

The Youth's Instructor

WHAT altitude are we making?"
"About 15,000 feet," replied the steward.

This being my first night airplane flight, I was understandably uneasy. "Steward, what is our position?"

From Panama to Jamaica, our occasional glimpses of a bright moon, a few stars through broken skies, had been reassuring. Now we were leaving Jamaica, having refueled at Kingston, and our stratoplane was trying to initiate us in the dubious task of outclimbing a tropical storm. The darkness had closed in. The moon and stars were hidden. Heavy winds were buffeting this big four-motored monster. I thought the gusts and blasts were altogether too disrespectful of our proud Boeing. We frequently dropped, suddenly stopped dropping, then heaved upward, slid this way and that, and were constantly thumped and bumped by air blasts from beneath. All the time we were steadily and, it seemed to me, desperately climbing.

Before the storm I had observed a bright star through the porthole over my left shoulder. It looked good and substantial. I strained now to catch a glimpse of it through the storm clouds. Suddenly it appeared! And then, as we went through another rough and woolly area of clouds, it was gone. How glad I was to see it return after each buffeting by the storm. And always it made its appearance in the same relative position at my port window. That little fact spoke peace and comfort. I was assured that our navigator knew where he was going, and was keeping a true course. I did some heavy thinking.

Young man, young woman, as you go through life, be sure you have a safe pilot. When trouble comes, the quality of guidance and leadership to which you have been subject becomes all-important. Yes, and even now you are being perceptibly marked by those forces which you permit to control you. There is a sure insigne of nobility which is worn by the boy and girl, the young man and woman of un-

tarnished, sterling Christian character.

Animal trainers say it is always easy to pick out thoroughbreds. They have a certain distinction which marks them from the general run. It is evident in their physical abilities, in their bearing, and especially in their behavior under stress and strain. If a fire breaks out in a stable, it is the poorer stock, and not the thoroughbreds, who tear around wildly. A thoroughbred waits quietly for help and submits to it when it comes, or dies

bravely if it fails to arrive. There is a high degree of excellence, a certain bearing, in thoroughbreds. I suppose that is why we like them.

These marks of a superior calling are among the treasures possessed by the true Christian. While in Finland recently, I was told of a young woman who had never accepted Christ, but who had enjoyed a friendly relationship with some of our Adventist young people. She was stricken with a fatal disease, and shortly before she died made this very significant remark, "O that I had lived like an Adventist."

As the doubting apostle Thomas looked for the evidence of a crucified Christ in the risen Saviour, so the unconverted today look for the marks of a Saviour in our lives. Said Thomas, "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe."

Many of our fellow youth who know not God—those across the worktable from us, those in our classrooms, and all who know us to be Seventh-day Adventists—are asking to see the outstanding marks of a Christian in us. They are demanding to see our credentials, our insigne, and they have a perfect right to make that demand.

This mark of genuineness is set forth clearly by Ellen G. White in these words: "To be kind to the unthankful and to the evil, to do good hoping for nothing again, is the insignia of the royalty of heaven, the sure token by which the children of the Highest reveal their high estate." These thoughts of inspiration have a tremendous appeal to me. Do they not set up in your heart, too, a yearning to possess such qualities?

Oh, what strides the work of God might take were the marks of the character of Jesus Christ branded with a searing iron upon our hearts! If any people in the wide world, from Adam down to the pres-

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INTERNATIONAL

As Doubting Thomas Looked at the Master's Hands and Feet for Evidences of His Crucifixion, so the Unconverted Look for the Marks of a Saviour in the Lives of Those Who Profess to Follow Him

Marked for Life

By E. W. DUNBAR

Let's Talk It Over

NEXT to life itself **TIME** is the most valuable of all your possessions. You were born a millionaire in this wealth, as is every human being. But with each passing day you have less and less of it, and at the end of your earthly journey you will die a pauper.

Not one wasted moment can ever be replaced—it is gone! Gone forever! What you buy with these matchless riches of days and weeks and months and years depends on you, and you alone. Your time can be exchanged for failure or success, whichever you prefer. The question of whether you are *investing* your wealth profitably or thoughtlessly *spending* it is one which will pay you to consider seriously.

Honestly, now, how much interest are you drawing today on the only real capital you have?

OFTEN as I come and go through the suburban shopping center between my room and the office, I pass a middle-aged man who sits on a wide window sill hard by the entrance to the neighborhood bowling alley—just sits! And smokes—and smokes—and smokes—more cigarettes! I have seen him walking on near-by streets occasionally, and *once* I saw him sweeping the sidewalk in front of the apartment house where his energetic schoolteacher wife maintains an apartment for the family, and sees that the children are fed and properly clothed.

