

The Youth's Instructor

Man's EXTREMITY God's OPPORTUNITY

By Naomi Kime Pitman

AND now he has gone clear crazy," stormed Angelica as she carried out the dinner dishes. Then she combed back her long wavy hair and prepared to go to school at the nuns' college. Angelica was of Greek descent, tall, willowy, and lovely, with clear blue eyes and a very determined manner. She had finished primary in the fiscal schools of Bolivia. Now for five years she had been studying sewing, music, embroidery, and art with the Catholic sisters. Her father and mother expected to arrange a good marriage for her, as they had done for her older sisters. The nuns hoped she would enter the convent. She herself was undecided, but the God in heaven who moves in strange ways had His own plans for her.

For some time all had not been well in the Triantafolo household. The eldest son, Pedro, had just returned from a trip to La Paz. He was addicted to smoking and drinking and playing roulette. This time he had squandered the family fortune. Nevertheless, the household was running much as usual.

The Triantafolos' "vender of pan," Antonio, arrived with his two-wheeled cart and pony from his daily bread route. "And so Pedro has played once too often?" he laughed, for he was addicted to the same vices. "Well, I could have told you so."

The culprit sat morose in one of the upstairs bedrooms, a prisoner smoking an endless chain of cigarettes. He was contemplating the best manner of committing suicide. Once in a while he thought of his sweetheart, the girl his family had arranged for him to marry. But that was all over now. Everything was over! He drank another cup of coffee, shook himself from his reverie, and looked for another book to read. The supply was limited, and he had read everything—everything except a couple of little religious books someone had sold to the bakery. These he had fingered and discarded several times. He wished he had another bottle of

whisky. He opened one of the little books. He could hear the Indian mothers hushing their babies on the street below, and went over to take a look at them.

Pedro's brothers, Xavier (who walked with a stiff leg) and Miguel, were downstairs making up the "mass" for bread. Nine barefooted Indians

were shaping it into loaves, ready to put into the large adobe oven. A cloud hung over the place. Why did he have to do it? Xavier had been in the hospital off and on for a year and a half. It had cost plenty, but still he had not given up hope of having his leg cured. But now *everything* was gone!

Papa Triantafolo (or Pouleas, as his grandchildren called him) was quiet and wore a little gray mustache curled up at the ends. He smoked his cigarettes constantly, and said little, but thought much.

Mamma Triantafolo, chunky and sweet, worked on as usual from morning till night, never once thinking of entrusting any of her precious culinary burdens to the Indian "Chica." She

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Pedro Kept Reading Passages of the Amazing Little Book to Angelica



VERNON NYE, ARTIST

Let's Talk It Over

THE great auditorium in the "City by the Sea" was crowded to the top-most gallery with an eager crowd. The entrance fees had been more than many of them could afford, but poor and rich as well as men and women in the middle-class brackets filled every seat and all available standing room. As they listened, every eye fixed on the figure standing in the spotlight on the stage, the violin in the hands of the artist poured forth floods of music which swept the emotions and heart-strings of that attentive audience.

Three quarters of an hour had passed, as Grant Colfax Tuller tells the story, when suddenly, in the midst of one of the most beautiful and soul-stirring selections, the music ceased. The violinist tried the strings and turned the keys, but not a sound came from the instrument. At last he held it high above his head, then dashed it to the floor where it broke into a dozen pieces. After looking at them for a moment he ground them under his heel, then turned from the fragments abruptly and left the platform by a rear door.

The audience was surprised into painful silence. Neither applause nor disapproval seemed appropriate, so they waited, scarcely daring to breathe. The stillness was so deep that it could be felt. Then the master of ceremonies, who had sponsored these concerts for twenty-five years, came forward. He knew his people and they knew him. Those back under the gallery could not hear what he said at first, but they could see that his lips were moving. Then out over the deepening silence rolled the admonition: "*Keep in tune!*" Another few moments which seemed "ages" passed; his lips moved again, and these final words crashed upon the consciousness of under-the-gallery listeners: "*If you don't the great heel of God will come down upon you and crush you.*"

"Since the days when Jesus preached the sermon on the mount have mortal lips given forth a greater truth, or one more appropriate to the occasion?" asks Dr. Tuller.

More minutes passed, as it were on leaden feet, and then the door at the back of the stage opened again, and this time the violinist walked into the spotlight with a violin under each arm. A table was placed in front of him, and he laid the instruments upon it, then sat down at one side. The master of ceremonies came forward; the two men

held a whispered conference; then he picked up one of the violins and said, "*Signore ——— tells me that this violin is worth a thousand dollars.*" He replaced it on the table, stooped, with a wide sweep gathered up a handful of pieces of the broken instrument, and held them aloft, as he added, "*This one, he tells me, he purchased this afternoon for sixty-five cents!*"

A smile swept over that vast audience. Ten thousand people had paid good money and been charmed for nearly an hour by music from a sixty-five-cent violin! Then they sobered as they realized the import of the graphic illustration that had been given them. It was not the instrument that had made the concert a success, but the skillful touch of the master on that cheap violin as it lay quiescent in his hands.

And then there was another pregnant pause as the musical treat ended on this note: "If you will only let the great Master have His way with you, if you will but put yourself in His hands, His touch upon your life will bring out the melodies of heaven. Remember, it is not the instrument that matters; it is the Master's touch."

The Master! Will you let Him have His way with you? You may be only a sixty-five-cent instrument, but if you have given Him all there is of you, He will make beautiful melody and harmony out of what would otherwise be only discordant notes!

WHEN the British Government sought to reward General Charles George Gordon for his brilliant services in China, he declined all money, all titles. But finally he did consent to accept a gold medal inscribed with the record of the thirty-three engagements in which he had taken part. It was his most prized possession. But after his death the medal could not be found. Eventually, it was learned that he had sent it to Manchester during a severe famine, directing that it should be melted down and used to buy bread for the poor. Under the date of its sending these words were found written in his diary: "The last and only thing I had in this world that I valued I have given over to the Lord Jesus Christ."

You sing, "All to Jesus I surrender, all to Him I freely give"—but do you, really? As really, as wholly, as completely as did "Chinese" Gordon? If

you do not make such a surrender the Master Artist can never make your life melodious for Him—not ever!

F. B. Meyer once remarked that just as a charge of electricity passing through your body will prove fatal if you have so much as a single connection with the ground, so the Lord Jesus cannot fully save you while there is one point of controversy between you and Him. There is only one safe way, and that is to let Him have that one last thing—that last barrier, small though it may be—and then He can make your life sing for His glory.

He went on to tell of a friend who said she wanted the Master Musician to take complete charge of her heart, and guide her daily walk so that it would be a continuous testimony for Him. But when questioned about a beautiful diamond ring which she wore, she said she did not feel that God wanted her to part with it; that it was a very precious possession; that she *must* keep it. The point was, of course, that she did not wish to have God speak to her about it because she was not willing to surrender it.

A few days after this conversation a pet cat in a fright bit and scratched the hand that wore the ring, and particularly the finger that was encircled by the ring. In twenty-four hours the hand was so swollen and that particular finger had become so painful that she was obliged to have the ring filed off. In a few hours the hand and the finger were quite normal again. It was a startling lesson, and well learned. The diamond was never worn again, but sold and the money invested in missions. Without doubt that woman's crown will shine with imperishable stars long after earthly diamonds have lost their luster.

Could it be, friend o' mine, that you have some one very special and dear possession that you are not ready to surrender to the One who gave His life for your salvation? Are you waiting for the file? Must God allow some experience that is "harsh and keen to bite and tear at your unyielded will"? Must He send the file of adverse circumstances to loosen your hold and make you willing to let go?

You cannot pray a more timely prayer than that the All-Father will do such a work in your heart that you may be willing "to let go, and let God."

Lora E. Clement

KANSAS is not all flat as a pancake as some drought-stricken, grass-hopper-starved, disgruntled *émigrés* would have you think. Down in the southern part of the State, where the earth begins to hump up in rugged anticipation of the Ozarks, Stephen Smithers "took up" his homestead. A lone bachelor, assured and self-sufficient, he dug into the side of one of his own rock-ribbed hills and built for himself a snug dugout. The front was of brick, hauled in from Ferben City, twenty miles away. A four-paned window on either side of the door gave

Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," with all of the struck poses. (Illustrated in *Peabody's Complete Manual on the Art of Elocution*.) Stephen thought he had never seen such an impressive sight in all his born days as the lovely Sara, her hands clasped upon her bosom, rolling forth in sonorous tones, eyes uplifted:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Then he bethought himself of his dugout, the only habitat he possessed; and what he had placidly taken for granted

In the end Sara hung her red dress on the peg by the corduroy breeches, and put her dainty shoes into the soapbox beside his big brogans. For she found she loved Stephen as much as he loved her.

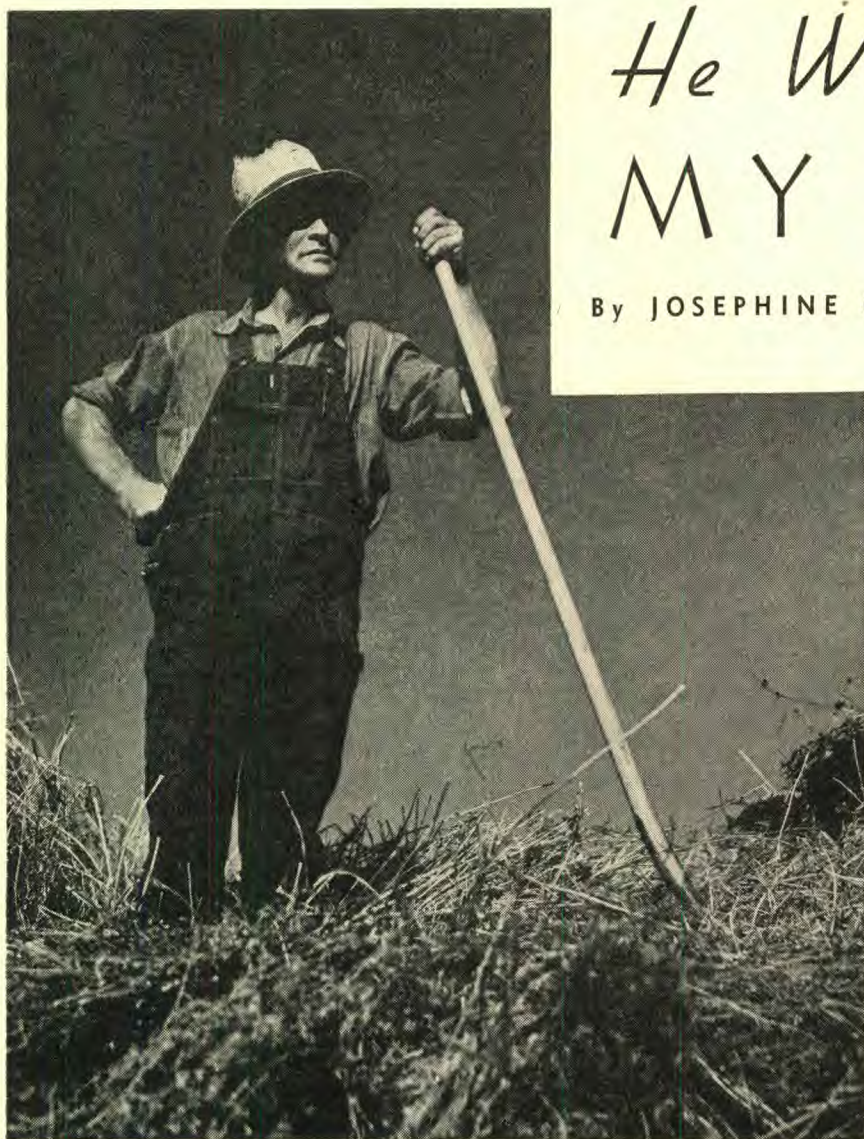
They were just getting ready to move into their new house when Emma was born.

"We ought to call her Bunny," laughed Stephen, looking down at the squirming, brick-red little mite "Born in a rabbit hole! Well, we'll see what'll become of her. We'll just see!"

But Sara cuddled the little thing

He Will Guide MY STEPS

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS



RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION

Stephen Had Been a Self-sufficient Bachelor for Years—Then He Met Sara!

close and thought she was breath-takingly beautiful. How could she know, lying there in the little sod dugout sixty-five years ago, that this baby would one day see Madras, Calcutta, and Singapore? That she would spend forty years of her life in missionary labors?

They were well moved and settled in the new house, and Emma was past two when Valerie Jo was added to their family. It seemed as if this cunning baby was born to nothing but disaster.

Sara wept over tiny patched garments, and Stephen labored from dawn till dark in sheer desperation. But the skies were brass, and the sun broiling. Crops burned up. Streams went dry. Animals sickened and died. Then there was rain aplenty, but the grasshoppers came three years in a row! You could almost hear the champing of their voracious jaws. They were worse than the drought. In very fury Sara took a broom to the few in her dooryard, like the old woman who tried to mop up the sea.

But the grasshoppers won out. Sara bundled both children up, packed their pitiful belongings, and they drove slowly away.

The day before Valerie Jo was ten, they rented a farm in Arkansas. There in those hills they were to find contentment and rest.

One sweet May day the two girls went down the road in quest of early strawberries. Paul Huntly had told them there were some in the field beyond the schoolhouse. They were carrying tin pails, and they had fixed a

light to the place. He covered the walls with burlap, but the floor was earth. An old cook stove amply warmed the little place and cooked his "grub." The blizzards howled, the snow fell, and the storms raged, but Stephen was well contented with his abode and had no particular desire to take unto himself a wife.

But he thought differently one early fall evening when he attended a "Literary" in the near-by village, after he had been "batching it" six years. There he heard Sara Stebbins, who knew something of elocution, render

now seemed glaringly primitive and backwoodsy. Two pegs driven into the earthen wall might serve to keep his corduroy breeches and jacket off the earthen floor, and an old soapbox was good enough for his own shoes, but where would Sara hang that red dress she had worn at the "Literary"? Or where would she put those tiny shoes? Right away Stephen began mentally to make room for her in his life, for have her he must, and have her he would. He brought her to see his dugout and showed her the foundation which slowly was growing into a cozy home.

lunch for themselves in case they found the berrying good.

At noon, on the steps of the schoolhouse, Emma unwrapped the paper parcel and carefully separated the lunch. A wedge of apple pie apiece, a biscuit with a jelly center apiece, and some butter and bread.

"Where'd you get the newspaper?" and Valerie reached for the wrappings that had gone around their food.

"Oh, father brought it home from the drugstore yesterday. The man there put it around that pair of shears he had sharpened." The two girls, news hungry and book hungry, bent over the week-old newspaper and began to read it together.

The noon sun shone down, dappling the shade wherein they sat with splashes of color. Emma was the first to note the advertisement under the caption "Education."

"Want to work your way through college? There are still some vacancies at Park College, Parkville, Missouri. Enroll today for a liberal arts course which will help you find your place in life."

The two girls sat for a long moment, stunned by the possibilities opening

before them. Landlocked in this beautiful valley, they had hardly dared to hope for more education than the musty little grade school afforded them. They had both been through that for two years now.

"Listen, Val," Emma said impulsively, "Silas drives through here with the mail about now. Let's answer the advertisement right away."

Their pathetic little letter of inquiry "did the trick."

