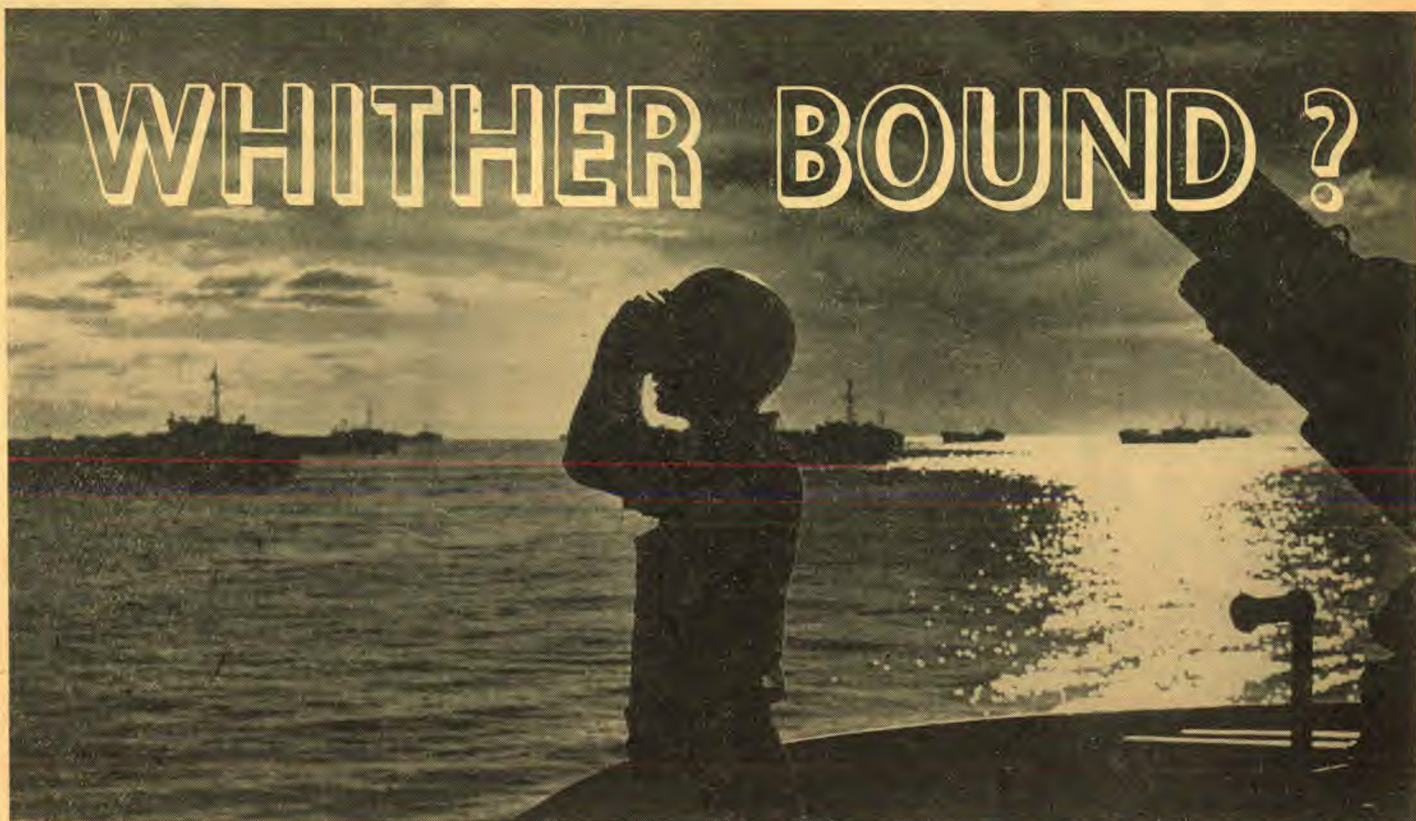


The Youth's Instructor

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WHITHER BOUND ?



U.S. COAST GUARD

IN JULY of 1945 a great white cloud of smoke rose over Hiroshima, and a new age had begun. In all probability it is the last era in the history of the world. How necessary it is that we seriously consider the changes which are taking place in order to formulate a workable, practical philosophy for this atomic age.

In the field of transportation former standards of speed and comfort have been relegated to the same niche in human thinking as the horse and buggy and the first automobile. Man has outdone himself in devising safer, faster, and more comfortable methods of transportation from one part of the globe to another. A half century ago mile-a-minute speed was considered phenomenal; now man has almost exceeded the speed of sound. Once an ocean crossing was a long trip; now man talks of visiting the planets. The upholstered coach seat in a railroad train was an important advance in traveling comfort; now modern streamliners are featuring observation cars, children's playrooms, and individual sleeping quarters.

The changes in military strategy have been even more drastic and spectacular

By **DARRELL D. HOLTZ**

than those in transportation. Comparatively new developments, such as the bazooka, radar, and rockets, have been all but forgotten as we have heard of jet propulsion, atomic weapons, and other fearful methods of destruction. All man's God-given creative ingenuity has been turned to the devising of new and more effective methods of exterminating himself. The block busters of yesterday are replaced by atom bombs, bacteria bombs, and chemical dust—the five-hundred-mile-an-hour pursuit planes are outdistanced by jet-propelled fighters approaching the speed of sound—the mammoth B-29, with its range of seven thousand miles, is dwarfed by the B-36, with its six motors, increased bomb load, and range of ten thousand miles. On the drawing boards of scientific designers everywhere are projected weapons which will completely revolutionize the science of warfare.

The changes in industry resulting from the atomic age are still in the embryonic stage, but some of the projected changes are atomic generators, and atomic power

plants for cars and trucks. In the near future the world may see startling innovations that will relegate present factory systems to the scrap heap and greatly increase the productive power of the nations of the world.

Political science too has been transformed. Leading figures of the world of politics now talk in terms of a commonwealth of nations, a world federation, or a superstate which will end forever the problem of world peace. Former isolationist nations are now internationally minded since great powers have crumbled in defeat. The victors are quarreling over the division of the spoils, subject nations clamor for independence, and statesmen are meeting to decide the fate of millions.

In the field of religious thinking many changes have been brought about by this new age. On every hand religious leaders are proclaiming the need for a "modern" religion, a "revitalized" faith, a "renovated" truth, or some other perversion of the faith of our fathers. The people of the world, finding their present forms of godliness incapable of meeting the challenge of this age, are drawn to these re-

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Let's Talk It Over

THE judgment was set, and the books were opened!"

This arresting statement, made by the prophet Daniel, climaxes his vivid word picture of the majestic scene which takes place in heaven at the beginning of that solemn day when the characters and lives of men and women living on the earth begin to pass in review before the Judge of the universe, who will render to each one "according to his works."

Following Daniel's prophecy through, we can easily place this event in October of 1844, at the close of the twenty-three-hundred-day prophetic period. As God who is the Ancient of days, took His throne, Christ, our High Priest and Advocate, entered the most holy place in the heavenly sanctuary. Attended by angels, He there appeared in the presence of His Father, "to engage in the last acts of His ministration in behalf of men—to perform the investigative judgment, and to make atonement for all" who are judged entitled to its benefits.

For one hundred and three years this work has been going on. The lives of all from Adam down to the present time, who have professed belief in Jesus and in the efficacy of His atoning blood to wash away sin, are being reviewed. There can be no mistake in the record, for angels have kept it faithfully, accurately.

And "the books were opened!" "What books?" you ask.

There is the *book of life*, which contains the names of all who have ever entered the service of God.

There is the *book of remembrance*, wherein is written every deed of righteousness, every temptation resisted, every evil overcome, every word of tender pity spoken, every act of sacrifice, every suffering and every sorrow endured for Christ's sake.

There is also a record *book of the sins of men*, "for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing," in that solemn time, which is today—yes, this very moment! (True enough, this judgment began with the righteous dead, but long ago their cases were decided, and at this time the names of professed Christians now living are being called up one by one.)

"Opposite each name in the books of heaven is entered, with terrible exactness, every wrong word, every selfish act, every unfulfilled duty, and every secret sin,

with every artful dissembling. Heavenly warnings or reproofs neglected, wasted moments, unimproved opportunities, the influence exerted for good or for evil, with its far-reaching results, all are chronicled by the recording angel."

Even secret purposes and motives are all written in these books "in the unerring register."

AND what is the standard of measurement in this judgment? The law of God, otherwise known as the Ten Commandments. Remember the inspired words of the wise man: "Fear God, and keep His commandments: for *this is the whole duty of man*"?

This law, as given by His own voice on Mount Sinai, is recorded in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. There man's duty to God and his duty to his fellow men are clearly set forth. In vision Ellen G. White, the Lord's chosen messenger, saw the tables of stone on which God wrote these ten precepts for His servant Moses. She tells us that on one table were four, on the other six; that the four on the first table shone brighter than the other six; and that the fourth, the Sabbath commandment, shone above them all. There was a bright halo all around it, indicating that it had been set apart to be observed all down through the ages in honor of the Creator's holy name.

But the world at large observes another day—Sunday—following the guidance of the Roman Catholic Church, which, as acknowledged by her own leaders, places tradition above the plain command of God's Inspired Word, and has boldly "thought to change times and laws."

As the investigative judgment progresses case by case, as we recognize from fulfilling prophecies and from signs all around us in earth and sea and sky that Christ's coming is near, the lines between those who observe the true Sabbath and those who observe the false Sabbath will be more and more clearly drawn. Before final sentences are passed, every person will have considered this question of which day to observe, will have understood clearly the claims of each for his allegiance, and made his own deliberate decision.

At the very end of time there will be just two classes of people in the world—those who observe the true Sabbath, the

seventh day of the week; and those who observe Sunday, the first day of the week. Then "while one class, by accepting the sign of submission to earthly powers, receive the mark of the beast, the other, choosing the token of allegiance to divine authority, receive the seal of God," one will receive the Master's "Well done"; the other, His stern condemnation to death.

Today the sands in the hourglass of time are almost run. We stand on the very brink of a "time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation"—a time when the only ones to escape will be those "that shall be found written in the book" of life. We are face to face with the seven last plagues, so vividly foretold by John the revelator, with the glorious second coming of the King of kings, with eternity. The investigative judgment is almost finished. You do not know when your name may come up for consideration; I do not know about mine. Are we recognizing God's claims as supreme in every thought, every word, every act—yes, in every motive and decision of life? Living by such a code will be our only claim to safe refuge under the shadow of His protecting wings when the soon-coming storm breaks in all its fury involving both the church and the world.

Even now the four angels pictured in Revelation 7 are holding back the winds of trouble at Christ's command, holding them until His professed servants have been thoroughly investigated, and judged worthy or unworthy of eternal life. In these uncertain, confusing days it is so easy to let something slip—just some little thing that if not made right will keep one out of heaven.

YES, FRIEND o' mine, "the judgment is set"—right now—today! The books of record are wide open. Their pages are being turned. Names are being called, one by one. *Yours* may be the next, and how, oh, how—

Will you "stand in that great day?"

When every thought, and word, and action,

God, the righteous Judge, shall weigh?"

Lora E. Clement



OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTO

A Captured Photograph Taken by Japanese Servicemen of American and British Civilians in Santo Tomas Internment Camp in Manila

A School Behind Barbed Wire

By RALPH E. LONGWAY*

THE great maelstrom of war swept down upon the Philippine Islands, and the flood tide of the Japanese horde rapidly pushed the heroic defenders back into the mountainous jungles of Bataan. The British and American civilians of our city of Baguio had no escape from the invaders, and after three terror-filled weeks of bombs and bullets we were captured by the Japanese army. Gruff, unwashed little soldiers with gleaming bayonets and merciless, war-hardened faces herded us into crude concentration camps. Our free, plentiful days were ended; we faced the forlorn bitter life of prisoners of war.

The weather-beaten, shrapnel-ridden barracks of Camp John Hay replaced our comfortable homes, and we were forced to fight for a mere crust of bread or a cup of water. As a group of disheveled, anxious internees gathered about him like sheep, a haughty Japanese lieutenant growled the despotic policy of the imperial army. Despite his bewildering gabble there was no misunderstanding the soul-chilling words that we managed to catch, "You are not your own. You are the property of the Japanese army. The American army has mercy; the Japanese army is not so merciful."

Being the hungry property of the Jap-

anese army, and unused to privation, we young people of school age scarcely dared think of our studies for over a month. Only after enduring a gradual toughening to raw conditions did we again think of our education and try to gather the fragments of a tragically interrupted school year. No sooner had we opened our books in an effort to form a primitive school than the camp commandant was moved with an undefined suspicion. He unceremoniously took our books for censorship, and forbade us to assemble in any groups of more than two or three.

But even while we were barred from formal schooling for months, a few of us met regularly at the mat on the plank floor that served as sleeping quarters for a China missionary. Old Testament history was our subject, and besides keeping our minds on the lesson, we had to keep an eye on all comers. If anyone saw a Japanese of any kind, the Book disappeared into the bedding as we tried to tie up our shoelaces or reach for an inoffensive magazine. Often as we met for class we would wonder, "How many times will we have to hide the Book today?" Studying the Word of God in virtual secrecy fastened the lessons indelibly in our minds.

School was thus carried on in a hide-and-seek manner until our camp was transferred to a more fortunate location and the guards tired of enforcing their

petty rules. Also, when the Japanese rounded up a group of fugitives in the hills, many of them proved to be teachers, and the increase in the potential faculty heightened our desire for a regular school. We were too well aware of the useless, wasted life of the prisoner, and feared lest our duress mean years of utterly lost time. Resolved to continue our studies at all hazards and to bring good out of evil, every young person in our camp signed a petition asking the commandant to let us start a school. Our representatives introduced the plea with high hopes, and the commandant finally agreed, with reservations, to permit such a project.

The limitations forced on our new school were both vexing and amusing. Our captors were determined to stamp out all trace of democracy and its ideals, so they emphatically prohibited the teaching as they put it of "Bible history, geography, or American history as it applies to democratic government." They were equally anxious to substitute their own culture and language in the curriculum. If there was to be a school, all students were to study the Japanese language. Our teachers humbly accepted the terms, and content that we had submitted to their will, the authorities pronounced imperial approval.

