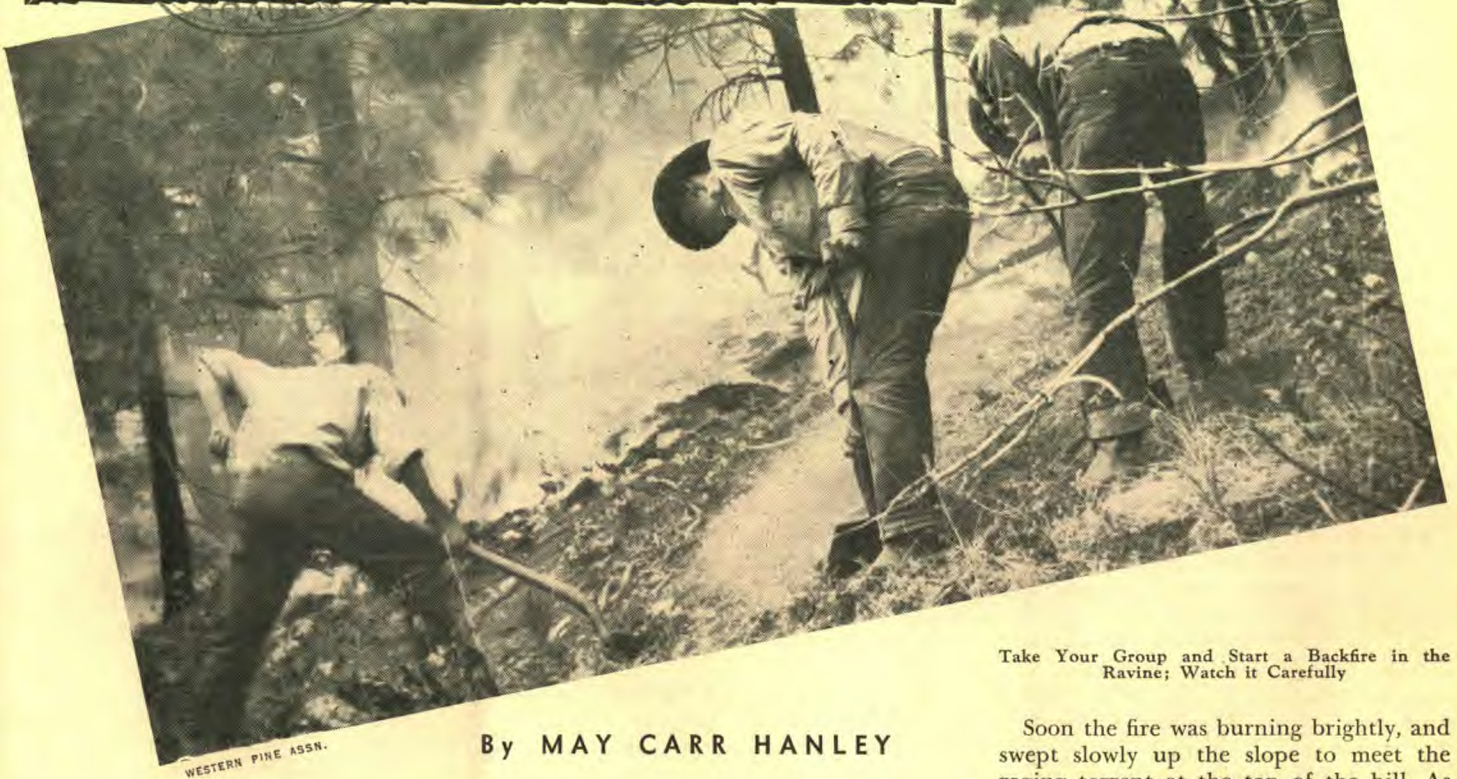


# The Youth's Instructor

## The Lost Men



WESTERN PINE ASSN.

Take Your Group and Start a Backfire in the Ravine; Watch it Carefully

By MAY CARR HANLEY

THE fire warden was exhausted and discouraged. "We have been fighting this fire for five days and nights. The neighbors are worn out, and the boys from the high school are too tired to go on without some rest. If the wind would die down, or if it would rain, or—even a heavy fog would help."

"Shall we start a backfire at the bottom of this ravine, where it will burn up and meet the blaze at the top of that ridge?" suggested Carl. Anxiously he watched the smoke boiling up over the top of the hill and spreading out in a black cloud over the heads of the fighters.

"Not you, Carl," the warden said firmly; "you've been a loyal fighter, but I can't let you stay out another night. Surely we will get more help. Calls have been made over the radio today for more volunteers."

"Hey warden!" called a voice through

the darkness. "Here's a truckload of men. Where do you want them?"

"This way," shouted back the warden, and then he turned to Carl. "Go home now, boy, and get some rest. We'll need you tomorrow, I fear, by the looks of things. Go!" and he gave the boy a pat on the back that started him reluctantly toward the road.

About twenty men came sauntering over to the group of fire-blackened fighters. Each had a five-gallon water can with a hose attached strapped to his back.

"I'm a guard from the prison," spoke up the leader. "The State sent out these prisoners to help fight fire."

"And do we need you! Take your group to the bottom of this ravine and start a backfire. Watch it carefully. Follow it up, and don't let it spread. Tell our men down there to come back."

Soon the fire was burning brightly, and swept slowly up the slope to meet the raging torrent at the top of the hill. As each tall pine caught fire with a roaring swish, another flaming torch stood out on the steep hillside.

A sudden swirl of wind caught the flames and threw them across the road.

"Quick!" commanded the warden. "All hands along this trail. The fire is headed for Bizzinas'."

Hours later the exhausted fighters staggered to the lawn of the home they had worked so valiantly to save. Mrs. Bizzina and her children were blackened by smoke and soaked by the water they had sprayed on the house and barn. The warden called to the little boy still using the hose on the roof. "Come down, son, it's all safe now."

Mrs. Bizzina tried to thank the men for all their hard work in saving her home.

"What I do? I pay you! You want a drink maybe? No?"

—Please turn to page 21

# Let's Talk It Over

IT WAS just before closing time, and there was a long line of customers waiting to be checked out of the neighborhood grocery store.

"Oh, dear! I really shouldn't have gone to the movies with you after I finished shopping. Now dinner'll be late, and I know Jack has an appointment for the early evening. If I'd come right home after my errands were done I'd have had plenty of time to get the groceries in before the rush hour, and things wouldn't be all upset."

"Well," offered her neighbor, just ahead in the line, "it was such a good picture that maybe it was worth a household upset for you to see it."

"Maybe—though I doubt it! But say, weren't you surprised to see Eleanor Maxwell there? I thought she was a Seventh-day Adventist."

"Not a bit! And she professes to be. I think that answers both questions."

"But there must be some mistake. Seventh-day Adventists don't attend theaters. We had an Adventist neighbor back in Glenwood, and I know all about them, and what they believe."

"You may know what they believe, but evidently you don't know *all* about *all* of them, if you think none of them go to the movies. The real, genuine ones don't, but there are plenty of counterfeits."

"Well! I get the point. But anyway Eleanor's a lovely person."

"Oh, yes, and she's one of my good friends. But she's not too good a Seventh-day Adventist. You see, I *know* about them too, for my sister is a member of that church, and I almost joined—once."

"Why didn't you?"

"Counterfeits," to give the reason in one word. "The Bible instructor who studied with us taught us that real Christians who are looking for Christ to come soon do not wear make-up or jewelry. The Sabbath before we were to be baptized we attended what they called a Youth's Congress, in a large city near our home. Between six and seven hundred Adventist young people gathered there for the day. Long before that I had given up all my rings and flashy pins and beads and also the use of lipstick and rouge. But I give you my word that I felt dowdy and pale beside the girls to whom I was introduced. It was a wonderful meeting, but this contrast made such an impression on me that

I decided to delay baptism. Sister went ahead and joined the church—she's a *real* Adventist if there ever was one—but I—well, *someday* I may do what I know I should have done long ago."

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YOUNG woman, you must have these teeth attended to at once, or you will lose every one of them!"

Consternation was written on the countenance of the girl who faced this kindly, busy dentist who had gone out of his way to give her some emergency help. She had very little money; her mother was seriously ill, and she expected a message calling her home any minute; she was still undergoing expensive treatments in an endeavor to gain strength after a nervous breakdown. Furthermore she was a stranger in a strange city, trying to hold down a new job. Now this new calamity! "At once?" she gasped. "It is impossible now. Perhaps I can arrange it later."

"But, girl, you *must* have this work done *now*, or you will lose every tooth in your head. I surmise that you have had a spell of ill-health which has affected your teeth seriously. However, they are good teeth and can be saved if we get after them *immediately* and work fast."

"I'm sorry. I appreciate your taking the trouble to make X rays and a thorough examination, and am glad to know just where I stand. But I simply cannot have the work done now, for I have no money."

Then the doctor told her more in detail just what the trouble was and how much was at stake. True enough, it would be an expensive proposition, he admitted, but when he mentioned that the total bill would be between three and four hundred dollars, and that the usual down payment was one hundred dollars before the work was started, she literally threw up her hands.

"It is impossible for me to shoulder such an obligation now. I shall plan to see you later—in fact, as soon as I think I can manage."

"But later will be too late!" exclaimed this unusual dentist. "You say you don't have the money?"

Wordless, she shook her head.

"Well, then just forget about the hundred dollars, and let's begin. Pay me when you can."

So, against her better judgment—for she is a strictly pay-as-you-go person—the dental work she needed was started. When her debt had reached a hundred dollars she said firmly, "I think we had better stop till I get paid up."

"Stop!" the doctor exploded. "When I'm working against time to save these teeth! We will not stop!"

All her insistence was in vain, and more weeks passed, and the dental bill steadily grew. As they talked about it one day, she remarked that the organization for which she worked helped its employees with medical expenses, so it was a comfort to know that if she *ever* was able to present a receipted bill she would get a good percentage of the money back.

"What's that?" asked the doctor.

She repeated her statement.

"Write this girl a receipt for the total amount of her bill," he directed, turning to his secretary.

The amazed patient refused to accept it, but again her protests were all in vain. "Well, all right," she said finally. "Good-by! You've seen the last of me."

"Oh, no I haven't," he laughed. "A girl with a clean face and a clean mouth always rings true. There's nothing counterfeit about you. And, anyway, I never worry about a bill when the patient worries about it!"

When at last she went to make the final payment and express her appreciation, she dared to ask this busy dentist if he would, as a personal favor, take on one of her friends, also a new girl, who worked in the same office.

"Does she have a clean face and a clean mouth?" he asked.

"Yes," she assured him.

"You really mean I won't get my hands all messed up with lipstick?"

"She does not use it."

"Tell her to come in then. If she has a clean face and a clean mouth I know she rings true and is all right."

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GENUINE or counterfeit? How is it with you, friend o' mine?

Genuine, or counterfeit? Suggested subject for personal, prayerful meditation.

Lora E. Clement



R. A. ROBERTS

"Just got it finished in time for the children to duck into out of the heat." He went on. "Course they don't bother their heads none about how the plunge got there. They're too busy playin' tag under the water; but we oldsters are still gasping for breath about the whole thing."

"This does seem a rather small town to boast a municipal pool." I observed.

"Nothin' of the kind!" bristled the old man instantly.

"We have almost a thousand children in this town, and the best

The Train Was Not Due for an Hour. What Could I Do to Pass the Time of Waiting?

"Story?" My eyebrows shot up, for stories are my stock in trade. I make a living by putting them down on paper.

Just at that moment the telegraph keys began an insistent tat-tat-tat, and the old man hurried back into the station. "Wait around a little," he called, "and I'll tell you about it."

Soon he reappeared, with an air of civic importance. "Why don't you run up-town and see the library and the new swimmin' hole while I git a little piece of work done, and when you git back maybe I'll have time to recite a little bit of South Pass history to you."

The sun poured down its heat with traditional midwestern vehemence as I made my way toward the main part of town. After I had passed the business section, the shrieks of children rippling over the heat waves guided me up the hill. A swimming pool and a library, with intriguing stories behind them, were worth a walk in the heat, I thought.

The pool itself, as I approached, looked like thousands of others I had seen. Its emerald water met the sun with shimmering beauty, and the freckled-faced children leaped with froglike spontaneity into its liquid coolness. I stood a moment outside the wire, iron-posted fence before I found the slippery entrance. Above the grey cement building that housed the dressing rooms were the words in a new silver finish:

THE ALLEN FITZGERALD PLUNGE

I wondered at the name, for the ticket agent had said the plunge was built by a man he called Old Cabe—a man who had not wanted a plunge.

I had left my coat and hat with my bag at the station, but I knew by the children's stares that I still looked out of place in their watery environment. They told me the lifeguard was in charge, but when I saw the precarious distance to his flagpole position, I decided to forgo a conversation with him. I wiped my perspiring temples, grinned nostalgically at the heads protruding from the emerald ripples, and returned to the torrid sidewalks of Main Street.

The library revealed much more originality than the pool. The building was a gleaming white, with corners rounded in the latest architectural fashion. Again I stared, puzzled, at the large gold letters above the entrance:

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF ALLEN FITZGERALD

The reading room was made, like a hotel lobby, for comfort rather than for formal study. The tables were round and had huge goldfish aquariums in the centers. There were low stools to sit on and overstuffed chairs with reading lamps. And, most amazing of all, there were fully as many children here as there were in the pool. Most of them were reading, though some were sewing at a small table, and in one corner three girls played with dolls.

# Points of Interest

By JOSEPHINE DE FORD TERRILL

ANY points of interest close about, to visit while I wait?" I asked the ticket agent at the little depot in South Pass, after he had told me that it would be an hour before my train would come through.

The old man peered up from under his frayed visor, and slipped a pencil above his ear. "Well," he hesitated, glancing through the open doors of the station toward the main section of town, "there naturally ain't much in this size town to interest strangers, and yet there are a few little items that we old-timers are pretty proud of."

He came out from behind the battered desk and walked with me to the platform at the opposite side of the station. "There's the new swimmin' pool up that way, or," turning with a twinkle in his eyes, "should I say the 'municipal plunge'?"

I followed his glance toward an edge of trees behind the main street.

ain't none too good for 'em—accordin' to Allen Fitzgerald. You sound like as if you agreed with Old Cabe," and he eyed me suspiciously.

"Old Cabe?" I asked.

"Yes, he's the only one in town, 'ceptin' a few no-account parasites of his, who didn't want the pool."