Father sold a heifer to fit them out with a few necessities and pay their way to Parkville.

Valerie and Emma loved the old college from the very start. There were five dormitories, besides the big administration buildings and the teachers' cottages. It was a Presbyterian school, run strictly for the purpose of aiding worthy students. Therefore, work was provided for all.

That fall the smallpox scare came southward, and hundreds of cases were reported in near-by Kansas City. The epidemic was a particularly severe one in those days, and there were many tales of how painful and disfiguring the disease was, even if one lived through its ravages. The school authorities de-

cided on a mass vaccination to prevent an epidemic.

"Will it hurt, Emma?" Valerie asked timidly, as they put on dressing gowns to go meet the doctor in the Woman's Assembly.

"I expect it will," her sister said sensibly, "but not as bad as smallpox would hurt. Anyhow, it's all in a lifetime, so why worry?" Then humming a gay little tune, she led the way down the long corridors lighted by kerosene lamps set in brackets.

Valerie's head felt light, so light, that she reeled a little going down the stairs, and the crowd of girls milling about swam before her eyes dizzily. Her back and her legs ached mercilessly, but she blamed the hard day's work she had just completed for it.

But she was wrong. It was not work that caused those aches and pains, for the next morning when it came time to get up and go to school, Emma slid from under the covers and shook Valerie.

"Val, Val, hop out. Time to get ready for school." But she withdrew her hand quickly and hurriedly lit the lamp. Her sister's arm was so hot it

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TEMPERANCE TORCHLIGHTS

The Greatest Vice!

"I consider cigarette smoking the greatest vice devastating humanity today, because it is doing more than any other vice to deteriorate the race," says Dr. Charles B. Towns, who is quoted in "The Shield," official organ of the Anti-Cigarette League of California.

"Pleasure Poison"!

"Alcohol," says Clarence W. Hinkley, speaking in "Allied Youth," "is classified as a pleasure poison; a drug to which a person may become addicted. Although the manufacturers of beer have tried to tell us that beer is a food, the fact remains that alcohol is a poison, and we do not want it even with the deceptive word 'pleasure' prefixed to it."

No Liquor Advertising!

"Soviet Russia considers beverage alcohol an enemy of the state; therefore liquor advertising is not allowed," says "The Union Signal," official organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The League of Communist Youth requires also that "no member shall drink, smoke, or use drugs."

A Vital Question!

The third President of the United States, Thomas Jefferson, came to this conclusion as a result of sad experience. We quote from a recent issue of "The Voice": "The habit of using ardent spirits, by men in public office, has occasioned more injury to the public service, and more trouble to me, than any other circumstance which has occurred in the internal concerns of the country during my administration. And were I to

commence my administration again, with the knowledge which from experience I have acquired, the first question which I would ask with regard to every candidate for public office would be, 'Is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits?'"

One Hundred Packs a Year!

The Federal Department of Agriculture of the United States discloses that Americans now are smoking 50 per cent more cigarettes than before the war and that they show little signs of "tapering off." During the first eight months of 1945, civilians smoked cigarettes at the yearly rate of one hundred packs for every man, woman, and child, and cigars at the rate of thirty-six.

Cigarettes No Aid to Achievement!

"In sixty years not a single Harvard student addicted to tobacco and cigarettes has graduated at the head of his class," says the "Philadelphia Record." "Cigarette smokers at Yale are reported to be inferior in weight and lung capacity. The president of a great business school says that cigarettes cause shattered nerves, stunted growth, and physical and mental deterioration. A St. Louis street railway superintendent refuses to hire cigarette addicts. A Chicago judge found recently that thirty-three of thirty-five arraigned before him were confirmed cigarette smokers."

Liquor Makes Men and Women Beasts!

The evil effects of drinking are graphically set forth by George E. Taylor, Jr., in a recent issue of "The Union Signal." Years of experience in trying to help the pitiful

slaves of alcohol find freedom from this merciless taskmaster enable him to give an impressive, close-up picture of the damaging effects of drunkenness on human lives. He says:

"It not only makes men and women beasts of the lowest order, but it kills in them a sweet modesty of person and thought by the most destructive force which Satan ever invented, and it leaves in the hearts of their loved ones at home a grief unspeakable, as well as a constant nightmare that creates nervous wrecks. It smashes in men and women the very thing which God counts precious, that unique individual something which God expects every member of the human race to give back to the world as a power of uplift in the lives of others. Surely those who have observed the effect of drink and drunkenness in life's way have learned that no man or woman can drink and keep his or her individuality sacred to the living God."

Blood Money!

Lord Chesterfield, speaking in the English Parliament of his day, said: "Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited. Let the difficulty in the law be what it may, would you lay a tax upon a breach of the Ten Commandments? Government should not, for revenue, mortgage the morals and health of the people." If this sound reasoning were carried out today, governments would prohibit the sale of liquor instead of taxing it.

Beer Does You No Good!

An effort to preserve England's health in the face of shortage of food has led to clear official statements concerning the food value of beer. The British Ministry of Health in one of its recent bulletins said: "Do not delude yourself that beer does you good, because it does not." And the same pronouncement was made to British radio listeners by the voice of the "Radio Doctor," which stated: "The plain, blunt truth is that from the food point it [beer] is not necessary, and it does not do you good. This 'Beer is Best' business is bunkum—if by that it means that it is a food."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

EVERYBODY knows what day and evening are like, but not everybody has spent all night awake. Yet, nature lovers should do that at least once anyway. For any time can be special in God's creation—even the night; well, in fact, *especially* the night! And the best place I know of for a nature lover to experience the night is a north woods chain of lakes. And the best way to do it is with a canoe.

The lakes are wild and varied. Some are long and narrow; some are round; some are crooked; some or broken with islands and peninsulas. Some are so small a wind can hardly disturb them; and some are big enough for waves to become four and five feet high. Even the names of many of them—Round Lake, Long Lake, Scattering Rice, Birch, Little Fork, Big Stone, and others—derive from such distinctive characteristics. Narrow necks of water called thoroughfares connect them; and together they make a fascinating waterway many miles long. In fact, the particular chain of lakes that is the

background of the night described here is virtually endless; for it goes into Eagle River, then into the Wisconsin, then into the Mississippi, and then anywhere!

And the canoe? It is quiet. It is fast. It can go all the places in a lake a boat can go, and more. And there is no need to worry, for it is seaworthy, very safe, when handled according to the rules. Then, too, there is its romance, it's *voyageur* past, that adds to the romance of the present.

So now, with these in mind, these northland lakes that invite you, and this adventurous mode of travel that

sputters to inertness. Lights in cottage windows black-out. Campfires die, and the smell of their smoke disappears. (The air at that time also voids itself of all laughter, talk, and song. And when the echo of a final blast on a car horn fades and dies, no signs of civilization remain. The night becomes itself.

And you? You are there. You are alone. And you are ready; ready to experience the rare beauty and the strange feeling known only to those who go deep into the darkness.

Sounds there are few, and scattered, and wild. There are the deep-throated

Into the Night

By HARVEY HANSEN



Mr. A. ROBERTS

dares you, here is the night.

At first it is a mirror that reflects familiar things. Boats heading for resorts disturb the water. Picnickers noisily unload their paraphernalia onto docks. Campers clatter kettles and pans as they do their late supper dishes. Doors slam. Dogs bark. Voices fill the air. Someone's radio blaring loudly adds to the din. And many lights stab into the dark and lie on the water in long, shimmering shafts — vying with the sounds to gain attention.

But as time passes, as nature calms itself to rest — after bats that fluttered and dipped so close to your head that you ducked instinctively, though needlessly, have taken their leave, after the varied choruses of hundreds of frogs have silenced, after stars that you saw low on the eastern horizon have lifted high toward the zenith—human activity slackens also.

The outboard motor of the tardiest fisherman

grumrumrumrums of a bullfrog sounding occasionally from a swamp-bordered bay. Infrequently the whistling of a whippoorwill in the surrounding hills is clearly heard. And sometimes from out of nowhere, seemingly, comes the long, lonely cry, the weird cry, of a loon. But most of the time the only sound is the soft puddering of droplets streaming from your paddle as you swing it stroke to stroke.

The sights are even fewer than the sounds; but they also are impressive. The shoreline is a study in black. The water is dark and long shadowed. Objects, the few you can distinguish, like stumps in shallow water, look deformed. Everything is more than half hidden; that is, everything but the stars. The darkness and the open water only make *them* easier to see. For no buildings, no treetops, are there to hide them. No street lights or flashing neon signs are there to distract you from them. Even the swirling paddle dips and the canoe's spreading wake are laced with tremulous threads of their light. They alone of the night stand out sharply, and they ever bid the eyes to behold.

From horizon to horizon they fill the sky with their varying degrees of brightness, twinkling, and hues, and their constellation patterns. They progress steadily from east to west, and in one night's time show all the stars it would ordinarily take a person three or four months of evenings to see. And as if all that weren't enough reward for its appreciation, the night gives yet another singular beauty. Whenever you allow the canoe to drift to a standstill, a twin of the heaven above hangs in the water below!

The beauty of it, the purity of it, there in that undisturbed moment,

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There Is No Thrill Like
Canoeing All Night Through
a North Woods Chain of
Lakes

As a Shining Light

By MARY NISHIMOTO

NO! That is enough! You are *not* going to attend *any* school—especially an American school!"

"But, Father, please!" pleaded Martha Jean in tears.

"Not another word," father commanded.

But for days afterward Martha continued to talk about school, hoping that her parent would change his mind, but as usual father did not change; in fact, it seemed that her hope was indeed vain. Give up? No! Martha's desire for an education burned more intensely as her father's reprimands became more stern.

Martha Jean's father was a man in his early sixties. He believed that his child should be reared strictly according to the customs of his native land. So it happened that when her Aunt Yoshi visited Honolulu in 1939, he sent his daughter to Japan under her care. Martha was only twelve years old then, and the stories of a strange land fascinated her. Eagerly she went with her aunt, without a single thought about her future.

From the day she reached the "land of the cherry blossoms" Aunt Yoshi took upon herself the burden of training her niece to be a polite, quaint Japanese girl. A school was selected, and she was enrolled in the sixth grade. Martha struggled over conversation with her new friends, for they knew no English, and she knew only a few Japanese words. With the passing of time, however, she became as one with them. Her English vocabulary was mostly forgotten, and she spoke and even thought in Japanese.

Martha was carefully trained in the culture of Nipponese womanhood; she visited many shrines and temples, and even made short pilgrimages. It did not occur to her that sometime she would become a Christian. She was saturated with the superstitious beliefs of the people in the country town where her aunt lived. There were no Christian churches and no one knew of Christ. People were in darkness, with no hope of salvation.

Martha lived as one of the people of the village. She worshiped and believed in the spirits of ancestors. She waited eagerly for the festivals of the year. She, too, would have died in darkness had not God's guiding hand led her to His fold.

Then things grew dark in the political world. Every country seemed to be watching, with eyes fixed on Japan and the United States. Martha began

to worry, for it was her fourth year away from Honolulu, and she had but one more to finish her studies in the girls' high school. But could she? Prospects were doubtful, since war seemed ready to break at any moment.

In spite of the opposition of Aunt Yoshi and other relatives, Martha packed her few belongings in order that she might catch a boat to Honolulu. She had been a timid, shy girl. What made her so bold now? Where did she find courage? How little did she realize that it was God's guiding hand.

Only a month and a week had passed after she came home when the terrible war broke. She had come home on the last boat. Martha was glad to be with her parents in the land of her childhood. But she felt strangely homesick for Japan.

She had almost forgotten English after speaking and hearing only the Japanese language for nearly four years. However, her desire for an education gleamed brighter and brighter, especially after she bought an English Bible, the first she had ever owned. She read all the chapters somehow up to the chapter on Noah's ark, but without any understanding.

She clung to her desire for more learning even when her father seemed to crush her cherished hope. The Reverend Mr. Field, a Protestant minister of the church Martha had started to attend, came to her rescue. Finally her father consented to let her go to school when he realized that his daughter's desire was great and that she would not give up easily.

Martha chose Hawaiian Mission Academy without knowing anything about the Seventh-day Adventists. She had heard that theatergoing, make-up, and dances were not allowed at that school. These things all seemed strange, but she took them only as the school rule. Before entering the academy, she vowed to herself and to her Protestant minister that she would never become involved with the queer religion. But time has brought some changes into her life.

"Jesus is coming again, for He has promised in John 14:1-3." Could it be? Martha wondered one day as the chapel speaker brought the wonderful message to the listening girl.

"Everything seems so reasonable, and all is proved from the Bible, surely it must be!" Day by day in her Bible classes and in the chapel periods she heard the voice of God's Spirit pleading with her. Little by little she became convinced until she was ready to



Martha Was Carefully Trained in the Culture of Nipponese Womanhood. She Worshiped and Believed in the Spirits of Ancestors

accept the truths of the third angel's message.

"Yes, dear Jesus, take me just as I am," was the prayer of her heart as she answered the call of Him who died on Calvary's hill, not in defeat but in victory.

"Baptism? Don't get any crazy idea in your head. How could you become a Christian? You may not! Our ancestors have been Buddhists, and no one is to take up a strange religion at our home!" Her father was in a rage. He shouted at Martha Jean and even threatened that she should never come back home if she became a baptized member of an Adventist church. But Martha did not fear her father's anger, for she had found a Friend so precious, a Friend so dear; she had found strength in prayer and courage in Christianity.

The dew glistened in the warm Hawaiian sunshine, and flowers perfumed the air on Sabbath, May 27, 1944.

Organ music filled the church, announcing that the service was about to begin.

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bids't me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

There were more than forty students from Hawaiian Mission Academy that day who answered His call in unison, "O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

Slowly Martha Jean, clad in her baptismal robe, stepped toward the pastor whom she dearly loved. He had helped her, prayed with her, and now he was to baptize her. A smile of joy came upon his lips as he whispered, "Martha,

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

EVEN though spiritist phenomenon has spasmodically revealed itself through the ages, "men have, however, grown so wise today, and know so much, that they smile with incredulity when they hear of such a thing as demoniac possession. They do not believe the legendary tales of ghosts, goblins, and black cats, and old women riding broomsticks through the air."

"But many who do the smiling at these things eagerly rush to a séance to see a spirit medium floating in the air or being borne around on a table suspended in space."

We are told by Ellen G. White, the

church school, and the two rooms above them on the second floor were rented to Pastor W. H. Howard and his wife and child. The other half of the house on the right of the hall and stairs was rented by my parents.

There were five of us in the family: father, mother, sister, brother, and I.

My brother, aged twelve, and I, aged ten, shared the large bedroom upstairs, while the rest of the family slept downstairs. Brother slept in a high, narrow cot; and I had a wide double bed.

We retired late that first night. About four o'clock in the morning I awoke and felt the presence of someone in the room. I peered through the

darkness. My body stiffened in horror, and for a moment I held my breath. Finally, jerking the bed covers over my head, I gave vent to my terror in a blood-curdling yell. My parents rushed up into our room and switched on the light, but they were incredulous when I told them what I had seen. They thought that perhaps I had had a nightmare, something which was very unusual for me. I was scolded and told to go back to sleep. As soon as father and mother left the room, I quietly crept in beside my brother and, after covering my head, fell asleep.

