held on the following Sabbath was made. As the crowd left the tabernacle, the group at the front were asked to stay a short while to make final arrangements for the baptismal service.

At that ceremony the whole of the Goodrich family were baptized, but Charlie Bennett was the first one to be buried beneath the water. He said, "I was the first one down the aisle when the first call was made, an' I want to be the first here." Pete and Annette were there, too, for the girl's determination did not waver after her surrender. Her parents disapproved but did not forbid.

"Keep your chin up, my dear." Pete was holding both of Annette's hands in his.

"I will, Pete, and I'll be praying for you. And don't forget that *I'm* going to be working too this summer." Annette smiled bravely, as Pete swung aboard the waiting train to vanish from her sight for the next three months.

The time was early in June. The university term was over, and Pete was off to try his hand at something strangely foreign to him. As the result of earnest talks with Jack Fox and

Evangelist Freeman he had decided to spend his summer selling third-angel's-message-filled literature. A scholarship plan had been outlined to him through which, if he were diligent, he might earn enough to attend one of the Seventh-day Adventist colleges. If he were very successful he and Annette had tentative plans to go to school together. And as Annette had said, she, too, had found work for the summer, for her parents had refused to give her any financial help in securing an education unless she attended the university.

"Great news, old boy! I can't tell you how thrilled I've been every week all summer as I've read your reports in the union conference paper. You say you've made three scholarships?" Jack Fox was pounding Pete Laski on the back and pumping his hand at the same time. "My, my, it's good to be back in town. But tell me how you did it, anyway!"

"Only the help of God could enable a green hand like me to sell books," replied Pete, laughing, as he picked up both hands full of traveling bags. "I knew all along that you and Pastor Freeman here were doing a lot of praying for me. And then, you see, with Annette praying, too, I just couldn't fail."

"I'm surely glad to see you, Pete—and doubly glad that you succeeded so well this summer. Truly there is a blessing in the Lord's work, isn't there?" the evangelist added. "By the way, your wire to us did not state where the wedding booked for tomorrow will be held."

"Oh, that's wonderful, too. When Annette's folks found out that we were really determined to be married they finally told her that they'd like to have the ceremony in their home. Annette's dad even treats me as though I might

be human, instead of some sort of subspecies, but, of course, we don't dare mention religion to either of them." Pete ushered his guests into the waiting car, and they were off for the hotel where he had made reservations.

Harold Young, of Pete's Sigma Nu days, played the wedding march on the grand piano the next morning as promptly at ten o'clock Pete, with Jack Fox as best man, took his place in front of the big fireplace in the living room and waited the coming of Annette and her maid of honor. In a moment she was at his side and, as in a dream, they heard the voice of Pastor Freeman reading—

"Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, cherish her, in sickness and in health, in prosperity or adversity? . . . Wilt thou love, honor, and cherish him, . . . forsaking all others? . . . What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. Amen."

For sixteen weeks you have been enjoying this interesting and instructive series of Bible truths by Pastor Finney. He wonders, and we wonder, whether or not what you have read has brought you to any definite decision. If you are impressed to do so, please sign the following blank and mail it to the Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

Believing that the message of this true story is from God, and is His message for me, I determine to live in harmony with its principles; and it is my purpose to be baptized and join His remnant church.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

How God Works

By E. P. MANSELL

THE American Army liberated the civilian prisoners interned in Manila, Philippine Islands, February 3, 1945. This was a special commando raid authorized by the Army, due to an emergency that had arisen. Rumor had it that the internees were to be executed, and this rumor seemed to have been well founded.

Those of us who were in the Bilibid prison remained there for some time after the liberation, for safety from snipers and other war activity which was going on all around us. When finally we were allowed to walk about the streets in restricted districts, Mrs. Mansell and I visited some soldiers who were by their guns just behind our twenty-foot-high prison walls. These men were very happy to speak to civilians, and we were glad to see someone from the good old United States. We selected several of these young Americans and told them that we would be happy to write to their mother or father or some relative as soon as we returned to the States. Since we could say more than they could in letters, we knew that information concerning their safety and good health would be greatly appreciated.

In all, about fifty soldiers throughout the Philippines were placed on our selected list. We have received some really wonderful letters from their relatives. One is worthy of special mention. It is from the mother of a gunner who is a resident of Candler, North Carolina. Soon after arriving in San Francisco we traveled east, and one Sabbath arrived at the Pisgah Sanitarium and Institute, not far from the town of Candler. I had planned to visit this mother before leaving, but my visit was hastened after we met Colporteur William Sue.

