

The Youth's Instructor



H. M. LAMBERT

By MARJORIE LEWIS LLOYD

IT SEEMS that time might have swallowed up a few simple words spoken centuries ago. And yet time could not touch them, for when the Master said, "Be not afraid, only believe," He spoke not alone to the ruler of the synagogue but to hearts everywhere and in all ages. No wonder that today His words live in the faith of Christians of all lands. No wonder that these words have become the nucleus of a song that is universally loved:

"Only believe, only believe;

All things are possible, only believe."

Paul Wickman tells us how native Christians in Africa love that chorus—how one of them said that the wheels of the train as they turned seemed to be saying, "Only believe—only believe—only believe."

God never intended that faith should end at the cross, though it must center

there. And He never planned that the dispensation of miracles should die with the apostles. It is true that while the Master walked with men, miracles were common. It is also true that if today men walked with the Master, miracles would still be common.

"Jesus revealed no qualities, and exercised no powers; that men may not have through faith in Him."

Unfortunately, many today possess a lazy Christian experience that will not be burdened with the effort necessary to

to rule it out. To do so would be to lose much.

A little while ago I was reading an article—a good article. May I quote a few lines?

"Christ multiplied the few loaves of bread and the fishes, but this was not to be a routine affair ever after. God's original plan is that man should toil and earn his bread by the sweat of his face. . . . Jesus did not introduce a new order of things. . . . I should not welcome the day when wine could be produced miraculously from water without labor on man's part, or the time when food could be multiplied without some work. It is no denial of faith to pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and then roll up the sleeves and till the soil to obtain it."

And our brother writer has given us something to think about. God's plan is to till the soil, and he who sits down and prays for a miracle because he is too lazy to till it, is out of tune. God does not work miracles to accomplish things we are able to do ourselves.

But what of the workman caught in a depression, who can find no opportunity to till the soil? What of the aged, for-

Only Believe!

develop faith. It is easier to tell us that miracles were never meant for our time.

But they were—they *are* meant for us! I know that Jesus said, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." He expects us to stand firmly on His Word—not to depend upon the miraculous. And yet it was His plan that faith, till He comes again, should find its answer, for He said, "And these signs shall follow them that believe; In My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

"He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father."

Yes, faith is to be a part of the everyday life of today's Christian. Do not try

gotten cripple with no earthly aid? What of the one weakened by illness? Has God no plan for them?

Yes, thank God, there is a plan for emergency. Faith takes over where human strength ends. The man who toils through the week and brings home a pay check fulfills God's plan. And yet he may never become as intimately acquainted with the Master as the trusting child who, because of circumstances, must live a life of faith.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

I think of great publishing houses

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Let's Talk It Over

LET'S really "talk it over" today! There are a number of items about which the readers and editors of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR—our general denominational young people's paper—should have a clearer understanding.

First. Again and again, and several more agains, the question comes to us: "Are the stories which appear in the INSTRUCTOR true? Or are they fiction and "made up"?"

We hasten to answer emphatically that all the stories printed in this paper are based on fact. This is a definite policy, and with the exception of experienced writers whose work we know, we require that a signed statement to this effect accompany each manuscript.

For instance, and to end this discussion, the serial entitled "I Take This Woman," which appeared recently, concerns real events and real people. The writer is personally acquainted with both. It is a dramatic narrative, and so strongly emphasizes the reasonableness of the divine command to the youth of the remnant church, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," that a sizable number of you readers decided that it "must have been made up." But you were never more mistaken.

Second. You want to know what has become of the time-honored "Council Corner," and its more modern successors, "Eyes Right" and "Personal Problems."

In the long-ago days of their captivity in Egypt the children of Israel demonstrated that it was impossible to make bricks without straw. It still is! How can we give you a question-answer service when you send us no questions? Or when the few you do ask are not of general interest or appropriate or helpful for public discussion? Perhaps the question boxes at the many local, regional, and union conference rallies, conventions, and congresses take proper care of all queries. That is what we think must have happened, and we are glad that the answers given on these occasions suffice.

It has never been our practice to "make up" questions to answer through the columns of the INSTRUCTOR. But we have been glad—and still are—to give, by personal letters, attention to firsthand queries having to do with youth problems which we judge are sent to us in a spirit of honest inquiry. However, presently speaking—no questions, no answers!

Third. The Youth's Forum is designed

as a sounding board for the thought of Seventh-day Adventist young people on questions which are of denominational as well as personal interest. The youth of the Advent Movement are a vital part of the remnant church. We hope that you are thinking of yourselves in this way, and improving the continued opportunity offered by the Forum to add your views to those of other thinking youth in a discussion of problems which are engaging the attention of our denominational leaders. They are glad to know your reactions, glad to welcome your suggestions.

Fourth. If you wish the communications you send to the editors of the INSTRUCTOR to be read *be sure to sign them*. When a card, a letter, or manuscript comes to us from the secretary's desk, where all incoming mail is opened, the very first thing we look for is the signature. If there is none it goes into the wastebasket forthwith and receives no further attention. So whether you wish to point out our shortcomings, or to express appreciation, submit a manuscript for publication, or *anything*—do not fail to give your name and address. Be sure this information is readable. No Philadelphia lawyer is available to decipher hieroglyphics!

Fifth. We are always happy when our readers send us manuscript prepared especially for the INSTRUCTOR, and it is a pleasure to give it every consideration. Type your copy if it is at all possible, and *type it double space!* No carbons, please! If you must handwrite your thoughts be sure to use pen and ink, to write plainly, to leave good space between lines, and do not crowd the margins.

In harmony with our policy published in the editorial card, we do not as a rule pay for unsolicited manuscripts, but we are always happy to consider them as contributions and thus make the acquaintance of new writers who have ability and fresh viewpoints. If you have a thought which you feel will bring encouragement and inspiration to others, we most cordially invite you to give us first opportunity to examine it. We assure you that it will receive a cordial welcome and every consideration.

Sixth. If you are writing an article or story for us, send a picture or pictures for illustration if possible. These should be clear, well-posed, well-focused, black-and-white glossy prints, for best results. If your picture is used you will receive

payment for it. If it is not used it will be returned to you. Do not send kodachromes unless they are properly exposed and crystal clear. If the picture you send is copyrighted, written permission should be obtained for its use in the INSTRUCTOR.

Seventh. Time was when copyright rules did not give us much concern. If a writer wished to quote a verse or a stanza or even a whole poem, we verified it carefully, but whether it was by a current author and copyrighted, or whether it was in public domain cost us not a thought. However, times have changed! Definitely so! The laws which once were so lightly regarded by writers and publishers are now showing their teeth, and—why we even have a permissions department which oversees the "requests to quote," and checks with us to see that we give proper credits when these are kindly granted. This is quite as true of quotations from copyrighted prose works as it is of poetry. So, if you write these days do not fail to check your quotations carefully. The "term of copyright" is "twenty-eight years from the date of first publication, with a right of renewal for a further term of twenty-eight years." After fifty-six years the copyright cannot be renewed and the article, story, or poem is said to be "in public domain," and you may quote it as you wish. But, as you can readily understand, all this checking takes no small bit of time. So we ask your co-operation. Please be sure to give the author's name, his publisher's name, and the source from which you gleaned each quotation.

Eighth. We in the editorial offices are eager to have your suggestions. A postal card costs only a penny, and is not difficult to obtain or to write. If you have something in mind that would help us make this denominational youth's organ more inspirational, more challenging, more helpful to the thousands of young people who read its pages from week to week, please let us have it. We have only one desire—to place in your hands a better paper with each succeeding issue.

Ninth. Will you not pray with us that God will richly bless the INSTRUCTOR during 1947, and make it more influential as a winner of souls than it has ever been in all its ninety-five years of existence?

And lastly, thank you! Thank you a thousand times for your co-operation!

Lora E. Clement

SHIRLEY sat in the lawn swing and pushed the damp mass of her curly auburn hair into its usual shining waves. She wanted it to dry exactly right, for she was going for a long drive with Dick this afternoon, and he always admired her hair. She really was not vain about it, she told herself; but no one could blame a girl for making the most of her best feature. And Shirley's brown-red hair was well worthy of the attention she was giving it—well worthy of the attention Dick gave it, too. She was modest when she thought of it as her one beauty, however, for her finely molded heart-shaped face, with its delicate coloring and warm brown eyes, was very lovely in its own right.

It was delightful here in the warm autumn sunshine. Delightful to dream in the quiet peace of the garden, watching the butterflies flit over the bright clusters of mother's chrysanthemums so carefully staked and tied. Colored leaves made a gay bower of the maple tree over her head; purple mist still wrapped itself around the feet of the distant hills; and, carried to her appreciative nostrils by the caressing breeze, came the satisfying aroma of burning leaves. Oh, perfect! What was that rhyme she had learned as a child?

"From the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn fires
See the smoke trail."

Yes, it was good to be alive. Good to be Shirley Silverwood right here in this blossoming, old-fashioned garden. Good to have before her the blissful prospect of three whole days' vacation while her employer went away for a golfing tournament. Mr. Masters, senior member of the Masters' Advertising Agency, was certainly thoughtful of his secretary. He might have left Shirley a stack of work to get out, and then she could not have sat in such luxury breathing in the warm fragrance of the sun-drowned day. He was a lamb! How kind his shrewd eyes had been when he said:

"I want you to take these three days off too, Miss Silverwood. The work will be here when we get back; and it is a shame for anyone to miss being out of doors in this perfect weather. Have a good time with that fine-looking young man who comes to take you out to lunch so often, but don't let him talk you into marrying him. I want to find my secretary here when I return."

It was good, too, to be twenty years old and very much in love with someone as fine as Richard Hammond. It was good; oh, more than passing good, to know oneself deeply loved in return. The faint frown that was gathering on Shirley's smooth brow might almost have given the lie to her contented thoughts. Was there something, then, that emphatically was *not* good? Yes, there was. It was the little disagreement she and Dick had had



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Shirley Was Not Vain of Her Lovely Brown-red Hair, but She Did Consider It Her One Claim to Beauty

Measuring Up to *Mother*

PART I

By MYRTLE EDNA ROWSE

last night about her continuing to work after they were married in the spring. She had thought he would take this for granted. Of course she would not give up her job! Had she not worked hard for two years to advance to the point where she was in the office? She was not going to give all that up just to stay at home and keep house as mother did. There was no future in that for a modern girl. And Dick had said—what was it he had said?

"Of course, you must do as you wish, Shirley. But if you could be happy making a home like your own for us, I would be the proudest man alive. You know, my mother died before she was able to teach my sister about housekeeping, I guess. Anyway, things get pretty hectic up at our house sometimes. You have no idea, I am sure, how I enjoy being here. Everything is always in such exquisite order. Your mother is a great artist, Shirley. You wouldn't be able to buy with money the things that she does for this home. It isn't as if we needed your pay check. I make almost as much now as your father does, and with you keeping the home fires burning, and rooting for me, I know I will do even better before long. While I am earning our bread and butter by

drawing plans for other people's homes, let's make a real one ourselves. And I don't mean just the house!"

Dear, funny Dick! It was nice, though, that he appreciated mother; and he was absolutely right, too. There was no one quite like her. But to say that she was an artist, and a great one at that, was really stretching it a little. Mother was the most completely home person in the world—busy from morning till night with just keeping house and looking after her family. Well, that was not quite accurate either. She did manage to find time to further many community projects, and Pastor Burke often said that he would not even attempt to run the affairs of Central Church without her. It was a shame, come to think about it, that mother did not have a wider field of endeavor, for she was really talented—much more so than any of her children, Shirley was quite ready to admit. The articles she wrote for the church papers showed that. Then look at the way she had mastered the pipe organ. She had taken that up as a hobby the first year Shirley had gone away to the academy, and now she was the best organist in the whole church.

The Dorcas Society would not know

what to do without mother, either. She was president of the W.C.T.U. of the city, and president of the Community Garden Club as well. Then there was her latest undertaking. She had been worried about the juniors in the church and neighborhood. They were getting out of hand, and mother believed that Satan finds work for idle hands. Well, she took charge of those hands first! She had the young folk welded now into a fine junior choir. They sang over the radio every week, and had even made a trip or two for out-of-the-city appearances. They loved it! Loved the new world of music she had opened to them, loved earning a little money by it, and loved the practice sessions at the house, with a little snack of mother's good baking in the offing. Yes, it was a shame that mother's talents were being wasted. She might have kept on teaching, and dear knows what heights of attainment she would have reached by now. Probably conference superintendent of education. But she had let all that go when she married.

Now that Shirley really thought of it,

she realized that mother had made an exceptional home for her family, but was it worth the sacrifice she had made? Was anything worth the cost of smothering one's ambitions under the constantly recurring drudgery of household tasks?

Shirley stretched lazily in the grateful warmth. She should go in and give mother a hand, she supposed. There was a large ironing to finish and probably some baking to do. She had washed the pretty pottery dishes from breakfast and put them away behind the shining glass of the cupboard before she came out. She had cleaned the sink, wiped off the spotless enamel of the stove, and scalded the dish mop and hung it in the sun. These were mother's ways of housekeeping, and she had drilled them into her children until they were second nature to Shirley and to ten-year-old Janet, and even to twelve-year-old Bob.

They had each had their tasks almost from infancy, and were required to perform them in a way which met their parent's high standards. Automatically each of them put his bedroom in order

before leaving for the day's work or for school. Janet always cleaned the bathroom and dusted the hall and stairway. Bob swept and hosed off the porches and the front walk. He kept the lawn trimmed too, and worked with dad in the garden. Just now they were busy in the evenings and in the early mornings putting in the hundreds of bulbs which made the garden such a fairyland in the spring. She could see the stakes with the cord stretched taut between, which kept the planting in even lines.