The next night I slept with brother, against my parents' orders. Toward early morning both of us awoke with a start. I nudged brother. In astonishment and terror we covered our heads and united our voices in shrieks of fright. Our parents answered our cries and came running. Not until the light had been switched on did we uncover our heads to explain the reason for the disturbance. Father was unable to offer us an explanation when

Spiritism

By

GEORGE H. TURNER

Lord's messenger, that Spiritualism will gain wide influence and power in the last days of earth's history, and because I believe this subject to be of great importance, I wish to relate some past personal experiences, for "none are in greater danger from the influence of evil spirits than those who, notwithstanding the direct and ample testimony of the Scriptures, deny the existence and agency of the devil and his angels. So long as we are ignorant of their wiles, they have almost inconceivable advantage; many give heed to their suggestions while they suppose themselves to be following the dictates of their own wisdom. This is why, as we approach the close of time, when Satan is to work with greatest power to deceive and destroy, he spreads everywhere the belief that he does not exist. It is his policy to conceal himself and his manner of working."

A large, square, two-storied frame building sprawled in its spacious lot in a Boston suburb known as Malden. The long hallway on the ground floor divided the downstairs into two parts: two rooms on one side, two on the other. A wide stairway led to the second floor, which had three rooms, two located on one side of the hallway and one on the other side.

The Southern New England Conference of Seventh-day Adventists had no difficulty in leasing this building, and at a very low cost. The two rooms on the first floor, on the left side of the hall as one entered, were used for a



The Witch Told Saul That Gods Were Ascending Out of the Earth

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KREIGH COLLINS, ARTIST

we told him of the figures we had seen moving about our room. Brother and I described these figures as best we could, for a street light which shone through our window enabled us to see the very features of them. The peculiar intruders, which my brother and I called "ghosts," moved silently about the room; yes, they even brushed past us in entering the clothes closet near the head of the bed. At the time I wondered how the closet could hold so many people. They were dressed in long, gray, flowing robes; we could see the varied expressions of the faces and the steady, piercing gaze of their unblinking eyes. It seemed that they disappeared instantly at the approach of our parents.

I was directed to my bed, and we were both told to go to sleep. Just as soon as our parents left the room, I hurried back to my brother's bed, for if we were to see more ghosts I did not wish to be alone.

The next night came, and at the approach of four in the morning I was roused from my slumbers. Immediately I realized that some being was in the room. As I slowly turned my head I looked into the eyes of one whom I shall never, never, no, never forget. To this day I believe it was the devil. He was seated on the sill of the open window. He would slowly turn his massive head and gaze down upon the deserted street, then turn to look directly at me. His cold, gray, cunning eyes froze me with fear. I dared not move. No, not until he again turned his head did I nudge my brother, who awoke with such a jump that he attracted the demon's attention. With a terrific outburst we called the whole house. Our parents found us under the blankets, trembling like leaves.

Before we retired the following night, a large open Bible was placed on a stand near our bed, for our parents thought that the spirits would not dis-

turb us if this was done. We boys learned differently, however, for we were astonished to see the ghosts linger to scan the open pages as they filed past the stand.

After several more nights of unusual disturbances Pastor Howard, the Seventh-day Adventist minister who lived across the hallway from our bedroom, set his alarm to ring a few minutes before four o'clock, the time when we usually called out. When the clock rang the next morning, he waited until our first call; then he bounded into the room to see the specters disappear through the wall before his eyes. He and his wife later witnessed many peculiar disturbances and scenes in the night.

Although my parents never saw anything during the night, they were not in perfect peace; for they often heard many strange sounds, such as shrill whistling and heavy steps upon the stairway. (Continued on page 17)

The Star Helper

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

NO, NO! Don't include me," Bob protested. "I wouldn't be able to do much to help out on the program. There are others who know much more than I and are much more able than I."

"That's just it!" Jim replied. "They can do things that you can't do. But if you won't help, they will have to do what you could be doing, instead of doing the more important things they could be doing. So you're being included."

"Please don't say that!" Bob persisted. "I'm not at all important. Leaving me out won't make any difference. Let someone else do my bit. He couldn't do worse than I would; that's certain."

"All right, then! If you won't, you won't, I suppose!" Jim turned to speak to Uncle Pete, who had just joined them as the discussion started. "What do you think about it?" he asked. "Even if Bob is as unimportant as he claims he is, don't you think he ought to do what he can?"

"Don't drag me into it, young-fellow-my-lad!" Uncle Pete responded. "Did I ever tell you about the time I lost my way upon the northern prairies when it was twenty below zero, and might easily have lost my life as well?"

"No!" Jim and Bob chorused. "Tell us now!"

"Well, there's not much to it," their uncle said. "Back in those days it was sometimes ten or fifteen miles between

human habitations. I undertook to get an important message to Teddy Payne, the station agent at Renown. But the night was dark, there was practically no trail because the snow had drifted over it in most places, and both I and my horse were strange to that part of the country. Consequently, it wasn't long before we got off the trail, though we didn't know it, of course. But after a while I began to realize that I was lost. I had traveled far enough to reach my destination and should have come across one or two of the farms near Renown, but not one building had I sighted, for though I said it was dark, there is always a sort of twilight when there is snow, and you can see a clump of farm buildings if you get within a quarter of a mile of them. Well, we were lost! It was twenty below zero, so if we staved lost we might freeze. I began to get a little scared. Then I said to myself, 'Now, Pete, there's no reason to get excited. Look, the railroad runs north and south, and you are on the east side of it. That means if you travel due west, you're bound to hit that railroad sometime. Then you can follow it till you reach a station.'"

"But how could you tell which was due west, Uncle Pete?" Jim asked.

"That was easy. All I had to do was locate the pole star. It doesn't look much different from other stars, and many of them are much bigger and brighter, but if I could get that com-

mon, ordinary-looking old pole star to help—"

"The two end stars in the Big Dipper point right at it," Bob said.

"That's how I found it," Uncle Pete assured him. "And that common-looking, ordinary-appearing star led me right to the railroad tracks, which happened to be quite near. I judged I should follow the tracks south, and I did, and finally there was Renown. Strange that your little argument just now should remind me of that night. Or perhaps it's not so strange!"

"Why not?" Jim asked, seeing the twinkle in Uncle Pete's eyes.

"Well, Bob here was trying to get out of doing something because there are so many others who could do it better than he thinks he can. Yes, and there are other stars that shine much brighter than the pole star, but it happened that it was the little bit of help that *only* the pole star could give me that night that saved my life, because it was there on the job when it was needed. Now, what if it had said that evening, 'Aw, I don't think I'll go out and shine tonight. There are so many other stars that my little light will never be missed, and plenty of the others shine brighter than I—' Were you trying to get a word in edgeways, Bob?"

Bob gave a sheepish grin. "You win, Uncle Pete," he said. "I get the point. I guess Jim can include me in the list of workers. I'll do what I can as well as I can."

Uncle Pete chuckled. "Well," he remarked to nobody in particular, "we all thought he was much smarter than he gave himself credit for being, and now we know we were right. The lad is really smart, don't you think so, Jim?"

"We'll make a star performer of him yet!" laughed Jim.

The King's Highway

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERMON

When Does Life Begin?

By Harold Shryock, M.D.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

In spite of the admonition of the text, many a modern youth has found a way of postponing the time when he is willing to accept the responsibility which the profession of Christianity involves. "Why be in a hurry?" he asks. "Life begins at forty," and there is still plenty of time before I will have much influence."

A few months ago I had occasion to talk with the sole survivor of the crew of a Flying Fortress that had crashed in the course of routine bomb-target practice. I asked the young man what had caused the accident. Inasmuch as he was in the tail of the ship at the time of the crash and since all his compan-

ions had been killed, there was no direct evidence as to the exact cause of the mishap. He said, however, that an investigation indicated that the pilot of the Fortress had become unconscious while the ship was making a rapid descent and had therefore lost control at a critical moment. "Anyway," he added, "the pilot was twenty-nine years old—too old to be piloting a bomber." Only twenty-nine years old and already past his prime as a pilot!

Physical and mental power has not always declined so early in life. Those who lived before the time of the Flood retained their youthful vigor for an average of several centuries. In speaking of the antediluvians Ellen G. White tells us that "they possessed great physical and mental strength. . . . Their mental powers were early developed, and those who cherished the fear of God and lived in harmony with His will, continued to increase in knowledge and wisdom throughout their life." And the same author observes

that "if Adam, at his creation, had not been endowed with *twenty times* as much vital force as men now have, the race, with their present habits of living in violation of natural law, would have become extinct."

In Moses' day the life span was still enough so that it could be assumed that "life begins at forty." As Moses approached this age he developed specific plans by which he hoped to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt into the Promised Land. Having completed, by this time, his formal training in the university of Egypt, he felt qualified to fulfill his divine commission. But because of his distorted ideas of the methods the Lord would use to liberate His chosen people, Moses resorted to physical violence in his attempt to bring about a respect for his own authority. It thus became necessary for the Lord to overrule and send him into exile.

When he was forty, "Moses was not prepared for his great work. He had yet to learn the same lesson of faith that Abraham and Jacob had been taught,—not to rely upon human strength or wisdom, but upon the power of God for the fulfillment of His promises." So the Lord ordered the circumstances of his life in such a way that he was obliged to spend a second forty-year period in preparation for his lifework. Therefore, his real contribution to the inspired plan for the deliverance of his people began when he was eighty years old instead of (as he had originally supposed) when he was forty.

This forty-year delay worked out all right in Moses' case, for he lived so early in the world's history that sin had not yet had time to bring about that shortening of the life span and that reduction of vitality which, in our day, make a man feeble at an age when Moses was still vigorous.

As a result of the continued effects of sin upon the human race, however, the span of life became so short that even at the time of Christ's first advent a young person could not wait until the age of forty to enter upon his lifework. John the Baptist accomplished his work and laid down his life while he was still in his early thirties. Jesus Himself carried on His earthly ministry between the ages of thirty and thirty-three. And both men had followed a program of careful planning and prayerful study prior to their periods of public ministry.

Now another two thousand years have passed—years during which the vital force of the human race has been still further reduced to the degree that it truly may be said that *death* begins at forty.

Physicians recognize a definite increase in the incidence of cancer beyond this age. Heart disease, kidney disease, and other degenerative ailments testify that the human organism is definitely declining by the time two-score years of life have passed.

It is at about the age of forty that the ascending line, representing efficiency, self-discipline, and increasing influence, and the descending line, representing decreasing mental and physical vigor, cross. A person has to get started early in life, then, if he is to accomplish anything worth while before he reaches the age of declining vigor.

William Cullen Bryant produced his

(Continued on page 20)



Although Moses Left Pharaoh's Palace a Highly Educated Young Man, He Had to Spend Forty Years Training for God's Work

KREIGH COLLINS, ARTIST



F. EDWARDY

A Broken Swastika on the Prize-winning Float at California's Annual Pasadena Rose Parade Signifies Germany's Defeat

Everlasting Peace

By ROY LARSON

IF TIME should last, would a glimpse ahead one hundred years reveal survivors of this tragic Atomic Age still hopefully examining a relic labeled "Peace"?

The diligence with which a treasure is sought determines our estimation of its value. But since the blood of men shed during six thousand years has been inadequate to purchase this most priceless treasure, our only hope is to inquire of the Prince of Peace, "How may we obtain it?"

The Lord's caution, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth," is not a contradiction of the message brought by the celestial choir over Galilee as they heralded His first advent. It is in reality a proclamation of war against the enemy of peace.

Since the son of the morning declared in his heart, "I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High," the history of aggression and oppression has been repeated again and again. Lucifer, the anointed cherub, who walked the highway of heaven, became Satan, the enemy of the entire universe. Sin brought about tragic changes in our world when the serpent succeeded in inducing Adam to disobey. But God introduced a program of liberation when He promised to send His Son as Saviour.

The purpose of God to restore in man the image of his Maker is seen in Christ's mission to earth. Jesus be-

came human for thirty-three years and not only left a plan of successful living but met the enemy in person on usurped territory. He repulsed every assault with the sword of the Spirit and beckons us to follow in His footsteps for lasting peace.

On the eve of the Saviour's betrayal a vital message was communicated to the prospective leaders of the Christian church. Recognizing the weakness of humanity and foreseeing the trial of their faith, Jesus comforted His disciples with promises of a renewal of the covenant made with the patriarchs of old.

During the years they had been with Jesus, they had marveled at His power and had witnessed the assaults and defeats of the enemy. Now He was to return to His Father's house. Heretofore the thrusts of the adversary had been aimed primarily at their Master, but should He leave, the attack would center upon them. Their perplexed minds were sustained with the assurance that a comforter would come, His Holy Spirit.

Would the Lord's departure mark the end of the conflict for His church? No, it was to be intensified. "Yea," Jesus warned, "the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

The Jewish nation looked for the Messiah to come and break the Roman yoke, and to exalt Jerusalem to a position of universal prominence. This misapplication of Scripture, inspired by pride and selfishness, led them to a false conception of God's kingdom.

Jesus answered their expectations. His peace is not freedom from the oppression of nations or individuals, but from that of sin.

As Christ led His disciples, so may we be led by His representative, the Holy Spirit.

Through transgression Adam lost his title, "the son of God." Hope was revived by the coming of the Deliverer, who would eventually destroy the tempter. But man was not required to wait for the literal fulfillment of this promise. Upon the demonstration of faith, the medium by which his acceptance of the proffered provision could be shown, he was again offered sonship in God's family.

The gifts that we enjoy through faith in the Redeemer who came, were also given to those who lived before Christ. Christ said, "Abraham rejoiced to see My day: and he saw it, and was glad." Likewise Abel, Enoch, Joseph, Moses, and countless others obtained a good report through faith.

Today faith opens to us the door of God's merciful peace, through which flow all the blessings prompted by infinite love.

But, being born into the family of Adam after he sinned, we inherit his sinful nature. Only by being reborn into God's family through Christ may we inherit His divine nature or inclination to obedience. God saves us, not merely from the result of our past sins, but from sinning. Thus sin shall not have dominion over us, for we are not under the law but under grace.

As John views the closing scenes in the great dramatic struggle between sin and righteousness, he exclaims, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

Here is depicted a desperate attack characteristic of the final struggles of a conquered foe. All the acquired craft and malice of sixty centuries are hurled against Christians. But need we fear? The dying words of the Prince of Peace, "It is finished," rung the death knell of the god of this world and his system of hate.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," calmed the hearts of His disciples. In the prayer for them He adds for our benefit, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word." And with what confidence His petition is placed before the Father. The secret is revealed by the words, "I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

Shall we who stand on the border of the Promised Land grow faint? Think of those who "died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off," obtained a good report.

(Continued on page 22)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

TEMPTATIONS come in Zion—urges to turn at inviting crossroads to see what hidden loveliness lies atop the fragrant hills or what new glory is buried in the canyons. Daddy Don had to hold steady to the wheel to keep from turning left at Long Valley Junction, for in Dixie National Forest, 10,400 feet up, is a series of large and brilliantly colored, sweepingly tumbled abysses known as Cedar Breaks.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?" quoted Daddy Don.

"Which one?" said Mamma Jean. "Let's save this one for future enjoyment. It is easily accessible from either Highway 89 or 91. This time we choose Bryce."