Colporteur Sue met me after the preaching service at Pisgah Institute and told me his experience. It seems that he had been canvassing in the vicinity of the home of the family of this particular serviceman. The day my letter arrived about forty relatives and friends had gathered to hear the news concerning the soldier boy in the Philippines. The colporteur felt impressed to visit that neighborhood that morning, and when he saw the crowd he saw an opportunity to sell some books. As he presented his book he heard my name mentioned as the writer of the letter and at once said, "Why, I know that man! He is a friend of mine." That opened the way for him, and with the Lord's help he sold \$150 worth of books to the people gathered there that day.

The colporteur was eager to arrange for this group to gather at the soldier's home to meet Mrs. Mansell and me personally. When we arrived, there

YOUTH'S FORUM

Who may participate?

All young people between 16 and 30 years of age.

Each statement should be how long?

One and one-half double-spaced type-written pages, or less.

What about signatures?

Each statement should be signed by name of writer, his present status (student, farmer, etc.), and the M.V. Society he or she represents.

Will these names be published?

No. Only the initials of writer and State identification will be printed.

What topic is under discussion for the next Youth's Forum?

What can we, as Seventh-day Adventist young people, do to help our church membership as a whole, and our fellow youth in particular, sense the need of showing more reverence in the house of God? We feel that a new and deeper appreciation of

proper church decorum is one of our greatest denominational needs. How can we better this situation?

Will free discussion be allowed?

Yes, indeed. Speak your mind frankly. We cannot promise to print everything sent in, but we do promise a fair presentation of all views in so far as our space permits.

When must all statements for the current Youth's Forum be in?

July 15 is the deadline.

To whom shall they be sent?

To Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

May the INSTRUCTOR readers send in suggestive questions they would like to see discussed?

Please do this. Every suggestion will be more than welcome.

Do your part to make this discussion interesting, helpful, and stimulating by mailing your statement f-o-d-a-y!

BUILDING the PEACE

Many have allowed worry, fear, nervousness, and despondency to rob them of self-assurance and success. Have you? If you truly desire superior coherent thinking and restoration of correct mental procedures, these two handbooks of mental hygiene are especially designed to help you attain success.

Still Requires

**Clear Thinking
Mental Poise
Composure
Alertness
Tact**

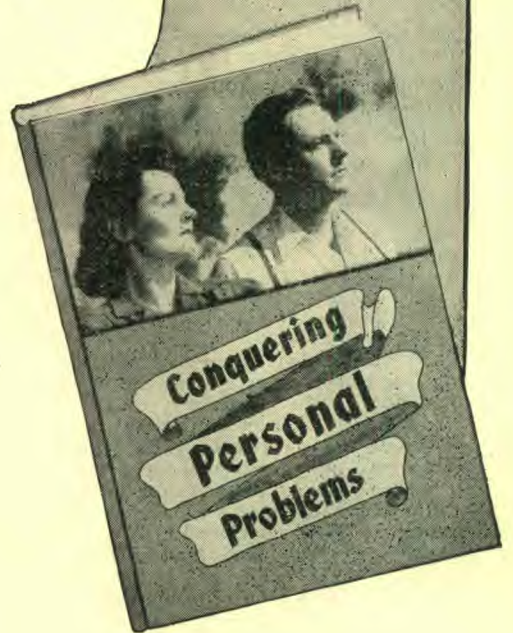
★ **Conquering Personal Problems**

The author, Arthur L. Bietz, analyzes fear, as expressed in worry, anxiety, or moodiness. He brings you a remedy for these mental attitudes. He helps you overcome despondency, preoccupation, timidity, and nervousness. In a word, you're back "sitting atop the world" again, free from the specter of fear.

Note this interesting resume of contents:

Mastering Fear and Anxiety	Mastery Over Money
Attacking the Causes of Fear	Overcoming Doubts
Your Moods and Your Personality	Why Be a Christian?
Triumphing Over the Inferiority Feeling	How Do I Know I'm a Christian?

Thousands have already benefited from reading "Conquering Personal Problems." Order your copy today. Clothbound, 160 pages. Only \$1.50, plus tax.