Dad was particular also, and Bob was learning the best ways of gardening. Even small Penelope, now playing so happily in her sandbox, had learned to carry milk in the old blue bowl out to the yellow Persian cat and her enchanting baby, and to place a plate of food for Don, the collie, each morning and evening. When they had finished eating, she washed both the dishes at the back-yard faucet and put them on their special shelf by the back door. She had other little duties about the house. In fact, mother often said that

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Evangelism in Nigeria

By EDGAR E. HULBERT

IT WAS Friday afternoon, about quarter to five. A group of eight teachers from various villages, and a small number of children, were gathered in front of our little church at Igogo. Passers-by stared curiously at this unusual gathering outside the Adventist church. Soon they heard the drums begin to beat and the children begin to sing. What was it they were singing? Not the old heathen songs that are so often heard in the villages, but the words of a good old Advent hymn. There was something in that singing that was different. How clearly the Yoruba version of the words rang out on the tropical air:

"'Hold the fort! for I am coming!'

Jesus signals still.

Wave the answer back to heaven,

'By Thy grace we will.'"

And so our evangelistic effort was launched. For ten days the songs of Zion were heard in four different centers in this section of the West Nigerian Mission. I was privileged to lead out in the village of Igogo, and we were able to visit two of the near-by villages several times during the ten days.

It was inspiring to walk into the town with the drums beating and the children singing. Our first objective was the chief's house, where we saluted him and told him of the purpose of our meetings. From

there we returned to the market place, having gathered a large following of naked children on the way. Some of them were the proud possessors of a shirt or a short skirt, but most were in their natural state!

Soon, however, we began to gain a few adult listeners, who stood quite attentively as we talked with them. The meeting over, we returned as we came, singing. This time a lively native air with words improvised by one of our teachers challenged the villagers to listen to our message. This air was somewhat reminiscent of Negro spirituals, though in a more primitive form. Here are some of the words in Yoruba and English:

E wa wa jihin rere;

E wa wa jihin rere,

Ojise Jesu.

E wa wa jihin rere.

Come and see the volunteers;

Come and see the volunteers,

Messengers of Jesus.

Come and see the volunteers.

Another verse reads:

Very sweet is salvation;

Very sweet is salvation,

Would you accept and taste—

Very sweet is salvation.

I cannot convey to you the rhythmic air which accompanied these words, but it surely was an impressive occasion and attracted the attention of many people.

Other days we went to two other villages, where we were able to speak to the chiefs and the elders and their people. The subchief in Kosu is a member of the church and has a son training as a nurse in our hospital at Ife.

On one occasion, while we were singing a hymn, a devil-possessed priestess came and danced in our midst. One of the old women drove her out. Later there was a group of heathen dancers coming toward us, and this heathen woman advised them to go away. Thus God uses Satan's tools to help His work.

The last day of our campaign was a very fitting climax to our efforts. The children from four schools were there with their drums. We divided into two groups, each going through the town by separate routes, and meeting in the market place. It must have been a pleasing sight to the angels of heaven to see those groups of young people witnessing for Jesus as they went, singing, through the village. We gathered a record crowd that evening, who listened attentively as we appealed to them to leave their gods of wood and stone, made by their own hands, which were without power to help them, and come to the living God, who not only provides for their daily needs but is longing to save them from the power of sin. We told them again of the sacrifice of Jesus, and pleaded with them to respond to so great a love.

Then we sang a hymn, and as we went away we were still singing. No one had outwardly responded to our appeal, but we believe that good seed has been sown, and as the teachers with the children visit the homes of the interested ones, we pray that the Lord will water the seed, that it may bring forth a hundredfold.

TAKEN *By Albert Kephart*



JAPANESE PROVERB

**First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man.**

BOB was in the guardhouse—Bob, who was as willing and cheerful and energetic a soldier as there was on the post, whose work as an orderly kept the officers he served so contented, whose happy-go-lucky attitude when with his fellow soldiers made him a welcome member of any group bound for town and a good time. Bob was in the guardhouse!

That was the trouble. One good time in a village tavern, one drink, and then another, of the stuff that loosens all controls; one moment of aroused temper, one impetuous blow—then the guardhouse. Not that it was Bob's first visit to a tavern, or his first drink. There had been a first time, and that first time was just as fraught with evil consequences as was this occasion that had put him behind bars. Nor was it that he had killed anyone or had hurt anyone much. He had used very poor judgment; rather, he had acted without the benefit of judgment at all, for the stuff he had drunk had quite taken away his judgment. When he had struck an officer, a fellow drinker, he had offended the dignity of the United States Army.

And military dignity, even when drinking, must be respected. Anyone with Bob's Army experience, if he had any judgment at all, should have realized that.

Soon came the court-martial. Bob was fined and sent away to the base stockade. Constant surveillance, long hours of hard work, and only just enough to eat were his lot. What a trial these conditions were to a fun-loving young soldier.

After a long time he was back on duty, but not the same Bob as formerly. His pinched face and wary eyes told part of the story; the lighter pay envelope told more. The new insignia he noticed on the sleeves of many of his buddies' uniforms added to the story—promotion for him would be long delayed. Surely health to one's body, weight to one's purse, or advancement in one's position were never attained by drinking the stuff that is dispensed in taverns.

Pop Lambert was one of the older men in the hospital unit. Though he had served as a medical corpsman during World War I, he had been inducted

again. As a civilian he had lived hard and had worked hard, traveling up and down Central United States, selling dental supplies. Now the Army had given him training as a dental technician. When attached to the hospital, he had hoped to be placed in the dental clinic. But the unit was hurried overseas to Australia, and until it was set up and ready to receive patients, no permanent duties would be assigned.

On the trip overseas Pop had found many conditions aboard ship that were neither convenient nor pleasant. Cramped quarters, crowded decks, unpalatable food, seemingly endless chow lines, and many varieties of unpleasant police duty aroused considerable resentment within him. And when he noticed that soldiers of rank seemed to be living on rather a higher level than he was, he felt an injustice was being done, and so expressed himself audibly in the hearing of some of his officers more than once. He was quite sure that they heard him and that they did not evaluate him any more highly on that account. He said so himself later.

The voyage over, personnel and equipment were soon located at the scene of the unit's new activity, out in the country, on the campus of an agricultural college that had been turned over to the Army. Buildings and grounds were cleaned up, hospital furnishings and equipment were installed, and in a few weeks patients were being received.

In a secluded spot in the woods several acres were cleared. There one heavy truck after another left its load. The care of this area was given to Pop. He was expected to keep it neat and orderly and not allow it to become a menace to the health and comfort of those living within the circle of its potential influence. No, Pop was not assigned to the dental clinic. The trash and garbage dump would challenge his talents and energies. Out there in the woods the unrestrained expression of his opinions and convictions would not be heard in the dental clinic.

Pop was really the most kind and helpful sort of person. As one of four tent mates, he did more than the other three put together to keep the tent ready for inspection. When the little heating stove with its long pipe needed to be put up or taken down, or any other chore required attention, he was always ready to lend a hand. Except for his vociferous outbursts of dissatisfaction for almost any trivial reason, and his frequent surrender

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NEAR the western edge of New Hampshire's White Mountains lies the beautiful Franconia Notch. Ever since this area was opened for settlement and travel in the last quarter of the eighteenth century it has been popular as one of North America's most scenic places. This is the region beloved of Hawthorne, and also it was visited with appreciation by Whittier, Bryant, Longfellow, and many other famous American literary artists. Today thousands of tourists find relaxation and recreation among these verdant valleys and majestic mountains. Summer is, of course, the season of heaviest tourist traffic, although multitudes come to enjoy the glory of autumn foliage, and winter sports have become popular with the development of modern facilities.

The approach to the Notch from the south is most delightful in summer, affording charming views all along the valley of the Pemigewasset, as this part of the river is called in harmony with an old Indian custom which gave different names to various parts of the same river. Lower down in its course this stream is called the Merrimack.

If the traveler will stop overnight at Campton, Thornton, or Woodstock, securing lodging early enough in the day to be sure of shelter, since the tourist season taxes all overnight accommodations, he will have the opportunity to enjoy the sunset hour without interruption. Some visitors prefer the hotels or tourist homes; others feel that the cabins afford a closer touch with nature. The really adventurous spirits camp out in tents or use sleeping bags. This is the ideal way, and costs are moderate compared with the charges for other facilities.

Late afternoon and eventide bring the

Scenic Franconia Notch

By DAVID I. SHAW

evanescent beauty that is born when rising mists and fading colors on mountain slopes blend with gilded clouds in the sunset sky. We once observed a perfect, brilliant rainbow arched across the valley after a brief shower. It is easy to understand why artists and poets delight in this entrancing vale.

As darkness deepens, the damp fragrant meadows become alive with as many fireflies as ever flitted about when the campfire of the Indian sent its pungent smoke into the evening sky. From the black depths of the forest may come the eerie cry of the hoot owl or the whippoorwill's plaintive call, while the swift Pemigewasset murmurs in its bouldery bed. Most persons have no difficulty in finding rest when the voices of nature thus speak peace to their souls.

The morning air is always crisp. The very atmosphere is stimulating. After a hearty breakfast who would not be ready for adventure?

An interesting and exciting side trip may be taken by driving six miles west from North Woodstock to Kinsman Notch, where the Moosilauke River tumbles among the rocks to form Lost River.

The Lost River Reservation, controlled by the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, is well worth a visit. A nature garden will be found here, with native mosses, ferns, shrubs, and trees labeled for easy identification. A small fee is charged for admission to Lost River, which is the chief attraction in Kinsman Notch. For nearly half a mile the visitor may follow paths down through boulder caves and weird rock formations. Here one may see the Hall of Ships, the Guillotine, the Giant Pot Hole, Elysian Land, and Paradise Falls. If he desires he may squirm through the Bear Crawl, Lemon Squeezer, Cave of Lost Souls, and other difficult passages. There are easy paths for timid souls, but the young people enjoy taking the whole trip through the gorge. Guides attend the parties, and there is little danger.

Four miles north of North Woodstock on U.S. Route 3 is Indian Head. This remarkable profile of an Indian's face gazing upward into the sky, formed by cliffs on Mount Pemigewasset, is clearly seen from the roadway. A trail leads to the summit, where extensive panoramas reward those who are willing to hike a mile and a quarter up through the forest to the ledges at the top. Legend has it that this mountaintop was used by Chief Pemigewasset as a lookout down through the valley. Reliable history informs us that the present souvenir store occupies the site of a blockhouse where an attack by the Abnakis in 1807 was withstood. A modern cabin village, the largest tourist camp in New Hampshire, is located here.

The next important scenic attraction is the famous Flume, about a mile from Indian Head. A small charge is made for admission to the Flume Reservation. Well-kept paths wind among large forest trees and huge boulders, leading to the 700-foot-long canyon through which roars Flume Brook. Sheer walls of granite rise on either side of the brook bed to a height of seventy feet. Excellent board walks are maintained so that one may walk up the flume just above the level of the water and return on the rim. Other trails lead through the woods to beauty spots in the reservation. The Flume is one of the best-loved attractions of New England.

New Hampshire's celebrated natural wonder, the Old Man of the Mountain, is but a few miles from the Flume. The Great Stone Face, as it is also called, is a natural rock sculpture high up on the brow of Cannon Mountain. The profile

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Above: New Hampshire's Celebrated Natural Wonder, the Old Man of the Mountain.

Left: Scenic View in Franconia Notch, in the White Mountains

PHOTOS BY AUTHOR

THE time had at last come for my examination. I did not know whether I was frightened or not—it all happened so suddenly. I was before the doctors, being examined; next, I was being told to report back on the following Monday for transportation to camp; and before I realized it I was in the United States Navy.

The first few days at boot camp proved not only exciting but also helpful and educational. But in a week or so things began to grow dull with the same old routine day in and day out.

Then the section commander told us, "Well, boys, today we start drilling with rifles."

My heart jumped in my throat. I had voluntarily entered the Navy, as a conscientious objector, and here was my first chance to prove my stand. "Sir," I said, "I entered the Navy with the understanding that as a conscientious objector I would not be required to handle arms of any kind. I would appreciate it if I could be allowed to stand guard, or be assigned some other duty, while the company drills without me."

Not being an officer, he did not take me seriously, but evidently thought I was merely trying to get out of work. He asked, "What's wrong with a dummy gun?"

"Nothing, sir," I said, "only that I entered the Navy with the understanding that I should be allowed to go into the hospital corps, where I would save life rather than take life. My conscience will not allow me to train with even a dummy gun." I went on to tell him I was a Seventh-day Adventist and a little about my religious beliefs.

"Yes," he interrupted, "I know all about you people. I used to live in Takoma Park, near Washington, D.C., and I know how you folks conduct yourselves. I'll see if I can possibly help you out." With that he left to see the battalion commander.

On hearing the story the battalion commander was greatly annoyed, and declined to excuse me from the drill. I was the only conscientious objector in my company, to my knowledge, so the first time they handed me a rifle I hesitatingly accepted it. When I returned to my barracks I met another Seventh-day Adventist conscientious objector, and a chat with him inspired me to do better. I went to my section commander and told him that I could not conscientiously bear arms under any circumstances.

He reported my stand to the regimental officer. A little while later I was called into the office. There I met my commanding officer, the battalion commander, and two other officers. I also noticed a rifle lying on the desk.

"Will you pick up this rifle and return to your company?" I was asked by the commanding officer.

I said, "I am sorry, sir, but my conscience will not permit me to."

Again he asked me; again I made the



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U.S. NAVY

By Eual W. Baker

same answer. Seven times while I was in that office I was asked that question. Each time I made the same answer. At last I was told to step outside. The other conscientious objector was called in. His experience was a repetition of mine.

When my section commander, who was trying to help us, came out of the office I was fully prepared to be sent to the brig. To my amazement I was told to go back to my company and forget the ordeal. The other Seventh-day Adventist boy was told the same thing. The next day was Sabbath, and we were very thankful to God for the rest day and the opportunity to observe it.

Monday morning the same thing happened in the regimental office. We two boys were ordered to take the rifle again. Six times we stated respectfully but firmly that we could not obey the order since it violated our conscience.

On Wednesday of the same week I became sick and was transferred to the hospital—with measles, of all things!

In the meantime another Seventh-day Adventist had come up against the same obstacle. That made three of us in the same category. We prayed earnestly that God would take care of us as He saw best.

