

The Youth's Instructor

DEAN LINDEN had the blues. They were not of the light type heralded on the radio; they were deep, dark blues. She had been listening to a test over the ether, a test on the recognition of musical numbers, and her score was about zero!

The program came in clearly, and some of it seemed attractive, yes, pleasing. Some of it was swingly, and some of it was croony, and she did not even recognize the new songs. Now a quartet was singing an old melody that stirred memories — "Beautiful Dreamer," by Stephen Foster—and "Love's Old Sweet Song" followed.

"These were old when my grandmother was still alive," she said to herself. Then she sat a while, thinking, just thinking of the long ago.

She looked off into the blossoming orange groves, and in her mind's eye saw snow on a distant hilltop, hemlock trees bending with their weight of shining icicles, blue shadows woven by the moonlight, from the patterns cast by bare limbs of trees, and a frozen, sparkling field of level snow. She saw also a chestnut grove, and in it a group of laughing, wholesome boys and girls with baskets over their arms, gathering nuts in October, then a picture of flaming maple trees, and a row of autumn bonfires. Then she saw spring—woods edged with dainty trailing arbutus. It had been wonderful to know all those simple, lovely things.

"Now," she murmured, "I can only stay quiet while my mind recalls the beauty of the fire from the beauty of the embers."

She was awakened suddenly from her reveries by a flourish of saxophones, the fanfare of a modern "orchestra," and an announcer who indicated that this special



S. M. HARLAN

"Why the bewildered expression, Aunt Leah?" called a merry voice from the porch at the back of the house.

"I'm just finding out how much I don't know, Carol," replied the dean, looking at the naturally red-lipped girl who tripped in so lightly. "You satisfy my eyes," she continued. "It seems good to see real color. How do you attain it?"

"Just moderation, sunshine, plenty of sleep, exercise, regular meals, and a clear conscience," laughed Carol.

"These songs!" said Dean Linden, turning ruefully back to the test on musical selections, "I do not recognize them. I fear that my education has been woefully neglected of late. Perhaps you can help me."

Carol listened for a moment; then an amused smile broke over her face. "You wouldn't know those, Aunt Leah," the girl assured her, "but you aren't missing anything. Some of the modern songs are rather tuneful, but most of them are not worth listening to. In a person's life music means so much for good or evil. I mean, it expresses things that we cannot say ourselves."

"And things some of us would not wish to say," added the dean.

"The other day," Carol said slowly, "a girl came to our house,

sat down on the piano bench, and began to do a song and dance with her fingers and her body. Then she broke into a loud burlesque on light opera, swaying back and forth and—and—well, 'bawling about,' until Jackie, my sister's little boy, ran out into the kitchen and asked his mother, 'What's the matter with that funny woman in there?'"

Dean Linden smiled. She recognized the characterization as that of a student in the old college where she had taught

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IS YOUR CROWN ON

Straight?

By MAY COLE KUHN

effort treated an interpretation of the song "I Ain't A-goin' to Bring You Flowers."

"Not exactly a theme from Schubert or from Beethoven, or yet comparable to the 'Melody in F' by Rubinstein. I think, I think I must be getting old." She turned the knob and tuned in to the solemn strains of the "Miserere," and when that had faded out, it was followed by "The Anvil Chorus," also from *Il Trovatore*; then Alfred Noyes'—

"Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)"



Let's Talk It Over

IT WAS wartime. And as the enemies of the remnant church—the church whose members fear God and keep His commandments—contemplated the situation, it seemed to them the opportune moment to make a supreme effort to blot Seventh-day Adventists out of existence—at least in one country of occupied Europe.

In a few days the order was given, backed by the highest military authority, and within *two hours* every Seventh-day Adventist church within its boundary lines was closed and sealed. All assemblies for worship by this denomination were forbidden; neither could any minister or worker leave the vicinity of his home to engage in religious activities. Our well-established and prosperous school was taken over for a military hospital. Our denominational publishing house also was ordered closed, but for a number of reasons this edict was not enforced. It was, however, forbidden to print anything of a religious nature, and its facilities were devoted to government work exclusively.

But the enemy of truth and souls was not satisfied with these restrictive measures. A large number of our ministers and other workers were rounded up and ordered sent into exile. The day was set when they were to start this long, sorrowful, fateful journey. But it so happened that during the preceding night the fortunes of war suddenly shifted, one military government was driven out and another—one that was more tolerant—took its place. So this order was never carried out, and the exiles-to-be were released to return to their homes.

Weeks passed, and the terrible conflict still raged. Finally battle lines shifted once more, and the former occupying force again came into power in this unfortunate country. Without losing much time, our enemies again went into action. All Seventh-day Adventist ministers and workers, and a large number of church members were arrested and sentenced to be shot if they would not give up their faith.

Without delay they were taken to the place of execution, where graves had already been dug to receive their bodies, and lined up to face their fate.

But the officer in charge of the execution was a kindhearted man, and he pled earnestly with these Seventh-day Adventists to give up their peculiar beliefs which made them the objects of such hatred, and thus save their lives. Not one heeded his plea. At last he turned to the audience

of religious leaders who were responsible for this death sentence having been pronounced, and who had requested and been granted the privilege of witnessing the execution. He asked them point-blank whether *they* would be willing to die for *their* faith? These men gave no answer, but quietly they turned and left the place.

Then the officer, with tears in his voice, declared that he could not carry out his order, and announced that he would appeal to the highest military authority, if necessary, for its rescinding. And to the glory of God and the honor of men who have a sense of what is just and right, his plea was heard, considered, and granted.

This is no idle tale; it is stark fact, and one of today's stern realities. The same thing *could* happen to *you*—whoever you are, wherever you are.

Suppose *you* had been one of that group lined up to face a firing squad—just suppose! Would *you* have been willing to die for your faith?



LISTEN! The inspired messenger of the Lord speaks as she looks into the near future!

"The Spirit of God is gradually but surely being withdrawn from the earth. . . . The agencies of evil are . . . strengthening for the last great crisis. Great changes are soon to take place in our world, and the final movements will be rapid ones."

"At that time shall Michael stand up, . . . and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation."

"As the Sabbath has become the special point of controversy throughout Christendom, and religious and secular authorities have combined to enforce the observance of the Sunday, the persistent refusal of a small minority to yield to the popular demand, will make them objects of universal execration. It will be urged that the few who stand in opposition to an institution of the church and a law of the state ought not to be tolerated. . . .

"A decree will finally be issued against those who hallow the Sabbath of the fourth commandment, denouncing them as deserving of the severest punishment, and giving the people liberty, after a certain time, to put them to death. . . . The people of God will then be plunged into those scenes of affliction and distress de-

scribed by the prophet as the time of Jacob's trouble."

"As the decree issued by the various rulers of Christendom against commandment-keepers shall withdraw the protection of government, and abandon them to those who desire their destruction, the people of God will flee from the cities and villages. . . , dwelling in the most desolate and solitary places. Many will find refuge in the strongholds of the mountains. . . . But many . . . will be cast into the most unjust and cruel bondage. . . ."

As persecutions and tribulations thicken on every side, "to human sight it will appear that the people of God must seal their testimony with their blood. . . . They themselves begin to fear that the Lord has left them to fall by the hand of their enemies. It is a time of fearful agony. . . .

"Some are assailed in the flight from the cities and villages; but the swords raised against them break and fall powerless as a straw. Others are defended by angels in the form of men of war."

As the appointed time for carrying out the death decree against the seventh-day Sabbathkeepers "draws near, the people will conspire to root out the hated sect. It will be determined to strike in one night a decisive blow, which shall utterly silence the voice of dissent and reproof. The people of God—some in prison cells, some hidden in solitary retreats in the forests and the mountains—still plead for divine protection, while in every quarter companies of armed men, urged on by hosts of evil angels, are preparing for the work of death."

Then comes deliverance! The voice of the King of kings strikes through the earth like a mighty peal of thunder, saying, "It is done!" And there follows an awesome scene of such glory as no human pen can portray, for "no mortal mind is adequate to conceive its splendor."

Christ is come! His Second Advent is a blessed reality. Eternal life is the reward of the faithful; eternal death, the portion of those whose faith fails to endure the test.



HOW will you fare, friend o' mine, in that time of sore trouble? Do you think you can stand before an open grave and face a firing squad unmoved? Your answer is *most important!*

Lora E. Clement



S. M. HARLAN

In One Week Joe Had Received Orders for Seven Hundred Dollars Worth of Books

A Story to Complete

By W. A. RALLS

ASIDE from reading the "golden text," Joe hardly touched the lesson in the *Quarterly*. There was no rambling, you understand; his talk was logical enough and certainly to the point. But by no stretch of the imagination was it the Sunday school lesson the class had studied.

I was growing a bit uneasy. The second coming of Christ as Seventh-day Adventists see it was no proper subject for a Baptist men's Bible class, especially since this was Joe's first appearance as their teacher.

But from the kind of attention he was getting, it was plain that the members either did not know he was off the lesson, or if they did they were not concerned about it. At any rate, they sat there giving the close interest that goes with the hearing of something new.

I decided I might as well relax. At the worst they could only evict us as Adventist proselyters. In the meantime the strong South Carolinian sunlight coming through the high church windows gave me an opportunity to observe the men around me.

For the most part they were businessmen from town: tobacco buyers, warehouse owners, one or two, I knew, were lawyers, two others were doctors, and there was a sprinkling of husky tobacco landowners whose Sunday suits seemed too tight across the chest.

In this small Southern community, tobacco was the crop, and those gathered here in this Sunday school class were the

men who, locally at least, controlled that crop. Why they were sitting that day listening to an Adventist young man talk to them about Christ's second coming makes quite a story, and what happened to *him* because they did listen adds materially to its interest.

Where that story starts is a bit hard to say. It might have been ten years before, when Joe Crews first stepped into the Christian pathway by joining the Adventist Church. Or perhaps it began in his high school years, when the gaiety of just being alive and having friends was tinged a little with mauve because Adventists were rare, and he *was* different.

But the slight social ostracism only made him the earlier acquainted with the deep things of himself and the fundamentals of life. The reality of prayer and the oneness with God, as he would kneel in the soft-glowing twilight, gave an experience much richer than one to be found in being class president or head of the Junior Prom. It was something right out of the *Imitation of Christ*, and continued with him to college.

Only, at this particular college he found spirituality held at a premium. Instead of becoming top man on the campus, he was recognized as the leader of a small group, meeting nightly for prayer beneath a clump of trees skirting the school grounds.

Wherever the prologue to last summer's canvassing began, one thing was obvious—that Joe Crews' background was rich in the things of the spirit, and that no

matter whether his future lay in the direction of a mission compound on a Malayan island or of a pastorate in the largest church of his homeland, it was to be used to God's glory, and not his own.

He had graduated from college that spring, and wanted to spend one last summer selling books, both as a financial preparation for graduate work and because he wished to renew again the sort of experience that always goes with canvassing.

The field secretary sent him to this small town in South Carolina, where I had started the same work the week before. Like him, I had just completed college. From the first we were good friends. But that did not minimize the difference in our canvassing returns.

When I mention that in one week he received seven hundred dollars in orders, you gain some idea of the sort of competition I was facing.

Last summer, you will recall, was one of housing shortages. Consequently Joe lived in one end of town; I in the other. Not the best of arrangements, to be sure, but we would eat breakfast together and meet evenings, joining forces against the colporteur's greatest enemy—discouragement.

If for no other reason, heaven will be interesting since it will provide us opportunity to ascertain correctly where mere coincidence ends and the providence of God begins.

Now it may have been coincidence that caused the pastor of the local Baptist church to accept a larger parish, and thus leave the town we were in unshepherded for the first month of our stay. And it may have been just chance that my friend found a room in the house of one of the leaders of that church. And it might have just happened that these people learned of his work in selling Bibles and Christian literature, and thought he might fill in for a week as teacher of the men's Bible class, the one the pastor had formerly taught.

Yes, this all might have been coincidence, but I rather feel it was something else. However, as I heard him speaking in such direct fashion that first Sunday, I thought it unlikely that he would be invited to teach again.

"Mr. Crews," the secretary of the class was saying, "has certainly brought us an interesting discussion this morning. And I think that it is unnecessary for me to consult the other members of this class before I invite him to be with us next Sunday."

There seemed to be general acquiescence to this, and we parted much more agreeably than I had anticipated. "You're apparently on the *in* now, Joe," I said as we walked toward his room.

"Yes," he chuckled; "though when I mentioned the ultimate failure of the United Nations Organization, or any-

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IN CHOOSING friends, we are choosing molders of our characters; therefore let us make the selection carefully and wisely, for each of our associates will leave an indelible impression upon our lives. The type of friends we pick reveals not only what we are, but also what we will be throughout all eternity."

The young theology student stopped before the mirror, in front of which he had been practicing his talk for the following day. No one knew better than he the results of companionships. How thankful he was for the friends he had, and most of all, that he had befriended one who had needed his help.

Ted sank into an easy chair before the open window. Outside, the robins chirped cheerily, and a sweet, spring-scented breeze floated into the room and gently caressed his cheek. The fading daylight, casting a purple haze on the gentle roll of the landscape before him, carried him back to the tragedy that had happened last winter.

Ted had been brought up as an average Seventh-day Adventist boy. He had known little that was sensational or adventurous; in fact, few people outside his personal acquaintances had ever heard of him. He was an ordinary farm lad who had gone to public school, high school, and finally to a Christian college. However, he had been wide awake during these years, and was acutely aware of the influence of the friendships and environments in which he had been placed.

Since he had come to college he had learned many things about personal relationships. Here he had met Steve, a young man who proved to be his best and most loyal friend. Though Steve and he were not roommates, they had many classes together and had found much in common. They had many of the same tastes, the same friends, and were working toward the same goal. Steve's high spirited love of fun often brought him into trouble with the faculty, but he was a good lad at heart, as closer acquaintance had revealed. Both he and Ted were prayer band leaders; hence they had many problems to talk over.

One of his boys especially troubled Ted—a younger student, perhaps fifteen years of age. It was not that Frank caused any disturbance during prayer; on the contrary, he was always reverent and ready to take part. It was just a matter of per-

sonal dislike, because he was what some of the boys called "sticky." He often tagged the two older boys long after they had ceased to appreciate his presence, a habit which was highly annoying.

Because he knew it was un-Christian to feel that way, Ted had some stern struggles with his natural feelings where Frank was concerned. During the first half of the school year he patiently bore the younger boy's presence in the band, thinking that Frank might gain some good and that anyway he would have a new group the second semester.

"Which of You Shall Have a FRIEND...?"