I have wondered about this sitting person, and said to myself, "What a perfect picture of a wasted life!" For folks who know him say that in his salad days he was a wide-awake, up-and-coming youth, with an interest in studying law. But "conditions were never just favorable" for him to get down to serious studying, and so years have slipped by, and here he is whiling his life away—just—sitting—and—smoking. It may be that he thinks some too, but you would never guess it by his appearance.

"What ya doin', Bill?" A passing acquaintance paused to ask the question.

"Jest killin' time," answered Bill. "Wan' t' sit down here an' help me?"

"No, thanks, I have some business to attend to." And Bill continued to sit alone.

"Jest killin' time!"

Are you ever guilty of committing such murder? You will never be arrested and tried and sentenced to punishment for it,

but you have thrown away just that few minutes, that hour or hours of time, which you might have invested in something that would have added strength and beauty and Christlikeness to the character which you are building here for hereafter.

IN FACT, few of us realize how important even an hour is. From between the yellowed pages of an old, old scrap-book comes this estimate of its worth:

"The great clock in the church steeple struck three; the afternoon sun slowly waned; and the shadows lengthened in the streets. The clock struck four.

"It was only an hour. The children playing on the sidewalk did not know that it had gone; but in it a greathearted man had written down some strong, true words, which will live long in the world and give courage and help to many struggling souls.

"In it a chemist, working with brain and hand over carefully prepared compounds, had discovered one of the secrets of nature—how the atoms of elements group themselves to form a molecule of organic matter.

"In it four women, sitting with their sewing on yonder porch, had brought out old, forgotten scandals, and set them loose again in the world, like flying scorpions, to poison and to kill.

"In that hour a young man in the next house to them yielded to a temptation which will never lose its grip on him while he lives.

"In the same time a woman, with a child on her lap, told a story with a high, pure meaning, which will be a lamp to the feet of that little one all the days of his life.

"Another woman, watching silent and motionless by a sickbed, filled the hour with prayers and high thoughts that would serve as food for her hungry heart during the days of loneliness and trouble which would soon be upon her.

"How many of us remembered that the hour—a servant, laden with the report which we should give to it—was passing up to God?

"What report did it carry of us? What record are we making ready at this moment for the hour that is now passing?

"'Only an hour! Yet the despised slave,' says Antigonus Carystius, 'may be laden with treasure that would ransom a Caesar.'"

THE value of bits of time that so many of us carelessly throw away is well illustrated by the story of John O'Reilly, a trader and hunter who was on his way from the interior of South Africa to the Cape in 1867. On his journey he stopped for the night with a farmer named Van Niekerk.

The stranger noticed that the children were playing with some pretty, bright pebbles, and as he picked one up and looked at it he remarked, "That might be a diamond." Van Niekerk laughed, assured him it was no diamond, but that even if it were there were plenty more around the neighborhood. "Let me take it to Cape Town to see what it really is," urged O'Reilly, "and should it prove to be a diamond I will give you half the proceeds." So the farmer gave consent.

When O'Reilly reached Colesburg he showed his pebble to other traders gathered there at the hotel, and to prove his contention scratched a windowpane with it. His friends laughingly scratched the glass with gunflint and tossed his pebble out the window. However, he searched until he found it, and when he traveled on the next morning it was safely stowed away in his pocket. Arrived at Cape Town, he had the stone tested and appraised, and found it to be a twenty-two-and-one-half carat diamond—a perfect stone. Without difficulty he found a buyer, and received for it \$3,000 cash.

Immediately he returned to the Van Niekerk farm, and turned over half the money, as he had agreed to do. As the men talked of the wonder of what had happened, the Dutchman recalled that he had seen an immense stone in the hands of a Kaffir witch doctor, who used it in his incantations. They set out to find the man, bought the stone for five hundred sheep and horses, and the same day sold the eighty-four carat diamond for \$56,000.

That was the beginning of the great diamond mining industry—all because one man recognized the value of a *little* pebble!

TAKE care of your minutes as well as your hours, friend o' mine. For next to life itself **TIME** is the most valuable thing you possess, and as suits your preference, it can be exchanged for failure or success.