The obvious attempt to orientalize our lives was lost from the start. The teachers arranged for the inclusion of the forbidden classes, giving them inoffensive names. History flourished under the cloaks of *reading* and *biography*, while geography was dressed up as *physiography*. Either our commandant was not well acquainted with his dictionary or was too indolent to investigate the queerly named courses, but the teachers were always wary of discovery. We posted watchmen in each class, and if they sighted an officer they broadcast a warning and textbooks vanished as if by magic. It was not uncommon to be discussing the Battle of Bunker Hill one moment and considering the Spanish subjunctive tenses the next. For the language of Nippon we all shared a lack of interest, and after the first week only four dutiful students remained in that class.

Our little dingy-green schoolhouse was once the home of a Filipino officer, and we had to make many adjustments before we had turned the house into acceptable classrooms. Someone had built a fire on the floor of the native kitchen, and dyed the roughly boarded walls with soot. The floors had long before lost any pretense of paint. Our carpenters hammered some boards together in the form of benches, and set them under pock-marked tables. This barbaric furniture was far from artistic or comfortable, but just outside was a glorious contrast of nature. Through our windows we could gaze upon the earth as God made it, rolling in mountainous beauty to the Pacific Ocean, twenty miles away. What a con-

* This is a factual account of my own experience during the three years that I was interned in a Japanese prison camp in the Philippine Islands.

trast there is between the bounties of God in nature and the depravity of man in war. As we gazed we longed to flee the pent-up privation of our prison and to roam the unfettered hills. But there was no escape; we had to make the best of our plight and to use stoically our meager resources.

Though we lacked in equipment, we had no shortage of teachers, all qualified with degrees from colleges and universities around the world. The faculty was assorted and colorful. The English teacher and principal was an Anglican priest. We were dragged through the tangle of mathematics by a Methodist missionary, as a burly mining engineer thundered on chemistry in the next room. From all walks of life and of many creeds, our teachers selflessly conducted a tuitionless school better than they had taught for a salary. They were wonderfully patient in the nervous turmoil of prison life, and they were the guiding force that kept us at our purpose. Our teachers gave their all to the betterment of the young people of our camp, and though teaching under handicaps and suspicion, they imparted to us an abundance of knowledge far in excess of that received by students in an ordinary school.

Often an entire class would form about one tattered textbook. We listened intently to our instructor at classtime, but the great problem was for all of us to find a time to study the assignment. The book schedule was soon complicated beyond unraveling, and one time-minded student was overheard explaining, "Don's got the book right now, and Sue wants it at 4:30. Mike's bid for it after that, and I get it when he's through. I'm supposed to pass it on to Loyal, so maybe we'd better study together."

Books may have been scarce, but the desire for knowledge was keen and abundant, and we learned more than if we could have drawn from a whole library. Our interest and the teachers' enthusiasm more than made up for the lack in conventional tools of education.

We had to rely on our own resources for everything we needed, and natural ingenuity served to produce many an "impossible" necessity. We rummaged through an enormous heap of waste, discarded files, and police records for our writing paper. Algebra problems we puzzled out on the backs of railroad forms, enlistment blanks, or a gold-mining corporation's reports. Term papers and essays we scrawled on rainbow-hued kindergarten paper that faded in the sun. White paper was a rarity, and once we lined up for over an hour while a carefully counted supply of a dozen sheets was delivered to each student. When we ran out of ink, a bearded miner collected soot from a lamp and stirred it with a little of our priceless chemicals. The jet-black suspension would write legibly with a dip pen. In

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MEYERS PHOTO

A MESSAGE for JACK

By JEAN PAYNE

HAVE you ever been haunted by a "ghost of might-have-been"? I have. I know now what I should have said to Jack that evening—now that he has gone and I can never tell him.

You see, we had been talking about China. Jack works for a large construction company, and he was planning to leave soon for the Philippines. Later he hoped to be transferred to China.

Now, if I have ever had a special interest in any particular mission field it has been China, so I told him of my desire to go there someday.

"Well," said Jack, "if I were you, and wanted to go to China, I'd get a job with some big company that has offices over there. They would pay for your first-class transportation, and you would see the same scenery as you would if you went on a vacation cruise. Then when you arrived at the destination of your choice, you would have your job waiting for you, with a good amount to bank every month and plenty to spend. How does that sound?"

I agreed that it sounded like a delightful plan. What I did not say was that my interest in China lay deeper than seeing the country. If I go to China I want to go back into the interior, away from the cities, and serve in some mission station

among the most needy of her people. I want to be of real aid to someone. I want really to help, not just travel as a sight-seer.

Why I did not express my true feelings I do not know, but the conversation drifted on to other topics, and we soon parted. Jack went on his way to the Philippines and—to China. I have never seen him since.

One evening not long ago as I sat alone in my room, I thought it all over. China, Jack, his advice, his plans and ideals. They were in direct contrast to mine. Suddenly it all became clear. It seemed so logical that it was almost surprising:

If I ever do get to China I will go in almost exactly the way Jack described. I will be working for the best organization that was ever in business. It is the oldest corporation in history and has the most capital and natural resources. As for my transportation, it will be provided. It will be the same trip, and the same scenery.

And when I arrive, there will be work waiting for me, with plenty to do and a good salary. Of course, I will never have a large bank account, but my needs will be supplied. The Manager is kind and considerate. All He asks is that each employee live up to the company rules and regulations.

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Rails of Peril

By T. AUSTIN DAVIS

WE BRAGGED of our speed and of passing everything on the road. "Straightening out the roads" was repeated often, and we "burned rubber" on almost every turn. It was true—we were making good time, getting there fast, but not cognizant of potential consequences.

That day was an ideal one for traveling, and my new long-awaited, highly prized automobile cruised along smoothly, responding with increasing surges of power as my foot pressed the accelerator. What a delightful, carefree feeling to actually be flying through space, enjoying every minute of it, sensing not the slightest indication of danger.

Several times a fleeting question flitted through my mind: What might happen if a tire blew out or if we encountered a sharp turn? But the tires were new—no danger there; and no turns would be so sharp that I could not make them, unless I failed to heed the highway signs. Maybe we were taking dangerous risks, but "we have to get home, don't we?" I argued with myself. "After all, we've been on the road so long that everyone is tired."

Evening came, and with it dusk. After a snack to eat we settled down to another night of driving. Somehow we took a wrong turn, and before we were back on the right road it was nine o'clock. Being somewhat irritated at the loss of two hours, I vowed with renewed determina-

tion to push that car to the limit, even though we were in the mountains.

The machine zipped along as smoothly as one could wish as we began a long decline outside of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Our speed increased as we approached the bottom of the hill, and all at once my drowsy brain realized that I had come to a sharp, steep turn, and as I took it on two wheels I saw ahead two sets of railroad tracks crossing just beyond the curve. I do not think I was fully awake until screeching brakes had left tire marks on the highway for sixty feet. There was a terrific bump as we bounced off the road, four more jolts and a sickening thud as the car vaulted over railroad tracks and plowed into a bank. For an instant I sat dazed, frozen, my fingers like steel grips on the wheel. During that moment everything seemed to stop; time reversed itself, and I found myself carried back to early summer.

I had been expecting a car for a long time; then one day—shortly after my birthday—I was told that it was in and that I could get it "tomorrow." I remember that I was too excited to sleep that night or for several nights that followed. How wonderful it was having a shiny new automobile. I was just like a child with a new toy. I drove it everywhere. Every Friday afternoon was spent washing and polishing it; after all, it had to be ready for the Sabbath too! I vowed to

be very careful so nothing could ever happen to put a scratch on my new car. An accident? No, oh, no! I would *never* have an accident. Such a misfortune could never happen to me! At that moment I was startled to actuality by my sister's words, "Austin," she said with her eyes on the speedometer, "you just can't go *that* fast!"

PUBLISHERS' PHOTO

Our New Car Was Stuck on the Railroad Tracks! Would the Engineer of the Oncoming Train See Us in Time?

A quick glance showed that we had missed a concrete block on our left by inches, and a signal post on our right by several feet. One more glance showed three tires flat and the car standing across one set of tracks, having suffered apparently no other damage, not even a scratch on its body. I tried to back up, but to no avail, and I could not go forward because of the embankment. Then through the foggy night, from around a long hill, an ominous sound reached my ear. A train whistle! I listened—praying that it might not be so. But then came another whistle, and my heart sank.

My first impulses were wild ones. I had left the car, but now I jumped back in and pumped the accelerator to the floor, releasing the clutch abruptly. The only result was the pungent smell of burning rubber as the tires spun futilely against the rails. Desperately I looked for stones, sticks—anything to jack up the rear end, but as each idea proved useless, I again tried to back the machine.

I had to do something! Three o'clock in the morning; my new car stuck on the railroad tracks, an easy, vulnerable prey for the great engine with its cowcatcher braced in defiance of anything it might happen to engage. Another shrieking whistle, and cold sweat oozed down my chilled spine. This one was nearer than the others had been—yes, *very* near. In a matter of seconds the train would be around the long hill. I pictured the rapidly approaching monster drawing closer, closer, closer, then the impact of massive iron and steel against my beautiful little battalion-beige car. If the train were on the other track, how thankful I would be, but what if it were not?

At this thought panic again seized me. If I could not stop the engine the above would be a reality. But how could I stop it? It was dark, the night was overshadowed with heavy fog, and the engineer could never see me waving. My frantic brain remembered the GI flashlight in the glove compartment. In an instant it was in my hand and I had started down the tracks toward the oncoming train. Just as I began to run I noticed my sister, her one-year-old baby in her arms, kneeling on that cold, wet ground beseeching the Lord on our behalf. I also paused for a moment of prayer. Then I raced on down the tracks, not knowing that trains use the right-hand tracks just as automobiles use the right side of the road. My heart pounded like a piston, and every breath was a sucking gasp which came with great difficulty. At each step I breathed a prayer that the train would be on the other track. I remember also that I kept repeating, "I hope it is; I hope it is."

I ran on, stumbling and falling, not feeling the cut on my leg, nor knowing it was there until my trousers were soaked with blood. With that flashlight in my

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Through the Hedge to a Mission Field

By JOAN BATTEE

DO YOU want to be a missionary? Does the longing and the desire to help others to find Christ and the plan of salvation inspire you to more earnest service? Does the zeal and enthusiasm of Paul rush through your veins in a great desire to tell others the love of Christ, others who have not had a chance to hear the sweetest story ever told? Does the warm fire of love burning in your heart glow in your actions as you live the motto "Others"? Does every faculty of your body, mind, and soul press forward to help you contribute your part to the writing of God's final chapter of the Acts of the Apostles?

Wherever we may live, our own homeland, our own state, our own county, or our own city is perhaps the greatest mission field on the earth. Many of us will not have the opportunity to go overseas. Yet we want to be missionaries. Why not improve the opportunities at home?

Next door to me lives a lovely family. The children are Donnie, Sophie, and baby Susan. The father works hard to earn an honest living for them, but somehow all three little folks have an undernourished look. It is not that the mother does not care for them the best she knows how, for she does. One summer day when I had gone around the hedge to borrow a cup of sugar I found that even small Susan could drink a glass of beer and like it. Why does the mother permit them to put such poison into their bodies? She does not know any better; nobody has told her or her husband of the harmful effects of alcohol. Do I have any duty toward them?

Down across Sutter Street live a young man and his beautiful wife. Delores has plenty of talent. Her fingers are the key to an entirely new world when she sits down at the piano. And Jack has a great future before him. They will both make a success of life if somebody will tell them that drinking and smoking and a continued program of late hours will ruin their health. They do not know that their bodies are the temple of the God of heaven. Nobody has told them.

Mr. Jacobs heads a large firm in my city. Day after day he is absorbed in his business. To him it is the most important thing in his life. But somehow he is unhappy, even though he has plenty of money and there is nothing in this world that he wants or needs. He has all that

life without Christ can hold. If only he could catch a vision of the joy of unselfish Christian service!

I know a fine boy of seventeen. He has ambition and plenty of energy to go with it. Somehow he fell into bad company and is using his ambition and energy in the wrong direction. His brilliant mind has been sidetracked. But that is not the conclusion of the story. He has a godly sister who is doing her best to help him back on the path that leads to heaven. This is perhaps the highest quality of missionary endeavor.

Several years previous to Jack's graduation from church school as the president of his class his father had died. Jack was the pride of his teachers and friends. Here was a lad with real initiative, with real character. Everything he did seemed to glow with a real Christian spirit. Everyone expected him to continue his education and prepare himself for a place in the Lord's work.

But hard times came; his employed mother found it impossible to send him to a Christian academy. He had several younger sisters who needed to be in church school. As much as she regretted it and keen as was his disappointment, the fact remained that he would have to find a job and help to provide the necessities of life for his sisters.

He found a place all right and worked hard for several months. But times became harder for the family when the mother was partly crippled in an accident, for thereafter the whole responsibility of support rested on his young shoulders. It became necessary for this boy to look for new work that would enable him to earn more. After several attempts he found a good job in a die-casting plant. The wages were twice as high as those he had been receiving. He would have a chance to learn a good trade, and also there was an opportunity for real advancement.

The first week went smoothly, but he was troubled. Every day that he put off telling his boss he was a Seventh-day Adventist and would be unable to work on Saturdays made it harder. He knew what would happen. He would lose his job. Everybody here worked every day but Sunday. When Friday came, he decided that the price was too great. He knew too much about want and hunger and cold. He determined that no more should those he loved be in need.



H. M. LAMBERT

Jack Was the Pride of His Teachers and Friends. Everyone Expected Him to Prepare for a Place in the Lord's Work

Early Sabbath morning he left for work as usual. Since his mother's bedroom was in the front of the house and his was in back, she had no idea but that he had gone to Sabbath school. Surely God would understand, he reasoned.

Sabbath after Sabbath he rounded the corner which led beyond the church to his place of employment. As time went on he became hardened to the idea of working on Sabbath. Other things came into his life which did not belong there—rough language, a smoke once in a while, and even a drink when it was offered to him. Everybody drank, and his new friends had jeered at him until he had just tasted the vile stuff. Of course, its use became easier with each passing day.

Time passed. World War II came, and Bill enlisted in the United States Army. He was a good soldier and soon rose in

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EVERY night as the ship plowed southward we went out on deck and looked at the North Star. Winking at us approvingly, it seemed like an old friend up there in the heavens. But each night it was closer and closer to the horizon, and finally we could see it no more.

That was the night that the first mate told us that we were passing between two notable islands. Of course they were both so far away that we did not even glimpse them. One was St. Helena, and the other

It seemed as if I would be catapulted out at any moment.