★ **How Your Mind Works** by Gwynne Dalrymple



Has the speed-up of business or industry brought added strain upon your nervous energies? Do you find things "piling up" so you have that feeling of being hurried and pushed? Do your thoughts sometimes fail to "click"?

The author meets these problems with a practical, sympathetic analysis. He explains why the nervous system and your mental processes become weary and befogged. He points out definite ways to rejuvenate the mind and restore clear thinking, mental balance, and well-being.

The principles set forth by the author are vital to you in attaining proper mental habits. The "Ten Commandments of Mental Health" will be especially helpful and valuable to every reader. Attractively bound in cloth. \$1.35, plus tax.

Order both books **\$2.65** postpaid,
today, for only plus tax.

were about fifty people present, all anxious to hear about the relative overseas. At the close of this happy meeting, while we were saying good-by, we noticed that someone was passing a hat and taking up a collection for us. Of course this money was thankfully received, and with the names of those who had given it was sent to the Voice of Prophecy with the request that literature be sent to them. The Lord was working that day, and one of the sisters of the soldier said to Colporteur Sue, "I have the best book in the world besides the Bible. It is called *Bible Readings*, and I don't need any other." When he showed her that his book was from the same publishing house, she at once ordered *Daniel and the Revelation* and paid for it in advance. This woman declared before all present that she was seeking for the truth. I have since had correspondence with this family. A Bible instructor is now taking interest in the group, and we look for definite results.

How wondrous are "His ways past finding out!"



Youth's Forum

(Continued from page 12)

True, some may give their lives proclaiming God's message, as others have in the past, but in what better way could one give his life? Foreign mission service offers to us, the youth of today, the greatest challenge and the greatest opportunity that have ever been placed before any generation. What shall our answer be? My answer is: "Here am I; send me."

R. S., Massachusetts.

THE call to foreign mission service is the most sacred call one can receive, as the first call to such service came directly from God, and Jesus Christ, His Son, accepted it. Every such call that comes to young people today should bring a deep realization of the confidence which God and his brethren have shown in him and in his abilities to carry out the greatest tasks and responsibilities ever given to man. The call to mission work is a challenge—in fact, there can be no greater challenge! If a letter came to you from God, directing you to go to another land to labor for Him, would you dare to refuse it? "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," is such a command. How dare any of us refuse? Since Christ is coming soon, I am going to prepare to be a missionary either at home or abroad, as His will for me directs.

A. G., Idaho.

I WANT to express my feelings on the current Forum proposition. I think if a call came to me I would accept it, and

Key to Story of Panama Canal: The Panama Canal was completed in 1914. (The "word" reads the same backward as forward.)

Key to Where? 1. Ex. 19:1; 20:1. 2. Ex. 17:8-12. 3. Joshua 7:5. 4. Matt. 24:3. 5. Luke 23:33. 6. Rome. (See "Acts of the Apostles," pp. 490, 509-512.) 7. In the Aegean Sea between Greece and Asia Minor. 8. Eze. 1:1. 9. Jer. 47:6. 7. 10. Esther 2:5-7. 11. Acts 16:1. 12. Job. 1:1. 13. Acts 8:9. 14. Gal. 1:17. 15. Acts 14:8, 19. 16. Acts 28:1. 17. Acts 16:12, 22, 23. 18. Acts 21:27-31. 19. Luke 9:10-17. 20. Judges 6:11.

go anywhere in the world that I could serve God best. But first I must prepare for such service by studying hard, especially the Bible, that I may have a full knowledge of its teachings. Only with such a knowledge can I hope to teach others. We young people of the advent movement are to give the message of Christ's soon coming. God is depending on us, and we must not fail Him.

R. D., South Dakota.

LET us, as youth of the advent movement, accept God's invitation to go and work "today" in His vineyard. Such willing service will bring us true happiness, and we have nothing to fear, whatever the conditions we may be called upon to face, either here in the homeland or abroad. The night will soon come—the end of time when no man can work any more for God. Let us trust implicitly in His promised love and guidance, and gladly go anywhere with Him.

J. S., California.

Summary: The editors of the INSTRUCTOR find this discussion heartening. While some in our denominational ranks may have lost the vision of a great world to be warned "in this generation," evidently the youth of the movement see the need and accept the challenge of the great commission with courage and determination. Their consecration to this cause is well expressed in the words of the old song, still timely though seldom sung by Seventh-day Adventist congregations of today:

"It may not be on the mountain's height,
Nor over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where you want me to go."