So at Bryce Junction they turned right and began climbing to the Paunsaugent Plateau through Powell National Forest and Red Canyon, as brilliant in many places as Bryce itself. Some might be fooled into thinking it the entrance to Bryce. But it is not. There is no entrance to Bryce Canyon. It is just there! All of a sudden you turn right, enter a forest, park in front of the lodge, walk up a path maybe three hundred yards through the trees, seeing nothing at all unusual, until you take one more step—and there it is—a fairyland of pink enchantment at your feet!

No picture has ever been made too brilliant to represent Bryce, nor too red, yellow, orange, pink, or mauve. It is like the solar prominences, lacy scarlet filigree, quiescent in a curve of the earth; it is like the crescent moon, orange and shaped; it is like the starry spectrum, amazing in its changing colors, tenuous and hot—"the canyon of fire."

Billy Boy found the observation house perched on the rim of the amphitheater that is Bryce. He was hungry. And Mamma Jean's lunch basket was more luring just then than the weird sculptural formations in that horseshoe valley below. Daddy Don was thoroughly agreeable, as he always is to food.

"All right," said Mamma Jean, "while we eat, I'll tell you a story. It is the Indians' story of this canyon."

"A long time ago the first inhabitants at Bryce had to dig themselves up out of the ground. The badger dug



DEPT. OF INTERIOR
The Many Strange Formations in Bryce Canyon Are Brilliantly Colored by Nature

We Live in Zion

PART III

WITH DREAMS AND VISIONS

By Janet McKibben Jacobs

and the coyote dug, wearing their toenails down, so that to this day they are blunt and short, the Indians say.

"At last the people came out, but they didn't want to live with Coyote. Only the Queer Ones did—the toads, lizards, bats, ugly birds, and bugs.

"Four long moons Coyote had worked to make a village for the First People. He had made it within a canyon away from the hot sun and desert winds. He had scratched and dug, heaped rocks, and carved out little hollows so that there would be homes for all his children. There were high peaks for the nests of the big birds. There were snug dens for the little animals. There were crevices for the lizards and snakes to hide in.

"Finally all were safe in their nests. But they were such good nests, such safe ones, such strong ones, that all the followers of Coyote began to defy, disobey, and ignore him; they needed him

no longer. But they forgot about his power. He could give, but he could take away what he had given.

"When Coyote could stand their overbearing manner no longer, he called a council of all the dwellers in the canyon. The Indians say they came dressed as people, not animals; they wore gay colors and painted faces. They gathered in the amphitheater of the canyon, some standing, some sitting, row upon row.

"Then Coyote said he was angry. He told them they were ungrateful. He rebuked them. But they answered not a word. You see, Coyote had turned them all to stone. In colored robes and fanciful faces they thronged the canyon, never to live again. And the Indians named that canyon 'Bowl-shaped-canyon-filled-with-red-rocks-standing-up-like-men.'

"Look down now, and you will see them," continued Mamma Jean, "the Queer People or anything else you want to imagine. Some think that great characters of the world have assembled here in some phosphorescent limbo, for there is Queen Victoria, the Pope of Rome, a Sculptor's Studio, Bluebeard's Castle, and Moon Temple."

"I can't see them. But I can see a dog and a horse and a cowboy. There's a polar bear, too. And some icebergs. And over there are a Bobby policeman and a soldier. Look, Mommie, down there. An engine!"

"That is a great cathedral, Billy."

"I don't think so. It's an engine as sure as sure. See its steam pipe and its bell, and a cowcatcher. It's a red engine, that's what it is!"

"Let's go down the trail," offered Daddy Don. "We can see things better from the depths. There is more beauty of form and line when things are silhouetted against the sky."

"Don't get lost," warned Mamma Jean, recalling the story of two schoolteachers caught by darkness in the canyon. The eerie formations of the sandstone sculptures did not chill them so much as the fear of wild animals. When someone found the girls at daybreak, they were perched in the lower branches of a tree—a scared young cougar above them.

And there is the tale of the honey-
(Continued on page 18)



A Stamp Study

of GEORGE WASHINGTON

By REID S. SHEPARD

WHY do you suppose the name of George Washington, one of the national heroes of the United States, is so well known the whole world over? I believe it is because of his straightforwardness, honesty, and love of national freedom.

Abraham Lincoln once said there were two books that had greatly influenced his life—one was the Bible, and the other *The Life of Washington*. It is easy to see the love of the Bible reflected in Lincoln's character as a great humanitarian. And perhaps his great love for his country was strengthened by *The Life of Washington*.

Love of country! Really, what is it? What makes it? Whatever your answer, this love must have been deeply instilled in George Washington. A typical out-of-doors, nature-loving country boy, he was born on February 22, 1732, at Bridges Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia. Described as being broad and strong beyond his years, a master at wrestling, running, and feats of strength, he was over six feet tall at the age of sixteen. He was also a superb horseman and extremely fond of fox hunting and exploring the rugged trails of the Virginia forest.

His schooling was meager, his educators being mostly practical men with outdoor interests. He has been characterized as "rather slow in coming to conclusions, but sure and sound in final judgments." He taught himself a good deal of mathematics, and at the age of thirteen became interested in surveying—a science of exactness but one connected with an outdoor life of adventure and ruggedness. At sixteen he became assistant surveyor for the extensive estates of Lord Fairfax and was so successful in his endeavors that he was soon appointed official surveyor of Culpeper County, Virginia.

His friends were many and influential; he was ambitious and well liked. At nineteen he was given the rank of major in the Virginia Militia by Governor Dinwiddie. Trustworthy and

ready to accept responsibility, at twenty-one he was appointed by the governor to lead a commission to the French headquarters on the Ohio River to protest French and Indian alliance.

That mission completed, he accepted the position of aide-de-camp under General Braddock, who had been sent by the King of England to make short work of the threatened French invasion of the British colonies. Braddock's forces were defeated at Fort Duquesne, and the general was fatally wounded. Washington, as second in command, was able to extricate his men from the ambush, and thus emerged from the battle a hero.

A monument was erected in commemoration of that defeat. A statue of Colonel George Washington stands at Braddock, Pennsylvania, today and a two-cent stamp was issued in 1930 in commemoration of the 175th anniversary of the battle. I like the picture on that stamp—Washington, a colonel at twenty-three, standing in all the vigor of youthful manhood.

At twenty-four George Washington was commander-in-chief of all the military forces of Virginia and an outstanding leader and military expert for all the American colonies. He did not want war; he sought peace; and after Fort Duquesne was recaptured by the American forces, he returned to his beloved Mount Vernon. For sixteen years he remained a rural gentleman

farmer—one of the most wealthy in the country. But while he was carrying on his many businesses, he was urging unity among the colonies, for he realized that in unity there was strength.

After the battles of Lexington and Concord all eyes turned toward Washington, whose military counsel had proved invaluable. On June 15, 1775, he was commissioned by the Continental Congress as a general and as commander-in-chief of the armies of the united colonies. Things went well with him until April of 1776, when began the darkest chapter of his military career. His defeat at New York was followed by others and then encampment at Valley Forge for the winter of 1777-78.

A United States postage stamp was issued in 1928 to commemorate the 150th anniversary of this encampment. Do you know the story connected with the picture on this two-cent seal? To the left of the bareheaded general kneeling in the snow is Isaac Potts, a Quaker at whose home Washington made his headquarters during that dreadful winter of privation. One morning as Potts was walking through the forest, he heard a voice raised in supplication to God. Peering through the trees, he saw the commander-in-chief of the colonial army.

These war years tested the character of Washington as fire tests metal. Commander of an ill-provisioned, badly equipped, undisciplined army, opposed by well-equipped forces twice as numerous as his, it is no wonder he turned to God for help. Backed by an unsympathetic, disunited Congress, surrounded by citizens disloyal to the cause of freedom, he had to call forth all his fortitude, patience, leadership ability, and desire for national freedom to pass through such trials and emerge victorious.

How many times he must have longed to return to the peace and quiet of his beautifully situated home at
(Continued on page 22)

Advent Youth in Action

Montana Reports

"Sabbath, June 8, was a high day in the Missoula, Montana, church," writes Arthur Patzer, conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. "It was my happy privilege during the eleven-o'clock hour to invest thirty-nine candidates: 6 Sunbeams, 3 Builders, 10 Friends, 6 Companions, 4 Comrades, and 10 Master Comrades. The Lord was with us, and our Montana youth are marching forward, preparing themselves in a greater measure for wider service in proclaiming the advent message to all the world in this generation."

"We have just closed our first Junior camp for 1946, and truly it was a good week. The attendance was 92 Juniors, exclusive of counselors."

Blue Mountain M.V. Picnic

This group of Washington young people invited their home churches to unite with their Associated Missionary Volunteer Societies in a get-together-for-a-good-time in the foothills on the Walla Walla River at an old Boy Scout camp. It proved to be one of the most delightful outings of the whole year. Some five hundred persons were present from all the nine churches in that area. A number of the boys hiked to the tops of the surrounding mountains and placed flags which could be seen plainly from the floor of the valley far below—a most appropriate gesture, since this picnic was held on the Fourth of July. A lively game of ball between two well-chosen sides of men gave entertainment for many of those who watched from the shade of the fringe of trees surrounding the spacious meadow. A ball game for girls was also an interesting feature of the day, and two volley ball courts were kept busy. There were many other activities, such as games and races, but, of course, the main event was lunch. And such a lunch! It was bountiful indeed, and a more tempting and wholesome array of food could scarcely be imagined. The day spent in this quiet place was profitable for rest, as well as for recreation, and those who were privileged to be present were impressed anew with the blessings God has showered upon this world of ours, and returned to their homes saying, "It was good to have been there."

Unique Program

For the July meeting of the Blue Mountain Associated Missionary Volunteer Societies the Walla Walla, Washington, young people gave an interesting and inspiring program on the life and work of Ellen G. White. The

large Pioneer Methodist Church was the place of meeting, and those taking part on the program showed clearly how the hand of God directed in the early days of the advent movement, and emphasized His goodness in giving His remnant church messages of instruction and warning and comfort through His chosen messenger. The nature of the messages given, together with the miraculous circumstances of the visions, are indisputable evidences of their divine origin. The program was an inspiration to all who attended.



George Johnson and His Daughter, Mrs. Ardie Dittberner, of Minnesota, who Have Read All the Reading Course Books—Junior and Senior—Since the Very Beginning of the Reading Course Missionary Volunteer Project. Another Daughter of Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Amy Amundson, Is Only One Year Behind

The evening was pleasantly spent in the enjoyment of music furnished by the college band and motion pictures shown at the college.

An "Outdoor Club"

The Seattle Associated Missionary Volunteer Societies has one—an active club that has regular meetings for hikes, nature study in field and class, and discussion meetings where various problems of science and religion are considered. Those taking part in the club activities may earn Vocational Honors if they so desire.

Camp Juvolinda

W. A. Nelson, M.V. secretary for the Indiana Conference, reports as follows: "Camp Juvolinda is history for 1946. It was a wonderful camp. Not only was it the largest camp we have had, but the spirit of co-operation among the campers was never better. From

the first whistle in the morning until the lights were out at night the camp program moved smoothly. It was a pleasure to camp with this fine group.

"No camper, Junior or counselor, could have attended the Sabbath services without receiving a blessing. The testimonies given in the Friday evening vesper service were an encouragement to everyone present. A spirit of liberality was manifested in the Sabbath school, and an offering amounting to \$65.62 was gladly given to missions. At the close of the Sabbath morning sermon seventeen expressed a desire to be baptized.

"We express our regrets to those who could not attend because of lack of room. It was very hard for us to return applications and reject those who wanted so much to attend. We are planning to enlarge our camping program another year so everyone can be accepted."

From Bickley, West Australia

The group of young people who camped at Bickley were privileged to have Pastor B. H. McMahon with them, and after a pleasant and profitable Sabbath day they enjoyed a jolly evening given to singing songs and listening to stories and impromptu items. Sunday and Monday were filled to the brim with interesting activities, hikes, and so many good things that there is not room to note them in this brief report. But when it was time for camp to close, all voted "to come together again next year."

Perth, Australia, J.M.V.'s

About two hundred persons attended an out-of-door investiture service held in King's Park, overlooking the city of Perth, at which a number of Juniors received their Friend pins. F. Hendy, reporting the occasion, says:

"A more beautiful and picturesque setting could not be imagined, and as the folk passed through the main gates of the park on their way to the clearing in the pines, the beauty of the river, bathed in the beams of the rising moon and backed by the low line of hills, was such as to strike one with awe at the magnificence of the spectacle.

"Gradually the seats around the fire were filled, and the members of Perth's Advent Band took their places under the brilliant floodlight. To the strains of the national anthem the gathering arose, after which Pastor R. H. Powrie welcomed one and all, and invited C. J. Howell to offer prayer. Four of the J.M.V.'s who were later to be invested then lit the fire, which in a few seconds was a blazing mass giving out

a welcome warmth to all. From then on the evening was made up of interesting items, including recitations, stories, band items, and community singing."

Hill's Prairie Church Invests

On a recent Sabbath nine young people became members of various progressive classes. These Missionary Volunteers are now eager to continue to climb the ladder and become Master Comrades.

A Youthspiration Rally

This inspirational get-together was held in Auckland, New Zealand, June 6-9. The first meeting was addressed by Pastor S. T. Leeder, and his subject was God's call to young people of today to come out of the world and prepare to meet their God. The thought was stressed that He seeks prepared youth who are willing to be taught and led of Heaven, even as was His servant Moses. A large number remained behind for special prayer, and there was evidence of deep heart-searching and surrender. Friday evening, the entire Sabbath day, and all of Sunday were given over to youth's services held in different churches of the city. The rally ended by some thirty young people volunteering to link up with a special Crusader class to meet every Friday evening to prepare for definite soul-winning work among their fellow youth and to plan and prepare ways and means for the speedy evangelization of Auckland.

Five Baptized

As a result of the Missionary Volunteer Week of Prayer five young people were baptized by J. O. Iversen, at Ellendale, North Dakota, recently.

A Singing Convention

The Missionary Volunteer Society of Ozark Academy, in the Arkansas-Louisiana Conference, is sponsoring a singing convention once each month.

Puerto Rico's Congress

Arthur H. Roth, Missionary Volunteer secretary for Inter-America, reports this inspirational meeting, and we feel sure you will thrill to learn that your fellow young people in this Spanish island are marching shoulder to shoulder with you of English-speaking lands as they do their part to give "the advent message to all the world in this generation."

"Some four hundred and fifty of Puerto Rico's Missionary Volunteers were present when M.V. Secretary David H. Baasch, in his hearty way, said, 'Bien venidos Juventud Borinqueña Adventista' (Welcome, Adventist Youth of Borinquen), on the opening night of the youth's congress recently held in Mayaguez, Puerto Rico," says Pastor Roth.

"Seventh-day Adventist youth had gathered from every part of the island

for this long-awaited congress. To Mayaguez, in order to join with these youth for their congress, had come Dr. J. E. Weaver, of the General Conference; H. B. Lundquist, of the Antillian Union; the Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Inter-American Division; and S. L. Folkenberg, Emilio Girado, and C. R. Olmstead, from the mission headquarters in San Juan.