My husband's shoes went clattering across the floor, only a minute later to come scurrying back. Books crashed from the shelves, and a large overstuffed chair walked amiably about as if wishing to get acquainted with other parts of the room.

"What is this? What is this?" my companion cried, sitting up in bed, clutching its sides for support. We both put on dressing gowns and rushed out on deck to see what was causing the commotion.

thing in readiness, so we could go ashore with as little red tape and confusion as possible.

We packed our suitcases and roped our trunks, leaving out last-minute necessities. Everyone was hilarious. Most of the passengers celebrated the nearness of Africa with beverages stronger than Adam's ale. But we contented ourselves by leaning on the railing and straining our eyes toward where the land would surely come into view. Everyone secretly resolved to be the first one to see it.

When the supper bell rang, the boat was tossing so that, while I was not sick, the food did not look particularly appetizing. I took an apple and a pear to my cabin. Every other passenger went to supper. Suddenly I heard a knock at my door. It was the purser and the mate. "You shall be the first to see Cape Town," they whispered. "Come up on deck and take a look at Table Mountain!"

I was as excited as I used to be on Christmas Eve. Forgetting dignity, we all raced down passageways and up several sets of stairs, finally arriving on the top deck. There, gleaming through the mists, stood the purple outlines of Table Mountain just as Vasco da Gama saw it centuries ago!

Standing there, I wondered if my feeling of exultation was commensurate with that of the great explorer of the olden days. He was seeking a passage to the Indies—and gold, spices, exotic fruits, and rolls of silken cloth. Well, I too was seeking gold, "tried in the fire," eyesalve, and white raiment. And I was seeking a sure passage to the "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere."

I knew that when I reached land, Hottentots would not gather and stare at me in wonder as they stared at the Portuguese mariners. I had no beads or red calico to

Where You Want Me

PART III

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS

was Tristan da Cunha. I had first heard of the latter when I was studying biology at Emmanuel Missionary College, under Prof. Burton Phipps. It has a history of isolation similar to that of Pitcairn Island, but minus the bloodshed. The inhabitants, when they were discovered about the time of World War I, seemed to be normal people although for many years the few families had intermarried.

North of us lay the celebrated St. Helena, where Napoleon was forced to spend his life, after the One Hundred Days. There is only a single village on the rugged mountainous island, and that is Jamestown.

The water was beautiful on those starlit nights in mid-Atlantic. Near the ship it gleamed with phosphorescence, and rarely we glimpsed the lights of other boats. The Pleiades was bright overhead, and we could see Cassiopeia and Orion gleaming like studs of silver in the black tapestry of the heavens. Sirius blinked at us above the ship's funnel. I looked at it long and often, and thought of how the ancient Egyptians used to base the length of their year on the rising of that very star. Moses gazed upon it, and the children of Israel, from their house of bondage. And scholars today still wrestle with the cycle of Sirius—the Sothic cycle—trying to place dynasties, and events in proper sequence.

Twenty-two days on the water is a long time to travel with nothing but heaving masses of brine in sight. But we did see a whale spout once, and also a school of dolphins leaping and playing. Although neither of us suffered from seasickness, we finally got heartily sick of the sea. One morning I awakened and clung to my bunk as if it were a bucking broncho.

The first mate, and the bos'n were there, drenched to the skin by the lashing waves.

They laughed at us.

"We are getting uncomfortably near the Cape of Good Hope," the bos'n explained, "and have run into the edge of a storm." This is mild, compared to what it could be," the mate added. "They have big blows down here, where the Indian and the Atlantic oceans meet."

"So over there is the Cape of Good Hope," I mused, scanning the heaving eastern sky line. Through these very waters the unwieldy Portuguese vessels sailed five hundred years ago in search of a new route to the Indies!

It was Friday, and they told us that we would dock in Table Bay at Cape Town early on Sabbath morning. If we had to disembark then, we wanted to get every-



A Taxi Took Us From the Boat Into the Modern City of Cape Town Where We Boarded a Train for Claremont, a Beautiful Suburb in Which the Headquarters Offices of the Southern African Division Are Located

trade for vast tracts of land. The Hottentots are gone now, and where they lived for centuries, lies the modern city of Cape Town.

Before we were up the next morning, the boat had glided silently into her berth. We were just dressed when D. A. Webster came on board to welcome us to Africa and take care of many details about which we knew little.

There at the port we met the jolliest, most rotund, and agreeable customs officer I have ever seen. He did not have the growl and the snarl that I thought was a

part of the usual customs official's physical equipment.

After he had asked us several questions in his high-keyed voice, all the while keeping up a running stream of jokes and quips, I looked into his face searchingly.

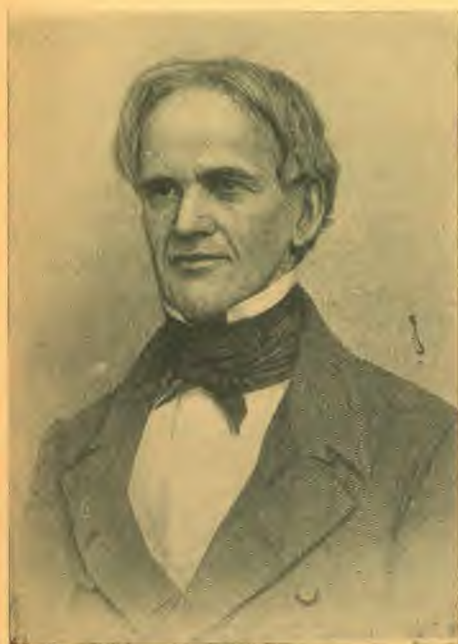
"Tell me," I asked, "did you, by chance, ever kiss the Blarney Stone?"

His face crinkled with laughter.

He shouted in delight, "An' how did ye guess it? Faith, me mither was born in Limerick, and me father was reared in Belfast. Dublin was me home. I was born there sixty-four years ago!"

A taxicab took us up into the city. Mr. Webster got our train tickets, and we were soon on the way to Claremont, a suburb of Cape Town. From the car window we glimpsed houses that homesick Englishmen and Dutchmen must have built. The whole city, climbing up the gentle slopes of Table Mountain, was a colorful vista of Dutch thatch, cream-colored plaster, and red tile. Thick hedges trimmed with geometric exactness surrounded the houses and made one think of the rolling beauty of an English countryside.

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Horace Mann Saw a Better Way of Life and Practiced It

"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

DR. JOY ELMER MORGAN, former editor of the *Journal of the National Educational Association*, recently wrote a fine little book entitled *Horace Mann—His Ideas and Ideals*. "None of Horace Mann's writings," says Dr. Morgan, "are more eloquent and convincing than those on health and temperance. Throughout his career, first as a college student, then as a lawyer and statesman, later as educator and college president, he was a vigorous and outspoken enemy of beverage alcohol." As a young man, in a day like ours, when drinking and its evils were common, Horace Mann saw a better way of life and practiced it. He wrote:

"Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day and at last we cannot break it. . . . I early formed the resolution to be a slave to no habit!"

To his students at Antioch College, of which he became the first president, Mann addressed the convincing argument that it is folly to dissipate one's highest energies in harmful indulgences.

HORACE MANN'S *Challenge*

By ERNEST LLOYD

"Live for others," he told them, "Nothing today prevents this earth from being a paradise but error and sin. These errors, these sins you must assail. The disabilities of poverty; the pains of disease; the enervations and folly of fashionable life; the brutishness of appetite and the demonisms of passion; the crowded vices of cities; . . . the retinue of calamities that come through ignorance; the woes of intemperance; the wickedness of oppression whether of the body or of the soul; these are the hosts against which a war of extermination is to be waged, and you are to be the warriors."

The words of Horace Mann's last address to a graduating class come with equal challenge to the young people of today.

"I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts my parting words: Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

In his little book Dr. Morgan calls attention to the arresting statement of America's early educational leader to a group of teachers in Ohio on the diabolical influence of the liquor traffic: "It is no extravagance to say that the sum total of prudence, of wisdom, of comfort, of exemplary conduct, and of virtue would have been today sevenfold what they are throughout the world but for the existence of intoxicating beverage among men; and that the sum total of poverty, of wretchedness, of crime, and of sorrow, would not be one-tenth part today what they are now but for the same prolific, overflowing foundation of evil. No one can deny that intemperance carries ruin everywhere. It reduces the fertile farm to

barrenness. It suspends industry in the shop of the mechanic. It banishes skill from the cunning hand of the artisan and the artist. . . . It spreads sudden night over the solar splendors of genius. But nowhere is it so ruinous as in the school and college, and upon the person and character of the student himself."

Horace Mann's robust and intelligent statements on America's greatest menace—intemperance—remind us at once of similar ones in "The Liquor Traffic" chapter in *Ministry of Healing*, written by Ellen G. White. You have the book. Read again the gripping words of God's messenger on the tragic influence of liquor drinking, and the appeal that she makes to us today to attempt larger things in enlightening the people everywhere on the subject of temperance.

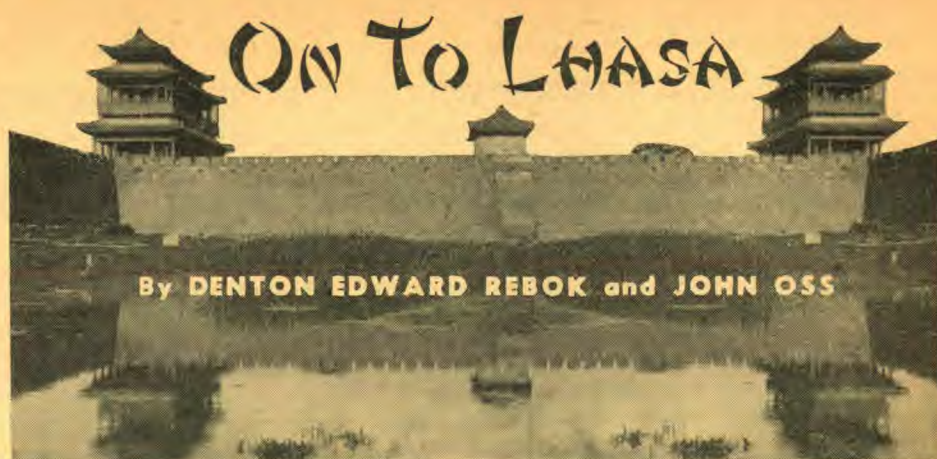
The challenge to aid in temperance reformation comes to our Seventh-day Adventist youth particularly because of the knowledge they possess on true temperance, and because youth everywhere are in special need of temperance education today. What can we do as Adventist youth? One of the best ways to help in this educational program is through personal work with literature. New and attractive temperance literature for juniors, senior youth, and adults is coming from the presses of our publishing houses in the form of up-to-date small books, papers, and tracts. The great need of the hour is the need for thousands of our young men and young women to give a little time to the placing of this literature among the youth of their own communities. Let no Adventist youth hesitate to serve God by having a part in this important work.

IT IS one thing to travel about in a strange country amid a strange people whose language you do not understand, see strange sights and hear strange sounds; but it is quite another and indeed a real experience to settle down among them and make that strange land your home and place to work.

It is rather easy to live in the good old U.S.A. with relatives and friends, surrounded by all the conveniences of home and loved ones, with corner groceries, drugstores, laundries, cleaners, tailors, gas stations, and servicemen handy. But it takes real Christian grace and a love for the souls of men as well as youthful Christian courage to cross the trackless ocean and walk or be carried on the backs of human beasts of burden up mountains and through valleys thousands of miles away from home and loved ones to a spot in Central Asia with absolutely none of the creature comforts and conveniences which have been our birthright.

But youth is ever ready to accept a challenge and do and dare for God and fellow man, be he white or black or red or yellow. Christian youth are good soldiers who do not stop to reason why; theirs is but to follow the command—Go! Preach! and make Christians of all men!

And now we backtrack in our narrative to the young missionary who had seen visions of a wide-open Tibet, and had dreamed dreams of mission stations in all parts of that "Closed Land," who was ready with his young wife to cross the mountains between Lanchow and Choni, taking with them a very small supply of



By DENTON EDWARD REBOK and JOHN OSS

You Teach Me » » » » and I Teach You

the common necessities for life, and begin a new home there—a new mission in a hitherto forbidden land so far as missionaries were concerned.

When young Harold Shultz and his faithful companion arrived in Choni in the autumn, they found that their cottage was not yet ready for occupancy. There it stood by the old bridge which crossed the Tao River only partially completed, and they had no assurance of its being ready before spring. The native carpenters in that part of the world have no sense of time, nor do they see any reason for haste or bustle. They may never have seen the epitaph on the tombstone of the Westerner, "Here lies the man who tried to hurry the East," but every workman in the East seems to know this intuitively, and he just *will not* hurry for any man or reason. Patience, and more patience, is needed in order to be a successful missionary in such a land and among such a people, who, by the way, live longer and are much happier than most of us who live such a pell-mell existence from the cradle to the grave.

To add to the troubles of the new arrivals, the one real essential for life on the borders of Tibet, their precious bedstead, was broken in transit via donkey back. And not another one was to be had anywhere short of Montgomery Ward's, who by the way, is the missionary's best friend and universal provider. There was no welding equipment within many, many miles, and so these young pioneers made their bed on the floor, and that in the palace of the prince of Choni, who invited them to stay in his official residence until their own cottage was ready.

D. E. REBOK

Feng Yung Sun, Young Tibetan Priest Who Became a Missionary Volunteer

You will recall that it had been in response to the urgent pleas of this man, Prince Yang Chi-ching, the ruler of the district, that Harold Shultz had decided to settle at Choni. This, together with the fact that Oriental gentlemen are the personification of politeness, courtesy, and helpfulness, caused the prince to open his own palace to the young missionaries.

While living with the prince, Pastor Shultz counseled with him each day regarding every detail connected with the establishment of the mission station, located but a short distance to the west of the government house. Up to that time he had conversed with the prince in the Chinese language, but one day he remarked that since he had come to the community to help the Tibetans it would be wonderful if he might have the privilege of learning their honorable language and thus be able to converse with the people in their own tongue.

The prince was at once highly honored and delighted to think that the American would desire to study his mother tongue. Even Tibetan babies must have language teachers, and nature makes provision for this need by having father and mother—mostly mother—always at hand. But the white missionary was not so provided by nature, so the next best thing was to provide a Tibetan language teacher from among the young men of the country.

Pausing a moment in deep thought, a twinkle came to the eye of the prince, and he said, "I have it. There is a young lama priest named Li, whose ancestral home is in my territory; he will make you an excellent teacher."

