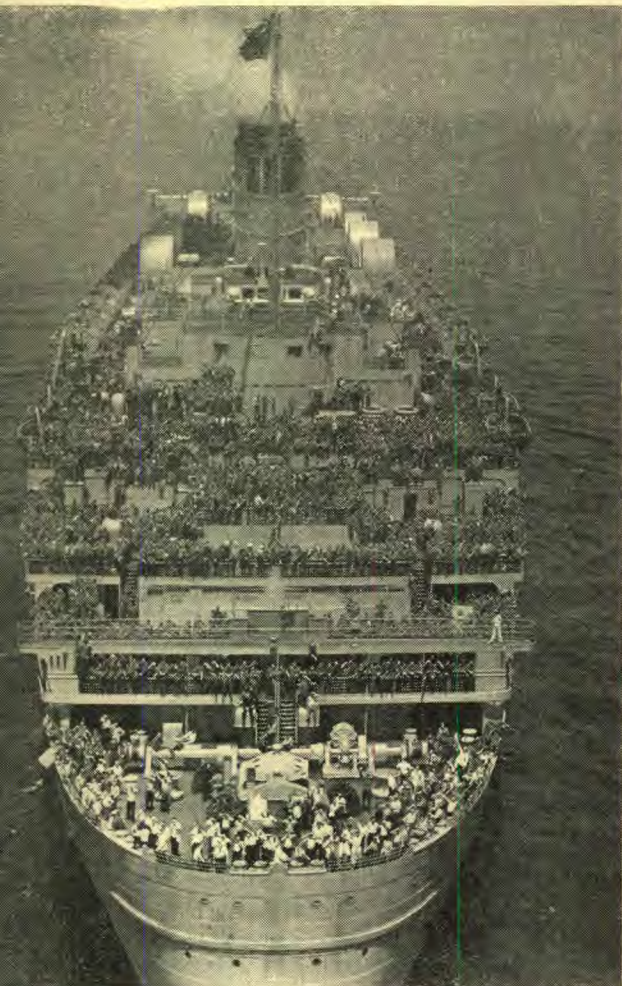


The Youth's Instructor



U.S. COAST GUARD

The Joyful Home-coming of Soldiers From the Battle Front Is But a Faint Symbol of the Joy That Will Mark the Close of the Christian Warfare

TED stood silently on the deck of the great ship that moved steadily nearer the land ahead—a land that to him and to the hundreds thronged about him seemed almost sacred.

Behind him lay the fiercest war that man has yet devised. Behind him were hours and days and months of looking forward to this moment. Ahead of him—never lovelier—the Statue of Liberty had broken through the fog, and the eager cheers of the returning soldiers had just died away.

There seemed nothing to say. It was a moment too full of meaning for speech. But now and then someone spoke—spoke for all of them. Like the one just now:

"Do you know what I'm going to do when I step ashore?"

"What are you going to do?" someone near him questioned in reply.

"When I get off this boat I'm going

to find the first spot of

earth out from the dockside, and I'm going to get right down and kiss it!"

They all felt that way—every one of them. Behind them was war. Ahead of them was the home they had dreamed of every waking moment since they left it. They were almost home! How Ted loved that word! He had been counting his blessings all his life, but never had there been so many to count as now. How wonderful was the memory of God's providence, God's care, and God's sus-

taining grace, God's deliverance!

You and I, friend, are almost home. The ship on which we sail is about to reach port. We may not know the day or hour we shall cast anchor. But every sight and sound tells us we are almost there. The atom bomb has exploded the world into a new age. And the roar of the jet plane tells us we live in a time that must soon give way to eternity. Fearful sounds they are; yet there is a certain music in them to one who looks longingly for a better land.

Yes, we are almost home. And what an hour, what an eternity of thanksgiving, it will be! Chapter by chapter, will unfold the great storybook of God's care for us—a story we could not clearly read here, nor fully understand.

But there we shall read by the light of eternity, and we shall understand. We shall count our blessings with the

eyewitness accounts of our guardian angels to help us evaluate them. We shall know then that for some of heaven's choicest blessings we scarcely made request. And we shall understand that some of the glittering treasures for which we prayed with many tears would have meant our ruin. We thank God now when He says Yes. We shall thank Him then, a thousand times, for saying No.

We are almost home! But here the parallel does not follow through. How little cheering we hear as we approach the homeland. How few the moments we spend in longing for the day when heaven at last shall be ours. The days of this world are numbered; yet how carefully we plan them. The days of eternity are numberless. And have you ever planned one of them? You may have furnished a dozen mansions in your dreams. They may have been on the strands of Hawaii or in the sunlit valleys of California or—you know where you planned them in your heart. But have you ever given even a thought to the mansion the Master has built for you—a mansion still empty because you and I are not ready to go home?

How real is heaven to you? How much time do you spend thinking about it? You or I would spend hours, and days, in planning a trip somewhere in this sin-cursed earth. But some of us never think of heaven except when the preacher talks about it, and we do not want *him* to talk about it after twelve o'clock on Sabbath morning.

Almost home! Behind us is war and sin and darkness. Ahead—just ahead—is heaven! How about it, friend? Are you glad? Do you really want to go home? Are you really ready to go home?

(Continued on page 22)

AKOMA
LIBRARY
ACADEMY
Almost Home

By MARJORIE LEWIS LLOYD

Let's Talk It Over

THIS morning I met a friend who is in the throes of a really discouraging experience.

"As I look at it," she said, "I have not been fairly dealt with, and I must confess that I want, oh, so much, what it seems I cannot have. But there is one promise in the Good Book that I'm clinging to with the same grip that a drowning man clings to a spar. It is this: 'No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.' And I must believe God stands behind His word! Over and over I'm saying to myself, 'No good thing!' 'No good thing!' This opportunity to study at the conservatory, which seemed so very desirable to me, evidently was not 'good' for me from God's viewpoint."

"It's your privilege to believe that He will give you something better in its place," suggested the mutual friend who had joined us at the bus stop.

"Oh, yes, I do believe He will," sighed the disappointed girl. "That is a wonderful assurance and keeps me from giving up entirely when I can't see the sun at all! I'm doing my best to 'walk uprightly' so that I won't be standing in His way, and I'm asking Him to give me keen eyesight so that I will be able to discern His leading—Oh! here comes my bus! Good-by, and pray for me please."

"No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly," I mused as I bought a newspaper and hurried on my way. "I must remember that for myself when troubles swarm and it seems that God has forgotten."

I'M GLAD that I have lived long enough to be able to thank God for the prayers He has answered with a No instead of a Yes," says a man of long experience in successful Christian leadership, and whose life is an inspiration to all who know him. "So often the 'good' things that I have pled for earnestly on bended knees, and worked for with all my might, both as concerns my personal life and the progress of His kingdom here on earth have not seemed 'good' to my heavenly Father, and He has not granted my desire. In time I have seen the wisdom of His way, the foolishness of mine; the unimportance of the thing I wanted so desperately, as compared with the perfection of His plan for me."

TAKE the fire now," said Dr. John, philosophizing on the same thought. "I was just getting started in business in my home town. There was a good market for radios and electrical equipment, for it was a trading center for a prosperous farm community. I had no plan to do anything but stay right there and build up a substantial bank account. Then dawned the morning when my store and my hopes lay in ruins. Following that a whole torrent of troubles poured down out of the darkening clouds. The capsheaf was a long illness that sent me West in search of renewed health in a high, dry climate.

"But it was in the little mountain community where we made our new home that we found the wonderful truths of the third angel's message.

"Returning vigor brought with it a desire to tell others the good news I had heard and accepted as my new code of living. 'Go to school,' suggested the minister who came to administer the rite of baptism to us as new converts. So to school Martha and I went—on a shoestring, financially speaking, but we went! We did some floundering about, but eventually she took prenursing, and I went in for premedical.

"That's how it came about that I am a doctor, and that I have the vest office nurse and bedside assistant in the State of Arizona. We find almost unnumbered ways in which to let our light shine. Our little church is growing, many of our patients are listening to the Voice of Prophecy broadcasts regularly, and just now we have four regular Bible studies each week.

"As Martha and I look back now we feel sure that God had a hand in the fire and illness which seemed such a disaster, for thereby our feet were set on an entirely different path—the path which 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' How true it is that 'God never leads His children otherwise than they would choose to be led, if they could see the end from the beginning, and discern the glory of the purpose which they are fulfilling as co-workers with Him.'"

I'D LIKE to tell you my experience if you have time to listen. Maybe you can make use of it in such a way that it will be a help to another young person somehow, somewhere."

Of course I had time! And so this

attractive young woman who, with her doctor husband, was on the way to a needy mission field, turned back the pages of her book of life for five years and gave me a very personal word picture of the record there.

"One lovely summer afternoon I stood on the brink of a sheer precipice in the Rockies and seriously considered stepping off into space. Life didn't seem worth living any more, since the letter I held in my hand canceled out my dearest heart's desire.

"Al and I had been sweethearts from grade-school days through college. The invitations were out for our wedding—just one week from that very day. Our new home was nearing completion in the not-far-away city, and Al was to become assistant manager of his uncle's factory as soon as we returned from our honeymoon.

"Now, out of a clear sky, had come a special-delivery bombshell in the morning mail. Al had written it himself; there could be no question about that. As far as he was concerned our wedding was all off! He had met someone else, and it had been a case of love at first sight. He would be married on the appointed day—but not to me.

"As I stood there on the mountain and read his 'So long,' again a wave of real indignation swept over me, and I decided to hold up my head, look the world in the eye, and show this person whether or not he could ruin my life! Then Dad dropped a word that changed my whole attitude, as he tried to make the hard way easier. 'Remember, dear,' he said, 'that you are God's child, and that He does not withhold "any good thing" from us when we allow Him to guide our lives.'

"I have proved that to be true more than once since the dark day when I recalled invitations and returned presents. If I had married Al I never would have taken a nurses' training, never would have met Richard, and never would have thought of giving myself to mission service."

AND so whatever comes to you, friend o' mine, keep in mind the promise that is sure as God Himself—He will not deny you "any good thing" if you walk with Him day by day.

Lora E. Clement

The Flowers Are FADED

By CORAMAE THOMAS

THE first thing that caught her eye when she came into the room was the grade slip left on the corner of her dresser by the dean in her daily room-grading round of the dormitory. Above the "A" which her tidy habits usually brought was the dean's neat script, "The flowers are faded!"

Annette flushed. She had known for two days that the flowers in the vase on her dresser were dead, but the tug of an indiscriminating heart made her save them for memory's sake as long as she could. She had pruned stems and changed water day after day to keep them fresh and sweet. And now that they were dead past hope, she still clung to them.

"The thing to do with flowers," she quoted glibly from a worship talk on room care, "is to remove them as soon as they begin to fade. Never allow faded flowers to mar the beauty of an otherwise attractive room." She carried the offending flowers to the trash—quickly, lest her pride weaken and her will surrender to the tears that had threatened for two days.

The flowers were faded, faded as the relationship of which they were a token, faded as the dreams that lay at her feet, faded as the happiness which had begun each day for three years. There was finality in her movements as she discarded the last shattered blossom. At the door lay a newly opened bud which she had dropped. She picked it up. "I can save a rose, just one, for remembrance."

But she needed no faded rose to remind her of the lost happiness, the love that had faded too soon. The day screamed its reminders; the night brought its tokens on waves that engulfed her. Whether she walked in the hall and saw the carefully studied nonchalance of Clayton's face, or hurried through the caller-filled lobby on the way to the Saturday night program with her girl friends, or, walking on the campus, caught a glimpse of him, strolling with a merry-eyed freshman or that red-headed sophomore, Alice Martin, she could not forget.

April brought lilacs and daffodils, but for Annette the flowers were faded. For the first spring in three, April

brought no long florists' boxes, no corsage for the spring festival, no Sunday afternoon parlor dates, no partner for hikes and picnics.

Annette's heart grew bitter. She buried herself in her books. "Men are untrue and fickle," she declared. "There are better careers in life than being tied down to a husband, a home, and a family." Kind friends and teachers offered sympathy and understanding, but Annette soon let them understand that the affair was none of their concern.

Presently, however, pride laid a firm hand on the reins of her weak impulses as on the surface she began to be the same Annette, a little colder, perhaps, a little quicker with her merry laugh, but seemingly the same. She learned to smile and to seem surprisingly friendly when she met Clayton in the hall, to surround herself with girl friends when she went for walks, to appear to ignore lilacs and daffodils and robins and a pounding heart. But at night she was glad to relax her pretending. At night she buried her head in her pillow and remembered the laughter and warm happiness of other days. But the memories brought tears and more heartbreak, until she was glad for the rising bell to bring release.

Somehow April became May, and May became June. She was glad to leave school, glad to see her family. Nevertheless, after the first newness of being home had worn off, she settled down into her old routine of sleepless nights and pretentious days.

She varied her program a little, however, by toying with a new idea. Perhaps, now that Clayton was at home, he would change his mind, she thought. Perhaps he would write. Annette watched impatiently for the mail carrier each day. Each day the disappointment renewed her heartbreak.

Toward the end of the summer she began halfheartedly to prepare to return to school. One afternoon she cleaned out her desk, dresser drawers, and suitcases, storing those things that were unneeded in an old trunk.

As she listlessly sorted through a tall stack of old letters and photographs, she came to the faded flower and frayed room-grade slip she had treasured so painfully. Because she had spent her days with memories, it was only natural that her thoughts should drift back to another afternoon a heartbreak ago.

"But, Clayton," she had said, "I thought you wanted to be a missionary. I thought you shared my dream of service on foreign shores."

"Oh, I did, Annette; I shared the dream. But a dream was all it was—a beautiful, idealistic dream. That's the only way I could share it—as a dream. Don't you see, this way, if I take the offer of this company in the city, I shall soon be at the top of the ladder. This is an unusual opportunity, with advantageous contacts and excel-

(Continued on page 16)

ROOM INSPECTION BLANK
UNION COLLEGE

"Just as clothes are an expression of the people who wear them, so are rooms an expression of the people who live in them."

Date Feb. 3 Room No. 201

1. Floor
2. Bed
3. Table or dresser
4. Closet
5. Window sill
6. Soiled spread, dresser
7. Clothes not put away
8. Wastebasket
9. Room needs dusting
10. Dishes or bottles
11. Lights on when out of room
12. Poor taste

The flowers are faded!

Student Graded Annette Grade A



She Hated to Admit That the Blossoms She Had Cherished Too Long Were a Symbol of a Friendship Now Dead

THE gigantic splendor and quiet beauty of great ocean liners have always held my keenest admiration. As a small boy I used to watch with awe these monarchs of the sea from the floating landing stage at Liverpool. A ship which one day berthed at the wharf of its own native land, England, might two or three weeks later be at the quayside in any one of an array of foreign lands, where strange peoples lived according to their own quaint customs.