By

Wilford E. Tetz

But when the bands were reorganized, Ted found that Frank was still with him. He could have asked the dean to place him in another band; yet somehow he felt that he might thus be failing to fulfill the Lord's will. Because of this he hesitated. In the meantime he tried to set the right example for the younger boy and to help him wherever possible. Though Ted did not know it then, he was now grateful that he had made no rash moves.

As the weather grew colder, ice formed on the lake near the school.

"How about it, Dean, is it strong enough for skating yet?"

"Say, Dean, we've been down to test the ice, and it's perfect—almost. May we all go skating tomorrow night?"

"I don't know, boys; it seems a bit early, but I'll see."

Careful examination of the ice indicated that the north stretch was still thin; to the south was a series of springs, and many weak spots. However, the strip near the shore along one side of the lake was perfectly safe. These facts were carefully pointed out in worship, and marking fires were built before the students started off for their first skate of the season.

The ice was grand! It was as smooth as silk, with hardly a crack or rough spot in it. Everyone was having a glorious time, and all went well until the evening was nearly over. Most of the crowd had started up the hill back to the dormitory, but Frank and another student decided



Frank Was a Likable Lad Except That He Was What the Boys Called "Sticky"

to take a quick skate farther out. Perhaps they could even cross the lake!

"Help! help!"

What was that?

"Help! help! help!"

Someone had broken through. A score of boys raced in the direction of the cries. There was Frank in the icy water, fighting to stay afloat. Belts were quickly tied together to serve as a rope, and the makeshift affair was thrown to the struggling boy. Frank caught it and drew himself halfway out before the ice broke. This was repeated time and again. He would catch the rope, pull himself up on the ice, only to have the edge break and plunge him back again. At last the freezing water began to take effect. Frank became too numb to hang on to the rope any longer. A few minutes more, and he had disappeared beneath the frigid black water.

More boys and a number of men arrived; several dived. Finally one of these located the boy and brought him up. By that time a ladder had been brought, placed across the hole, and was used to help relieve both rescued and rescuer. Artificial respiration was applied to the unconscious boy, and the doctor summoned. Friends did all that could be done, but it was of no avail. Finally the physician shook his head sadly.

"It's no use, boys. You may as well stop now. The lad has been dead for some time."

This experience deeply impressed the

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The King's Highway

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERMON

WHAT does this prisoner know about the wind and the sea? He is a preacher. This is just the kind of breeze we need for good sailing. We can't get to Rome, but we can reach Crete."

It was in A.D. 62, and Paul, a prisoner in chains in the care of a Roman centurion, Julius, from the band of Augustus, was on a ship bound for Rome to answer charges for his life. The captain had anchored at Fair Havens, where he had waited a long time for a favorable opportunity to sail on and come as near to their destination as possible before winter. Week after week had passed; they were on a small ship in cramped quarters; the situation became almost intolerable. So the crew talked it over. "We don't want to stay in this little port all winter," they told each other. "If we could only reach Phenice! There we could find plenty of interesting things to do."

Finally Paul was consulted. "What do you think we ought to do? You know that winter is coming. Sailing is becoming more dangerous. We are not going to reach Rome anyway before spring. Do you believe we ought to leave here, or stay?" asked Julius, who as centurion had much authority.

Paul had been praying about the matter, and sent word to the master, the owner of the ship, that the vessel would be damaged and the lives of all on board endangered if they did not stay at Fair

The Snare of the Soft South Wind

By J. ERNEST EDWARDS

Havens. But the captain had been persuaded that they could make Phenice. So when, even as they were counseling together the sun came out and "the south wind blew softly," he gave the command to prepare to sail at once.

Notice what happened as a result of disregarding Paul's warning: "Supposing that they had obtained their purpose, losing thence, they sailed close by Crete. But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind." The rest of the chapter, Acts 27, tells the details of the experience.

As they neared the island of Clauda they were caught in the storm, and the vessel was rent, and tossed about like a cork on the waves. While in the shelter of this tiny island they hoisted on board their lifeboat, which had been in tow. They did everything they could to strengthen the ship, for they realized that soon they would be driven past the island into the full gale. All night, with broken mast and torn sails, they were battered by the winds. They worked desperately to lighten the craft, tossing overboard the cargo and tackle, but despite this, the reeling, quivering vessel was fast filling with water.

Ellen G. White, writing of this voyage in *Acts of the Apostles*, says that they worked continuously at the pumps day after day and night after night through fourteen sunless days and starless nights. There was not a moment's rest for anyone on board. In despair of their lives, they had given up all hope, when Paul told them that an angel of the Lord had appeared by his side and assured him that not a life would be lost if they stayed with the ship. This assurance gave them courage.

During the fourteen days on a raging sea they had not even stopped to eat. Life was more important than food. But on the fourteenth day Paul urged them to take nourishment.

In the morning they heard the sound of breakers, and with the coming light they saw that they were at the mouth of

a creek. They held up the tattered sail and headed for shore. Soon grounded, the battered and stripped vessel began to break under the pounding waves. Julius commanded that those who could swim should dive into the sea and make their way ashore, and that the rest should cling to the broken timbers of the ship and struggle as they could toward land.

Young people, let us not be deceived by the soft winds of peace and prosperity that fan our cheeks at the moment. Satan is anxious for us to think of today and forget tomorrow.

He suggests, "Don't be concerned about building a character that is strong. Just enjoy the balmy breezes. Sail on that smooth sea now and forget that there is a storm coming."

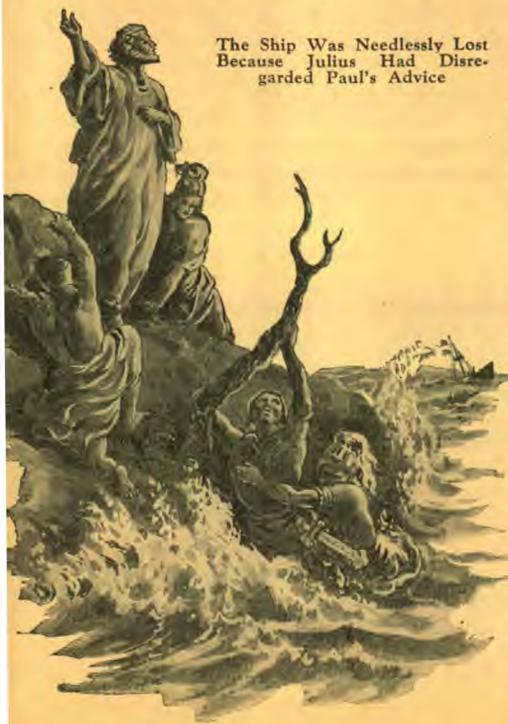
Are you thinking, "While conditions are good and jobs plentiful I want to make all the money I can, accumulate all the things I can, and gratify as many of my desires as possible"? Let me tell you in substance a little-known story of the Assyrian king, Ashurbanipal, as it has been published by King Features Syndicate, Incorporated.

This mighty ruler of a great ancient empire is said to have been the richest man who ever lived—worth a trillion and a half dollars—many times as much gold as there is in the United States Treasury. Yet he found little pleasure in it, for neither he nor his family were wise in its expenditure, and spent their wealth like water. Therefore, since the country was neither strongly fortified nor protected by an adequate army, it was easy for their enemies, the Medes and Persians, to invade Assyria.

Finally, when the invaders drew near Nineveh, Ashurbanipal's capital city, and the emperor realized that all was lost, he caused to be built a great platform of polished wood, and on this he heaped all his gold, all his jewels, all his precious possessions—including his wives and children. He took his own place among these dearer-than-life "things" which he had accumulated, and caused fire to be set to what then became a great funeral pyre. So perished the great Ashurbanipal, the richest man the world has ever seen, "consumed in his own wealth," which became a great conglomerate, molten mass. "So ended the Assyrian Empire. It never rose again."

It is said that the visitor to Nineveh today, if he visits the mound where the ancient palace stood, will see this inscrip-

The Ship Was Needlessly Lost Because Julius Had Disregarded Paul's Advice



tion upon a crumbling wall: "May God Give You Ears to Hear and Eyes to See, and You Will Retain Your Friends, Your Wives, Your Pleasures, and Your Treasures."

But Ashurbanipal, whose gaze often dwelt on these words, did not heed them.

Let us not be so concerned with this life that we forget to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. By making Christ first in our experience, we shall ensure our happiness today and our readiness for the coming of our Saviour.

Some time ago a young man just back from overseas was talking in a store about his plans for the future. He was going to find a good job and earn a great deal of money. An old man who daily frequented the shop spoke up with, "Young man, remember that money does not buy health, happiness, or heaven."

Do you believe that? Do you?

Let us not harbor selfish interests or allow money to be the consuming passion of our lives. Let us make service for God and the preparation for His kingdom paramount. Let us dispense with self-gratification and worldly ambition. Let us turn our backs on the money-craze temptation.

Another temptation, in the form of a subtle suggestion, which will assail you during the smooth sailing on life's sea is, "You cannot do everything right. Don't worry, God will overlook the little mistakes and flings."

"Satan leads many to believe that God will overlook their unfaithfulness in the minor affairs of life; but the Lord shows in His dealing with Jacob that He will in no wise sanction or tolerate evil. All who endeavor to excuse or conceal their sins, and permit them to remain upon the books of heaven, unconfessed and unforgiven, will be overcome by Satan."

Remember one of the final verses of the Bible says, "Blessed are they that do His commandments," the obedient—not the wishy-washy, the hopefuls, the vacillating, do-not-bother-about-little-things youth—will "have right to the tree of life," and will "enter in through the gates into the city."

I wish to call to your attention two statements from the Spirit of prophecy. One is from *The Desire of Ages*, page 439: "One sin cherished is sufficient to work the degradation of the character, and to mislead others."

Just one, young people! Just one small cherished sin! The next statement is from *Testimonies for the Church*, volume 4, pages 311, 312: "A slight deviation from truth, a little variation from the requirements of God, is thought to be, after all, not so very sinful. . . . The least departure from truthfulness and rectitude is a transgression of the law of God."

Just a slight deviation—but in God's sight that is a transgression. Those who transgress will not only be punished but will not enter heaven. Be true to God even in the smallest things. Stand for right

even when it is to your disadvantage. Uphold truth when it is unpopular. Remain steadfast in your fight for principle.

Storms are coming. Get ready for them now. Only by preparing now can you be sure of your heavenly haven. Do not lose sight of the fact that Christ is coming—coming soon! Before He comes there will be a time of trouble such as never was. The sailing is smooth today, the water is calm. Seventh-day Adventists are not being accused, ostracized, hunted, persecuted. But soon we are going to be im-



Send Out the Light

By JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

You—who are valiant and bold—
You are the Lord's light-keeper!
Over the wave and the wold
Day fades, and darkness grows deeper;
Breakers beat angry and white.
The hurricane roars, light-keeper!
Send out, send out, the light!

You—who are youthful and strong—
You are the Lord's light-bearer!
Lift up the torch with a song;
Fling out the light that is fairer,
Brighter, than sun or than star!
Haste you, O haste, light-bearer,
Speed with it quickly, and far!

Cherish it, carry it, youth!
You are the hope of the nations.
Lift high the white flame of truth
Over the world's desolation.
Soon, from the lips of the Son,
The Light and the King of creation,
Hark! the sweet music . . . "Well done!"

prisoned, exiled, and our very lives endangered by infuriated mobs. Some sons and daughters will be harshly treated for truth's sake, by their parents—driven from their homes. Mounting calamities will be charged to the true followers of Christ, and they will have to flee for their lives.

Are you getting ready for the lashing of criticism, the pounding of hatred, the surging accusations of trials, and the breaking of persecution and tempests? Is your ship of character being built of oaken timbers seasoned by daily victories? Will the habits of today be strong enough to anchor your ship safely in the fury of the gale? Are you among the young people who say, "But I am in the buoyancy of youth. I have vigor and health and friends. Success is coming my way. I am not worried about storms. I am so strong that life cannot take anything from me?"

Time is shorter than you think. One of these days you will hear the thunder of oppression roll over your head, and the

lightning of persecution will flash, and you will be tossed about, your mast splintered and your sails rent. Your very boat will be all but torn apart. How are you going to reach the heavenly shore in such a storm if your character is not so staunchly built that it is tempestproof?

A few years ago a young girl about sixteen years of age who lived in New England went to a tent meeting held near her home. She became interested in the third angel's message, and night after night would slip out quietly so that no one at home would know and question her about her attendance at these services. Finally she made her decision to be baptized. At once the storm of opposition broke. When she told her mother that she was going to become a Seventh-day Adventist, that parent actually shook with fear, for she knew what the explosive father would do.

When his daughter's plans were made known to him, he whipped her unmercifully with a leather strap, saying, "I will beat this nonsense out of you. *You are not going to be an Adventist!*"

Finding that he could not change her stand, he ordered her from home with, "You get out of here! I never want to see you again!"

Determined to be baptized, the girl left her home and walked out into the night to seek counsel of the evangelist. At his home her wounds were bathed and she was given shelter. Four nights later, on the way home from the service, she was kidnaped by her father and a band of men. They took her to an abandoned house and there beat her until she lost consciousness. The evangelist was worried, for he feared foul play. He reported her disappearance to the police. When the men, frightened by legal action, finally released the girl, she had been without food and water for four days and had been beaten again and again. But all through this harsh treatment she remained firm in her determination to hold to her newly-found faith.

To save her from the risk of further abuses, friends sent her away to a Seventh-day Adventist college in a distant city, where she is now preparing to be a Bible instructor.

Are you ready for the storm that shall surely hit *your* life? It may crush your plans, sweep away your friends, blast your health—it may even threaten your very life!

We have come to a time when civilization can destroy itself. Atomic power, the increasing clashes between capital and labor, the alarming seven-billion-dollar-a-year American drink habit, the onswEEPing tide of crime, and the mounting diplomatic tension between nations—all tell us that it is later by God's clock than we think. Yes, Jesus' coming is very, very near, and the time of trouble is still nearer.

On the voyage of life a chart and compass—
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SOON after our arrival in London Pastor Haskell met a Seventh Day Baptist minister whom he had known for some time. On learning of our plans the minister said discouragingly, "There is no use in your coming to work in London! I have preached the Sabbath here for twenty-five years, and it has been fifteen since I have had a convert." To this Pastor Haskell replied, "Our work is different. God is sending a message to the world to prepare a people for the coming of the Lord. This is what we have come to give, and this work will go."

It was, however, with great surprise that this Seventh Day Baptist minister learned of the first fruits of our labor, the two new Sabbathkeepers already mentioned who attended our first service at The Chalonsers. It was proof that our work was indeed different when three humble Bible instructors, through God's blessing, had accomplished more in three months than this educated minister had been able to do in fifteen years.