"Oh, is that so? Well, then, don't class me with Old Cabe, for I'm very happy to learn that the children of South Pass have a swimming pool," I told him.

The muscles of the old man's face relaxed. He aimed his thumb a little eastward of the treetops. "Got another project too that's interestin', but durin' this hot spell the swimmin' pool came to mind first. There's a right smart library buildin' up near the schoolhouse on Elm Street. Old Cabe built it too."

"Yes?"

"'Course he changed aplenty before he built any of 'em. But it's a long, intriguing story."

I approached the desk, where a young librarian was pasting pockets in some new books. "Is this a Carnegie library?" I asked her, knowing it was not.

"It certainly is not!" she told me emphatically. "This library was built entirely by Caleb Marsh!"

I smiled knowingly. "The same man who built the pool."

"That's right. He built them both," she returned proudly.

A small customer took her attention at that point, and I strolled on through the building.

It was fifteen minutes to traintime

when I arrived back at the station. The agent was arranging some new magazines on the rack when I entered.

"Well, did you enjoy the sights?" he asked me eagerly.

I lost no time in reminding him of the promised story.

He glanced at the clock. "Yes, it's quite an interestin' tale, Mister. Begins way back to the time Caleb Marsh and Allen Fitzgerald was boys in the little school-house that set up where the new brick buildin's are now."

"Oh, I see," I interrupted, "a beautiful friendship that ended in memorials."

"Well, yes, and no. The boys were friends all through their schooldays, but Caleb was the money-makin' kind. He got hold of his mine out there and made a pile of money. Allen took up teachin', and scarcely had a nickel to his name."

I grew interested.

"Allen took his teachin' as seriously as a minister of the gospel takes his preachin'. He didn't think about nothin' 'cept what would help the kids in some way. And Caleb didn't think about nothin' but puttin' money in the bank. He didn't even git married, for fear it would cost

—Please turn to page 18



**B**EHOLD, a sower went forth to sow," began the world's greatest Story-teller; "and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up." But if we listen to the whole story we find that in spite of the hungry birds and several other natural hazards the once-upon-a-time Palestine farmer was well repaid for his efforts. And so was I—at least a hundredfold.

In my sowing adventure the risks were even greater than in the Bible narrative, for I deliberately scattered *all* of my pint of surplus poppy seeds by the wayside. No doubt a very large proportion of them were devoured by the juncos and tree sparrows, who were migrating in great numbers at the time, and who always have a keen eye out for such titbits. But if this was their way of applauding the broadcast, who was I to object to paying for their lunch.

In planning my color surprise for the travelers along Indiana State Highway No. 13 I did not realize how little truly suitable garden soil could be found by a roadside. I had visions of miles of blossoms on either side of the pavement. Perhaps if I had only taken the county highway superintendent in on my secret, very few seeds need have fallen among thorns or on hard clay. Since I had spent no effort to prepare the soil my results were for the most part exactly the same as those

described in the ancient parable. It was inevitable that nearly every spindly seedling that sprang up along the thirty-mile route should turn yellow and wither away before it could set buds. A few succeeded in producing a single pitiful little blossom the size of a dime.

Nevertheless, one patch prospered. The billposters at Noblesville had just erected a row of billboards at the west end of the White River bridge, and had carefully graded the sizeable plot of land between the boards and the edge of the pavement. Here by good fortune was loose, rich soil such as Shirley poppies can appreciate, and here the sower sowed with some assurance of a harvest. Whether the workmen had finished their job by planting grass seed, I did not trouble to inquire, but if they did the grass was promptly choked out by the poppies. The owner of the billboards must have wondered about the reliability of the merchant who furnished him such seed.

All through April and May as I drove to and from the laboratory in Indianapolis I glanced with satisfaction at my flourishing wayside garden. The stand of plants was perfect—not too few nor yet too many—and they asked for no cultivation nor irrigation. Thousands of buds formed, grew to full size, and hung at the ends of slender shepherd's-crook stalks. Finally a few mature buds gave definite notice that tomorrow there would be blossoms. A dozen humble necks had straightened up so that with the next sunrise a dozen plump buds would drop their green scales to the ground, shake out their now crumpled and tightly packed petals, and invite all pollen-gathering in-

sects to come to an open gold mine. Those first blossoms were not disturbed by passers-by, but the next day's crop, being much larger, was noticed and gathered before evening. On the third morning I passed a housewife as she carried away an armful of the fragile flowers. Perhaps I should have stopped her and suggested that more people could enjoy them if they were left in the patch, or at least I might have told her how to keep her bouquet from withering before she got it home, but I held my peace.

After a few more days there were more blossoms than anyone cared to pick, so the roadside flower show ran for several weeks, a riot of color—gorgeous deep reds, some with a central black cross, delicate pinks with a white cross, pinks with white edges, whites with pink edges, and a sprinkling of pure whites. Morning and evening I checked up on them. The following year there were almost as many poppies by the billboards as there had been before, but before flowering time I had left the State and saw them no more.

Whether the advertisers and billboard owners approved of my prank—or even noticed it—I never learned. How many people enjoyed the floral display so much that they failed to look at the advertising posters, no one could guess, but I am sure that a thousand people saw the flowers by the roadside for every one that would have seen them in my back yard. I like to think that before the grass finally choked them all out someone had collected seed, so that as a result of the original sowing, Shirley poppies from that surprise garden are still blooming annually somewhere in Indiana.

## ADVENTURE UNLIMITED

### *Poppies for the Public*

By O. C. DURHAM

# I Was a PRAYING PILOT

By SANDFORD GRAVES

THROUGH the quiet stillness of a midsummer night came the distant uneven throb of an aircraft engine. Eagerly the tired ground crew jumped to their feet and scanned the dark sky anxiously for the first sign of a plane. Perhaps it, like others that had passed in the hours before, was only a transient en route to another airdrome. With trained ears and anxious hearts they awaited the return of their comrades, now long overdue. The operations officer suggested that they go to bed, but they were too tense to rest. When last seen, their ship had been flying low over Saint-Malo, France, entrapped in searchlights and antiaircraft fire. Other crews had reported seeing it burning. And yet, in spite of all this, they refused to lose hope.

Obviously the approaching craft was in difficulty. The sound was not the deep roar that two 2,000 horsepower engines usually make, but rather a broken, labored attempt to fly just one more mile. First, two distress flares, momentarily lighting up the English countryside, arched lazily up from the stricken ship, and a moment later its dim form came into view. The ground crew and a growing crowd at the control tower watched tensely as the pilot guided the plane toward the runway. With one last effort and a slight turn, it settled down to the earth like a great wounded bird, one wheel on the runway and the other in the grass. Then amid a shower of sparks and flying dirt it careened crazily over the ground, through an old bomb crater, small trees and shrubbery, and slid to a stop just a few feet from other planes parked in their dispersal area.

A searchlight from the control tower

pierced the darkness, lighting the way for the ambulances, jeeps, and wreckers that were hastening toward the wreckage, as the crew scrambled through escape hatches and ran quickly to safety. Then the young pilot closed his eyes and offered a prayer of thanks for deliverance.

They were a happy crew that night, in the summer of 1944, riding back to the squadron area in one of their own jeeps instead of an ambulance. I know, because I was the pilot.

As we stood before our commanding officer to make a report, he told us how we were hours overdue, of the reports made on our ship, and how impossible it had seemed that anybody could come through that wall of antiaircraft fire.

"Yes, sir," I replied to a question, "we had plenty of opposition. Our ship received several hits over the target. The bombs were away on time and at four hundred feet altitude as you briefed us. All the way out to the coast we attracted enemy fire. At Saint-Malo we were trapped by eleven searchlights. We tried every trick we knew to lose those lights, but were unsuccessful. It felt like every piece of metal in the air was hitting us. The right engine was badly damaged, and we could get only a tenth of its normal power, which made it almost useless."

"Well, how *did* you get through, then?" he asked.

Quickly and without hesitation the radio operator spoke up. "Our folks back home are praying for us, major."

I was reared in a wonderful Christian home, and my earliest recollections are of

morning worship and kneeling down each night to say my prayers before getting into bed. I was even more fortunate than most Adventist children. My father was a minister.

All my schooldays were spent in church schools, and I was graduated from one of our denominational academies the year war broke out. In spite of the wonderful training and the Christian environment, I let the fires of my Christian experience burn low during my last year in the academy, and when the war came, I decided I wanted to join something.

I had always been interested, as most boys are, in airplanes, and naturally the Air Corps interested me. What could be more adventurous than flying for the Army? Here was the chance I had been looking for. Now I could get away from everything; so in spite of the prayers and pleas of friends and parents, I joined the United States Air Corps right after graduation.

Only a few days passed before I discovered that everything which glitters on the recruiting posters is not glamour. I thought I was having a big time flying, although flying and going to school on Sabbath hurt my conscience a little at first.

Training days were filled with excitement, and since we were so busy they passed quickly. Although there were many things I should have done that I did not do during this period, I had decided when I entered the Army that I would always pray as I had been taught to do. I had not proved the value of prayer yet, but I made that vow to myself nevertheless, and I am happy to say that I kept it. I never went into the air without asking the Lord to bring me back safely, and as time went on, I began to realize more and more that His keeping care was over me. Some of the fellows were killed, and a great many had some kind of accident before we earned our wings, but I was fortunate enough to come through without any mishaps.

At last the great day came, and as mother pinned those beautiful wings on my new uniform I thought to myself, "I'm a pilot now, and I'll soon be overseas in combat." Then, remembering my early training, I wondered whether I was ready to go.

There were a few months yet before I went overseas. After graduation I was assigned to B-26 bombers, and after a short furlough was sent to Dodge City,



Despite the Prayers and Pleas of Parents and Friends I joined the United States Air Corps

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Kansas, for more training. While in Kansas I had my first accident, when one of the landing gears on my plane would not lower during a night flight. The ship was a total loss, but I was not hurt. I began to think of God and His promises more often after that experience.

Finally the crew was formed. I was fortunate enough to have some of the nicest fellows I have ever known placed in my group. Two of them were devout Catholics, and they wasted no time in letting the rest of us know it. I did not say very much about my religion right then.

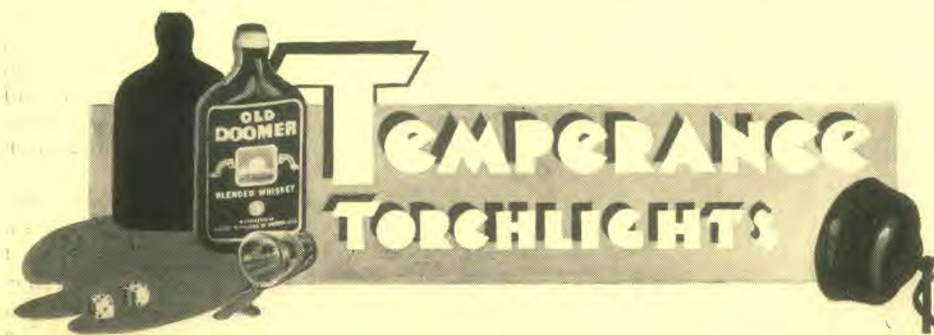
One day before a flight, while we were sitting around talking, I hesitantly brought up the subject of prayer and said that it was my practice to ask the Lord for protection each time before

going aloft. One of the fellows said, "I'm sure glad to hear that, lieutenant. I do the same thing, and I want you to know we're praying for you too." I was sorry then that I had been so reluctant to mention the fact that I prayed, and right then I resolved never again to be ashamed of talking with my God.

After a few more months of training we received our own plane, a beautiful silver ship new from the factory. After several thorough checks on fuel consumption, radio sets, calibration of instruments, and many other small things, we set out for overseas and combat. Only those who have experienced the same sensations can know how we felt as we passed high over New York City and the Statue of Liberty, bound for a remote airfield in northern Canada. We talked seriously among our-

selves, high up in the sky, that morning as we left America, perhaps never to return.

The first part of our trip was wonderful. New countries and new sights made it all interesting; until one day tragedy struck. We were told when we left for Iceland that there would be good weather all the way. However, eighty miles out from our destination, we ran into a storm. Icing conditions forced us lower and lower, until we were just skimming the tops of the waves. All the other crews with whom we had trained were flying with us, and the radios were humming with pilots requesting position reports, weather, and other information. By the time we reached Iceland, we were shut in by fog and rain, which cut the visibility to almost zero. —Please turn to page 16



#### **Saloons Are Back!**

"Those who favored repeal promised that the saloon would not return in the United States. Now there are 407,000 of them," says Dr. Raphael Miller, former pastor of the National City Christian church, as quoted in a recent issue of the "Union Signal." "Since 1922 arrests of drinking drivers have increased 45.2 per cent. In the 13 years since repeal of the prohibition there have been 12,000,000 arrests for drunkenness, driving while intoxicated, disorderly conduct, and liquor law violations—an upswing of 51.3 per cent per 100,000 population in cities alone."

#### **"Normal" Drinking!**

Robert Moorman, Jr., a member of Alcoholics Anonymous and a practicing psychological consultant, says: "I am inclined to believe that there is no such thing as normal drinking. It is a cultivated interest, so that even social drinking is an acknowledgment of a sense of inadequacy. No one can know when any individual is going over the borderline of social drinking to alcoholism."

#### **For Shame!**

The father of two Houston, Texas, school pupils—Lee Perry by name—recently asked the school board to build a school cafeteria because the children now have to buy lunches in beer-selling stores and "have to push past drunks to get in."

#### **Since Repeal!**

Liquor consumption in the United States increased from 10.53 gallons per capita in 1934 to 20.25 gallons per capita in 1945.

#### **Worse Than Wasted!**

In March, 1944, the Department of Commerce of the United States issued a bulletin giving the amount of money spent by the people of the United States in 1943 for alco-

holic beverages as \$6,083,000,000. In 1945 it announced the drink bill for 1944 at \$7,100,000,000, an increase of over one billion dollars in one year. In March, 1946, the Government figures placed the drink bill of the nation at \$7,790,000,000, another increase of tremendous proportions—almost \$700,000,000.

And Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, national president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, adds that "from their mounting profits the brewers and distillers of America spend annually \$100,000,000 to entice and induce the people to drink. Advertising entices and increases the number of victims and the anesthetic effect of alcohol ensnares and holds them."