While I was in the hospital our trial was held. These other two men were called into the courtroom. The judge asked them to tell him about their trouble, and they, with hearts lifted in silent prayer, told of their stand and their belief. The judge talked the situation over with them, and then gave all three of us our sentence. Our section commander later described that sentence as a miracle and the most direct answer to prayer that he had ever

seen. After our case had been decided other prisoners with lesser offenses were given from two to fourteen years in Portsmouth Prison! Our sentence was that we should remain with our company, but work in the dental laboratory until the group had finished boot training at this basic training camp. We were allowed to have our Sabbaths entirely free.

As I look back over those days I feel that I had much to be thankful for. I am now overseas, and have had many wonderful experiences, for which I thank God every day.

The conscientious objector I first met in boot camp is now one of my closest and best friends. We are still together and enjoying the blessings of our heavenly Father. This whole experience has taught me that to keep close to the Lord in prayer at all times is the secret of Christian living wherever one may be.

Think about these things, and try prayer for yourself, friend. See whether God will not help you in your daily trials and problems, even as He has helped me.

Those who stand in defense of the honor of God, and maintain the purity of truth at any cost, will have manifold trials, as did our Saviour in the wilderness of temptations. . . . But precious victories will be theirs while they make God their dependence. His grace will be their strength. Their moral sensibility will be keen and clear, and their moral powers will be able to withstand wrong influences. Their integrity, like that of Moses, will be of the purest character.

—ELLEN GOULD WHITE.



Memories

By JENNIE OWEN McCLELLAND

Encouraging Progress

ANOTHER of these providential happenings occurred in connection with the work of Helen McKinnon. In one home at which she called she found no one but the housemaid; since the girl seemed interested she started readings with her. These were attended for a time by an elderly woman, who appeared to enjoy the studies, and who told Helen that she had a fine Christian friend, a Mrs. Rogers, who she was sure would like to study the Bible with her. Mrs. Rogers lived at some distance from the section where we were working, but Helen went the next day and made an appointment with her. The result was that later Mrs. Rogers and her two grown daughters—one of whom became a Bible instructor—accepted the truths of the third angel's message.

The strange part of the story is that the next time Helen visited the maid the elderly woman came in and spent considerable time telling what a bad person Mrs. Rogers was, and warning Helen to have nothing to do with her! However, God had used this strange person to make the connection that brought such blessed results.

One pleasant evening Hettie Hurd had an experience that was not without an element of humor. As she was crossing a viaduct on her way to give a reading, a man grabbed her handbag and ran with it. He naturally expected that she would run the other way; but that was not Hettie's nature! Instead, she took after him. As he was getting near the end of the viaduct, he realized that it was far from safe for

him to run out onto a busy street with a woman's handbag, especially when the woman was chasing him. He therefore searched the bag as he ran and then threw it down, together with part of its contents, including her Bible, just before losing himself in the crowds. When Hettie gave up the chase and began to pick up her things, she found everything but the prophetic chart. Since that was important to her, she carefully searched the whole length of the viaduct in the bright moonlight in the hope of finding it; but without success. At last she went on to her reading.

She was telling us her experience the next morning at the breakfast table, when the mail was brought in. It consisted of a single post card for Miss Hurd. She read it aloud with an astonished expression on her face. One of her readers had written: "Last evening at seven-thirty I found your prophetic chart on the ——— Viaduct. You may call and get it." Hettie was sure that it had not been there at seven o'clock, when she had searched for it. Someone, I think it was W. A. Spicer, suggested that when the thief saw those terrible beasts of Daniel and Revelation on the chart he was so frightened he had taken it back to the place from which he had stolen it.

In our work for the Lord we were constantly reminded that He could be depended upon to answer our every cry for help. A few months after we moved into The Chaloners I was greatly burdened for two of my readers who had come to the place where I felt they should take

their stand for God's truth. One was a woman, the other the man who had given me the hint as to who "Scripture readers" really were. One Tuesday night, unable to sleep, I slipped quietly out of bed, so as not to disturb my roommate, and knelt and prayed for them. When at last I rose from my knees, the assurance had come that they would accept the message of truth.

My next reading with the woman was on Thursday. She told me then how on Tuesday night she could not sleep. She had got out of bed finally and told the Lord that she would not rise from her knees until she had decided the matter of the Sabbath. In a moment I realized that when I could not sleep she could not sleep. She came to the next Sabbath service.

Meanwhile the man for whom I had prayed so earnestly gave no indication that he had come to a decision, although he continued to attend the Thursday night Bible studies at The Chaloners. When Pastor Haskell returned to London after an absence of several weeks, I wrote an invitation to this man to come to the Sabbath services and hear him speak. To my joy he came. Pastor Haskell shook hands with him after the service and said, "I am glad to see you out today." He answered, "I have kept the Sabbath for seven weeks." I counted back, and it was exactly seven weeks since I had received the assurance that he would obey God's fourth commandment.

At one time we had our hands full of interested readers, many of whom we felt should take their stand for God's truth; but all seemed to be held back. The mission was then in the charge of Pastor D. A. Robinson, who had returned from Africa to take the place of Pastor Haskell, who had been asked to make a trip around the world to establish mission stations among the heathen. Pastor Robinson suggested that we have a day of fasting and prayer in behalf of these interested ones. We did so, and the next Sabbath one or two of these people came out to meeting. Every Sabbath for some weeks thereafter, new faces appeared to cheer us. God had surely answered our prayers and had broken the power of Satan.

Nor did the Lord fail to answer our prayers for our own personal needs. At one time I had read and studied so much in connection with my work, the responsibility of which I felt keenly, that I was threatened with a nervous breakdown. For days I felt as if an iron band were around my forehead, and it was impossible to carry on my work. I asked whether I might go away for a rest, but Pastor Robinson felt that I could not be spared. One morning as we knelt for worship, he prayed earnestly that the Lord would "send healing power and relieve Sister Jennie's head that she may go on with her work." The answer was immediate.

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Forging Links of Righteousness

By ROBERT H. MITCHELL

EVERYONE look right at me. Don't move. O.K., here we go." With this signal the photographer started the huge revolving camera on its arc. Slowly the eye of the lens swept across the mass of people in front of the administration building. In a few seconds the penetrating sight of the camera recorded amazing details of each person standing before it. Personality characteristics were frozen into an unchangeable record. The moving crowd became stationary and unvarying. After the lens closed, not one person could be added to the group in the picture, nor could one be taken away. The unshaven faces of some of the men could not be lightened. The hair-dos of the girls and women in the group must remain forever trim, or permanently wind-blown.

There is a gripping fascination about such photographs. Probably each of us has said to a friend as we thumbed through an album, "Here is the picture of my graduating class"; "Here are the Juniors on our first camping trip up the river"; "Here is the record-breaking Ingathering band at school"; "Here is a family group taken at our reunion last Christmas; cousins, uncles, and great-aunts, all of us are in the picture"; "These are my buddies at battalion headquarters"; "This is my outfit in France"; "Here is the first sunshine band I went out with after I learned of Christ's soon coming." All of us every-

where feel drawn to familiar faces in group pictures.

Is not part of the fascination due to the unanswerables they suggest? As we look beyond the smiles, the gaiety, of our family Christmas picture, for example, we ponder: "What if dad and mother had not attended the same old church that winter years ago? What if Uncle Ned had never met the lovely Jean, who has been our ready-helping aunt so long? What if the girl of my heart had not come East to school, where she has enriched my life? What if that rollicksome good sport of a brother of mine were someone else's brother? What if—?" But all of them are as they are! What a challenge they present to the imagination.

Have you read Revelation 14:1 to 5 recently? Listen! "And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with Him an hundred forty and four thousand, having His Father's name written in their foreheads. . . . And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, . . . and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which . . . were redeemed from among men, being the firstfruits unto God and to the Lamb." What a marvelous group picture is this! One hundred forty and four thousand! This is far different from the small group of two hundred on the steps of the administration building. Yet the penetrating record made by God's camera has registered in the finality of ultimate realization the joys, sacrifices, characters, and motives of these thousands before the throne.

Those in the great throng are fortunate and highly favored. By what means have they come to be there? In what mysterious way have they gained inclusion in this gathering? Listen! John the Baptist, "looking upon Jesus . . . saith, Behold the Lamb of God! And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus." One of these

men was Andrew, and "he first findeth his own brother Simon," and brought Peter to the Master. Then Jesus called Philip, and "Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write." These lines of contact are simple and beautifully clear: John the Baptist to Andrew, to Simon Peter, to Jesus; then Philip to Nathanael, to Jesus.

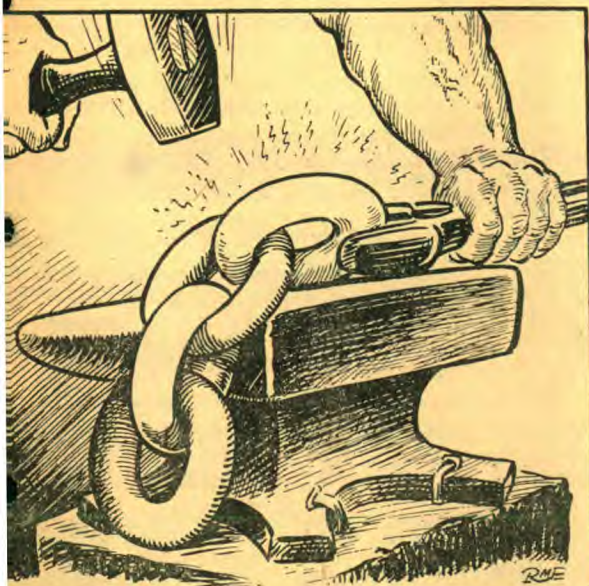
We know very little of Andrew, who brought Peter to Christ, but when Pentecost came, Peter won three thousand souls in a single day. What if Andrew had not sought out his own brother? What if Simon Peter had not told other thousands? The devoted apostles and faithful disciples are brilliant links in the chain of soul winning which stretches down through the centuries.

This unbroken chain from the past holds us breathless as we follow the story of its forging, link by link. What if—but there are no ifs now, for the links *were* forged for all time. They were fragile, almost gossamer, at first, but faith through the years hardened and tempered them. Through the centuries from then until now this chain has been lengthened.

Grandfather Richard was one of two clean-cut men who worked at adjoining benches in a machine shop thirty-plus years ago. Tom, who regularly attended Adventist meetings, frequently gave him tracts and papers setting forth Bible truth for these last days. Richard seemed interested and asked questions until at one of his Sunday church services he settled the whole problem. On Monday morning he brought to work with him all the tracts tied in a bundle, and in the heat of unreasoning obstinance said, "Here they are, Tom, all of them. I don't want any more of your 'present truth.' There's nothing to it. Your commandment keeping, your Sabbath business, is all a side-track. I don't want to hear any more about it."

Tom showed his disappointment as he answered quietly, "I'm sorry, Richard; but don't give up the Lord. Don't bother with the tracts. Just read your Bible and pray. These papers will be here, though, if you should want them again." And he laid them carefully at one end of his bench.

For two weeks the men talked of President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt, of free silver and the gold standard. Dur-



Each Day We Add Links to the Chain of Character That Either Binds Us to This World or to Heaven

R. M. ELDRIDGE, ARTIST

ing those weeks the third angel's message-filled literature lay in full sight. Richard worked around it. Not once did he mention the tracts and papers, but he knew that the truths they contained were burning a conviction into his heart.

Then on another Monday morning seriously and humbly he asked, "Tom, may I have those tracts and papers again? I *must* have them. I *must* know more about what they teach. I love the Lord. I *must* keep His commandments. Tom, teach me all you know." That link in the chain of Christian service was forged tenderly, patiently, as the two men studied together. And finally another was added to the group saved by grace who will be assembled around the throne of God in the city foursquare.

Grandfather Richard spread the story of Christ's second coming too; a son and a daughter lived up to the teachings of the Bible. Years later grandsons accepted the same message; one generation, the second, and the third! The links have been forged lovingly, courageously.

Today in a wartime housing project Helen and Jim have a tidy little home with blue shutters, crisp tieback curtains, a shiny door knocker, and bright petunias along the path. They have made this a kind of picture cottage. When you meet Helen and Jim you will understand why, for they are a trim-looking young couple and full of life. Their youngsters are tiny Louise and husky little Ralph.

These young people are Sabbathkeepers. The foundation of their home goes deeper than the stone wall enclosing their cellar. And they are friendly, helpful neighbors. Helen gathers the babies and mothers of the community for birthday parties and for picnics in the back yard. Jim plays ball with the neighboring young dads and the lads on the street. Together they all cultivate their thriving community vegetable gardens. With their friends, who gather in their home, Helen and Jim enjoy good music and talk of the soon-coming King of kings. In their warmth of spirit they think of neighbors and neighbor's children as lost coins to be retrieved, and straying lambs to be returned to the flock.

Again, Jack, a Missionary Volunteer in Vermont, was a born tree climber; at least he readily acquired the habit and the skill. Also he developed a knack with a camera and did some interesting bird photography, such as eggs in the nest, parent birds sitting on the nest, young birds opening their mouths for food. During his junior year in college he showed the pictures at the high school hobby fair.

Young Ed was about Jack's age, a little chap, a field-and-stream enthusiast. When he graduated from church school with honors he went to work in a neighborhood grocery. Suddenly he developed an amazing resentment against what he considered the disciplines and restrictions of religion. He was as obstinate in Sabbath

school as he was restless and unhappy in church.

When Ed refused to help with a missionary Volunteer program Jack sensed the seriousness of the situation, and quietly arranged his plans for a little private link-forging campaign. Since the boy resented any word of advice from an older person, Jack hoped his friendliness would be welcome. It was. He asked Ed to help him with a tree-climbing project. He showed him his pet crow, his collection of pictures, and the baby screech owl he was raising in the barn. Ed enjoyed helping this new friend. He liked the pet crow, and acquired a baby screech owl



MINE IS THE CHOICE

By Herman Roberts

I cannot ask the blessings of my Lord
And stand in idleness.
I cannot pray to know His holy Word,
To see its blessedness,
If I am loath to meditate and pray,
And having found, unwilling to obey.