One day mother and I secured entrance to a part of the landing stage alongside which lay an ocean liner. I noticed there a boy about the same age as I, yet very different in appearance. You could tell that he was American, mother explained, by his peculiar dress.

America! That was one of those distant lands I would like to visit. Surely that vast country was filled with excitement and adventure. Homesickness, loneliness, and some disappointments might come, but they seemed small in comparison with the possibilities. I was nine at that time, and about ten years later my wish to visit America was actually fulfilled, although not in the manner I may have expected.

First I visited Canada. I was serving with the Royal Navy at the time, on the armed merchant cruiser H.M.S. *California*, and it was arranged that the ship should go to Boston, Massachusetts, for a complete refitting and overhaul, which would take about six weeks. At that time the United States was not at war, although she was, as a whole, a friendly nation and sympathetic to the British point of view. Nevertheless, it was a special privilege for a British auxiliary war vessel to gain entry to one of her ports.

Before we left the high seas and began to enter the territorial waters of neutral America, the Government communicated with our ship and requested that we comply with certain precautionary measures to avoid unnecessary suspicion. Accordingly, as the lights of Boston began to bob up over the horizon, the order, "Undarken ship" was piped through the public-address system. This seemed a strange order to be given at night, for never since the war began had there dared be as much as a chink of light showing from any porthole or door after sunset. Now lights blazed all over the ship, and full undimmed navigation lights were shown. At the place where the white ensign of the Royal Navy had flown since the *California* had been commissioned for combatant warfare, the red ensign of the merchant navy was hoisted.

Soon a large, speedy launch approached. We stopped engines, for perhaps, we thought, she was the pilot. Our visitor flashed a brilliant searchlight and began to move its beam

The New World

By PETER L. PARKER

all over us, but made no attempt to come alongside.

"Are you my pilot?" we signaled. "No," she replied, and continued her careful scrutiny. Then the captain ordered slow ahead until the pilot boat should appear. We discovered later that the launch was a U.S. Coast-guard cutter, and was probably wondering what all the guns were for on this presumed merchant ship. Presently the pilot boat arrived, and the pilot, a pleasant naval officer who knew the full purpose and circumstances of our visit, climbed aboard. Along the channel marked by buoys with lights that blinked and bells that clanged, we approached the glaring sky and twinkling lights of the great city of Boston. Tugs came out to us, and under the pilot's supervision the *California* was towed until she was safely berthed alongside the jetty in the navy yard docks.

In spite of all our eagerness to see Boston, I believe our happiest time was when our turn came to spend a week's holiday far from the city at a place near Westerly, Rhode Island. The Government had kindly lent us a former Civilian Conservation Corps camp, and a third of the crew at a time occupied it. I was among the first batch to go, and camp life was a marvelous treat after months of ship life. It was a pleasant change, too, to be free from our naval uniforms and much of naval discipline for a while. In the mornings we went down to bathe in what in our country we would call a lake, but the few local inhabitants modestly called it a pond.

Four of the officers got together and bought a car for about twenty dollars, and although it was quite a jalopy, we were able to add to our list of exciting experiences with it during our all-too-brief stay at the camp. We would pile into our old bus, and then, with a few angry snarls from the starter and a little roar of the engine, we

would disappear down a dusty side road. An old quarry not far away had filled with water, and there we could practice high diving and underwater swimming as far below the surface as we cared to venture.

Evenings were far from lonely and quiet, for although we seemed to be in such an out-of-the-way place, many visitors came in their cars, and there were friendly chatting and gay music around the piano. During one of these social evenings we met Mrs. Southwick, who lived not far away. In fact, her home was located on an adjoining area of woody land, which she kept as a bird sanctuary. "Come around and see us any time," was the invitation she left. And we were glad to accept her hospitality in groups and singly.

Thus Mrs. Southwick learned of my desire to make a trip to New York. Accordingly she invited me to be her guest for a week, during which time I could see this great wonder city.

En route I met an ex-Army captain, who was interested to meet a Royal Navy man. Our acquaintance grew speedily, and shortly before we completed our journey, he offered to put me up in his flat on Madison Avenue.

There was no hiding my enthusiasm when we reached the city and joined
(Continued on page 22)



I Was Wonderstruck by the Freedom, Adventure, and Opportunity for Progress on the Shores of America

EWING GALLOWAY



A. E. PHINNEY

Mount Washington Is Reputed to Have Some of the World's Worst Weather, yet It Is Visited Annually by Thousands of Tourists

WHAT would you think of a mountain peak that was so near to civilization that it was visited annually by thousands of tourists, yet had the reputation of having the world's worst weather; where the fiercest winds blew; where the sun shone one moment and the next brought a thick pall of cloud over the summit; where the snow fell upward instead of downward; and where the vegetation at the top was so different from that at the base that one would have to travel hundreds of miles northward to find similar flora at ordinary heights? That is Mount Washington.

Twenty-two years after the Pilgrims settled at Plymouth, Massachusetts, a doughty pioneer by the name of Darby Field left the settlements behind, threaded his way through the wilderness, and with two Indian companions made the ascent of the highest mountain in New England.

Ever since that first daring ascent in 1642 visitors in ever-increasing numbers have found Mount Washington a spot of fascinating interest. Multitudes of hikers and tourists stand on the roof of New England each summer to view the panorama spread out below them, if indeed they are so fortunate as to have a clear view. Even in winter several hundred hardy hikers have had the courage to climb to the summit in a single season.

Mount Washington, located in northern New Hampshire, is the highest peak north of Mount Mitchell and east of the Rockies. Its altitude is 6,293 feet. In July, 1784, the first scientific party to visit the mountain named it in honor of the first president of the United States. Since then other peaks in the same range have been called after the names of other early presidents; hence, the chain of mountains to which it belongs is called the Presidential Range.

There are three ways to ascend the

Mount Washington, WONDER PEAK OF THE EAST

By DAVID I. SHAW

mountain; by automobile, train, or on foot. A well-kept auto road climbs the eastern slope by easy grades. This eight-mile road is well traveled in the summer months. On the western side the Mount Washington Cog Railway, one of the world's steepest railways, was opened in 1869. The length of the track is a little over three miles. So steep is the grade that the boiler of the engine is tipped to keep the water level as the train goes up and down.

Many foot trails lead to the summit. There are moderate, graded, well-marked paths for the beginner as well as precipitous cliff trails for the experienced rock climber. All paths lead from the mixed forest of the lowlands up beyond timber line to the rock-littered cone. While countless thousands have made the ascent without mishap, hiking above timber line has its hazards, for more than a score of persons have perished from exposure in all seasons. Scattered over the heights are numerous crosses, tragic reminders that these peaks have their grim moods.

Even in midsummer the tramper can be overtaken by a howling, subfreezing blizzard. Snow has fallen every month of the year on the summit. Sometimes storms come on with incredible swiftness and fury. I once hiked to the summit on a mild day in August. Approaching was a storm which covered the summit the next day with sleet and ice. One unfortunate

climber died from cold and exposure in this storm on a slope just north of Mount Washington. On the trails near timber line one sees a sign which reads: "If the weather is bad you are advised to turn back and make the ascent at a more favorable time. The route to the summit is treacherous in stormy or foggy weather. Follow closely the rock cairns."

If this advice is heeded there will be little danger. However, it is wise to hike in groups.

One of the early settlers used to declare humorously that on Mount Washington it took two men to hold one man's hair on. Though he did not have scientific methods of measuring the force of the wind, this old-timer had been on the summit often enough to experience some of the gales for which it is famous. For on this peak the highest wind velocities ever recorded on earth have been measured. On April 12, 1934, the wind registered a blast of 231 miles an hour. On this same day there was recorded a five-minute average of 188 miles an hour and an hourly average of 173 miles. During the New England hurricane of September 21, 1938, the wind velocity measured 157 miles an hour. Yet December, March, and April winds often exceed this figure. This mean annual velocity of wind on the summit is 40.6 miles an hour. Yes, the wind really blows on Mount Washington!

Besides high wind velocities, this mountain is noted for its snowfall. The mean annual snowfall has been reported as 192.6 inches. This is nearly five times the snowfall of Boston. Every year the snow blows over the headwall of Tuckerman Ravine to accumulate to the depth of more than a hundred feet. This makes excellent skiing from late February until May or June for all classes of skiers.

Mount Washington holds other superlatives. Being the windiest spot on

earth, it needs strong buildings. The new observatory, constructed in 1937, is believed to be the strongest wooden building in the world. The summit house, tiptop house, the stage office, Camden Cottage, and the broadcasting station also are exceptionally sturdy buildings.

Some of the oldest trees in the world have been discovered here. Study of ring sections of scrub trees indicates that they are next to the big trees of California in age. Plant lovers find the Alpine Garden a spot of special interest. Here and on Bigelow's Lawn may be found the Greenland sandwort, Lapland azalea, Labrador tea, alpine eyebright, and other flowers which usually grow only in northern latitudes. Over a hundred species of alpine and subalpine flowers have been found on Mount Washington.

The geologist finds this mountain a

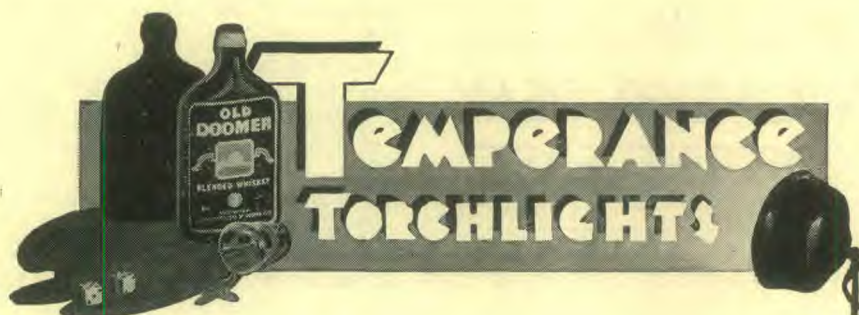
place of never-failing wonder and delight. Besides a variety of minerals and rocks exposed on the summit, there are ancient glacial cirques, polished ledges, and erratics. Evidence of severe frost action in the past are seen in the cracked and detached rocks which litter the summit. On the slopes are found rock glaciers, while on more level areas the frost has arranged the rocks into patterns of stripes, nets, or lobes.

Among the strange phenomena of this peak are the "frost feathers," which form on buildings and other objects under certain conditions. These accumulations of rime sometimes reach a length of several feet and are strikingly beautiful. Another curious feature is the upward movement of snowflakes in a storm. This is due to the wind rushing up the cone faster than the snow can fall. It is interesting to observe

also that the summit, because of its elevation, has a longer period of daylight than the base.

To the lover of scenery there is much around Mount Washington to charm the beholder. To stand on the summit on a clear summer day is an experience never to be forgotten. All around the circle of the horizon are ranges and peaks of mountains and hills. Their number is myriad; their contours are varied. As the cloud shadows move up and down over slopes and valleys, the color effects are marvelous indeed. Sometimes through a rift in the clouds a shaft of light will focus upon some jagged pinnacle, illuminating it against a darker background. And again, a small cloud will interpose between the sun and some area on a mountainside, making a blue-green spot of shadow that is a pleasing

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Proved!

"Social drinking, which leads to alcohol addiction, is the cause of more idleness and deaths in the United States than any other single factor," says Dr. Seale Harris, former president of the Medical Association of Alabama. And life insurance statistics prove the truth of this assertion.

Indicted!

Richard Cabot, M.D., declares that "medically and socially, the case against alcohol is just as clear as the case against opium."

Truthfully Stated!

"Booze fills prisons, poorhouses, insane asylums, reform schools, and inebriate asylums," "The Trade Unionist" tells us. "Booze causes more unemployment than all strikes and lockouts, is the prime cause of poverty, robs women and children, sends children to work to compete against workingmen and women, deprives the children of drinkers of an opportunity to fit themselves for the struggle of life. Booze is . . . a scab in the ranks of union labor. Its chief work is to create disorganization and inefficiency."

Ten Per Cent Royalty!

Speaking before the American Psychiatric Association, Dr. Karl M. Bowman, of San Francisco, recommended that Federal and local governments of the United States allocate 10 per cent of revenues from alcoholic beverages to research into the problems of alcoholism. As reported from Chicago by the Associated Press, the doctor declared that the American people "spend over seven billion dollars every year for alcoholic beverages. In addition, excessive drinking, together with disease, crime, and poverty resulting directly from the use of alcohol cost the nation about 759 million

dollars annually." Conservative estimates indicate that there are 750,000 chronic alcoholics in the United States. Many of these unfortunates are in jail because society is not yet willing to provide hospital care for them, and "the only place to put them is in jail." This 10 per cent royalty suggestion is meeting with widespread approval among responsible, thinking people.

Wasted!

The American Business Men's Research Foundation estimates that between Pearl Harbor and January 1, 1946, the United States wasted a total of 337,000,000 bushels of grain in producing beer, liquor, and wine.

Notes!

Quoted from Dr. Howard W. Haggard, director, Laboratory of Applied Physiology, Yale University:

"Alcohol belongs to the same class as the ethers. It exhilarates by the release of inhibitions.

"The effects of alcohol are exercised after it is circulated in the blood. The alcohol in a man's stomach and intestines does not affect him. It only affects him after it has been absorbed. It requires no digestion and much of it passes into the blood stream directly from the stomach. If that were not true, we would have fewer users of alcohol. If it were absorbed only through the intestines, there would be no immediate effect, and it is a quick effect which is sought.

"Alcohol is an anesthetic, depressing the central nervous system. Its action is progressive from the higher centers down. The centers concerned with judgment are first affected, the centers controlling respiration and heartbeat last affected."

Dr. Haven Emerson, professor emeritus of Columbia University, lists these facts about alcohol, which he declares every child should know:

"The effect sought and found from the use of alcoholic beverages of any strength is due to ethyl alcohol.

"Ethyl alcohol is a narcotic drug which removes inhibitions by depressing the functions of the brain.

"Alcohol has not been found to improve any of the bodily functions of a healthy person.

"Alcohol is in no respect useful or necessary as a food for healthy persons.

"The use of alcohol tends to increase disease and accidents, and contributes to shortening the length of life."

More Trouble!

According to Dr. W. A. Enaus, former medical editor of the "Chicago Tribune":

"Alcohol is one of the few causes of illness and death which continue to rise in populous parts of the United States.

"The admission rate of patients suffering from acute and chronic alcoholism was never higher in New York than it has been in the past year.

"The death rate from cirrhosis of the liver, which is closely related to immoderate and long-continued use of alcohol in all but a few cases, has been rising steadily since the repeal of prohibition.