#### **And Canada Too!**

"NEVER HAS SO MUCH BEEN TAKEN FROM SO MANY BY SO FEW IN SO SHORT A TIME" with such disastrous results," declares Mrs. F. H. Grevett, president of the W.C.T.U. of Alberta, Canada. "Figures available show Canadians in 1944 spent more than \$335,501,699 in this traffic, and that was only a small part of the cost. The hidden costs are at least as much more."

"Canadians spent in liquor approximately three times as much as Canada spends on her educational system—public schools, high schools, colleges, and universities. The amount spent for beverage alcohol was three and one-half times as much as spent for bread and bakery products; would have built a city with a population of 60,000 as well as an additional 10,000 much-needed new homes at a cost of \$5,000 each; would have provided \$2,000 worth of furniture in each; and also would have paid the fuel bills, as well as the clothing bills for every family. Fourteen new schools could have been built and four new colleges, and the rest would have paid the teaching staff as well as janitor service for all of them; built 20 new churches, at a cost

of \$50,000 each; two new hospitals at \$3,000,000; a new public library at a cost of one million dollars. It would have provided a \$1,500 new car for each family and paid for gas to run them; it would have given each family an allowance of \$100 per member for recreation purposes; a bank account of \$2,000 per member; and after all these things were paid for, there would have been enough money left over to have paved a highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is hard to realize how an admittedly intelligent people can be so stupid, is it not?"

#### **Expanding!**

"One chain of Canadian breweries announces that it will spend seven and a half million dollars (\$7,500,000) enlarging its Canadian capacity 50 per cent and its United States capacity 100 per cent. This is at a time when building materials are not available for adequate housing for returned soldiers' homes. They also announce their earnings as \$5,000,000 in 1944, \$8,500,000 in 1945, and anticipate they will be \$12,000,000 in 1946, of which \$6,000,000 will be clear cash profit," when the totals are in. L. R. Lipsett, chairman Calgary (Alberta) A.M.A., quotes these statistics in the "Voice of Motordom" for April, 1946, and refers his readers to the current issue of "MacLeans," "which contains other startling figures."

#### **Listen!**

It is reliably reported that the distillers and brewers in the United States spent over \$100,000,000 (one hundred million dollars!) in advertising last year.

#### **Only Five Per Cent!**

Spokesmen for some of the corporations which are producing and distributing nearly \$8,000,000,000 worth of liquor annually in the United States frequently say:

"Since only 5 per cent of drinkers become alcoholics or excessive consumers, why bother?" Only five per cent!

If there are 50,000,000 drinkers in the country, only 5 per cent means an army of 2,500,000 men and women. If 5 per cent of the total population of the country are "excessive drinkers," we have an army of 7,000,000 men and women whose lives are wrecked for the benefit of the liquor traffic and the United States Treasury. These millions of unfortunates have fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends, whose lives are embittered by the ruin of their loved ones.

Just a few millions of human beings! What do they matter?

# The King's Highway

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERMON

## The FOOLISHNESS of GOD

By T. E. LUCAS

**B**ECAUSE the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men." 1 Cor. 1:25.

"You can't believe that stuff—it's foolishness."

The young man stood before his professor. He was a good Seventh-day Adventist taking graduate work in one of the great universities of the United States. He had written a thesis about Seventh-day Adventist schools which had carefully proved their value to Adventist youth. He knew that God was leading, for the granting of his request to write on a denominational theme was in itself a story of divine providence. The university never before had permitted such a thing. Only because an instructor had been an educational superintendent in the county where one of our colleges is located had the request been granted. He knew Seventh-day Adventists.

So the finished thesis had been read by Dr. Black, and he had called its author into his office to talk it over. There they were—just the two of them. The doctor spoke:

"I perceive by your writing that you are a Seventh-day Adventist."

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you mean to tell me you believe in the Ten Commandments as the inimitable, irrevocable, and eternal foundation of the kingdom of God?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you mean to tell me you believe in the seventh-day Sabbath?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you mean to tell me that you believe in the universal, visible and literal coming of Christ to this earth?"

"Yes, sir!"

Dr. Black sat tensely in his swivel chair, slapped his hands on its arms, and sharply replied, "You *can't* believe that stuff. It's out of date, antiquated. It doesn't fit into our day. It's foolishness!"

The door of the office was open, and the doctor bade the student close it. After he had done so, his questioner said earnestly:

"Now, we're all alone. No one ever will know what we say. Honor bright—do you *really* believe that stuff?"



F. ADAMS, ARTIST

Naaman, Captain of the Syrian Hosts, Was Insulted! Why Should He Dip Seven Times in That Muddy Judean River—the Jordan?

The young man squared his shoulders, straightway met the questioning gaze of the professor, and replied, "Yes, Dr. Black, I really believe the Bible and all that it teaches, and to prove it to you, I want to say that I have dedicated my life to the finishing of the work of the gospel in all the world."

The teacher shook his head in despair, but as the young man went on his way he did so remembering that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

"I won't dip in the waters of the river Jordan. It's foolishness."

A great man had rebelled against God. He was a disappointed man. He had trekked his way into a far country. He had taken with him silver and gold and goodly raiment, that he might present them to his host. He had expected a great reception in his honor. And why not? He was the captain of the armies of a king, and a mighty warrior. Yet when he came to the door of the man to whom he had been sent, only a servant appeared, who said, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

When the captain heard these words he flew into a rage. He lost sight of the purpose of his visit, and his proud spirit was crushed. You see, Naaman was a great man, but—he was a leper! He could command a mighty army, he could conquer his enemies, he had great influence with the king, but he had leprosy! Some people today are like that. Oh, they do not have leprosy physically speaking, but something is wrong. Here is a young man with a strong body—a youth with infinite possibilities—but a destroying habit has gripped him with viselike tentacles, and unless he soon finds freedom his life is ruined.

Here is a young woman reared in the gold and green of a Christian household, but she fell in love with one who did not share her hope of a soon-coming Saviour, and the shadows—for her, the shadows are *never* lifted!

Yes, Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man. But he was a leper. He had traveled to Israel to be healed, and had expected to be required to do some great thing or pay a great sum for health. Instead he had been told to do that which he could have done easily in his own land. Why, the rivers of Syria "were beautified by surrounding groves, and many flocked to the banks of these pleasant streams to worship their idol gods. It would have cost Naaman no great humiliation of soul to descend into one of those streams." But to wash in the dirty waters of the Jordan—to the renowned, rugged soldier that was foolishness, so he turned his back on the bidding of Elisha and started for his home country.

Then something happened! Captain Naaman faced the greatest conflict of his life, and the field of battle was his own heart. His opponent was the Master of men—and the victor. It may have been that a curious company gathered on Jordan's bank as the haughty Syrian descended into its waters. Once he dipped, and twice; three times, and four. Could his heart have been anxious as to the outcome of this "foolishness"? Would his faith be honored? Five times and six, and his leprosy still was with him. But the seventh time he ascended out of the water "his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." Gratefully he acknowledged: "The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

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# ELIZABETH BLACKWELL

## *Pioneer in Medicine*

By MARGERY GALBRAITH PADDOCK



RUSSELL HARLAN, ARTIST

Pioneers Always Walk a Hard Way, and This Courageous Woman Had No Easy Time Breaking Into the Field of Medicine

THE third day of February, 1821, was just as ordinary as any other to most of the inhabitants of Bristol, England. But to Samuel Blackwell and his wife, and to all future generations, it marked the birth of a baby who would one day dare to break asunder the strong bands of limitation which had for centuries been placed upon women in the profession of medicine, a field where only men had been allowed.

They named the child Elizabeth, and she grew up in a normal manner. However, in her twelfth year the family came to the United States on the merchant ship *Cosmos*. As many immigrants have done, the Blackwells settled in New York, but six years later the father, hoping to expand the little business of sugar refining which he had started, moved his wife and children to Cincinnati, Ohio.

The first few months of life in their new home were happy ones, and the father's business was running smoothly, when suddenly and without warning, he became sick and soon passed away. The poor little mother was left to face the stern realities of life in a strange, new world, with nine children to care for. Fortunately, some of them were grown, and they gladly came to the support of the

younger members of the family. Elizabeth and her two elder sisters exhibited their ambition and ingenuity by establishing a boarding school, and soon they had a fine attendance. Their brother found work in a courthouse in Cincinnati, and contributed what he could from his meager wages. A few years later the boarding school had to be abandoned, and Elizabeth took a teaching position in Henderson, Kentucky. From the very minute she arrived in the little town, everything seemed dreary and unpleasant, and the day she began her trip home at the end of the year was the happiest she had known for many months.

After a lonely existence of teaching in Henderson, seeing the home folks and enjoying the companionship of her old friends afforded pleasant relief. One day in 1844 she was visiting with one of her friends, who casually made the remark that since Elizabeth was such a good student and possessed a strong constitution, she would make a good doctor.

To the young woman, whose nature cried out in distaste at even the sight of illness of any kind, the suggestion was hardly worth her thought. She was not at all impressed to follow such a course, for she was a respectable, well-bred girl; doctoring was strictly a man's profession, and the few women who had attempted to enter the closed field had always run up against the solid wall of custom, which made it impossible for them to receive admittance to any medical school. The words *female physician* were applied to evil women who became wealthy by carrying on the wicked pursuit of abortion, and the knowledge that women physicians were noted for this practice would certainly have discouraged even the bravest girl from entering the medical profession.

It must have been God's will that this determined young woman should become a pioneer in this restricted field, for, try as she might, Elizabeth could not push the thought from her mind. The seed of the friend's suggestion slowly grew into a fervent resolution to make the medical profession for women a noble and respected one. This task was like a shining goal before her, and she pressed toward it in spite of the black clouds of hopelessness that held no promise of success ahead.

The problem of securing entrance into a medical college was one obstacle. The

fact that she had no money to finance her education, if indeed she were accepted by some school, was another. Back again she went to teaching—this time to the hills of South Carolina, where she saved every dollar she could for her future education. After the long journey to Carolina with her brothers, the time of parting came, and she was discouraged and disheartened.

"I retired to my bedroom and gazed from the open window long and mournfully at the dim mountain outlines visible in the starlight—mountains which seemed to shut me away hopelessly from all I cared for," she said. "Doubt and dread of what might be before me gathered in my mind. I was overwhelmed with sudden terror at what I was undertaking. In an agony of mental despair I cried out, 'Oh, God, help me, support me! Lord Jesus, guide, enlighten me!' Suddenly, overwhelmingly, an answer came. . . . All doubt as to the future, all hesitation as to the rightfulness of my purpose left me, and never in afterlife returned. I knew that however insignificant my individual effort might be, it was in a right direction, and in accordance with the great providential ordering of our race's progress."

Finally the day came when Elizabeth ceased teaching and, with her meager savings, sailed for Philadelphia to apply for entrance at one of the medical schools there. As she rocked to and fro in the old ship, many thoughts filled her mind, and the apprehension of what she would meet was almost more than she could bear. Yet she revived her courage with the thought that soon she would be studying medicine.

But alas! There was not a school in all of Philadelphia or New York that was willing to accept this young girl who had dared to brave the storm of public opinion for her beloved ambition. Month after month, time after time, she tried to gain admittance, but always met with failure. The teachers at some schools were sympathetic enough and encouraged her, but could give no hope of admission; others commended her on her noble but impossible ambition; yet they could offer no help, and there actually were a few who condemned her.

But the girl's courage did not fail, and as a last resort, she applied to twelve of the northern medical schools, better known as common schools. Many anxious days of waiting followed. Finally only one small school in northern New York State remained to be heard from. Then one day the long-looked-for letter came! It is not difficult to imagine her profound relief when she read that she had been accepted.

From the two closely written pages she learned that the faculty had decided that this was a matter of vital concern to the student body—all men of course—and

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

**E**VEN after many years the first impressions of England still remain vivid in my memory. Our steamer had docked at Liverpool. We saw little of the city itself at that time, for we went directly to London. But I remember being especially interested in the fine large horses used on the drays in the dockyards, and in the tall policemen in their blue uniforms—"bobbies" as they were called—who were on guard there.

On arriving in London, we were taken to a quaint old rooming house in Ironmongers Lane in the heart of the city. When evening came, and we were given candles to use in our bedrooms, we girls felt as if we had gone back about half a century.

We learned that most of the earlier Adventist workers had made this house their headquarters when they chanced to be in London. Some weeks after we had moved to other quarters, Ellen G. White and her company, who were on their way to visit important centers on the Continent, stopped at Ironmongers Lane for a short time. We were invited down to meet Mrs. White, an opportunity which I greatly appreciated.

The Sunday following our arrival in London we went for a morning walk through the quiet streets. That part of the city seemed almost deserted when business was closed. We enjoyed a real treat listening to the chimes of church bells, which were pealing out from almost every direction.

One other memory of our first week end in London centers on our Monday morning breakfast. Since no meals were served in our rooming house, we had brought in food and eaten in our rooms on Sabbath so that we need not buy meals on God's holy day, and on Sunday because the eating houses were closed. By Monday morning our food was all gone; and our company, consisting of Pastor Haskell and three other ministers, W. A. Spicer, then secretary to Pastor Haskell, and three Bible instructors, set forth with excellent appetites for breakfast. What was our disappointment to learn that this Monday was a bank holiday—a holiday which takes place about every three months in England—and that the restaurants were closed.

After much walking we finally found a small third-class place, where the food was not at all appetizing. Pastor Haskell said, "Let us go on to Holloway, and surely when we get there we will find eating places open." But again we were disappointed. As hungry and tired we walked along Holloway Road, Pastor Haskell spied a bread shop open. He went in and purchased a large round wheaten loaf about a foot across. This he carried under his arm until we came to a milk shop which was open. We all filed in, and he ordered large glasses of milk for each of us. Then he unwrapped his loaf and



## Memories

By JENNIE OWEN McCLELLAND

### EARLY EXPERIENCES IN ENGLAND

broke off generous chunks and passed them around. Never has a meal tasted better!

The waitress brought in some tall three-legged stools for the ministers. The picture of those four dignified preachers, each wearing a high silk hat according to the custom of English gentlemen at that time, perched on high stools, each with a glass of milk in one hand and a chunk of brown bread in the other, has lingered in my mind all these years.

When we began to go about London we found that we had much to learn about English ways and English terms.

Some of the signs seemed very amusing to us, such as—"BILL STICKERS WILL BE PROSECUTED," "LICENSED COW KEEPERS," and "REFORMED FUNERALS AT MODERATE PRICES."