That was indeed a crucial moment. What was decided in that brief space of time could make or break the young missionary, would mean the success or failure.

of the whole project. The wrong choice would be full of most serious consequences. The right choice might mean the opening of the doors, the long closed, locked, and barred doors.

Another pause, and the genial old prince continued, "At present this young man is studying for the priesthood at the Labrang Lamasery, but if you want him for a teacher, I shall have him return to Choni at once."

It would be interesting to know just what thoughts were going through that Tibetan mind at that particular moment. Could they have been something like this: "*Om Mani Padme Hum* [Hail! to the Jewel of the Lotus!] Here is a white foreigner who comes from a faraway great and wise country. He knows a lot about the things which have made those Western nations so powerful and great. Now I will give him a fine lama who can teach him the Tibetan language and the Tibetan religion and make him a friend of the Tibetans, whom we can use for our purposes." And what of the thoughts of the young American missionary? Could they have been: "Lord, God of heaven, author of all wisdom, the one who can see the end from the beginning, help at this moment that the right man from among these three million Tibetans may be selected for the mighty task of jarring loose these long-closed doors."

We cannot be sure, but we think the two men were about that far apart in their thinking and their purposes.

Being satisfied with the lama's qualifications as they were outlined to him, the young missionary agreed to accept the offer of the prince. Immediately a special messenger was dispatched to Labrang, a five-day journey overland to the northwest. The order directed Li to return at once and report to the yamen by a certain date for special duty. When Oriental princes issue orders, things begin to move with precision. They have power of life or death, and their subjects know the consequences incident to disobedience.

In due time the young lama student arrived from what we would call the Labrang University, and Prince Yang announced that he was ready to begin his new assignment. Without doubt he had received private instruction as to what he was to do and what results were to be obtained. On receipt of this word Missionary Shultz was introduced to lama teacher Li—pupil and teacher, teacher and pupil. This was not to be a "one-way street" in any sense of the term, and both missionary and teacher would see to that.

One who knew Lama Li well has said, "The priest was a fine-appearing young man. He was somewhat frail in body, but was not lacking in either courage or determination. One experience in his life may attest to this fact. As a mere lad, when beaten by an uncle, who was the head abbot of the lamasery where he was studying, he had crawled over the

wall and had begged his way to distant Lhasa. There he had studied for five years in the palace of the Dalai Lama, the political and temporal ruler of Tibet. He had received a good education and had become very proficient in both reading and writing the Tibetan language."

At first the young lama priest resented his new appointment. It took him away from his friends and the excitement of the lamasery. Then, too, he was very much prejudiced against Christianity, and especially against Christian missionaries, whom

Courage

By VIRGINIA MENDENHALL

Today I thanked my God for courage.
You see, I had been praying for strength . . .
more faith . . . more love for God and His
goodness . . . and courage.
Oh, yes, . . . I needed courage.
There were trials ahead for me, coming closer
. . . ever closer . . . and I did not yet have
the courage to face them.
On they came . . . more earnestly I prayed.
One day . . . the climax.
Would God remember me? My prayers? My
pleading?
Of course . . . I had read His promises.
I had prayed for faith. Faith was there.
I had prayed for courage. I was strong in the
Lord.
I triumphed in an hour of trial.
Today I thanked my God for faith.

he considered intruders. The word of Prince Yang, however, was law, and he accepted the new work without apparent murmur or complaint.

As time went on, the young lama became peculiarly attached to the young missionary and his charming wife. He found that he was not only teaching Tibetan to the foreigners, but that from them he was able to learn the Mandarin dialect of the Chinese language. Hour after hour, day after day, they sounded out the two languages by the direct method, learning the names of things about them, and soon began to put into sentences their thoughts and ideas.

The missionary used the Chinese Bible for his textbook, and the lama teacher absorbed Christianity through the medium of the Chinese characters. He used the sacred writings of Tibet as his textbook, and the missionary learned the Tibetan mind as well as the Tibetan words. It became an "I teach you and you teach me" method—a very profitable and very fruitful approach to two difficult problems.

The young lama teacher had a close friend in the Choni Lamasery—none

other than the young man Feng whom we left as a lad wandering through the chanting halls, and the other one hundred and seventy-two buildings of that institution, learning all about lamaism and the duties of a lama priest. Everything that Li learned from the young missionary he immediately relayed to Feng, now a full-fledged priest in his own right. They became interested in Christianity together. As they met from time to time, they studied the gospel truths with Pastor Shultz. It became an interesting quest for truth, and soon it was apparent that Christianity was making rapid headway into two lama hearts and minds.

These two Tibetan priests were the closest of friends, often speaking of themselves as brothers, though not blood related. They held common views on almost everything, so it was not strange that before long they expressed themselves as being much impressed by the Man Jesus and wondered if they might become His disciples and follow Him.

The simple story of Jesus had broken down prejudice, had opened the doors to two Tibetan hearts.

Yes, Li and Feng came to the conclusion, "We too would see Jesus, and have Him dwell in our hearts by faith." A wonderful decision for any young man or young woman anywhere to make!

Oriental people frequently change their names when some new experience comes to them, when they leave school and enter upon their lifework, or when they transfer from one place to another in some vital phase of their life. Therefore, Pastor Shultz was not surprised when Li and Feng came to him one day and suggested that since they were turning their backs on their old life and old religion and old training, it might be well to change their names.

Becoming Christians as they were, it was but natural that they should desire Christian names. The young missionary rejoiced over that decision. He thanked God for another evidence of the power of the gospel and asked divine guidance that they might select names that would help them bear in mind their new experience at every mention.

The language teacher chose the two Chinese characters *Teh Sheng*, which mean "The Overcomer," or "The Victorious One." His friend Feng decided on the two Chinese words *Yung Sun*, which mean "Eternal Life." There they had it. Li *Teh Sheng*—Li the Overcomer, or Victorious One, and Feng *Yung Sun*—Eternal Life Feng. Fine names! Appropriate names! Names which are full of meaning.

Instead of your name being John Smith, suppose your family and friends should always call you *Overcomer Smith* or *Eternal Life Smith*. Could you then ever forget your acceptance of Christ and His sacrifice for you?

(Chapter 6 of a thrilling mission serial)



H. A. ROBERTS

"Daddy," the Boy's Voice Was Low but Steady, "I Wasn't Too Small-Small for God to Hear Me, Was I?"

Little Small-Small

By EDNA MAYE ALEXANDER

WHAT'S the matter, sonny? Are you lost?"

"Please, sir," Jerry looked up at the big traffic cop with pleading eyes. "Please, sir, can you help me find my daddy?"

"Where do you live, sonny? Do you know your address?"

"Oh, please, mister, no, sir. I mean, yes, sir; I mean, it's my daddy, not *me* that's lost. Daddy's not at my address. He's not been there for two days, and mummie, she's sick; she's been crying for him. So I've really *got* to find him. I think maybe he's drunk; I'd better find him and take him home." Jerry's small face displayed a sense of responsibility far beyond his years.

The policeman was kindhearted, but he was very busy directing the traffic at the busy intersection.

"Look, boy," he said, placing his hand not unkindly on the lad's shoulder, "you'd better run along home. A little fellow like you can't expect to find his dad in this big city."

Jerry opened his mouth to protest, then closed it again. The policeman had turned to hurry up the congested traffic, leaving nothing for the forlorn little figure to do but return home.

It was Miss Parkins who gave Jerry the idea the next day. She was telling the fourth grade about the many public services sponsored by the United States government. Jerry was passively listening until she mentioned the Bureau of Missing Persons.

"Missing persons! That's what daddy is," thought Jerry. He couldn't understand the "Bureau" part, but he knew what "missing persons" meant.

Joe, the eleven-year-old who lived in the flat below Jerry, helped him look for the address in the telephone directory. My, there were so many bureaus! Jerry wondered if the "Missing Persons" one was there, but Joe persisted until he found it.

"Tell you what, Jerry," Joe assumed an authoritative air, considering his seniority right of two years. "You better take —" and he gave detailed instructions concerning trolleys and busses.

With a mere slip of paper indicating his destination, Jerry set forth. The bus driver looked questioningly at him when he showed him the address, saying, "Could you tell me how to get there?"

But the earnest determination on the lad's face stopped any inquiries. "You go down that way two blocks. It's that second

big building on this side of the street," and the driver gestured toward the building.

Jerry was naturally a timid boy, and the official-looking men and businesslike secretaries had a frightening way of looking through little boys. But he was so-o-o cold and so-o-o hungry, and mother was so-o-o sick. He opened the door with determination. The place was very large and very noisy. There were ever so many desks, secretaries, and typewriters. Everyone seemed terribly busy except a man sitting on a bench at the side, and no one seemed to notice the pitifully ragged figure bent on his important mission. Finally the girl at the front desk looked up.

"Where do you keep your 'missing persons'?" Jerry asked simply.

The girl looked puzzled.

"I came to look in your Bureau of Missing Persons for daddy," he explained.

She suppressed a smile. "I think you've come to the wrong place, sonny. The Bureau of Missing Persons is on the eleventh floor."

Jerry's face was very hot as he turned quickly away. He felt the eyes of the man on the bench following him as he went out the door.

The thrill of the elevator ride behind him, Jerry marched down the hall to the door marked "Bureau of Missing Persons." This place was quiet, and there were only two desks. The woman at one of the desks surveyed him with surprise. She was obviously shocked to realize that such a sorrowfully clad and undernourished child could exist.

"Please, could you tell me if my daddy's here?"

The woman at the desk drew back. "Does your father work here!"

His face darkened considerably. "Isn't this the Missing Persons Bureau, either?"

"Yes, this is the Bureau of Missing Persons," she agreed.

"Then my daddy—he should be here. You see, he's a missing person!" There was relief in his voice.

"Oh, but I'm afraid you don't understand. We don't have the people here. We merely look for them."

"Then could you look for my daddy? He's—"

But just then the door opened, and a big important man came puffing in. "I'll have some dictation for you in my office in a moment, Miss Dickson," he spoke sharply to the secretary.

Then seeing Jerry, "What's a little tyke like you doing in here? Miss Peters," he spoke to the other secretary, "will you see that the little fellow is taken care of? We can't have little boys disturbing in our office."

And before the protesting Jerry could explain the urgency of his appeal, he was in the hall again. He felt very alone and forsaken. The realization that he was much too small and insignificant to be

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Before THEY CALL

By

FLORENCE NATA LIE

IF SOMEONE were to ask me to repeat my favorite Bible text I might find it somewhat difficult, but it would be a pleasure to repeat favorite scriptures. There are a number of these—one for every mood and for every occasion. I know by experience the truth of the statement made in Isaiah that "before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

During the first years that I taught in one of our denominational schools there was no such thing as a teacher shortage. In fact, there seemed to be an overabundance of workers for all branches of our denominational work. The members of our graduating class realized that it would not do to be too particular about where they went or what they did. A classmate and I were finally booked for a school in Canada. I had taught in the rural schools of my home county, but this was to be my friend's first teaching work.

We were glad that we could make the trip together. We said good-by to friends and former classmates and took one last look at the dear old college. It was a mild hazy October day, but as we traveled northward we noticed that light snow showed up on roofs and car tops, and, later, ice covered some of the small creeks that we could see from the train windows. By the time we reached our destination the ground was covered with a white blanket of snow, and we greatly appreciated the hot-water bottle that had been so thoughtfully placed in our bed. In a day or two more light snow fell, and then it began to storm in earnest.

My friend and I thought we knew what cold weather and snow were like, as she came from one of the North Central States and I was a Midwesterner. However, we changed our minds before that winter was over. Everyone talked about the current weather as compared with the mild winter of the previous year. Not only did the thermometer drop lower and lower and the snow drift higher and higher, but the wind blew with increasing velocity. The home in which we lived had storm windows, but they did little



H. A. ROBERTS

I Know by Experience the Truth of the Text in Isaiah: "Before They Call, I Will Answer; and While They Are Yet Speaking, I Will Hear"

good. We piled on all the bed quilts we had and tried to think that we were comfortable.

But no matter what the weather, school must go on. I do not know where one would find a finer group of young people than were enrolled in the school that year. They were a little older than the average academy group in the States, were accustomed to hard work, and appreciated the privilege of attending one of our denominational schools. Each one carried a full study program, and almost every one had an equally heavy work schedule.

When plans were discussed for the girls' open house, it was decided that a few things should be purchased to assure the success of the entertainment. None of the girls wanted to take the time to go to town, so I told them I would see what I could do. Now, making this trip was no simple matter. A car went in only occasionally; the sled catered to groups. I was only one, and my trip was not regarded as too important; hence, neither vehicle was available. I found out, however, that I could walk to a small village

a mile or so distant and take a taxi to a larger shopping-center than the one in the immediate vicinity of the school. I decided to do this. One of the girls asked to go with me, and I was glad to have her company.

We started out immediately after dinner. It was a lovely winter day; the sun shone gloriously, and there was no wind. We were in high spirits, feeling that this was just the day for such a trip. The cars and sleds had packed down the snow in the road until it was hard and smooth, and on either side was a wall of loose snow. We enjoyed the walk to the little village, looked through its one store, found the taxi, and were soon at our destination. There we visited some grocery stores, wandered through that shopper's delight—the five-and-ten-cent store—on through the general merchandise stores, and at the appointed time found our taxi waiting for us.

We felt happy as we settled down in the car with our purchases. I knew the girls would be pleased with what we had

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Volunteers in Action

Voice of Youth

"As I write this," says Pastor John Hancock, "the blessings and inspiration of the special Voice of Youth young people's revival held in San Diego, California, last mid-March still thrills my heart and gives me faith and courage to press on to greater heights for God." Special music and congregational singing, motion pictures, and a Bible quiz were features of these services, which were well attended throughout the week. The closing meeting, held on Friday evening, was especially impressive. After a fine program of music Pastor Hancock gave his message, "Modern Youth at the Crossroads." The Spirit of God was present in a marked manner, hearts were stirred, and several hundred young people came to the altar for a reconsecration service. Some of these young people were from non-Adventist homes, and a good number of them were among those who joined baptismal classes in preparation for church membership.

Upper Columbia

It still does not seem right for Pastor C. L. Bond not to be connected with the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department, but we are glad to have an encouraging report from him, sent from his new field of labor, the Upper Columbia Conference, in the great Northwest. He writes of impressive young people's Week of Prayer services at Upper Columbia Academy, Veradale church, and Walla Walla College Academy. There were many new consecrations, and many young people gained real victories over sin in their lives. Cigarettes, pipes, tobacco, and playing cards were discarded, and decisions were made that will make it possible for God to work in an effective way through the lives of the youth concerned. In the three meetings twenty-one made application for church membership and joined baptismal classes.