"All trades and occupations where alcohol is liberally used and particularly easy of access show mortality rates several times as high as those where alcohol is little or rarely used.

"Life-insurance experience with many millions of lives here and abroad is all to the same effect that those who use alcohol have a shorter life expectancy than abstainers, in proportion to the amount of alcohol they consume.

"A sunstroke is often nothing more nor less than a beer stroke."

Shocking!

Few people realize what devastation John Barleycorn is effecting in the United States today. Since 1933 drunkenness in this country has increased 174 per cent! This figure is taken from "The American Issue," a magazine which stands for Christian patriotism.

Eighty Dollars a Dozen!

During the war years, when cigarettes were hard to get, the Chicago post office held a sale of unclaimed goods. Among the lost and strayed items were eighty-two cartons of cigarettes and a few loose packs. Twelve of the cartons were sold for \$106, or 88 1/3 cents per pack. A second dozen cartons went for \$80.

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H. HOFMANN, ARTIST

"What Good Thing Shall I Do?" Asked the Rich Young Ruler of Christ

AND, behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" "Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow Me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions." Matthew 19:16, 21, 22.

The issue here is the choice of the spiritual as opposed to the temporal. And the proposal Christ made to this young man did not admit of any compromise or delay. So it must be with you. This young man wanted the higher qualities, the eternal values, to a limited degree; but those values which Christ had to offer were not the dominant desire in his heart. He loved his wealth more than he loved Christ. If a man is to be truly Christian, Christ must predominate at the center of his life and completely rule each word, thought, and act.

In every person's life there is a dominant center around which all else swings, a point which rules and to which everything is brought for comparison, for acceptance or rejection. If that center is not Christ, then it is something temporal.

In this day the title Christian is the greatest that you can ever bear, provided Christ is in complete control of your heart. You may declare, "I am a college graduate"; but what of it if that is all you have in a world that needs Christ more than anyone or anything else? You may boast, "I am an A student; I am a brilliant mechanic." Our hats are off to you. But what is that if Christ does not reign supreme in your life? You may declare, "I am preparing to become a great doctor, or a nurse, or a scientist." But what does it all amount to if you have not felt the touch of the Great Physician "who healeth all our diseases"? You

A Faith to Share

CHRIST—OUR DOMINANT DEVOTION

By Edward Heppenstall

may have studied your Bible, done missionary work, and been active in the church, but the chief question is whether Christ or self rules at the center of your life.

It is not enough to have developed a veneer, with the polish of culture, of good manners and external moralities. It is not enough to be considered religious. I do not discount the benevolence of a man who gives \$1,000 to the church, but is that enough? I do not belittle the experience of the young man or young woman who attends religious services regularly, but is this enough?

The religion you profess must not be in the nature of externals. It must not consist in the addition of this little grace or that little charm. All changes must take place at the center of your life, in your heart. And Christ must be in control there.

"What good thing shall I do?" asked the rich young ruler. But being a Christian does not consist in doing a few more things better than you have done them. It is not summed up in having more knowledge than you have had. It is not encompassed by the multitude of your possessions. The chief interest of this rich young ruler who came to Christ was in his wealth, in his possessions; and he would not make the Redeemer the center of a life devoted to ministry for his fellow men. He was brought face to face with the greatest decision of his life, to change the very

center of his interest. He was asked to put Christ where his money was, and he refused to do it.

Every Seventh-day Adventist young man and woman is brought face to face with this same choice. I meet scores and hundreds of them who have rid themselves of the negatives of life. They do not smoke, drink, swear, steal, or criticize. If negatives were virtues, how virtuous they would be! But let me see a man or woman stand in the midst of all these—his possessions, his friends, his joys, his happinesses, his pleasures, his ambitions, his desires—and choose between them and Christ, and I can determine whether he is Christ-centered or self-centered.

Jenny Lind, the gifted soprano of a past generation, whose golden voice enchanted both Europe and America, retired from the concert stage at the height of her success. A friend visited

her in the seclusion of her home and asked for an explanation. The Swedish Nightingale replied, "When every day made me think less of Jesus Christ, when the concert stage made Christ dim in my life, there was nothing else I *could* do. I gave up my career because I prefer to have Christ."

Where does your life center? Yes, *yours*. Do you count yourself a Christian because you have been baptized? It is not in the power of water but in the power of the Holy Spirit to change you. Are you a Christian because you observe certain days and ordinances? These things ought ye to have done, but what of the higher life with Christ? Are you a Christian because you are orthodox in the tenets of Seventh-day Adventism? These doctrines are simply educating instruments. They are merely schoolbooks by which God teaches us how to live a higher and a nobler life. But what is the governing force, the driving force, in you? Is it love for Christ and for lost humanity? Being a Seventh-day Adventist should mean to you nothing less than the discovery of God in Jesus Christ as your Lord and King. Can you make this acknowledgement?

Samuel F. B. Morse, internationally acclaimed inventor of the electric telegraph, a scientist upon whom were heaped honors such as few men have ever received, wrote these words as the acclaim of millions rang in his ears:
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H E WOULD have been the last one to make such a claim. It never would have occurred to him to say, "I founded this movement; my genius, my scholarship, my organizing ability, has established this Second Advent Movement." Listen to William Miller's own words, referring to a successful series of Bible lectures he gave in 1836: "I can only account for it by supposing that God is supporting the *old man*, weak, wicked, imperfect, and ignorant as he is, to confound the wise and mighty. . . . It makes me feel like a worm, a poor feeble creature, for it is God only that could produce such an effect on such audiences."

No, William Miller made no claims or asked for history's palms because he was the outstanding leader in the early phase of the mightiest religious movement on the globe. Perhaps he did not realize the strength to which the infant organization would grow; perhaps he had not the time or inclination to reflect, like Carlyle, that strong men create great movements or institutions as monuments to the depth of their conviction, or to reason with the materialists that man is largely the creature of his environment. Probably he was too busy doing what he thought to be his duty, following his New England conscience. And what a full life he led!

By the year 1790—he was born in 1782 in Pittsfield, Massachusetts—William Miller had already given evidence of extraordinary intellectual strength at the district school. From this school, which was open only three months a year, he derived a desire for study which a lifetime of application to books could not quench. However, he was far from a scholar in the usually accepted sense of the term. The eldest of sixteen children, he must do his part on the farm. He never went to college. For him only the scattered learning of the country schoolhouse and hours spent reading in front of a pile of blazing pine knots in the fireplace were possible. And yet, with these meager beginnings, he held audiences of educated people spellbound in New York and Boston. And when they closed their homes and their hearts to him, it was not because his message was vague or ill-expressed but because it was so clear and searching that they could not bear it.

Between 1803, when he was married, and 1831, when he began actively to preach the Second Advent message, little of outward moment occurred in his life. From 1803 to 1812 he was interested in deism. But his experiences in the war of 1812, during which he served as captain showed him the inadequacy of this belief. His mind was greatly unsettled until his conversion in 1816, when "in Jesus I found a friend. The Saviour became to me the chiefest among ten thousand; and the



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HARRY ANDERSON, ARTIST

William Miller's Modesty Would Never Have Permitted Him to Claim the Genius and Organizing Ability It Took to Establish the Second Advent Movement

William Miller

By Harold Clark

Scriptures, which before were dark and contradictory, now became the lamp to my feet and light to my path."

Now he sought for some way of anchoring his new-found faith in his soul. His desire for a solid basis for life was satisfied by his program of Bible study. Brave man! He determined to study the Scriptures thoroughly for himself, comparing passage with passage, with no outside help save a concordance. For, he reasoned, if the Bible is the Word of God, it must be consistent with itself, and must be its own best interpreter.

As this stronghearted farmer searched the Scriptures for himself, endeavoring never to leave one passage until its meaning was perfectly clear in his mind, he was confronted with a new problem: What to do with prophecy? The generally accepted view of the prophecies of the Bible, particularly those of Daniel and Revelation, was that they were not susceptible to interpretation, and that the less said about them the better. On the other hand, as a heritage from the Pharisees of the Jewish era and the thinkers of the medieval church, spiritualizing was a common practice. No part of the Sacred Writings was literally understood. There must be some hidden meaning, some metaphorical application to even the simplest narrative.

William Miller adopted the prac-

tice of interpreting Scripture literally unless it was obvious that a spiritual application was intended. He discovered that the hitherto mystical books of Daniel and Revelation could be understood; and from the former he made a discovery so compelling that it revolutionized his life and changed the religious history of the world.

In short, he came to the conclusion eight years after adopting his program of intensive Bible study that the literal return of Christ was imminent. But he did not immediately begin to propagate his new belief. He studied and pondered over it for five years until his conviction of its truth became so strong that he could be silent no longer. How could he continue his occupation of farming when the earth was to be ended in ten years? He must tell someone else!

He began by telling his friends and neighbors. He, a man of fifty, unaccustomed to speaking in public, had no intention of preaching! But it was literally thrust upon him. The members of the Baptist church to which he belonged encouraged him. Four ministers signed a statement recommending him to preach. And preach he did! Throughout New England and the middle Atlantic States he traveled at his own expense, preaching the return of Christ because he could not keep silent. Churches of all faiths were opened to him. Wherever he went

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Electric Shadows

FAN LEE squatted low before the earthen stove and poked another handful of grass into the small opening. With the other hand she grasped the handle of a small bellows and pumped vigorously for a few minutes. A bright red glow appeared, and she paused to listen anxiously with her head near the huge black caldron on the top of the stove. Still no humming sound. She added more grass and pumped again. How long it took for water to boil! She glanced nervously out of the narrow door of the black little hole which served as kitchen for a large family. Relieved at seeing no one, she squatted once more and continued to feed the flames.

Evening rice would be late again. She would be blamed. In her own home her mother had always done the cooking. Here she had tried hard, but there were always scoldings, cursings, and sometimes blows. There! The steam was pouring out from under the wooden lid at last. She lifted the cover carefully to avoid being burned and into the boiling water gently dropped the finely sliced noodles which had been spread out on a board at one side of the stove. Then the chopped vegetables—onions, celery, and cabbage—from the porcelain bowls. Just as she was about to add the few ounces of mutton she had secured at the market after careful bargaining her arm brushed the hot edge of the caldron. Involuntarily she jerked away, and the bits of meat rolled in the dirt and cinders at her feet.

Fan Lee looked down with stoic despair. Footsteps sounded on the flagstones of the courtyard. Quickly Fan Lee scuffed her foot through the loose dirt, piling it up over the spilled meat. She hastily squatted before the stove and resumed her task of pushing straw through the opening and working the bellows with a slow, regular motion.

An angry face appeared in the doorway. Lan-Chieh, her sharp-eyed sister-in-law, seemed always looking for trouble.

"Not ready yet?" she spoke sharply. "You lazy, stupid country idiot. What a sorry day for the house when they brought you here!"

"Be not angry, elder sister," Fan Lee's voice sounded calm and untroubled. "This little one is ten-parts desirous of serving you immediately. However, I have had a little trouble. While I stepped out of the kitchen to get some water not long ago, the dog came in and ate the meat I had prepared to cook with the vegetables,

By MARGARET ROSSITER WHITE

and it was too late to try to get some more. I am sorry. But soon you will eat."

She did not look up but continued pumping. The tones had been honeyed, but in her heart were bitterness and hate.

How she loathed these people, all of them. Not at first—for when she had come three months ago as a bride she had brought a heart of love and friendliness. But when she had found coldness and distrust she had gradually shrunken within herself.

Many times the village of her childhood and her country home, so often ridiculed by these city dwellers came into her mind. It seemed years since she had been a girl, carefree and gay, enjoying the sweet air from the fields, playing with her sisters, or helping her father in the rice paddy. She loved the outdoor life, taking pleasure in the strength of her body, the pure physical enjoyment of work and play, of food and sleep. And when she was tired and hungry, it was comforting to see the faces of her family around the small table, barely lighted by the flickering lamp but happy and contented as they ate the steaming food her mother had prepared.

But Fan Lee was not one to spend much time in dreaming or in meditation. She hurried now to finish the meal and serve it to her husband's family.

She had expected the duties of a household when she became the wife of the youngest son, but she had not known that his sister and aging mother would count her as a general servant in the family. She glanced contemptuously at the frail face of one of the children bent over his bowl. He had come running in to his mother a few minutes before, crying over some slight injury received in a game with the other boys, but she had answered impatiently, "Don't bother me; go to Fan Lee with your troubles."

She had comforted him

as best she could, but Fan Lee herself was heartsick and lonely. If there were only someone who cared, someone to talk to—but Lan-Chieh was too old and cross, and Mei Mei was too young, although of all the family she had been the friendliest. Mei Mei was a gay little thing, bubbling over with fun and frolic, much like Fan Lee's own little sister at home. Fan Lee liked to listen to her tell her brothers and sisters about her school and classmates and strange and fascinating activities. Lucky Mei Mei, to go to school.

The meal was finished now, and Mei Mei was chattering with her brothers and sisters. Fan Lee, while clearing off the table, caught one sentence which interested her very much.

"And tonight," Mei Mei was saying, "they are going to show *electric shadows* at the Good News Chapel on the corner. Yen Teacher told us to invite our parents and families."

Electric shadows! Fan Lee had heard of magic pictures as large as people, on a white wall or screen, but she had never seen any.

Mei Mei's father and mother did not seem particularly interested, for they often attended the cinema down near the post office.



Fan Lee Had Never Before Noticed the Hideousness of the Kitchen God

"Are the pictures moving or still?" inquired one of the older brothers.

"These pictures are not moving, but are beautifully colored," said Mei Mei. "They show the life of a famous foreigner."

"Probably some imperialist propaganda," Mei Mei's father said contemptuously, and that seemed to end the matter.

But Fan Lee was curious. She had never seen any electric shadows, and here was her opportunity. It was not fear of being forbidden but dread of ridicule that made her decide to slip out without telling anyone. She cleared away the dishes and tidied the tiny kitchen before she left.

Fan Lee knew where to go, for she walked past the Good News Hall every day when she went to market. It was on the corner of the Fourth Great Horse Road and the broad Main Line. Now the doors were open wide, and two neatly dressed young men were standing near welcoming the people and inviting them in. Fan Lee was quite surprised when one of them spoke to her.

"Good evening, Tai Tai. Welcome to our meeting. We have a message of great importance for you. Please come in." She enjoyed the momentary sensation of being the guest at some royal feast.

The chapel was quite plain inside. The benches were nearly filled. But Fan Lee found a seat on the end of a bench near the aisle. People kept crowding in, and lined the space at the back and the sides. Soon there was no more room, and the door was closed.