On inquiring about the meaning of the last two, we learned that those few dairies that had cows were required to have licenses. Most dairies were merely distributing centers for milk. The Londoners told us a story of a dairyman's little son who, seeing a cow in the highway, ran to his father shouting, "Oh, Father, come quick! There's a wild beast running down the street."

An interesting bit of history was connected with the sign about funerals. It seems that the undertakers had raised prices until people did not know how they could possibly reach them. Then a few men started a reform by furnishing at a reduced price plain funerals with a hearse and one or two carriages—in other words "reformed funerals."

When we went shopping we sometimes

found it difficult to make our wants understood. One day at the grocer's we asked for cornstarch. The clerk brought us clothes starch. We said, "No, that isn't it; we want to eat it." The clerk gasped with astonishment, "What? Eat starch?" However, after thinking a moment she said, "Oh, I expect it is corn flour that you want." And sure enough, it was!

Hettie Hurd wanted to buy a pair of shoes—the high shoes that we all wore in those days. When she asked for shoes, they brought her slippers. Then she told them she wanted them higher, so they showed her oxfords. At last when she had shown them just how high she wanted them, the clerk exclaimed rather condescendingly, "Oh, you want boots, not shoes," and brought out the desired articles.

Our first visit to a draper's shop, or a dry-goods store, as we call it in the United States, impressed us with the courtesy and formality of English clerks. As we entered the shop we were met by a polite gentleman, who bowed and asked what was our pleasure. He escorted us to the desired counter and seated us with another bow. The clerk thanked us when we told her what we wished, and again when the material did not suit us said, "Thank you," and carefully folded and put it away before bringing out something else. And so it went, until we were suited and bowed politely out of the shop.

We were eager to begin work in this great city, where as yet the third angel's message had not been given. The first problem that presented itself was, of course, where we should locate. In which

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# A VETERAN LOOKS AT THE COED



H. A. ROBERTS

She Shall Be Attractive, but Not Vain; Friendly, but Not Frivolous; Quiet, but Not Shy

By FRED METZ

**A**LTHOUGH the veteran is back again he may not fill exactly the same place that he did before he left for war. He is a few years older, and his appearance may have changed a bit, but he is trying hard to find his own particular spot in a peaceful world again. However, returning home entails more than merely changing from O.D.'s or Navy blues to civilian suits, or from packing munitions and medicines to selling hardware or groceries. He must find the place he lost when war so cruelly interrupted his life in a land of freedom. His mind must recondition itself to the simple trust of mankind, which is the heritage of every God-fearing American.

Four years was a long time to be away. Four years would make a long vacation—but *this* four years was no vacation, for a vacation means rest. Sleepless nights of work and sweat constitute no rest. Even periods of apparent inactivity brought only anxiety and terrible, endless waiting and thinking.

After the first few weeks in the battle

zones the nervous tension slackened, or it may be that the body simply became used to it. Then the soldier or sailor thought about the road back—the trip home. War would soon be over, and he could think of what he would do in the future—of the good food he would eat, of the oceans of milk he would drink, and of the little church around the corner he would attend.

He thought of girls too. Quiet girls, beautiful and unsophisticated, like those he used to know. They filled his mind when all around him only mud, and empty terrain, or a starlit sky reflected the acute longing he felt in his boyish heart. It was fun to pick out a dream girl and decide just how he wanted her hair arranged, what kind of clothes she should wear, and the many other little things that go to make up personality.

Judging from the lonesome existence he led during his days in the service, one would think his life had been completely void of the fairer sex. On the contrary, in many places there were more women

than were ever in his own home town. He saw girls in Italy, North Africa, England, Paris, and even Germany. But out of all the multitude, few ever reminded him of the comely girl he intended to marry back in the States.

Girls had always been more or less a mystery to him. He thought he knew what his estimate of a good girl was, but in the last four years his clear-cut ideas had become shaken. Apparently only "good-time" girls were left—only girls whose whole lives were devoted to pleasure seeking. They measured their success in life by the rank of the serviceman whose heart they tried to win.

To some men it may be diverting to see girls decked out like Christmas trees, but does the returned serviceman want to marry one of that type? Does he want a girl whose life centers about card parties and dances? There are girls who feel undressed if they are without lipstick for an hour or so; and if they do not have clothes of the latest fashion, no matter how useless or extreme the articles may be, they feel that an injustice has been done them by the one upon whom they depend for support. No, that type very likely never fitted into his idea of a future life companion.

Now that he is back, the easy life he had expected to find has vanished like the daydream it was. In this modern, competitive world he finds no place for an uneducated man. In case he desires to devote the rest of his life to Christian service he finds a college education one of the first requirements. The only answer is to go to school.

With scarcely time enough to tell Mom and Dad hello and good-by he is off to further his education. Possibly he forgets his problem of selecting a companion during the busy days of adapting himself to his new environment. But the problem is still there. It may lie dormant for a time, but in his subconscious mind he is thinking and wondering about that perfect girl.

Eventually, when he has time to think, observe, and form opinions, just what kind of girl will he seek to associate with? Of course she must be someone who fits the ideals he has cherished so long, but what will she look like? How will she dress? What sort of principles will she hold?

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# Volunteers in Action

"Let Your Light So Shine . . ."

Helen Frances Smith of the General Conference Bureau of Press Relations Reporting:

"When the students of the Denver, Colorado, Junior Academy decided to forgo their customary exchange of gifts at Christmas time and decorate their tree instead with crisp new dollar bills for hungry children in Europe, they had no idea of the far-reaching influence this one generous act would have.

"For that matter, when Dr. Hilda B. Hagstotz arranged to have the Denver Post send a photographer last December 18 to the academy Christmas party, planned by Miss Helen Swenson, principal of the school, she did not expect the picture to be seen outside of Denver.

"And even when the first copy of the picture of Emmett Coleman and Alice Barnes with the Christmas tree, which appears on this page, arrived at the General Conference Bureau of Press Relations in Washington, D.C., nobody realized how far had spread the story of a group of children out in Denver who had demonstrated the true spirit of Christianity—whether on Christmas or any other day.

"But little by little the parts of this heart-warming little story have been fitted together like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle—at least enough to make it recognizable even though pieces are still being added nearly every day.

"For some reason the picture was never used in the Denver Post. In fact, Dr. Hagstotz, who formerly taught journalism at Union College (Lincoln, Nebraska) and is now assisting her husband in the educational and Missionary Volunteer departments of the Colorado Conference, thought her efforts had failed. But the picture was given to the Associated Press, which distributes news by wire all over the world, and they sent it as a wirephoto to the newspapers which subscribe to their service.

"Presently clippings began to pour into our central Press Bureau from all parts of the United States, until at the present count the picture has come from 32 newspapers in 12 States, from Massachusetts to Montana, and they are still arriving as this is written. These newspapers have a combined circulation of more than two million copies. It would be a conservative estimate to say that ten million people have seen this picture.

"In most of the papers the picture carried this caption: 'In lieu of more conventional ornaments and gifts for each other, pupils of the Denver Seventh-day

Adventist Junior Academy deck their Christmas tree with dollar bills. The money will be used to help feed Europe's hungry children. Emmett Coleman, left, and Alice Barnes examine tree worth more than \$100.'

"But even that is not the end of the story. Down in Mexico Pastor Arthur H. Roth, who is Missionary Volunteer and educational secretary of the Inter-American Division, picked up another piece of the puzzle. This is what he writes:

"The other day while I was over in Monterrey, Mexico, our attention was drawn to an Associated Press photo which appeared in one of the most important papers of Mexico (*Novedades*), showing our school children in the Denver school pinning their dollar bills to a Christmas tree. This made quite an impression with many people in Mexico, and did much in Monterrey and other points to break down very definite prejudices against Seventh-day Adventists and their work.

"The children in Denver may have thought that their good works would affect only the hungry in Europe, but they have done our work much good in Mexico as well.'

"In his letter Pastor Roth translates from Spanish the caption, which is very similar to the English version.

"Adventist youth have a unique opportunity of witnessing to the reality of their faith by such Christlike deeds as this. For very often their witness is more effective than that of their elders because it shines out in such contrast to the self-indulgent, pleasure-loving spirit that possesses non-Christian young people. And wherever the high standards and worth-while activities of our

young people are reported in the public press, their influence is multiplied many-fold."

Nor is Mexico the only country outside the United States where the picture appeared. From Oslo, Norway, has come a copy of the *Verdens Gang* (World Happenings), which carries the same familiar picture and caption.

## Pittsfield Rally

This was held on a Sabbath day in the Masonic Temple of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. More than two hundred Missionary Volunteers were in attendance, including young people from the Pittsfield and Springfield districts of the Southern New England Conference, and the Albany, Schenectady, and Troy churches of the New York Conference, also a group from southern Vermont and New Hampshire. After an interesting and lively Sabbath school Pastor R. R. Bietz, president of the Southern New England Conference, delivered a stirring sermon, calling upon the youth within the sound of his voice for a deeper consecration and increased activity in the service of God. Early in the afternoon the group reconvened for a sing-spiration, conducted by Dr. Arthur Gunther, of Springfield. Many new songs and



Students of the Denver (Colorado) Junior Academy Decided to Decorate Their Christmas Tree With Money for Hungry Children in Europe

ORIN A. SEALY  
DENVER POST

choruses were introduced and learned, and impromptu special music was furnished by members of the congregation. H. W. Bass, M.V. secretary for New York, was chairman of an interesting forum which discussed the topic: "Having taken the M.V. Aim, 'The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation,' as a challenge, what can we as loyal young people do to bring this about?" After a delicious supper provided by the Pittsfield M.V. Society, George P. Stone, M.V. secretary for Southern New England, conducted a Christian recreation program. Moving pictures were shown, and games and marches were enjoyed by all.

#### A Special Program

The Walla Walla, Washington, M.V. Society was in charge of the program for the joint session of the Associated Blue Mountain Missionary Volunteers, which was held in the College Place church the evening of December 21.

The main theme of the entire program was a poem depicting "The Plan of Salvation, written by Mrs. E. H. Wallace and read by V. R. Shafer. Between stanzas

various musical numbers were presented, both vocal and instrumental. The Walla Walla church choir sang several numbers with orchestral accompaniment.

An outstanding feature of the entire presentation was the appropriate kodachrome slides shown on the screen by G. R. Soper.

#### Newsettes

From Central California come these items of interest, sent by their Conference M.V. secretary, Glenn Fillman:

The Arroyo Grande society is conducting an interesting Master Comrade class on Sabbath afternoons.

The Santa Cruz young people earned 175 M.V. Reading Course Certificates in 1946. They earned 22 points for each member, and received a new set of Reading Course books as a reward. This society also has a new projector and screen, and its members are giving Bible studies.

The Burlingame youth are sponsoring a half-hour radio program each Sunday morning called the "Sunshine Hour."

Several people with whom the Han-Le-Mona Missionary Volunteers have been

studying the Bible truths are now attending church on Sabbath.

The Fresno English society is systematically mailing Voice of Prophecy logs to names in the local telephone directory.

The Juniors in the Visalia-Exeter Junior Academy have started a new school paper called *Academy Daze*. They are enthusiastic about Progressive Class activities, and their goal is—everyone to be invested in one or more classes, and at least five Vocational Honors earned per capita in 1947.

The J.M.V. Club at Burlingame meets every two weeks. Stories and work on Progressive Classes usually make up the program. Recently five members rode their bicycles 50 miles in less than ten hours, thus completing their honor in cycling.

#### Prayer Bands

Southern Missionary College students are meeting in 52 prayer bands this year. They meet on alternate Wednesdays, at chapeltime, young women one week, young men the next week, since there is not room for all bands to meet at once.

# The Old Olive Tree

By A. GORDON ZYTKOSKEE

OUTSIDE the gates of Jerusalem, up the narrow, winding path that leads to the top of the Mount of Olives was a garden. There were many gardens, but this particular one was called the Garden of Gethsemane. It was filled with ferns, flowers, grass, and grapevines tangling themselves in and out among the weeping willow trees, the palm trees, the fig trees, and the olive trees.

In the midst of the garden there stood a large olive tree, the oldest perhaps, yet the most stately and majestic in the garden. Yes, it was standing there in all its splendor and glory on a green carpet of grass which sparkled with flowers of spring. The soft dews and gentle rains had washed the dust off its foliage.

Shall we in our minds go back some 1900 years? Look! There is the garden, much as it was in yesteryear. Let us enter. Over there in the center is an old olive tree. Its branches are outstretched to heaven, and you can almost hear it speak. Listen!

"I am just an olive tree, like the scores of other olive trees that surround me. Perhaps I am a little larger; and the most fruitful years of my life are gone. I am getting old now. But before I die I have something to tell the world.

"Long years have I spent in this garden.

I have seen men come and go. Many have stopped beneath my branches to rest, sleep, gossip, or idly count their beads. But there was One who sought refuge beneath my protecting foliage that thrilled me with His presence. His name was Jesus. He was the Son of God. He came not in the daytime, as did others, to loiter His precious moments away, but rather, after His day of toil was over and night had fallen; while others slept He sought me. On His knees, just beside me, underneath my branches, He would pray and commune with His heavenly Father. Sometimes toward morning he fell asleep in exhaustion, but often He spent whole nights in prayer.

"I shall never forget one night that Jesus came to me. He was different this time. His countenance that always before had manifested calmness and serenity now portrayed weariness and a troubled soul. He prayed. Such agony, such struggle, I had not witnessed all the years of my life. As the breeze played through my branches, in vain did I try to cool His feverish brow, but to no avail. As the moon shone brightly upon the prostrate figure, I saw great drops of blood ooze from His forehead with every heartbeat. I heard Him gasp, 'O My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from Me.'

"Little did the world realize, and little did the disciples Peter and James and John, who were sleeping near by, realize, the importance of that moment. The destiny of souls was in question. Had Christ stopped then and with that sentence, dear friends, the world would have had no choice between eternal life and eternal death. But just at that instant a bright light surrounded Him. I heard Him add in clear and firm tones, 'Nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done.' Then He arose, and, taking a few leaves that had fallen from my branches, He wiped the sweat from His brow."

The old olive tree paused a moment in its testimony, then continued. "And now I am ready to die. I have seen the glory of the Lord beneath my branches. I have seen the Son of God struggling and agonizing with death on the grass below me. I have seen victory—victory for the plan of salvation and victory for you, dear friends, who are listening to my story."