Vocational Training

Madison College, a unique S.D.A. educational institution is located near Nashville, Tennessee, and two things make it outstanding: It is strongly vocational and technical, and it is possible for a young person to pay his own way through a college education from start to finish without other financial backing than his own industry. In addition to four-year courses it offers two-year courses in junior maintenance engineering, auto mechanics and welding, food technology, agriculture, laboratory technique, and medical secretarial work. There will also be offered on the junior college level two-year courses

in general education, teacher training, and in the various preprofessional programs including prenursing (one year), pre-home economics, pre-dental and others. Senior college level curriculums will be concluded in health and nursing, agriculture, dietetics, and home economics. Plans also are under consideration to develop a four-year curriculum in industrial education. This is a recognized denominational institution, and further information may be obtained from: Dean of the College, Madison College, Tennessee.

Bristol Missionary Volunteers Convene

Nearly a hundred young people gathered at the Bristol church on this rally day Sabbath to meet the new Missionary Volunteer secretary for the British Union Conference, E. L. Minchin, recently come from a similar post in the Australasian Union. The young people's leader for South England, Pastor H. T. Johnson, was also present. The morning preaching service was conducted by Pastor Minchin, and his theme was "To Light Our Youth to Conquer." He emphasized that hundreds of thousands of people in England are without the light of God's truth, and the challenge their need brings to the young people who know that Jesus is soon coming. God will answer our earnest prayers for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit by giving us of His power to conquer hearts for Him. The world will be amazed at the witness borne by our youth if they are wholly surrendered to the Master.

The afternoon meeting was in charge of Pastor Johnson, and his topic was an emphasis of the morning's thought—"Mo-

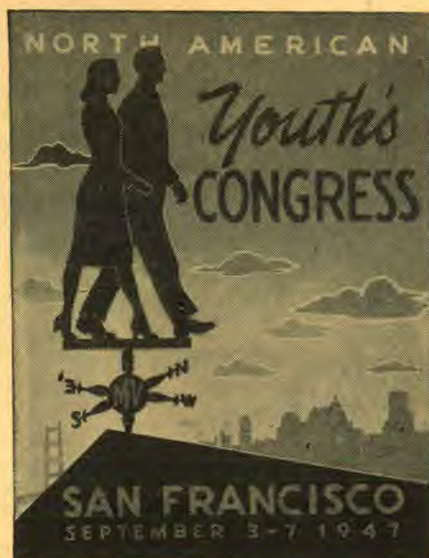
bilize to Evangelize." He emphasized the thought that the work Jesus came to earth to do is the very work He is waiting for Missionary Volunteers to do today. As the evening shadows fell and the day of opportunity drew to its close, the young people who had enjoyed this feast of good things parted with the determination to "co-operate with the One who knows no failure," and to make the Word of God their rule of life.

At Handsworth and Sheffield

Two very successful young people's conventions were held in north England the same day the Missionary Volunteers of south England were enjoying their special get-together. One was at Handsworth, Birmingham. The session opened on a Friday evening with a Bible study conducted by Pastor G. D. King. The point he stressed was the opportunity which is before youth of today to bear a positive witness for their faith. On Sabbath morning Pastor King spoke again, this time on the words, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." He emphasized the point that the Christian has to fight but that victory is assured through faith in Christ. The afternoon was devoted to a consideration of Missionary Volunteer problems and activities, and in the evening those attending saw special historical and mission films.

The rally at Sheffield was just for the Sabbath day. After an interesting and profitable Sabbath school, Pastor E. B. Rudge, president of the British Union Conference, spoke on the necessity of

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IF YOU DESIRE—

- Greater spiritual power in your Christian living;
- Counsel on how to solve your personal problems;
- A genuine, wholesome contact with the youth of the church;
- To receive a new inspiration and build into your life more spiritual vigor;
- To become personally acquainted with the youth leaders of the Advent Movement;
- To know how you can fit your life into the great program of carrying the message to all the world in this generation;
- A deeper experience in the things of God;
- Up-to-the-minute information about what the youth of the church are doing from an educational, missionary, or social standpoint—

PLAN TO ATTEND THE FIRST NATIONAL YOUTH'S CONGRESS EVER TO BE CONDUCTED

A Twenty-Mile Pack Trip

A CAMPING trip to the High Sierras was something I had long looked forward to with eager anticipation. But when this desire met realization, it was a far different experience from what I had dreamed it would be.

My father suggested that we go to Roaring River for our vacation. This river is up in the mountains about sixty miles from our home, and the last twenty miles must be made on horseback over a winding mountain trail. He described the beauty of this turbulent mountain torrent, which flows very rapidly down a steep mountain gorge and empties into Kings River Canyon, and we decided it was well named.

The weather in the high mountains is uncertain. Often the sun will come up warm and bright, and the morning will be perfect, but before the day is over, there may be a shower or two and perhaps a light thunderstorm with some hail.

The evening before we were to start there was a scene of excitement in our home. Food enough for four days, cooking utensils, camp beds, cameras, lanterns, and bedding were all part of the necessary equipment we must take. But finally our preparations were complete, and we went to bed for a few hours' sleep.

At daybreak my father, brother, and I were up loading things into the truck. Our "baggage" included our three saddle horses and a two-month-old puppy, Duke, of chow and shepherd ancestry. I considered Duke an important member of this expedition. The first part of the trip was up and down, around curve after curve, with an occasional stop for water.

We passed through several mountain villages, and arrived at Eshom Creek late

by WILFRED WILEMAN

in the afternoon. Father decided that we should stop here for the night, and so, though we were hungry and tired, we unloaded the horses and gave them a drink in a little creek that ran near the place where we made camp. While mother prepared a delicious campfire supper, brother, sisters, and I ran into the meadow and explored along the creek, enjoying the tiger lilies, mountain laurel, and many other flowers. We had been there before, so we felt at home. Four healthy, hungry youngsters did not need to be coaxed when they heard the call to eat. Of course Duke was at our heels; he even slept on the foot of one of our beds that night.

The next morning was bright and sunny, and after a hearty breakfast we again loaded horses, beds, children, provisions, and parents into the truck, and were off on the second lap of our journey.

About eleven o'clock we arrived at the end of the road, Horse Corral Meadow. Now the real fun was to begin. Here pack mules could be rented, so everything was unloaded, and the poor little mule had to carry our bedding and food sufficient for two days. We wore most of the clothes we had with us, and tied extra sweaters on our saddles. When everything was securely fastened, we mounted our horses. My older brother and sister, because they were about the same size, rode on Joe; my younger sister rode behind father on his horse, and Duke and I set out behind mother on the remaining horse. What a caravan!

Up over a rocky trail and through the pines and tamaracks we rode. The squirrels and chipmunks were scampering about, birds were flying high in the trees, and frequently deer were seen grazing peacefully, with perhaps a fawn or two. What a thrill to fill one's lungs with that fresh, pine-scented air. On and on we slowly made our way, sometimes singing, sometimes stopping for the horses to drink from a small creek, or just to rest after a stiff climb. Occasionally I would let Duke run for a while, but soon he would get tired or come to a creek he could not cross, and someone would have to help him back onto a horse. Because we were on a vacation we did not hurry.

The sun was again dropping low in the west, and it was time to think about making camp for another night. Rowell Meadow seemed a good place to stop, as there was plenty of water and deep grass for the horses and our one little mule to feed on. We really were pioneers now, and it seemed that we were a long way from home. While my mother and sisters were getting supper ready, my father, brother, and I set up the camp and looked after the horses. After supper mother made our bed—yes, I mean *our bed*, because there was only one. We had to conserve as much as possible on the load our pack mule carried, and since the air was rather chilly, it was decided that we would keep warmer if we all slept in one wide bed spread out on a thick pile of pine needles on the ground.

The next morning our mule was nowhere in sight. After putting the saddles on the horses, we started looking for him and had come to the conclusion that he

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

The Last Twenty Miles Had to Be Made on Horseback Over a Winding Mountain Trail





EWING GALLOWAY

JUNIORS

A Broken Promise

By MARGARET AULT

THE sun was shining brightly through the window as it slowly ascended over the pine-covered Sierra Nevada Mountains. In the near distance the glow turned the American River into gold and made it a beautiful sight as its swiftly flowing rapids splashed along the usual course. The little town of Placerville, at the foot of the mountains and on the bank of the river, was just awakening from its night's rest.

Mark and his older brother Clyde rubbed their sleepy eyes and slowly crawled out of bed at the sound of the alarm clock. It was time to make themselves ready for another schoolday. Mother could be heard in the kitchen busily preparing breakfast and their noon lunches.

The red brick school building was several miles from where the boys lived, and although both rode their bicycles it took them almost forty-five minutes to arrive in time for school. The streets in Placerville are either up or down and rather steep either way. Coasting downhill is great fun, but pumping uphill is not, and it takes a lot of energy.

Mother was urging her sons to hurry so they would have time to eat breakfast before leaving. Clyde, being older, thought more of combing his hair and primping; but Mark, a typical growing lad, went into the kitchen for a good hearty meal. Of course he took a little time for proper grooming, but breakfast was of first importance, to Mark's way of thinking. In fact, he ate so long that mother, anxious that he reach school on time, asked him to please hurry. This gave him a chance to tell of their new and faster way of going to school—the way that he and Clyde had agreed not to say anything about, because they knew she would have a cause to worry; or perhaps she might ask them not to go that way any more. And prom-

ises were one thing both boys hated to make, because they were so very hard to keep.

Two of their old school friends were now driving gravel trucks past home at the same time Mark and Clyde usually started on their way to school. At the last long hill they would catch hold of the trucks and glide up the hill with no effort at all. This was real sport, and, besides, it enabled them to arrive at school before the other scholars who rode on the bus.

As Mark finished his story he awaited his mother's reactions. There was a short silence, and then the response came, but it was not quite what he had expected it to be. However, she did caution him against the danger and asked him to promise to stay away from the gravel trucks. Clyde entered the room to hear the last of what she said. He was surprised that Mark had told, but also he was glad. They usually told their mother everything, and usually she was sympathetic and understanding of what they did or wished to do.

After the three of them had talked the matter over, both boys realized the risk they were taking, and gave her their promise. A little more exercise every morning would do them good, and they could get up earlier too.

Lunches and books in hand, they waved good-by, mounted their bicycles, and were off. The fresh mountain air and fragrant smell of the pine trees made them glad to be alive. Up one hill and down another they pumped and coasted until the last long hill lay stretching out before them. By this time they were beginning to feel tired, but, taking a last long breath, they started up. Around the corner the gravel trucks could be seen coming. When the drivers

saw Clyde and Mark, they slowed down for them, as was their usual custom. The temptation was too great, and, brushing away all thoughts of their promise made an hour before, Clyde took the first truck, Mark caught hold of the second, and they coasted along easily and quickly.

About halfway up the hill Mark's handle bar caught under the bed of the truck that was pulling him, and, quick as a wink, both boy and bike were crushed under the fast-rolling wheels before the driver could realize what had happened. Leaping from his seat, he cringed to see the crumpled wreckage and the suffering boy. Mark, trying to be brave, was not crying, but pain was written in the anguished lines of his face, and tears were trickling down his cheeks.

Help arrived soon, and he was rushed to the hospital. The doctor was out on an emergency call, and the only thing to do was to wait until his return. The nurses tried to make the injured lad as comfortable as possible, and his mother was sent for. She did not scold him, for she thought he had been punished



H. M. LAMBERT

Around the Corner Came the Gravel Trucks! The Temptation to Hang Onto One of Them Was Too Great

enough. After several hours of painful waiting, the doctor came in and examined him. X rays were taken of his hips, and several fractured places were shown. Then the bones were set in place, and he was put in a room to lie flat on his back for six long weeks.

The time had never gone so slowly before for Mark. He kept thinking of all the things he would be doing if only he had kept his promise. The school term was almost ended, and he would miss all the closing activities. If he could repeat that fatal morning he was sure that he would not accept the driver's invitation and that he would be glad to pump up the last hill, happy and thankful to have a strong body. Now that things were as they were he accepted his punishment as a challenge. Always thereafter, he resolved, he would keep promises made.

He will never forget the day when he was allowed to stand on crutches for the first time. It was like learning to walk all over again. He took one slow step after another. After some practice it became easier, and at last he walked steadily. All the things the brothers had planned together for the summer vacation would have to wait, but Mark felt that this and other disappointments were what he deserved, and he knew that the lesson he had learned the hard way would be a great blessing throughout his entire life.

A School Behind Barbed Wire

(Continued from page 4)

need of a blackboard, our mathematics teacher daubed paint on a sheet of plywood, and when we ran out of chalk, he used pieces of slaked lime.

But the most marvelous inventions were those of the science teachers. Using a junk-yard array of homemade test tubes, weights, bottles, and tin cans, they carried on experiments weirdly similar to those of modern, fully stocked high school laboratories. To replenish the vital supply of acetone in the dispensary, a clever scientist carefully burned rocks from the hill, and successfully united the powder he got with vinegar formed by the fermenting of pineapple rinds. Our chemists made soap in much the fashion of the pioneer women in America, by washing the lye out of wood ashes, and boiling down coconut waste and pigskin for fat. The soap they brewed was cheesy smelling and skin eating, but no germs could survive in its presence.

We wore clothes that were the shabby remnants of better days. Soon discarding all pride of dress, we would wear anything that we could find, though we would hardly have wished our wardrobe onto the seediest tramp. A boy who facetiously

sported a necktie one day used it to patch the knees of his trousers the day after. Many of us found an ironic satisfaction in keeping together the grubbier of clothes, and plastering gaudy patches over the holes and tears. We could easily have masqueraded as desert waifs. Some were lucky enough to keep frayed wrecks of shoes together, but most of us either clumped about on wooden sandals or walked gingerly to school as barefoot as the Igorot natives in the hills around us.

However, despite our threadbare clothes and naked feet, we were earnest seekers of



Original puzzles, acrostics, anagrams, cryptograms, word transformations, quizzes, short lists of unusual questions—anything that will add interest to this feature corner—will be considered for publication. Subjects limited to Bible, denominational history, nature, and geography. All material must be typewritten. Address Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park 12, D.C.

What Am I?