I cannot ask protection 'gainst the foe
And bear his bloody flag.
I cannot with God's righteousness be clothed
And love my filthy rags.
I cannot be a child of Abraham
And doubt God's promises of Caanan land.

I cannot hope to win a soul to Christ
By treading Satan's path.
I dare not think to spurn the law of life
And still escape its wrath.
I cannot hope to wear a golden crown
And ring with thorns my Saviour's brow
around.

I shall not rise immortal from the grave
If Satan seals my tomb.
My eyes shall not behold eternal day
If I love best the gloom.
In short, God doth reveal His will to me
Then leaves me free to choose my destiny.

for himself. In this little link-forging job there was no open evangelism. There was no record made in man's accounting system of a change in a rebellious lad's heart. But God knows the part Jack played in Ed's rightabout-face.

Mike and Harriet also do their chain work well. They have a sailboat, a trim twenty-eight-foot craft, polished and shining in all quarters. As sailors both are experts; as link forgers for God they are first-class craftsmen. During the summer, after the close of each Sabbath, they check the weather forecasts for Sunday, arrange their provisions for the day, and go over all equipment. Then they telephone their guests, and at sunrise Sunday weigh anchor and head for open water. Mike and Harriet are young and keen-minded. Their hobbies are boating, amateur radio transmitting, and color photography, together with Sabbath school and Missionary Volunteer activities.

Under the magic spell of sail and sun and wide waters, they have as their guests their young non-Adventist friends. Out there in the realm of the rhythmic porpoise and the buoyant clouds, a friendly blessing is asked at lunchtime, joyful hymns are sung, and the conversation is steered to God, to creation, to Christ our Saviour, to His soon coming. Minds and hearts are relaxed; ears listen when the eyes can look up through the blue sky to eternity and across to distant horizons. In this sailboat links in the chain of soul winning are being forged. New faces are being assembled for the one great photograph of eternity.

Christ restored the maniac of the Gadarene country and directed the enthusiastic young man, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Surely we who know the love of God, we who are students, office workers, farmers, stamp collectors, garage mechanics, young housewives, athletes, salesmen—surely we can tell our friends about Jesus. Ellen G. White, God's chosen messenger, says, "The Lord has often given me a view of the . . . wants of the scattered jewels who have not yet come to the light of the present truth and has shown that the messengers should speed their way to them as fast as possible, to give them the light."

Oh, that we, as did Andrew and Philip of old, may bring our friends to the Master. May we plead with Him to save Bill, Edith, Mary, Allen. These are our friends, fellow students, co-enthusiasts in our hobbies. These are our bus and train companions, the young couples with whom we share our fresh garden tomatoes and carrots and peppers. May we courageously forge new links in the brilliant chain of souls saved for the heavenly kingdom. Finally, may we all be assembled in that last majestic picture at the throne of God where the hundred and forty-four thousand shout, "Alleluia!" as they recognize their friends.

A Moment in the Morning

By DOROTHY SHELDON

HAVE you ever enjoyed the early-morning hour of prayer as it is expressed in these verses by an unknown writer? If you have not, my friend, you have missed one of the greatest blessings that Heaven can bestow. There is something about the clear stillness of the early morning that makes earth seem a little nearer to heaven than it seems at any other time of the day. The Lord is not found in the presence of confusion, noise, and loud display; but in the quiet places.

This truth was demonstrated to Elijah as he stood in the cave and discovered that the Lord was not to be found in the wind, the earthquake, or the fire, but in the still small voice.

We need to stop a moment in the morning in order to gain strength for the trials and temptations of the day which lies before us. Without help we cannot make each day what it should be.

The tempter is ever watching for some weak point in our characters. As we approach the end of time, he is redoubling his efforts to ensnare all who are trying to prepare for a home in heaven. If we begin each day with a prayer for guidance and the study of God's Word, we shall be able to meet and overcome the temptations that beset us. One day at a time—that is all we need to think about; but days, weeks, and months pass swiftly. Are we constantly preparing for the trials that lie ahead?

Let us suppose that you are a criminal who has been condemned to death. You have but a short time to live. Then a friend comes to you with a book, saying, "Here, friend, take this book and read it. In it is given a method by which you can become free again. If you are able to discover this method, and if you follow the instructions given in the book, it will not be necessary for you to die."

Would you not immediately begin to read the book and search its pages diligently for the promised way of escape? Surely you would, if you valued your life.

But are you doing this? A death sentence has been pronounced upon all of us. There is no possible way for us to escape by our own efforts. However, we have a Friend who has made the supreme

sacrifice that we may live. He has given us a Book in which are recorded the story of His great sacrifice and the steps that we must take in order to escape the sentence we deserve.

This wonderful book, the Bible, contains the whole story of salvation. It is a matter of great importance that we understand thoroughly the wonderful plan—especially the events which are to take place as the plan nears completion.

The Bible is God's message to us. Can we safely neglect to study the truths expressed therein? Many blessings will come to one who diligently and prayerfully searches God's Word.

As we read of the experiences of Abraham, Joseph, Moses, and the Israelites, we gain courage. We can see how God was with His followers and rewarded their simple faith. He is the same today as He was then, and He will help us just as He helped His people of old. These experiences were written for us, as the apostle Paul says in his letter to the church at Corinth: "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come."

As a source of wisdom and true learning, the Bible is unsurpassed. Ellen G. White says in her book *Messages to Young People*: "The study of the Bible is superior to all other study in strengthening the intellect. What fields of thought the youth may find to explore in the word of God! The mind may go deeper and still deeper in its research, gathering strength with every effort to comprehend truth; and yet there is an infinity beyond."

Truly this Book of books is like the field containing the hidden treasure which Christ mentions in one of His parables. We should be as anxious to gain a knowledge of its riches as was the merchant who sold all that he had in order to purchase the treasure-filled field.

Without prayer the study of the Bible will lose much of its value. We are told

"Alone with God at the blush of morn,
Midst nature fresh and newly born,
'Tis then I see my Saviour's face
All radiant with redeeming grace.

"These quiet moments lend to me
Sweet sounds of heavenly melody;
And in my life, from day to day,
They cast a mold on mortal clay,

"A mold well fashioned by a hand
Whose love my life, my strength demands.
Filled with this matchless love so free,
My bark shall face life's restless sea.

"These moments linger through life's
day;
They are my shield, my life, my stay.
Then, at the close of setting sun,
To the sweet hour of prayer I come;

"And then, in tones of joyous praise,
My voice in gratitude I raise
To Him who hath in mercy led,
And blessed with hope the path I tread."

that the Word of God never should be studied without our first offering a petition for guidance and blessing.

Jesus is our most understanding Friend. He met every temptation that we shall ever have to endure. He gained the victory; therefore, He is able to help us. When you pray try to think of Him as the loving Saviour and Friend that He really is. Talk to Him as you would to a friend. No earthly friend could be more interested in your life than He is. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

To Him we can bring all our troubles, and He is not wearied. We can confess our faults to Him and feel assured that He has heard and forgiven. We can ask Him for strength to accomplish our daily tasks.

Jesus Himself has set us an example of the early morning hour of worship. "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." If the Son of God found it necessary to spend time in prayer, how much more should we who are fallen and sinful need to call upon our heavenly Father for aid. Yet the very fact that our Saviour did spend time in prayer makes Him seem closer to us.

He went out "into a solitary place." A blessing comes to one engaging in secret prayer that does not come to any other. We are alone with God. There are no

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JUST over there," he pointed with his lips toward a big black butte ahead of us silhouetted against the clear blue December sky like a giant's hat.

"See——"

"See what?" I grumbled.

"There! See?"

All I could see in the evening twilight was a Navaho "highway"—two deep ruts with a high center worn by countless wagons snaking their way across a barren waste, losing themselves behind the black butte.

"Smokel!" Woodie grunted.

Sure enough, over a little rise we came upon one of those never-to-be-forgotten sights that make you wonder, "Is this still America?"

A great bonfire of juniper logs lit up the sky and cast queer shadows over the almost naked bodies of dancers with hideous masks painted to represent the gods. The high clear voices singing their heathen chant sounded like the song the coyote sings to his mate.

Surrounding the bonfire and dancers were fathers and grandfathers, each with his long hair tied in a knot behind his head, which was covered by a "ten gallon" hat or tied with a colorful headband. They were dressed in levis, colorful Pendleton shoulder blankets, and cowboy boots. All this blended well with grandmothers' colorful robes and skirts. All were sitting or standing on the frozen ground. Silver belts and bracelets, as well as dimes, quarters, and half dollars used as buttons, sparkled in the light of scores of little fires which attempted to warm the piercingly cold air. Scores of little children lay sleeping on piles of sheepskins in the shadow of the great circle of covered wagons. The smell of coffee brewing and mutton stewing over the glowing embers added its touch to the atmosphere.

Old Tsinajenny (sin-ah-jenny) was sick, and for nine days and nights the medicine ceremony had continued. Hour after hour all night long the drums beat, the dancers sang and chanted. But the "yea-bit-chai" failed to bring healing to the poor sick man.

We were not surprised at Woodie's urgent call. "Father is very sick. He says he is going to die. Come with us and give him medicine." The road was not made for automobiles, but we traveled the high-centered trail until a thud and bump stopped the car in midair with all wheels spinning. With jack and shovel we built

up a foundation under the wheels until we could back off the frozen high center that had so cruelly broken the clutch housing in two and left our motor held

open doors for the entrance of present truth."

Old Tsinajenny has never had an opportunity to go to school. Neither have have his many children or grandchildren, for schools have never been built in this section of Navaho land. There are twenty thousand children of school age all desiring an education. Over-all provision has been made for five thousand, but because few teachers are available, only a few more than two thousand children were in school last year.

From the very beginning of Seventh-day Adventist mission work among these people they asked for schools. Slowly the way opened, for it was wartime and there were many handicaps. But at last, after five years, the great day arrived! The Seventh-day Adventist Navaho school opened its doors. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, grandfathers and grandmothers, with their boys and girls all dressed up in new clothes, waited and waited for the truck to come for them.

From the break of dawn down at the mission at Holbrook, Arizona, the teacher, matron, and helpers had rushed from place to place, making the last-minute preparations for the students' arrival.

Then a telephone call came—the truck had gone on a strike, and therefore was unable to bring the children as had been planned. It was nearly noon by the time this message came. What could be done? Miss Holmes, our

teacher, took her car; Mr. Werner, the educational superintendent, took his car; the principal took his car and the trailer, and off to the reservation they sped. The prospective students and their relatives soon arrived safely.

With the help of our faithful preceptor, and interpreter, Woodrow Spencer, the necessary papers were signed, the entrance fees were paid or arranged for. Twenty four boys and girls were enrolled the first day. Now there are thirty. The beds are all taken, the teacher is busy, and all are happy learning to become good citizens in this world and preparing for the world to come.

But scores of students have had to be turned away. We earnestly hope and pray that our staff and quarters may be enlarged by next year that this new church school may shed its beams of light still farther into Navaho land than it has been able to do as yet.



Old Tsinajenny Has Never Had an Opportunity to Go to School, nor Have His Children or Grandchildren

Navaho Land

By MARVIN WALTER

up solely by the clutch shaft. Fortunately it would still run. Leaving the deep-cut ruts we drove across the country in the general direction of Tsinajenny's home, and arrived without further mishap.

Old Tsinajenny was suffering severe pain. He was a native witch doctor, or medicine man, and had some questionable concoction plastered on the terrible sores which covered his body. After a long talk he consented to let us treat him. Then he asked that we pray to our God for his recovery. I told him that if he believed God could heal him he should be able to be out of bed in a few days. He nodded his head and said, "I'm going to die unless your God heals me." God heard our prayers, and in two days he was out herding his sheep. From that time on we have been able to study and pray with old Tsinajenny. How true it is that "as the right hand of the third angel's message, God's methods of treating disease will

Volunteers in Action

Des Moines Youth Rally

"On Sabbath afternoon, several weeks ago, approximately 400 persons gathered at the Hoyt Sherman Place in Des Moines (Iowa) for the youth rally," reports Opal Miller, local society leader. "The auditorium and stage, beautifully arranged with indirect lighting, a large Missionary Volunteer insignie, and other settings, added their full share in making the program an impressive one. Pastor J. O. Iversen, master of ceremonies, gave special attention to our slogan, 'This Is God's Hour for Youth,' and introduced the various features of the afternoon.

"All those present sang heartily in the singspiration, to which the regular evangelistic choir and a Junior choir gave their full support. Special musical numbers were rendered by students from Oak Park Academy, and also by representatives from other Missionary Volunteer Societies in central Iowa.

"The Bible quiz which followed proved very interesting, and a symposium given by four young people told of the various phases and activities of the Missionary Volunteer organization, which emphasize our aim, 'The Advent message to all the world in this generation.'

"The high light of the afternoon was the dynamic youth message entitled 'The Fire Bringer,' presented by Prof. W. H. Beaven, of Union College. Many renewed their covenant with God and expressed their earnest desire to bring to the world the 'fiery' message of our day. With other Christian friends a large number shared in the enjoyable evening social hour at the Y.M.C.A. We feel that each one present went to his home feeling that it was a most profitable day. We were inspired to make plans for bigger and better things that the youth of Iowa can do."

Pastor J. O. Iversen, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Iowa Conference, adds, in sending us Miss Miller's report, that this rally was really a part of Pastor J. L. Shuler's evangelistic campaign which has been going forward for some time in Des Moines. It was planned to demonstrate to the large number of youthful attendants who are interested in Pastor Shuler's presentation of the third angel's message the activities which Seventh-day Adventists carry on for and with their young people.

Something New

The Indiana Conference Sabbath school department, under the leadership of Miss

Hazel E. Baker, is organizing its Primary and Junior members into Junior Soul Winners. A special newsletter carrying a Junior Soul Winner story is prepared for the first Sabbath of each month. Every child when he brings another to Sabbath school will be enrolled as a Junior Soul Winner.