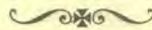
And as you go forward with your hand in His, may Heaven richly bless you and help you to win many stars for the crown you will wear in Glory Land.



God's Cloud

(Continued from page 4)

He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."



The Devourer

(Continued from page 1)

his faith was strong. He was ill, and his wife was not fully recovered from her illness. God knew and understood. He would not let them starve. Perhaps there were more rich blessings in store for them; so again he reminded God of His promise.

A few days later the neighbors inquired whom he had hired to weed his fields.

"No one," he answered, "I have had no opportunity to see anyone to hire."

"But they are all weeded—the first fields in Lui to be finished!"

"I know nothing about it," replied the deacon. "Please ask the *kuta* (court) to find out who has done it, that I may thank and pay them."

Days of investigation followed, but no one knew anything about the weeding. All they knew was that it was done! So curious were some neighbors that they went to the fields to investigate for themselves. What do you suppose they found? You would never guess; so I shall tell you. The *white ants had eaten all the weeds*, but had not touched a stalk of mealies or Kaffir corn!

What a testimony to the power of God that was! Who says that miracles do not happen in our day? They do, for God is the same "yesterday, and to day, and for ever."

Salt in History

By INEZ BRASIER

FROM distant times salt has been a cause of war, an omen of bad luck, a sign of good luck, and the seal of friendship. It was regarded as one of the greatest gifts the gods could bestow upon men.

Old Roman historians have left accounts of the battles of Germanic tribes over the possession of salt streams. These streams were supposed to make the region about them sacred. Greeks and Romans used salt in their offerings to the deities; so did the old Semitic races, especially the Hebrews.

A pinch of salt thrown over the left shoulder was thought to ward off evil spirits and keep the devil away. Spilled salt was a bad omen; one was likely to quarrel with the person toward whom it fell. A bit of salt thrown into the fire on three successive Friday nights would bring a lover. Even today a piece of rock salt is counted a charm against evil spirits which might cause trouble.

The Orientals have always regarded salt as the seal of friendship. "There is salt between us," is one of their expressions. One who is disloyal is "untrue to salt." "To eat of a man's salt" and then prove treacherous is about the worst crime an Oriental can commit.

Salt, in ancient time, was an important article of commerce. Some of the oldest highways known are those built up particularly for the salt and incense trade. That obtained from Palmyra, or Tadmor, a city said to have been built by Solomon, was carried by large camel trains. Caravan routes extended from Syrian ports to the Persian Gulf; from the salt mines of northern India, the salt oases of the Liberian desert, and the Aegean ports to the coast of southern Russia. Camels transferred the precious salt to the marts of the ancient world. Even today a great deal of the caravan trade of the Sahara is in salt.

Senior Youth

XIII—The Sermon on the Mount Part II

(June 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 5:17-48.

MEMORY VERSE: Matthew 5:48.

LESSON HELPS: *Mount of Blessing*, pp. 73-118; *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 307-311.

1. In the sermon on the mount, what did Jesus say of His attitude toward the law? How long will the law remain in force? Matt. 5:17, 18.

NOTE.—"Speaking of the law, Jesus said, 'I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.' He here used the word 'fulfill' in the same sense as when He declared to John the Baptist His purpose to 'fulfill all righteousness;' that is, to fill up the measure of the law's requirement, to give an example of perfect conformity to the will of God."—*Mount of Blessing*, p. 77.

In the Hebrew, the jots and tittles are employed to add the vowel sounds; but to some extent these are left out in the printing of Hebrew and Yiddish literature. The educated Jew reads his words without the little vowels (tittles) quite as easily as with them. They are therefore the most unimportant thing in the language. The *yod* is next, being partly a vowel also. But the teaching of the Saviour is that not even the least important part of the law—the jots and the tittles, so commonly omitted—would pass away until all things were fulfilled.

2. What is said concerning the failure to keep and to teach the commandments? What is promised to those who do and teach them? Verse 19.

3. How did Jesus show that more than outward observance of the law is required? Verse 20.

4. How did He give new meaning to the sixth commandment? Verses 21, 22.

5. What admonition, if followed, would settle many differences among God's people? Verses 23, 24.

NOTE.—"We are to live, not to guard our feelings or our reputation, but to save souls. As we become interested in the salvation of souls, we cease to mind the little differences that so often arise in our association with one another. Whatever others may think of us or do to us, it need not disturb our oneness with Christ, the fellowship of the Spirit."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 485.