By SUE M. COLE

My first is in Bethany, but not in Bethlehem;

My second is in Bethlehem, but not in Wailing Wall;

My third is in Wailing Wall; but not in Jericho;

My fourth is in Jericho, but not in Nazareth;

My fifth is in Nazareth, but not in Ramah;

My sixth is in Ramah, but not in Ephesus;

My seventh is in Ephesus, but not in Shechem;

My eighth is in Shechem, but not in Cana;

My ninth is in Cana, but not in Luz;

My tenth is in Luz, but not in Kedesh;

My eleventh is in Kedesh, but not in Sodom;

My twelfth is in Sodom, but not in Bethany;

My all is a city of much renown
That is many miles away.

We love to read of this beautiful place,
And hope to go there some day.

—Key on page 20

knowledge. Learning would be the only thing we would have to take away from internment life, the only progress in long years of privation. We eagerly tried to absorb not merely what we were required to know, but all that our teachers knew. There was little to divert us, and our greatest interests were school and advancement.

Classes continued in much the same way the first two years, but our third year was a maze of disruption. Shuttled about endlessly, we dragged out eleven months in no fewer than five scattered places. When the commandant imported a larger staff, we lost our little green schoolhouse. As a substitute we were pushed into a

cavernous, cement-floored building, which also had to house the butcher shop. The cries of dying animals were a macabre accompaniment to the teachers' voices, and the barny storehouse was as cold and damp as the bottom of a frog pond. During the height of a hog-cholera epidemic someone hung a dead pig in the butcher shop, intending to perform a porcine autopsy. He forgot his pig over the week end, and when we came for Monday classes, the fetid animal had disintegrated, generating a prodigious odor that assailed the most long-suffering noses and nauseated the strongest stomachs among us. After a horrible attempt at braving the stench, we all were glad to call a holiday.

When two men escaped into the hills, the Japanese increased their garrison, and appropriated our despised warehouse in which to quarter the soldiers. They offered us not the suggestion of a substitute, but we soon showed determination by organizing an out-of-door school on the terraces of an old rock garden under the tropical sky. We planted our tables and benches on the steeply terraced hillside, and as our principal remarked with wry humor, "We jumped from classroom to classroom with the agility of mountain goats."

We basked in the sun, enjoying our sylvan surroundings, and outdoor classes were intriguing until a sudden gust of rain would send us running up the road for shelter. Insects and birds fluttered about, making every day a biology field day. Just as our enrapt English professor was eulogizing the poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley, a huge black tarantula decided to visit the class. Stealthily he clambered up onto the table, glanced about, and charged for the teacher. Only after the hairy intruder had been crushed under a heap of rocks did the panic subside.

The flooding rains of the monsoon season drove us to a leaky converted chicken house, and here the holes in the roof determined where classes should meet. More than one student tediously penned a diagram or composition, only to have a monstrous drop of water spit down from the tin roof and blur the washable ink into ruin. We were glad indeed to change quarters again, and for the last time.

Our last schoolhouse was a flimsy barn-shaped construction of bamboo thatching under a roof made with sheets of galvanized iron. Here, amid the howling, drenching winds of the hurricane season, we finished our prison camp school.

We did not end our studies willingly. We had scorned the gravest discouragements, and even the frightful pangs of progressive starvation could not impair our efforts. But when the camp was suddenly moved to the infamous Bilibid jail in Manila, all but the memory of our school was left behind to burn. A month later American tanks rumbled into the city and ended our three years of confinement.

STAMPS

CONDUCTED BY REID SHEPARD

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

"To All the World"

THE aim of the Missionary Volunteer Societies, "The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation," was taken from Matthew 24:14: "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

Stamp collecting, done in the right way, should further your interest and knowledge in the countries and peoples of all the world. One of the best ways to correlate missions and philately is to read the mission reports in denominational periodicals each week.

There are three short features in the *Review* which should be especially helpful: "Items of Interest," "World Trends," and "75-50-25 Years Ago." Many of these notes are worth cutting out and pasting with other descriptive material in your album.

Also, "Reports From All Lands" contains a feast of good things for the stamp collector. In three consecutive issues of the *Review* I found interesting information regarding practically all the European countries, El Salvador, China, Burma, Haiti, Mozambique, Portuguese East Africa, Cuba, Honduras, Palestine, Egypt, Persia, Japan, Netherlands East Indies, Malaya, Philippines, and India. You might want to have a game and see how many different countries you can find mentioned in each article, then study their geography, and find out all you can about the people who live there.

For those of you who specialize in U.S. stamps, the early issues will be of prime interest. Early Adventist history coincides with the beginning of the U.S. stamp history. James White and his co-workers must have seen, and perhaps used, those 1845-46 Postmaster's Provisionals, which today are cataloged with values in the thousands of dollars.

Let us so plan our stamp collecting that it will develop our interest in the advancing Second Advent Movement.

Whither Bound?

(Continued from page 1)

religious new dealers and their proposals.

In the light of such changes, especially those in the field of religion, it becomes imperative for us to find an answer to the question, "Is Christianity still sufficient?" In the search for the answer let us consider three other questions in the

hope that their consideration will provide the basis for a valid solution to our problem.

As we turn back the pages of history we find that ever since its inception the Christian religion has been under fire from one source or another. This was foretold by Christ in John 16:33: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." After the ascension of Christ we find the Christians persecuted just prior to the fall of Jerusalem. Then followed the bloody history of the Dark Ages, with its Inquisition and its thousands of martyrs for the cause of Christ. In various countries through the ages we can find the record of almost constant opposition to Christians, but never can we find the extinction of them or their faith. Such famous men as Huss, Jerome, Zwingli, and Roger Williams have given their lives because of this faith, and still Christianity remains a vital, dominant force in the world. Its principles are enduring, and they have withstood many previous tests.

Did Christ foresee this age when He foretold that men's hearts would be "failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth"? Jesus, as He sat on the Mount of Olives, giving a wonderful discourse to His disciples, saw clearly down through the ages to events that would frighten men. He gave His followers the necessary warning so they might not be perplexed but see in these things a sign of the soon coming of the Lord. Christ foretold these things in order that we might be encouraged by them and hold fast to our faith when all around us men are forsaking their forms of godliness to clutch at worldly philosophies as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

Do Seventh-day Adventists need to change their system? Certainly not! The events which make up the so-called atomic age are but verifications of the validity of our faith. Man-made systems crumble because they are built on the sand, but our faith has weathered many a storm, and will weather this one. When the winds of doubt buffet, we can seek a refuge under the sheltering wings of our Saviour. There we are safe from all doubt, temptation, and discouragement. In His wisdom our Saviour has provided us a system of belief far more vital and enduring than any atomic explosion or its results.

It is evident from the previous conclusions that the basis on which Christianity is built is broad and strong enough to support our hopes in this topsy-turvy world. What, then, is this basis on which our faith is founded? We read in Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Christ Himself is the basis for our faith—the Rock upon which our hopes are founded. And what does Christ, our Foundation, say of the world? Hear His words in John 16:33: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the

world." If our Foundation, Christ, has overcome the world, then we have no reason to fear the world or the things that are in it—including the atomic age. Our faith is based on the Rock, Christ Jesus, and we can stand all the trials of this perplexing epoch if we cling to Him. Though all around us men are forsaking their beliefs and looking for something to lay hold upon in these troublous times, we can confidently say with Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Let us now examine the standards of our faith and see if they are inclusive enough to cover the manifold problems which we face. As we read the opinions of leading thinkers the world over, we find that the basic problem—the one in which all others have their source—is the relationship between man and his fellow beings. The only fear caused by the atom bomb is that men will use it as a weapon in a war which will be caused, as are all wars, by the inability of men to live peaceably with one another. If we can solve the problem of amicable relations between men, we have solved the chief problem. Jesus said, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." How completely the problems of the world could be solved if men could love one another as Christ loved them. If men could cherish in the heart a spirit of self-forgetfulness like that which led Christ to Calvary, there would be no question of wars or needless international quarrels. Christians, above all other people, should manifest this spirit of applied brotherly love and by their example show others the practicality of Christianity. In Christian homes and churches there should be no selfish bickering or quarreling—rather a spirit of self-effacing service, for Christ says, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

It is evident from the preceding conclusions that regardless of the age in which we live we can trust in our system of belief because it is based upon Christ, the Solid Rock, and because its principles are everlasting. We have a faith which provides the answer to our most perplexing problems, so that we can put our full confidence in Christianity, knowing that the Christ on whom our faith rests can and will protect it.

As we look about us and see all the turmoil in the world; as we see the different doctrines proving inadequate to meet the needs of this age, we can be thankful that we do not follow a transitory, man-made theory. Ours is an eternal hope, an all-sufficient, everlasting faith, and the most completely practical of all religious systems. When discouraged by daily trials we hear our Saviour say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke

upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Let us cling fast to our unshakeable trust in God, and He will guide us through the troubles of today, yes, and of tomorrow, until, safe at last, we come home to the sea of glass, where sorrow and sighing are no more.

Where You Want Me

(Continued from page 8)

Everywhere everything was bilingual. All signs and directions were in both Afrikaans and English. Right under "No Smoking" on our train, the Afrikaans people were adjured, "Nie Rook Nie." Waiting rooms for the white population were so designated by, "Europeans Only," and just beneath it, "Slegs Vir Blancs." A bookstall was a *Boek Winkel*, I soon learned. Afrikaans is a rich, colorful language, with Hottentot, Dutch, and Kaffir words in abundance, making it a mellow, strictly South African product.

Once in Claremont, we were introduced to the Avenue Hotel. Since that time nearly every missionary we meet asks, "Did you stay in the Avenue Hotel?" When our answer is affirmative, we exchange understanding glances, hardly knowing just what we understand. Certainly it must be because we have been introduced to something so very different from what we are accustomed to in the United States.

We no sooner deposited our suitcases in our room than we saw that if we hurried, we could still be in time for church. It was a beautiful service, and we enjoyed it all the more after having spent three Sabbaths on the Atlantic Ocean.

As soon as the services were over, we were surrounded by as friendly a group of people as it has been my happy lot to meet. And, strange as it seems, we met acquaintances and friends there ten thousand miles from home! It seemed as if everyone was going to make us feel that we really "belonged" in Africa. Mrs. E. A. Moon, wife of the secretary-treasurer of the Southern African Division, invited us to dinner. After three weeks of pursuing dishes which lurched about the table, then scrutinizing the contents to see if we could detect the "broth of abomination," this was heaven indeed.

We spent a beautiful afternoon in the Botanical Gardens, where the purple hydrangeas were as big as footballs. I have always had a special veneration for maple trees, so when I found the Siberian maple or *Acer negundo*, I was especially delighted, and took one of the milky white leaves for my collection.

It was getting dark when with Mrs. Moon we went up to our room at the hotel. We found Pastor J. M. Hnatyshyn



By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

Ten of the basic human interests are listed below. See how many of them caught your attention in the news and in your reading recently. A score of 50 per cent is excellent.

1. **TRAGEDY:** Was the worst hotel fire in Chicago, Atlanta, or Boston?

2. **CULTURE:** Awards of 122 scholarships totaling \$310,000 were made by one fellowship foundation to outstanding students this year. Were they given by the Guggenheim grants, or the Westinghouse Grand Science Scholarships?

3. **HEALTH:** Millions of persons were vaccinated against smallpox in just a few days. Was the scare in New York, Illinois, or Pennsylvania?

4. **ROMANCE:** Princess Elizabeth of Great Britain has no real title in the peerage until she becomes queen, therefore she may marry whomsoever she chooses. True or false?

5. **RECREATION:** If you were planning a trip around the world, would you be more likely to find passage on an American, British, or French liner?

6. **MYSTERY:** What well-known "lady" had her lipstick removed recently at a cost of \$24,000?

7. **SCIENCE:** True or false? The temperature in Antarctica never rises above freezing.

8. **SELF-IMPROVEMENT:** When you must pass between two persons in a room, is it preferable to say "Excuse me," or "I beg your pardon?"

9. **FAITH:** It was the result of a remarkable dream that the first Adventist tent meeting was held in California. Was it in San Francisco, Petaluma, or Santa Rosa?

10. **SECURITY:** Two million orphaned Polish children need your help. If you send them a pair of nylon stockings they can exchange them for — loaves of bread. 16? 160? or 1,600?

—Key on page 20

in the lobby, took him up with us, and settled down for a delightful visit. We sat on beds, chairs, and cushions, and urged our new friend to tell us stories. And such stories he told! Of cobras and pythons; of leopards, tigers, lions, and crocodiles. His word pictures were so real we sat nearly breathless.

(To be continued)

Little Small-Small

(Continued from page 11)

of any good added to his overwhelming despair resulting from mother's illness and father's absence.

He bumped right into the man who had been on the bench in the newspaper office.

"Hello, here! Not so fast!" He was smiling at Jerry. Then he looked at the secretary who stood in the doorway. "Thought

I'd do some business with your little customer. Sounds as if we have a good story here!"

In a moment the kind-faced man was drawing out the facts from Jerry—how mother was sick, and how his efforts to find daddy had not been successful. There was the light of the flashbulb camera, then the man was thanking Jerry and seeing him safely into a taxicab.

He found mother looking very pale as she attempted to make a nourishing broth out of practically nothing.

It was a quiet meal. Mother was too weak to say much, and Jerry kept looking at her with sad yet adoring eyes. His mother was beautiful, almost to the point of fragility. He couldn't tell her daddy just was not to be found; he could not say that he was such a mite that he was of no use in finding daddy.

Mother looked much better when she went back to bed. The color returned to her cheeks, and except for repeated coughs, she seemed to be resting well.

Jerry was carrying a glass of water to mother when Joe came dashing up the stairs into the hall, holding out a newspaper.

"C'mere, Jerry! Lookit this, would ya! I saved a paper to show you!" Joe was a newsy at one of the city's busy downtown corners.

Jerry looked blankly at the picture. There was his picture in the paper! Joe helped him read the story. There was the whole story of his looking for daddy. The article ended with, "Such little small-smalls as these, taking over the impossible, present a challenge to us, the adult citizens of the city." Jerry could not believe that the kind-looking man could have made fun of him, that he could have called him a mere useless child; but there it was, right in the paper.

Joe was bewildered when Jerry waved him and the paper away, but he had no explanations.

He knelt to pray before going to bed. "Dear God," he began, "won't you look for daddy? We need him so!" Jerry stopped; he felt that God, looking down, would see him, a mere child; perhaps He, too, would turn away saying, "Oh, it's you!"