Lora E. Clement



"THE SUN" FEATURE BUREAU

During the War Kata Ragoso and the Natives Who Worked Under His Guidance Saved the Lives of 214 Allied Soldiers and Airmen

Solomon Island WITNESSES

By KATA RAGOSO (RANGOSO)

[NOTE.—Many of our readers will remember Pastor Kata Ragoso, the straight-as-an-arrow, jet-black Solomon Islander who attended the General Conference held in San Francisco, California, in 1936, and who after its close toured the United States, visiting many camp meetings and practically all our larger institutions. When Pastor N. A. Ferris, of Australia, who was to accompany him on this journey and translate for him, became suddenly ill at its outset, Ragoso was dismayed, and the General Conference leaders who had made the arrangements were perplexed. But they urged him to speak English the best he could, as he had learned it from the missionaries in his own islands, and after much hesitation and earnest prayer he consented to do so. We who listened marveled! Surely his experience was a modern miracle—the bestowing upon this humble faithful servant of Heaven the gift of tongues. This talk is printed practically as he gave it not long ago to an eagerly listening audience in Sydney, Australia.—EDITOR.]

AFTER the missionaries were evacuated from the Solomon Islands, I called one hundred of my people together to build storehouses in the bush to hide the missionaries' goods and the equipment from the Batuna hospital and school. We carried timber and iron, and built two houses. Then we packed all the goods and marked the boxes with the initials of the owners, and on the cases of mission equipment we wrote, "S.D.A." We carried all this to the bush.

The furniture we placed in the house with the leaf roof, and the other things we placed in the store with the iron roof. Next we took the two boats *Vinaritoke* and *Portal*, and with a big canoe towed them up a river. We took down the masts and laid them on the decks. Then we built leaf houses over the boats so the airplanes could not see them.

After that we put watchmen every five miles from Gatukai to Vella Lavella, to watch for planes and warships. When any plane was shot down, the watchmen reported it to me, and I sent some men out to find it. When we found any airmen we took them to our villages and mission stations, and looked after them until we could take them to the wireless men (commandos). We had no white people's food, but we gave them the native food. Sometimes we took them to the wireless men at night through the Japa-

canoe to find the pilot. Late in the afternoon all except one returned and said they could not find the pilot. When the plane sank, the airman got into his rubber dinghy and went ashore on one of the islands and stayed there that night. One of my men, Tiri, stayed there searching for the airman. Early next morning he saw the American come out from the island in his dinghy, so he paddled after the man in his canoe. When the pilot saw Tiri he was very frightened; he thought the black man would kill him. Tiri was frightened, too; he thought the airman might be a Japanese. But when he came close, the airman smiled, and Tiri spoke to him in pidgin English: "Are you American or Japanese?"

The answer came, "I am not Jap; I American. Where do you come from?"

"I belong to mission," Tiri called to him.

When the airman heard this he was very happy. He beckoned excitedly with his right hand and shouted, "Come close to me!"

So Tiri went and put the injured man into his canoe and towed the dinghy behind. He paddled hard and came to Batuna.

When I heard that he had come I went down the wharf and said to Tiri, "Why have you brought this Japanese here? We will attend to them at some other place."

Tiri replied, "He is not a Japanese; he is an American."

So I went down and looked carefully into his eyes and asked him if he was a real American.

He said, "I am an American."

Then I asked him, "Which part of the United States are you from?"

He said, "I come from Hollywood, California."

So I told him I had been to Hollywood and was very pleased to see him. I asked him to come up to our missionary's house. We gave him oranges, papaws, and coconuts, and cooked some sweet potatoes. We gave him a shower; then I asked the dresser who looked after the hospital to give him some medicine and bandage his arm and leg. Twenty-one men in a canoe took him to the wireless station, and later an American plane came and took him away. After he went back to America he wrote a letter of thanks to me and my people.

One American pilot was returning from Bougainville when his plane was shot down by the Japanese. This happened about five miles from the beach, back in the hills, and nobody saw it. The airman landed safely by his parachute just in front of one of our mission villages. No one was there because all the people had fled into the hills when the Japanese came.

When this man got out of his parachute he walked up to the village and saw the church. He went inside and saw some Picture Rolls hanging on the wall. Then he

nese lines. Sometimes we took them in the day; and when the airplanes came over we made the white people lie down in the canoe and we covered them with leaves. When we reached the wireless men, they would send a message to Guadalcanal or the New Hebrides; then an airplane would come and take the airmen away.