6. What further admonition, if obeyed, would promote peace? Verses 25, 26.

7. How far reaching is the seventh commandment? Verses 27, 28.

8. By what illustration did Jesus make clear the hatred we should have toward sin? Verses 29, 30.

NOTE.—"In order for us to reach this high ideal, that which causes the soul to stumble must be sacrificed. It is through the will that sin retains its hold upon us. The surrender of the will is represented as plucking out the eye or cutting off the hand. Often it seems to us that to surrender the will to God is to consent to go through life maimed or crippled. But it is better, says Christ, for self to be maimed, wounded, crippled, if thus you may enter into life. That which you look upon as disaster is the door to highest benefit."—*Mount of Blessing*, pp. 95, 96.

9. What instruction did Jesus give concerning the law of divorce? Verses 31, 32.

10. What is said of swearing, or oath taking, not required by proper legal authority? Verses 33-37.

NOTE.—"The prohibition against swearing does not deal with taking an oath in the law court. During His trial by the high priest, our Lord did not resent being put on His oath. On rare and solemn occasions we may have to bare our heads and ask Him to corroborate our word. But how different is this from the frequent and flippant use of expletives and extravagances of speech."—F. B. MEYER, *Through the Bible Day by Day*, vol. 5, p. 21.

11. How did Jesus show that laws that are necessary in civil government do not always properly apply in Christian experience? Verses 38-42.

12. How should the follower of Christ relate himself to his enemies? Upon whom does God make His sun to shine? Verses 43-45.

NOTE.—"It is impossible to love the conduct of a man that curses and reviles us, that injures our person or property, or that violates all the laws of God; but, though we may hate his conduct, and suffer keenly when we are affected by it, yet we may still wish well to the person; . . . we may return good for evil; we may aid him in time of trial; we may seek to do him good. . . . This seems to be what is meant by loving our enemies."—*Barnes' Commentary*.

13. To whom is no special reward due? Who will have great reward? Verses 46, 47; Luke 6:35.

14. What high standard is set for us? Matt. 5:48.

Junior

XIII—The Sermon on the Mount—II

(June 29)

LESSON TEXT: Matthew 5:17-26, 33-48.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matt. 5:48.

Guiding Thought

"He tells us to be perfect as He is,—in the same manner. We are to be centers of light and blessing to our little circle, even as He is to the universe. . . . 'In His borrowed goodness good,' we may be perfect in our sphere, even as God is perfect in His."—*Mount of Blessing*, pp. 117, 118.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text.

ASSIGNMENT 2

1. Why had Jesus come to earth? Matt. 5:17.

NOTE.—Through His own obedience to the law of God, Jesus proved that it can be kept.

2. By what words did Jesus show that the law would continue forever? Verse 18.

NOTE.—Jot is the smallest Hebrew letter; and tittle, the smallest part of a Hebrew letter.

3. How did He show the importance of obeying and teaching the law of God? Verses 19, 20.

NOTE.—"That is, he shall have no place therein. For he who willfully breaks one commandment, does not, in spirit and truth, keep any of them."—*Ibid.*, p. 82.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 3

4. What does Jesus say about anger? Matt. 5:21, 22.

NOTE.—Hatred originated with Satan. If we have unkindness and hatred in the heart, we are cherishing the spirit of Satan.

5. What are we to do when there has been trouble between us and another? Verses 23, 24.

NOTE.—"If we have in any manner defrauded or injured our brother, we should make restitution. If we have unwittingly borne false witness, if we have misstated his words, if we have injured his influence in any way, we should go to the ones with whom we have conversed about him, and take back all our injurious misstatements."—*Ibid.*, p. 92.

6. What is Jesus' counsel concerning enemies? Verses 25, 26.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 4

7. What are we not to do? Matt. 5:33-36.

NOTE.—Taking oaths on anything, even the smallest matters, was very commonly done in Jesus' time.

8. What simple manner of speech is becoming to the Christian? Verse 37.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 5

9. How are we to resist ill treatment? Matt. 5:38, 39.

10. How did Jesus illustrate what He said in Verses 38 and 39? Verses 40, 41.

11. How are we to treat those who are in need? Verse 42.

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me."