The old olive tree has died. But its testimony has been ringing down through the centuries. It has told the world of the lone Saviour who at its foot drank the bitter cup which was filled with the suffering that brought eternal life to those who accept His sacrifice through faith.

# GREAT EVENTS OF HISTORY

By FRANK HERMAN YOST

**A**N OLD man sat on a throne, surrounded by the medieval magnificence of the Vatican. Before Pope Pius VI were gathered a conclave of cardinal bishops, priests, and deacons of the Roman Church. The date was February 15, 1798. The pope was celebrating an anniversary of his enthronement.

Suddenly there was a clamor, and soldiers in the uniform of the French Republic hurried into the room. Making their way through the group of clergy, and surrounding the pope, they notified him that his reign in Rome was at an end.

This was the end of the temporal rule of the Papacy, of the pope's rule as an earthly prince. Indeed, the pope would be restored to his temporal throne, then removed and restored again, but his temporalities would not be secured to him until over a century and a quarter should pass. The soldiers of the new Republic of France, under General Berthier, acting for the young conqueror Napoleon Bonaparte, had accomplished a great feat in history, and had fulfilled an extraordinary prophecy. Berthier's removal of Pope Pius VI from his temporal throne was the end of the 1260 years of papal domination, foretold in Bible prophecy.

This was a climactic act. The Papacy had enjoyed the longest continuous history of any power in Europe. This power had gradually developed from the time when the Bishop of Rome, always more influential than his fellows, was merely one of many bishops. The power of the Papacy had become obvious when in A.D. 445, during the reign of Pope Leo I, surnamed the Great, the weak Roman emperor Valentinian III had made the pope the judge of bishops and the corrector in all ecclesiastical matters. When the line of Roman emperors sitting in the West came to an end, in 476, the pope became yet more important as a political figure. In 533 the emperor Justinian recognized the pope as head of the churches, although answerable to the emperor. When the city of Rome was freed of the Ostrogoths in 538, there came an end to the rule of three German tribes, whose religion, Arianism, the Roman Catholics hated, for it had hampered and annoyed them for a long time—the Vandals in Africa, the Herulians in Italy, and the Ostrogoths also in Italy. The Papacy was now more free from civil and heretical control in the West, and had opportunity to expand and grow in power.

In the meantime the Papacy's wealth



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Vatican City as Viewed From the Air

## *The Deadly Wound*

had become very great. It was customary for conscientious or conscience-stricken people to will property to important churches. Through the centuries the Bishop of Rome had been no small beneficiary of this Christian liberality. By the sixth century whole towns and vast stretches of farm and woodland were in the pope's hands. Before the end of the eighth century Pepin and his son Charlemagne, kings of the Franks, had deeded to the pope lands which they had forced the Lombards to surrender. Thus were the Papal States established, and thus the pope, already a prince of the church, became actually a prince of state. The holdings which made him such were called his temporalities. Popes became temporal princes. Too often they were worldly ones.

All through the Middle Ages the popes asserted, and struggled to maintain, the place of importance they claimed by right to hold. This place was dual: As spiritual head of the church the pope claimed to be superior to all earthly princes; as temporal prince he claimed all the rights of a prince among princes. He was thoroughly involved in politics, and demanded and received the homage of kings, whom he seated and unseated. He governed the municipality of Rome and most of central Italy, built and fortified cities, occasionally led armies to battle, ordered thousands of people to be imprisoned or destroyed as heretics, and at the same time sought always to establish his claims to supremacy over Christians everywhere.

But almost always through the years of

papal history France had given the pope a great deal of opposition. In the year 1303 a band of French soldiers went to Italy during the reign of King Philip IV, and removed Pope Boniface VIII from the papal throne. The old man died a month later from the shock. After two years a French pope was elected to the throne by the vote of a large number of French cardinals. He promptly removed the seat of papal government from the city of Rome to the city of Avignon, a French city owned by the Papacy in the southern part of the French kingdom. Here the Papacy remained enthroned for more than seventy years, a period which papal history designates as the Babylonian captivity. But shortly after the pope returned to Rome, a worse fate befell the Papacy. The world saw the ridiculous contradiction of two popes: one seated in Rome and the other in Avignon. Indeed, for a while three popes were seated. What a spectacle! The Papacy, which had claimed to be the supreme power in Europe, was divided in its very head, and had actually become a butt of jokes and an object of ridicule in Europe. The Great Schism, as it is called, continued for forty years, and was healed only at the Council of Constance, in 1415, when it was decided that there must be but one pope. The next few years found the pope in Rome able to establish himself as supreme head over all other bishops, and from this time the power of the pope continued to grow over the church, and not infrequently over political states in Europe also.

The Reformation challenged the Bishop of Rome, but the great Council of Trent, which met between the years 1545 and 1563, recognized fully the supreme power of the pope and adopted a complete system of Roman Catholic theology. Protestantism won from the Catholic Church large areas of Europe, but in response to the challenge of Protestant revolt, the Papacy came out of the Reformation actually stronger than ever.

After the Reformation people began to think for themselves. When both Protestants and Catholics began to examine the teachings of their respective churches, many gave up all religious affiliation and loyalty. Large numbers began to question ecclesiastical authority, and a great deal of infidelity resulted from bitter persecutions which accompanied and followed the Reformation. Thousands became infidels under the pressure of an unloved faith forced upon them.

The sweeping tide of infidelity seemed to center in France. The result was that nominal Christianity in Europe presently reaped a terrible harvest. In the year 1789 a great revolution broke out in France, which swept away both church and government. King and nobles were put to death, churchmen were killed, and property to the value of millions of dollars was destroyed. Hundreds of churches were burned to the ground, and church records destroyed. The depths of anti-religious feeling in France were reached in 1793, when religion was declared outlawed, and reason was installed as the only object of veneration in the Republic of France. Because France was for the most part Catholic, the Roman Catholic Church in France was, of course, a chief sufferer from this revolutionary cataclysm.

The nations of Europe used as pretexts for war against France the many bloody deeds the French revolutionists were committing, and armies began to attack France all along her borders. Among the officers of the French army who quickly rose to an important place in the forces of France resisting the invaders was the Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, who by the year 1798 was the leading general of the French armies. The armies of France were able to occupy the Rhineland, and Napoleon led his troops in a series of successful campaigns through northern and central Italy. The Italian people, who had been ruled either by the despotic Austrian government or by autocratic Italian nobles, welcomed the French soldiers as liberators, and a group of Italian republics was set up in Italy under the protection of Napoleon. Among the Italians who were longing for liberty were those living in the Papal States. The pope and the churchmen and the nobles who were ruling with him were united in opposition to the progress of French arms in Europe, and to the establishment of republics in Italy. The Papacy and the

Catholic Austrian monarchy were in alliance, and it appeared necessary to Napoleon to suppress the Papacy, which was opposing his political and military power.

In 1797 the pope ceded by treaty to the French armies several important Italian cities, and paid a huge sum of money. Napoleon ordered his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, to promote a revolution in the Papal States. He was also ordered to prevent a successor's being appointed in case Pope Pius VI, who was old and ill, should pass away.

Under the claim that the pope had broken his treaty with the French Republic, Napoleon then ordered Berthier to proceed against him in Rome. General

Berthier entered Rome in February of 1798 and proclaimed a republic there. When the pope refused to leave, French soldiers entered the Vatican palace, took the old, sick pope prisoner.

Bidden to rid himself of all temporal authority, Pius VI courageously replied, "I am prepared for every species of disgrace. As Supreme Pontiff, I am resolved to die in the exercise of all my powers. You may employ force, you have the power to do so, but know that though you may be masters of my body, you are not so of my soul. Free in the region where it is placed, it fears neither the events nor the sufferings of this life. I stand on the threshold of another world. There I shall be sheltered alike from the violence and the impiety of this."

But in the opinion of a large number of thinking people in Europe, the Papacy as a political power was dead. In fact, there was not a Roman Catholic nation in Europe which provided the pope the defense he now needed so greatly. While still imprisoned, Pope Pius VI died, on August 29, 1799.

It was not until the following spring that a new pope, under the name of Pius VII, was elected to the papal throne, and not until July of 1801 that the French Government again came to an agreement with the Papacy, and recognized the Roman Catholic faith as the established religion in France. But the concordat was not peaceably maintained. Pope Pius VII refused Napoleon's incessant demands. In June of 1809 the papal territories again were seized and united with the territories of the French Empire. The pope was arrested and imprisoned, and eventually was removed to a village near Paris, where he remained until Napoleon was overthrown, in 1814. He was restored to his papal chair in May of that year.

After the restoration of the Papacy in the year 1814, the pope, with his customary freedom, mixed in the politics of Europe and stood with the other forces of reaction in opposition to the spread of liberty in Europe. The next thirty years was a time of stern repression of every turn toward liberty taken by any people in Europe. The result was a series of revolutions in 1848 which seemed to threaten a complete overturn of the established European order. There were upheavals in France, in many German states, in Austria, and in Italy. In the city of Rome, in 1848, revolutionaries upset the government, and Pius IX was placed under guard. In November of 1848 he fled from Rome, and a republican government was set up. The pope was not restored to his throne until April of 1850, when Louis Napoleon, called the Third, a nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, allowed the pope of Rome to resume his throne under Napoleon's protection.

But his throne was uneasy. It was not

—Please turn to page 19



By FREDRIK 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. What country is called "the land of the Aryans"?  
a. Iran. b. Germany. c. Arabia.
2. How does a "black widow" spider eject its poison?  
a. By a stinger in its body. b. Through its claws. c. From its mouth.
3. In what form is the land mass of the continent of Antarctica?  
a. All in one piece. b. Two separate islands. c. Not definitely known.
4. What is a "left-handed" marriage?  
a. Ceremony performed in reverse order of usual positions before the clergy.  
b. Marriage contracted between parents without children's consent.  
c. Marriage between man of noble birth and woman without noble blood.
5. By what means is most of the electrical power in the United States generated?  
a. Water power. b. Coal. c. Oil.
6. The largest hydroponic experimental station in the world is located in Tokyo, Japan. To what do such experiments pertain?  
a. Finding the potential power of water.  
b. Ship designing.  
c. Soilless farming.
7. You become "acclimated" when you get used to the climate. Which is the preferred pronunciation?  
a. Akli-matted. b. Ak'li-mated.  
c. A-kly'mated.
8. What relation was Queen Esther to Mordecai the Jew?  
a. She was his uncle's daughter.  
b. His niece.  
c. An adopted child but no blood kin.
9. Now that Gen. George C. Marshall has taken over the duties of James F. Byrnes, how many Secretaries of State has America had?  
a. Fifty. b. Fifty-one. c. Fifty-five.
10. What delegate to the United Nations has forty blood brothers?  
a. Rajah Simor Abdan.  
b. Prince Saud Ibn Abdul Aziz.  
c. Mahatma Igor Simanda.

—Answers on page 21



EWING GALLOWAY

## Petrie

By IDAMAE MELENDY

**D**ID you ever know of a dog who could tell time? Petrie, the little dog I am thinking about, never looks at a clock to tell time, but something inside of him makes him know when four o'clock comes each afternoon, because that is the time he is given his meal for the day. He does not allow his family to forget that it is time for him to eat, but by a series of sharp barks demands attention. As soon as the preparation of his food begins, he lies patiently waiting. He senses that time is required to put the ingredients of his meal together.

Have you ever been tempted to eat between meals? When you are, think of this little dog that waits all day for his food, and is never given anything between meals. At nearly fifteen years of age Petrie is active and strong, because he observes habits of regularity in eating. Most dogs live to be only eight or ten years of age, and this is doubtless due to the fact that they eat anything at any time. If you have a pet, try feeding it a balanced diet with nothing between meals, and notice how it gains healthwise.

This dog also knows the days of the week; at least, he always expects his Friday bath, and if it is not given him he becomes very nervous and runs and looks at the tub and then at his mistress, as if to ask, "Why don't you bathe me?" He also expects to be taken for a walk immediately after his family has had dinner on Sabbath. Without anyone mentioning a walk he takes up his station by the front door, waiting to have his harness and chain put on. He never does this on other days.

Dogs can be taught reverence, the same as boys and girls. Petrie does not attend church, but he never misses family worship, morning and evening. When just a puppy, he would lay down his ball or bone and be quiet during worship, without even being told to do so. He somehow

knows that he should be quiet during the singing, prayer, and Scripture reading. If he happens to be outdoors and is forgotten, invariably he will sense that it is worship time, and bark at the door to be let in. He seems to enjoy having the family together, and he especially enjoys hearing them sing.

Before sundown on Friday evening he lies down in the living room and waits for the family to come in for worship at sunset. If one member loiters he finds him and barks, then runs to the living room, and will not be satisfied until all have seated themselves in the appointed place. A guest of ours once remarked that if any little dog deserved to go to heaven Petrie did, because he seemed to enjoy worship so much. If it so happens that even only one member of the family is at home on Friday evening, Petrie is not satisfied until a song is sung.

Petrie has been taught to mind from puppyhood. He comes immediately when called, and never disobeys the command of his master or mistress. This does not mean that he is spiritless. He feels obligated to obey only his master and mistress.

Petrie's mistress feels perfectly safe with a good watchdog like him around. He appears ferocious to strangers, and jumps as high as a man's head in defense of his home and family. He expects even the neighbors to come in at the front door. A neighbor girl once came into the back yard through the gate, and Petrie immediately began circling her so that she could not move, until his mistress assured him that she was to be allowed in the back yard and to come to the house.

Each morning this pet has a welcome for all the members of the family, but he is especially glad to see his mistress. If she should remain in bed later than usual, he waits at the foot of the stairs for her, and when she does appear, he takes her

wrist in his mouth to welcome her. He likes to have his chest scratched, and will sit in front of his mistress and put his paws up and take hold of one hand to attract her attention.

—Please turn to page 16

## Squeakie

By MRS. FLOYD J. LEE

**I**T HAD been a hot, stuffy July day, and my brother-in-law was glad to be home. He drove the car up to the curb under the large palm tree in front of the house and flung the door open to alight, but he stopped as soon as his feet touched the ground. There on the hard pavement in front of him lay three lifeless baby birds. As he stooped to examine them more closely he saw another nestling lying a few inches away on the green grass. This poor featherless creature, he discovered, was still alive, so he brought it into the house.