Some details in connection with our work with these charter members, Mrs. Clifford and Mrs. Roskrug, may be of interest.

I had been holding studies with Mrs. Clifford for some time, and had presented the seventh-day Sabbath and the change of the Sabbath to the first day of the week, and although she listened attentively she did not seem to be at all impressed with its importance. Then I was led to tell her something of my own experience in learning about the Sabbath and of the blessing the decision to observe it had brought to me. Personal testimony combined with the Word of God brought the hoped-for results; she kept the next Sabbath.

Mrs. Roskrug came into the truth as set forth in the Word of God through the work of Hettie Hurd. One day she ascended quite a flight of steps to knock at the door of a large house. There was no answer, but a queer old woman called from below and asked her to come down. So she made her way down to a quaint basement apartment, and there presented her work. The woman agreed to have Bible studies. Hettie gave her two readings, but when she returned for the third the woman said, "My lodgers have returned now, and the study will be upstairs tonight." She herself never attended another reading, but the lodgers, Mrs. Roskrug and the wealthy young woman whom she had chaperoned from the West Indies that she might attend Queens' College, were much interested. Mrs. Roskrug listened eagerly as new light from the Word of God was presented to her week by week, and it was not long before she was prepared to accept it fully. She was among the first who were baptized, June 6, 1888.

It was through Mrs. Roskrug that our work began in the West Indies. Before leaving London she had joined our class and learned to give Bible studies. When she returned to her home in Antigua she



Memories

By JENNIE OWEN McCLELLAND

OUR WORK IN LONDON GROWS

at once began work among her friends and neighbors, and before long was able to organize a Sabbath school there. This interest resulted in William Arnold's going to the islands to sell Adventist literature the following year. In turn he sent the names of interested people to the Battle Creek (Michigan) Missionary Society; they sent literature, and soon a call was made for a minister. Pastor D. A. Ball responded in 1890. So it was that our denominational work in the West Indies began as the result of a very unpromising appointment with an odd old woman who seemed to have no real interest in the message which was presented.

Many were the providences by which the Lord led us to those whose hearts were being prepared for a better understanding of His Word. Sometimes just a seemingly unimportant incident opened the way for unexpected results.

One day I was seeking opportunities for readings not far from our mission home. A dear aged lady received me cordially and invited me in. I had no difficulty in making an appointment with her for a study the next week. However, when I returned no one was at home. Again the following week I knocked on her door, without response. I knocked again, and after waiting for some time I saw through the frosted glass of the door that someone had come up from below and was peeping around the stairway. Then whoever it was disappeared. It seemed that there was surely no further use of waiting, but I continued to stand there; somehow I *could not go away*. After a considerable time the woman came up and let me in.

She explained that she had been called away unexpectedly the first week, and that "today" she and her daughter had been shaking rugs in the back yard, and when they finally heard my knock her daughter had not wished to come to the door as she was not dressed for company.

From that time on I held readings regularly with this family, which consisted of the parents and a son and daughter. The son was the first one to accept the truth of the third angel's message, and stood alone for some time. Later, however, the whole family and some other relatives joined him. I often see their names as workers who are carrying the truth of God's Word to others, and am happy for the divine guidance which, I believe, caused me to stand still before their door that day, hoping against hope that someone would answer my knock.

However, there is more to the story. At the time the son, Ernest, accepted the special message from God which we were giving, he was clerking in a small grocery store in another part of the city. When his employer learned of his peculiar new idea of keeping Saturday, he dismissed him; however, he required him to stay another week until he could fill his place. On Friday afternoon, while making calls for orders, Ernest stopped at the home of one of their customers, a Mrs. Clark. He told her that he was leaving the store, and in explanation gave her a tract on the Sabbath. When he had gone she sat down and read the tract, decided to keep the Sabbath, and therefore hurried down to the grocery. "Bring my groceries before sundown, Ernest," she said, "I'm going to

keep the Sabbath." So she kept it before the one who had brought her the message of its sacredness.

It was not long until through the influence of one of our new converts, an interest started in a district quite a distance from the mission home. I soon had a number of readers over there who began to keep the Sabbath. Because it was too far for them to come to The Chaloners for services each week, we started a Sabbath afternoon meeting at the home of Mrs. Clark, who was a very enthusiastic Sabbathkeeper. This was attended by about fifteen members.

It was at one of these services that W. A. Spicer preached his first sermon. Previous to this time he had, however, given Bible studies at The Chaloners in the absence of Pastor Haskell. It might be an encouragement to some of the young

men just starting out in the ministry to know that Pastor Spicer, who in his long and successful service to this denomination in many capacities has preached to thousands in all parts of the world, once found it as difficult to face an audience as they do. I remember how straight he stood before us, with his hands held stiffly at his sides and his face quite red; but he had something to say, for he had prepared his sermon well, and he brought out some good thoughts.

In another experience I found that even seeming hindrances can prove to be an evidence of the Lord's guidance. I had always tried to be punctual in meeting the appointments in connection with my

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Pastor W. A. Spicer About the Time He Preached His First Sermon



New Cigarette Statistics!

A United States Agriculture Department report recently analyzed in "The New York Times" shows that "Americans are smoking 50% more cigarettes than before the war. In the first eight months of 1945 (the latest statistics available), civilians used cigarettes at the yearly average of 100 packs for every man, woman and child—and this was a period of shortage of popular brands and does not take into account the service man, who was able to buy them freely at a greatly reduced price of about 50 cents or so a carton. Cigar smoking made a comeback, at least for a time, during the war, but its course of popularity seems to have been downward since the First World War, with Americans smoking less than half as many per capita as in 1917."

A \$6,000 Drink

"In New York is a man who once paid \$6,000 for a cocktail," reports "The Expositor." "A manufacturing company needed a manager. The salary was \$6,000 a year. The officers considered many candidates, and decided to offer the position to a young man of unusual ability. The president and general manager invited the young man to lunch with them at a downtown club. They wanted to 'look him over' just once more. An elaborate luncheon was ordered. The waiter was a long time in bringing the first course, and the guest began to appear ill at ease. He seemed uninterested in the conversation. Finally, he turned toward the president and said, 'Would you mind if I ordered a cocktail?' The other men exchanged surprised and significant glances, but they called the waiter and the cocktail was ordered. In a little while the president excused himself, and wrote this message on a telegraph blank: 'The job is too big for a boozier. We can't run our business on cocktail power.'"

Beware!

"The Wesleyan Magazine" printed this message of warning from the pen of the famous John Wesley:

"You see the wine when it sparkles in the cup, and are going to drink it: I tell you, there is poison in it! and therefore beg you to throw it away. You answer, the wine is harmless in itself. I reply, perhaps it is so; but still, if it be mixed with what is not harmless, no one in his senses, if he knows it, at least unless he could separate the good from the evil, will once think of drinking it. If you add, it is not poison to me, though it may be to others; then I say, throw it away for thy brother's sake, lest thou embolden him to drink also. Why should thy strength occasion thy weak brother to perish, for whom Christ died? Now, let any one judge which is the charitable person, he who pleads against the wine for his brother's sake, or he who pleads against the life of his brother for the sake of the wine?"

Shortsighted Policy!

Former President of the United States, Herbert Hoover says concerning cigarettes:

"There is no agency in the world today that is so seriously affecting the health, education, efficiency and character of boys and girls as the cigarette habit, and yet, very little attention is paid to it. Nearly every delinquent boy is a cigarette smoker, which has certainly much to do with it. Cigarettes are a source of crime. To neglect crime at its source is a shortsighted policy unworthy of an intelligent nation."

How To Refuse!

An abstaining young U.S. Army officer discusses this matter in "Allied Youth," and his observations are to the point. He says: "Just as a straight ball is the mainstay of most bowlers, a simple 'No, thank you, I don't use it,' suffices in a majority of instances. Your

companion usually has no interest in whether you 'do' or whether you 'don't,' but he does have enough devilry in him to tempt you if you seem inclined to waver. My most reliable subterfuge is to rely on a humorous evasion. Occasionally I digress with this story: 'So far I lack a good reason for not drinking, but I figure there must be somewhere as excellent a one as Elder Michaux, the colored radio preacher, has for not smoking. Says he, 'If the good Lord intended you to smoke, He would have built a flue in you.'"

Alcoholics Anonymous Says!

"Instead of drinking being funny, it is just stupid. Because, for one thing, it is a waste of money. You are far better without the stuff, then why waste your hard-earned money upon it? It is stupid because in time, alcohol will break down your health, weaken your brain, undermine your character, and blast your home. It has done all of those things to thousands of its victims. Why then court the chance, the three-in-ten-chance, of becoming a liquor addict? To do so is sheer stupidity."

A New Record!

The \$7,800,000,000 which was spent in the United States last year for alcoholic beverages upped consumption by 9 per cent to make a new record.

A Curse!

British General Bernard Montgomery says that "alcohol is the curse of the military services."

Every Fourth!

A Milwaukee (Wisconsin) brewery boasted that every fourth bottle of intoxicating beverages manufactured during the war years went to the U.S. armed forces overseas.

Drink and Starve!

It is commonly said that three quarters of a billion persons throughout the world are starving, but the 58,000,000 bushels of grain allocated to the production of liquors and beer in the United States from January 1, 1946, to the last of May could have prevented the starvation of 45,600,000 persons. In the fiscal year 1945, the American brewing industry used in the production of fermented malt liquors 3,971,334,000 pounds of raw materials. The normal annual use of food materials in making distilled spirits is about 1,400,000,000 pounds of grain and grain products and 3,500,000 gallons of molasses.

Mound Builders of the Meadows

By HARRY BAERG

I WAS talking one cloudy day with a neighbor, near our potato patch; suddenly he pointed to a weed near us. As I looked I saw that the weed was being agitated, and after a bit it was drawn partly into the ground, still continuing to wiggle.

Those of you who are familiar with the habits of the pocket gopher will have

guessed already that he was at the root of this little mystery. It is not often that we see him at his work, for he does most of it at night and on cloudy days. Even then, as with the wind, we see only what is done and not who does it.

In appearance the pocket gopher is ungainly. Maybe that is why he remains out of sight so much. He is about the size of

a rat, but squat and pudgy. His head, especially when his pouches are full, is enormous for the size of his body. These fur-lined pouches are located on either side of his mouth and have external openings. Each of them will hold more than a thimbleful and they are used to carry roots and bulbs to his store-room. The pocket gopher's eyes are insignificant little black beads that can hardly see out of their furry sockets. His ears are short, as if they had been rubbed off by much traveling in narrow tunnels.

He is poorly equipped for locomotion. His short legs are not long enough to lift his body

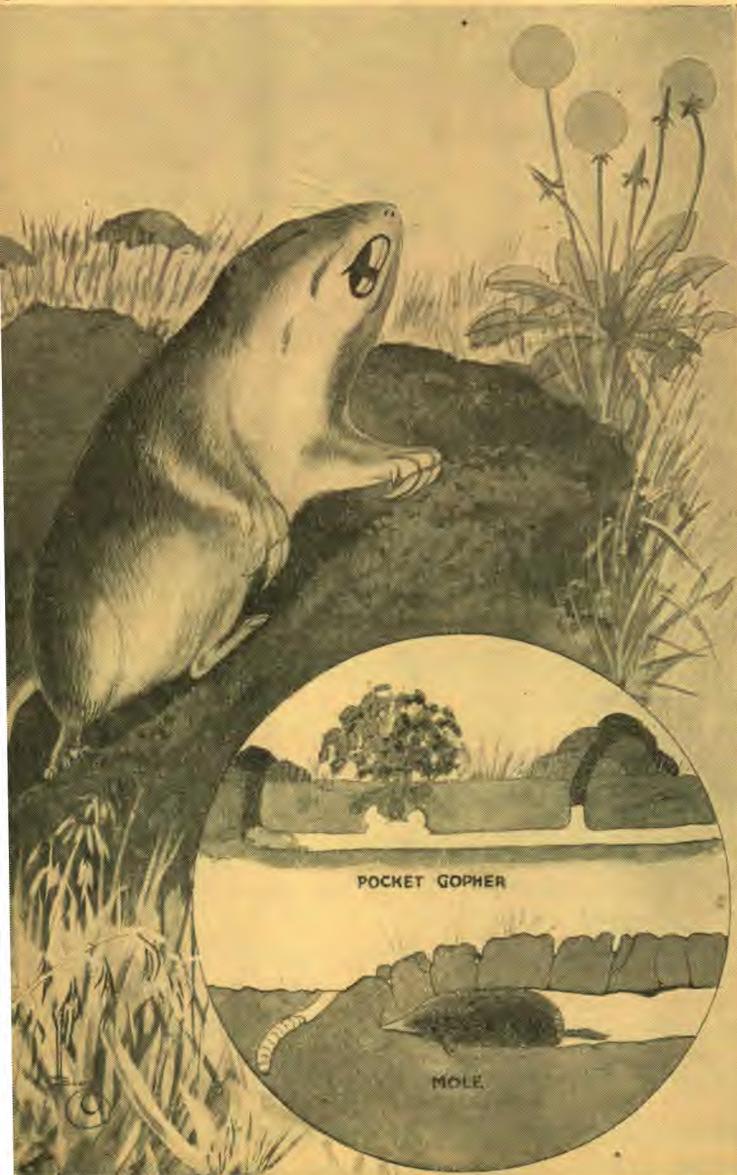
from the earth. Also, his forepaws rest sideways on the ground instead of with palms down. These forepaws, with their long, powerful claws, are custom-built equipment for the digging which he has chosen as his lifework. The second and third claws are greatly enlarged, and all of them have stiff bristles at the base to keep the dirt from getting between them. When digging he loosens the earth with his buck teeth, which he uses as a pick. Then his fore and hind paws scratch it out behind him, and when a pile has accumulated he turns his flexible body around and, placing his forepaws under his chin, knuckles forward, and pushes the dirt out of the nearest opening. In this way appear the little mounds that are often erroneously referred to as molehills.

Many who have never seen this little gopher are well acquainted with his work. They wake up some fine spring morning after a rain and find two or three piles of black earth on their lawn. Next morning there are several more. This is annoying. The pocket gopher does not maliciously spoil people's lawns, however. He is just trying to help in his own left-handed way. He is interested in the big juicy roots of the dandelions that we, too, have been trying to get rid of. Good as his intentions may be, his methods are not approved by most of us, and so we trap him in an effort to exterminate him.