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 6

12. What had the rulers taught regarding others? What did Jesus teach? Matt. 5:43, 44.

NOTE.—"His love received, will make us, in like manner, kind and tender, not merely toward those who please us, but to the most faulty and erring and sinful."—*Ibid.*, p. 115.

13. Why should we have the spirit of love in the heart? What does God do for the evil as well as the good? Verse 45.

NOTE.—It is love in the heart that makes us and proclaims us His children.

14. By what questions did Jesus show the need of God's love in the heart? Verses 46, 47.

Moffatt's version reads:

"For if you love only those who love you, what reward do you get for that? do not the very taxgatherers do as much? and if you only salute your friends, what is special about that? do not the very pagans do as much?"

15. If we live out the teaching of this chapter, what shall we be? Verse 48.

ASSIGNMENT 7

Do you know:

All the memory verses for this quarter?

All the miracles studied?

The names of the twelve apostles?

Connect these places with what occurred in them. Some places were the scene of more than one incident or saying:

Nicodemus	Jesus preached in home church.
Cana	Let down your nets. Water of life.
Sea of Galilee	Crippled man healed. For God so loved.
Jerusalem	Ye must be born again. Take these things hence.
Sychar	Healing the nobleman's son. Healing the leper.
Capernaum	The nobleman's home. Follow Me.
A town in Galilee	They forsook all and followed Him.
Nazareth	Stretch forth thine hand. Healing man possessed of the devil.
Levi Matthew	Healing Peter's wife's mother.
Pool of Bethesda	Healing the paralyzed man.
Field of grain	Son of man Lord of the Sabbath.
In a church	

Read the Guiding Thought. How is it an expression of Matthew 5:17-26, 33-48?

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ARE YOU MOVING?

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

The Listening Post

☛ THE Romans had ceiling prices on foods more than sixteen hundred years ago.

☛ SPRED LUSTER, a fast-drying, water-mix oil enamel, is recommended for both woodwork and wallpaper where a washable glossy surface is desired. It has been placed on the market in eleven pastel shades.

☛ A CATALINA amphibian plane recently towed a disabled two-passenger Navy training plane 530 miles from Indianapolis to Anacostia Naval Air Station in Washington, D.C. Officials say this is the longest operation of its kind yet to be accomplished.

☛ PRESIDENT TRUMAN caused heated discussion and the expression of many opinions over what is proper dress when he wore a silver-striped black tie (instead of the formal black) to the recent Jackson Day dinner. One opinion is that what the President wears automatically becomes the proper dress for Americans.

☛ SPEEDED-UP motion pictures, which showed one-half to two hours of growth in one minute, were used recently at the University of Cincinnati to show the self-repair of injured nerve cells as seen through the microscope. The pictures were made by exposing one frame of film every two, four, or eight seconds instead of sixteen a second, as in regular motion-picture photography.

☛ POTATO CHIPS, so legend tells us, were first made by George Crum, of Saratoga Springs, New York, in 1853. The story goes that he "shaved potatoes till he could read through them," and fried them in boiling fat for a guest at Moon's Lake House Kitchen, who always complained that the French fries were "too thick." The guests wanted more, and Americans have wanted more, until last year they ate more than 200,000,000 pounds.

☛ THE familiar life jacket, the Mae West, has been recently streamlined to have special pockets which contain a grenade that will omit a cloud of orange smoke visible about ten miles, two red fire bulbs which are visible about twenty miles when discharged at night, a mirror for sun signals, a radar reflector to make it possible for planes to locate a swimmer by radar, a specially pitched whistle that can be heard about one thousand feet, and a seamarker (a soaplike chemical cake that creates a bright-green area around the swimmer when he draws it through the water).

☛ THE Whipple Prize "for outstanding service to humanity" was recently awarded to two dogs—Josie, aged four, and Trixie, one—in recognition of the aid they have given research workers in the saving of human lives on the battlefields of World War II. Surgeon General Norman T. Kirk, U. S. Army, conferred the reward on behalf of the sponsoring committee of Friends of Medical Research, before a group of distinguished scientists at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The two mongrels who received "what might be called the highest prize in dogdom" have continually given blood plasma for experimental purposes in the laboratory.