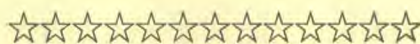
Fan Lee looked around her curiously. She was very much surprised to notice that sitting beside her on the bench was one of those strange-appearing foreigners with blonde hair and blue eyes whom she had only glimpsed at a distance previously. She was so absorbed in studying her and staring at her peculiar clothes that she missed what the young man was saying from the platform at the front of the hall. There was so much noise and confusion that she hardly noticed when the singing began. She began to wonder whether Mei Mei had not made some mistake about the electric shadows.

After the singing another man stood up in front and began talking. Fan Lee did not try to listen, but settled placidly on the bench to wait. She did not mind waiting. It was warm here, and so many bodies pressed closely together in the small room gave her a feeling of comfort and security.

Suddenly the lights went out, and in front of her on the wall appeared a large bright picture. Fan Lee stared fascinated. The man was still talking, but Fan Lee could not concentrate on both looking and listening when it was all so new and strange. The pic-

ture was beautiful—so clear and bright and full of color. The people were all those queer foreigners, but even stranger than any she had seen. The men had long hair and beards, and were draped in peculiar robes of red and blue and brown. Fan Lee's eyes darted from one face to another, seeking for some clue to its meaning. Then suddenly the picture vanished, and in its stead were columns of writing. Since Fan Lee could not read, her attention wandered back to the woman sitting next to her. The woman glanced at her and smiled.

Another picture, then more writing. The picture flashed on and off. They were curious, they were wonderful,



*Men do less than they
ought unless they do all
that they can.*

—CARLYLE.



but Fan Lee had not the faintest notion what they were all about. Not that she was disappointed at all, for Mei Mei had said they were about some foreigner, and she had not come to hear about him anyway. She merely wanted to find out what electric shadows were like. She wished they were all pictures and no writing.

Fan Lee had never been trained to concentrate her attention for any length of time. After a while she barely glanced at the pictures, but looked around the room at the people and wondered whether she were missed at home.

It was a shock when she looked back at the screen and saw a terrible, horrible picture. She could hardly believe what she saw. It was a man hanging with arms outstretched, nailed to a large wooden cross. Blood was on his face and hands. But the expression on his face! There were anguish, pain, sadness—and something else which Fan Lee could not understand. She drew in her breath sharply.

"Who's that?" she demanded abruptly of the foreign white lady.

"Why—don't you know?—haven't you been listening?" She seemed strangely perturbed. "Why, that's Jesus, He—"

"He must be a criminal," Fan Lee spoke partly in wonder, partly in disgust.

"Oh, no! You don't understand," the white woman exclaimed. "He's your friend; He died for you. He came to this world to save you. Listen; the man is explaining!"

"But He's dying, isn't He?" said Fan Lee. "How then—?"

She rose. She had seen enough pictures. They might miss her at home. She pushed through the crowd near the door. Not knowing exactly why, she glanced back at the screen once more.

That face! There it was again. Only this time the Man was not on a cross but was sitting glorified on a throne, high up on billowy white clouds. What a strange thing! What could it mean? For the first time she felt a mild curiosity about the Man. "He is your friend." The words of the white lady returned to her mind. And then, strangely enough, just as she stepped out of the building, ready to run down the street, there was this same queer person beside whom she had been seated. She was looking directly at Fan Lee and smiling.

"Come back tomorrow," she said. "I will look for you. I would like to tell you more about Jesus." Her words had an unfamiliar accent, but Fan Lee could understand them. She stared stupidly, made no reply, and turned away.

"Why?" she said to herself on her way home. "Why? What has all that to do with me?"

Fan Lee had never spent much time thinking about things. She had worked and played, eaten and slept, without much pondering about life or questioning of fate. She had never read a book or heard a radio; she had never been anywhere outside her native village until three months ago, when she had come to live with the family of her husband. Here her life had been much circumscribed. And so the pictures she had seen might easily have been forgotten amid the cares of life and the daily round of household duties.

But the next morning when Fan Lee was sweeping up the dirt and cinders around the built-in earthen stove she discovered the pieces of meat buried there. She scooped them up and threw them into the fire. But, remembering the old injunctions against waste, she glanced up superstitiously to the kitchen god, a large paper print pasted high above the stove. A familiar figure, but she had never really seen him before. Now she looked at him carefully.

The tawdry colors showing through the soot and grime revealed the outline of a distorted, grotesque figure. She had never noticed how ugly and hideous he was until now. The clear pictures and harmonious colors which she had seen the night before came once more to her mind. What a contrast!

Again she could see the face of the Man on the throne—the clear beautiful colors; the glory and the majesty!

"He is your friend," the lady had said.

She would go back and learn more about Him.

ARMOR clinked and saddles creaked as a body of warriors rode up a bare, rounded hill in western France. At the summit the knight in command raised his arm, and his companions reined in their horses. One of the group, a lad not yet out of his teens, directed his mount to the side of a grave man who sat quietly among the talkative warriors. It was a mild October day; the ride had been hard, and as the lad drew up, the man removed his helmet and sat with perspiration glistening on his bare scalp. The man was a tonsured priest.

He was in the company of fighting men, but not merely to give the sacraments when called for. He had come to fight by the side of the knights of Aquitaine, assembled to join with the German Franks in waging war upon the hated Moslems. It was to him a holy cause.

The sun was setting as the group of knights paused on the hilltop north of Poitiers. That morning in the year 732 they had left their stronghold to gather as quickly as possible at their rendezvous. An army was assembling to stop the Moors, who seemed about to conquer France as they had conquered Spain.

GREAT EVENTS OF HISTORY

Islam Turned Back

By FRANK HERMAN YOST

The lad spoke. "Father, who are these Mohammedans? Tell me about them."

The priest turned his wide-set, thoughtful eyes upon his inquirer. "Well, lad, they are not bad men, according to their light. But they are mistaken men. They do not believe in Jesus, the Son of God, and are seeking to destroy His religion. A century and a half ago Mohammed was born in Arabia. His people were restless, looking about them for room to expand. They were idolators, worshipping as gods the powers of nature and many false spirits, and were unfortunately superstitious, even more so than our Christian people are. The Arabs

believed that whatever took place the stars and the spirits had foredoomed it.

"Mohammed traveled about with caravans. He listened to Jewish and Christian stories. He claimed to have visions, and followers he had acquired began to set down on almost anything at hand, even pieces of broken pottery his religious thoughts and ideas. Then he began to exhort his people to give up their idols and worship only one great supreme god."

Just at this moment the knight who was leading the band, satisfied with his look over the country, turned his horse down into a little valley, where a

villa gave the tired riders hope of shelter for the night. The company was made welcome, and shields, swords, and helmets were laid aside. After the horses had been cared for and supper eaten, the priest read the vesper prayers. The men wrapped themselves in cloaks taken from their saddlebags, and lay down on the floor of the great hall to sleep.

But the priest stepped out into the open air, and the boy, who was squire to the knightly leader, followed as soon as his duties were attended to.

The priest continued his story of Mohammed where he had left off.

"Mohammed insisted there is but one god, and reserved for him exclusively the Arabic name of God, Allah. Noah, Abraham, Moses, even Jesus of Nazareth, were, Mohammed taught, all great prophets, sent by Allah, but Mohammed himself was the greatest of all. He taught that Jesus Christ was not the Son of God or the Saviour of the world.

"Soon Mohammed had a large following. They became militant, and shortly after his death started a great career of conquest. All Arabia, Palestine, Syria, and the East where old Babylonia had been fell before their attacks. Egypt and north Africa were taken, and vast areas of land and millions of Christian people came under Arabic Moslem rule. The Christians were not persecuted merely because of their faith. The Moslems were fierce and warlike, but only Christians who resisted suffered. The policy of the Saracens was "tribute or conversion," and most of the conquered people either paid the one or professed the other. Those who refused compliance either way died. Christianity was seriously hampered, and in some places disappeared.

"In the year 711, just a few years before you were born," continued the priest in his droning Latin, "the Moslem Arabs, with Berber tribes conquered by them, crossed from North Africa into Spain. They defeated the Visigoths so easily that we were all shocked. Now these Moors have conquered most of Spain, have crossed the Pyrenees, and have taken the lands of the Visigoths in the Narbonne in the south of our beloved Gaul [France].

"A few years ago the Berbers re-

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Savage Moorish Hordes Poured Across Spain Into France Until Routed by Furiously Resisting Franks

ALFRED PARIS, ARTIST



KEYSTONE PHOTO

My Wife and I Looked Up the Texts the Minister Had Used and Learned the Truths of God's Word for Ourselves

A Happiest Day

By HERMAN EISINGER

THE last date on the calendar had finally arrived and in a few short hours a New Year would be ushered in. I felt that once more I should make the usual New Year's resolution, but what would I resolve to do. Something ambitious? Something beautiful? Some new training? Or what? I was skeptical, for I knew what had happened in the past—the New Year's resolutions were soon forgotten.

Upon the awakening from the dream, my wife and I again found ourselves face to face with the hard facts of life, and we were rumbling along in the same old tracks. No change took place in our environment with the step from the old year into the new. Again there was before us the dark monster of insecurity and the unexplainable fear of the future to be wrestled with, and there still remained in our hearts the deep desire to find some way or means to rid ourselves of this dreadful feeling of uncertainty.

We had learned in the past few years that our planning ahead was practically useless, for the desired results were often not obtained. I had tried to overcome insecurity through self-education by correspondence courses, to enlarge my capacity to earn a livelihood. I also sought self-improvement in other ways. At one time my wife and I were members

of a class where philosophical principles were taught, but this also brought disappointments. We knew that there was something missing in our lives, but knew not what.

For quite some time we had subscribed to a Sunday newspaper, and we enjoyed reading the humorous short stories during the quiet Sunday afternoon hours. On the first Sunday after New Year 1944, there appeared on the last page an advertisement of a Bible lecture. The subject was: "The People's Fear of a Colossal Something. What Will Come?"

These words made a deep impression on us and we felt as if they were written especially for us. At the moment we felt that if we would attend we would find a solution to our own perplexity regarding the future. We had never before heard of lectures on a Bible subject such as this, and we both decided not to miss it. It was chilly and cold that Sunday evening but we attended the lecture and it was indeed gratifying, as the speaker portrayed a vivid picture of the world's illness and of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. As we learned that there were more lectures to follow, the themes of which were even more interesting, we decided to do our utmost to attend them all. We were under the impression that this evangelist

would be in our town for a limited time only and would then move on to other places.

We greatly enjoyed the congenial atmosphere at these lectures, and we always arrived early in the hall to join in the singing of the beautiful song service hymns. The lights were dimmed and pictures of heavenly scenes, upon which were imprinted the text of the hymns, were thrown on a screen just back of the speaker's platform. Every lecture had a wonderful lesson for us and filled our hearts with inspiration and hope. The forceful and convincing way of the speaker held our interest all during the series. We were grateful that the lectures were printed in condensed form and mailed to us for this gave us the opportunity to look up the texts and learn for ourselves the truths of God's Word.

About Easter time, all those who attended the meetings were presented with a little booklet entitled: "The Marked Bible." We read this book with great interest, but we began to wonder and were perplexed, for in its pages we became acquainted for the first time with the Seventh-day Adventists and the matter of the seventh-day Sabbath.

The pastor and his wife always greeted each listener personally as they left the hall after the meeting. Once I conversed with them on the matter of the Sabbath. I asked questions and expressed my doubts, and explained the difficulties I would encounter if I should keep the seventh day, but they answered: "It will be difficult but

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Campus Gleanings

PACIFIC UNION COLLEGE

Angwin, California

CHARLES UTT Reporting:

BECAUSE of his interest in Seventh-day Adventist schools from his acquaintance with them and their work in China, General Feng Yu-hsiang, on his recent visit to the United States, took advantage of the opportunity he had while in San Francisco early in November to visit Pacific Union College. With his party, the general was welcomed by the college band, and after making a tour of the campus, he spoke to the assembled teachers and students at the chapel hour.

The general was accompanied by his grandnephew, Colonel Feng Chi-fa, and his interpreter, the Rev. E. J. Winans, of the Methodist Mission in China. Others on the rostrum were President Percy W. Christian, Dean Charles E. Weniger, Pastor W. H. Branson, vice-president of the General Conference for the China Division, and Dr. P. E. Quimby, former head of the theological department, who is now returning to China after several years in this country, to resume work in that field.

Pastor Branson, when introducing the general, said: "General Feng is one of the great men of China. I remember in my younger days reading about him in the papers and magazines. He was called the great Christian general of China, and I thought, What a wonderful thing it is to have a man like that exerting a powerful influence in favor of Christianity over the people of the great Chinese nation."

"I think I can speak for all the missionaries who are here and those who are not here who have been in China when I say that it has been because of the influence of men like General Feng and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek that the missionaries have had such a favorable opportunity to carry on their work in China. They not only have had no opposition from government men but have had great co-operation; and that has been greatly appreciated by us all."

After thanking his audience for their hearty welcome, the general said through his interpreter: "I must also congratulate you on this wonderful opportunity you have of studying and learning in these wonderful surroundings. As we approached the hilltop through the forest among the fields and the vineyards, seeing the harvest of crops and seeing the bounties of nature surrounding you, and then

came here and saw this wonderful view—to live in such surroundings is to be in heaven. You are studying in paradise, and we expect you to do a heavenly job."

After relating some experiences of China during the eight difficult war years, he continued:

"As I studied into the Christian work of the missionaries and saw what they were doing, I realized that one of the basic elements was the educational program. But I found they were not only teaching principles and teaching ideals; they were teaching their stu-

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EMMANUEL MISSIONARY COLLEGE

Berrien Springs, Michigan

PAUL GIBBS Reporting:

AHUSH fell over our college chapel. The thousand students of Emmanuel Missionary College were following phrase by phrase the challenge of the mission field as stated by their president, Dr. Alvin W. Johnson.

For a week Pastor W. H. Anderson, veteran of a half century's missionary labors in South Africa, had been speaking in assemblies and in Sabbath services on the simple text, "Go ye." It was clear to all that Pastor Anderson interprets these two monosyllables—forceful as they are simple—to mean emphatically what they say, and so to require little by way of elaboration.

But Pastor Anderson had described in detail the sort of folk who make successful missionaries. He had pointed

out that the missionary must be capable of getting along with others, of doing practical things like cooking, sewing, raising vegetables, and building houses. He must be able to endure loneliness. Above all, the missionary (this point had been properly stressed) must know how to love dirty, unlovely natives and must know how to lead them to Christ.

To these characterizations had been added counsel for prospective missionaries. "Keep well. Guard your health," pleaded this sturdy, white-haired man. "Youth of America are going soft. More than forty per cent of Seventh-day Adventist young people who receive mission appointments must be released because they cannot pass medical examination."