Though feeding chiefly on the roots of weeds, he is also fond of the green leaves that sometimes come with them. Usually the plants he feeds on are not valuable, but in an alfalfa field he can destroy a large amount of hay by eating the roots. Usually he prefers something less woody, such as potatoes or turnips. In the early spring he cannot be too particular, and is therefore likely to damage tree roots. In a young orchard he will sometimes crop off the roots of half a dozen trees that subsequently die, as if struck by some mysterious blight.

In irrigated districts the pocket gopher is still more of a nuisance. In the loose sandy soil of hillsides his network of catacombs, which often represent the work of several generations, can create havoc as the water floods through his canals and erodes great gullies in the garden or orchard. When gopher holes appear in the bottoms of the larger ditches, much damage can result. One of the main irrigation streams near my former home flows for some distance along a hillside above the road in an uncemented ditch. More than once the water has washed down the hillside, cutting a deep gash in the road and doing much damage, all because a little pocket gopher, less than seven inches long, dug his hole a little too close to the bottom of the canal.

The pocket gopher (*Geomys*), though similar to the mole (*Talpidae*) and often mistakenly called a mole, is different in at least two important respects. He is a vegetarian and a rodent,



The Pocket Gopher Is an Ungainly Creature—Probably the Reason Why He Remains Out of Sight So Much. Both He and the Mole Are Valuable Tillers of the Soil

HARRY BAERG, ARTIST

as shown by his big front teeth; whereas the mole is an insectivore, living almost wholly on worms and bugs. The other difference is in the way they dig their burrows. The mole pushes, claws, and pokes his way through the loose dirt near the surface with his pointed snout, raising the dirt with his stout shoulders. It is easy to follow his burrows by noting the line of raised earth that marks them. The pocket gopher, on the other hand, digs his tunnels in the approved manner used by most other burrowing animals.

The holes he makes while feeding are generally four to eight inches below the surface. He seldom works in heavy clay, preferring the lighter soils for his activities. The earth accumulated in digging is thrown up, in the manner previously described, at intervals along the route, and the general direction of his burrow may be followed by noting where the hills of dirt are and which ones are the freshest.

When the gopher pushes up the dirt

in this way he is careful to keep the entrance blocked, so that no enemy will be tempted to investigate. Should the entrance be open and the earth fresh, it is very likely that the gopher is busily working at that moment. Sometimes the entrance is left open part of a sunny day for ventilation. Burrows that have been dug solely in search of food will at times be found blocked for quite a distance from the opening, but those that he lives in or uses for travel between fields will be kept clear underground even though the opening is blocked.

Often during the summer I have noticed that pocket gophers have apparently gone dormant during a dry spell and then begun activity again when the rains came. The explanation for this is that they make hay while the sun does not shine and then live on it while the sun does shine and the earth is too hard and dry to dig.

During part of this time they will travel along their old runways and nip off

the roots that have appeared since last they were there, but most of this time they will feed in their well-stocked root cellars farther underground. These are often spacious and are dug in a place that is assured of good drainage. One was found with over fifty tiger lily bulbs stored in it. Food has also been found stored in blind alleys previously dug while the animal was foraging. The roots are cut in two-inch sections. Food is also stored in the outside lining of the nest. Another interesting fact is that the food is not mixed but carefully segregated—dandelions in one bin, carrots in another.

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How Stylish Are You?

By BESSIE ERICKSON

DOWN through the centuries Christians have been confronted with the problem of deciding where they should draw the line in following the popular trends of dress. Styles of the present generation are actually more sensible than many of those of past generations. Women's dresses are designed today, for the most part, to conform to the lines of the body and for the comfort of the wearer. No longer do women have to mince along in hobble skirts, "cinch" up their waists in order to achieve a tiny waistline, or carry around pounds of underskirts and a billowy hoop skirt, in order to be dressed in the proper fashion.

Christians, however, are faced with many other problems regarding dress. We must be sure that our personal appearance is in conformity to the standards of the faith we profess. The manner in which we dress should give dignity to our faith. Our lives are the only sermons many of us will ever preach, and our personal appearance has an important part in creating the proper impression on those around us. When Robert Burns wrote, "Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us to see oursel's as ithers see us!" he was thinking of something other than outward appearance, but we might profitably apply this to our habits of dress.

As in any controversial subject, the problem of dress has two extremes. We must guard against the pitfalls of both. Authorities on design are agreed that the

styles which are simple, yet tasteful, are preferred by those who are on the list of the best-dressed men and women of America.

There are many extreme styles which should be avoided, because their purpose is to draw attention to the wearer. Sometimes it is not the cut of the garment which is objectionable, but it is the color combination or the elaborate decorations used. Ellen G. White, the Lord's messenger to His remnant church, has said, "Those who cling to the ornaments forbidden in God's word, cherish pride and vanity in the heart. They desire to attract attention. Their dress says, Look at me; admire me. Thus the vanity inherent in human nature is steadily increasing by indulgence. When the mind is fixed upon pleasing God alone, all the needless embellishments of the person disappear."

We are plainly instructed in the Bible against the wearing of jewelry. "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." Seventh-day Adventists should be careful not only about spending money for useless ornaments but about buying expensive clothing. It is very easy for a person to spend most of his salary on food and raiment. The money which we thus spend unnecessarily is needed for world evangelism and for feeding the hungry and clothing the ragged of many war-ravished lands.



Styles of the Present Generation Are Much More Sensible Than the Cumbersome Clothing of Yesteryear

But we should plan our clothes carefully and be sure that we are neatly and becomingly dressed. Mrs. White has cautioned that "we are considered odd and singular, and should not take a course to lead unbelievers to think us more so than our faith requires us to be." Many Adventists lose sight of the fact that some who might be won over to our faith are discouraged by the shabby and dowdy appearance of some who profess the name of Christ. We can bring dishonor to our church as easily by our unattractive appearance as by our conformity to extreme styles. In order to keep the respect of our fellow men we should use wisely what natural aids are available to improve our appearance. We should be up to date in the best sense and not outdated.

"A refined taste, a cultivated mind, will be revealed in the choice of simple and appropriate attire," says the Lord's servant. We should remember always, however, that "God has bidden us to wear the richest dress upon the soul."

In DEFENSE of

Freedom

By JOSEPH C. OSBORNE

LARRY CLARKE stood ill at ease before the plant superintendent's desk. With official solemnity he had been ushered into the spacious office of one of the eastern seaboard's largest industries, and now waited for J. G. Dugan to look up from his papers. The quiet was oppressive after leaving the deafening chatter of the chipper's gun outside, and the white fluorescence of the lamp on the polished desk seemed pale compared with the dazzling glitter of the welder's arc sputtering in the machine shop below. He was made more keenly aware of his own insignificance when Mr. Dugan addressed him without looking up.

"Be seated, Clarke," he ordered pompously, continuing to shuffle the papers before him. "I have your letter here. You state several reasons why you think you should be reinstated in our employ."

"Yes," Larry replied with a boldness that surprised himself. Mr. Dugan looked up and laid the correspondence down.

"How long have you worked here?"

"Two years." Larry was glad he had found his voice, and determined not to be cowed by this obviously domineering executive.

Dugan followed with a harangue that seemed to last for hours, in which he brought up the needs of a nation at war and the increased demand that must be placed upon its people. But Larry's stand was not weakened, and he spoke boldly in defense of his peculiar faith that kept him from his work bench every Saturday.

"I understand your problem," sternly asserted his superior, "but we are engaged in a crushing war. Many of our boys have given their lives; people everywhere are sacrificing their personal wishes in these times."

"That is true, but what are we fighting for?"

"Why, for the four freedoms; we all know that."

Larry had waited for this reply. He knew that his comment would close the interview, but he had at least had an opportunity to witness for the cause he held dear. With conviction he replied, "I don't think that freedom is worth fighting for if it is so weak that we have to sacrifice

it in order to win it. How can you ask me to labor under the banner of freedom and deny its existence in the working conditions of your own plant?"

"Mr. Clarke, your beliefs are your own personal matter, but they do not fit into the operation of this organization," the superintendent snapped, resuming his official dignity. "If you want to come back to work I will reinstate you to your former position—if you work Saturdays. If you refuse this offer I'll see to it that you will never work in this plant again, or in any other defense industry in this city. Better think it over!"

"Thank you," said Larry politely, "but my decision is unchanged."

Larry went out through the guarded gates with a determination to return—a determination born of a desire for justice. He was quite certain that there were others in circumstances paralleling his own. He knew one thing that J. G. Dugan must have forgotten. Hanging over his office door was a reproduction of the company's contract with the United States Government, a contract which forbade discrimination against any employee because of his faith.

From the beginning of World War II, America had been inevitably drawn closer and closer to the conflict, and then into it. The call of patriotism had been answered by the miraculous conversion of peacetime industries into those of war; millions of men had marched away in defense of freedom; and an inestimable value was placed upon man power.

Conditions made Larry think seriously, for he was a strong Christian, and like all Christians loved his home and his homeland. He talked over the perplexities of the future with his wife, Madeline, and together with their little five-year-old daughter, Kathleen, they sought the sure Counselor in prayer. It was soon after



EWING GALLOWAY

Larry Was a Strong Christian and Spoke Boldly in Defense of His Peculiar Faith—a Faith That Kept Him From His Work Every Saturday

this that Larry had left his rural job and answered the man-power call of industry. In one of the largest steel plants in the United States he had found employment as a shipfitter. Here he had met new problems in a new environment, and for the first time in his life he was locked within the confines of a teeming metropolis. One hundred thousand strange fellow employees were his new companions. The deafening roar of this artificial world stunned him and scattered his thoughts in a frightful stampede. Yet he must think, for it was his first day at work; the next day was the Sabbath. He was on the second shift, and would lose two days a week.

Dropping his blueprints he went to locate the foreman. But it took hours of dashing back and forth from one person to another, and then he was only rebuffed and told to go back to work. How hard it was for people to understand his request for Saturday's off when the plant was racing against death to build ships for the defense of the country—his country. There must be no stopping now, they told him; but there must be someone who could give audience to his request, he reasoned.

At last he was directed to the office of the timekeeper, where, he was told, his problem could be solved. Larry hastened to the office and walked briskly toward the man who seemed to be in charge.

"Yes, sir," queried the man mechanically, "what can I do for you?"

"I want to change my shift."

"You what!" bellowed the clerk. "What's the reason?"

"I'm a Seventh-day Adventist, and I cannot work from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday. On the second shift I lose two days a week, so I want it changed."

"I never heard of such a request! I can't do a thing for you. You can go see Marshall in the ship construction office, but it won't do you a bit o' good."

Once again Larry went out in search of the unknown. Fellow workmen directed him to the S.C. office. Inside, he found an office flooded with secretaries and many important-looking people. Hesitantly he inquired, "Is Mr. Marshall in?"

"Yes," came the reply. "He's busy just now. Will you wait over there, please?"

Through the plate-glass window Larry could see the man at his desk. Silently he offered a prayer for courage, for upon the countenance of that man he could read intolerance, sternness, and perhaps cruelty.

In a few minutes Larry was inside. "I'm Mr. Clarke," he announced, "a Seventh-day Adventist, and I want to change my shift."

"Why?" growled Mr. Marshall. "How long have you worked here?"

"Just came in today."

"Not!" he shouted with a background of oaths, "Never heard of such a thing. Never did it before, and I am not going to start with you."

"But," pleaded Larry with a prayer in his heart, and his crumbling hopes focused upon his little family at home, "I'm losing two days a week this way."

"This is the first religion that I ever saw that needed two days to celebrate in," he taunted. "Best I can do for you is to put you on the first shift tomorrow morning."

Larry uttered a silent prayer of thanksgiving; surely God was still working upon the hearts of men as in days of old. How happy Madeline and Kathleen would be to know that God had heard and answered their prayers!

Days and years passed. America entered the war and public sentiment ran high; patriotism clamored for its ounce of flesh. Absenteeism and desertion became synonymous. The life of man became only a number on the auction block; industry and the Army were the bidders.

Two years had now passed since Larry's visit with Mr. Marshall. He had won the esteem of his fellow laborers and of his superiors. Because of his skill and dependability his leader had assigned to him the more difficult contracts. Often he was sent to instruct those superior in rank, because of his understanding and judgment. Yet this ability and loyalty of one serving his country did not meet the standards of industry's honor. The absence of Larry Clarke every seventh day of the week was as certain as the day's return.

Industry's records must be clean, patriotism's hunger must be appeased, and absenteeism must be ruthlessly banished.

Without surprise to Larry he was called into the office at four o'clock one winter morning and cast into the cold world of unemployment, to satisfy the ego of the company's records. Industry forfeited her bid; now it was the Army's.

Larry hurried home to break the news to his wife. She was not surprised, for she and Larry had anticipated that sooner



"We Would See Jesus"

By DARRELL D. HOLTZ

We would see Jesus

- see Him as He heals the sick
- calms the storm
- blesses children.

We would see Him do His works of love.

We would see Jesus

- see Him as He prays alone
- weeps for man
- dies for us.

We would see Him ransom man from sin.

We would see Jesus

- see Him as He comes again
- takes us home
- reigns on high.

We would see Him as the King of kings.

or later he would be discharged for absenteeism. He had always been a man of action, however, and he wasted little time in making adjustments to his new plight. He wrote a letter to the president of the company, in which he made a request for an interview, knowing that this would make another opportunity to witness for his Master and the faith that was so precious to him. His request was granted in February, 1943.

It was from this interview that he had emerged with the determination to return in his own rights. He knew of three others who already had been discharged for reasons identical to his own; there must be more. In behalf of these Larry dedicated his efforts to re-establishing justice.

Because his range of experience in industrial complications had been wide, he knew where to make connections for proper action. Only three years previous he had been refused employment at a certain plant because of his religion. Upon this refusal he had written to his Senator,

who launched an investigation, found the company in default, and referred Clarke to a special committee appointed to study the case. To this committee Larry now appealed in the interest of religious freedom.

Soon letters were coming and going to the chairman of the committee. Blanks were filled out and questions answered. "Investigation being launched," said one letter; days of anxiety followed. Larry's discharge papers were asked for. On the form sent him he wrote the reasons for his belief, why he kept holy the seventh day of the week, and of his hope in the soon return of the Saviour. All this must be read and reread, he reasoned. It thrilled him to hurl these missiles of the Advent message into the capital of the United States. As each letter was sent he and his wife prayed that it might reach someone longing for the way; but only eternity holds the true answer to the work the letters accomplished.

Larry became desperately in need of employment, and as if in answer to prayer, the following Sabbath brought the field secretary to his church. He presented the need of workers and opened Larry's eyes to the opportunities of the colporteur ministry. Larry longed to witness for God, and the words of the secretary went straight to his heart. Under the promised blessing of God he began to canvass, and in his little home found a happiness he had never known. But a new perplexity was winging its way to the Clarke family.