☛ A UNITED STATES ARMY team left Chungking recently on a 1,000-mile trip into the wild country of the upper Yangtze gorges to search for the remains of American airmen who are missing from war flights over the "big hump" route from India to China. The secondary mission of the team is to investigate reports that American airmen who survived crashes along the Chinese-Tibetan border are being held in slavery by savage tribesmen of southern Tibet, and to rescue such victims. The men, who will travel by jeep until it is necessary to proceed on foot and animal back, are fully armed.

☛ NORMALLY, fruit is picked only once in a season, but dates are an exception. The clusters do not ripen at one time, and therefore have to be picked six times in a year.

☛ THE Veterans Administration co-ordination and planning division reports that more than 7,000,000 World War II veterans have found employment, and a "substantial number" are receiving training in schools and colleges.

☛ ALL-WEATHER commercial flying may be an airman's dream realized when facilities used in the war are developed by airlines. Snow, rain, wind, and fog should hold no fears for pilots if their planes can be "talked down" to a perfect landing by a radar system, as was a large plane by the Army Air Force recently.

☛ LIFE as children from all over the United States see and understand it has been recorded in a collection of creative art, consisting of more than 1,500 pieces, now on display at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. The best of these have been selected to be shipped to the Soviet Union for display in Russia. With each picture will go a likeness of the young artist, with photographs and maps of his particular section of the United States, explained by detailed captions.

☛ MACUNGSINAXTAGALIKUQUING is not a line of printers' pi, but Aleutian for "I made an all-out effort," according to a dictionary of the Aleutian language just published by the United States Department of the Interior. The dictionary was published chiefly through the efforts of Richard Henry Geoghegan, who had mastered more than two hundred languages before he died in 1943. It contains two Aleut songs, a study of the literature of the islands, and a grammar, in addition to an Aleut-English vocabulary.

☛ THE United States Patent Office in Washington, D.C., issued its 2,398,343d patent on last April 10, the 152d anniversary of its founding. "The office is experiencing its biggest boom in history," states Casper W. Ooms, Commissioner of Patents. An unprecedented number of persons are submitting ideas to be patented. This is a far cry from the year 1790, when only three patents were issued; or 1844, when Henry L. Ellsworth, then Commissioner of Patents, reported that "the advancement of the arts from year to year . . . seems to presage the arrival of that period when human improvement must end."

☛ THE first public telephone exchange was established in January, 1878. George W. Coy, of New Haven, Connecticut, agent for the Bell Telephone Company, offered several hundred leading citizens the opportunity to have telephones installed, but he obtained only one subscriber. Soon, however, there were fifty phones on the exchange. Teen-age boys were hired to operate the switchboard; it took several boys to handle each call, and fights were frequent. Within a year girls took the place of the boy operators and the service was improved. One talked or listened through the same piece on the early instruments, and some telephone directories carried the admonition, "Don't talk with your ear or listen with your mouth."

RADIO LOG

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Question to "hams" everywhere: Shall we resume publication of an Amateur Radio Log, now that the Federal Communications Commission has opened the air on certain bands to amateurs again? If you are interested send us your name and address, call, wave length or frequency, code or phone, and any other necessary information that should be published in such a log. Send all communications to Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

☛ THE 13,000 United States citizens who served in Canadian armed forces during World War II are now permitted to use re-establishment credits, which average about \$375 for each veteran, to pay premiums on Canadian Veterans Insurance. Hitherto these credits, figured at \$7.50 for each thirty days' service and 25 cents for each day overseas, have been payable only to veterans living in Canada.

☛ A DOZEN dwarf chameleons, with a number of serpents and lizards, were recently shipped from North Africa to the National Zoological Park in Washington, D.C. An interesting fact about these chameleons is that they bring forth their young alive instead of laying eggs, as most lizards do.

☛ TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND "good" Germans have been selected, from 300,000 German prisoners of war in the United States, for special training in the ways of democracy. It is hoped these men will be missionaries for the principles of freedom when they are returned to Germany.

☛ A FLOTILLA of 126 boats with 200 divers is ready to return to its peacetime occupation of sponge fishing. Before the war this fleet, which operates out of Tarpon Springs on Florida's west coast, gathered \$3,000,000 worth of sponges annually.

☛ IN PALESTINE the first peaceful Easter since 1939 was celebrated in 1946 by 35,000 pilgrims and visitors who crowded the narrow streets of Jerusalem.

☛ It is reported that kingbirds, which are only eight inches long, can see insects 170 feet away.