"Go ye," Pastor Anderson repeated in the final meeting of this series, on last November 23. This terse command had been the guiding star in his week-long series of discourses. Among his hearers there had been searching of heart, weighing of motives. It was in recognition of all this that Dr. Johnson stated the challenge of missions to the assembled college family. The immediate response was gratifying. Almost in a body the students stood—and all their teachers stood with them.

Devotion to the cause of gospel missions is the oldest tradition of Emmanuel Missionary College. Its manifestation on this occasion was gratifying rather than surprising, for it was consistent with other and more tangible evidences manifest on several occasions during the school year.

(Continued on page 22)



H. D. WHEELER

General Feng Yu-hsiang, of China, With Chinese Students Who Are Attending Pacific Union College

IN THE fall of 1937 a Western Air-line local, en route from Los Angeles to Fresno, was unable to land at its destination because of low impenetrable fog. The pilot received orders to try San Francisco. Halfway to San Francisco he was ordered back to Fresno, where the fog was clearing. The pilot turned and picked up what he thought was the Fresno beam. (The Fresno and Reno beams are said to be almost identical in sound.) Not realizing his error, the pilot calmly followed the Reno beam, flying at 9,000 feet, high enough to carry him over the coast range, but much too low to put the ship over the High Sierras.

Near Wawona Junior Camp, in Yosemite National Park, forest rangers, with the help of searching planes, located the wreck a day and a half later. Of the fourteen aboard the plane, not one had survived the terrific impact.

Souvenir hunters, braving the chilling blasts, traveled up the mountain crest on foot or by horse to claim their share of the wreckage. Bill, a friend of mine, was among those hardy few. With the idea of someday returning to the scene, he buried part of his prize, consisting of two propeller hubs and four pistons in fair condition. It was not until the fall of 1944, seven years later, that he got his chance for another trip.

"How would you like to go on a trip through the wilds of Yosemite, Ed?" Bill asked me one lovely September day.

I jumped at the opportunity. Without further discussion we began preparations. We serviced Bill's car, tossed in some blankets, put on our heavy clothes, and took off. One stop was made for a half dozen cans of beans for our rations the next day and a half. We decided to spend the night at Glacier Point and sleep in the car. Upon arrival at the point we were just in time for a glorious sunset. It stamped itself in my memory so distinctly that I have merely to close my eyes to relive that moment of sheer beauty.

We arose the next morning before sunrise. At first there was just a ribbon of red along the tops of the mountains, then came the rays, stretching upward and outward as if grasping for a piece of sky. At last Old Sol himself winked at us from behind stalwart Half Dome, and a new day was born.

At seven o'clock we arrived at Wawona Ranger Camp and ate our breakfast of beans while waiting for someone to open the stables. We rented horses for the remainder of the trip. At about eight-thirty we were saddled up ready to go.

Four miles we traveled almost straight up. The trail wound back and forth like a giant spring pressed flat against the side of the mountain. At the summit we found ourselves on a rocky ledge overlooking the valley,

OUR TIMES ARE IN *God's Hands*

By EDWIN A. KARMAN

We watched our trail snake down and lose itself in the forest below. A small stream satisfied our thirst as well as that of our mounts.

As we rode between the sturdy redwoods I experienced the same feeling I had when I first walked down Wall Street in New York, with its skyscrapers reaching for the heavens on both sides of the street. One was man-made and ugly; the other, natural and serene. It seemed hard to realize that some of these giants had been standing

ever ridden! After the battle of mind over this animated matter, we continued onward and upward.

One mile to go. We were now above timber line, and the drizzle we encountered changed to fine sleet. We led our horses over the solid rock to made it easier for them. Grouse were quite numerous in this region. They stood and watched us with emotionless expressions as we passed.

Suddenly Bill stopped. Up ahead and to our left were the first traces



LLOYD E. SMITH

Beautiful Yosemite Valley Near Where the Wreck Occurred

stolidly there since the time of Christ.

At noon we stopped by a small stream to rest our horses and eat our lunch of beans. Nothing could have tasted better, seven thousand feet above sea level and about eight miles from civilization! Bill had the amusing experience of staring a small trout right in the face as he knelt to get a drink. We were not worried about the water's being polluted up there. It tasted twice as good as any I have ever had from a faucet.

The horses were probably used to coming only as far as that stream, for they were very reluctant to continue onward. We had to show them that we were their masters; in my case that was almost an impossibility because the horse knew just as well as I did that this was the first time I had

of the wreck. Twisted pieces of metal bore a mutilated testimony of the terrific force with which the giant liner had struck the solid rock ledge on which we were now standing. Here was further proof of the vague uncertainty of life, even amid the magnificence of our Creator's handiwork.

Up ahead was one of the motors. Its double bank of cylinders had been shorn apart as cleanly as if sliced by some superknife. The forward section and one wing had battered themselves into an indescribable mass of junk. The other wing was below us about a quarter mile away. The after section and tail assembly had been dynamited by the insurance company to prevent salvage. From the looks of things I doubted whether anyone

(Continued on page 20)



TONK, tonk, tonk, tonk." The heat in India was getting unbearable along toward the first of May. I was trying to get a snatch of sleep after lunch while the children were quiet and no servants were shuffling around. But here was a new noise to contend with. Who could be doing that monotonous hammering on a brass dish?

The discovery of the little green culprit was the beginning of my interest in Indian birds. I learned that as the heat increases the wearisome tonk, tonk of the coppersmith barbet persists simultaneously.

The next birds I saw were doves. Herbie told me there were seven varieties of doves. I borrowed his book on birds and found that the most common one around Ranchi is the little brown dove.

My husband and I espied another stranger on our early morning walk—a shiny, black saucy-looking bird sitting upright on a branch, swinging his rather long forked tail. We hurried home to look him up in the book and found that we had met royalty—a king crow. At that time I wondered why he had been called a king crow. He is no relation to the crow, is only half the size, and is not nearly so troublesome or dirty as a crow. But he really is well named. Besides being an acrobat of the air and having a voice like a jew's-harp, this fellow is afraid of nothing on earth, in the air, or under the earth. He will pick a fight with the biggest buzzard. There is a large family here this year. When our little black dog follows us down the driveway near the nest, the birds dart down at her, threatening to pull the very hair off her back. They are commonly seen perched on the back of sheep or buffalo, ridding the latter of grubs.

Mynas are about equivalent to a robin redbreast, but not so colorful, more noisy, and nearly as numerous as sparrows are in the United States. They are troublesome about the garden, eating peas, tomatoes, and fruit. But mynas are easily tamed and sometimes are able to talk.

In the summer we hear the call of the koel, or hawk cuckoo. His call sounds a shrill "You're ill, you're ill, you're ill." He has a cousin, the Indian cuckoo, commonly called the

Next-Door Neighbors

By BETTY HOAG

brain-fever bird because of his wearisome cry of "brain fever, brain fever." Both birds start at the bottom of the scale and end up on the very topmost note. These birds can make a real nuisance of themselves, almost convincing one that he really is ill or is afflicted with brain fever.

The lapwing of the Bible is an interesting bird. We call him hoopoe, no doubt because of his call. When I

like redbreast, the closer to the house he can live, the better he likes it. One enjoys hearing his merry song. A favorite sleeping place is up in the corner of the veranda on a hook. Before the bungalow was screened, these birds used to come hopping inside on the floor. One year when we came home from the hills we found a robin's nest built right next to the front door on the top of a rolled-up *chattai* that had been placed in the corner. Contrary to our fears, the bird stayed, hatched the eggs, and reared her family. Although she was disturbed many times each day, always the moment we disappeared she was back on her nest.

But the bird I love is the lively little bulbul, a common, cheerful garden bird. Take off a cardinal's crimson coat, cut his size by one fourth, put a cloak of brown on him with a splotch of white across the wings and a deep red spot under his tail, and you have a pretty good-looking bulbul. He is definitely a happy-dispositioned bird. Perhaps it is because his home life is unruffled. He and Mrs. Bulbul mate for life. They are very much attached to each other and are always together. I have heard him pour out his heart to her in song that few canaries can equal. Each year we find the nest in a bush or tree, built up just high enough so that we have to stand on tiptoe to see into it. The first sound that greets me in the morning is his cheerful "picaroo" (his Hindi name). Many times through the day my heart is lighter and my task easier because of a glimpse of his swinging little body or the sound of his tinkling song.

The last sight in the evening is his silhouette against the sky as he gets ready finally to settle down for the night. I think he hates to go to bed as much as my Danny boy does. His actions seem to say, "After all, life was made to enjoy. Live it full of happiness everyday." Really, who could help loving a bubbling bulbul?



*Birds sing on a bare bough;
Oh, believer, canst not
thou?*

—C. H. SPURGEON.

saw a medium-sized, dull-colored bird folding and flourishing a strikingly large fan-shaped crest as he strutted about the yard systematically covering the ground in search of insects, I knew at once it was the hoopoe.

There are slender-bodied, darting little green bee eaters perched on telephone wires. And beautifully colored Indian rollers. Yes, and white, stork-like cattle egrets that follow the cattle around.

The robin is here, too, a friendly little black fellow with white-tipped wings and a bright crimson patch under his nearly upright tail which bobs up and down continuously. Perhaps he gets the name robin because,

Mariyya and the Devil Worshipers

By Mrs. C. A. Schutt

THE sweeping arms of the coconut palms swayed in the hot evening breeze drifting in from the ocean, seeming to catch the rhythm of the throbbing drums beaten by the hideously decorated devil worshipers.

Around a bamboo hut painted white to protect the spirits inside, dancers and priests waved their curious fetishes and strutted in the hypnotic spell that usually accompanied their devil worship.

But inside, a bright-faced youth sat serenely, his face fairly shining with intelligence, in contrast with the distorted, painted features of the dancers prancing and yelling outside to the beating of the drums.

Mariyya was not afraid of the devil or all his worshipers, for he was a Christian. It had not always been so, for Mariyya had come from a village just a five-minute walk from the mission compound where there was not a single Christian besides himself. But he had lived at the Narsapur mission in the West Godavary District long enough to have learned to love and worship the living God.

This night Mariyya had planned to prove the power of the God of heaven over the powers of darkness, for he had willingly submitted himself to the devil worshipers as a test victim. At the mission station he and his Christian friends had knelt in prayer and asked that he should not be harmed during the heathen ritual. Mariyya was confident that God had heard their prayers.

"I am not afraid," he said, "for I know my God is stronger than theirs that they have made of mud from the canal!"

The nude dancers and the priests, clothed only in loincloths, filed into the hut at last and formed a close ring about the boy to perform their most violent rites. It was now that he should fall prostrate, muttering and helpless with the devil spirit within him. Had not the persons they had designated when holding such a service always done so?

The dancers glanced at the boy curiously from under their masks of disfiguring paint, but they could see no change in his obvious calm indifference. They increased their tempo feverishly, sweat from every pore running freely over their bodies. On and on they danced, one hour, two hours, but still nothing happened. Mariyya sat placidly amid the clamor.

Suddenly the missionary who had been waiting outside appeared at the door and, raising his hand, called to the priests who were now gnashing their teeth in desperation. They stopped when he spoke to them in their own language.

He told them that Mariyya was a Christian and did not believe in the inanimate gods they sought to worship. They could not hope to succeed in bringing evil upon one protected by the all-powerful God, who had made them and all other living creatures.

Incredulous at defeat, the panting dancers and priests listened while the missionary tried to tell them why they had failed, and of the loving God who does not require His subjects to afflict their bodies as they were doing. Then Mariyya stood up smiling and was allowed to step from the circle and return to the mission.

Despite the nullifying of their devil worship so far as this boy was concerned, another subject was chosen that very night, and the ceremony continued until early the next morning, when the evil spirit finally entered the one they had selected. But it was not Mariyya, for he was sleeping peacefully in his hut.

In January of 1946 I again saw Mariyya. He had chosen the Christian name of Jacob, and is now one of our best nurses in the Giffard Mission Hospital at Nuzvid, South India.

I would never have known Mariyya's village was the same I had seen several years before. I received one of the thrills of a lifetime when I saw the change! In the center of the settle-

ment, where the heathen hut of the devil worshipers had been erected, there now stands a neat little church, and near by is a large church school. Every child of school age can read and write, and even the old village women are clean. When they greeted me with their intelligent and smiling faces I realized as never before what the power of Christianity and the love of the true God can do for even the most ignorant, superstitious heathen.

Young people, India needs more workers! Many villages just like this one are pleading for the help that you can give. Why not dedicate your life to answering this call?

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The Flowers are Faded

(Continued from page 3)

lent possibilities for advancements."

"I know you are clever, Clayton," she coaxed, "but what will this position offer you?"

"What will it offer me? A salary within a few years which I could never equal at the end of twenty years in the mission field, a position among the educated and socially prominent in a large city, an opportunity to observe the tactics of one of the best advertising managers in the business, and a

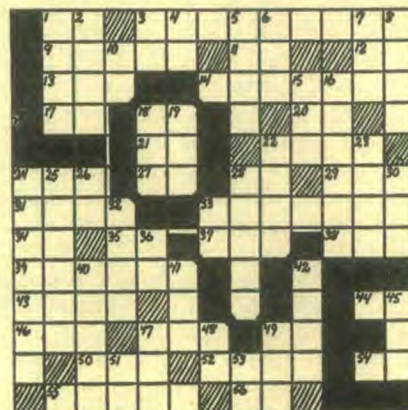
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Love

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." John 13:34.

Across

1. "I . . . the Lord"
3. "Thou shalt love thy . . . as thyself"
9. "ye . . . mint and rue and all manner of herbs"
11. Last part of a shoe
12. Japanese measure
13. Compass point
14. "These things I . . . you, that ye love one another"
17. Road
18. "That ye love one another, . . . I have loved you"
20. "called the altar . . ."
21. Namely
22. "By this shall all men . . . that ye are My disciples"
24. Asteron
27. "If a man love . . . , he will keep My words"
28. Selenium
29. Born
31. Short sleep (pl.)
33. "But I say unto you, Love your . . ."
34. Old Testament



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35. "children of your Father which is . . . heaven"
37. Light knock
38. "given to hospitality, . . . to teach"
39. "all . . . whatsoever ye would that men should do to you"
43. Belonging to her
44. " . . . good to them that hate you"
46. Age
47. "that ye also love . . . another"
49. "For . . . ye love them which love you, what thank have ye"
50. Beverage
52. "Greater . . . hath no man than this"
54. "do . . . even so to them"
55. "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy . . ."
56. Second note in scale

Down

1. A chief of the people
2. "with all thy soul, and with all thy . . ."
3. Northeastern State
4. Eye (Scot.)
5. "And do . . . , and lend"
6. "and touched the . . . of His garment"
7. Kind of vase
8. "I will overthrow the chariots, and those that . . . in them"
10. Tellurium
15. "And as ye would that . . . should do to you"
16. Ancient festivals in honor of Adonis
18. Endeavor
19. "for they shall . . . God"
22. "If ye love Me, . . . My commandments"
23. "Blessed are ye that . . . now: for ye shall laugh"
24. "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one . . ."
25. "If God were your . . . , ye would love Me"
26. Township
28. "For as a . . . shall it come on all them"
30. Is (Fr.)
32. "Her . . . which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much"
33. Ancestor of Jesus
36. No good
40. Angry
41. "he that loveth . . . or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me"
42. "that a man lay down his . . . for his friends"
45. " . . . no man any thing, but to love one another"
47. "And all that handle the . . ."
48. Hebrew deity
49. I have (cont.)
51. Each
53. " . . . if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent"

(Solution on page 22)

chance to take over a portion of his work when he moves on."