An official letter came from Washington—the first word received in two months concerning the investigation of his charges against his former employer. Hesitantly and excitedly Larry and Madeline opened the letter. "Dear Mr. Clarke," the letter read, "We have investigated your case thoroughly at . . . shipyard. We have found them in default of contract No. 31,762. The company must reinstate you immediately to your former position. Please notify us if this order is not carried out." What to do? Larry consulted the field secretary, and together they called the president of the conference. Their wise counsel was for Clarke to leave his canvassing work and go back to his former employment.

It was a triumphant day when Larry Clarke walked through the gates of the plant from which, a short time before, he had been so unjustly cast. This time he needed no guard; he was an employee. He carried a letter of authority to the man who said that he could never again work within those gates. He was no longer the peculiar chap with the odd religion. He was a living witness to his fellow workmen of the freedom of America, of the priceless heritage of the shed blood of our forefathers. He was a constant reminder of America's undying freedom; he aroused faith in her promises and instilled greater trust in God, the Author of all freedom.

Campus Gleanings

SOUTHERN MISSIONARY COLLEGE

Collegedale, Tennessee

WENDELL P. SPURGEON, Reporting:

THE girl opened the door and entered the dimly lit room. She moved toward the light switch, then stopped in her tracks, cold chills running up her spine. Stark horror held her in a vise-like grip as she gazed into the eyes of a four-headed beast, poised as if ready to attack. In a corner of the room stood a giant with arms folded, staring at her menacingly. In the half light she could see other beasts, ferocious, huge, terrible. Almost fainting she leaned against the wall, and as she did so her hand touched the switch, and the room was suddenly flooded with light. The girl sat down weakly, then her laughter rang out and echoed through the halls of the empty administration building. So these were the "visual aids" the theological students had been talking about! All those horrible beasts were just painted on boards; the giant was the image that Nebuchadnezzar had seen in vision. But so realistic!

Since last September the theological department of Southern Missionary College has been working on a project that has captivated the interest of every student. That project is Visual Aids. This, as the title implies, is the term applied to any object that helps a listener to see what a speaker is talking about.

Something new? Oh, no. Noah used visual aids in his attempts to warn a scoffing multitude. The ark was the symbol he used to show his faith. The prophet Ezekiel also used visual aids. In the fourth chapter of Ezekiel we find a good example of this method of teaching when the prophet was told to use a tile, and to lie down on his side to illustrate a point to the erring Israelites.

Christ in His ministry used illustrations such as lilies, little children, a penny, and many other visual aids to vivify His divine teachings.

Seeing is the beginning of thinking. The average person comprehends eighty per cent of what he sees, but only twenty per cent of what he hears.

Using these facts as a basis for action, the theological department at Southern Missionary College is starting an extensive training program in the use of visual aids. The students in the academy and in the personal evangelism class are being given an opportunity to learn this heaven-born method of teaching.

The students on the college level who are majoring in theology and Bible are required to use visual aids in their work. The ultimate objective is that every outgoing graduate will be supplied with a complete set of visual aids. Not only are they taught to use them, but they are also taught to make them. The department has a laboratory where the charts and cut-outs are made. At present this laboratory is small, but it will be moved to larger and more completely equipped quarters as soon as they are available.

These visual aids cover the symbols given in the prophecies of Daniel 2, Daniel 3, the millennium, twenty-three hundred days, old and new covenants, the law of God compared to the law of Moses, and many aids in Sabbath study. These

—Please turn to page 20

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PACIFIC UNION COLLEGE

Angwin, California

WILLIAM HYDE, Reporting:

Missionary on Furlough From Nigeria,
West Africa

WE OFTEN hear about vicious circles, and forget that there are such things as virtuous circles; yet, indeed, it is not only bad things that build up and up by their influence one on another. Good things spiral, too. If you doubt it, think of the strong missionary tradition at Pacific Union College, and reckon up the number of missionaries and their children on "The Hill."

It is easy to see how the thing got started. With President C. W. Irwin and Mrs. E. G. White as godparents, the in-

fant school was bound to produce a zealous band of foreign missionaries. And what was more natural than that they should send their children to the college that was so often in their thoughts as they labored far away from the homeland. Not only did they send their children, they brought them, and spent the months of furlough living above the noisy world, perhaps tasting anew the joys of study, and finding them sweeter for the years of service that had revealed the need for all the learning they could gain.

Thus a new force came into play. The presence of the missionaries and their children meant that mission talks could often be firsthand accounts of the troubles and the triumphs that challenge and reward the worker overseas, and the influence of the alumni map grew stronger as more and more of the far-flung lights came to represent a personal acquaintance instead of a mere name, and the call of the foreign light grew louder in many ears. So new lights shine out as new names join the old, and the spiral becomes a full circle as grown sons and daughters follow their parents—and the old names join the new.

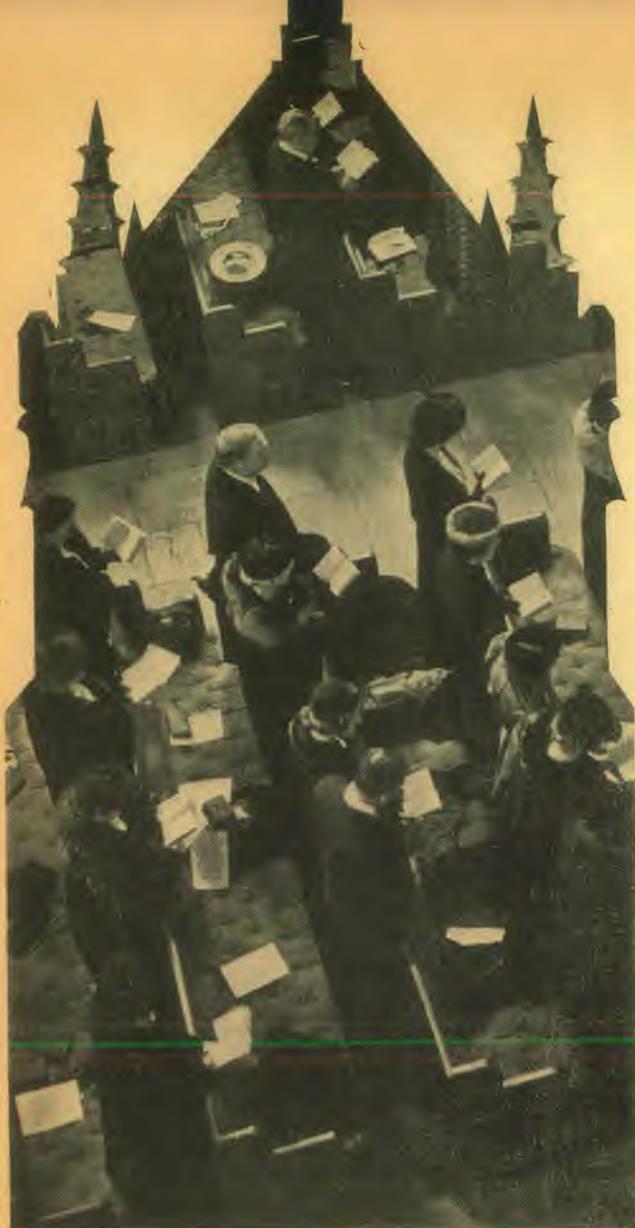
Through the years the missionary has found in Pacific Union College a refuge from the rushing world that seems so noisy and purposeless after the quiet of a mission station in the ancient world of Africa or Asia. Here he finds kind friends and kindred spirits. Here nature soothes and heals strained nerves and weary bodies. Here too he draws new inspiration from the zeal and energy of those same young folks whom his example has inspired. And so the virtuous circle turns, the spiral climbs, and the day draws near when Mount Zion will replace once for all, "The Hill."



Making Visual Aids for Use in the Theological Department of Southern Missionary College Has Captivated the Interest of the Students

THEY WORSHIP *God*

By ETHEL V. STAMPER



LOWRDS & EWING

Despite the Elegance of Lofty Cathedrals Many Prefer the Friendly Spirit of a Small Church

I WOULD rather go to a small church any day than to a large one; there is a more friendly spirit, and I can be nearer to God somehow." This is a remark frequently heard. "But why do people feel this way?" you ask. Perhaps I can help you to understand.

In a lake district of one of the States in the United States, the church building belonging to a small group of Seventh-day Adventists recently burned. Now the members meet for worship in an old school-house, and as they gather for the Sabbath services they must fit themselves into the various sizes of classroom desks, ranging from those intended for six-year-olds to strapping boys nearing six feet. And the little white-haired English pastor uses a homemade extension on top of the teacher's desk over which to deliver the Sabbath sermon.

In order to maintain a fair degree of quietness, fifteen children must be hushed for the church service, for every move and shuffle of both children and adults

resounds over the room. The crying of a disciplined child can be heard from the outside, and even whispering in the back row can be heard by the matrons sitting near the rostrum.

Of beauty of interior decoration there is none: the walls are cracked and stained, and large chunks of blackboard have fallen out. Cardboard covers the openings where windows have been broken; and to aid the ventilation the narrow door to the pastor's right is left open a bit. It is just a step from the door to the ground outside.

Some people might be much annoyed at the congregational singing. Worn voices fairly screech out the slow time of the hymns. One elderly man taps the rhythm lightly with his foot as the pianist accents the first beat of every measure. And the faded array of Sabbath

"bests" would hardly be called strikingly attractive apparel.

What then is so desirable about a place like this one that people prefer it to a larger, far more fashionable church?

Near the front, sitting very straight on the school bench sizes too small for him, is a tall middle-aged man with piercing blue eyes. Constant exposure to the sun has tanned his skin to a deep nut brown. One would be led to think he owned a large farm which gave him much outside work. But at the driveway of his log cabin is a sign that reads, "Samuel Ward, Licensed Guide."

As one of the best guides in the area, he takes a party of fishermen out each day to help them make a catch. But while he rows the boat or fastens minnows or worms to their hooks, he takes advantage of all opportunities to tell them about the great Fisher of men. As a result some of these fishermen have become strong Seventh-day Adventists, others have subscribed to denominational periodicals,

and still others have donated liberal sums of money. The guide's work, however, is not done when he returns home, for on evenings he with his wife will frequently visit neighbors to talk to them about salvation.

Several rows behind him sits a tiny but enthusiastic woman who is the missionary secretary. She reports that the church has raised \$800 of its \$1,200 Ingathering goal. During her program several members tell of their experiences in giving Bible studies and in talking with persons they have met during the week.

"And even our little folks have had good experiences," she exclaims as she suggests that six-year-old Ted tell what he has done.

"I went to a garage last Tuesday and asked a man if he wanted to give some money to missions. He said, 'How much do you want?' I said, 'Some give a dollar.' And so he pulled out a dollar and gave it to me." Ted's face beams as he hurries to his small seat.

The group then makes plans for the Sunday schools at near-by towns and allots new territories for distributing literature and collecting donations.

The girl with the straight blonde hair, who was sitting at the rear, gave the mission story in Sabbath school. She has just returned home from a winter spent in the academy. One would never guess that this quiet, simply dressed maiden had been valedictorian of her graduating class that spring. She plans to sell books this summer to help with college expenses next fall. Her father says, "I didn't have the opportunity to go to school myself, but I am going to do all I can to give my children the advantage I missed."

Of the entire congregation it could well be said, "At church, with meek and unaffected grace, [their] looks adorned the venerable place." And also: "They chant their artless notes in simple guise; they tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim."

The service continues with rather unpolished but carefully planned order. YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS and *Little Friends* are put away, and each one bows his head while the minister kneels before a bare, marred, wooden chair. His suit is neatly pressed, but the sleeves are threadbare; his shoes are polished, but they have been resoled. In this village nearly every week

—Please turn to page 16



EWING GALLOWAY

BOBBY and Cheryl were still looking at each other with puzzled expressions. Aunt Delores had just been out on the porch with them to enjoy the spring sunshine, and had said, "Tomorrow we are going to see some May magic." What *could* she mean?

"Tomorrow is the first day of May," Bobby said, "but since we go to church school instead of public school, May Day doesn't mean anything special to us. It *couldn't* be that."

"I wonder what Aunt Delores meant when she said we would be more thankful that Jesus made us 'like other boys and girls.' I don't see how the first day of May could make us feel more thankful than we are today," puzzled Cheryl.

"We'll just have to wait and see."

Nodding her approval Cheryl reached for her book, and Bobby relaxed in the hammock in delicious idleness.

It was Tuesday morning, May 1. Though the birds were up bright and early with their cheery songs, Bobby and Cheryl were just one step ahead of them, for the two had been up and had breakfast and were now on their way down the wood-lot road.

"The neighbors would think we were real farmers if they could see us up this early," bragged Bobby.

"Listen, Bobby," Cheryl said, ignoring his boast, "if Betty and Brenda and all the other children from the apartment house were with us they would think we lived in a bird sanctuary."

Instead of agreeing, Bobby asked his sister where she got such a big word for a little girl, and started Cheryl into a detailed explanation of how she had learned the word *sanctuary*.

It was so nice outside and there were so many interesting things that the two children found plenty to do that morning. Besides the birds there were trees, all dressed in the latest shades of green, and many flowers they had never seen before. After a long ramble through the back lot of the farm Bobby and Cheryl decided that the length of time between breakfast and lunch would soon be over. They were right. Just as they turned the corner of

May Day Celebration at Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania Is a Great Event of the Year

H. A. ROBERTS

JUNIORS

May Magic

By FAYE PEARSON

the barn, Aunt Delores was coming out to call them.

"Come along now and get ready for lunch," she smiled. "We don't have much time."

"Why, Bobby!" exclaimed Cheryl, "today is the day for our surprise. Our walk was so interesting we forgot all about it!"

Hurrying into the house, they were soon busy washing their faces and hands.

When lunch was eaten and the kitchen had been tidied, Bobby and Cheryl went upstairs to get dressed, for Aunt Delores had said they were going downtown in the car. Soon they were on their way.

"Where are we going, Aunt Delores?" asked Cheryl.

"You'll soon know," smiled her aunt. And soon they did, for instead of going on into the main part of town they found themselves entering a private drive, through a gray stone entrance just outside the city limits.

"Isn't this the home for deaf children, Aunt Delores?" asked Bobby.

"That's right, and here is where you will see what I meant by May magic."