When my mother and I saw the new addition to the family, we forgot all about preparing our own dinner, and rushed about taking care of the bird. While I fed him warm milk with a medicine dropper, my sister lined a deep candy box with beaver fur. Surrounded by fur, and comfortably full of warm milk, our guest settled down for a nap.

Later, while we had our evening meal, we tried to think of a suitable name for him. After much thought and deliberation, we decided that Squeakie would be appropriate, for he was very adept at making a squeaking noise.

We fed him two or three times that night, and in the morning when I lifted the edge of his fur cover, he was still squeaking and had his mouth wide open, ready for more food. For breakfast he had warm milk, but later in the day he ate tiny pieces of dark bread soaked in warm milk and a drop or two of a vitamin preparation. By night he began to have a little pep.

When our pet was three or four days old, we fed him some ground raw meat on a toothpick. Within a few weeks he put on feathers and really looked like a bird, although a very small one.

How thrilled Squeakie and I both were the day he flew for the first time. I put him on the floor to get acquainted with



PHOTO BY AUTHOR

Our Petrie Is Now Fifteen Years Old, but He Keeps His Youth by Watching His Diet

our kitchen. He gave a hop or two, and then flew right up on my knee. As his little wings strengthened, he wanted to fly more and more. He outgrew his candy box, so we bought him a cage. At first he objected strenuously, but soon he accepted it and sat on his swing with what seemed to be great joy.

By this time he was eating fresh lettuce, fruit, ground meat, chopped nuts, bird seed, bread, and cream every day, and he was growing rapidly.

When it came time for our vacation at the mountain resort of Lake Arrowhead, we packed Squeakie, cage and all, among the luggage in the back of the car. He slept in the living room of our mountain cottage, and the rest of us slept upstairs. Our pet woke up early that first morning and made so much noise that I was afraid he would wake our house guests, so I let him out of his cage. As I started back up to my room, the little bird landed on my shoulder. Because I was too sleepy to take him back where he belonged, I let him come up to my bedroom.

After I had crawled back into bed he perched on my pillow and watched to see that everything was all right, then he came down near my face. I lay still and kept one eye on him. Soon he was under the corner of the sheet by my shoulder, nestling down for a nap. And from then on this performance was repeated each morning.

One warm sunny afternoon we set a saucer of water on the floor for Squeakie to take a bath in. At first he approached cautiously, then he took a drink, and finally he waded right in. In fact, he got so wet he was hardly recognizable. He acted as if he thought he would never be the same, but when his feathers had dried he was clean and happy.

Another time as mother opened the front door Squeakie flew over her shoulder and fared forth to face the world for the first time. As we did not want him to get lost, I went out and called him. Finally I located him in a tall pine tree about half a block from our house. I stood right under the limb where he sat looking at me, and whistled for him. He flew down and landed on my shoulder, where he stayed until we got home.

On the way back from our vacation we stopped off for a day at a ranch. We put Squeakie's cage under an avocado tree and propped the door open so he could come and go as he pleased. He flew to the very tops of the trees and acted as if he had discovered a new world. But when we were ready to leave for home, he was not ready to go back into his cage. One of the orchardmen shook the tree where he was perched, thinking it would make our pet come down, but it only scared him so he flew away. We delayed our journey, but were not able to find him until just before dark, when I heard his faint squeak

in another part of the orchard. I called him, and in a few minutes he flew to my shoulder.

After we were home again and settled in our own house, I thought I would break our bird pet of the habit of coming to my room each morning. But Squeakie had other ideas. Every day he managed to find some way to get upstairs.

As he grew older, we put his cage in the yard each day, with the door propped open so that he could come and go at will. He seemed to be perfectly at home with the other wild birds that gathered in the yard.

The weather was getting cooler, and we knew it soon would be time for our little linnet (by this time we had decided definitely what kind of bird he was) to fly south. And we were right, for one evening Squeakie did not answer to our call. We looked in his cage, and his food had not been eaten. There were no birds of any kind in the yard. They had taken their leave for a year, and Squeakie had gone with them.

The neighbors seem to miss Squeakie almost as much as we do. But we all hope he will return to us this spring. So much for our first attempt at raising a wild bird. We know it can be done, and we hope sometime to be able to raise twins.

## Petrie

(Continued from page 15)

Do you always think to turn the radio off or turn to another station when jazz comes on? Some radio programs Petrie dislikes, and the music (?) causes him to howl pitifully. He has put his paws up to the button that turns the radio off and on, as if to silence it when he thinks this should be done.

Would you like to know the tricks this little pet does? He always puts up his right front paw when told to shake hands. He gives a very subdued bark when asked to speak. He can walk on his hind feet, sit up, roll over, jump through a hoop, and lie down when so commanded. He knows many words. When the front porch is mentioned, he runs to the front door. *Chain* and *harness* are very interesting words to him, because he associates them with going for a walk. When his mistress leaves the house without him, he always wants to be assured that she is coming back soon.

Petrie has long white hair and is very patient when it is being brushed and combed. He has most expressive brown eyes. His ears are black, and half of his face is black. On the top of his head there is a black spot. As he walks down the street he attracts attention, and he is really a picture, with his tail waving and the long hair on his legs flying in the

breeze. We think the pattern was thrown away after he arrived, because we have never seen another dog like him.

# STAMPS

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Address all correspondence to the Stamp Corner,  
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Mrs. Harry Ray, Route 1, Townsend, Montana (senior, beginner), offers Canadian and British stamps for world-wide varieties.

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Elvan Atherly, 604 Albemarle Avenue, Takoma Park 12, Maryland (junior, 3,000 stamps), wants to join our exchange list.

## I Was A Praying Pilot

(Continued from page 6)

After what seemed hours, we found the airfield. The weather was getting worse by the minute, and since all planes were running low on fuel, we had to land as quickly as possible. On the fifth attempt we touched down on the runway, and once again I thanked God for His protection, not realizing at the time how narrow our escape had been.

Seven other ships and their crews were not so fortunate as we. As I stood there in the rain and viewed with the aid of the dim midnight sun the mangled and torn bodies of friends with whom I had been eating and talking only a few hours previously, there came to my mind with shocking force the fact that but for the protecting hand of God, one body might have been mine. The horror I felt as I tried to identify the dismembered forms of some of my best friends made an indelible impression on my mind. I can never forget it. I was forced to realize and admit what a big mistake I had made by being where I was.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

During the sixty-three missions that followed over enemy-held Europe, I learned many times the value of God's promise to be with us even through the valley of the shadow of death. I learned the difference between a memorized, automatic prayer and a prayer of real need. Many, many times in the months that followed I had proved to me the Lord's ability to protect. While deep in enemy territory, with the ship being torn by shrapnel and bullets, with other ships falling all around, I prayed, not once but many times, with a real meaning in my prayers, for a safe return to my homeland, where I might live the kind of life I knew was right.

And the Lord was with me. Everything I asked was given to me. Whether it was for clear weather back at base in which to land a crippled ship, or a steady hand when returning on one engine, or any one of a hundred other things, my prayers were always answered.

While based in Belgium, we were sent to a small town in Germany early one morning to silence an enemy strong point holding up the British advance. My orders were to lead my group in about a mile behind the first element over the target. It was a beautiful spring morning, and it seemed as if we could see almost to America, the weather was so clear. As we twisted and turned in to the target, I prayed and I knew there was a prayer being offered in the rear of the ship. This had long since become a habit with us.

Ahead I could see the first element approaching the target. Just as their bomb-bay doors opened, the whole sky exploded around them. The morning sun was actually hidden by the numerous black bursts of flak. In but a moment the six ships ahead of us were completely lost from sight in the smoke, and the next thing I saw was one of them diving toward the earth, enveloped in flames. As it fell farther and farther, we all watched in vain for parachutes; but none came out.

Our ship was rapidly approaching this same area, and there was nothing we could do but go right on into the midst of those deadly bursting shells—that is, nothing but pray; and we did it. Once again we were heard. Not a single burst of flak was reported by members of my crew or by one of the wing ships' crews, while we were over the target! Not a ship in our flight was so much as rocked by a burst of flak! As soon as we passed out of range, flak was reported again in the area we had just passed through, more intense than before. Some people may try to explain the lack of opposition over the target, but *I know* why we received no flak when other ships had been shot down at the same place just seconds before.

There were many other incidents. For me, each mission safely completed was an

answer to prayer. Many times I have heard one of the fellows remark that prayer really works. During our tour we lost six of our own ships, but excepting a few bruises and some severe jostling around none of my crew was injured. And today six men are a living testimony to the fact that God hears and answers even the prayers of the unworthy.

I am thankful that God saw fit to answer my petitions and those of so many others. I was fortunate enough to be discharged from the Army in time to enter college last year. Right now I am studying for entrance to the College of Medical Evangelists, where I hope to receive a training that someday will enable me to show by a life of special service for Christ my appreciation for those many providential deliverances.



## Nine Words

By MARY KENT

One word taken from each following line makes a verse in Psalms.

1. "And also that nation, whom they shall serve, will I judge."
2. "As an horse in the wilderness."
3. "For there the Lord commanded the blessing."
4. "I cried unto the Lord with my voice."
5. "Fear was on every side."
6. "And as they went on their way."
7. "Ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hand unto."
8. "That with well doing ye may put to silence."
9. "And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

## Acrostics

By ALTA CHRISTENSEN

All the following words are incomplete. By applying the missing initial letter you will form, in a downward line in each group, the name of the Bible character which that group of words describes.

- |   |  |   |  |
|---|--|---|--|
| 1.<br>esolute<br>nselfish<br>ruthful<br>onest   | 2.<br>round<br>ager<br>alkative<br>arnest<br>ash             | 3.<br>ust<br>bedient<br>rave                                    | 4.<br>eck<br>bedient<br>low<br>arnest<br>teadfast                        |
| 5.<br>owerful<br>dventurous<br>nselfish<br>oyal | 6.<br>ager<br>oyal<br>ndustrious<br>trong<br>onorable<br>ble | 7.<br>ust<br>ptimistic<br>onest<br>oble                         | 8.<br>fraid<br>esitant<br>busive<br>ad                                   |
| 9.<br>ager<br>calous<br>ighteous<br>ctive       | 10.<br>antankerous<br>ngry<br>rresponsible<br>eglectful      | 11.<br>ust<br>rganizer<br>incere<br>elpful<br>ncorrupt<br>stute | 12.<br>evoted<br>bscure<br>ejuvenated<br>haritable<br>ctive<br>eamstress |

—Answers on page 21

## Elizabeth Blackwell, Pioneer in Medicine

(Continued from page 8)

had submitted her application to them for approval or disapproval. There had been considerable discussion, but when the vote was finally taken, it was unanimous in favor of admitting her into the institution for medical studies.

At last opportunity had come! And Elizabeth Blackwell was caught between mixed feelings of joy and solemnity. She was happy as she thought of a dream which was at last to become a reality, yet sober as she visualized the great task which lay before her. So it was, in 1847, that she entered the Geneva University and began training as the first woman doctor in America.

The news of her arrival spread rapidly, and one can understand why every student in the university was exceedingly curious to catch a glimpse of this great phenomenon, a woman medic. The *Boston Medical Journal* said of her, "She is a pretty little specimen of the feminine gender, reporting her age as twenty-six. She comes into the class with great composure, takes off her bonnet and puts it under the seat, exposing a fine phrenology [*sic*]. The effect on the class has been good and great decorum is observed while she is present."

On the day of her graduation, in 1849, the president rose as he presented her diploma, and she modestly acknowledged it by saying, "Sir, I thank you. . . . By the help of the Most High, it shall be the effort of my life to shed honor upon your diploma." The audience applauded as she left the platform to take her place with the other graduates.

Her great desire was to be a surgeon, and after graduation she studied in France and England, but her wish was destined to be denied, for she was overtaken by a serious visual difficulty and lost the sight of one eye, making it impossible for her to do surgery. She did not cease work, however, and was highly commended by her intimate friend, Florence Nightingale, as well as by many other famous men and women.

Upon her return to America Dr. Blackwell and her sister, Emily, opened a private dispensary which later became incorporated into the New York Infirmary and College for Women. It later offered a complete medical course to those who had so recently been denied this opportunity. When the Civil War broke out in 1861, Elizabeth was a leader in organizing trained nurses for the armed services. Later she returned permanently to England, where she became professor of gynecology in the London School of Medicine for Women, and served faithfully for thirty-two years. She retired at eighty-six and quietly passed away three years later.

## A Veteran Looks at the Coed

(Continued from page 10)

First, she must be attractive. That restriction includes practically every girl, provided she has the ambition to make herself desirable. Neatness in dress and grooming will be high points on his list. Her personality will far overshadow physical endowments.

He, himself is neither shy nor bold, although one seldom remains in the middle of the road in the armed forces. Therefore, he will undoubtedly cater to the friendly girl, who has a smile and greeting for everyone, rather than to the bashful girl. Little words and acts of kindness will make a deep impression on him. He will seldom speak first, but he will appreciate a girl's friendliness and remember her for it.

His dream girl, then, will be interested in knowing where he has been and what he has seen, but she will not give him the "third degree" about his life. He wants to know about her, of course, but he would much rather ask her than have her give him a life history the first time he is out with her. She will achieve her goal if she can be merely an interesting conversationalist.

After his army life college may be quite strange to him. At first the rules that always seem to pop up and say, "Don't do this" or "Don't do that," may appear unnecessary. During the first few weeks it

may annoy him to think he cannot have his own way about everything. If he wants to take a friend to town he may see no sense in arranging for a chaperon, but if he is wise he will realize that the question is one of principle. Many activities can be arranged to fill the busy lives of college students which are within the precepts of the school. With tact and perseverance, the young people will experience no real conflict provided the characters of both are as they should be.

Little things she can do will do much to win him. He will appreciate scholastic help during those weeks of adjustment to study. Her attention gives him a feeling of importance he has not known for a long time.

Lastly, he will seek one with whom he can be compatible religiously, preferably a companion who lives on an even higher religious plane than he does himself. Fundamentally he is in harmony with the doctrines and principles taught by the church, but he has looked forward to meeting someone who will strengthen his faith and add new zest to his Christian experience.

To summarize: She will be attractive but not vain; friendly, but not frivolous; quiet, but not shy. She will show a friendly interest in others, as well as in himself. She will be the embodiment of those standards of personal Christianity which he requires in the one who will share the life of service for which he is now preparing.