"The days of the congress were happy and profitable days of association for our Puerto Rican young people. Every moment, from sunup till ten at night, was spent in 'praying together, studying together, and planning together' for a greater work by and for youth. During the congress many young men and young women participated in discussing such topics as 'Why Are We Missionary Volunteers?' 'How Can We Build Christian Character?' 'Choosing My Lifework.' 'Is Christian Education Worth the Price?' 'The Missionary Volunteer and His Reading, Speech, and Recreation,' 'Whom Shall Adventist Youth Choose for Friends?' and 'Missionary Volunteers as Crusaders for Souls.'

"The one hundred and twenty Missionary Volunteer Crusaders who signed the Crusader Pledge during the time of the congress, have purposed to win more than one hundred and fifty souls to the advent church before the close of the year. They have also promised before their fellow youth that they

will go back to their societies to make them more successful in carrying out the real purposes of the Missionary Volunteers. We believe God will help these young people to obtain their goals. Puerto Rico's Missionary Volunteers are genuine. Let us pray that God will give them power to be true Christian youthful witnesses."

Northeastern Youth's Congress

This successful meeting of colored young people was held in Boston, Massachusetts, the last week end in June. Those attending had a good time. Many problems faced by today's youth were helpfully discussed, and the lively social evening was greatly enjoyed by all. The guest of honor was Pastor F. L. Peterson, president of Oakwood College, and the Ephesus and White Plains M.V. choirs joined with the Boston choir in furnishing music for the occasion.

A Music Festival

The Missionary Volunteers of the Northeastern Conference put on a successful music festival in New York City a few weeks ago. The recital was held the last Sunday evening in May, and the Ephesus Church Auditorium was crowded. Nine young people's choirs participated. Every Missionary Volunteer Society of the metropolitan area of New York was represented. Several requests have been received for a repeat program in other churches.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Lowliness of Mind

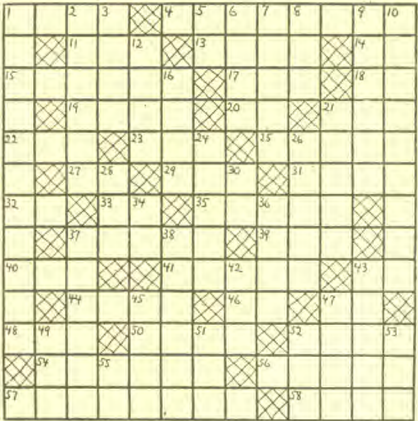
ACROSS

- 1 Nutritious seeds
 - 4 A coarse grass; can act so (anag.)
 - 11 "... us walk by the same rule"
 - 13 "but ... one thing I do"
 - 14 Half of nine
 - 15 Edom; I am due (anag.)
 - 17 Fruit like the grape
 - 18 Before Christ (L.)
 - 19 "being of one accord, of one ..."
 - 20 "that ye ... like minded"
 - 21 Past
 - 22 "brought him to an ..."
 - 23 "the ... sitting upon the young"
 - 25 "hath been ... of mankind"
 - 27 "begun a good work ... you"
 - 29 "rejoice with ... all"
 - 31 Master
 - 32 River in Europe
 - 33 "For I ... in a strait"
 - 35 "enemies of the ... of Christ"
 - 37 "God ... worketh in you"
 - 39 "... made in the likeness of men"
 - 40 "not as one that beateth the ..."
 - 41 Mohammedan sacred place
 - 43 "... ye have always obeyed"
 - 44 "and some ... of good will"
 - 46 "shine as lights ... the world"
 - 47 Means of transportation
 - 48 Drunkard
 - 50 Driven obliquely
 - 52 Venetian magistrate
 - 54 "becometh the gospel of ..."
 - 56 "that at the name of ..."
 - 57 "Until the ... , and the shadows flee away"
 - 58 Headland
- Our text from Philippians is 11, 13, 19, 20, 27, 29, 37, 39, 44, 46, 54, and 56 combined

DOWN

- 1 New Testament book in which this text appears
- 2 College graduates
- 3 Half, a prefix
- 5 "to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are ... Philippi"
- 6 Fish
- 7 Animal

- 8 In his old age this king of Judah suffered from gout
- 9 Wild ass
- 10 The ruler of the Jews who finally became a disciple of Christ
- 12 "The thoughts of the diligent ... only to plenteousness"
- 16 Daily, an old form
- 21 "We have done ... , and have dealt wickedly"
- 24 Kind of coffee
- 26 Province of British India
- 28 Old Testament book
- 30 Abraham's old home
- 34 Note
- 36 Masculine name
- 37 Very angry
- 38 "yet what I shall ... I wot not"
- 42 "and I will ... you out of their bondage"
- 43 Watchful guardian
- 45 "that thou ... up the gift of God, which is in thee"
- 47 "and blossom as the ..."
- 49 Wood sorrel
- 51 Greek letter
- 52 "but ye have made it a ... of thieves"
- 53 Letter
- 55 Rubidium



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AN ADVENTUROUS spirit and fantastic ideas are supposed to be attributes of young men only, but some young women have an abundance of these also. I certainly did one Sabbath afternoon last January. Longing for adventure had been piling up for some weeks. Each time I looked across the canyon from the hill behind the house to the northern mountains, I wanted to start out and cross the tops of all those peaks and reach the highest summit at the head of the range.

I knew very well that if I should tell my parents about my plan I would never be allowed to try it. They would say that the hike would be too long for

forced us to turn off. The larger arroyo was lined with flat pastel-shaded rocks, framework of the earth uncovered by the Flood. Fighting our way through the brush and following crooked animal trails, we at last reached the top of the ridge. Away in the depths of the canyon I could hear faintly a dog's bark and boys' voices; soon we came to a boy's sweater hanging on a bush. I yodeled.

I Thought I Knew

BETTER!

By Betty Amoroso

one afternoon. But—I knew better.

This certain afternoon the sun was pouring its warmth on the earth lately dampened by the winter rains. The sky above was the deepest blue. The earliest flower, the spring beauty, was already beginning to bloom. It was a perfect afternoon for a hike. Our brown pug-nosed dog, Skipper, would be company enough for me.

We crossed the pasture behind the house and the patch of pines beyond; then a newly plowed field and a neighbor's ancient vineyard. A tiny winding path led us on through a matted forest to a cliff overlooking the canyon. Away to the north we could see the tops of the peaks.

I picked my way carefully between bushes and jagged rocks to the creek bed below, while Skipper rushed around stones and stumps with his nose to the ground as if a phantom squirrel were a few inches ahead of him. At the bottom a merry, gurgling stream splashed its noisy way over boulders and through tall, graceful ferns. We followed its course downstream. After a few minutes I noticed that Skipper was carrying something in his mouth. I looked close and saw that it was part of a deer's leg, from above the lowest joint to the hoof. Then to my left I saw an animal trail that led to a big pile of huge rocks. Perhaps some wild animal lived there, but I did not care to investigate.

We turned upstream at the place where this rivulet joined another, and we followed the larger until the brush

A feeble echo answered; then a real yodel from far below reached us. Someone else was out enjoying the sunshine, too.

But the sun was not high any more, so we pushed our way rapidly along the ridge. We left the last small valley as the sun was sinking in the west. We reached the peak where a flagpole minus the flag marked the top just as the moon was rising.

"Now to find the trail and reach home in two hours; then the folks won't be worried," I thought. "Here it is, Skip. Let's go," I called. We raced downhill a few yards, and then stopped short. There was no trail—only weeds and brush. I hurried back a few feet to see where I had lost it, but it ended in bushes where we had stopped. I searched back and forth hurriedly, then wildly.

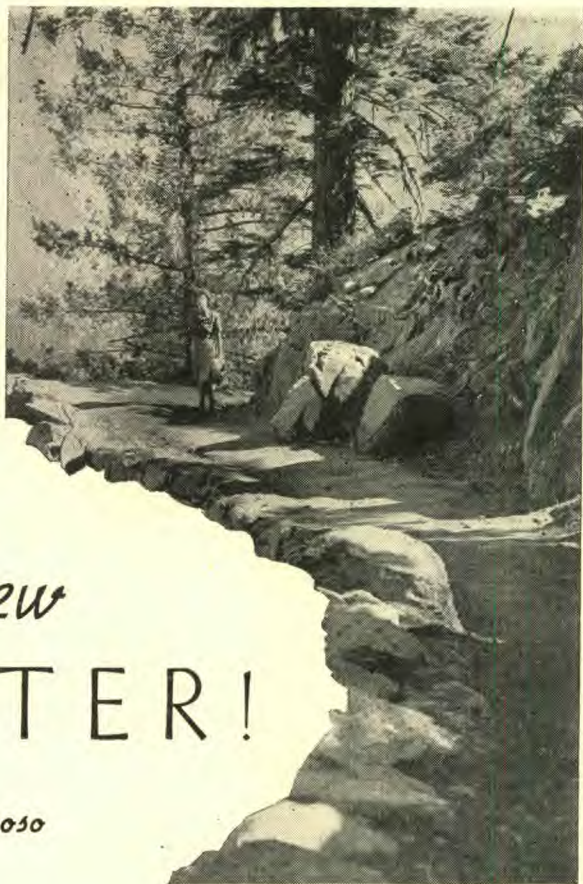
"What if I can never find it? Oh, no! I must keep on," I thought aloud. But I had to give up at last. There was no trail. We returned to the summit again. We were lost!

Lights of cities twinkled in the dis-

tance; the lights of my college were a little closer, but, oh, so far! We were all alone on a barren peak with only a chilly moon and icy stars for company. We would have to fight our way back just as we had come, and at night, too. I was exhausted and sat down on the ground and cried. If only I were at home in the family group gathered around the kitchen stove, instead of on this cold, bleak peak.

The winter moon behind the trees off to one side made fantastic shadows that looked like weird animals. Long arms seemed to reach out to grab at me. Then I remembered my God. "Dear Lord," I prayed, "please protect us tonight, and help us to get home soon."

I got up and wandered down the side of the ridge farthest from home toward a white spot that appeared to be a road. I followed a creek, because I had learned that there was the least brush along creek edges. Near the bottom I slipped on loose dirt, slid down a ten-foot waterfall and sprained my knee. I was certain now that God was



R. M. ELDRIDGE

The Sun Was Pouring Its Warmth on the Earth Lately Dampened by Winter Rains. It Was a Perfect Afternoon for a Hike

with me, because I could have landed on rock and injured myself seriously.

The white spot proved to be a large flat sandstone, so wearily I turned and started back up the hill again. Above the top of the hill the constellation Orion gleamed like jewels in inky-black velvet sky. I thought of the Bible verse that observes, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" I felt so small and insignificant in comparison with that glorious display of stars. Then I recalled the reassuring words of the psalmist, "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." They were very comforting.

At the top of a little knoll we passed through a small patch of baby pines. A few minutes later we passed through another patch of baby pines exactly like the first. I shook myself. Were we going in circles, or had mother nature made two spots identical on that mountain? I could not account for it, unless it was that I had been walking in my sleep for a few minutes. At last we reached the top of the ridge where we had been before.

Then from the height a reflection caught my eye. I looked intently into the half-dimmed valley. It was the moon reflected on water—water! That meant a lake. I knew there were several lakes near there, so this must be the last one of the group of five—a landmark. We hurried toward it as fast as we could and came out into a flat field beyond the lake beside a house. "The hunter's cabin," I mused, "and there must be a road near it somewhere." But where? We wandered all around searching for it, but could not find it. Later I found that a ten-foot wall of manzanitas hid it from us.

We wandered down a grassy hill covered with cows' tracks to another creek bed; then to a big canyon between two high hills, which I almost knew would come out in one of the lakes. Skipper whined pitifully to tell me that he was tired. At last the moon sank behind the hill to our right, and we stumbled over rocks as we walked. The buckbrush was thick and stickery, and my stockingless legs stung more every time I went through bushes. My face and hands were in the same condition; I just had to rest and wait for light. A grassy nook surrounded by bushes provided a shelter. We curled up close together, and Skipper buried his nose in what was left of my sweater. A mossy stone was my pillow. I fell asleep thinking of Jacob, who had slept this way long ago.

After it grew light I noticed at the top of the hill to our left that there were tall, stately pines just like the ones behind our neighbor's farm. Were we really near home now? Skipper, refreshed from his nap, scampered around like a rabbit. I scrambled up to the top as fast as my sprained knee

would allow, wishing I could go as nimbly as Skipper. At the top I realized that I had been in the very canyon I had crossed in the first place, and, had I continued downstream, I would have come to the Devil's Punchbowl, a familiar resort for hikers.

I decided on the directions and started home in a hurry. Skipper perked up his ears now and then, but I heard nothing. Then I heard my father's voice down in the canyon! I yodeled him an answer. He was too far away to hear; but my brother, who was only a mile away, heard. Running at top speed, he reached me in a few minutes. Two other boys were with him, and the first thing they did was to stare at me. I never was so glad to see anyone before, and Skipper went into dances of ecstasy. My brother remarked that I really looked like a "wild woman from Borneo," that my hair was "a haystack after a windstorm." But they forgot my appearance when they thought of food. My appetite had vanished, however, because of the strain of the night's travels. It did not return for three days. We went to a farm close by, where one of the boys had a truck. He hurried us home in this.

My mother met me with tears and was so relieved to see me again that she did not speak one word of reproof. She had been up all night, waiting and watching. A neighboring cattleman had said that there was a trapper out in the hills where I was, waiting for a cougar, and no one had found any of my shoe tracks past the neighbor's vineyard. The possibilities in this situation made everyone worry. Thirty men had combed the hills until two in the morning, when they stopped for rest. At seven they resumed the search and continued until nine, when two shots were fired as a signal that I had been found.

We spent the next three days resting and recovering from shock of exposure. Skipper dozed under the stove, and I relaxed in bed and in easy chairs.

After this experience my heavenly Father was much more real to me than He had ever been before. I knew that the God of Jacob is indeed our refuge, for He had been mine. And home seemed a far dearer place than I had ever thought it could be. And I discovered for myself that my parents were much wiser than I had given them credit for being.

Greater Love

By EVANGELINE H. CARR

WE HAVE all thrilled to the stories of war heroes who saved the lives of their buddies sometimes at the cost of their own. We know that it takes a great love to inspire such a sacrifice for another, and we seldom think of animals as being capable of a love so great. But sometimes we are amazed at the love we find in the animal world. It is exemplified in this story of Mickey and his friend.

Aunt Laura and Uncle Homer returned to their parked car with their arms loaded after a shopping tour to find a small, beautiful Pomeranian standing by the car with an air of ownership and expectancy. Uncle Homer shifted his load and proceeded to unlock the car as he looked down into the bright little face. "Look here, fellow," he said, "I think you have made a mistake. You have the wrong car. You never saw me before, so move along." But the little dog only barked joyfully as he stepped aside, and no sooner had the door opened than he was inside.



Mickey Could "Pat-a-cake" Standing on His Hind Feet and Dance to Uncle Homer's Whistle

Uncle Homer put his packages into the back seat and lifted the little dog out. "There now, chum, run along and find your master." But before Aunt Laura could get in, the dog was on the seat between them.

"He's a little beauty, Homer. Too bad he's lost," remarked Aunt Laura. And she gently set him out on the sidewalk, but he was inside again before the door could be shut.

"Well, I never," exclaimed Uncle Homer, and tried again and again to persuade the dog to stay out of the car; but each time the little fellow was too quick for them.