The early morning air was cold, and Jerry had not even stopped to put on a jacket. Mother's cough was much worse, and her very hot flushed face frightened him. He was running for the doctor. He ran, blinded by tears, his thoughts on getting there as soon as possible.

A tooting horn, a screech of brakes, then all was still.

His head felt heavy. His hand was held so tight it almost hurt. Jerry struggled to move.

"What is it, son?"

Jerry opened his eyes.

"Daddy!" Then he remembered. "The doctor, Daddy. Quick, mother needs the doctor!"

"Mother's all right, son."
 "She is?" he relaxed. "But, Daddy, where are we? What —"
 "You had an accident. Remember? You were going after the doctor."
 "But you, Daddy. When did you come?"
 "Your story, Jerry, in the paper. It showed me what a miserable father I've been since I started drinking. And your mother —" He caught himself. "But there, I musn't tire you, son. You rest now."
 "Daddy," the boy's voice was low but steady.
 "Yes, son."
 "I wasn't too small-small for God to hear me, was I?" and the boy closed his eyes in satisfied slumber.

A Twenty-Mile Pack Trip

(Continued from page 14)

had gone back to Horse Corral Meadow, when we heard him bray about a quarter of a mile away. It was truly sweet music to our ears. When we got to him, he suddenly changed his mind about journeying with our party and began running away; however, after a little maneuvering we succeeded in catching him, bringing him to camp, and loading up.

Once more we rode single file through the trees and across creeks. It was a beautiful morning, and everything smelled fresh and sweet. About six miles from Rowell we saw a pine tree that had been struck by lightning. It was broken off about twenty-five feet up. The tree was nearly three feet in diameter, and the part still standing was split from the top to the ground base as though someone had used an enormous ax on it.

During the afternoon the clouds gathered overhead, and, in true mountain style, it was soon raining hard. We sought the shelter of a wide-spreading pine tree and waited for the shower to pass. As it was only about three miles to our destination, Roaring River, we decided to hurry on. The rain let up for a while, and we made good time. Rounding a bend in the trail, we could hear the river, and before long we were following up the stream to the old camp site which my father and mother had visited many years before.

Arrived, we jumped from our horses and worked fast to get the camp set up before it rained again—and before dark. However, it soon started sprinkling, and it was necessary to stretch the large canvas (brought along for the purpose) over a rope tied between two trees. Then staking the canvas out, forming a tent roof, we were able to keep out of the rain while making our bed.

Among the things which impressed me most were the beautiful flowers and shrubs along the riverbank. Fascinated, I watched the water bounding and tugging at the

rocks as it rushed on its way down the canyon. The elevation here is probably ten thousand feet.

Mother cooked in the rain that evening, and we sat on our beds and ate. I remember father asking her in a joking manner if she was having a good time, and she answered that she was. Duke felt a little strange, and snuggled up close by me on the bed.

Early next morning we were awakened by my oldest sister's crying; she said that she had a pain in her side and that it hurt to move. Mother is a graduate nurse, so at once she made as much of an examination as was possible. After she and father consulted about the matter, they decided it was not appendicitis, so water was heated over the campfire, a blanket torn up, and hot packs were applied. After a series of these a wide strip was torn from the side of another blanket, and mother wrapped a tight bandage around her patient; she felt better then and could walk some.

The rest of us rode around, exploring up the river and across an old trail bridge made of logs. It was decided that we should start back sooner than we had planned, because my parents felt a little uneasy about my sister. We put the load on our pack mule and headed toward home. I had lost my sweater off the saddle the day before, but about two miles back on the trail we found it, a little damp but otherwise all right.

The last few miles of the return trip we took a different trail which was supposed to be a shorter route, but because of recent heavy rains it proved to be steep and very rocky, since much of the soil had been washed away.

It was nearly sundown when we reached our truck and returned the pack mule to his own corral.

At midnight we were home again, weary but with happy memories. My sister's illness did not prove serious. Sometime we plan to go to Roaring River again and stay longer.

Before They Call

(Continued from page 12)

been able to get, and as we started I asked the driver if he would take us right on out to the school. To this he consented. However, soon after we had passed through the little village he stopped and told us that he could go no farther. The wind had whipped up and was blowing the track full of loose snow, making driving impossible. We were a bit dismayed, but there being nothing else to do, we paid and thanked the driver, and piled out into the deep snow. Before we had gone very far we realized that we had a difficult walk ahead of us. It seemed impossible to make any head-

way. The wind blew fiercely against us, and the dry, loose snow that had blown in and filled the deep track seemed to drag our feet backward. We struggled on as best we could, but the bell-topped building on the hill seemed as far away as ever. We stopped and rested, then tried again and again, but our efforts seemed useless. Earnestly we lifted our hearts and voices in prayer.

Immediately out of nowhere, as far as we could tell, came a sled in which sat two fur-clad men. They stopped their horses and asked us if we would like to ride. We did not need a second invitation. We climbed in and dropped down on the thick layer of hay and pulled the fur robes over us. I do not understand how the horses could make any progress in such snow, but they did. Where the road forked, the sled stopped, and we got out. We took the short cut up over the hill where there was a tree-sheltered footpath, and were soon at the school. How thankful we were to be safe within those walls again! And never thereafter have I doubted that our heavenly Father hears and answers prayers.



YOUTH'S FORUM

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! If you wish to have a part in the current Forum discussion. There are only a few days left until the

DEADLINE—JULY 15!

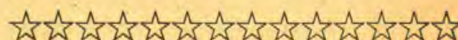
PROPOSITION:

As Seventh-day Adventist youth face the choice of a lifework they are eager to be what God would have them be, to do what He would have them do. But how can they know just what that is? A young woman has an equal interest in teaching, Bible instructor's work, or nursing; a young man, in medicine, mechanics, or the ministry. Surely God does not want either of them to attempt all three at once! How can they settle the question of which to choose? Tell us how you have settled or are settling your lifework problem.

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

Remember the DEADLINE:

JULY 15!



Rails of Peril

(Continued from page 5)

hand—the same light that had guided me safely through the dark Burma jungles many times—and relying on God to help in this time of extremity, I felt confident that divine aid would be sent during this terrible nightmare of reality. I had gone only a short distance when the rumble of the rails and another chilling whistle indicated that the train was at the opposite side of the bend which a hill hid from my vision. In just a second now it would be here, and then a little farther, where it would smash into the car that stood so helplessly.

"O God, please stop the train if it's on this track," was my last prayer before the first searching beam of the headlight projected itself into the fog which had engulfed the area. Two anxiously strained eyes were frozen on the engine, as I desperately waved my flashlight. My arm ached, my heart pounded, and large, cold drops of clammy sweat stood on my forehead. "I hope it is; I hope it is," I repeated continually. I stood on tiptoe in order to get a better view. Then from the slight elevation a surge of optimism and confidence prompted me to say, "I believe it is; I believe it is—in just a moment now I shall know." Strained nerves endured the awful suspense—and then it was over. Indescribable relief was my experience as the mighty giant of the rails rumbled by—on the other track!

Because of the embankment, I had crossed to the other side of the rails to get a better view, and now the passing train was between the car and me. Relaxation was still far away, and again desperation gripped me as I realized that a train might be coming on the track on which the car was stalled, and there I was, completely helpless. I could see nothing, and all I could hear was the terrific, deafening rumble and click-clack of the rails as the freight train with its interminable number of cars passed. At each click I thought I could hear a click-clack approaching on the other rails; at each echo of the whistle I could hear another whistle coming closer and closer. Every time an axle squeaked or a wheel "clumped" at a weak place in the rails, my unreliable brain interpreted a screechy dragging of metal. For a full three minutes my imagination was fixed on such mental creations, and then the last freight car passed. Once more I said to myself, "I am being privileged to see my new car before its vulnerable position proves to be its destruction"—but there was no destruction.

In the meantime, unknown to me, a signal man on duty in that vicinity had phoned the station ahead, informing them of the accident and telling them to stop the next train. Not until a truck had dragged the car off the track did I ex-

perience complete relief. It was then 3:30 A.M.

I shall never forget that memorable night; nor shall I forget our humble sincere prayers, as we knelt on the side of the highway, thanking God for His mercy.

Through the Hedge to a Mission Field

(Continued from page 6)

rank because of his sincere desire to do his best. He is unhappy, however. "If I could only find my way back to the Lord," he writes, "the Lord that I knew in grade school—"

Yes, on every side there are those who want to find Him but do not know how. They have a deep desire to do right if they could but know what right is. Where are our Home Missionary Volunteers?

Volunteers in Action

(Continued from page 13)

young people enduring as good soldiers, and his sermon was well illustrated by stories of how our Missionary Volunteers down under in the lands of Australasia from which he has recently come, witnessed for the truth before leaders and rulers. The afternoon was devoted to a consideration of different matters, one of the chief of which was the large number of young people who are slipping away from the church. It was resolved to improve the interest of the weekly society meetings wherever possible, to promote the Progressive Class work more enthusiastically, and to hold more area meetings where the young people have opportunity of making new acquaintances and the inspiration of Christian companionship. Pictures occupied the evening hour.

Junior-Senior

In Tasmania, Australasian Union, a combined Junior-Senior camp held at Ulverstone proved highly successful. Over seventy were in attendance, and they had almost a week of Christian fellowship. The cooking was done over open fires, which added to the novelty of the occasion, and though the wood and concrete floors in the dormitories did not offer the comfort of innerspring mattresses, yet each one slept soundly and peacefully. Pastor L. H. Hay, conference Missionary Volunteer leader, was in general charge, and his inspiring instruction and helpful admonition will long be remembered by those present.

Youth Baptism

A special baptism was held at a meeting of the combined Missionary Volunteer Societies in the metropolitan area of Adelaide (South Australia). After a stir-

ring message given by Pastor W. M. R. Scragg twelve young people were baptized. These represented seven societies. After the baptism the candidates assembled on the rostrum, where the hand of fellowship was extended to them and the baptismal certificates were presented. The candidates and congregation now joined hands and sang, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love!" Then while hands were joined these young people were committed to the fellowship of the church and the keeping of Him who is the Father of us all.

A Message for Jack

(Continued from page 4)

Everyone now in the mission fields and in the homeland is being checked carefully, to see if he is doing satisfactory work. Someday soon the inspection will be finished. The Manager plans to send His Son to take all those whose work has been approved to His home for an indefinite stay.

There never was and never will be another such happy time. Each one will be provided with two homes, a city mansion and a country estate with beautiful gardens and parks everywhere. There will be all kinds of cultural advantages, such as music, art, travel—everyone may choose the field of education which interests him most.

There will be no hospitalization provisions, and no life insurance; but there will be life assurance for each one, provided by the company.

Two of the most wonderful things about it all are these: We will never have to leave and go back to our present way of living. We may stay as long as we wish and do just as we please. For to stay forever will be our pleasure and to do the Manager's will our highest joy. He has promised to make us His heirs, so that we shall share all this splendor with His Son. I could go on and on, but it would be of no use, because the Manager Himself has told us that we can never begin to imagine what heaven will be like.

My only regret is that I did not tell Jack about it. He might have been so glad to know that he too could work for my Manager.

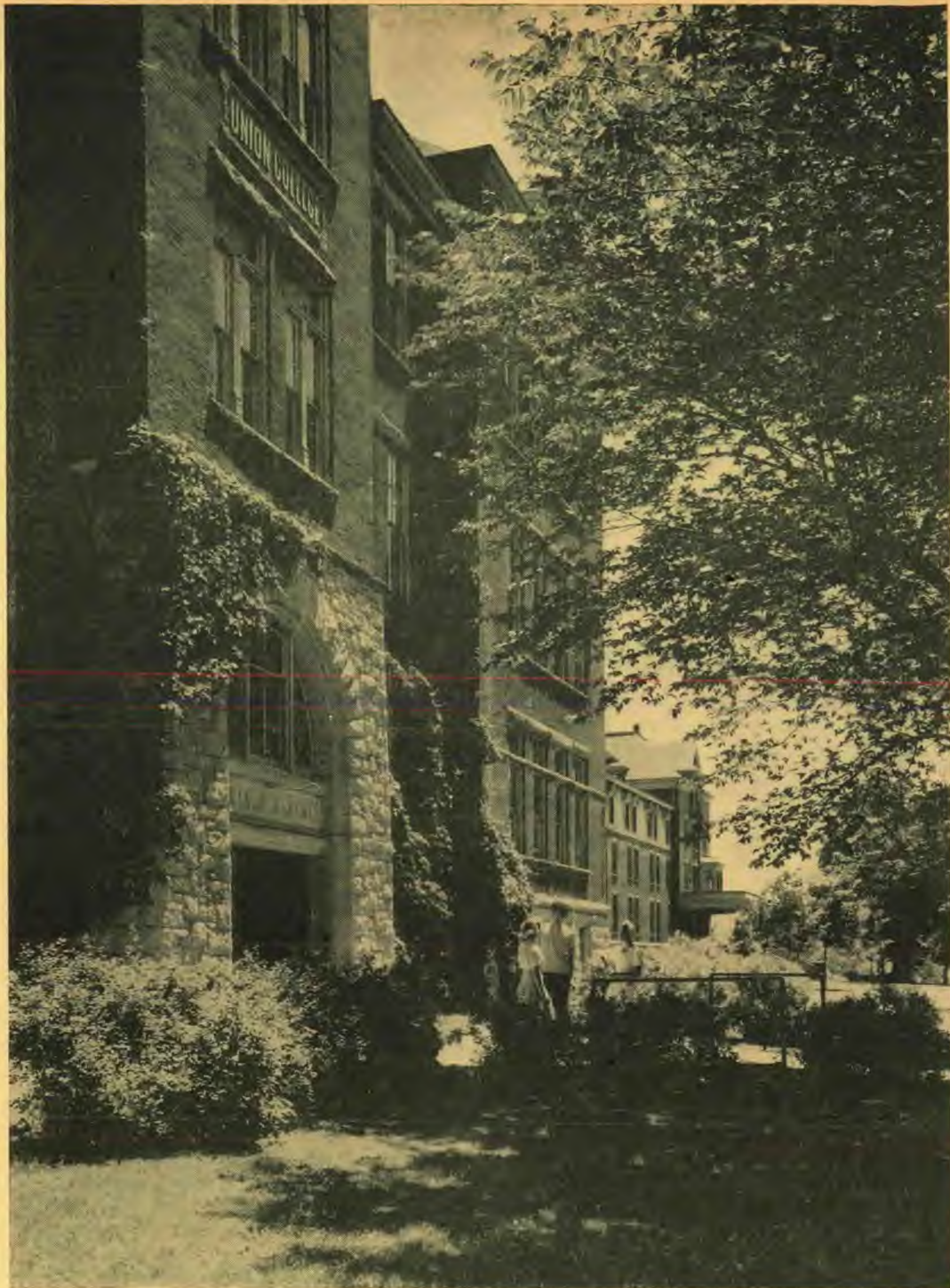
If you see Jack, tell him. Will you, please?