Annette started to speak, but Clayton, avoiding the hurt look in her eyes, continued, "What does your choice of a future offer me? An opportunity to sweat out twenty-four hours a day among ignorant heathen for whom I care nothing, on a salary I could beat on the job I held last summer."

"But, Clayton dear, you can't compare choices for a lifework in the way you have just done."

"How else can you compare except by listing facts and weighing values realistically?"

"Oh, sometimes I wonder if we want the same things from life."

"Why did I not know then?" Annette asked herself. "Maybe he is not what I want." The thought of the room-grade slip in her hand drew a parallel in her mind between the faded flowers and the faded love. "How the many worship talks on room care fit my case," she thought as she quoted, "The thing to do with flowers is to remove them as soon as they begin to fade."

But there had been other incidents to warn her. Why had she not seen them?

One Saturday evening she had been late in dressing for the program. Little Mary Ward was homesick and came in for a talk. Agnes Bradley had a headache and needed an aspirin. As a final straw she found a hole in her only pair of hose. Most of the girls had departed when Annette descended the steps, to find Clayton pacing the empty lobby.

"Do you realize that you have kept me waiting twenty minutes?" Clayton tapped the crystal of his watch.

"Yes, and I am very sorry. Please forgive me, Clayton dear, but the delay was unavoidable."

Clayton fell into sullen silence. Only Annette's lively chatter and winning smile were able to coax him into civility by the end of the evening.

Annette shuddered, remembering how Clayton's disagreeable pouts had ruined many lovely parties for her. "I could have spoiled my whole life keeping him in good spirits," she thought. Again the parallel: "Never allow faded flowers to mar the beauty of an otherwise attractive room." Her dates with Clayton did not seem so happy as she looked back on them now.

"I should have been glad," she thought, "since I had not the courage to realize it myself, that one day he said, 'Annette, it's all over. I am not angry with you. You have done nothing to displease me. The trouble is, I suppose, that I just do not care as I thought I did, as a man should for the girl he plans to marry. It is only fair to you that I tell you so. I hope we shall always be friends.'"

Within two weeks he was engaged to Alice Martin.

"The flowers had faded," thought Annette as she brought her simile to a close. Almost in agony she had watched them die. She had clipped and pruned in an effort to prolong their life. Even when all life was gone, she had kept them, ignoring the fact that they were dead. In the end someone else had had to tell her. Annette felt strangely free as she placed the two mementos in a dusty book in the old trunk, allowed the top to fall, and turned the key in the lock.

Three weeks after school started Annette met Robert.

Robert was a quiet, ambitious theological senior whose central thought, until he met Annette, was of his plans and dreams to be a dean of men and help other young people in school as he had been helped. With Annette he enlarged his dream to hold a place for two young people to give service to the Master.

In April, several Aprils later, Annette sorted through the forgotten books in an old trunk stored in the attic. As she lifted an out-of-date biology book to the "discarded" stack, a pale rose fell from the pages. As Annette picked it up, the faded token performed its appointed task, and she remembered. "I wonder where he is now," she mused. From the same book dropped the treasured room-grade slip with its neatly penciled remark.

"Yes, the flowers faded as flowers do, to make a place for new and sweeter ones." She held the rose to the light tenderly.

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A Faith to Share

(Continued from page 7)

"To Christ indeed belongs the glory. I have evidence enough that without Him I could do nothing; all my strength is there, and I fervently ascribe to Him all the praise. If I am to have influence, I desire to have it for Christ, to use it for His cause; if wealth, for Christ; if more knowledge, for Christ. I speak sincerely when I say I fear prosperity lest I should be proud and forget whence it comes."

This church charges every Seventh-day Adventist youth in the name of Christ before a world that largely has lost sight of all that is divine: Reject that doubtful, uncertain, insecure, shadowy disbelief that finds in the Man of Nazareth only the world's greatest teacher, humanity's most courageous leader, history's most convincing preacher, the best inspiration for purity and virtue. If Christ is only this to you and nothing more, then you do not know the Christ that this world needs. You must push all this aside and cry, "My Lord and my God, the king of my life, my Saviour, the Possessor of my heart and my affec-

tions, to Thee I give my life, my all." It is this Christ-centeredness that you need, that the world needs.



The Smithsonian Commemorative

JAMES SMITHSON (1765-1829), an Englishman who never visited America, bequeathed his property "to the United States of America to found at Washington under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." But it was a



number of years before the American Government saw fit to accept this gift. On August 10, 1846, President James K. Polk affixed his signature to an act of Congress for the establishment of this institution. And in 1946 the United States Post Office Department issued the three-cent maroon stamp bearing a picture of the Smithsonian Institution to commemorate the centenary of this event.

In the Arts and Industrial Building of this national museum there is one of the finest exhibitions of stamps to be found in the United States. In 1888 Mrs. Spencer F. Baird made the first donation to this collection on the anniversary of the death of her husband, a former secretary of the institution. In 1908 the late David W. Cromwell, of New York City, presented his splendid collection of 20,000 specimens to the museum. From 1912 to the present time the institution has received, through the Post Office Department, all the new issues of every country belonging to the Universal Postal Union, as well as thousands of specimens from private collections.

At present the Government collection in this establishment contains more than 78,000 varieties of stamps. With a few exceptions, those from the United States are unused specimens. Imperforate stamps are displayed in blocks of four or horizontal pairs. Among the most unusual items in the United States section are the prestamp covers, the cut square envelopes with their many rare die vari-

eties, cardboard proofs, and general Confederate issues.

James Smithson was buried in Genoa, Italy. Later his remains were brought to the United States and interred in a small mortuary chapel near the main entrance of the Smithsonian Institution.

Islam Turned Back

(Continued from page 11)

belled against the Moors and made an alliance with our own Duke Odo here in Aquitaine. But the Moors overcame the Berber rebels and are using them again in their armies. I know that it was only last year your own uncle was killed by these unbelievers when they overran France north of here almost to the Loire River. Saint Martin is buried there, at Tours, and the Moors are after the treasures in his cathedral. These enemies of God must not be allowed to take that sacred place.

"I am a Roman, as you know," added the priest, "but I know that it is for you Franks to meet the Moors and destroy them. Your leader, Charles Martel, like a king to most of you Franks, has called us out to meet this fresh onslaught, even our Duke Odo, who has sometimes fought against him. The Moors are not far away. We must meet them soon."

"And if we lose?" asked the young Frank.

"We must not, and I think we shall not. Christian civilization in France may be at stake. On the other hand, if we do lose, the Moors may not be able to go farther or hold us long. They are spread thin; the Berbers are in frequent revolt; perhaps they would soon be cut down. But God will help us."

"Perhaps He will perform a miracle

for us," said the young Frankish soldier in simple faith.

"The age of miracles is never past," reverently replied the priest. "We must do our part, and God will do for us what He deems best." He bowed his head in a moment of prayer, then said, "Let us go to our rest. In a few days we shall know the result—if we live."

And in a few days the result was known. Charles Martel's army of Franks and Aquitanians, largely foot soldiers, met the numerous cavalry of the Moors under Abd-ar-Rahmān near Moussais-la-Bataille, between Tours and Poitiers. For a week they faced each other, awaiting the other's attack. At the end of the week the Arabs attacked. The Germans, being mostly dismounted, pressed together and made a wall of their large shields, through which lances bristled. The Latinized Aquitanians, many of them mounted, guarded the flanks.

Again and again all through the day the Moors charged, dashing their horses fiercely against the serried ranks of Christians. Stubbornly and bravely the Franks held, slashing at horses and riders. The slaughter was dreadful. When night came the battle was unfinished, with neither side admitting defeat. After a last charge at dusk the Arabs withdrew to their camp and the Germans took to their tents.

Next morning the Germans formed their ranks again at dawn, and awaited renewal of those violent charges. The camp of the Moors was quiet. The Franks waited. Nothing happened. Fearing an ambush, the Christians sent scouts to learn the plans of the enemy. They reported no signs of life. Still the Franks held their ranks, while reconnaissance squads explored. They returned with astonishing news. During the night the Arabs had fled and left behind them huge amounts of arms and armor, and a veritable treasure in booty, which they had taken in their

raids in the Narbonne and Aquitaine.

Like the Samaritans under Jehoram in the camp of the Syrians, the Christians entered the Moorish tents and seized the armor and the spoil, rich pay for their labor and bloodshed. All was honorably shared, and then the Frankish army disbanded. For it was really only a militia force, tied together for the emergency by the bonds of a primitive feudalism. With the Moors defeated, each leader guided his men back to their home towns and strongholds. Only Martel and his own retainers pursued the fleeing Arabs. Among the dead buried on the field was the warrior priest; the young Frank lived for a quarter of a century, only to die in another battle against the Moors.

For although the further advance of the Moors was stayed, they still held the Narbonne in southern France. Seven years after the great battle near Tours the Moors raided furiously up the Rhone valley, as far as Lyon, but were again turned back. Then the Berbers rebelled again, and disorders in Spain sapped the strength of the Arabs. In 759 the Franks drove the Moors out of Narbonne, and in 778, at the request of rebellious Moorish chieftains, Charlemagne, then king of the united Franks, attacked the Moors beyond the Pyrenees. From this time on the Moors were slowly pressed back in Spain, until, 760 years after the battle of Tours, they were driven out of Western Europe.

The Battle of Tours was important. It gave pause to Mohammedan advance in Western Europe. Divided as the Moslems were by dissension and revolt, it is questionable whether they could have held their ground in France. Nevertheless, while the Moors were attacking in France the Saracens were trying to seize Constantinople. Perhaps this indicates concerted action, which, had it succeeded, might have squeezed Western Christendom in a huge pincer movement. Providentially, both jaws of the Mohammedan pincer were broken off: in the East, by the stubborn defense of Constantinople; in the West, by the brilliant victory of Charles Martel.

His victory had another result. It so enhanced Martel's prestige that his family was established on the Frankish throne. His son Pippin III became with the sanction of the pope of Rome, king of the united Franks; and his grandson, Charlemagne, was crowned by a pope emperor of the revived Western Roman Empire.

(The story is told originally in the *Continuation of the Chronicle of Isidore* [Continuations of Isidorianae, ann. 732]. Good accounts are in *Cambridge Medieval History*, volume 2, chapter 12; *OMAN, Dark Ages*, chapter 17; *EMERTON, Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages*, chapter 10; *THOMPSON and JOHNSON, Introduction to Medieval Europe*, chapter 7.)

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"Even a tombstone will say good things about a fellow when he's down."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



YOUTH'S FORUM

NEW PROPOSITION:

As a senior youth, am I concerned with the disastrous shortage of elementary teachers which faces not only the world but the Seventh-day Adventist system of church schools? How will it affect me? What can I or the church do to meet this dire need? What can our denominational colleges do that they are not doing? Is the shortage a question of too much hard work and too little honor and glamour in the teaching profession? Or is it a matter of finances?

DEADLINE: APRIL 15

When writing contributions to the discussion, please indicate your Missionary Volunteer Society, your age, and your present status (student, farmer, stenographer, etc.). We appreciate the interest of our older friends, but, after all, this is a young people's forum.

Send all communications to Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.



By FRED W. EDWARDY

You can probably hold your own among the intelligentsia if you are able to average 90 points for the ten questions below. To score around 70 is better than average, but better not tell anyone if you fall below 50!

1. "Jato" is one of the newest abbreviations to be used as a word. It is associated with one of the following:

- a. Television. b. Atomic Power.
c. Aviation.

2. The coldest spot in the world is found east of Suintar, Siberia, which has recorded a below-zero temperature of—

- a. 86.53 degrees. b. 94.36 degrees.
c. 53.86 degrees.

3. Siam, recently admitted to membership in the United Nations, became the ——— country to join the assembly at Lake Success, New York.

- a. Forty-fourth. b. Sixty-sixth.
c. Fifty-fifth.

4. Slot machines sell \$500,000,000 worth of merchandise a year. The latest mechanical salesman on the market now automatically dispenses—

- a. A cup of coffee. b. Handkerchiefs.
c. Streetcar tickets.

5. What ancient people thought the earth was like a bowl with the stars suspended like lamps inside the cover?

- a. Egyptians. b. Mayans. c. Aztecs.

6. A Palomino pony is usually what color?

- a. Pure white with golden mane.
b. Golden with white mane.
c. Jet black with golden mane.

7. The word fool comes from the Latin noun follis, meaning—

- a. Feebleminded. b. Of humble birth.
c. A windbag.

8. If our years were numbered from the day of creation, according to the usual chronology given in the Bible, what year would we now be in?

- a. 6001. b. 4004. c. 5951.

9. A modern boulevard called the Highway of Freedom now being built across France, Belgium, and Luxembourg is a memorial to—

- a. General Eisenhower. b. General Patton. c. General Montgomery.

10. How many persons are now wearing living eyes that do not belong to them by birth?

- a. 1,500. b. 150. c. None.

(Answers on page 22)

A Happiest Day

(Continued from page 12)

God will open the way for you." What peace this brought to my troubled mind.

It was not until the subject of the Ten Commandments was presented that we became seriously aware that we were living away from God. The minister invited us to his home and there told us something of the history and mission of the great second Advent Movement and urged us to attend church service to be held the following Sabbath.

This matter of Sabbath observance

was foremost in my mind and I could feel that there would be trouble in connection with my work if I took such a step. However, when Friday came I did not tell my foreman that I would not be at work the next morning. I thought that the worst they could do to me would be to put me on the absentee list.