"What shall we do, Laura?" he asked. "This game could go on all day.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Spiritism

(Continued from page 8)

An investigation was held, and the conference men discovered that they had rented a "haunted house," which explained why they were able to lease it so cheaply although the building was in an excellent section of town. They also learned that a Spiritualist woman had lived there; that she had kept her books in the bedroom where we boys slept; that she had held communication with the spirits; and that anyone who discovered the condition of the house refused to live in it.

We gladly moved from that evil den.

Have similar experiences ever occurred?

Eliphaz tells his friend Job that "in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes." This was not a delusive dream.

Clarke's *Commentary* discusses these

verses from Job as follows: "'Twas in the dead of night; all nature lay shrouded in darkness; every creature was buried in sleep. The most profound silence reigned through the universe. In these solemn moments Eliphaz, alone, all wakeful and solitary, was musing on sublime subjects. When, lo! an awful being burst into his apartment. A spirit passed before his face. Astonishment seized the beholder. His bones shivered within him; his flesh trembled all over him; and the hair of his head stood erect with horror. Sudden and unexpected was its appearance; not such its departure. It stood still, to present itself more fully to his view.'"

God reprimanded Eliphaz for professing that the message of the spirit was of divine origin, for He said, "My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of Me the thing that is right, as My servant Job hath."

When Saul desired the witch of Endor to bring up Samuel, "the king said unto her, Be not afraid: for what sawest thou? And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of

the earth." Since Saul acknowledged that God had forsaken him, neither answered him by prophets or dreams, and that God had commanded that all those with familiar spirits were to be put to death, we must concede that the gods which ascended from the earth were not the agents of the true God, Creator of heaven and earth.

Could these familiar spirits be spirits of the dead?

Solomon says, "The living know that they shall die: but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten."

The messenger of the Lord gives us the following enlightening discussion of this subject in the book *The Great Controversy*.

"The doctrine of man's consciousness in death, especially the belief that the spirits of the dead return to minister to the living, has prepared the way for modern Spiritualism. . . . If, as taught by popular theologians, the spirits of the dead are hovering about their friends on earth, why should they not be permitted to communicate with them, to warn them against evil, or to comfort them in sorrow? How can those who believe in man's consciousness in death reject what comes to them as divine light communicated by glorified spirits? Here is a channel regarded as sacred, through which Satan works for the accomplishment of his purposes. The fallen angels who do his bidding appear as messengers from the spirit world. While professing to bring the living into communication with the dead, the prince of evil exercises his bewitching influence upon their minds.

"He has power to bring before men the appearance of their departed friends. The counterfeit is perfect; the familiar look, the words, the tone, are reproduced with marvelous distinctness. Many are comforted with the assurance that their loved ones are enjoying the bliss of heaven; and without suspicion of danger, they give ear to 'seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils.'"

Many do not realize the great danger there is in tampering or trifling with the power of spiritism. To satisfy curiosity or to obtain firsthand information, many trespass upon forbidden ground without considering the cost or the great dangers involved. "Angels of God will preserve His people while they walk in the path of duty; but there is no assurance of such protection for those who deliberately venture upon Satan's ground."

Let us heed this warning, and never, never venture on Satan's ground at any time. We can be absolutely sure that the same power that overcame the wicked one in the wilderness is ever ready to strengthen us if we place our lives under His guidance and surrender our wills entirely to Him.

He seems to have adopted us. Now, once more, fellow, out you go." No sooner had he finished speaking than the little dog was back in the car sniffing happily at their sleeves.

"We seem to have a dog," laughed Uncle Homer as they drove home. Home was a service station on a busy highway corner, and Mickey, as they named him, delighted the customers with his tricks. His love and loyalty to Aunt Laura and Uncle Homer were a joy to them both. Mickey would "pat-a-cake" standing on his hind feet and dance to Uncle Homer's whistle; he would play "dead dog" and ask for his dinner; but he never would let Uncle Homer tease Aunt Laura. He did not really bite Uncle Homer, but he grabbed a pant leg and held on till the scuffle was over, growling savagely all the while.

Uncle Homer said that Mickey would be ready to graduate when he learned to say "mamma," and really his coaxing, throaty growls sounded very much like that beloved word.

Not only did Mickey entertain the customers and his family, at night when the service station was closed he watched to see that no one bothered things.

Mickey's friends were not all human; there was the bulldog that lived next door and the spaniel who came from the orange grove not far away, but his best-loved pal was a large setter who came from a few doors up the highway. He was always delighted when the setter came to play or just to lie by his side and visit, dog fashion. Mickey

was let loose twice each day to run and play, but always Aunt Laura tried to watch him as he frolicked about.

But one day Aunt Laura was too busy to watch Mickey as closely as usual when he was loosed. Being just a dog, Mickey could not know that this particular day was the busiest of the week and this the busiest hour of that day, so he dashed into the streaming traffic. But he did not get across the highway. For a moment he lay very still, a pathetic little heap of brown fur; then his head raised a little, and a piercing cry of pain brought Aunt Laura from the house and neighbors from the near-by shops. They tried several times to reach the wailing Mickey, but the traffic kept them back. His cries could be heard above the noise of the traffic, but no one seemed to stop. Suddenly from nowhere came the big setter, and the speckled streak shot out into the traffic. A moment he stood with braced feet over the body of his injured friend, then the big dog slumped over the still wailing Mickey, struck down by another speeding car.

The saddened master of the hero claimed the mangled body, and Mickey was put on the operating table while skillful hands set a broken pelvic bone. No human patient ever had more tender care than Mickey, but it was many weeks before he could do his tricks again.

Sometimes he looks up the highway wistfully, sniffing the air, and I wonder whether he hopes his friend will come back to play again. Surely, greater love hath no friend than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.



Bees

Robbing the Hives

BY ROBERT A. TYSON

IS IT any wonder that a battalion of fighters intercepts any enemy who comes for honey? Does it not take thousands and thousands of missions to make one pound? Many times have I opened a hive and been rushed by scouts who saw my fearless moves and retreated.

Before a hive is ever opened, a puff of smoke should be sent into the hive entrance. The bees think the house is burning, so they run to fill up on honey. They do not want to become refugees without food. I can listen to the hum of the bee around my head and tell whether his flight is for fight or reconnaissance. They even have a distress call when hung in hair or clothes. I have known of boys who thought it would be safer and wiser to rob the hives at night when it was thoroughly dark, thinking that then the bees would not be able to fly or sting. These prankish boys soon learned that bees do fly in small circles at night, and that they crawl up trouser legs even more readily than in daylight.

All bees should be smoked down into the brood chamber before capped supers are removed. Hive tools should be used gently, for predatory insects enter even small cracks sometimes. What is more beautiful than a new frame of fully capped sourwood or clover honey? It feels as heavy as lead, and sparkles like gold. It is a pity that it is so fragile.

People who are afraid or who swell badly should always wear gloves, boots, and veils in the apiary. It is wise to rob the hives in the warm part of the day when many of the strongest bees are on honey flights. Weeds should not be allowed to cover the hive entrance. Bees become less tame when they are behind shrubs or grass. Always approach a hive from the rear or shaded side, for you need the light so as not to harm any workers. Never hedge yourself in so as to be unable to withdraw in case of necessity. I once saw a brilliant but humorous retreat on a southern farm.

The boys decided on the clever idea of putting both feet into large potato sacks to keep the bees from stinging their legs. They were about to rob a log apiary of about fifteen strong broods. With most of the boys this was a mere novelty. Without sufficient smoke they began to hammer heavily to loose the nails in the lids. They seemed oblivious to the fact that head and arms were not covered with bur-

lap. The mad bees rushed out with the fury of demons. The first signs of retreat were short bag-race steps. After this they had no time to loosen their belts in order to drop the bags and run. Some fell many times, but were up quickly. Each racer soon caught on to the frog jump of letting both feet move together. Three boys even jumped a three and a half-foot fence. Those who were mere spectators roared with laughter. No one was seriously injured. Every contestant won the potato race.

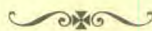
Into the Night

(Continued from page 5)

gives you thoughts that may last a lifetime. The sky above is eternal, ageless, the withstander of great forces; but the one below falls easily before little things—just a puff of wind, a stroke of the paddle, a quick rocking of the canoe, and its stars shake out of their places. It is just like this world; nothing lasts. It is just like this life; such little things shake the heavenly reflections out of it.

These thoughts make you want your own life to be like the things above. These thoughts warm your heart. Then you resume paddling and go deeper into the night.

The Big Dipper pivots noticeably in its sweep around Polaris. The moon drops lower in the west. Ghostly wisps of fog skim over the water and build up into high banks along a level shore line. The moon lowers still more and seems to sink into the fog. It changes in color from lemon-yellow to peach, to apple-red; and it looks close enough to touch. Soon it sets, leaving emptiness, like fruit gone from a tree. The appearance is primeval. The effect is magical. And you? You feel as Adam must have felt after spending his first night in this world!



We Live in Zion—III

(Continued from page 11)

moon couple who were lost in the maze of the shapes of Bryce. A summer evening at eight-thousand feet elevation is freezing cold. All night they wandered, the boy bundling his bride in his jacket. Soon after their rescue he died of pneumonia. The ways of a canyon can be heartbreaking.

Ebenezer Bryce, for whom the canyon was named, and who founded the town of Tropic on the lower opening of Bryce, considered it more of a nuisance than anything else. Said he, "It's a terrible place to lose a cow."

During the interval of Daddy Don and Billy Boy's descent into the reddest six square miles in the world, Mamma Jean breathed deeply of a

beauty which no one had ever said was there. "I didn't know it was like this," had been her first words as she stepped to the rim of the canyon. She had expected the brilliance, the depths, the strange and garish shapes. But the blue expanses that opened at her feet, the wave upon wave of mountains in lilac and violet and hemlock green—a background of wonder for a "canyon of fire"—these she had not envisioned.

At the Grand Canyon you look down, down, down. At Zion Park you look up. And in Yosemite you look around and up and down. But here you look down and then beyond!

"What lies in all that silent immensity?" An old tune heard in a revival service years before, ran through her mind: "Beyond the bright blue, the beautiful blue." It was as though one stood at the top of a mighty flight of stairs and watched them breaking away in endless distance until it seemed they were rolling and tumbling, twisting and folding, into shimmering, beckoning silence.

She was looking at the Kaiparowits Plateau, said to be the largest unknown and unexplored area left in the United States. For hundreds of miles along the east and southern sides of Utah one can cross the Colorado River at only three places. This wonder State has "17,000 square miles of earth standing on end."¹ Out there are unseen forces, terrible presences, ceaseless winds. There are few towns—Escalante, Boulder (in 1935 the most isolated community in the United States), Fruita (where is the most accessible natural bridge), Hite, Blanding, Bluff. There is tremendous and fantastic grandeur—Capitol Reef National Monument, a petrified forest where the colors are so "rich and variegated, and so luminous that light seems to flow or shine out of the rock rather than to be reflected from it"; Arches National Monument, "the country of wind—wind that blows through walls of solid rock, seductive wind, forever whispering its ancient secrets, forever poking inquisitive fingers, forever unsatisfied";² Natural Bridges National Monument, three colossal stone bridges whose curves and colors are as delicate as a child's, whose touch is baby soft; Hovenweep National Monument, "cradle of an ancient civilization, mysteriously and suddenly vanished"; the Escalante Region, where the Colorado, San Juan, and Green Rivers, cut their tortuous way; the Goosenecks of the San Juan, "a series of symmetrical bends 1200 feet deep around which the San Juan flows six miles to travel an air-line distance of one"; Monument Valley "smack across the Utah-Arizona border," where formations cast an evening shadow thirty-five miles across the desert; and last of all, the "hidden jewel of the entire Southwest"—Rainbow Bridge National Monument, which "could house the Capitol at Washing-

ton with plenty of space to spare, yet is as graceful as a willow wand.”²
“From the enchanting here to the phantom there,” thought Mamma Jean. “If I could just once see the stars through the ‘rainbow turned to stone!’”
“And then?”
Another fragment of the old song went singing in her heart:
“Beyond the bright blue, the beautiful blue,
Jesus is waiting for me and for you.”

Nature in all its loveliness, its grandeur, its mystery, can only point far beyond the stars to the throne of God, where stands its Creator, its Life-giver, the culmination of all that is beautiful and wonderful and powerful.

¹ Maurine Whipple, *This Is the Place: Utah* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.), p. 106.
² *Ibid.*, p. 91.
³ *Ibid.*, p. 94.

Man's Extremity

(Continued from page 1)

stirred up the charcoal stove, prepared sheep entrails, a huge pan of corn bread, and several other “dainties” to put into the big oven when the pan had baked. Then she busied herself gathering herbs and flowers which she grew in pans and pots around the patio. Once in a while she thought of Pedro. He was her eldest son, and what a fine little fellow he had been! She remembered when he took his first steps. Still, he should not have gambled so much and lost all!

Pedro sat down once more and paged through the little books. One was *The Marked Bible* in Spanish. He read awhile, then became so interested that he began searching for a Bible. After a while he became so much more interested that he forgot to smoke and drink. The Holy Spirit began to change his heart. Whenever his sister

entered the room, he told her of the wonderful things he was reading. This was more than she could tolerate. “First,” she stormed, “he gambles and loses all our money, then he drinks and smokes himself almost to death, and now he’s gone clear crazy!”

However, little by little, Angelica, too, became interested in the message of the book. Soon the whole family was studying with Pedro. They sent to Buenos Aires for more literature, and eagerly read all that came.

Finally Pedro and Angelica decided to go to La Paz to look for Seventh-day Adventists. On the train they were reading some *Atalayas* (the Spanish *Signs of the Times*), and like all new believers in their first love, they asked the man who sat next to them whether he would like to read one. He happened to be Pastor N. W. Dunn, educational secretary of the South American Division.

Pastor Dunn was the first Seventh-day Adventist they had seen. He invited them to a mission meeting in the Altiplano. After that they visited the hospital in Chulumani. When they went home they told Xavier about the hospital. The bakery was doing well, and he entered as a patient. After several operations his leg was perfectly well.

Pedro and Angelica became very conscientious Adventists. They studied the Spirit of prophecy and practiced its teachings carefully. Pedro found that when he did not eat meat, for instance, he did not have the old craving for drink any more. They started a Sabbath school in their own home, and at times there were as many as thirty people present. Then, like all other Adventist young people, they began to yearn for more training. They are now in our denominational college in Argentina, preparing to teach others the precious truth of the third angel’s message, which God in His providence has sent to them. Truly “man’s extremity is God’s opportunity.”

That Quarrelsome Friend

By WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

SO ONE of your friends has gone into a huff, has he? He is annoyed with you for no good reason or fault of your own, and he is taking it out on you by saying unkind things behind your back? He will not even speak civilly to you?

Too bad. You would probably like to give him some of his own medicine. You could make fun of him before your other friends. You could coldly turn your head the other way when you see him in public. You could insult and hurt him, just as he had you.

But, do not do it. It would not help matters a bit. You would only feel worse, not better, because you would be rightfully ashamed of yourself for forgetting your polite manners and your Christian charity toward your fellow men. And you would not accomplish anything at all, because should you treat him just as unkindly as he has treated you, you would never win back that friend. You would only drive him further away.

In a case like this, as in all others, you should be guided by the old, old maxim, “If you cannot say something nice about your neighbor, do not say anything at all.” More, if he will not give you the chance to be friendly and pleasant, do not push yourself to the other extreme by being mean and disagreeable to him.