## Points of Interest

(Continued from page 4)

him a nickel. Wouldn't build himself a decent house to live in."

"Did Allen have a family?" I asked.

"He tried to. Married the nicest girl in South Pass, but she died when her baby was born. Allen tried to raise it, but it died too when it weren't more'n a year old. He never was quite as gay after that, though no one ever heard him speak of his personal troubles." He paused, and a slight shadow flicked over his face. "It was when he made his first proposal for improvin' the town that he and Cabe clashed the first time. Allen got up in a little town meetin' one night and told us that he wasn't proud of the fact that the best buildin's in town were the saloons. Said he meant to raise money to build a decent schoolhouse for the children of South Pass. I still remember how he flung the words at us and how we gaped at him. Cabe wasn't no drinkin' man—couldn't part with his money even for that—but he got up instantly and said the saloon was a necessity for the men in the mines, that it was their only recreation, and so forth, and so on."

The old man paused again. "Well, Allen finally got the school buildin', but it

wasn't much of an improvement over the old one, for Cabe fought it every step of the way. It took him another long struggle to get the little high school annex, and he did most of the carpenterin' himself."

"What a fine person he must have been," I observed.

"Yes, he was all of that. Crusader from the day he began teachin' to the night of his death three years ago." He drew a long sigh, then smiled. "Always laughin', though. And tellin' funny jokes."

"What was Cabe like?"

"Jist the opposite from Allen. Sour as grapefruit, and sputterin' about as bad. And yet he couldn't help but like Allen, because he never got really angry at him, and each time they'd have a bout, they would forgit it and get chummy again. They liked talkin' politics."

"You don't mean they agreed on politics?" I gasped.

"Agreed? Shucks! Ain't I tellin' you they never agreed on nothin'? But jist the same, the only fun Cabe ever had was with Allen. Even though he fought him to the day he died. Got himself elected to the school board so he could fight him better. But it was right after this that Allen shocked the whole country by goin' to the State legislature and demandin'

a bill to be passed to stop children under sixteen from workin' in the mines. I'm tellin' you, Cabe near lost his sanity that time. Tried to put Allen out of school. And when, after years of runnin' over the country makin' speeches, he got the bill passed, Cabe never spoke directly to him again. Figured he was his mortal enemy after that. But he went on fightin' him. Worked like a tiger to keep Allen from bein' made principal of the high school. Had a conniption fit when Allen sent his debatin' team over the State to debate against our country goin' into the first world war."

"Did any of the town people support Cabe?"

"Well, a certain amount of people always lick the boots of a rich man, you know, in the hopes of findin' a nickel stuck to 'em. But most of the people was for Allen. After all, he was fightin' for their children hook, line, and sinker."

I followed the old man into the station and watched while he piled the mailbags onto a wheelbarrow. "What I want to know," I told him, hoping to hear the end of the story before my train came, "is why Old Cabe built these memorials for a man he hated."

The ticket agent straightened up and grinned at me. "That's the strange part of the story. But I'm acomin' to that. In the winter of 1938 the citizens of South Pass decided to make Allen mayor."

"I suppose Cabe ran against him."

"Oh, sure, sure! Knew he'd be defeated, but he'd got the habit by then of opposin' everything Allen did. He was gittin' rheumatic, but his shoutin' capacity was still good."

There were only two minutes before the train was due.

"Well, Allen had circulars printed tellin' what he aimed to do if he were elected. He wanted large brick buildin's both for the grades and the high school. A public library for all the people. A municipal swimmin' pool at one end of town and a playground at the other. Well, Old Cabe was so mad he challenged him to a public accountin' of his intentions. The meetin' was held in the high school annex, and things was hot, I tell you. Cabe nearly had epilepsy shoutin' and shakin' his fist at Allen. But the professor just stood and grinned in his slow way, and declared that he'd carry out every one of his plans if it was the last thing on earth that he did."

The train whistled in the distance.

"The next mornin' Allen's neighbors found him dead in bed from a heart attack. The shock completely laid Old Cabe out. He nearly died. Some say the change that came over him was like that of Old Scrooge in the Christmas story, and others liken it to the conversion of Saint Paul."

The train rounded the corner and slowed. I reached for my suitcase.

"Anyway, he sold his mine and built everythin' Allen had ever wanted—brick school buildin's, a playground, the library, and jist got the swimmin' pool done this spring before he died."

I ran for my car, and as the train pulled out, I got a glimpse of a playground at the end of town; and in the opposite direction the tops of new brick buildings stood out against the skyline.

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## The Deadly Wound

(Continued from page 14)

long before efforts on the part of the small states of Italy to unite themselves into one nation threatened the security of the pope. When national unity was achieved, the papal states were at war with the united kingdom of Italy. The pope lost all his temporal holdings in Italy in 1870 and ceased to be a political ruler in Europe. Immediately he protested the confiscation of the Papal States by the Italian Government, and declared himself a prisoner in the Vatican. By a strange combination of circumstances this deprivation of the papal territories was completed only two months after a great Vatican Council had declared, on July 18, 1870, that the pope of Rome is infallible when he speaks as pope from his throne in matters of faith and morals. Just at the moment that the pope had put forth his greatest claim as the supreme religious power over men on earth he was deprived of his position as political ruler.

The kingdom of Italy was able to maintain itself with varying fortunes through the succeeding years. The pope continued to sit in the Vatican, controlling his church throughout the world, but deprived of his territories. Italy fell on evil days after the first world war, and in the year 1922 Benito Mussolini became prime minister of the Italian kingdom, and its ruler by dictatorship. It was he who in the year 1929 healed the breach which had existed since 1870 between the Papacy and the Italian Government, and made a concordat with the pope. According to this agreement, the pope had a small area restored to him in the city of Rome as his exclusive religious and political territory, under the name of Vatican City.

It had been stated in Bible prophecy that the beast should receive a deadly wound, and that that deadly wound would then be healed. The Papacy was wounded many times during its long centuries of history, but its great wound was undoubtedly administered on February 15, 1798. The pope was restored and removed and restored again more than once in the years following 1798, but the deadly wound was really healed when on February 11, 1929, he was given again his own territory to govern.

Vatican City is small. It suffers badly by

comparison with the larger territories that the pope ruled prior to the deadly wound of 1798. But it is not the size of the territory that counts so much as it is the fact of the restoration of the temporal power of the pope. He now has a place among the nations of the world as a political ruler. He receives ambassadors. Geographically small, Vatican City is enormous in meaning. The influence of the pope as supreme Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church is very great. Now, at the close of the second world war, this has combined with it a newly restored political place of world-wide significance. The present international complications are giving to the pope of Rome golden opportunities to wield tremendous power in the world.

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## The Foolishness of God

(Continued from page 7)

"I can't preach that kind of message—it's foolishness."

Those were the thought words of a young Bostonian who had seen the glory of the New Jerusalem and passed it by. He was a preacher, and a good one. When he spoke everyone listened. As God's eyes had run to and fro seeking those whose hearts were toward Him, they lighted upon this fine stalwart youth. God had a great task for him to perform, calling for the highest courage, the steadiest nerve, the greatest endurance. William Foy was qualified to accept the commission.

But this thing that God had asked him to do was not to his liking. He could not understand the visions that had been given him. Why should he try to do what he could not understand—even in obedience to God's direction?

He must have been thrilled by those things he had seen—things which had to do with the infant Second Advent Move-

ment. There was a platform with thousands of people gathered upon it; as he looked, some dropped out of sight. Then there was a second higher platform up to which many of the people on the first platform stepped. Then Mr. Foy was shown a third platform. It must have been like a great path leading to the gates of the New Jerusalem. Upon this path marched thousands upon thousands toward the Holy City. Yes, it must have been a sight glorious to see, but with the preaching of the three angels' messages, which the platforms represented, William Foy would have nothing to do.

And so it was with Hazen Foss. Here was another young man well able to shoulder the responsibility Foy had shrugged off. God tried to impress him with the importance of the vision by showing it to him *twice*. Still he held back and refused to undertake the task God had assigned him. He was afraid—with Peter's fear. Then when the Lord told him it was too late, he became alarmed and he gathered together a great audience, that he might tell what he had seen. But when he stood up to speak he could not remember a word of the vision, and "he wasted away and died."

Once more the vision was repeated, but this time it was given to one of the weakest of God's children, Ellen Gould White. She accepted the divine commission.

People today do not like God. They do not like His plan of salvation. They do not like His day. They say it is foolishness. The finger of ridicule is pointed at the young man or young woman who refuses to dance or to play cards, attend the theater or break God's law by disregarding the seventh-day Sabbath. Be satisfied with God and the plan that He has for you—always remembering that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

## YOUTH'S FORUM

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### 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 to train elementary teachers? 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?

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## Memories

(Continued from page 9)

one of the many suburbs should we start our work?

Pastor Haskell ordered a taxi, and we Bible instructors went with him from one suburb to another. When we came to Holloway we all felt impressed that this was the place. However, we drove on through a number of other districts. We felt no interest in any of them, so Pastor Haskell told the driver to go back through Holloway. When we reached it we were again impressed that we should locate there, so the decision was made.

Pastor Haskell had remarked casually as we went through Holloway that a woman, a Mrs. Marsh, who had accepted the truths of the third angel's message in Southampton was now living there. None of us had considered this fact especially in deciding on the location for our work, but I felt sure as I talked to her later that we had been impressed to establish our headquarters there in answer to her prayers. Her husband was a prison warden, and three years before he had been transferred from Southampton to Holloway jail. She told me that for three years she had prayed every day that the Lord would send workers to that part of London, so that she could bring up her chil-

dren in the truths of God's special message for the remnant church.

It was in the Marsh home, a small apartment in the prison warden's quarters of Holloway jail, that the first Sabbath school in London was held. It was attended by Mrs. Marsh and her four children, the three Bible instructors, and part of the time by two sisters from the Southampton church who were visiting in London. It was a great privilege for this family to attend a Sabbath school and the Bible study which followed, after having been alone for so long, and the children listened with as close attention as did their mother.

When the location for the start of our work had been decided upon, Pastor Haskell found an apartment for us. Pastor Ings from Grimsby, where the paper *Present Truth* was published, had come up to London for a few days to welcome our company and give us some counsel about making contacts with English people. Now he was returning to his field, while Pastor Haskell was leaving to visit various centers of our denominational work on the Continent. So the evening before these brethren were to leave, they took us to our apartment. Each one gave us some fatherly advice, and then departed.

(To be continued)

## The Lost Men

(Continued from page 1)

"No pay, lady; we are here to help our neighbor. But a drink? Yes. We are thirsty," agreed the warden.

Her face brightened. Here was something she could do.

"Wine in cellar—plenty of it. Come," she motioned.

The warden stepped forward. His men had risked their lives all night. Could he allow that sacrifice to be spoiled by the old demon of drink now?

"No wine, Mrs. Bizzina," he said emphatically.

"No wine?"

"You have cows, haven't you?"

She looked amazed. "Cow? Yes—"

"Bring us milk. We are hungry and thirsty too."

Shaking her head in amazement at people who would refuse her cellar full of wine, Mrs. Bizzina hurried into the house.

One of the village boys, stretched out on the lawn to await the refreshments, raised his head to answer a prisoner who ventured, "Bizzina? Name sounds Italian."

"It is. My mother was sick in the hospital in the same room with this lady. Mother asked her what they raised on their farm and she answered, 'Oh, the grape! We maka da grape for wine!'"

"I'd be interested in that." A prison trusty raised himself on his elbow and

peered over at the boy. "Wine, did you say? Where?"

"We'll have no wine in this crew," declared the warden. "We're here to save life and property, not to destroy it."

The prison guard appeared through the red smoke. He had cut across the vineyard. Weary and distressed, he hurried to the group resting on the lawn. He counted his men silently. Once—twice—and three times. "Warden," he called, "two of my men are missing. I tried to keep my gang together, but two are gone."

The warden struggled to his feet. "Reckon something has happened to them? I noticed a few of them didn't keep up with the rest of the boys. Maybe they took this opportunity to escape."

The guard's face flushed, "I don't think so. They are always eager to be called to fight fire, for every day they work counts off on their sentence. If they escape—added penalty is tacked onto their term. No, I'm afraid they were cut off in the fire."

"I can't see how that could happen," frowned the warden. "We had a desperate fight to save Bizzina's house and barn, but there was not a time when the fire could have surrounded a person, that is, unless he was injured and could not walk out."

"Milk!" sang out Mrs. Bizzina as she and her daughter appeared carrying a large can and tin dippers.

When all had their fill of the fresh cold milk, the warden told the men that two of the prisoners were missing, and exhausted as they were they must find them.

"We will have to go over the burned area. Watch out for falling trees and limbs. Keep to the open spaces all you can. Dangerous business. I don't like to ask you to go, but two lives may be at stake."

"We're revived now by Mrs. Bizzina's good milk," laughed Carl, who had not gone home to rest as he had been ordered to do.

The men divided into groups and started on their search for the missing fighters.

"Bad for you, guard, isn't it?"

"Spoil my record," declared the guard anxiously. "Besides—"

A shrill whistle of command sounded on the still morning air. The boys broke into a run. Coming from all directions they surrounded the warden who stood grimly awaiting them.

"The lost men are found," he announced in a disgusted voice. "Go back to your rest."

"Where?" called an impudent boyish voice. "When?" added another.

"I'll show you where and when. It might be good for you," he declared.

"Look!" and he strode to the barn and swung wide the large double doors.

The boys crowded in. Sprawled out on the hay, there lay the two missing prisoners. A jug between them explained their attitude.

"They are lost, aren't they?" demanded the warden. "Lost to the world and their responsibilities. Only our efforts to keep the barn from burning saved their lives."

"Where did they get the stuff?" puzzled the guard.

"Easy to guess," spoke up a lad. "She," with a nod of his head toward the house, "offered a jug to us. Said it would make us better fighters."

"Better fighter! But not better fire fighters!" exploded the warden.

"Well, boys, if you have seen enough, you may go home now. The fire is under control, and you deserve a rest. And," with a pitying glance at the two unconscious prisoners, "the lost men are found."

### Key to "Nine Words"

Psalms 2:11.