Going to church was all strange to my wife and me for we had not attended any regular church service for five years. That first Sabbath after attending Sabbath school, we were deeply impressed by the beautiful sermon of the pastor at the eleven o'clock hour and by the witnessing of a baptism. The next Sabbath I again did not report for work at the factory. I realized that it was my duty to tell my foreman why I did not come to work on the seventh day of the week but I hesitated and when Sabbath came I simply remained away from the job and attended church. After I had followed this practice for about a month, I became a little worried about my attendance record at the shop. It was not my wish to receive an unfavorable rating for observing the Lord's Sabbath, and yet I did not want to tell my foreman where I was spending my Saturdays. There was a battle within myself and I prayed to God to help me find a solution. Should I definitely take my stand for the truths of the third angel's message? Or should I not?

In the last week of June 1944 some disagreement arose between our workmen's union and the management of our particular branch. The union called a special meeting which was extended for eight consecutive days. During this time the Seventh-day Adventist pastor and his wife visited at our home. Here he explained to us a most important point in our relationship with God, which is so clearly stated in the 30th verse of the 27th chapter of Leviticus, and we began that very week to return to the Lord that which is His in tithe and offerings. As our union closed this special meeting and the men returned to the factory, we learned that some foremen, including my own, had been dismissed from their positions. This brought a relief to me, for now that we were to have a new foreman, I determined to settle this question with him in the very beginning of his administration.

This Sabbath problem was foremost in my mind and at free moments I pictured myself facing the new foreman the coming Friday and telling him all about my problem and even answering his possible questions. On Thursday, however, the new superintendent called me to his office. "Look," he said, "I need a supervisor out there in your shop. I have checked the records and I think that you are the best qualified." This was unexpected, but

I could see the Lord was working for me.

With grateful heart I sat at the desk opposite the man in charge of a large section of our factory. We spent more than an hour in consultation. But now I felt that the critical moment came when I had to tell him of the Sabbath. I felt very uneasy for I did not know his attitude on such matters. I explained that I was a Seventh-day Adventist, that therefore I observed the seventh-day as the Sabbath and told him briefly the reasons why. But I also assured him, that I would be glad to do extra work any other time, except the hours of the Sabbath, beginning at sunset Friday and ending at sunset Saturday. After a few moments of silence he said, "Oh, that will be perfectly all right."

I count this as one of my happiest days. There was now nothing in the way to hinder me from keeping all of God's commandments. He had moved a mountain for me, and on the last Sabbath of July my wife and I were baptized. More happiness at home and peace of mind than we had ever before known have been ours since we took this step, and I have been enabled to make such a good record in my shop that I have received recognition for it.

God's blessings are many and great. "Hallow my Sabbaths," He says, and "bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse," He says, "that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith . . . if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." When I accepted this promise as made to me I found it true. My wife and I pray that the Lord will give us strength and courage to be true to Him always.

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William Miller

(Continued from page 8)

conversions were wrought, and men drew nigh to God. Listen to this contemporary account of his platform appearance:

"Mr. Miller is about sixty years of age; a plain farmer from Hampton, in the State of New York. He is a member of the Baptist church in that place, from which he brings satisfactory testimonials of good standing, and a license to improve publicly. He has, we understand, numerous testimonials also from clergymen of different denominations favorable to his general character. We should think him a man of but common-school education; evidently possessing strong powers of mind, which for about fourteen years have been almost exclusively bent to the investigation of Scripture prophecies. The last eight years of his life have been devoted to lecturing on this favorite subject.

"In his public discourses he is self-possessed and ready; distinct in his utterance, and frequently quaint in his expressions. He succeeds in chaining the attention of his auditory for an hour and a half to two hours; and in the management of his subject discovers much tact, holding frequent colloquies with the objector and inquirer, supplying the questions and answers himself in a very natural manner; and although grave himself, sometimes producing a smile from a portion of his auditors."

Here let us leave William Miller. It may be well to reflect upon the end of the story—his rejection by the clergymen of most of the popular churches, his great disappointment in 1844 (although let it be remembered that he did not lose heart), and the long bouts with illness before his death in 1849. But let us think again of the work he began, which was taken up by Joshua Himes and others, and which grew till it covered the earth. Let us hear again the ringing voice and the solemn appeals of this honest-hearted farmer. Let us be loyal to his memory, to his faith—and ours.

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Pacific Union College

(Continued from page 13)

dents to serve other people, to serve society, to serve God. Salvation of the people, the welfare of the people, was the main idea, and so I watched this Christian movement grow. Not only did the boys and girls study, but the girls of the Christian families no longer had bound feet, they were no longer restricted by the old customs, they were no longer bound by their old superstitions, they began to study scientific methods. They had a new, broad outlook on life. They began to realize that life was meaningful and that life meant service.

"I visited one of the mission stations of the Seventh-day Adventists in Hunan and saw the work they were doing in your educational institutions, not only book learning, but also metal-work, woodwork, printing, and I saw that that kind of education was what China needed.

"Another time, after we were in the war with Japan, I was seriously ill in your East Lake Hospital. Dr. H. W. Miller was then the superintendent of the hospital. As I was recovering, General Chiang was sitting at my bedside, and we heard the sirens and knew that we were being bombed by the Japanese airplanes. There was nothing we could do. We stayed right there. Before the attack was finished, Dr. Miller jumped into his car and he was out through the city. In about twenty minutes he was back, bringing with him in his car a woman who had been crushed under a building, and an infant child. Dr. Miller's garments were



"GRANT me earnestly to desire, diligently to seek, wisely to study, and faithfully to do that which pleaseth Thee."

"THERE should be room even in the more earnest life for merry talk, but there should be no room for empty gossip."

BE noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
—LOWELL.

"God broke our years to hours and days,
That hour by hour, and day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.

"Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the
future, rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to
face
At just one place, we could not go.
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day.
And never, I believe, in all the way,
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if, by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour."

covered with blood. He himself was covered with dirt from rescuing this woman and her child, and I turned to General Chiang and said, 'You and I are just false Christians; here we see a true Christian.' Then there at my bedside General Chiang said, 'Let us also be true Christians,' and we pledged ourselves to be that type of Christian; and I call upon you, young men and women, as you study and prepare for life, that you too study to be that kind of true Christian."

Pastor Branson's introduction and the general's address were reported by Miss Rose Garvin.

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Mount Washington, Wonder Peak of the East

(Continued from page 6)

contrast to the remainder of the sun-bathed forests.

The heights above timber line have their own peculiar color according to the season and the degree of cloudiness or sunshine. The local color is a gray green, owing to the hue of the mass of lichen- and moss-covered rocks.

From a distance the higher summits sometimes appear pale blue or white. Of course, during the colder months the peaks are snow clad, and seen against a deep blue sky, they are dazzling in their whiteness.

Autumn comes early to Mount Wash-

ington, and since it is in the zone of brilliant fall foliage, the show is resplendent. From the summit on a day in mid-September one beholds the yellow of the dwarf birches blended with the vermilion of the vegetation above tree line. The color of ledge and rock is in harmony with it all, as is also the cloud-flecked hazy autumnal sky. At such a time and in such a place one who loves nature and delights in the handiwork of the Master Artist feels the thrill of being on the heights with God.

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Our Times are in God's Hands

(Continued from page 14)

could have salvaged much more than the souvenir hunters already had.

Bill picked his way through the debris until he had reached a very natural-looking tree stump. He kicked it over with his foot and pulled from its base the two propeller hubs. They were still in fine shape; the grease in their cores was still as good as new. Since the hubs weighed about seventy pounds each, we decided to leave the pistons for some future date.

With the hubs in our saddlebags and the sleet in our faces, we headed our horses home. They sensed this at once and started off at a gallop. It had taken us about six hours to reach our goal. It was then three o'clock; and as it would be dark by eight o'clock, we decided to make no more stops.

We jogged along quite steadily for about three hours, leading our horses over the rough spots. The long shadows were creeping out and reaching up to envelop us in the darkness. Soon the sun was gone. Only a few rays lingered on the highest peaks.

Without warning we came to the paved road leading to the stables. We were back again safe and sound, tired but greatly enriched by the wondrous splendors of nature which we had seen. That day shall never fade from my memory. We had seen so much, but, above all, we had come to realize that surely our times are in God's hands.

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Temperance Torchlights

(Continued from page 6)

Panacea!

This cure-all, taken from "Religious Telescope," points the only sure escape from the slavery of either alcoholic drinks or tobacco:

"Philosophy says: 'Think your way out.'
Repeal says: 'Drink your way out.'
Industry says: 'Work your way out.'
Politics says: 'Legislate your way out.'
Militarism says: 'Fight your way out.'
Communism says: 'Strike your way out.'
But the Bible says: 'Pray your way out.'"

PAPER and PRICES

The paper situation for periodicals is improving. There is promise of a sufficient supply to increase greatly the number of pages. Regular issues of the *Review* will have 24 pages and the last issue of each month will have 32 pages. The *Instructor* will have 24 pages in every issue. Elsewhere in this issue the editor tells something of what this will mean in additional items of interest for our readers.

The paper for these added pages comes at a price, and costs have gone up in the paper industry as they have for food, clothing, and in fact everything that enters into the cost of living. So with this good news about a greater number of pages there must go an announcement of

New Prices for the REVIEW AND HERALD and YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

	United States	Countries Where Extra Postage Is Required
REVIEW AND HERALD		
One year—52 issues	\$3.75	\$4.25
Six months	2.10	2.35
In combination with one or more other periodicals listed below, to one address, one year	3.50	4.00
Two or more copies to one address, one year, each	3.25	3.75
BIG FOUR		
Review, Life and Health, Liberty, Present Truth Value \$6.60 Now only	\$4.95	\$5.95
THE FAMILY GROUP		
Big Four, Instructor, Worker, Gazette Value \$12.60 Now only	\$8.80	\$10.80
YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR		
One year—52 issues	\$3.50	\$4.10
Six months	2.00	2.30
In combination with one or more other periodicals listed above, to one address, one year	3.25	3.85
Five or more copies to one address, one year, each	3.00	3.60
Five or more copies to one address, six months, each	1.70	2.00

These prices become effective with the publication of this announcement.



PRICES HIGHER IN CANADA

ORDER FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

Campus Gleanings

(Continued from page 13)

For example, keen appreciation met Dr. Arthur L. Bietz, of the College of Medical Evangelists and of White Memorial Church, when he conducted the autumn Week of Prayer. The interest continues in the series of follow-up sermons that Pastor George Vandeman of the local college staff is delivering from time to time on fundamental truths.

To the Ingathering campaign there was practically unanimous response. Sixty cars carrying two hundred and eighty student solicitors, adding the proceeds of remaining students who gave their earnings, returned for the activities of one field day \$6,031, an all-time high for college field days in this area.

In their Missionary Volunteer meeting one Friday evening the college young people raised \$1,200 for famine relief. With the co-operation of Frank Swearingen, manager of the college store, they are sending food packages to needy believers in Europe. When on a Sabbath morning the college church contributed 10,730 yearly subscriptions to the *Signs*, 7,680 of that number came from the hearts and purses of student donors.

Humbly but gratefully we greet these evidences that a vigorous spirit of consecration to the cause of missions lives in the hearts of young men and women gathered this year on the campus of Emmanuel Missionary College.

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The New World

(Continued from page 4)

the ceaseless streams of fast-moving traffic along the broad avenues. How skillfully and speedily the gaily colored taxicabs carried their fares through the streets, which seemed hopelessly jammed with traffic and people. Without the traffic lights at intersections, which at precise periods called a halt to an endless flow of vehicles, a bewildered pedestrian from a far country might have found that his greatest problem was trying to cross Broadway, Fourth Avenue, or 42d Street during the rush hours, which seemed to be continuous.

I gazed at the tallest buildings I had ever seen in my life. How ingenious is man! Indeed, there seems to be no restraining him from building whatever comes to his imagination. And what a display to the eye do those giant skyscrapers present at night, with the lights shining from their long rows of neatly and evenly interspersed windows. I resolved to ascend the tallest of these, and next morning I was buying my ticket at the Empire State Building. There a strange coincidence

occurred. The Duke of Windsor happened to be visiting New York at that time and had that morning decided to view the city from this its highest pinnacle. The following morning my host was both startled and amused when I showed him that I was included in a picture taken of the Duke of Windsor and published in the *New York Daily Mirror*. Every moment of this visit was a thrill. In fact, I stayed so long that I had to phone to my ship for a night's extension of leave.

The following week Mrs. Southwick and her soldier son were in Boston, and visited the *California* as my guests. "You cannot beat the good old U.S.A.," Mrs. Southwick had once told me. All the same, I believe she enjoyed tea that afternoon, British style, aboard a British ship, fully as much as I had enjoyed the days spent, American style, in her home.

This and later visits to the United States and Canada have greatly impressed me. Who would not be thrilled by the great and vast lonely plains of America? or be humbled at the sight of the sweeping hills and the majestic mountains? all beautifully fashioned by the Master Artist. Who can help being thrilled to watch the railway trains with their giant sturdy engines sounding their warning whistle as they steadily wind their way between hills, climb over or turn through mountains, flash across bridges, and traverse the great plains—vital veins of communication linking town with town, city with city. Slow is the visitor who does not perceive the infusion of liberty and freedom of speech evident in the citizens of America—in the elevator boy, the taxi driver, the policeman, the waitress, and the dime-store clerk. Where else in the world can be found a people so ready to open any discussion, political or personal, on so short an acquaintance? Many strangers have been surprised and wonder struck at this thought alone, and I was one of them.

Indeed, many men from many countries have found an answer to their desire for freedom, for adventure, for opportunity, and for progress on the shores of America. Nor have recent years reduced the number of these happy immigrants or reduced the depth of their appreciation of the New World. How many true stories could be told of refugees from war-ravaged lands who have found there peaceful nights from the ceaseless bombing, and wholesome food in place of starvation. How thankful they have been to know that every plane which zooms overhead is "one of ours."

But as our ship steamed out to sea again and I contemplated my experiences and the wonderful things I had seen, there was foremost in my mind a thought of a New World even more wonderful than America. It will be the earth made new, cleansed by fire

from every vestige of sin, where those who have honored God and kept His commandments here will be privileged to dwell throughout the glad hereafter. Its metropolis will be much greater, much more beautiful, much more wonderful, than New York City—the New Jerusalem. There will be the throne of God, and there will dwell Jesus, the Christ, our Elder Brother and Saviour. May we all so live in this world that we will be worthy to be citizens of this New World "wherein dwelleth righteousness."

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Almost Home

(Continued from page 1)

There are lights that shine across
our shadowed way;
Can these be the heralds of the
coming day?

See them—dim at first, but brighter
they have grown;
These must be the harbor lights
of home!

There's a promised country just
beyond today,
And its lovely light glows brighter
in the way;
So near home—so near the answer
to each prayer—
Don't you see the lights of
heaven there?

The night of waiting for our Lord
is almost done;
The crown that He has promised
now is almost won;
The last few steps that lead us
homeward are begun,
For just ahead is heaven; these
are heaven's lights!