Key to "What Am I?"

New Jerusalem.

Key to "What's Your Score?"

1. Atlanta. 2. Guggenheim grants. 3. New York city. 4. False. (She is a commoner by law at present but custom insists upon a royal bridegroom.) 5. British, more likely because they have more passenger ships. 6. Statue of Liberty, when her lipstick autographs were removed and she was repainted. 7. False. (Temperature rises above freezing but not long enough to permit the growth of vegetation.) 8. "Excuse me." 9. Petaluma, on August 13, 1868. 10. 1,600 loaves of bread or 600 quarts of milk!



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Senior Youth

III—The Heavenly Vine; A Most Wonderful Prayer

(July 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: John 15:1-5; 17.

MEMORY VERSE: John 15:10.

LESSON HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 674-680.

1. While passing a grapevine on the way to Gethsemane, what did Jesus say of Himself and of the Father? What is our relation to the True Vine? John 15:1, 5, first part.

2. What is done with every unfruitful branch? With every fruitful one? How are God's people made clean, or free from sin? Upon what does fruit bearing depend? Verses 2-5.

NOTE.—The Greek adjective here translated "clean" has the same root as the Greek verb translated "purge" or "prune" in the previous verse.

"You are just as dependent upon Christ, in order to live a holy life, as is the branch upon the parent stock for growth and fruitfulness. Apart from Him you have no life. You have no power to resist temptation or to grow in grace and holiness. Abiding in Him, you may flourish. . . . Our growth in grace, our joy, our usefulness,—all depend upon our union with Christ. It is by communion with Him, daily, hourly,—by abiding in Him,—that we are to grow in grace."—*Steps to Christ*, pp. 73, 74.

3. If one abides not in Christ, what is the sure result? What is promised to those who have the words of Jesus in their hearts? Verses 6-8.

NOTE.—"From the chosen twelve who had followed Jesus, one as a withered branch was about to be taken away, the rest were to pass under the pruning-knife of bitter trial. Jesus with solemn tenderness explained the purpose of the husbandman. The pruning will cause pain, but it is the Father who applies the knife. He works with no wanton hand or indifferent heart. There are branches trailing upon the ground; these must be cut loose from the earthly supports to which their tendrils are fastening. They are to reach heavenward, and find their support in God. The excessive foliage that draws away the life current from the fruit, must be pruned off. The overgrowth must be cut out, to give room for the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness. The husbandman prunes away the harmful growth, that the fruit may be richer and more abundant."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 677.

4. How does Jesus express the measure of His love for us? How only may we abide in this love? Verses 9, 10.

5. Why did Jesus tell the disciples these things? Repeat the commandment He gave. What is the greatest proof of a person's love for another? Verses 11-13.

NOTE.—"The joy of seeing souls redeemed, souls eternally saved, is the reward of all that put their feet in the footprints of Him who said, 'Follow Me.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 523. It was for this joy that Jesus "endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Heb. 12:2. It is this joy that will enable the child of God now to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

6. How do we become friends of Jesus? What contrast did Jesus make between friends and servants? Verses 14, 15.

7. For what purpose has the Lord chosen us? When petitions are made in the name of Jesus, what will be the result? Verse 16.

8. After His instruction to the disciples, whom did Jesus address? What prayer did He offer? John 17:1.

NOTE.—The Son of God is addressing His Father and our Father. Divinity in humanity is pleading with divinity for humanity. This

prayer is the outbreathing of divine love for Christ's own people in a sinful world. Become familiar with its words. Let it become Jesus' prayer for you.

9. What did Jesus say is eternal life? Having accomplished the work given Him, what did He ask for Himself? What did He say of those the Father had given Him? Verses 2-8.

10. For whom did Jesus especially pray? What did He ask for them? What reference did He make to Judas Iscariot? Verses 9-12.

11. What had Jesus given to His disciples? From what did He desire they should be kept? Verses 13-16.

12. Through what are Christ's followers to be sanctified? What had Jesus done? For whom besides His disciples did Jesus pray? Verses 17-20.

13. What close relation did Jesus desire should exist between Him and His believers? Verses 21-23.

NOTE.—"It is the will of God that union and brotherly love should exist among His people. . . . While we are not to sacrifice one principle of truth, it should be our constant aim to reach this state of unity. This is the evidence of our discipleship."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 520.

14. What did He desire His followers to behold? How did He express the difference between His followers and the world? What will Jesus continue to declare? Verses 24-26.

Junior

III—Abiding in the Vine

(July 19)

LESSON TEXTS: John 15:1-12; 17:13-23.

MEMORY VERSE: "If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love; even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love." John 15:10.

Guiding Thought

"I have learned the wondrous secret
Of abiding in the Lord;
I have found the strength and sweetness
Of confiding in His word;
I have tasted life's pure fountain,
I am trusting in His blood,
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking into God.

"All my cares I cast upon Him,
And He bears them all away;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him,
All my needs from day to day.
All my strength I draw from Jesus,
By His breath I live and move;
E'en His very mind He gives me,
And His faith, and life, and love."

—A. B. SIMPSON.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Passing along on the way to the Garden of Gethsemane, Jesus explained to His disciples His mission to the world and their spiritual relation to Him. The moon was shining bright, and revealed a flourishing grapevine. Jesus drew the attention of the disciples to it, and used it for an illustration.

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

The Jews thought the grapevine more valuable than all the trees of the forests.

1. Who is the living Vine? Who is the vine-dresser? John 15:1.

NOTE.—Grapevines must be tended carefully so they will bear grapes in abundance.

2. What happens to the branches which do not bear fruit? Verse 2, first part.

3. What is done to make the branches grow more and better fruit? Verse 2 (last part), 3.

NOTE.—The branches are pruned, or cut back, so they may grow strong and be able to bear fine grapes. Dead tendrils and leaves are cleaned from the branches. So Jesus would take sin and wrong from our lives that we may bear the good fruits of kindness, courtesy, helpfulness, and love.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 3

4. From whom does strength come for living Jesus' life? How does it come?

Answer.—By abiding in Jesus. John 15:4, 5.

NOTE.—Just as a branch torn from the vine withers and cannot bear fruit, so we cannot live like Jesus without Him.

5. What is the final result of not abiding in Jesus, the True Vine? Verse 6.

6. What is our privilege when we abide in Jesus? How may we glorify the Father? Verses 7, 8.

ASSIGNMENT 4

7. What are we urged to do? How do we abide in Jesus' love for us? Whose example are we following if we keep His commandments and so abide in His love? John 15:9, 10, 12.

8. Why does Jesus urge us to abide in Him? Verse 11.

We are urged to abide in Him that we may know the joy of bearing fruit for Him. Read the last stanza of the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 5

Jesus knew the temptations that would come. He prayed most earnestly for His disciples and for us, that nothing would ever separate them and us, the branches, from Him, the True Vine.

9. Why did Jesus pray for His disciples? John 17:13.

10. How would those who did not love Jesus feel toward those who do love Him? What was Jesus' prayer for His disciples? Verses 14, 15.

11. What special request did Jesus make for them? Verses 16-18.

ASSIGNMENT 6

12. We—you, and you, and you—are included in this last prayer of Jesus, the True Vine. John 17:20.

13. What is His special desire for us, the branches? Verses 21-23. How Jesus longs that we abide in Him and so bear fruit by living His life that others will want to know Him too!

Review the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 7

The vine (—)	1. Keeping the
The branches (—)	commandments.
The fruit (—) (—) (—)	2. Christians.
Cultivating the vine (—)	3. Love.
Abiding in the vine	4. Prayer
(—) (—)	5. Repentance.
Pruning the vine (—) (—)	6. Christ.
Burning the dead branches	7. Confession.
(—)	8. God.
The gardener (—)	9. Joy.
	10. Peace.
	11. Judgment.
	12. Obedience.

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The Listening Post

❖ A FROG in a Moscow laboratory has started living its second year with a transplanted heart.

❖ Two Arabian horses, gift of King Abdul-Aziz Saud, to the daughter of an American oil refinery head, arrived in Miami, Florida, after a 10,000-mile trip by plane from Saudi Arabia.

❖ Of the 12,639 American Flying Fortresses made by Boeing Aircraft Company during the late war, 4,750 were lost on combat missions, and all but a few were worn out. Only 682 "Forts" are still in service as trainers and being used for air-sea rescue work.

❖ VAMPIRE bats are raising havoc with Mexican livestock, it is reported. Two large colonies of the bats living in caves 300 miles south of the Rio Grande are not only preying on herds of cattle at night but are infecting them with a killing disease called paralytic rabies.

❖ SOCIAL ills are the world's worst problem, states Dr. James L. Halliday, Department of Health officer for Scotland. Despite the falling death rate, the great expectation of life, and the increasing height and weight of children, the rate of psychoneurotic disorders is increasing. The doctor advocates strengthening the family ties and blames the breakdown of the home for juvenile delinquency.

❖ ELEPHANTS, hippopotamuses, and rhinoceroses are Africa's jungle fire fighters. Untrained, in their wild state, they will charge into a burning area of trees or brush and stamp out the blaze. They are credited with saving millions of acres of timberland from destruction over a period of years. These eight-ton fire trucks are not slow about answering a call either. An elephant can run about 25 miles an hour for a short distance, and a three-ton rhino can race up to 45 miles an hour.

❖ Six Australian war prisoners recently released from a Russian work camp after two years forced labor in Donetz coal mines have revealed that living conditions in Russia are pitifully poor. "If you think we look bad, you should see the Russian civilians—they are in worse shape," declared the shabby six. Food was so scarce that the camp officers were obliged to appropriate part of the prisoners' ration for their own use. They received 1,500 rubles a month for their work, but there was little they could buy.

❖ OBTAINING aluminum from common clay was thought possible by German scientists before the late war, but was later given up as unfeasible because of the amount of energy consumed in the process. However, experiments conducted under the direction of Dr. James I. Hoffman of the National Bureau of Standards in Washington, D.C., have disclosed a practical method which will extract 38 billion tons of aluminum from 190 billion tons of clay. The present cost is about twice that of extracting the metal from bauxite brought from abroad, but further economies in the use of by-products from the process are expected to offset the difference in expense involved.

❖ Two former United States Army transports have been commissioned by the State Department to take 8,000 American teachers and students abroad this summer. Groups of 1,000, composed of members of the Girl Scouts, American Friends Service Committee, the World Federation of Education Associations, the University of Minnesota, Harvard Students Council, and the Yale Department of Education, are scheduled to sail every two weeks. Countries visited will include Belgium, the Netherlands, France, England, Denmark, and Switzerland.

❖ FOURTEEN years ago the father of four-year-old Valerie Snowden began building the finest doll house in all London for his young daughter. The house gradually grew with the years, but so did Valerie. It has just been completed, but the "little" girl is now nineteen and too large to play with it.

❖ WHAT is said to be the "biggest church in the world" is under construction in Red Bay, Alabama. It is being built by the Church of God and will seat 15,000.

❖ DU PONT'S Research Laboratories in the United States have discovered a new formula for making nylon. One bushel of corn cobs will make 40 pairs of stockings.

❖ NEW YORK'S Floyd Bennet Field recently celebrated its one-thousandth blind landing with the safe arrival of a plane flown by Cass Szmagaj, pilot from Johannesburg, South Africa.

❖ CHLOROPHYLL, the mysterious green pigment in plants, has been analyzed at last by University of California chemists. It has been found to contain phosphorescent molecules which store up light energy long enough for it to be used as sugar, starches, and other substances by the plant.

❖ THREE hundred and ninety-nine Jews from displaced persons' camps in Germany have just been admitted to Norway. They are the first of a group of skilled artisans who are being sought to aid Norwegian economy. A second group of 200 will be permitted to settle in that country within a few weeks.



Couriers for Christ



"Recently when I called at a house, I found it to be the home of a Free Methodist minister," reports Colporteur Randolph of Nebraska. "He answered the door himself, and ushered me into the living room. There I met three lovely children, and gave a presentation for 'Bedtime Stories.' The mother was busy in the kitchen, yet she looked in on the interview, listened a few moments, smiled, and went on about her work. The minister at once expressed interest in these books, but after giving voice to his appreciation he turned to the publisher's page to see who printed them. Instantly I could see prejudice written all over his face. Because they were Seventh-day Adventist publications he refused to have anything to do with them. At that moment I certainly prayed for wisdom, not so much for the sale, but to meet this situation in the right way to break down prejudice.

"Just then his wife entered the room and seated herself, asked to see the books, and spent several minutes looking them over. It was plain that she wanted them for her children. Then we began to visit while the minister listened. She asked me a number of questions, which I answered as tactfully as I could, and drew her husband into our friendly visit too. The conversation turned to some evangelistic meetings being conducted by one of our Seventh-day Adventist ministers in the city, and what he had to say about the prophecies of Revelation. I told her that I would be glad to bring her a printed copy of the sermons on that subject. She looked at her husband and asked, 'Would it be all right, Daddy?' He answered, 'Why, yes, and I'll be glad to read every one of them too, as I am interested in prophecy and what others have to say about the subject.'

"Before I left that home, the parents had decided not to get ten-dollar dolls for their girls for Christmas, but to spend that money on a set of Uncle Arthur's 'Bedtime Stories,' agreeing that it would be a much more worthwhile gift. On the spot the father paid me the full amount and said that they would be looking forward to receiving the sermons I had mentioned.

"When I called to deliver the books the following week, that minister seemed like a different person. He was kind and courteous, and told me he was preparing a sermon on angels. I plan to call back and take the book 'Daniel and the Revelation' from my lending library for him to read. I feel sure that he would never have been willing to read a doctrinal book, however, if God had not used the 'Bedtime Stories,' plus a friendly visit, as an entering wedge. My prayer is that He will bless the printed word, and prepare the hearts of these good people to receive a full knowledge of His truth for this closing day of earth's history."