Nature Club

A lively Nature Club has been organized among the workers and church members at the Rest Haven Sanitarium in British Columbia, Canada. H. A. Munson is the leader, and aside from bird lists which many of the members actively keep throughout the year, they have nature walks, invited-in speakers, and moving pictures at their meetings. The interest is keen, and those who are leading out plan to broaden the interests of the group to the study of stars, trees, flowers, insects, and shells and marine life.

Bird Study

"Living in the largest city of the world has proved to be no barrier to some young people when it comes to nature study," reports L. E. Smart. "The New York City [N.Y.] Temple Junior Missionary Volunteer Society, under the leadership of Ruth Ekdahl and Joseph Harrop, has just completed a bird study project which included the construction of approved types of birdhouses. The picture on the next page shows the group with their houses. Two of the birdhouses were donated to the Greater New York Conference office, to be placed in the back yard of the office."

Sunshine Band

About 70 students of La Sierra College (near Arlington, California) are members of this missionary-minded group that every Sabbath afternoon visits the Neighbors of Woodcraft Home in Arlington. They

leave the campus by motor caravan, and the service begins a few moments before three o'clock with a rousing song service that cheers the hearts of the lonely women who are spending the sunset years of their lives in these pleasant but impersonal surroundings. After the song service there is an organized program, with special music, scripture reading, prayer, and a sermonette, all given by the students. After the program, which usually lasts for a half hour, the young people enjoy the "friendship" period. They form a long line and pass among the elderly ladies, shaking their hands and speaking words of cheer and comfort. Then they form a choir and sing gospel hymns, which are greatly enjoyed. Prayer is offered with an appropriate musical background of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and the students take their leave for another week.

The Voice of Youth

On a recent Sabbath seven persons received baptism at Riverside, California, the first, so far as is known, to accept the truths of the third angel's message as a result of the "Voice of Youth" evangelistic effort. It is expected that others will soon be ready to take this step, and the local Missionary Volunteer Society is so organized that the work can be carried forward in a strong way throughout the year.

A Good Report

At long last the figures are all in, and the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department reports that during the 1946 M.V. Week of Prayer 955 young people were baptized and 2,322 others joined baptismal classes. As a result 3,277 youth were brought to a decision for the Lord—this with only 30 per cent of the churches in North America holding evangelistic revivals for their youth.



Approximately 400 Persons Gathered at the Hoyt Sherman Place for the Des Moines M.V. Rally. Here Are the Choir and the Platform Group

Ingathering at S.W.J.C.

After a lively rally, 203 students of Southwestern Junior College who pledged themselves to take part in an Ingathering field day, set a supergoal of \$1,750—and this with the fact in mind that their last field day had brought in less than \$1,000. Their faith was abundantly rewarded. The weather was perfect. Thirty-five cars carried the ingatherers to their various territories, and in the evening when the returns were counted they totaled \$2,000. With hearts full of thanksgiving the tired young people sang "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."



Mr. L. E. Smart With a Group of Temple Junior Missionary Volunteers in New York City Who Have Just Completed a Project in the Construction of Birdhouses

And the Child Grew

"Six years ago, because of the urgent need of an industry especially adapted to girls, the board of Southwestern Junior College (Keene, Texas) decided to venture into a manufacturing field entirely new in our denominational industrial program," reports R. L. Carr, manager. "In two small rooms of what was then called the 'hat factory,' the chenille industry was born. It was a husky youngster, and soon outgrew the two rooms, so a third was added. It kept growing until both the mill and the press were crowded out of the whole north half of the building. Now again it needs more space, and this is being provided. For the past five years this industry has been self-supporting, and has furnished employment for ten to fifteen young women almost constantly."

A Worthy Project

Pastor Lee S. Carter, who leads the M. V.'s of the Florida Conference, reports that the special project for the young people of that field is being enthusiastically received. This is the way it works:

Many of the societies have pledged to reach every home in their city or town or community during the year 1947 with the special M. V. 20th Century Bible Course, and try to secure as many enrollments as possible. It is a three-week

project in each locality or district. Then the society members will move on to another district until they have worked their territory.

The first week they will take Bible Readers' Circle Leaflets No. 1, entitled "The Book for These Modern Times," and Bible Readers' Circle Leaflet No. 2, entitled "Is There an Answer to Man's Present Plight?" These are beautiful two-color tracts. Along with these two tracts will be a card announcing the free 20th Century Bible Course, with blank for enrollment. This is a prepaid postal card.

The second week they will take Bible

Readers' Circle Leaflet No. 3, entitled "Capital and Labor in Prophecy," and Bible Readers' Circle Leaflet No. 4, entitled "Looking Ahead With God." Along with these the young people will present an addressed envelope and a \$25 value Complimentary Enrollment Certificate with a place for enrollment in the 20th Century Bible Course.

The third week they will take Bible Reader's Circle Leaflet No. 5, entitled "World United or World Obliterated" and Bible Readers' Circle Leaflet No. 6 entitled "To-morrow's D-Day"; also an addressed envelope and an attractive three-color leaflet advertising the 20th Century Bible Course.

Pastor Carter adds, "Thus our Missionary Volunteers in Florida will be hitting the different homes three times with different types of promotion, advertising the 20th Century Bible Course. We feel sure that we shall see many accepting the truth of God for this time as the result of the faithful endeavors of our Missionary Volunteers."

Florida at Work

Winter is Ingathering season in Florida, and the young people down there were very busy with that project when Pastor C. H. Lauda, M. V. secretary for the Southern Union Conference, sent this word:

"When I visited Miami recently I was thrilled to learn that the J.M.V. Societies in the church school had gathered over \$2,100. In one room grades four, five, and six brought in a total of \$1,100. And no one wants to stop soliciting, although they have more than reached their goal. One nine-year-old boy told me he had raised \$94 and would soon have \$100. Another twelve-year-old boy had raised almost \$130.

"While at Orlando I was told of two Junior girls who in going from house to house in the district assigned them were received a bit unkindly by one woman who refused to give them an offering. Later two Junior boys from the same school became confused about their territory and called on this woman also. After they had given their canvass she asked them to wait a moment. When she returned to the door she told them of the call the two girls had made, said she was sorry she had not given them anything, and handed the boys a \$5 bill. They were really thrilled!

"Our Southern Union Missionary Volunteers have taken as their slogan: 'All Working for Heaven in 1947,' Pastor Lauda adds in closing his good report.

Youth Congress

The young people of the Northern California Conference met for a Youth's Congress in the Oakland Civic Auditorium several weeks ago. Theme of the Congress was "Enlist for Christ," with speakers who included Pastors J. R. Nelson, Pacific Union Conference young people's leader; Robert Whitsett, guest speaker from the Central Union Conference; and Lt. James C. Whittaker, author of *We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing*.

The morning speaker was Pastor Nelson, who spoke on "Give Us the Tools," and emphasized the necessity of preparing now for future service. Pastor Whitsett spoke in the afternoon meeting on how the example of one who stands for God can lead others to Christ. In the same meeting Pastor and Mrs. Hanson brought greetings from Ethiopia, and hints of its needs. Lt. Whittaker, famed for the 22 days he spent on a raft with Rickenbacker, told how his harrowing experiences in the South Seas had led him to God.

The estimated audience of 3,000 joined in the afternoon musical program, which was accompanied by the Pacific Union College (Angwin, California) orchestra and the college a cappella choir and band.

The a cappella choir directed by Prof. J. Wesley Rhodes, presented a vesper program which was closed by a prayer by Hugh Cowles, with the background of the choir singing "The Song of Heaven and Homeland." The college band gave an evening concert of marches, and the Congress officially closed with a grand march, which all participants enjoyed.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



EWING GALLOWAY

JUNIORS

A Gift for Mother

By SUE M. COLE

COME, Sis, I want to show you a new home that is being built near us," shouted Dean, bounding into the study one warm spring afternoon.

"Really, Dean?" Marge asked, laying down her pen and closing her notebook, for she had not noticed any signs of new neighbors.

"Yes, really and truly." Then he noticed the frown on his sister's forehead. "What's wrong, Boots?" he asked, using her nickname. "Didn't you get your theme finished?"

"Yes, but——"

"But what? Why the frown?"

"I am going to undertake a big job, and I want you to help me. We'll go visiting, and then I'll tell you what I'm thinking about."

"Oh, Sis, tell me now. We can see our neighbor's home some other time. It's just a bird nest."

"Oh, Dean, what a joker you are."

"How so? It's a home, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But where is this home?"

"In the big hydrangea. We'll look at it some other time. Tell me what you have on your mind that is so weighty. I never knew girls did real serious thinking. I always supposed men were the thinkers, and that caused them to become gray—yes, even bald!"

"Now, Dean, you are impossible. I can't see that strenuous thinking has done much to your shock of black hair."

"Of course not. I mean to be a moderate thinker and keep my hair. You see, Sis, these heavy thinkers, who grow gray and bald young, waste a lot of thought and money trying to restore their hair. Now, laying all jokes aside, what's on your mind?"

"First, Dean, it's a profound secret. Can you keep a secret?"

"I'll try. A secret will be easy to keep, I think."

"Not so easy, but it must be kept. You will have to be on your guard all the time, or you may give it away."

"I'll be careful, Sis. Now please don't keep me waiting any longer. What is it?"

"You know, Dean, we have had a dreadfully hard winter. It has been so cold, and there has been so much snow and so much sickness."

"Yes, I know," replied Dean. "But winter is past; why worry about that? Today is the twenty-fifth of April and is beautiful and sunny."

"You're right, Dean, but can't you remember how sick we both were? We missed a whole month of school."

"We're well now, though, and I don't bother my head remembering about last winter on a lovely day like this."

"I see I'm not getting anywhere. I'll come to the point. Last winter involved us—you and me—in a great debt."

"How so? Dad said he had the doctor bill all paid."

"True; still we owe a debt we can never repay, and I think we ought to do something about it. The doctor bill is paid, but what about our nurse?"

"Mother? She just donates her time."

"True. Mother just gives her time and herself, but I think we ought at least to show our appreciation."

"I have been thinking I would like to give her something nice for Mother's Day," said Dean.

"Now you're warming up to the subject. That's what is on my mind: a gift for mother. It must be something she will really cherish."

"How about a nice new dress? Do you suppose we could manage that on our slender purses? I'm sure it would please her."

"That would be nice, Dean, but that is too small a gift."

"Too small! I was wondering how we could get money enough to pay for it."

"You know, Dean, money isn't everything."

Mother wasn't satisfied when she bought us fresh fruit, ice cream, and expensive morsels to tempt our appetites. She gave us herself. Night and day she ministered to our needs."

"You are right, Marge, but mother isn't ill, and she wouldn't want us to sit by her side day and night."

"Well, no, perhaps not, but what we give her must cost us more than a few dollars. It should take sacrifice—a real effort on our part."

"Just wait till we get to earning real money and we'll give mother a trip to Niagara Falls."

"You're on the right track, Dean, but why put it off? Now is the time to do it. We are not sure of the future."

"But, Sis, what are you talking about? We couldn't send mother to Niagara Falls, and she wouldn't go if we could."

"Not to Niagara Falls, but I think she would be delighted to go for a fortnight to her old home in the country and visit her parents. She looks so thin and pale and tired; a rest like that would do her a



Mrs. Roberts Did Not Suspect That Her Children Were Planning a Surprise for Her

EVA LUOMA, PHOTO

world of good. What do you think?"

"I think it's a grand idea, Marge. When should we have her go? As soon as school is out?"

"Mother's Day is Sunday, May 12. We should have her go the Thursday or Friday before."

"But, Marge, how could we spare mother before school is out, and what would we do with Nan?"

"We will have to spare her sometime, and it might be good for us to find out what she is really worth to us by trying to get along without her for a short time. She can take Nancy with her."

"I really don't see how we could get along without mother till school is out."

"If she should suddenly have a breakdown and have to go to the hospital we would get along some way. I'd rather try getting along without her, knowing she was having a much-needed rest, and a visit with her parents in the country."

"You're right, Marge. The thing is settled. Mother is to have a vacation. Do we let dad in on our secret?"

"Oh, sure; he'll have to help us. I know he'll be willing to get her a round-trip ticket."

"We'll get her a nice new dress and gloves. I sold my shoe skates yesterday to Tom for three dollars. They were too small for me. Besides, I have a little more money saved. I was planning on getting a watch, but the watch can wait."

"Dean, you're a wonderful brother. You almost put me to shame, but if you are willing to wait for what you want I am willing too. Mother gave me four dollars so I could get a new dress for the school picnic. I'll get along without a new dress and put the four dollars into a dress for her."

"It's time for dad and mother and Nan to be getting home. May I tell dad of our plan, Sis?"

"Yes. While mother and I wash the supper dishes I'll tell Nan a story, and that will keep her in the kitchen too."

That evening while mother, Marge, and Nan were busy in the kitchen, Dean slipped up close to dad and, putting his hand up to his mouth, said in a low voice, "I've something to tell you, Dad."

Mr. Roberts closed the magazine he was reading and looked up at Dean.

"It's important, Dad," said Dean, "but I don't know just how to tell you," and he shifted his weight onto the other foot.

"Sit down on the davenport by me, son, and tell me all about it. Has something gone wrong? Some trouble at school?"

"No, no, Dad. Nothing like that. It's something Marge and I have planned, and we want you to help us, but I don't want mother to hear."

Marge was making a lot of unnecessary clatter washing the dishes, so Dean looked his father straight in the eye as he told the plan. Mr. Roberts drew his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his nose, also his glasses; then he said, "It's a fine

idea, and we'll carry it out. Mother is in need of just such a change. Do you think that you and Margie can get along with the housework and meals and your lessons? You know I'm working long hours."

"Oh, sure we can. Marge says we will finish all our notebook work before mother goes. Mother will just get back in time for our school picnic." Dean's eyes shone as he talked.

"I can help you some with the work. It's going to be fun," and Mr. Roberts slapped Dean on the shoulder.

The days that followed were busy ones for Margie and Dean. They spent extra time on their lessons and finished all their notebook work. Dean was always on the lookout to earn an extra dime or a quarter, and Margie insisted that mother let her make the desserts and help more with the cooking.