Leaving the car at the parking lot, they walked across the campus to a large section of lawn that had been set off with chairs. Finding seats on the front row,

the two children had a chance to look around. At the far end of the section was a huge white throne covered with spring flowers. In the center of the outdoor stage a Maypole stood, with its many colored streamers, and over to one side there was a platform with a piano on it. There was a commotion at the platform, and all eyes turned in that direction. A woman sat down at the piano as two more stepped to the edge of the platform. They both began to talk, but it was not at all confusing. One was speaking so that Bobby and Cheryl could hear her, and the other one was speaking with her fingers so that all the deaf children could "hear" her too.

The speaker said that all the children and the teachers were very happy to be able to show everyone what had been accomplished at their school that year. She told the audience that in the chapel there was a complete display of all the things they had made in home economics, in the shops, and in the classrooms. She said, "Today we would like you to see that we enjoy music too and that we can feel and see rhythm almost as well as others do who can really hear and speak. Even the very small children can enjoy it."

The first number on the program was "The Bluebird," which was "sung" by a



class of twelve girls. They were eight to ten years old. With their eyes turned toward the instructor, who stood on the platform, they began to sing. At her signal the pianist struck the opening chord and the girls raised their hands. They did the entire number in pantomime in sign language.

Bobby and Cheryl could hardly believe their eyes. "Aunt Delores," Cheryl whispered, "I can even understand a little of it! When they hold up their hand and blow on the tips of their fingers they must mean 'blue,' and when they wave their hands they mean 'bird.'"

After the bluebird song a large group of smaller boys and girls all dressed in flower costumes imitated the swaying of flowers in a breeze. Each one kept his eyes on the leader, and went through a demonstration that made their paper costumes seem almost like real blossoms.

After the pageant of the flowers a group of boys and girls dressed in white ran across the lawn to the Maypole. Each one picked up a streamer that hung from the top and at the instructor's signal began going around, braiding the colors down the pole.

"How do they do it?" exclaimed Bobby. "They can't hear the music, but they stay in perfect step."

One of the prettiest girls, who had made high grades in school and had done well in her vocational classes, was to be crowned the Queen of May. A chord for the processional was struck. In front of the queen walked a curly-headed boy about five, dressed in a white satin suit and carrying a crown of flowers on a pillow. The queen was attended by six girls, each wearing a delicately colored dress and carrying spring flowers. She ascended the throne, and while her classmates and friends cheered, the superintendent of the school placed the crown on her head. Everybody was glad that Musette had been honored.

In the chapel Bobby and Cheryl and Aunt Delores found a wonderful display. The huge room had been divided into sections, and each section represented the work of a certain group. The home economics classes had made many pretty things. There were dresses for all occasions and many kinds of fancy needlework. The boys in the woodworking classes had made chairs from barrels, and novelties that they could sell for souvenirs at the exhibition. In the press section the boys told the story of the invention of printing with pictures, and one stood at a hand press making little folders, that he gave to each visitor.

As they visited the booths Cheryl and Bobby thought it was wonderful that children of their own age could do such things although they did not have the privilege of hearing and speaking. On the program they had been able to do things that were made difficult by their handicap, and the displays showed that

Springtime

By MRS. R. B. SHEFFER

What does springtime bring to you?
Grasses green and skies so blue,
Sunny hours, springing flowers,
Cool, refreshing, misty showers.
Merry brooks, shady nooks,
Call to us to leave our books;
Birds and butterflies and bees
Flit among the blossoming trees.
O'er the sod, daisies nod—
All are praising God.

All the earth is very fair,
Springtime freshness in the air.
In the grove, breezes rove,
Softly whisp'ring, "God is love."
Birdies sing on the wing
Praises to our heavenly King.
Heaven and earth all tell His fame,
Praising the Creator's name.
List the zephyrs in the wood,
Telling, "God is good."

Thankful hearts should more and more
Praise Him for such bounteous store.
Children dear, far and near,
Let us join the springtime cheer.
Let us prove that God's love
Has the power our hearts to move.
In the springtime of our youth,
Let us serve the God of truth;
Echoes ring, while we sing
Praises to our King!

they could do many useful things too.

"We must go," Aunt Delores said at last. It is late and Uncle Harry will be home soon."

As they returned to the car, the children looked back. Cheryl sighed wistfully, "I wish we could see it all over again."

On the way home Bobby, too, was dreamy-eyed. "We never would have guessed what Aunt Delores meant by May magic, but I can understand now. Instead of magic, today has shown me how good Jesus has been to us. He has been good to us by giving us our speech and hearing and sight and all our other senses. But He is good to the deaf children, too, by letting them have teachers to show them how to use their hands and eyes in such wonderful ways."

They Worship God

(Continued from page 14)

for the past thirty years his congregation has listened eagerly to his timely, straightforward messages. Nodding heads of the older members at a familiar point reveal their fresh approval of the doctrine they love to hear.

"Mother couldn't be here today," the pastor begins, "but she wanted me to talk about our heavenly home; so I have tried

to prepare some thoughts that would reach your hearts, that would give each of us a greater desire to be there."

His words are good words; they are living water that is eagerly drunk by the small attentive group. Grandma Petersen wipes a few tears from her eyes, and so does Mr. Paul. No elaborate phrases are used in the sermon, but the common spirit of worship binds hearts and minds together as all seek God's revelation to spur them and give them fresh courage to carry on their humble duties in His name.

The service closes. Reverently the members leave the room. They pause outside, where their greetings, smiles, and happy but quiet conversation reveal the genuine riches of their souls. Then some in cars, some on bicycles, and some on foot go to their simply furnished homes and further remember the Sabbath day.

Why is there a greater spirit of fellowship and service in small churches? Because no one can hide away in the crowd, no one can slip in unnoticed, or be absent without everybody's knowing about it. There is work for each member to do in order that all offices be filled. An Ingathering goal of \$1,200 means that the individual goal must be \$40. Paul's words, "Faith without works is dead," explain why this company is emotionally stirred by the Word of God. Teaching salvation to others is not the work of the minister alone, but it is an individual, independent responsibility that every member takes upon himself because he is vitally concerned that he do his part in order that eternal life may be realized soon. That is one reason the small church is frequently preferred to the large one.

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Memories

(Continued from page 8)

work. I realized one day that my readers appreciated this fact, when in answer to my rat-tat-tat the head of the house opened the door with the remark, "You are right on time, as usual. I heard your rap just as the clock struck the appointed hour." But one day the Lord would not let me be punctual. At two o'clock I was to give a reading on the third angel's message. When I was ready to start, some of the material I had expected to use was nowhere to be found. I looked and looked, and it was nearly time for the meeting before I found what I wanted. I started out then, walking as fast as I could; but although I knew the way perfectly, I took a wrong turn and was blocks from where I should have been before I realized it.

I arrived at my reader's door feeling quite mortified, about an hour late for my appointment. How relieved I was when she greeted me with, "Oh, I'm so glad you did not come at the usual time! I was afraid that I would have to postpone the

reading this week, as I was not through with the work I had promised to do. I've just finished, so now we can have our study after all." That day proved to be the deciding point in her life; before we parted she told me that she was going to keep the Bible Sabbath. She became one of the charter members of the first Seventh-day Adventist church in north London.

(To be continued)

Mound Builders of the Meadows

(Continued from page 10)

When eating, the gopher stuffs roots that he may not need at the moment into his cheek pockets. This is done with a deft motion of his forepaws that can hardly be noticed, but has been observed by naturalists who have made a study of the animal. When the pockets are full the little fellow hurries down to his root cellar and empties them by placing his forepaws at the base of the pouches and pushing upward against the contents, forcing them out. Several strokes are often required to empty them.

The headquarters of his burrow system is usually well fortified under the roots of a shrub or tree and is several feet below the surface. It is a roomy nest bedded with fine roots and dry grass, well insulated from any external disturbances, and kept scrupulously clean. Dirt and refuse are deposited in dung pockets along the runways, which are later plugged.

In this nest four to eight young are born and reared. They are small, blind, and hairless at birth, and present an even more ludicrous appearance than their parents do. The head is almost as large as the body.

Their winter quarters are often still farther below the surface. In Canada I have seen some as far as eight and ten feet below the earth's surface. These deep holes may be dug in a spiral. Some are thought to be made in search of water. They are often used by salamanders, snakes, and toads for winter hibernation beneath the frost line. This explains why these animals are sometimes found at great depths in the earth. I remember finding a live toad encased in apparently solid earth ten feet below the surface of the ground while we were digging a well on a prairie farm. He had most likely gone down a deep hole and been buried by the gopher before he awakened.

It has been noted that the eyes of the pocket gopher are insignificant and that he has little use for them, since he is almost continually in the dark. He is not, however, totally at a loss in wandering around in his burrow. His nose and whiskers are of some assistance in locating roots and side entrances, and his tail is also very useful to him. His tunnels, being narrow, do not permit him to turn around just anywhere (though he is a good contortionist); consequently he finds it convenient to have a sense organ at the rear, to feel his way when going in reverse. This tail, though only about one third of the animal's length, is almost naked, and is equipped with sensitive nerves that make it a useful feeler.

This gopher has a host of enemies. In farming country, man is probably the worst, since he regards the gopher as an unmitigated pest. Cane growers in the

South have to wage continual warfare against him. The Kansas department of agriculture once estimated that pocket gophers did \$5,000,000 damage to alfalfa in one year in that State alone.

Snakes and weasels take care of a large part of the surplus population. Both are able to enter the burrows and slaughter the inmates. A litter of young is never safe from such intruders. Coyotes and foxes catch them by patient waiting at the burrow opening, and badgers dig them out. During the mating seasons large numbers of the animals come out of the holes and roam about aboveground, especially at night. Hawks and particularly owls account for many of these moon-struck Romeos as they wander about, and other nocturnal hunters take advantage of these seasonal bonanzas.

It is interesting to note that the exceptionally long claws and short legs of the pocket gopher make rapid travel difficult. The long claws of the front feet during walking or running are folded inward on the palm, and the animal walks on the backs of the claws.

With all the scores that have been counted against this little rodent, we cast about to see what good can be mentioned in his favor. Ernest Thompson Seton did some investigating on this. He found him to be a real hero, ranking with the greatest of nation builders.

Charles Darwin once made a close study of the worth of earthworms in his garden, and found enough data to fill a large book, showing how they build black topsoil out of sand and yellow clay. This is a well recognized fact today, and the lowly earthworm has gained respect in informed circles.

Seton's investigations tend to show that earthworms are probably not even native to America, prior to the landing of the Pilgrims, and that all the black earth and humus in America that existed before they came was due to other causes. In a large part of Canada, from Manitoba to the Rockies, earthworms did not even exist until recent years. The black topsoil of this wheat-growing country cannot be entirely attributed to the accumulation of decaying vegetation. Prairie fires were common enough to consume much of it.

A pocket gopher will often throw up four or five bushels of earth in one night. In some districts this rodent does the equivalent of plowing the earth once every two years. The gopher does as much, on an average, in five months as an earthworm does in five years. This gives an idea of his importance as a soil builder.

He is widely distributed over Western America, and in spite of all opposition seems to be increasing and entering territory where formerly he was not known. Happily he goes on his way minding his own business and occasionally making an extraordinary nuisance of himself.



Match the Scriptures With the Statements

By NELLIE M. BUTLER

1. The Sabbath was made at creation.
 2. The Sabbath commandment is found in—
 3. It was made for man.
 4. Promises of blessings for keeping it.
 5. Punishment for not keeping it.
 6. How we should keep it.
 7. A commandment in the New Testament to keep it.
 8. When the women "rested according to the commandment."
 9. The day Jesus kept.
 10. The day Paul kept.
 11. The priests broke it.
 12. The priests hid their eyes from it.
 13. The day before the first day of the week.
 14. The last mention of the Sabbath.
 15. What day is the Lord's day?
 16. It begins at sunset.
 17. It can never be changed.
 18. It is a sign of sanctification.
- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| a. Eze. 20:12. | h. Luke 23:54-56. |
| b. Matt. 5:17, 18. | i. Heb. 4:4-11. |
| c. Lev. 23:32. | m. Jer. 17:27; Ex. 31:14-16. |
| d. Ex. 20:8-11. | n. Rev. 22:14; Isa. 56:2-7; 58:13, 14; |
| e. Rev. 1:10. | o. Mark 2:27, 28. |
| f. Mark 16:1, 2. | p. Ex. 20:8-11. |
| g. Eze. 22:26. | q. Gen. 2:1-3. |
| h. Matt. 27:62-66. | |
| i. Acts 18:4, 11; 17:1, 2. | |
| j. Luke 4:16. | |

A Bible Enigma

By CLYDE ROSSER

I am composed of 38 letters.
 My 8, 10, 8, 11 was created on the sixth day.
 My 1, 25, 19, 6, 8, 36 was given to doubting.
 My 7, 5, 36, 26, 15 was a great leader and organizer, in the early history of Israel.
 My 2, 21, 9, 22, 28, 25 was the mother of a great prophet.
 My 10, 29, 22, 28, 2 had 12 brothers, but no sisters.
 My 34, 37, 20, 28, 2 was one of those brothers.
 My 4, 8, 29, 13, "was of that wicked one."
 My 17, 3, 15, 14, 37, 36 was a governor before whom Paul was tried.
 My 31, 29, 14, 30, 29, 24, 3, 15 were a powerful nation in the days of ancient Israel.
 My 23, 21, 13 was a son of Jacob.
 My whole is the platform of truth upon which the remnant church stands.

—Answers on page 20

STAMPS

CONDUCTED BY REID SHEPARD

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

The Huguenots and the Walloons

THESE two groups of early American settlers were truly children of the Reformation. If you read the chapter on "The Bible and the French Revolution" in the book *Great Controversy*, by Mrs.



E. G. White, you will understand why they sought a new land in which to live.

There are two distinct events commemorated by this series of stamps, issued on the three-hundredth anniversary of the settling in New York of the Walloons. The one-cent issue shows a likeness of the ship *New Netherland*, which brought these people to America. The central design on the two-cent issue represents the landing of these colonists at Fort Orange (now Albany), New York. On the five-cent stamp of this Huguenot-Walloon series of 1924 is pictured the Ribault Memorial Monument at Mayport, Florida.

The stamps will have much more significance for you if you will study the history of these two groups of persecuted French Protestant refugees who sought freedom from religious bondage. The first group of French Huguenots arrived at Mayport, Florida, in the spring of 1562 under the leadership of Jean Ribault. This colony fell victim to the Spanish who were already established there, and it was not until 1680 that a permanent Huguenot colony was established in the New World.

Mrs. White says, "The brave Huguenots, battling for those rights which the human heart holds most sacred, had poured out their blood on many a hard-fought field. The Protestants were counted as outlaws, a price was set upon their heads, and they were hunted down like wild beasts. The 'Church in the Desert,' the few descendants of the ancient Christians that still lingered in France . . . cherished the faith of their fathers."