### Key to "Acrostics"

1. Ruth. 2. Peter. 3. Job. 4. Moses. 5. Paul. 6. Elisha. 7. John. 8. Ahab. 9. Ezra. 10. Cain. 11. Joshua. 12. Dorcas.

### Answers to "What's Your Score?"

1. (a) Iran, interpreted, means "land of the Aryans." 2. (b) The black widow has poison sacs in each of its claws. 3. (c) Exploration has yet to prove whether it is one island or two. 4. (c) A morganatic marriage of royalty to nonroyalty. 5. (b) More coal is used than any other method of running electric generators. 6. (c) Farming with chemicals and water without soil. 7. (c) A-kly'mated is the preferred pronunciation according to Webster. 8. (a) She was his uncle's daughter as well as his adopted daughter. 9. (a) Fifty. Thomas Jefferson was the first in 1790. 10. (b) Crown Prince Saud Ibn Abdul Aziz of Arabia.

## Senior Youth

### II—"Behold, Thy King Cometh"

(April 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matthew 21:1-16; Luke 19:32-44.

LESSON HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 569-579, 589-600.

1. On His way to Jerusalem to what place did Jesus come? Matt. 21:1.

2. For what purpose did He send two of His disciples into a village? If questioned, what were they to say? What would then be granted? Verses 2, 3.

NOTE.—There were few horses in Judea, and these were used mostly in war. They were seldom employed in private life. To ride on a horse was an emblem of war, but to ride on a mule or an ass was an emblem of peace. It denoted neither poverty nor degradation, but was rather a mark of rank and dignity. It was the common way in which kings and princes rode, and therefore it was appropriate for Jesus to enter Jerusalem in this manner.

3. What prophecy concerning this event had been given hundreds of years before? Verses 4, 5; Zech. 9:9.

4. What was the experience of the disciples in carrying out the request of Jesus? Luke 19:32-35.

5. When the animals were brought, what did the disciples and the multitude do? What was the glad cry of the people? Matt. 21:7-9.

NOTE.—The multitude showed respect for the Saviour by casting their outer garments before Him; "others by cutting down branches of trees and casting them in the way. This was the way in which conquerors and princes were often honored. To cast flowers, or garlands, or evergreens before a warrior returning from victory, or a king entering into his kingdom, was a common way of testifying joyful and triumphant feeling. . . . These branches were branches of the palm tree. The palm was an emblem of joy and victory."—*Barnes' Commentary*, vol. 1, p. 262.

6. What did some of the Pharisees ask Jesus to do? What was His reply? Why was it necessary that praise and honor be ascribed to Him at that time? Luke 19:39, 40.

7. When Jesus entered Jerusalem, what question was asked by the people? How did the multitude reply? Matt. 21:10, 11.

8. As He drew near the city, what surprising evidence of grief did Jesus show? What did He exclaim? Luke 19:41-44.

9. After Jesus had looked about the temple, to what place did He return for the night? Mark 11:11, last part.

NOTE.—Meanwhile Jesus passed unnoticed to the temple. All was quiet there, for the scene upon Olivet had called away the people. For a short time Jesus remained at the temple, looking upon it with sorrowful eyes. Then He withdrew with His disciples, and returned to Bethany. When the people sought for Him to place Him on the throne, He was not to be found. The entire night Jesus spent in prayer, and in the morning He came again to the temple."—*Ibid.*, p. 581.

10. What did Jesus do when He went to the temple the next day? What prophecy did He quote? Matt. 21:12, 13, margin.

NOTE.—Three years before, when beginning His ministry, Jesus cleansed the temple, as recorded in John 2:14-17. That event and the one recorded in Matthew are similar, but took place at different times.

11. What took place when the temple was cleared of the buyers and sellers? How did the children rejoice? How were the chief priests and buyers affected? Verses 14, 15.

12. What did the priests say to Jesus? How did He reply? Verse 16.

## Junior

### II—Hosanna in the Highest

(April 12)

LESSON TEXTS: Matthew 21:1-16; Luke 19:29-44; Mark 11:1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord." Luke 19:38.

#### Guiding Thought

O could I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine!  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine!  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

—SAMUEL MEDLEY.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought. This poem is No. 161 in the *Church Hymnal* and No. 262 in *Christ in Song*.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

Jesus has spent the night in Bethany and now is getting ready to return to Jerusalem. He is about to fulfill a prophecy of Him written five hundred years before this.

1. What did Jesus request two of His disciples to do? If they met with any refusal, what were they to say? Matt. 21:1-3; Luke 19:28-34; Mark 11:1-6.

NOTE.—Jesus, as a tiny baby, lay in a borrowed manger. When teaching and healing the people, He lived in borrowed homes. He rode to Jerusalem on a borrowed colt. After His crucifixion He slept in a borrowed tomb. He needed a cradle, and it was supplied. He needed a home, and Peter and Lazarus, with His sisters, made their homes His. He needed a colt upon which to ride, and a villager let Him use his. He needed a tomb, and Joseph, with Nicodemus and the disciples to help, laid His body in his own tomb. For you He left the glory and wealth of heaven, having no place of His own here, that He might be your Saviour.

2. In riding on the colt what prophecy did Jesus fulfill? Zech. 9:9; Matt. 21:4, 5.

NOTE.—For the first and only time Jesus accepted homage as a King and as heir to the throne of David.

Find Bethphage on the map.

Look in your Bible dictionary to find what Bethphage means.

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

3. Who put their coats on the colt for Jesus to sit on? Matt. 21:6, 7; Mark 11:7; Luke 19:39.

4. How did the great throng of people honor Jesus? Matt. 21:8; Mark 11:8; Luke 19:38.

NOTE.—"The people vied with one another in paying Him homage. They could not display outward pomp and splendor, but they gave Him the worship of happy hearts. They were unable to present Him with costly gifts, but they spread their outer garments as a carpet in His path, and they also strewed the leafy branches of the olive and the palm in the way."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 570.

5. How did the people show their joy? What did they say? Matt. 21:9; Mark 11:9, 10; Luke 19:37, 38.

Look in your Bible dictionary for the meaning of *Hosanna*.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

6. Who were among the happy throng of people? What did they request of Jesus? Luke 19:39.

7. God had planned that this prophecy should be fulfilled now. If the people had been made to keep still, what would have occurred? Verse 40.

8. What did the people of Jerusalem ask as Jesus rode through the streets toward the temple? What was the answer of the throng? Matt. 21:10, 11.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

9. How was Jesus affected as He rode down the Mount of Olives where He could see Jerusalem? Luke 19:41, 42.

NOTE.—Jesus wept over Jerusalem and its people, for He knew they would, in a few days, reject Him forever as their Saviour.

10. What prophecy did Jesus quote in verses 43, 44? Isa. 29:3; Jer. 6:4-6; Micah 3:12.

The great throng of people who had come with Jesus over the Mount of Olives, across the little Kidron brook, through the gate of Jerusalem, and along the streets, stopped as it reached the temple area.

11. When Jesus stepped down from the colt on which He had been riding, where did He go? Mark 11:11 (first part).

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

12. Where did Jesus spend the night after riding into Jerusalem? To what place did He return the next morning? Mark 11:11 (last part); Matt. 21:12 (first part); Luke 19:45.

13. What was being done in the temple when Jesus entered? What did He then do? Matt. 21:12, 13; Mark 11:15-17; Luke 19:46.

14. When the traders had left, who came to Jesus? How did the children praise Jesus? How did the chief priests and scribes regard this? How did Jesus reply? Matt. 21:14-16.

NOTE.—The children eagerly surrounded Jesus, singing glad songs of praise. Many of them He had healed, and some of them had slept in His arms. "Perfected praise" would be the praise of loving hearts. What could be more acceptable than the praise of innocent children?

How well do you know the memory verse?

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

Who said—

1. "Go into the village, . . . and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her?"  
2. "The Lord hath need of them?"

Who—

- (a) placed their coats on the colt?
- (b) laid their coats on the ground?
- (c) waved palm branches?
- (d) sang praises to Jesus?
- (e) criticized what the happy people, and especially the children, were doing?
- (f) wept over Jerusalem?
- (g) went into the temple?
- (h) drove the traders from the temple?
- (i) sang praises to Jesus as He talked with them?

Something to think about: Jesus has need of my heart, and my songs of praise, and of my service.

Read again the Guiding Thought.

## The Youth's Instructor

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# The Listening Post

⚡ DURING 1946 the radio industry broke all previous records of manufacture, with an excess of 15,000,000 receivers placed on the market in America. The largest prewar production was 13,642,334 sets, in 1941.

⚡ GREAT BRITAIN is still living behind miles of barbed wire. When invasion seemed probable during the war, the British coastal areas were practically swathed in the metal barricade. With the man-power shortage so acute, however, it may be several years before all the wire, tanks, huts, sandbags, corrugated iron, and other army gear cluttering the countryside will be removed.

⚡ SNATHS are still very much in demand in the world despite the dominance of the machine age. A snath is the oddly bent handle of a scythe that has been practically unchanged down through the centuries. Besides Father Time's investment, about half a million scythes are purchased each year by farmers, railroads, park departments, highway departments, brush cutters, and hay-fever fighters. There are five snath manufacturers in America and one in Canada.

⚡ WITH a total of 2,000,000 college students now enrolled in the United States, and many thousands still unable to get into school, it has been suggested that more junior colleges be erected to relieve the shortage. President Conant of Harvard University, promoter of the plan, believes that most young people's needs could be adequately served by such a terminal program. Unless immediate expansion of educational facilities is put under way, it is feared that many promising young people will not be able to continue their training beyond high school.

⚡ UNLESS you have a number of hobbies to keep you active, better not plan on retiring, advises Dr. Harvey Agnew, secretary of the Canadian Hospital Council. It is one of the quickest ways of shortening your life, according to the doctor. He advocates a movement for the welfare of elderly people which encourages thinking and stimulates action rather than taking life too easy. "Why tell a man to retire?" asks the doctor. "He'll lose the purpose for which he exists, and his mental processes . . . and whole body functions, will soon deteriorate." Dr. Agnew further declared that there is not nearly so much danger in operating on the aged as there is in letting a condition go untreated.

⚡ ROBERT J. SMITHDAS, twenty-one-year-old freshman at St. John's College in Brooklyn, New York, is the only totally blind and totally deaf college student in the United States. The only handicaps he has met so far have been in mathematics, zoology, and physics. With these waived from his Bachelor of Arts course he stands seventeenth in his class of 328, with an average of 87.6 per cent. As in the case of the renowned Helen Keller, Robert has an assistant, a fellow freshman, John J. Spainer, eighteen, who transmits the lectures and discussions through the manual alphabet system of spelling out words in the palm of the blind boy. The notes which John takes are later written out on a Braille machine for leisure study. Robert plans to become a writer, and already has fifty-five poems to his credit, one of which, "Dream Canyon," was published recently in *Vogue*.

⚡ A NEW international veterans' fellowship has been formed between members of British and American armed forces, it has been announced by former Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle. Its main purpose is a continuation of the comradeship built up during the war, and it has no political or military aims but will seek to improve international relations. General Doolittle, who is president of the fellowship, expressed hope that it would be "casteless."

⚡ THE world's largest hydroponic farm is located in Tokyo, Japan. It consists of a five-acre greenhouse and ten five-acre outdoor growing beds. All plants are grown in gravel-filled troughs and fed by circulating streams of chemically treated water. Fresh vegetables were provided troops of the United States by the use of similar hydroponic methods on Ascension Island, Coconut Island, Iwo, and British Guiana.

⚡ HELP is in sight for hay-fever sufferers now that a research council has been set up by the American Academy of Allergy. Studies will be made of aeroallergens, or pollens, molds, dust, and air processing. Daily pollen-count maps will be published in co-operation with the United States Weather Bureau, and offered to newspapers throughout America.

⚡ EDGAR LEE HEWETT, archaeologist who directed many of the excavations of Indian ruins in the American Southwest, died at the age of 81 years. Dr. Hewett was not as interested in rescuing dead things for museums as in discovering that which ages and disasters cannot kill—"the sciences and skills lying dormant that may be energized anew."

⚡ COTTON and rayon fabrics which will retain their original crispness without the use of starch have been developed by the United States Rubber Company. Called Kandar, the new finish will not lose its freshness even after repeated washing.

⚡ THE telephone of tomorrow has been designed that features ultramodern streamlining, push buttons instead of a dial, a microphone-type receiver, microfilm directory of names and numbers, and a recorder for unanswered calls.

⚡ THROUGH routine experiments at Johns Hopkins University, it was discovered that a tiny bit of nitride-treated metal smaller than a common pin received radio programs perfectly when frozen to several hundred degrees below zero. No practical application of the discovery has yet been made.

⚡ DR. C. H. ANDREWS of Salisbury, England, is looking for tired housewives, honeymoon couples, and students who are willing to submit to two weeks of "easy living." The only "catch" is that volunteers will be induced to take colds and be kept under observation so that medical men may find out how the malady is transmitted. Chimpanzees are the only animal other than man which can be infected with the common cold.

⚡ NEED help with your math homework? Harvard scientists have now perfected a mechanical brain that will do just the trick. The only drawback is the size of the machine, which fills a room fifty by sixty feet! It is capable of calculating in one second a problem in multiplication running into the billions and has been designed especially for the United States Navy's ballistic research in guiding missiles and studying supersonic aerodynamics. One of its most interesting features is that it cannot make a mistake! If the machine thinks you hit the wrong key or something goes wrong with its vitals, it gets a violent case of indigestion, bells ring, a red light flashes, and all calculating comes to an abrupt standstill until you find the error. As soon as the Navy solves some of its backlog of computations, the world's largest calculator will be able to take care of various problems in other scientific fields and industries.



## Couriers for Christ



Walton Ward, a young man of sixteen years, entered Highland Academy in the South in the autumn of 1946. During the school year he gave his heart to God and was baptized. At the colporteur institute which was held at the academy he decided to canvass for a scholarship during the vacation months. One day while working in his assigned territory, he secured an order from a minister, who invited him to his church. When the minister arose to speak he seemed confused. Then he introduced the young colporteur and invited him to speak to the congregation. This startled the boy, for he had never spoken in public. However, a text came to his mind, so he took his place behind the pulpit and read it. Then other texts flashed into his mind, and he presented these one by one with appropriate remarks on each. Both the minister and the congregation were pleased with his talk, and with pastoral and membership approval of these church people he took orders for \$250 worth of books in the neighborhood the next day. His sales for the entire week—he worked fifty-three hours—amounted to \$664. Without a doubt the God of the universe is working today, even as He did in the days of old, through humble instruments who have surrendered all there is of themselves to Him for service in earth's great harvest fields.