Five-year-old Nancy thought Dean and



By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

Test your knowledge of nature, language, literature, economics, current events, and history. If you can correctly answer eight or more of the following questions you can stick out your chest; six right answers will let you see eye to eye with most people; but four or less answered correctly ought to leave you barely able to look over your shoe tops!

1. What bird common to America and Europe is noted for its chattering and scolding?

a. Magpie. b. Blackbird. c. Crow.

2. There is one active volcano known to exist in the antarctic. What is its name?

a. Mount Ross. b. Mount Erebus. c. Mount McMurdo.

3. The English word "impediment" now means obstruction, but in Latin it originally meant—

a. Too much baggage. b. Tongue-tied. c. To entangle the feet.

4. The Bible makes only two references to "mail." To what do they pertain?

a. Business transactions. b. Warfare. c. Postal Service.

5. What State in the Union has neither income tax nor sales tax?

a. Utah. b. Nevada. c. Rhode Island.

6. At the present time where has postwar inflation hit the hardest?

a. China. b. Germany. c. Hungary.

7. What country spends the most for public school education?

a. United States. b. England. c. Russia.

8. With what workers did the expression "portal-to-portal pay" originate?

a. Miners. b. Machinists. c. Pottery makers.

9. Who was the first President to make a bid for a third-term nomination?

a. Ulysses S. Grant. b. Theodore Roosevelt. c. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

10. "What hath God wrought," were the first words officially telegraphed by Samuel Morse back in 1844. Whose words were they originally?

a. Moses at Sinai. b. Balaam prophesying. c. John the Revelator.

—Answers on page 20

Margie did not have much time to play with her.

One day after school Margie and mother went shopping. Margie had found the dress she hoped would fit. Margie fitted on two or three dresses, then brought a pretty blue one and asked her mother to slip it on. Mrs. Roberts did not wish to model a dress for her daughter, but Margie begged her until she consented. It was a perfect fit. "Oh! it looks lovely on you, Mother!" Margie exclaimed.

"It's a very nice dress," Mrs. Roberts agreed, "but I don't need a new one just now, and this is too expensive anyway."

Margie slipped the lovely blue dress on its hanger and put it back on the rack. Her cheeks were a deep pink, and she was bubbling over inside.

"Which dress are you going to take, Margie?" asked her mother.

"I think I'll buy a blue one, but I'll get it tomorrow after school. I want to look in some of the other stores before I decide."

Next day Margie brought a package with her when she came home from school. "I got the blue dress, Mother," she said as she took the package upstairs to her room.

Wednesday, May 8, Mr. Roberts took his wife downtown. After getting a good supply of groceries, he said, "Pauline, other years I've bought you a plant for Mother's Day. This year I'm going to get you a hat."

Mrs. Roberts smiled, "I guess I do need a hat more than I need flowers."

They selected a hat, and went home feeling very happy.

That evening Margie began asking mother about her old home in the country. Then Dean said, "How would you like to go there for a visit, Mom?"

"I'd love to, and maybe I can go sometime before school starts next fall. Mother and father will not be staying on the farm many more years."

"I may as well tell you, Mother," laughed Margie, "your suitcase is all packed, and you and Nancy are going to the farm tomorrow."

"What are you talking about, Margie? It is three hundred and fifty miles away!"

"Yes, and you will be there in time for supper tomorrow evening," declared Dean.

Mother looked from one to the other in a bewildered fashion. Her face turned very white and tears came to her eyes as with trembling voice she asked, "Is mother or father sick?"

"No, no! They are well, and you are going to make them a visit for two weeks. That is our Mother's Day gift to you, isn't it, Daddy?" Margie turned to Mr. Roberts.

"Yes, Pauline, that's our gift to you, and we hope you will enjoy it." Father drew his billfold from his pocket, and opening it he handed mother a round-trip ticket.

Mrs. Roberts could not keep the tears back. "Oh, you dears! I have been wishing I could go home, though I didn't see how I could. But how will you get along without me when you are so busy in school?"

"There are only two more weeks of school, and our notebooks are finished and dad and I will help Marge with the housework," Dean announced.

"You don't know about it, Mother, but I've been taking cooking lessons the past two weeks," said Margie.

"I see it all now," Mrs. Roberts exclaimed. "Guess I've been a little blind."

Margie skipped upstairs and brought down the package and the hat. "Here, Mother, I got the blue dress, but not for me; it's for you!"

Dean untied the package for mother. Yes, it was the lovely blue dress she had tried on in the store, and gloves to match. "I see now, George, why you insisted on my taking the blue hat instead of the tan one," she laughed.

"Love is always blind," observed Mr. Roberts.

The next morning three happy people—Mr. Roberts, Margie, and Dean—stood on the station platform waving good-by to mother and Nancy as the train pulled away. There were tears in Margie's eyes, but all were satisfied to know that they were giving mother a worth-while gift, one she least expected but greatly appreciated.

Only Believe!

(Continued from page 1)

today, working around the clock to print the message of God for this hour. Then my mind turns back to one of the pioneer publishers who stopped writing his book to go after the four pounds of flour his wife needed to complete the baking, and which took his last shilling. And to think of how a little later he went to the post office without even the few coppers necessary for the postage due on a letter addressed to him. At his direction the postmaster opened the letter and found that it contained a ten-dollar bill which someone had been impressed to send.

I wonder whether the pay checks of today develop a faith quite like that—a faith which has been the inspiration of Christians through the years.

A great evangelist greeted a young woman of his acquaintance who had been having a hard time financially.

"My life seems to be a succession of miracles," she told him.

And he replied, "That's good for you."

Yes, a life full of emergencies, if those emergencies lead to a living trust in God, is better for us than a life that seems to require no faith.

Great faith, like great fortunes, is sel-

dom built overnight. Rather it is accumulated day by day. For faith, if it is to grow, must be a part of our everyday life. If we keep it put away for some great crisis we shall find, when we dig it out, that it is not in repair.

I know a little girl who has learned some of the lessons of faith while very young—not from some great miracle, but from little, everyday things, such as the time she went out to solicit funds for missions. She had a little money in her mayonnaise jar to start with, and skipped happily down the steps. But when the cover came off and the money scattered, she rushed back tearfully to mother, for in her experience it was a real tragedy. But in a few moments she remembered that she had a little bank, with a tight cover, that would serve the purpose perfectly. Also she had learned a lesson in faith. For very often in life the covers come off our plans and they are scattered here and there. And then suddenly we realize that God had something better for us all the time.

Sometimes this little daughter has more faith than I. There was the day we planned a trip out of town, but failed to leave home on time. All the way to town I worried about catching the bus. But she did not worry.

"We'll make it all right," she said. "I asked Jesus to let the bus be late."

And sure enough, though we arrived several minutes after the scheduled departure time, the driver had become so interested in a magazine that he just did not call the "All aboard" when he should have done so.

Upon the pages of life our Father has written the lessons of faith that we must learn. Some of them read like a story-book.

For instance, I think of a young Christian who wrote to a friend for financial aid in starting a worthy enterprise. He needed fifty dollars, but hesitated to ask for that amount, so the request was made for twenty-five. And then this worker prayed that the friend would send fifty instead. Two days later a check came in the mail for fifty dollars. The request for twenty-five dollars was plainly written, but the friend had read it "forty-five."

But life—even a life of faith—is not all a wonderful story. There are times when prayer seems to bounce back all about us. However, someone has truly written, "When heaven seems brass, He is on this side of her doors."

And another writer gives us this beautiful assurance: "When with earnestness and intensity we breathe a prayer in the name of Christ, there is in that very intensity a pledge from God that He is about to answer our prayer 'exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.'"

Yes, friend, there are times when faith must stand on tiptoe. But there is never a time when it cannot find His hand.

STAMPS

CONDUCTED BY REID SHEPARD

Australian Animal Stamps

ONE of the most colorful specialist collections I have seen contains the animal stamps of Australia. (You may wish to include in this bird stamps also.) By putting a descriptive note in your album along with each stamp, you will make your collection interesting to anyone who looks at it and also increase your knowledge of the animal world.

The first postage stamp issued in Australia contained a picture of the kangaroo, perhaps because so many of these marsupials, or pouched animals, are found on that continent.

The kangaroo is the largest of all living marsupials, sometimes measuring nine feet from nose to tail tip and weighing over two hundred pounds. Oftentimes they congregate in herds so large they become a pest to stockmen, in which case government protection is removed and permission given to hunt them. Their speed is amazing, being greater than that of a fast dog. At full velocity, which may be twenty-five miles an hour, their gait is a series of great leaps provided by their powerful hind legs and broad tails.

Ordinarily this gracefully built animal is shy of man, but if cornered he will fight till death. His favorite defense is to retreat to a water hole, wait until the dogs come in close, then wound them with his long powerful toes or grasp them and drown them.

Another Australian animal stamp you will want to have in your collection

is that one which pictures the koala, Australia's most appealing animal. This koala, also called native bear, is a forest dweller, living in the tall gum trees and feeding on their leaves. Being a most agile climber, he searches diligently among the high branches for those gum leaves with the highest oil content. Koalas are difficult to keep in captivity (which is now prohibited by law), but when treated as pets they become very affectionate and dependent on human society.

The baby koala (pronounced ko-r-lar) is very small, measuring about an inch and weighing about five and a half grains at birth. The forelimbs are well developed, and immediately after birth it



climbs unaided into its mother's pouch, where it remains for six months. By that time it is covered with fur and is about seven inches long. It continues to sleep in the pouch for another two months, after which it clings to its mother's back and is carried pickaback fashion. After about a year it is able to fend for itself.

Also in your Australian animal stamp collection you will wish to include some of the sheep stamps. This country is noted for its sheep industry, which includes not only the sale of meat and meat products, but also wool and leather and products manufactured from them.

In next week's stamp column we will tell you about the strangest of all animals, the platypus.

repeat the Scripture verses connected with them, they were delighted. Furthermore, since they were new in the church, this served to increase their knowledge of these important subjects.

In teaching the Sabbath school lessons to these children, many of whom were quite young, Pastor Haskell suggested that illustrations drawn as the story was presented would be the most effective method. For this purpose he furnished us with blackboards and colored chalk. The lessons were on the book of Genesis at that time, and were not difficult to teach; however, it took much practice and planning during the week to prepare to illustrate them even with the simple line drawings which we used. We learned that by always using the same color chalk for the garments of the important characters, the children easily identified them week by week and readily learned the stories. Our work may not have been artistic, but we learned to do it to the satisfaction and edification of the children.

As the holiday season drew near, our first in this new country, we came to realize that Christmas was a very great day in merry old England. So we decided to present a Christmas program, to be given mostly by the children.

I remember especially one or two incidents in connection with this program. A little girl named Jessie was to sing a solo. She had felt so confident she could do it all right that she had not wanted to practice. However, when the time came and she stood up in front all alone with the eyes of the audience fixed upon her, she became frightened and was about to cry. At that instant her brother, a fine little chap nine years of age, marched bravely up, took his place beside her, and began to sing. Jessie joined in, and the song was a great success. This boy grew up to become a minister and the president of a conference in the British field, showing always the same helpful willing spirit that he did that Christmas Eve so long ago.

It was a new experience for these children to bring gifts to Jesus at Christmas time, but they made some real sacrifices. When the offering was taken, one little girl brought up 126 farthings (a farthing is the equivalent of a half cent), and a small boy had saved 78 farthings—gifts which represented to them the denial of many sweets and little playthings.

On this our first Christmas in London we were much interested in some of the ways in which the English celebration of this season differed from ours. In the process of learning about one custom I almost earned the ill will of an important member of our community—the fireman.

One morning I was just ready to start out to a Bible study when someone knocked at the door. I answered the knock, and the man who stood before me began to talk very fast in a rather peculiar dialect. I could not understand what he was saying, and thinking he was a sales-

man of some kind I said, "Excuse me, but I am just going out, and I do not think it is anything I am interested in." Immediately he flared up and said, "Well, if your house caught on fire I think you would be interested!" Somewhat startled I told him I would call the mistress, and she would adjust the matter. He explained then that at Christmas time each house in the district gave to a fund to be divided among the firemen—the smaller houses giving half a crown (about 62 cents) and the larger ones half a sovereign (about \$2.50).

We soon learned that it was the custom for almost all the people who had served us during the year—the delivery boy, the milkman, the postman—to call for a Christmas box, as they expressed it.

My most delightful Christmas memory is that of being awakened in the late hours of that first Christmas Eve by the singing of Christmas carols. As "When Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night" floated out softly in the quiet night air, it seemed to me like an echo of the angel's voices of long ago.

(To be continued)



Concealed Books of the Bible

By MAY CARR HANLEY

1. Do not mark on the walls.
2. Which is the best herd of Jerseys?
3. O Dan, I elect you president.
4. Job hunters bother me daily.
5. Why did Matt hew down that poplar tree?
6. The wren tit uses horsehair to line the nest.
7. The kings of Babylon worshiped idols.
8. Are you going to fly solo, Montieth?
9. Saul was a most handsome king.
10. Altho seamen are brave, he was a coward.

—Answers on page 20

Memories—VI

(Continued from page 8)

Even before we rose from our knees the painful sensation had departed. I was able to continue my work with renewed strength and courage.

While working for the grown folks we did not neglect the children of our new believers, of whom there were quite a number. Within a few weeks after starting our services at The Chaloners we had several children's classes in the Sabbath school.

Later as the number of children increased we held children's meetings for them once a week. For these services we had the use of a lantern and slides. I remember that one of these series was on the life of Christ, and another was on the building of the sanctuary and its services. At the close of each series we invited the children's parents to attend the meeting and hear their little folks tell what they had learned. When they saw that their children could not only tell what the pictures represented but were also able to

A Moment in the Morning

(Continued from page 11)

distractions to draw our attention from Him to common thoughts.

In order to encourage the young people to observe this period of daily prayer and study, the General Conference at the Mount Vernon convention in 1907 adopted the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, Experience has shown that spiritual benefits come from the observation of the morning devotional period; therefore,

"We recommend, That the Young People's Department of the General Conference prepare for general circulation a calendar adapted for daily morning prayer and Bible study."