This gives you a glimpse of the character of these French Protestants who sought refuge on American shores. Their influence on the New World civilization can hardly be overestimated.

The Walloons (a Dutch name for *Strangers*) came from southeastern Belgium, but because of a shift in power in their home territory, they were under French influence and spoke French. Their religious ideals were much the same as those of the Huguenots. Under their leader, Jesse de Forest, they sailed up the Hudson River to Fort Orange, where they landed on May 1, 1624.

The conscientious Walloons were well fitted to establish a colony in the New World. They were proficient in manual arts and in farming, and soon their colonies spread throughout the States of New York, New Jersey, and Delaware and into eastern Pennsylvania. Mrs. E. G. White mentions the fact that France was a severe loser when she drove these industrious, sober, persevering people from her shores.

Sooner or later we, too, will be facing persecution because of our faith. It is coming to God's chosen people, to His commandment keepers. We will need that same unswerving allegiance to principles, that uncompromising conviction that made it possible for the French Huguenots and Walloons to face death. Now is the time for all Seventh-day Adventists to fortify themselves for the coming events.

A Story to Complete

(Continued from page 3)

thing else, to bring lasting peace, some of the class looked more than a little dubious."

But the next week he talked on the importance of keeping God's law—all of it. However, he did not go so far as to qualify the fourth commandment. Even then, it was strong meat for some of the men.

During the succeeding weeks his topics ranged from the state of the dead to Rome, the mother of harlots. Apparently no effort was made to secure another teacher, nor during the summer was a new minister appointed. The temporary ones who preached at the eleven o'clock service occasionally visited "Joe's class," as it was now called, and invariably asked who this young man was. As far as I know, the fact of his Adventist origin never troubled anyone, though two or three were acquainted with it.

On the contrary, it was amazing to watch those various businessmen go out of their way to make things agreeable for Joe (and on his account, for me). If they were eating at the cafeteria we patronized, they would walk over to our table to say hello and ask about our work. It was a rare Sunday when two or three invitations for dinner did not come our way.

We had two weeks of vacation between our canvassing and our delivery. When we returned, Joe found that he was al-

ready booked to teach the men's class again. Evidently the church meant to make good use of him in the remaining time, for not only did he teach on Sunday morning, but that evening he addressed the B.Y.P.U., a Baptist society for young people. Those men in that Bible class must have been carrying on some pro-Crews propaganda while we were away, for many of the people we met and delivered books to, asked if we were those young theology students "over at the Baptist church."

On Monday evening, Joe spoke to one of the women's clubs, and on Wednesday he conducted prayer meeting. That last Sunday many of the men wanted him to preach the sermon, but their wives were becoming a bit suspicious of our peculiar church affiliations.

There was no discord in the men's class however, and more than one was visibly moved by Joe's talk on the new earth. The day before, two of his college friends had dropped in. All three had formerly sung together in a quartet, and, with a good deal of coaching and a bit of undeserved encouragement, I helped them make another.

At the close of Joe's talk we sang two hymns which possessed the real merit of sincerity. Just as the bell announcing the end of Sunday school rang, the secretary of the class stood up and said, "I want you men to wait just a moment."

And with that he stepped over and shook hands with each of us. No one in the room left. Turning again to the class, he continued, "It's not often we find young men interested in the Bible. To say that we have enjoyed having Joe and his friend with us this summer is only expressing half of what we feel. Joe's lesson studies awakened many of us to the fact that religion is more than a Sunday, one-day-a-week affair. His words this morning about the new earth—and you know, I never called it that before—have meant much to me personally." Then turning to Joe, "We just wish you could stay here longer.

"Well, I'm not much at making speeches, Joe, but our class has been thinking a lot this past week, about how you are going on to take more training for your chosen profession. And we wish you would take this envelope as a token of our appreciation for your work this summer. Our wives didn't think we ought to hand over money to a boy not of our church. But we told them it was *our money*," and here he winked at the men, "to be used as we pleased. And that if we wanted to give Joe a lift while he goes on to school, well, that was *our business*."

And then he grew quite sober again as he finished. "And, Joe, when you get to be a full-fledged preacher, come on down this way. We'd be glad to have you, son."

For once Joe had nothing to say, but everyone understood.

That afternoon as we headed back toward Washington, D.C., and school, I felt especially privileged to have witnessed this little foretaste of the imminent "latter rain."

I saw Joe the other day. He regularly gets a letter and a check from South Carolina. We both feel that the story of last summer's canvassing is not yet over. In fact, we rather believe that it will not end until we shall have reached the earth made new.

Is Your Crown On Straight?

(Continued from page 1)

so long. "The girl was just expressing her emotions," she murmured gravely.

"No," returned Carol; "it was more than that. She was expressing her character. She is talented, and she wished to make an impression on us. Her folks are well-to-do, and we do not have much of this world's goods, you know. Of course we are comfortable, but none of us has been able to afford extensive training in music. We do know good music, though, and we have one another, and that means a great deal. Certainly nothing she offered us that day would tempt us to exchange what we have for what she has, or hasn't. Perhaps she did not know her crown was tipped."

The older woman looked at Carol questioningly.

"It's a story I read," the girl explained. "A Roman emperor, shortly after his coronation, decided to make a triumphal march through the streets of his capital. With his empress by his side, he proceeded through the thoroughfares and principal avenues, amid applause and laudation, until he reached the edge of the city. There, as he entered a narrow passageway, he heard an urchin burst into laughter, and saw him scurry away with his hand clapped over his mouth. This incident spoiled the emperor's holiday. When he reached the palace he turned to the empress and queried, 'Why did that little boy laugh at me?' Scanning him carefully, his queen discovered that the kingly crown had slipped and now sat askew on the royal head."

"I think others would have laughed, too," remarked the dean. "You evidently think that many a march, or exhibition,

or parading of self may end in the ridicule of the central figure."

"I think prideful show often ends in being ridiculous," Carol asserted. "People can see! On the other hand, how much we all enjoy hearing a fine voice sing something worth while, or a musician who plays because he really loves the composition of the master he is interpreting. We learn to love such music through him, and we appreciate him more because he has given us something that feeds the soul. I wouldn't worry about not knowing those songs that come over the radio, Aunt Leah! Well, I must run! Good-by!"

Carol skipped down the path to the gate, where she paused for an instant, looked back at her elderly friend, and went through the pantomime of setting a crown straight on her head. Then she lifted her eyebrows interrogatively. Dean Linden smiled and nodded.

"Out of the mouth of these wise youngsters—" she said softly. Then aloud, "I like girls," she declared. "I like girls even when they toss their heads and tip their tiaras. Most of them are so—so wholesome."

✻ ✻ ✻

Lost

BY MYRTLE G. CADY

DO YOU know what it means to be lost? Not knowing which way to go, with no guide or help from any source?

When a mere child I went with my mother and our neighbors to gather blueberries in a swamp ten miles from home. It was a large swamp covered with moss and half-burned trees. When one looked in any direction, the view was the same. We approached the swamp by climbing



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. Students find a lexicon almost indispensable. What is its common name?

- a. Spelling book. b. Dictionary.
c. Encyclopedia.

2. Public speakers are fond of using metaphors. Can you define the meaning of the word?

- a. A transference in the meaning of words; an analogy.
b. An illustrative anecdote.
c. A pleasing repetition of words having a similar sound.

3. How old is a nonagenarian?

- a. Age unknown. b. Prenatal infant.
c. Between 90-100 years.

4. Paddocks are found in both city and country, yet may not be exactly alike. Which definition is correct for both?

- a. A small parklike enclosure.
b. A stall for animals.
c. A bridle path.

5. Everyone has heard of quadroons, but do you know exactly what racial mixture they are?

- a. Children of a negro and a mulatto.
b. Children of a mulatto and a white person.
c. Children of a negro and a white person.

6. Ratlines are common to sailors. Where would you be likely to find them?

- a. In the rigging of a ship.
b. On a wharf.
c. Around rat cages.

7. In how much of a hurry are you if you sprint?

- a. Run at a steady trot.
b. Run at full speed.
c. Run and jump hurdles.

8. In whose hand would you be most likely to find a talisman?

- a. Poet. b. Witch doctor. c. Tailor.

9. Which of the following belong to the ursine family?

- a. Pigs. b. Cows. c. Bears.

10. Wraiths are common in folklore. What are they?

- a. Ghosts. b. Garlands of flowers.
c. Transparent gowns.

—Answers on page 20

Mission Snapshots

Chen Wen Hsioh, director of the Shensi Mission in Northwest China, accompanied by Pastor M. C. Warren, was holding a series of meetings in one of our Seventh-day Adventist chapels in the hills of southeast Sian. The services were well attended, but even though war seemed to have edged away from that particular spot, there were other troubles. Because of a shortage of rainfall, there had been a drought. At the close of the meetings it was found that there were six acceptable candidates for baptism and church fellowship.

"We then faced the problem of how to baptize them," says Pastor Warren. There was no river or stream within reach that had not gone dry by reason of the drought. Our church elder came forward with a suggestion. Stored in his home was a large, heavy coffin. He proposed that we carry this coffin out into the courtyard, fill it with water from his well, and use it for the baptism. This was unusual, but as we considered the suggestion in the light of our situation it appealed to us as entirely consistent with the spirit and teaching of the rite of baptism.

"When we gathered for the solemn service, one by one the six candidates were lowered into the coffin to symbolize their burial with Christ. As this was more like a literal burial than a regular baptismal service, it was easier to impress upon the minds of those gathered to witness the ceremony the fact that believers joining the remnant church were first to die to sin and be buried, and that those coming out of the coffin were to live a new life of Christlikeness."



**YOUTH'S
FORUM
CURRENT
PROPOSITION:**

Many of our young people reach their ingathering goals through solicitation in taverns, dance halls, and such places, as well as on the streets in front of, and in the lobbies of, theaters. Do you feel that there are serious dangers in connection with this kind of solicitation? Do you feel that by proper chaperonage the work can be carried on to the glory of God and with no spiritual loss to ourselves? Or do you feel that any monetary gains are offset by such contacts with the seamy side of life?

DEADLINE: MAY 31

Be sure to confine your remarks to one and one-half double-spaced typewritten pages. Do not forget to give your age, the Missionary Volunteer Society of which you are a member, and your present status (student, clerk, stenographer, farmer, etc.). You will be identified only by your initials and State when your Forum remarks are printed, but we require the other items mentioned, which are kept strictly confidential, for our own information.

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

over logs and broken-down trees to avoid water holes here and there.

Soon after we started picking, mother and I were alone, the rest far away out of sight. I was not a strong child, and before long began to feel sick and weak. Mother said, "Sit down by our lunch basket and water jug, and rest; you'll soon feel better." This I did, and sure enough, in a short time I felt much better.

Then, childlike, I thought, "I'll hurry and get my pail full while mother thinks I'm resting." So I jumped up and began berrypicking. I found a nice full patch, and here I worked until a feeling of loneliness came over me. Then I decided to ask mother to help me gather the berries from this clump of bushes. To mark the place, I gathered some moss and placed it on a stump, then started to find mother. I called her, but she did not answer. Then I ran shouting, "Mother, Mother!" Still no answer. I became frantic when I discovered that I was running in a circle, for I had heard of lost children circling. I shouted loudly, "I'm lost, I'm lost!" Mother heard my cry of distress and rushed toward me, but I was going in

the opposite direction so did not see or hear her until she reached me.

It was only a few minutes that I was lost, but it seemed ages to me.

That same summer a little boy was lost for days in the same swamp. The church bells rang, and men from our village went to help find him. Finally he was located. How sorry I felt for him, for I had had a few minutes of terrible agony for the same trouble.

Lost, lost! But found by a loving mother.

Many are lost in this world of sin, not knowing the way back to safety and to the loving Father. But the cry of anguish is heard, and He will send help to the truly in earnest child who casts himself upon His mercy and is willing to "let go, and let God."

**"Which of You Shall Have
a Friend . . .?"**

(Continued from page 4)

students, but especially Ted. How thankful he was that he had always done his very best for Frank!

"I do believe God had a purpose in keeping him in my prayer band," he mused as he sat by the window enjoying the spring breeze. "I sincerely hope I set before him nothing but the best example. That was my aim. I believe his account was all right with God, though. Yes, somehow, I have a feeling that Frank was ready."

For some minutes he was silent, thinking, thinking. Then he glanced at his watch. It was almost time for class. "Well," he murmured to himself as he gathered up his books, "it certainly means a great deal to be a friend! May God help me always to discharge this responsibility faithfully."

Southern Missionary College

(Continued from page 13)

symbols range in size from an eight-foot image to four-foot beasts and to miniature sets that can be carried in a Bible instructor's handbag.

Eventually Southern Missionary College will supply these charts and cutouts for the entire Southern Union. It is hoped that very soon every minister and Bible instructor will have a set for his own personal use.

A step forward and upward? Yes, we believe so. Progress is the thermometer of all human endeavor, and prayerfully and hopefully the theological department heads at this school launch upon this program of fitting young people for more fruitful ministry.

**The Snare of the Soft
South Wind**

(Continued from page 6)

pass are indispensable. Are you carefully scanning the inspired Chart—the Word of God? Are you allowing yourself to be guided by it, and by the counsel of the Spirit of prophecy? Remember, "None but those who have fortified the mind with the truths of the Bible will stand in the last great conflict."

Is Jesus Christ at the helm of your life every moment of every day, acting as its pilot? Be sure to allow Him to take over the tiller. Every rock, reef, and sand bar in the storm-tossed ocean of life is known to this Master Pilot. If you trust your all in His hands He will bring you safely into heaven's port.

Key to "What's Your Score?"

1. (b) An ordinary dictionary. 2. (a) An analogy; cross reference between two or more things. 3. (c) Ninety, or between 90 and 100 years of age. 4. (a) A small fenced-in enclosure, usually for animal pasture. 5. (b) Children of a mulatto and a white person. 6. (a) Ratlines are the rope ladders in a ship's rigging. 7. (b) Run at full speed. 8. (b) A witch doctor would most likely keep a charm, or talisman. 9. (c) Bears belong to the ursine family; pigs, porcine; cows, bovine. 10. (a) Ghosts.

Key to "Match the Scriptures With the Statements"

1. q 2. p 3. o 4. n 5. m 6. p 7. l 8. k 9. j 10. i 11. h 12. g 13. f 14. e 15. d 16. c 17. b 18. a

Key to "A Bible Enigma"

Rev. 14:12.