It takes two to quarrel—remember that. Your friend builds up his half of the quarrel when he makes complimentary remarks about you and is rude to you in public. But his half is practically useless without yours. He cannot quarrel with you if you refuse to quarrel with him.

Certainly, it is difficult sometimes not to strike back when you are hurt. Your first impulse is to defend yourself. By all means, do just that. De-

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fend yourself. Deny any false remarks your friend has uttered against you. But do not deny him. Do not attack his name or conduct or way of living before your other friends.

Instead, if and when they are brought to your attention, be content simply with a denial of the untrue things said about you. Your honesty and sincerity will ring the bell of truth. Then drop the subject. Switch the conversation to another topic, away from your erstwhile friend. And when you see him in public, smile and speak if he will give you a chance. By so doing, you will show your peevish acquaintance and your other friends that as far as you are concerned, friendship cannot be dissolved by a useless and silly quarrel.

In acting this way you will have nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to regret. Indeed, you can feel justly proud, because you will have done your best to avoid a quarrel. What is more, you will have succeeded—again, as far as you are concerned. Your other friends will admire and respect you for the way you acted in the disagreeable matter that was not of your making.

And the peevish friend? He will forget the quarrel in time. In fact, he cannot help forgetting it when he realizes you will have no part of it. And when he gets over feeling ashamed of himself for the way he has acted toward you, he can but admire and respect you, too, especially when you cheerfully forgive his trespass against you.



YOUTH'S FORUM

TIME IS SHORT!

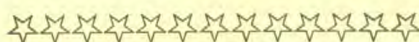
When you receive this paper at Sabbath school on Sabbath, October 26, there will be **just four days** left for discussion of the current Forum question. If you have not already sent in your contribution, will you not do so TODAY?

CURRENT PROPOSITION:

What can young people connected with the remnant church and looking for the Lord to come soon, do to improve their leisure time to the best advantage? We are a group of academy-age youth, who are eager to do what is right, but we have a hard time thinking up something to do for recreation and relaxation, especially on Saturday nights. We wish young people everywhere would send us suggestions through the Forum. Anticipating this favor, we say a grateful Thank you!

Send your contribution to Editor,
YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Tacoma
Park, Washington 12, D.C.

Deadline—October 30



The King's Highway

(Continued from page 9)

"Thanatopsis" when he was but seventeen years old. Cyrus Hall McCormick invented the reaper when he was twenty-three; Isaac Newton recognized the law of gravitation when he was twenty-four; Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence when he was thirty-three. Dr. Francis Sumner, internationally recognized biologist, writing for the *Scientific Monthly* at the age of seventy-one, remarked, "Most of the ideas and points of view in which I take any personal pride at the present time I can trace back to the third or fourth decades of my life, or perhaps earlier."

The Word of God counsels that "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." This does not imply the placing of an old head on young shoulders, but it surely does advocate that a young person should consecrate his energies to the Lord's service while he still retains that youthful vigor which will permit him to make thorough preparation for a place of usefulness.

The story is told of a brilliant young man who was given a banquet on the occasion of his being graduated from college at the age of twenty-one. During the dinner he boastfully announced to the guests his plans for the future. He proposed to devote the first ten years to business, the second ten years to travel, the third ten years to research, and the fourth ten years to God. Significantly enough, as this young man's future unfolded, he died at the end of the third ten-year period. He had failed to recognize the uncertainty of life and the need of an early preparation for the most important part of his career.

"I would impress upon our youth the importance of perseverance and energy in the work of character-building," to quote Ellen G. White again. "From the earliest years it is necessary to weave into the character principles of stern integrity, that the youth may reach the highest standard of manhood and womanhood." But, "how many youth have wasted their God-given strength in folly and dissipation!" "Upon the youth there rest grave responsibilities. God expects much from the young men who live in this generation of increased light and knowledge. He desires to use them in dispelling the error and superstition that cloud the minds of many. They are to discipline themselves by gathering up every jot and tittle of knowledge and experience. God holds them responsible for the opportunities given them. The work before them is waiting for their earnest efforts, that it may be carried forward from point to point as the time demands."

Young people sometimes hesitate to press into positions of responsibility

lest they be considered too forward or ambitious. Paul noted this tendency in Timothy and therefore advised him, "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

Does life begin at forty? No, it begins much earlier—particularly in these last days of the earth's history when one's life forces begin to ebb away soon after adulthood is reached. Therefore, let every young person remember his Creator at such an early age that he will have time to establish a character that will entitle him to a place in the new earth, where the inhabitants always remain in the prime of life.

Your Probation Might Close Today

By PAUL R. LINDSTROM

ONE of the many timber camps of the Pacific Northwest employed a Mr. Severns as camp high climber. His duty was to trim, top, and rig the spar tree—or high lead, as it is commonly known. One day he was called to reinforce, as it were, the high lead with supplementary rigging in view of the violent strain which was being placed upon it as the result of varied logging operations. By means of suspensory cable and chain hoisted by modern logging machinery, Mr. Severns was raised to the dizzy, thrilling height of approximately one hundred feet. Here, while precariously swinging to and fro on his negligible chain perch, he essayed to girdle the tree with his safety rope, only to meet with failure. The supplementary equipment fastened to his person was jerked to one side by his sharp movements, and consequently he was thrown off his limited balance. Since he was unable to obtain a secure hold, the heavy equipment drew him down to earth. The result? A probation closed forever.

There come yearly literally thousands of schools of smelt up the mighty Columbia River and its many tributaries. It was in one of these lesser streams that two young men—Ben and Bob—dipped for the tiny silver fish. Contrary to popular methods employed, they utilized a boat, drifting with the current and dipping as they went along at night—the most dangerous time to navigate the swift stream. But, like other young people, they wanted to do and dare unusual perils. True to form, all went well for some time, and then, suddenly, without warning, the boat collided with a piling hidden from view by the ink of night. The shocking impact actually hurled both the boys into the turbulent stream. Ben made it to shore and safety. Bob? He drowned.

We hope that he makes the eternal shore.

Nestled comfortably in one small valley in the far West is a little farming and logging town in which lived Mr. Devins, who made his livelihood by raising poultry. For years he had known about the truth of the third angel's message as Seventh-day Adventists believe and teach it. He read denominational books and periodicals, attended their church occasionally, and above all was convicted that they have the truth as taught in the Book. The writer urged him to accept our beliefs in heart practice as well as in theory before something should make it forever impossible, and he be eternally lost. "No," said he, "not now. I know your church has the truth, but I want to watch and wait a little while longer for certain developments in congested world affairs. When I see a serious trend toward Armageddon, then I shall unite with you people." The convenient season never came. The cruel monster, death, snatched him from among the living. Procrastination reaped its grim reward.

Daily, the world over, thousands, young and old alike, are being swept mercilessly into a Christless eternity—never again to realize another probation. The three above cited cases, which are true, which perhaps are unusual but nevertheless indicative of everyday occurrences, may serve to illustrate three cardinal facts of life, namely: mortal life is uncertain; death, which is no respecter of persons, is certain and may strike at any hour; and it is imperative that we prepare to meet our God and eternity *now*. Probation is that portion of time—graciously granted by a loving God—in which man may prepare for eternal life. Christ paid with His own precious life for that invaluable time. Friend, spurn it not, nor waste it, but rather utilize it with discretion, because your probation may close today.

Light at Last!

By MAY COLE KUHN

YEARS ago an English lad, William Montague, was blinded. He was but ten years old. Fortunately, he belonged to a family that was well able to care for him and to give him the best of advantages. Earnest, patient tutors instructed him, and finally he was admitted to the University of Oxford where he achieved honors.

Then, in spite of his handicap, he won a beautiful bride. Encouraged by her and by his family, and being assured by scientists that there was the possibility that he might see again, he submitted to a course of treatments by expert oculists.

The day of his wedding came. Cabinet ministers, generals, bishops, and

learned men and women thronged to the cathedral. The great and the wise came, attracted by the story of Montague's brave battle.

He drove to the church with his father, his eyes bound with linen bandages. The oculist met him at the church.

Miss Cave, the bride, entered with her father, General Cave.

As she neared the altar, the bandages were removed from the bridegroom's eyes. He took an uncertain step forward. A beam of light from a pane in some stained-glass window fell across his face, glorifying the rapt expression on his countenance.

Recovering his poise, he went forward joyfully to receive his bride. For the first time he looked into her eyes and saw the face he had learned to love in his blindness.

"At last! At last!" he cried, and bowed his head in thankful prayer to God.

Someday, we who see through a glass darkly will with lightened eyes look

into the face of Him who has loved us in our days of disability and blindness. With gladness we shall behold the tender, loving countenance of Him who cared for us in a world where clouds and darkness often hide Him from sight.

Now we know only in part that the Christ is a loving, faithful friend; but when He comes, we shall see Him as He is, and we shall rejoice in the beauty of His presence. Gentle, powerful, tender, strong, all-wise, and merciful—these attributes we shall find in Him; and He is able to save to the uttermost all those who come unto God by Him.

Hushed will be the noise and din of battle, stilled the turmoil and doubts in the hearts of men and women who have longed for His appearing, fulfilled the hopes of those who cry—

"Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us."

"Behold, I come quickly," He has promised.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

He Will Guide My Steps

(Continued from page 4)

alarmed her, and she was breathing strangely, her mouth open, her lips cracked, and her eyes only partially closed. One glance convinced Emma that she was desperately ill and delirious.

So Valerie knew nothing of her trip to the hastily improvised infirmary, where her case was quickly diagnosed as smallpox. An old Negro mammy was hired to "nuss" her, her only qualification for that position being her huge pock-marked face. But she was kind, and did the best that she could for her patient.

There came a day when the girl was so ill that they had special prayers for her in chapel. But Valerie recovered in spite of everything; in spite of the fact that doctors thought that anyone with a raging fever should not touch cool water, and that tepid or warm water should be doled out by stingy teaspoonfuls.

Then she was sent home to recuperate and gain back her strength. She just began to make marked improvement when she was taken very sick again. Mother was so alarmed that she sent father on horseback for old Dr. Gamble, who lived in the village. He came presently, solemn and businesslike, in his old top buggy. He was not ten minutes in the bedroom till he came out and faced Valerie's father and mother.

"She's got typhoid fever, and I might as well tell you right now, it's going to be an uphill fight. She looks like the runnin' gears of a cricket and hasn't got much reserve strength. Don't believe she'll ever make it, the way ty-

phoid runs you down. She hain't got fur to run, you see."

Valerie's folks saw. But they were godly people and accustomed to prayer. They loved their girl and took her case to the Great Physician, who knows all things, and who is able to heal all diseases.

What a sight Valerie was after the ravages of typhoid had left her! Her beautiful hair was gone, and her head was bald as her face. The horrible pockmarks still showed purple on her fair skin. And she was so thin that her dresses hung upon her as clothes do on a scarecrow. She would neither go visiting, nor would she receive visitors for a while. At last mother made her a pretty shirred cap of lace and ribbon which tied in pert little bows under her chin. Her hair was coming in, in tight curls, and the cap helped to hide her head. Then, if she applied rice powder generously to her face, the pockmarks did not show too much. Gradually, as her good looks returned, her self-confidence did also.

One evening, late in March, father came in from town full of talk. So little happened in the valley that any news was welcome. He seated himself by the kitchen fire and put his feet on the hearth of the cookstove.

"Well, first," pa began, his blue eyes shining with the zeal of an impartor of startling news, "Bahanons have got twins, a boy and a girl, and Lizzie Hellman has got a felon on her finger. Hiram Jackson's oldest boy has run away, and they've started in to build the Panama Canal. Bill Jennison down at the general store said he read in the Chicago paper that there's an awful sickness down there that's killin' the men like flies. Yaller fever. I think

he said they called it. Doctors think it's caused by the swamps some way'r the other. And meetin's are startin' in the schoolhouse next Sunday night."

"Meetings!" Ma and Valerie both repeated the word together. What was a little thing like the Panama Canal, when meetings were starting right here under your nose in the valley?

"Yep." Pa elucidated. "Young feller, they said down there. Said he didn't say what his persuasion is. Well, it'll be a place to go." And it was.

(Concluded next week)



WE shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life.—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

THOSE who achieve the greatest results are those who rely most implicitly upon the Almighty Arm. The men of prayer are the men of power.—ELLEN G. WHITE.

A Stamp Study

(Continued from page 12)

Mount Vernon. And there is where he went as soon as the cause of freedom was won. You will find this picturesque home represented on the one-cent Army stamp of 1936. Those who have visited Mount Vernon will realize that its simple beauty must have characterized its owner and his love of nature.

However, he was not able to enjoy its pleasures for long, because a new nation had been born, and it needed a leader. All eyes again turned to George Washington when the first President of the United States of America was to be chosen. What a task was placed in his hands. To build from nothing a great nation—with freedom as its cornerstone, justice to all men its foundation, and men with trust in God and faith in the future its building stones. Its builders were statesmen who under God used the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States as their blueprints.

The 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington was observed in 1932, and twelve U.S. stamps were issued in his honor. Each bears a different picture of Washington, and while all are interesting, a few are of special interest.

The half-cent seal bears an engraving from a painting made by Charles Willson Peale in 1777. The one-cent design is perhaps the truest likeness of

all the pictures. It is a copy of the bust made from a life mold when he was fifty-three years of age. The one-and-a-half-cent issue shows the earliest known painting of Washington as made by Peale at Mount Vernon in 1772. The two-cent stamp bears an engraving of the famous "Atheneum" portrait by Gilbert Stuart. The five-cent seal was made from a painting done by Rembrandt Peale in 1795. The last life portrait of Washington, made in 1798 by Charles B. J. F. Saint-Memin just a year before his death, is on the eight-cent stamp.

Truly, as Henry Lee has said, Washington was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." His death in 1799 was mourned by not only the United States but all freedom-loving countries of the world.

Everlasting Peace

(Continued from page 10)

The disciples were especially favored of Heaven when the Lord communed with them in such a direct manner. But Peter, who might well serve as a link to connect their age with ours, has sent us a personal message: He says, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eyewitnesses of His majesty. For He received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the holy mount."

Today before our eyes is a veritable scramble of stupendous, world-shaking events bidding for a place in the light of God's prophetic Word, where they vie with one another in their eagerness to proclaim in thunderous tones their message, "Jesus is coming again."

Let us be glad in the provision made for the triumph of righteousness and everlasting peace. Satan is a vanquished foe. His armies are destined for destruction.

"Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

A Shining Light

(Continued from page 6)

I have waited long for this day." She knew no joy greater than this. All fear left her. Father's threatenings were forgotten, and hers were the joy and peace which come from beholding

Him. She trusted the Lord to strengthen her for trials she might have at home. But her father's rebukes were short-lived. Jesus took care of all her trials. He led her all the way, guided her by His hand.

As Martha Jean finishes her academy course, she is looking forward eagerly to a worth-while future in God's service. Her eyes are fixed on Emmanuel Missionary College, where she hopes to obtain a higher Christian education. The memories of Japan will never be erased from her mind, and her goal is to become a missionary teacher in her father's homeland.

Sabbath School Lessons

Senior Youth

V—Answering the Pharisees: Visiting Syrophenicia

(November 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Mark 7:1-27; 11:24; Matthew 15:1-28.