Key to What's Your Score?

1. (c) Jato stands for "jet assist" for "takeoff"—a method of attaching rockets to airplanes for quicker load lifting. 2. (b) 94.36 degrees Fahrenheit, according to a Moscow report. 3. (c) Fifty-fifth. 4. (a.) The latest machine dispenses coffee with both cream and sugar, or black, or with one of either. 5. (a) Ancient Egyptians thought the stars were hung from holes in a dome or canopy over the bowl of the earth. 6. (b) Palomino breeders hope someday to produce a 100% golden pony. 7. (c) Original meaning came from the word for bellows, or windbag. 8. (c) Usher's chronology gives the date of creation as 4004 B.C. Adding A.D. 1947 gives us 5951 years after Adam. 9. (b) The highway will follow the route traveled by Patton's Third Army during the liberation march. 10. (a) According to the New York Eye Bank there are probably 1,500 persons living today who have benefited from the transplanting of the cornea from another person's eye.



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Senior Youth

X—The Lost Is Found

(March 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 15:1-32.

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 15:7.

LESSON HELPS: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 185-211; *Testimonies*, vol. 3, pp. 99-104.

1. When the people came together to hear Jesus, of what did the Pharisees and scribes accuse Him? Luke 15:1, 2.

2. In view of the complaints of the Pharisees, what parable did Jesus give which showed that one person is precious in His sight? Verses 3-6.

NOTE.—"The rabbis understood Christ's parable as applying to the publicans and sinners; but it has also a wider meaning. By the lost sheep Christ represents not only the individual sinner, but the one world that has apostatized, and has been ruined by sin. . . . Christ, the loved Commander in the heavenly courts, stooped from His high estate, laid aside the glory that He had with the Father, in order to save the one lost world. For this He left the sinless worlds on high, the ninety and nine that loved Him, and came to this earth, to be 'wounded for our transgressions' and 'bruised for our iniquities.' God gave Himself in His Son that He might have the joy of receiving back the sheep that was lost."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 190, 191.

3. How did Jesus apply the parable? Verse 7.

4. What other parable was given to show the love of God for the lost? Where is there rejoicing when the lost are found? Verses 8-10.

5. In the parable of the prodigal for what did the younger son ask? Verses 11, 12.

NOTE.—According to Jewish law the elder son would receive a double and the younger a single portion of the property at their father's death. In granting the request of the younger son the father gave him the equivalent of his portion in money, and nothing more would be due when his father should die.

6. How did this younger son show his independent spirit? Verse 13.

7. What was the result of his extravagant living? Verses 14-16.

8. When he had time to consider his situation what did he resolve to do? Verses 17-19.

NOTE.—"I have sinned." No doubt when this young man was fretting against the discipline of home and planning a way of escape, he could call his conduct independence. After he had run through his means, and friends had forsaken him, he called it ill luck. Even when he began his reflections which resulted in his coming to himself, he only called it folly. But at last he found the right name, and humbly confessed, "I have sinned."

9. How was he received by his father? What did the prodigal at once acknowledge? Verses 20, 21.

NOTE.—In this parable is represented God's willingness to receive the repentant sinner. "The Lord declares by His prophet, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.' While the sinner is yet far from the Father's house, wasting his substance in a strange country, the Father's heart is yearning over him; and every longing awakened in the soul to return to God, is but the tender pleading of His Spirit, wooing, entreating, drawing the wanderer to his Father's heart of love."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 59.

10. What shows the readiness with which the father forgave his erring but repentant son? Verses 22-24.

NOTE.—Shoes were worn only by freemen, never by slaves. The giving of the ring was in the East an emblem of restoring one not only to freedom but to his former social rank, dignity, and power.

11. As the elder brother returned home from the field, how did he learn what was taking place? Verses 25-27.

12. What effect did this have on the elder son? Of what did he complain to his father? Verses 28-30.

13. What statement did the father make which showed his love for both sons? Verses 31, 32.

Junior

X—Finding the Lost

(March 8)

LESSON TEXT: Luke 15:1-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." Luke 15:7.

Guiding Thought

"While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know Him,
Come, sinner, come!"

"Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!"

—WILL E. WITTER.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought. This is another song, found in the *Hymnal*, No. 564, and in *Christ in Song*, No. 45.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Most of the Pharisees would not associate with publicans and sinners. The publicans were the taxgatherers and were often very wealthy. The sinners were the common folk—the carpenters, the fishermen, and the farmers whom Jesus loved. These people followed Jesus because they loved Him and needed Him.

1. Who gathered about Jesus? How did the Pharisees feel about it? Luke 15:1, 2.

2. How many of the one hundred sheep were lost in the story which Jesus told? Verses 3-6.

3. How does our heavenly Father feel when one of His lost ones return to Him? The memory verse.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 3

In eastern lands money is rather scarce. A woman values highly the few coins she has. Sometimes one of the coins becomes lost. It would be hard to find because the houses there do not have windows as ours do, and so it would be very difficult to see anything as small as a coin.

4. What did the woman do to find her lost coin? Luke 15:8.

NOTE.—This coin was worth about sixteen cents.

5. How did she feel when she found it? Whom did she call to rejoice with her? Verse 9.

NOTE.—The woman would move all the rugs and mats and sheepskins on the floor. She would look into the corners and just everywhere. She would call her women friends, because her husband was very likely to be cross because the precious coin had been lost.

6. How do the angels and Jesus feel over a sinner who is found? Verse 10.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 4

7. What did the younger son in the parable ask his father to let him have? Where did he go, and what did he do with all the money his father gave him? Luke 15:11-13.

NOTE.—This younger son lived in a beautiful home. He had everything he needed and much of what he wanted to make him

happy. But he could not have everything his own way, so he became dissatisfied.

8. What trouble arose when his money was gone? How did he keep from starving? Verses 14-16.

NOTE.—To care for swine was then and is now the lowest work one can do in the land where Jesus lived. But this young man who once had a great deal of money was very hungry. The "husks" he was feeding the pigs were the pods of the carob tree. They had a sweet taste, but there was little food value in them: Only the poorest ate them.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 5

9. The foolish young man thought a great deal while he was watching the pigs. How did he feel about how he had lived and about all the wrong things he had done? Luke 15:17-19.

10. Prove that his father loved him so much that he watched constantly for him. Verse 20.

11. How fully did the young man carry out his plan to confess his evil course to his father? Verse 21.

NOTE.—"Arise and go to your Father. He will meet you a great way off. If you take even one step toward Him in repentance, He will hasten to enfold you in His arms of infinite love."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 206.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 6

12. How did the young man's father prove his love for him? Luke 15:22, 23.

13. How does our heavenly Father feel when we come to Him, sorry for all that we have done that is wrong? Verses 10, 24, and the memory verse. Now read the Guiding Thought.

Are you sure that you know the memory verse?

ASSIGNMENT 7

Compare:

Who lost: the coin? — the sheep?
the boy? —

Who found: the coin? — the sheep?
the boy? —

Where was: the coin, — the sheep,
the boy — lost?

How much could the coin, — the sheep, — the boy, — do about getting found?

Who rejoiced when the coin, — the sheep, — the boy, — was found?

Do you know anyone who is like—

The woman who lost the coin in her own house?

The shepherd?

The loving father who came to meet his boy?

The lost coin?

The lost sheep?

The lost boy?

Where are you—lost or found?

The Youth's Instructor

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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 Philippine Republic is about ready to start drafting twenty-year-olds for training a citizen army. The goal is half a million Filipino officers and men by 1956.

★ THE port of Liverpool in England is to be equipped with radar. This will enable ships to enter the harbor in all kinds of weather, and will also make it possible to locate all ships anchored there, no matter how dense the fog.

★ BERT COUZENS has set a new world endurance record for walking in London. The 47-year-old professional walker completed 2,652 miles in 1,000 hours at the Romford Greyhound Stadium. Captain Jack Barclay made the previous record in 1909, when he walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours.

★ It is hard to imagine fifty pianos packed into one airplane; yet it actually took place when a Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, manufacturer recently shipped fifty four-hundred-pound pianos to Oakland, California. Heavily padded, the instruments filled a four-engined transport and were ready for sale in California stores within twenty-four hours.

★ THE largest group of missionaries ever to sail from any port at one time left San Francisco in two ships recently. Of the 900 workers from 58 Protestant churches located in all parts of the United States and Canada, there were 45 Seventh-day Adventists and their families among those bound for missions in China, the Philippines, and India. The total number of Adventists to sail during the month of December, 1946 was 75.

★ THE *President Polk*, American luxury liner, is the first pleasure ship to circle the globe since the end of the recent war. On what was to be her maiden cruise she steamed out of the harbor at Golden Gate on December 7, 1941, but turned back because of the Pearl Harbor attack. It was not until four years and eight months later that the liner tied up in her New Jersey port upon completion of her world cruise. Her second start began last August 16.

★ VASSAR, college for women exclusively since 1861, now has a total of 90 male students attending classes. Introduction of war veterans to the college halls where 1,336 women are resident students has brought a number of complications, the most recent involving the organization of a football team. But the president of the college, Miss Sarah Gibson Blanding, has decreed there will be no football played at Vassar. "We have no equipment, no facilities, no coach, and no desire to play," stated Miss Blanding.

★ DR. EDWARD J. RYAN, of Evanston, Illinois, declares that "the same psychic upsets which cause stomach ulcers, high blood pressure, and other physical ailments may also be responsible for a large share of dental cavities and pyorrhea" with which mankind is plagued today. "People actually hate with their teeth," he warns. "When a person is angry, he usually grinds his teeth together, curls back his lips, and mutters threats between his clenched teeth. Certainly physical damage to the teeth results from an emotional disturbance of this nature."

★ THE *New York Times* reports that one of the strangest means ever devised for raising money has been decreed by the City of Rome in Italy. It has decided to levy a special tax on "unnecessary expenses" of its citizens. Such expenses are defined as "any sums spent for expensive household furnishings, the rent of any besides a habitual residence, the use of vehicles, boats, etc., holidays, club membership fees, or frequenting night clubs or other places of amusement. The tax will range from 50 to 100 per cent."

★ AMERICAN high school students loaf too much and study too little, declares Dr. Paul Collier, director of Connecticut's Bureau of Youth Service. By comparison with European standards, which have a study schedule nearly twice as heavy as ours, American young people are very poorly prepared for college, Dr. Collier believes.

★ ACCORDING to recent United States and Canadian Army observations, the magnetic North Pole has moved some 200 miles from its old location in Melville Sound, north of the Hudson Bay. While its new position has not yet been definitely established, it is believed to be now on North Somerset Island, north and east of Bothia Peninsula in northern Canada.

★ *Curare*, the poison used on arrows made by some South American Indians, has been found to be an excellent aid to anesthesia for use in minor surgical operations. Experiments are now being conducted by Dr. Harold F. Chase of Western Reserve University to determine just how much is necessary to be effective as a local anesthetic. The poison relaxes muscles completely, it is said.

★ J. A. HILLERICH, manufacturer of many of America's big-league baseball bats since 1884, died recently at the age of 80. His career began when he turned out the first "slugger" for Pete Browning. Later when players became more exacting, he conceived the idea of putting the name of the owner on every bat he made. Although more than 2,000,000 bats a year were made by Mr. Hillerich, only 40,000 actually saw service with the big leaguers.

★ Six youngsters ranging in age from eleven to fourteen were interviewed on a recent *New York Times* Youth Forum broadcast. When asked what children should read they gave a surprising list of serious literature, and said daily newspaper reading was a "must, if we're going to know what's going on in the world." The three boys and three girls agreed that comic reading could keep children from being interested in good books.

★ CARRIE JACOBS BOND, who recently died at the age of eighty-four years, composed many of America's favorite songs. Among them were "I Love You Truly," "Just A-Wearying for You," and "The End of a Perfect Day," which brought her fame and fortune. It was some time before publishers would accept any of her compositions. Their invariable complaint was "Your songs are too plain; they'll never sell!" John Howard Payne, composer of "Home Sweet Home," was one of Mrs. Bonds' ancestors. One of her last songs was "The Flying Flag," written in 1940.

★ RESIDENTS of Paterson, New Jersey, fulfilled the dreams of ex-sergeant Johnny Chiefa when they made a community project of building a home for the U.S. Army veteran whose spine was shattered Easter Sunday, 1943. On their days and evenings off, masons, bricklayers, carpenters, electricians, plumbers, lathers, and roofers did a speedy job of making Johnny's dreams come true. Now, with a specially-equipped automobile provided by the Government, which enables him to get around although he will never walk again, and his skill as a watch repairman, Johnny says he is "sitting on top of the world."

ANNOUNCING—

That, owing to the skyrocketing cost of paper, and production items which have increased in direct proportion, we are obliged to make a small increase in the subscription price of this journal. (For particulars see the feature notice on page 21.) You will not be surprised at this action of the publishers. It only puts us in step with the trend of the times and makes it possible for us to serve you more efficiently and effectively.

With the first issue in April the INSTRUCTOR will go back on a regular twenty-four-page schedule. In order to do this we are obliged to use a slightly lower grade of paper stock, but, after all, it is not the texture of the paper that marks a publication as of the first water, but the material that is printed on its pages. And we can assure you that you will find more than enough information, encouragement, inspiration, and sheer enjoyment in every issue to compensate for the small advance in price.

As you follow our program from week to week you will meet Madge Morrell in "I Saw Molokai"; A. W. Spalding in "Footprints of the Pioneers"; Eric Hare in "Christlike Christians"; Josephine Cunningham Edwards in "Mayflower Dreams" and "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go"; Barbara H. Phipps in "They Lived Their Songs"; veteran missionaries D. E. Rebok and John Oss in "On to Lhasa"; A. C. Stewart and Fred W. Edwardy in the gripping life story of "Jonsie," pioneer S.D.A. missionary in the South Seas; Jennie Owen McClelland in "Memories"; and Pastor M. L. Andreasen in a series of his unique, helpful, and inimitable biographies of Bible characters.

These are only a few of the fine serials we have in hand and in preparation. In addition to them you will find in the INSTRUCTOR a wealth of stories, feature articles, devotional articles, general articles, poems, puzzles, and hobby helps, which you will not want to miss and which you simply cannot afford to miss.

Furthermore, the INSTRUCTOR will publish the one and only official report of the National Youth's Congress, which is to be held in San Francisco, California, next September 3-7. This really will be a "must" reading for every Missionary Volunteer who would keep up to date with the march of this mighty crusading army.

The editors solicit your continued cooperation as they put their best efforts into making our denominational young people's paper bigger and better and more definitely a winner of souls for the Master's kingdom than it ever has been. We ask your prayers and your help to this end.