Every year since 1908 this little booklet, known as the *Morning Watch Calendar*, has been published. The first one was based on *Steps to Christ*. Others have presented various phases of the Christian's life.

The *Morning Watch Calendar* has encircled the globe and has been translated into many languages. In 1919 its circulation had grown to 72,500, and last year 159,400 copies were sold throughout the world.

This pamphlet has in it many points of interest. It gives not only texts regarding various subjects but also helpful poems and quotations. In it is a chart on which one may record his progress as he pursues the Bible Year. The beautiful cover illustrations also add attractiveness. The appealing picture of Jesus at the helm, reproduced in four colors from a painting by the talented artist, Harry Anderson,

which was on the 1947 calendar, truly is inspiring.

There are a number of ways in which one may observe the Morning Watch. The plan of memorizing the text each day is particularly helpful. If this method is faithfully followed throughout the years, the individual will find that his knowledge of the Bible is greatly increased. Another interesting method is to read each day the whole chapter in which the text is found. This gives a background and often makes it much easier to understand. If you are pursuing the Bible Year the morning devotional period is an excellent time to read the chapters for the day. You will receive from them an inspiration that will remain with you as you go about your duties.

Along with the study of the Bible, one may take time to read some of the Conflict of the Ages books written by Ellen G. White. Often these books explain and add to the meaning of the Bible texts.

This world's history is rapidly drawing to a close, and as we see the prophecies being fulfilled we know that our days on this earth are numbered.

Are we ready for all that lies before us? O fellow youth, I appeal to you to stop and think. We need God. We need to pray, perhaps more than any generation that has gone before us. Will you not with me resolve to spend some time each day in communion with your Maker?

Taken

(Continued from page 5)

to the lure of inebriation, he was a congenial tentmate.

Such woeful results as these, indulgence brought to him: His too-ruddy complexion and the glittering of his blue eyes gave him the appearance of one on fire internally. When he went to town he would nearly always lose a coat or a cap, or someone would pick up his parcels, or he would start home just too late to catch the last truck leaving for the post. And so he would arrive, time after time, in the wee small hours of the morning, cold, disheveled, and weary, if not worse.

Sometimes the boys would refer to him as "that old drunk." They could have seen in him a picture of what they would be in twenty years unless they let the stuff alone that so often made "young drunks"!

Sloan and I met at an Army technical school. With other members of our class we slept, we ate, we marched, we studied, and we exercised together. We stood reveille and retreat together, we scrubbed floors and dishes together, and we became well acquainted.

I came to appreciate Sloan's participation in all the class activities, especially when there was work to be done. He knew how to work. When volunteers were needed for a detail, he would respond.

I do not know why, except that he was good-natured. I would volunteer for extra duty because I wanted to be off on Sabbath. Once when we were on a detail together and Sloan knew my Sabbath was approaching, he even offered to finish some work for me.

No one enjoyed bunk fatigue, however, more than he did. With some very light reading in one hand and a favorite smoke in the other, stretched out on his cot, he appeared to have not a care in the world. He seemed to feel that I took life too seriously. "Al," he would drawl, "you make me nervous, always studying some old book, or pressing your pants, or something. Take a break!"

One feature of our environment distinctly did not please him. Our camp was in a prohibition area and "fire water" could not be obtained easily.

Several months later we were both in Australia, working in the same hospital. Our location on a large farm several miles from the nearest town seemed almost ideal. Camp duties were not heavy, and passes could be used frequently. Each day several trucks carried those seeking recreation to the nearest towns and cities. That feature of Army life gave Sloan access to many taverns. It also brought several Seventh-day Adventist churches within my easy reach. Several months passed very pleasantly for Sloan and me.

In camp one evening I noted a group of buddies talking near my tent and looking strangely solemn. An ambulance had just brought a man in from town. Ambulances were always coming and going on our post. But what was that? The dead man was Sloan? It could not be! I had seen him only that morning.

But Sloan was dead. He had been picked up at the foot of the stairs in a tavern. His neck was broken. The medical officer wrote down the contributing cause of death as heart failure. Sloan's friends said that he had been drinking heavily.

It was just a small tent, but eighteen men could sleep in it. What did we care if we were crowded? A few days in that

embarkation camp, a few weeks on a ship, then home, and discharge. In the meantime we talked. And so I became acquainted with Blake.

His vocabulary showed that he was a man of wide reading and experience. He seemed to be very alert, one who knew his way around, one who was well able to take care of himself. Tall and well built, he had a fine bearing and manner. Except for the flushed appearance of his face, he was quite handsome. He had seen some action, had been wounded and reassigned to duty. Though he had had one or two promotions, here he was, after three or four years in the Army going home just a private. He should have been a master sergeant, at least.

But the man would take nothing from anybody; no one could "impose" upon him. Surely the keen mind and wide experience of Blake should have told him that in the Army one must take a lot and say little. But unfortunately the voice of wisdom and experience had been well-nigh quieted by alcohol's fiery irritation.

In a week or two we were aboard ship, and after a month were walking on home soil once more. A few days in a separation camp, and we were ready to be discharged. Those few days were featured by the best meals, the whitest bed linen, and the most freedom we had enjoyed in a long time.

On the afternoon of the day we were discharged Blake asked me, "Al, how much money have you spent lately?"

"Oh, five or six dollars, I suppose. I've specialized on ice cream."

"H-m. I landed with one hundred and fifty dollars. All I have left is sixty."

I was startled. "Did you lose it?"

"No, but I went on a good drunk!"

Better for him if he had lost it. Ninety dollars for that flaming liquid created a fire that was still raging in every cell and tissue of his body. And what would quench it?

Sloan was buried in faraway Australia. Near him was buried another soldier who while stumbling back to camp along a

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

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

railroad track could not orient himself in time to meet an approaching train. Buried also on a little coral island in the South Seas is another soldier who late one New Year's Eve trusted that his jeep would take him back to his camp safely. No alien bullet or booby trap took away these lives. But the subtle spirit of alcohol knows her trophies.

Bob and Pop and Blake are still living somewhere among us perhaps, but each day brings them new cravings, more trouble, and worse degradation. Only the miracle of God's saving grace will change their lives. You, in the hands of God, may be the instrumentality that will save other lives untouched as yet by alcohol's blight. Be ready to do whatever you can, whenever you can, to discourage the use of liquor in any form.

Scenic Franconia Notch

(Continued from page 6)

is remarkably lifelike as one stands on the shore of the little lake, which used to be called the Old Man's Washbowl, and looks up 1,200 feet to see the outline of an old man's face silhouetted against the western sky. Some profiles require considerable imagination to discern, but this one is clear-cut and conspicuous.

It is said that this granite face was first seen by white men in 1805, when two surveyors who stopped at the lake to wash their hands looked up and beheld the profile. Nathaniel Hawthorne perpetuated the fame of this natural wonder in his narrative *The Great Stone Face*. Many years ago it was discovered that one of the rocks forming the forehead of the old man was being pushed outward by frost action. A New Hampshire clergyman, the Rev. Guy Roberts, called the attention of the State authorities to the situation, and in 1916 the famous profile was saved by the chaining of the slipping portion to the bedrock.

After viewing the Great Stone Face from the valley one will want to take the trip up the mountain in one of the tramcars operated by the State of New Hampshire.

These aerial tramcars glide swiftly and safely over the treetops to the summit station in about seven minutes. In clear weather this trip is one which the traveler will not want to miss, because there are exceptionally fine views in all directions from the 4,077-foot peak. This grand old mountain has been known by several names. At one time it was Mount Jackson. It has also been called Profile Mountain. Today it is most commonly spoken of as Cannon Mountain because of a conspicuous rock high up on its side which resembles a cannon. The profile is on this mountain, but is not visible from the summit.

At this northern end of the notch there are many other natural features, such as Echo Lake, Eagle Cliff, and Artist's Bluff.

We have not mentioned the many other profiles, waterfalls, interesting rock formations, and mountain peaks that abound in this region. All around Franconia is a summer and winter playground, easily accessible, yet almost as primitive in many respects as it was before the white man ever penetrated the forests to discover this picturesque wonderland.

Measuring up to Mother

(Continued from page 4)

Penny was her right-hand helper all day long, and that the two of them ran the house together. Precious Penny! She was only three. An afterthought of nature in planning the family, dad said; but what a dear little afterthought!

Shirley's hair was quite dry now. She left the swing and started toward the house. Mother had been singing as she worked in the large sunny kitchen. She was not singing now, but Shirley could hear her voice in conversation with someone. It was Aunt Norma. She saw her car in the driveway as she turned the corner. Aunt Norma was principal of a girls' school in a neighboring town, and quite a successful person in the eyes of her niece. What was she doing here at this time of day?

They met in the hall. Aunt Norma was jingling her car keys nervously and calling to mother to hurry. And mother was coming down the stairs all dressed to go out. How trig she looked in her well-fitting black suit with snowy ruffles at neck and wrists. Her gloves were immaculate, her stocking seams were straight, her back hair in order, and her hat with its crisp veil was set at just the right angle. Her face, slightly fuller and faintly marked with laughter lines, was Shirley's own face; and her hair, coiled so neatly about her queenly head, was the same shining glory which she had imparted to her daughter.

"I'm taking your mother back with me," Aunt Norma was saying. "I want her to give that paper which she prepared for the State convention to my girls in assembly. It is the best thing I have heard on the liquor question. It will appeal to the young people, I am sure. It's a down-right gift you have, Fern, for reaching the youngsters' hearts. I could read it myself, of course, but what I want is your own personality to put it over. Having you there to give it will be half the battle."

"Well, I am happy to try, of course. Shirley, I hope it isn't going to inconvenience you to look after the house. I will be back by noon tomorrow. You don't have to finish the ironing, but there will be lunch to get for the children, and

Father will be home for dinner tonight. There is plenty of food in the icebox, however."

Then, seeing Shirley's face, she asked anxiously, "Was there something you particularly wanted to do today?"

"Nonsense," exclaimed brisk Aunt Norma. "There is nothing Shirley could better do than get a little practice at housekeeping. If she wants to get married in the spring there must be a lot she needs to learn."

Sometimes Norma rubbed Shirley the wrong way. Mother was anxious that there should be no unpleasantness. She made haste to add, "Oh, Shirley is just as good a housekeeper as I am! There is nothing about housekeeping that she can't do. And she sews very cleverly too. I only wish," she added rather ruefully, "that she liked it better."

(To be continued)

Key to "What's Your Score?"

1. a. Maggie. 2. b. Mount Erebus. 3. c. To entangle the feet. 4. b. Warfare (1 Sam. 17:5, 38).
5. b. Nevada. 6. c. Hungary, where inflation is 235,795,000 times that of 1937. 7. c. Russia is spending \$7,500,000,000 on public education this year. 8. a. Miners. 9. a. Ulysses S. Grant in 1880.
10. b. Balcam prophesying to Balak (Num. 23:23).

Key to "Concealed Books of the Bible"

1. Mark. 2. Esther. 3. Daniel. 4. Job. 5. Matthew.
6. Titus. 7. Kings. 8. Solomon. 9. Amos. 10. Hosea.

Sabbath School Lessons

Senior Youth

V—The Great Commandment: A Widow's Gift

(May 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Mark 12:28-44; Matthew 22:41-46.

MEMORY VERSE: Mark 12:30, 31.

LESSON HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 606-616.

1. Who was one of the listeners while Jesus and the Jews were reasoning together? What did He perceive about the answers of Jesus? What question did he then ask? Mark 12:28.

NOTE.—The scribes were men of learning. They made copies of different portions of the Scriptures. It is said that their care in copying was so great "that they counted and compared all letters, to be sure that none were left out that belonged to the text, or none admitted improperly." At the time of Christ many of the people depended upon the scribes to interpret the Scriptures for them.

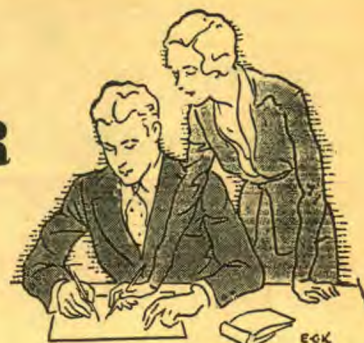
2. What did Jesus say is the first commandment? Verses 29, 30.

3. What is the second great commandment? What did Jesus say of them both? Verse 31.

NOTE.—"Jesus taught His hearers that not one of the precepts of Jehovah could be broken without violating one or both of the great principles upon which rested the whole law and the prophets: Love to God and love to man. Every precept is so connected with the others in meaning and obligation that in breaking one, the whole is broken; for they are all united in one symmetrical body. It is impossible for man to love God with all his heart and yet to have other gods before the Lord."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, vol. 3, p. 52.

4. What did the scribe then confess before the priests and rulers? How did he exalt the keeping of these commandments? Verses 32, 33.

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What Does This Mean to You? **SUPREME COURT DECISION**

The recent decision of the Supreme Court upholding a New Jersey law authorizing the transportation of children to parochial schools at government expense has stunned literally millions of our citizens. It opens the way to other practices entirely contrary to American principles. If it is not reversed, all sorts of appropriations for sectarian institutions can be made. It opens the flood gates.

PENDING LEGISLATION

★ In the first two months of the new Congress several dangerous bills were introduced. One is to provide for stamping the words "Observe Sunday" on first class mail for two weeks each year. Three others propose to give aid from the Federal treasury to parochial schools. Two will give the aid even where State constitutions forbid the using of tax funds for such a purpose. The proposed gifts to sectarian institutions run into millions of dollars for each year, and the period of time covered is unlimited.

★ Two bills proposing calendar changes have also been introduced. Each would alter the fixed cycle of the week and cause the Sabbath to wander from day to day.

★ A bill to make Good Friday a legal holiday shows clearly that some legislators do not understand where the state's functions leave off and the church's proper sphere begins.

★ Another measure proposes to impose a fine of five thousand dollars or five years in prison, or both, for anyone who either deposits in the mail, or withdraws from the mail, for circulation any "papers, pamphlets, magazines, periodicals, books, pictures and writings of any kind" that may cause any person to suffer obloquy or abuse or hatred because of his religious belief or because of his race. The most authentic history might be barred from the mails if this bill should become law.