MEMORY VERSE: Matthew 15:28.

LESSON HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 395-403.

Ceremonial Purification

1. After Jesus' teaching concerning the bread of life, what two classes of people came to Him? What charge did they bring against the disciples? Mark 7:1, 2; Matt. 15:1, 2.

NOTE.—The charge brought against the disciples, that they did not wash their hands when they ate, evidently referred not to the ordinary washing of the hands, but to ceremonial washing. The complaint was that in neglecting to wash their hands before eating, the disciples transgressed the tradition of the elders.

2. What ceremonial observances were enforced by the Jews? Mark 7:3, 4.

NOTE.—"The rules in regard to purification were numberless. The period of a lifetime was scarcely sufficient for one to learn them all. The life of those who tried to observe the rabbinical requirements was one long struggle against ceremonial defilement, an endless round of washings and purifications. While the people were occupied with trifling distinctions, and observances which God had not required, their attention was turned away from the great principles of His law."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 396.

3. What question did the Pharisees and scribes ask Jesus? How did He reply? Verses 5, 6; Isa. 29:13.

4. Why was their worship not acceptable to God? Mark 7:7; Matt. 15:3, 9.

NOTE.—"The priests and Pharisees thought they were doing great things as teachers, by putting their own interpretation upon the Word of God; but Christ said of them, 'Ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God.' He charged them with the guilt of 'teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' Though they were the teachers of the oracles of God, though they were supposed to understand His Word, they were not doers of the Word. Satan had blinded their eyes, that they should not see its true import."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 110.

5. What accusation did Jesus bring against the Jews? Mark 7:8, 9.

6. What particular commandment of God did Jesus mention? What was the tradition of the Jews? By this means, how did they treat the Word of God? Verses 10-13.

NOTE.—"One of God's great commandments enjoins, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' That means to support them in

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old age. But the Pharisees had a scheme of making void their duty. They said, My property is 'Corban,' that is, 'given to God,' and I have no right to use it for you; and therefore they withheld the help their parents needed, while they used the property for their own benefit. Of course, it was not given to God. That was a plan to get rid of duty."—M. C. WILCOX, *Questions and Answers*, p. 233.

7. What truth did Jesus next state? Verses 14-16.

8. When alone with Jesus, concerning what did the disciples ask? How did Jesus reply? Verses 17-20.

9. What evils proceed from the heart? Verses 21-23.

NOTE.—"The list of Mark's thirteen counts included outward deeds and evil thoughts, expressions of the state of the heart, the source of all these evils and many others. . . . Jesus lays down the principle that what is taken into the body does not affect the character. It is the moral act, and not what is eaten, that defiles the man. . . . These evils must be overthrown, utterly destroyed, if the world is to be saved. And this is to be done only by a change of heart."—*Peloubet's Selected Notes*, 1918, pp. 111, 112.

Breaking Down Barriers

10. When Jesus left Capernaum, where did He go? Who came seeking Him? How did she entreat Him to help her? Verses 24-26; Matt. 15:22.

11. How did Jesus at first treat her request? What did the disciples urge? What statement did Jesus then make? Matt. 15:23, 24.

12. How did the woman again urge her desire? What was Jesus' reply? Verses 25, 26; Mark 7:27.

NOTE.—The statements by Jesus in Matthew 15:26 was "virtually asserting that it was not just to lavish the blessings brought to the favored people of God upon strangers and aliens from Israel. This answer would have utterly discouraged a less earnest seeker. But the woman saw that her opportunity had come. Beneath the apparent refusal of Jesus, she saw a compassion that He could not hide. 'Truth, Lord,' she answered, 'yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.' While the children of the household eat at the father's table, even the dogs are not left unfed. They have a right to the crumbs that fall from the table abundantly supplied. So while there were many blessings given to Israel, was there not also a blessing for her?"—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 401.

The word "children" in Mark 7:27 refers to God's chosen people, Israel, and "dogs" to the Gentiles, or unbelievers.

13. In her sorrow what reply did the woman make? Matt. 15:27.

14. How did Jesus commend the faith of this woman? Of what did He assure her? On her return home, what did she find had taken place? Verse 28.

15. What counsel does Jesus give as to perseverance in prayer? Mark 11:24.

Junior

V—A Visit to Syrophenicia

(November 2)

LESSON TEXTS: Matthew 15:21-28; Mark 7:24-30.

MEMORY VERSE: "Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." Matt. 15:28.

Guiding Thought

God is no respecter of persons.

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." Acts 10:34, 35.

"After the encounter with the Pharisees, Jesus withdrew from Capernaum, and crossing Galilee, repaired to the hill country on the borders of Phenicia. . . . The work before Him now was to prepare His dis-

ciples for their mission. In coming to this region He hoped to find the retirement he had failed to secure at Bethsaida. Yet this was not His only purpose in taking this journey. . . . He wished . . . to leave an example . . . for the benefit of His disciples when He should no longer be with them. He wished to lead them from their Jewish exclusiveness to be interested in working for others besides their own people."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 399-402.

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till earth's remotest nation
Has heard Messiah's name."

—HEBER.

Assignment 1

Read the lesson texts and Guiding Thought.

Assignment 2

You remember, Jesus and His disciples crossed over to a hillside on the northern shore of the Sea of Galilee to be alone for a while. When they reached the place, five thousand men, besides all the women and children, were waiting for Him. All day He taught them and healed their sick. Then He fed them with the little boy's lunch which became food in plenty when He blessed it. Then He sent them away and sent His disciples across the sea, and He went farther up the hill to pray.

A terrible storm swept over the sea, and nearly all night the disciples worked to keep their boat from sinking. Jesus came to them, walking on the water. You remember the story. The next day He talked with the people in the Capernaum synagogue about the Bread of Life.

In these two days Jesus and His disciples had not been alone to rest and visit. Now Jesus led them north along the country paths where they could be alone. There was a second reason why Jesus took the disciples to the borders of Tyre and Sidon. That we learn in this lesson.

Study the memory verse.

Assignment 3

1. From Capernaum, where did Jesus go on a longer journey than usual? Matt. 15:21.

2. Where did He go with His disciples? How was He disappointed? Mark 7:24.

NOTE.—As they followed the hilly trail to the place where they were planning to stay, they could see over the plain west of them the wealthy towns of Tyre and Sidon with their grand palaces and beautiful temples built for idol worship. Here, too, lived many Jews who were traders and merchants.

Study the memory verse.

Assignment 4

3. Who learned that Jesus was near? To what nation did this woman belong? Matt. 15:22, first part; Mark 7:26, first part.

NOTE.—No doubt this woman had heard the Jews living in Tyre and Sidon talking of Jesus. Perhaps some of them had been among the five thousand that day who ate the food Jesus provided and who carried some of the small pieces home to give to their neighbors. It may be, too, that some of her heathen neighbors had been in Capernaum and had seen and heard Jesus there. However it was, she had learned of Jesus' tender love and sympathy and healing power.

Study the memory verse.

Assignment 5

4. Why had this woman come to Jesus? Matt. 15:22, last part; Mark 7:25, 26, last part.

NOTE.—Many times she had prayed to her heathen idols to heal her daughter, and they could not. Neither had the Jewish people who lived near her offered to do anything for her in her trouble. They felt that God's love and favor was for them alone, and they would have nothing to do with those who were of other nations. They called them dogs.

5. How did the disciples show that they did not sympathize with her in her trouble? What did Jesus say? Matt. 15:23, 24.

NOTE.—By this answer Jesus was showing His disciples how cold and unloving were their thoughts of others.

Study the memory verse.

Assignment 6

6. What was the woman's prayer of faith? Matt. 15:25; Mark 7:26, last part.

NOTE.—"She begged Him to drive the demon out of her daughter." Mark 7:26, Goodspeed.

7. How did Jesus still further test her faith? Matt. 15:26; Mark 7:27.

NOTE.—Jesus was still showing the disciples the unkind way the Jews would have treated this woman—as a dog. He also wanted to show the woman that the gospel of God's goodness and love came through One who was of the Jewish people. "Let the children first eat all they want, for it is not right to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs." Mark 7:27, Goodspeed. Verse 28 reads: "True, sir! and still the dogs under the table eat what the children leave!"

8. How was her great faith rewarded? The memory verse; Mark 7:29, 30.

NOTE.—Goodspeed's translation reads, "If you can say that, go home; the demon has left your daughter." And she went home and found the child lying on the bed, and the demon gone."

Repeat the memory verse.

Assignment 7

What four places mentioned in this lesson are concealed in these scrambled words:

Reyt _____

Donsi _____

Ananca _____

Leagile _____

Locate these four places on a map of Palestine.

Who said? and where is it found?

"Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David." _____ Verse _____

"Send her away; for she crieth after us." _____ Verse _____

"O woman, great, is thy faith" _____ Verse _____

Things for me to think about:

How do I treat those who do not know Jesus?

Do I ever act as the disciples did in this story?

Or do I sympathize with others and help them to learn of Jesus?

The Youth's Instructor

Issued by
Review and Herald Publishing Association
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

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Yearly subscription, \$2.75; six months, \$1.55; in clubs of five or more, one year, each, \$2.35; six months, \$1.35. Higher in Canada.

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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 highest oil field in the world lies between 7,800 and 8,500 feet "up" in Colorado.

✱ BEFORE wartime restrictions curtailed the vacation activities of Americans, about 2,000,000 cars were driven to the National Parks by vacationists annually.

✱ NITROMETHANE is an explosive compound more powerful than TNT but safer to handle. It has been released by military authorities for civilian use.

✱ BY the use of an improved magnetic lens, developed by Dr. James Hillier, of the RCA laboratories, it is possible to recognize 50,000 distinct particles in a distance equal to the width of a hair.

✱ FOR the first time in history you may now buy a one-way ticket around the world. Pan American Airlines has been granted the concession by the Civil Aeronautics Board. The cost will probably be around \$2,000.

✱ IN civilian losses during World War II, Germany was the hardest hit of all Europe, according to a bulletin published by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Of a total of possibly 1,500,000 civilians who lost their lives in air raids, German deaths numbered about 500,000; Japanese, more than 360,000; with Russia and Britain suffering the next highest losses.

✱ STRANGE new tools have been designed which will enable blind persons to keep a garden. Spades have bars so that they will go just the right depth into the soil; hoes have clips so they may be used with a wire guide to keep the rows straight; and a special weeding machine operated upon a wire will cut out all weeds right up to the plants. War-blind veterans are now using the contraptions in 28 States of North America.

✱ NAVAHOES, with a population growing faster than the whites, are the largest Indian nation in the United States. On their 17,000,000 acres of arid, exhausted land in Arizona are 55,000 Navahos: 80 per cent are illiterate, 57 per cent cannot speak English. During the recent war twenty of their fifty schools were closed because of poor roads, floods, and wartime breakdowns. All but one will reopen soon. Says eighty-six-year-old Chief Chee Dodge, "The schools tasted good. We want more."

✱ You may soon own a piano so light that you can carry it under your arm, promises its inventor, Harold B. Rhodes, of Los Angeles, California. His three-octave, truly chromatic miniature piano, weighing no more than a portable typewriter, was originally made to aid war-wounded veterans bring their crippled hands back to normal use. Mr. Rhodes, then a private in the A.A.F., built his first model of aluminum and plywood taken from wrecked aircraft. His idea was so successful that eleven more were made for convalescent hospitals. Now out of the Army for more than a year, Mr. Rhodes has formed a manufacturing company of veterans, and plans to put a streamlined version of his invention on the market which will sell for less than seventy-five dollars.

✱ GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, English author and playwright, celebrated his ninetieth birthday this year. *The American Vegetarian* says of him: "Mr. Shaw's astounding longevity is due in no small measure to his abstinence from flesh, fish, and fowl for a period of over fifty-five years." The magazine protested recently when an anniversary dinner held in his honor at the Waldorf-Astoria announced "breast of chicken" on the menu. "If Mr. Shaw were in this country, his presence at this dinner would have been based on three conditions—no smoking, no nonvegetarian courses, no intoxicating drinks," the magazine declared.

✱ MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT believes calamities may sometimes have their compensations. Displaying her usual good humor even after her recent motor accident, in which she suffered the loss of two front teeth, the former First Lady said, "Now I shall have two lovely porcelain ones, which will look far better than the rather protruding large teeth which most of the Roosevelts have."

✱ MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR COMPANY has thirty-one aviation automatic-control systems under development. They are designed to "automatically fly a plane on a preset course, bring it in for landing under bad weather conditions, and control engine speeds."

✱ OF THE estimated \$25,702,000,000 worth of gold in the world, \$20,036,000,000 worth was owned by the United States in October, 1945.

✱ You may keep crackers and breakfast cereals edible and crisp in damp weather by storing a bag of silica gel with them.

✱ AMERICA increased its production of synthetic rubber from 6,000 tons in 1941 to 700,000 tons in 1945.

✱ THE Canal Zone is issuing a stamp honoring John F. Stevens, who was one of the American builders of the canal.

✱ THE Western Union Telegraph Company in New York announces that it is beginning a "high-speed overseas subscriber-to-subscriber service."

✱ THE average per capita income in the United States reached an all-time high of \$1,150 in 1945, according to a recent announcement of the Federal Department of Commerce.

✱ JESUS OF NAZARETH, Buddha, Asoka, Aristotle, Roger Bacon, and Abraham Lincoln were selected by H. G. Wells as the six men in history who really deserved to be called great.

✱ FORMER PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON'S personal library of 9,000 volumes has been donated to the United States Library of Congress by his widow. Many of the books have Wilson's scribbles in the margins, and early copies are inscribed "Thomas W. Wilson," as he was known before he dropped the use of his first name.

✱ JUST launched as one of the first of a fleet of superferries, the *Carib Queen* is now ready to take you and your automobile from Key West, Florida, to Havana, Cuba. Altered from an LSD (landing ship dock) built for the Navy, the new vessel has thirty first-class double staterooms, and will accommodate 900 passengers, 230 automobiles, and twenty truck trailers.

Mission Snapshots

Sylvie Alleyene is a clerk in an apothecary shop in the city of Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. She attended a series of evangelistic meetings conducted by Seventh-day Adventists, enrolled in our Bible school, and, despite the opposition of her family and the protests and ridicule of her employer, who refused to give her Sabbaths free, she was baptized and united with the church last December. When the test came, she was not dismissed from her employment, and is still in the same shop.

For many months she studied hard to pass the final examination which would entitle her to a government diploma and recognition as a full-fledged druggist. Her employer, who is nearly eighty years of age, and is planning to undergo a serious eye operation in the United States, had told her that if she received this diploma he would place her in full charge of the business during his absence. But in spite of all her hard study she failed to pass the test. But she was not discouraged as she told Pastor C. G. van Putten her experience, and with a ring of earnestness in her voice she said: "I tried my very best to succeed, but I am glad God allowed me to fail, because had I gained my diploma I would have been entrusted with such heavy and taxing responsibilities that they would have left me little time to study my Bible and take an active part in church work. I am a poor girl, but I thank God that He has made me rich in faith; and I prefer to be poor with Christ than rich without Him. I would like to go to college and prepare for His service, but all my future plans must wait for His leading."

Some things are more valuable than money or position. How fortunate the young person who has the wisdom to choose "that better part" which makes Christ rather than the things of earth the center of all hopes and projects.