WHEN nothing seems to help I go and look at a stonemason hammering away at his rock perhaps 100 times without as much as a crack showing in it. Yet at the 101st blow it will split in two, and I know it was not that blow that did it, but all that had gone before.

—JACOB A. RIIS.

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Senior Youth

IV—Marriage of the King's Son: Tribute

(April 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 22:1-22.

MEMORY VERSE: Revelation 3:5.

LESSON HELPS: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 307-319 (new ed., pp. 313-325); *The Great Controversy*, pp. 328-331 (new ed., pp. 375-380).

1. In giving further instruction to the people, to what did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven? Matt. 22:1, 2.

2. In the parable, for what purpose did the king send forth his servants? With what success? Verse 3.

3. What message did the king send by other servants? How was the message received? How were the servants treated? Verses 4-6.

NOTE.—The first invitation to the marriage supper represents the work for the Jews by Jesus and His apostles during Christ's early life. The second invitation points to the fact that after the personal work of Christ on earth was completed, still another earnest effort was to be made for the Jewish people; but as a nation they spurned the gospel message.

4. How did the king show his displeasure? Verse 7.

NOTE.—Such a judgment was pronounced upon the Jews and their city. It was fulfilled in A.D. 70 when Jerusalem was destroyed and the nation scattered.

5. What did he instruct his servants to do? Verses 8, 9.

6. How was the wedding furnished with guests? Verse 10.

NOTE.—"The third call to the feast represents the giving of the gospel to the Gentiles."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 309.

7. How did the king notice among the guests? Verse 11.

NOTE.—"When the king came in to view the guests, the real character of all was revealed. For every guest at the feast there had been provided a wedding garment. This garment was a gift from the king. By wearing it the guests showed their respect for the giver of the feast. But one man was clothed in his common citizen dress. He had refused to make the preparation required by the king. The garment provided for him at great cost he disdained to wear. Thus he insulted his lord."—*Ibid.*, p. 309.

8. What question did he ask the man? How was the guest affected? Verse 12.

NOTE.—"By the wedding garment in the parable is represented the pure, spotless character which Christ's true followers will possess. To the church it is given 'that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white,' 'not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.' The fine linen, says the Scripture, 'is the righteousness of saints.' It is the righteousness of Christ, His own unblemished character, that through faith is imparted to all who receive Him as their personal Saviour."—*Ibid.*, p. 310.

9. What did the king direct his servants to do with him? What is said of the number called? of the number chosen? Verses 13, 14.

NOTE.—All are called. Only those who accept the call to serve the king are chosen by him to have a place in his kingdom.

10. What was the purpose of the Pharisees in counseling together? How did messengers seek to flatter Jesus? Verses 15, 16.

11. With what question did they try to entrap Jesus? How did He show that He knew their purpose? What did He ask to see? Verses 17-19.

12. In what forceful manner did He answer their questions? Verses 20, 21.

NOTE.—In acknowledging that the penny had the image of the Roman emperor stamped

upon it, they admitted that it belonged to him. They vowed him loyalty and tribute, or taxes.

"The Saviour's words, 'Render . . . unto God the things that are God's,' were a severe rebuke to the intriguing Jews. Had they faithfully fulfilled their obligation to God, they would not have become a broken nation, subject to a foreign power. No Roman ensign would have waved over Jerusalem, no Roman sentinel would have stood at her gates, no Roman governor would have ruled within her walls. The Jewish nation was then paying the penalty of its apostasy from God.

"When the Pharisees heard Christ's answer, 'they marveled, and left Him, and went their way.' He had rebuked their hypocrisy and presumption, and in doing this He had stated a great principle, a principle that clearly defines the limits of man's duty to the civil government and his duty to God. In many minds a vexed question had been settled."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 602.

13. With what feeling did Jesus' questioners leave Him? Verse 22.

14. Whenever there is a conflict between divine and human commands, whom should the followers of Christ obey? Acts 4:19; 5:29.

Junior

IV—More Stories Jesus Told

(April 26)

LESSON TEXT: Matthew 22:1-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life." Rev. 3:5.

Guiding Thought

Called to the feast by the King are we,
Sitting, perhaps, where His people be;
How will it fare, friend, with thee and me
When the King comes in?

Joyful His eye shall on each one rest
Who is in white wedding garments
dressed;

Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
When the King comes in.

—J. E. LANDOR.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and Guiding Thought. This is No. 537 in the *Church Hymnal* and No. 43 in *Christ in Song*.

ASSIGNMENT 2

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like a king, who gave a wedding banquet for his son. And he sent his slaves to summon those who had been invited to the banquet, and they would not come. He sent other slaves a second time, and said to them, 'Tell those who have been asked, 'Here I have my banquet all ready, my bullocks and fat cattle are killed, and everything is ready. Come to the banquet!'" But they took no notice of it, and went off, one to his estate, and another to his business, and the rest seized his slaves, and ill treated them and killed them. This made the king angry, and he sent his troops and put those murderers to death and burned their city. Then he said to his slaves, "The banquet is ready, but those who were invited have proved unworthy of it. So go out where the roads leave the city and invite everyone you can find to the banquet." So his slaves went out on the roads, and got together all the people they could find, good or bad, and the hall was filled with guests. But when the king came in to view the guests, he saw among them a man who did not have on wedding clothes. And he said to him, "My friend, how did you happen to come here without wedding clothes?" But he had nothing to say. Then the king said to his attendants, "Bind him hand and foot and throw him out into the darkness, there to weep and grind his teeth." For many are invited but few chosen.'" Matt. 22:2-14, Goodspeed.

ASSIGNMENT 3

1. What did the king in the story do for his son? Matt. 22:1, 2.

2. Who were called to this marriage feast? Verses 3, 4.

3. In what different ways did those who were bidden receive the message? Verses 5, 6.

NOTE.—It was high honor to be invited to a king's palace. How thrilled we would be were we invited to the White House! How careful we would be to wear our best clothes! How careful we would be in all we said and did! But we are invited somewhere. Do you know where and by whom?

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 4

4. What did the king do when his servants told him how those who had been invited refused his invitation? Matt. 22:7.

5. Whom did he then invite? From where did they come? Verses 8-10.

6. What did the king say to the man without a wedding garment? How did this affect the man? Do you think the man really appreciated the king's invitation? Verses 11-14.

NOTE.—It was the custom in those countries for a king to furnish beautiful wedding garments to his invited guests. This garment was a gift from the king, and to wear it showed respect for him. It showed, too, that the invitation was appreciated.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 5

7. Jesus invites each one now to the great feast He is preparing. Isa. 1:18; Rev. 3:20; John 7:37.

8. Why are we to accept His wedding garment? Rev. 3:18; Isa. 64:6.

NOTE.—We can never make ourselves good or become like Jesus in our own strength. We must have His Word and His love and His goodness in our hearts. Then we are clothed with His wedding garment, which is His righteousness. And we can never wear His righteousness as long as we have one unforgiven sin in our hearts. (Isa. 43:25.) Now read the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 6

The Pharisees were angry when they heard this story, because they knew they were refusing Jesus' invitation to come to His wedding feast—refusing Him as their Saviour.

9. How did the Pharisees plan to make trouble for Jesus? Matt. 22:15-17.

10. What was Jesus answer? What questions did He ask concerning the Roman coin? What effect did His answer have upon the Jews? Verses 18-22.

Goodspeed's version of verse 21 says, "Then pay the emperor what belongs to the emperor, and pay God what belongs to God!" The true Christian will cheerfully serve his country by paying his just taxes and by being a kind and helpful neighbor.

Do you know the memory verse?

ASSIGNMENT 7

Review the four memory verses we have had.

Cross out the incorrect statements:

1. We (are, are not) invited to the great banquet given by the King of heaven.

2. We (do, no not) have our preparation to make before the time for the feast arrives.

3. The wedding garment is (our good works, Christ's righteousness).

4. The wedding garment (is not, is) absolutely necessary for each guest.

5. The wedding garment is (a free gift, must be supplied by our own efforts).

6. We (cannot, can) hasten the time when the banquet will be given.

7. We (are, are not) working toward this when we study the Sabbath school lesson faithfully.

8. (It is, it is not) always our duty to pay our taxes to the government under which we live.

9. Every Christian ought (to be, not to be) informed as to his duties and privileges as a citizen of his country.

Read the Guiding Thought again.

The Listening Post

❖ THE Middlesex Hospital of Nursing, in New Brunswick, New Jersey, solved the problem of having one male member in the graduating class of eleven women nurses. At capping exercises Kenneth Humphrey, 23-year-old Army veteran, received a circular emblem to be worn on his left sleeve.

❖ *The Bay Psalm Book*, first book printed in America, twenty years after the first landings of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, is believed to have brought the highest auction price ever recorded for a volume. Dr. A. S. Rosenbach, of New York City, purchased for \$151,000 the only "perfect" copy of the eleven Psalm Books still existing.

❖ MARCH 4, 1947, Boston, Massachusetts, celebrated her 125th anniversary. Founded in 1630, the community was not incorporated as a city until 1822, and has since grown to include a population of 2,350,514. Today Boston is eminent as a cultural center; is first in per capita retail sales in the United States; is the largest wool and leather market; and has the most valuable fishing port in the country.

❖ CHARLES A. LINDBERGH believes there are more airplane accidents simply because there is more flying being done. "The automobile," he says, "went through a similar stage when every accident made the headlines, but today few people think it dangerous to step into their automobiles although more than a million people are killed and injured every year by this mode of transportation" (including pedestrians). "It is safer," he states, "to fly than to drive in a car the same distance."

❖ DID Thomas Jefferson write the Declaration of Independence? Joseph Lewis of New York City claims he did not, and has uncovered a secret document that belonged to John and Quincy Adams which he says proves it was Thomas Paine who actually made the original draft. Lewis points out that Jefferson was intellectually and emotionally incapable of writing such a charter, and that clues as to style, punctuation, capitalization, and use of words peculiar to Paine's writing indicate it was a simple case of plagiarism. Unexplained, however, is the fact that Jefferson disclaimed authorship of the Louisiana Purchase papers because "Paine had given him the idea," yet he wished to be remembered as the "author of the Declaration of American Independence."

❖ LEO ERNST, New York plumber, bought three badly creased oil paintings, back in 1934, from a drunken German sailor. Tucking them away in his attic as "old junk I got gyped on," he forgot about their existence. During the recent war his wife, a former art student, took them to dealers and critics for appraisal. Interest was immediate, but their true worth was not traced until recently, when the Federal Bureau of Investigation disclosed that the paintings had been stolen from a German museum in 1922. One, a self-portrait of Rembrandt, was valued at \$140,000, and the others were worth \$2,000 and \$1,200 each. Mrs. Ernst did not profit by the discovery, however. All three paintings were confiscated under the authority of the "Trading With the Enemy Act," which was in effect during the war. The paintings are now on exhibit in Dayton, Ohio.

❖ BECAUSE of last winter's extremely cold weather and the bombarding during the war, the famed white cliffs of Dover have been crumbling into the sea. Although centuries of wind and erosion have been steadily widening the channel between England and France, the recent cliff falls have been more numerous than usual. It has been estimated that a quarter of a million tons of the soft chalk surface breaks off periodically.

❖ GERMAN V-2 rockets, used so disastrously against the British during the second world war, were actually a product of American inventiveness, declares J. F. McAllister, General Electric Company rocket researcher. Dr. Robert Goddard discovered and tested the practicability of such guided missiles in New Mexico, in 1936, but it remained for the Nazis to put them to their diabolical use.

❖ BULL fights have been outlawed in Japan by General Douglas MacArthur.

❖ A MIDGET vacuum cleaner for use in automobiles has been perfected. It hooks up to the windshield wiper, and may be stored in the glove compartment. Finished in plastic, it sells for about \$5.

❖ WHILE en route to Europe with a cargo of 373 horses for the rehabilitation of Germany, the American steamship *Zona Gale* was struck by a 75-mile-an-hour hurricane. In attempting to calm the frightened animals, two young cattlemen were severely hurt. Since no medical aid was available the ship radioed for help, and was answered by a United States Army transport some distance away which carried fifteen doctors and fifty nurses. Move-by-move instructions were broadcast for setting compound fractures of a broken jaw and thigh, and for treatment of a dislocated shoulder and other injuries. No further aid could reach the ship for seven days, until the stricken vessel limped into port with her recuperating crewmen.



M. V. Tucker, of the North Pacific Union Conference, entitles this story, "A Barbershop Colporteur Experience," and introduces us to Antonio Tangalin, a native of the Philippines, who was reared in a Catholic atmosphere, and who devoutly adhered to that church until the truths of the third angel's message came to him about two years ago. Now he is engaged in the literature ministry. He has a great burden to bring the light of Bible truth to his own people, and has chosen this line of work so that he can gain a practical experience in soul winning.

While attending a colporteur institute in Portland, Oregon, recently, he went into a barbershop in the heart of the city for a haircut. The barber was a casual acquaintance, and as he was busy when Antonio entered he greeted him in a friendly way and asked what he was doing. "I seized my opportunity," says the colporteur, telling the story. "I told him about the books on Bible subjects which I am selling, especially 'Great Controversy.' When he learned that I was a Bible worker he immediately set up his defenses. He told me that he already had many Seventh-day Adventist books, such as 'Bible Readings,' 'Home Physician,' and 'Bedtime Stories,' and assured me that there was nothing more I could show him which would interest him.

"I thought I would not prevail on him, because he was very busy and could not concentrate on what I was saying. However, he gave me an opening when he asked me to explain the parable which says, 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.' After I had explained it to him, he told me that an old Catholic priest discussed it differently, and that he could not accept any other explanation, because the priest's knowledge of the Holy Bible far surpassed that of anyone else. He concluded this because the priest did not read the Scriptures when he lectured.

"I knew, however, that the barber wanted to know the truth, so I told him that when he finished cutting my hair, I would show him some verses in the Catholic Bible, Douay Version, compared with the teaching of the Catechism. I referred him to Matthew 23:9, which says, 'Call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven.' After I read the verse he said, 'Ah, does it say that?' I told him to read it for himself. Then I referred him to several other verses. He told me that his wife had been going to lectures three times a week to hear the priest speak on the Holy Bible.

"He told me that I had opened his eyes to the truth, and also he told the other barbers in the shop to listen to what I was saying. I assured them that I had not been saying my own words, but God's, and that I was only a channel through which He had spoken. The barber paid cash for a copy of the 'Great Controversy' in the keratol binding, with one year's subscription to 'Our Times.' Also he paid me a dollar for my copy of the Catechism. I know that a barbershop is a clearing house for news, and I pray to God that the fire of inquiry and Bible study which I started that day may spread far and wide and burn into the hearts of everyone who hears it."