★ Still another Congressional bill recommends the reading of the Bible between Thanksgiving and Christmas each year.

★ Emergencies have arisen in connection with recent judicial and legislative procedures. For a better understanding of these vital questions and what you can do about them, read the second quarter's issue of **THE LIBERTY MAGAZINE**.

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5. When Jesus saw how wisely the scribe had spoken, how did He commend him? Verse 34.

NOTE.—"The heart of Jesus went out in pity to the honest scribe who had dared to face the frowns of the priests and the threats of the rulers to speak the convictions of his heart. 'And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, He said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' The scribe was near to the kingdom of God, in that he recognized deeds of righteousness as more acceptable to God than burnt-offerings and sacrifices. But he needed to recognize the divine character of Christ, and through faith in Him receive power to do the works of righteousness."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 608.

6. What direct question did Jesus ask the Pharisees who had sought to attack His Messiahship? Matt. 22:41, 42.

7. In reply to their statement that Christ was the son of David, what puzzling question did Jesus ask? Verses 43-45.

NOTE.—The answer of the Pharisees was true. Jesus was the Son of David, for He was of the royal lineage. The Jews would not doubt have accepted Him as the Son of David and their king had He proposed to free them from the Roman Government and make them an independent nation. Often the people had called Jesus the Son of David.

The Pharisees would not have been so puzzled had they only believed that Jesus, born in Bethlehem, was the Son of God as well as a descendant of the line of David. David would worship the Lord Jesus as the Son of God.

8. As a result of Jesus' asking this question, what was no man able to do? Verse 46.

9. Whom did Jesus then address? Of whom did He say to beware? How did these scribes seek to attract attention? Matt. 23:1; Mark 12:38, 39.

10. Of what other practices were they guilty? Verse 40.

11. While Jesus was in the courts of the temple, what attracted His attention? Verse 41.

NOTE.—In one of the courts of the temple, treasure chests were placed in front of the columns which supported the galleries. It was the custom for the people to bring their money offerings to the temple and place them in these chests. This gave an opportunity for the rich to make a show of their gifts and to receive honor of men for their liberality.

12. Among others, who brought an offering? What was her gift? Verse 42.

13. Calling His disciples to Him, what did Jesus say of this offering? Verses 43, 44.

NOTE.—The value of the gift in the sight of Jesus was not altogether measured by the amount cast in. Jesus looked into the hearts of the givers and beheld the motives prompting the gifts. These motives, rather than the amount given, made the offering either of little value or precious in the eyes of the Master. The many rich cast in a little of their surplus. The destitute widow put in out of her little, all she had—the whole of her living.

Junior

V—Love to God; The Gift of the Widow

(May 3)

LESSON TEXTS: Mark 12:28-34, 41-44; Leviticus 19:13-18.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart. . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Mark 12:30, 31.

Guiding Thought

They brought their gifts to Jesus,
And laid them at His feet,
And love for this dear Saviour,
Made every offering sweet;
Good deeds and words of kindness,
Help for the poor of earth,
And not a gift among them
Was thought of little worth.

APRIL 22, 1947

Wouldst bring a gift to Jesus,
That He will count most sweet?
Say, "Lord, my heart I give Thee,"
And lay it at His feet.

—EBEN E. REXFORD.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought. This is a song, No. 658 in the *Church Hymnal*.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Read this assignment carefully and notice the difference in wording from your own Bible.

"One of the scribes . . . asked Him, 'which is the first of all the commands?'"

"Jesus answered, 'The first one is, "Hear, Israel! . . . You must love the Lord your God with your whole heart, your whole soul, your whole mind, and your whole strength." And this is the second: "You must love your neighbor as you do yourself." No other command is greater than these.'

"The scribe said to him, 'Really, Master, . . . to love Him with one's whole heart, one's whole understanding and one's whole strength, and to love one's neighbor as one's self is far more than all these burnt-offerings and sacrifices.'" Mark 12:28-33, Goodspeed. In your Bible dictionary look up "scribe," "lawyer," and "Sadducees." Are they all the same?

ASSIGNMENT 3

1. Who stood by and heard Jesus and the Pharisees talking? What question did this scribe ask Jesus? Mark 12:28.

2. How did Jesus answer him? Verses 29, 30.

NOTE.—Read Deuteronomy 6:4, 5; Exodus 20:3-11. Now read the first half of Assignment 2. What is the connection?

When we love God with all our heart, we do not want to have other gods; we do not bow down to images; we do not speak His name irreverently; we do not forget to keep the Sabbath day holy.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 4

3. What is the second great command? What did Jesus say of both of these commandments? Mark 12:31; Ex. 20:12-17; Lev. 19:13-18.

4. What did the scribe then confess before all the priests and rulers? Mark 12:32, 33.

NOTE.—Explain the connection between these verses and the previous verse. Now read the last half of Assignment 2.

When we love our neighbor as ourself we do not disobey our parents, we do not hate or kill our neighbor, we do not steal anything from him, we do not bear false witness against him, we do not covet anything that belongs to him.

We see, then, that love to God causes us to keep the first four commandments, and love to man causes us to keep the last six.

5. How far from being a disciple of Jesus was this scribe? What did none of them dare to do? Verse 34.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 5

This was Jesus' last day of teaching in the temple.

6. What was Jesus watching as He sat in the court of the temple? Mark 12:41.

NOTE.—There were thirteen chests, shaped like trumpets, with the small end up, in the Court of Women. From where Jesus sat He could see the rich putting in large sums of money while the people watched them.

7. Who was among those who came with an offering? What kind of offering did she have? Verse 42.

NOTE.—The coins this poor woman had were the very smallest in use and were worth about one fourth of a cent together. No one was ever allowed to give just one of these coins as an offering, no matter how poor he might be. He must give at least two.

8. Whom did Jesus call to Him? What comforting words did He speak? Verses 43, 44.

NOTE.—God measures our gifts by our love for Him. Now read the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 6

Find a table of money in your Bible dictionary and see whether you can find out how many "mites" made a penny.

"Margaret! Margaret Ann!" called mother. "Yes, Mother," replied twelve-year-old Margaret, coming to the door with her Bible in her hand.

"It is time for Mrs. Foster to go to town, Margaret Ann. I told her you would be glad to stay with Davie."

"But, Mother!" Margaret Ann frowned. "We have ten questions to answer on this Sabbath school lesson to take to class on Sabbath. And it is so interesting. I just hate to stop in the middle!"

"Why, money child!" Mother's arm went around Margaret Ann's waist. "Don't you know 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?'"

"I do love the Lord, and I just love to write things on our lessons."

"Of course you do," mother smiled. "But you can do it this evening. And Davie is a child of Jesus, and he needs your care. If you love your neighbors as yourself, surely you will be glad to help Mrs. Foster as she works to take care of her children."

"Why, Mother!" Margaret Ann's eyes began to shine. "That would be loving the Lord, too, wouldn't it? Maybe it would please the Lord more for me to stay with Davie than to write ten questions on the lesson."

ASSIGNMENT 7

1. Jesus had come to the temple for the last time. T___ F___

2. The temple priests had shown Him loving reverence, which made Him happy. T___ F___

3. Jesus paid no attention to any of the offerings placed in the treasury chests. T___ F___

4. Jesus was not rich, and therefore He could better appreciate the widow's gift. T___ F___

5. Jesus did not consider it important enough to call attention to it. T___ F___

6. We may please Jesus by giving something we could have spent, and so bring Him an offering. T___ F___

7. The first four commands teach us our duty to God. T___ F___

8. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . : this is the first and great commandment." T___ F___

9. We may love God and fulfill our duty to Him and still not obey the second command, Love your neighbor. T___ F___

10. To love God honestly and to love His children on earth even when it is not so easy, will guide you safely into His kingdom as mentioned by Jesus in verse 34. T___ F___

The Youth's Instructor

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The Listening Post

❖ THERE is a shortage of animal hair at the present time. It is needed as insulation for refrigerators and as vibration and sound absorbers in other electrical appliances.

❖ MOST of the world's coffee may come from Brazil, but that is only one of the country's major exports. The largest shipment of cocoa ever to leave Brazil, 7,500 tons, was recently unloaded in Boston, Massachusetts—the city of the "Tea Party" fame.

❖ SHIP-TO-SHORE personal telephone service for the crew members of several United States naval vessels is now in operation. The only charge to the personnel using the facilities is for the service from the shore receiving station to the ultimate destination.

❖ GUATEMALANS have found an important and lucrative new agricultural pursuit—production of volatile oils from highly scented grasses such as lemon grass and citronella. Every year they sell a third of a million pounds of this oil, mostly to the United States.

❖ PLANS for a new world's fair in 1953 are now under way in St. Louis, Missouri. The fair will memorialize the sesquicentennial anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase, and the better part of the next six years will be required to complete the groundwork for the exposition.

❖ GERMAN infants are no longer being named Adolf, Hermann, and Josef. New parents are now showing a trend toward such international favorites as Peter, Michael, Donald, Henry, Andre, Johnny, and Dimitri, Lilly, Mary, Claudia, and Beatrice. Biblical names banned for any except Jews during the war years are now back on the approved list.

❖ IN Italy, where pasteurization facilities are lacking, milk is sterilized by adding two cubic centimeters of a 39 per cent solution of hydrogen peroxide to a quart. Milk thus treated is said to have a more pleasant taste than the pasteurized product, and can be made at ordinary temperatures. The treatment is generally effective for about three days.

❖ ORANGE juice should follow rather than precede breakfast, advises Dr. Joseph F. Volker, professor of clinical dentistry. Since fermentable carbohydrates, such as starches and sugars, are thought most likely to cause tooth decay, their harmful effects may be curbed by removing them from the surfaces of teeth with citrus juices, apples, and raw vegetables.

❖ CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN, late composer of "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water," was as modest as he was famous. Before his death the National Federation of Music Clubs had voted to place his name in the Hall of Fame, but Mr. Cadman asked that it be withdrawn, adding, "I feel that it is better to let future generations be the judge as to whether one's work for American music warrants such recognition." He will ever be remembered as the one who has done most to capture the spirit of American Indian lore in music. His composition "At Dawning" sold more than a million copies and made him a comfortable fortune.

❖ CHARLES SUMNER WOOLWORTH, multimillionaire, who in partnership with his brother, Frank W. Woolworth, originated the first famous Woolworth 5-and-10-cent store, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, died recently at the age of 90 years. Employed by his brother to sweep the floor at \$4 a week, Charles soon worked up to a partnership, and helped start a chain of stores in 1881. Today the company has 1,945 distributing centers throughout America alone, sells goods of all prices totaling more than five hundred and fifty million dollars in sales a year, and employs approximately 100,000 persons.

❖ A TINY comma-shaped bacteria about one-fifth-thousandth of an inch long found in salt water sediments may be the means of vastly expanding present oil fields. Tests performed by the University of California during the past three years have proved that when the microorganism is injected into old exhausted wells it aids in the formation of new oil from organic matter or crowds diffused oil into pools, from which it may be pumped. Despite its infinitesimal size scientists have nicknamed it *halocytro-carbonoclasticus*.

❖ ACCORDING to the latest survey, American airlines are definitely in the red since the war. Operational costs, expansion, internal management disputes, poor financing, and a "rash" of bad accidents are blamed for the industry's illness. Increased passenger rates and extensive cargo hauling seem to be the only consoling outlook for business in 1947.

❖ JUST in case Generalissimo Francisco Franco, Premier of Spain, is ever forced from power, he has purchased a castle in Ireland where he can take refuge.

❖ BOSTON Symphony Violinist George Zazofski reported his \$7,000 violin stolen after a concert in Alexandria, Virginia. It was recovered in a pawnshop, where it had been pawned for \$12.

❖ SISTER ELIZABETH KENNY retired from her public polio work in America after spending seven years at the Kenny Foundation in Minneapolis, Minnesota. After a three-month tour of Europe, she plans to return to her home in Australia.

❖ THREE British ports, Devonport, Portsmouth, and Sheerness, are saving about 2,000 tons of coal a week by using twenty-six submarines as floating power-generating stations, it has been disclosed. Each vessel supplies 1,000 kilowatts of electricity a day to the dockyards.

❖ THE latest edition of the *United States Pharmacopoeia* has removed the century-old tincture of iodine, the favorite disinfectant for cuts. Hereafter the familiar 7 per cent tincture will be dropped in favor of a milder 2 per cent solution. The weaker mixture will be just as efficient as an antiseptic and has the advantage of not retarding healing by destroying tissue, a frequent fault of the stronger remedy.



Couriers for Christ



Forty-five years ago a colporteur filled with zeal and love for the third angel's message sold a copy of "Daniel and the Revelation" to the father of Alexia Hulse. At that time she was just a young girl, living at home with her parents in Mexico. At the time of delivery of the book the colporteur gave the family a Bible study on Daniel 2, which made a deep impression upon their minds. They read some in the new book, but not much, as none of them took a special interest in the message it contained. Time passed; the colporteur became discouraged and left the literature ministry. A little later he left the truths of the third angel's message entirely and went out of the church to walk with the world.

Alexia grew to womanhood, had a young daughter of her own, and was living in Belize, British Honduras, when another colporteur called at her home and began to talk with her about God's special truths for this last day of earth's history. Later when she indicated that she was really interested, Bible studies were held with her. She accepted the truth presented and was baptized.

As this sister was going down the street in Belize one day, whom should she meet but the ex-colporteur, who had sold "Bible Readings" to her father. She greeted him with:

"Do you know what?"

"No," he returned. "What?"

"I am a baptized Seventh-day Adventist."

His surprise was great, and he could only ask, "Where are you living?"

She told him, and he assured her that he was coming to see her. This he did, and was overjoyed to learn of the part the book he had sold long ago had in her conversion. She invited him to visit the Seventh-day Adventist church in Belize. He came, but at first would not enter and only stood outside listening. Later he came in, sat down, and listened to the preaching. He is now a baptized member, and his wife was baptized with him.