Altogether we rescued 27 American pilots and 187 Australian and New Zealand soldiers. These 187 men were on a warship which was torpedoed by the enemy. When it sank, the soldiers started to swim. Our men went out in their canoes and brought them to shore. It took a lot of food to feed them, but we did not keep them very long. The wireless men sent a message, and a big warship came and took the soldiers aboard.

One Sabbath when we came out from the service, two planes were fighting overhead. After a while the Japanese shot the American plane, and it fell down into the water. I sent some of my men out in a

was happy because he knew that he was in a mission village and felt that he would be safe. After about two hours the chief and another man came to the village. The pilot saw them coming, so he came out from the church to watch them. Then he waved his hand. The natives were afraid; they thought he was a Japanese. They had no food, so the chief asked his friend to climb up and get some green coconuts. So they gave them to the man to drink the water, but they asked him first if he was Japanese or American. They looked after him for a few days. This chief called his people back to the village again—men, women, and children. They stayed

with the pilot and looked after him well.

Then one day they heard a plane coming from Guadalcanal, and the airman asked the chief whether it was American or an enemy machine. Hidi (Hindi) told him that it was American, because the Solomon Islanders knew the difference. The pilot asked the chief if he could gather his people on the wharf, and he stood among them. When the plane came close, he took a mirror and signaled to it. The plane circled round for some time, very low; when the pilot recognized the American on the wharf he went back to Guadalcanal. About two hours later a big plane came and took him away. Before

he left he thanked Hidi and the people for looking after him. Also, he told Hidi that he was very pleased to see the church and to know he had found a Christian village.

Early in 1943, when we knew the Japanese were coming to Batuna, we went to the hills. Six or seven months before, we had built houses out there and made gardens ready. But we did not have enough food, and sometimes at night the people would go to some village garden and gather food.

Later in the year the Americans drove the enemy from New Georgia. They came

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I Live--Why?

By H. W. JEWKES

MAE, a Seventh-day Adventist girl, lived near Texas City, Texas. She, with others, was working in the office of the chemical plant, where hundreds of employees were busy on Wednesday morning, April 16, 1947, when her attention was drawn to the smoke of a burning ship anchored just a few hundred feet out in the harbor. Up on the third floor she stood with others, watching, appalled at the sight. The boss stepped out on the fire escape for a better view. Men were trying desperately to put out the fire, but with little success. But it did not occur to them that it was only a matter of minutes until all those firemen and hundreds of other men and women would be hurled into eternity, or that millions of dollars' worth of buildings and material within a radius of a half mile would be blown to pieces.

The girls walked down to the second floor. They were visiting and enjoying the regular midmorning snack when without warning the burning ship exploded with the noise of atomic energy. The earth shook. Seconds later the windowpanes of the office flew in one general direction. Mae and her friends were thrown to the floor. The left side of her face was slashed by the flying splinters of glass. The girls lay quietly where they were. Some were dead; others with bleeding bodies waited.

Soon rescue parties arrived, and long hours of seemingly endless toil began. There were many cries for help from every side. One by one the living were taken to first-aid stations. The dead were moved to a general morgue to await identification. And what of Mae? Her loved ones were far away. Who would assist her? When the local district pastor found her, first aid had been given, and before long she was in the hospital at Galveston.

The rescue work continued as a second explosion added death to death and destruction to destruction in the already rent and torn city. The ambulances went screaming to hospitals from the scene of the disaster and returned for more victims. Nurses and doctors were called in from near and far. A nation arose as one man to help those in need and danger. The smoke of burning buildings and gasoline tanks towered hundreds of feet into the sky. For a time it seemed that the city would be entirely destroyed by fire. But a steady easterly wind continued to carry the smoke out to sea, and finally a gentle rain began to fall. Slowly but surely the smoke lessened, and after several days the fires were out.

Hundreds had been killed and wounded in just a few seconds. Great fear had come to the inhabitants of an important port city. Some decided to leave; others determined to stay. The question in many minds was, "He [or She] is dead. I live—why?"

On that fatal day two men, neighbors, saw the smoke rising two and a half miles away. They jumped into a car and went to see what there was to see. While they were gone their wives visited across the fence separating their yards. They were there when the first explosion came. One of them looked up and saw something flying through the air toward them. She screamed a warning to her neighbor. They both seized their children and ran for home. As one was about to rush up the front steps to her door, a twenty-foot steel pipe eight inches in diameter buried itself under the front-porch steps. It missed these potential victims by inches. The families live, but what of the men? One was found and identified. He was the seventy-fifth body. The other has not

been found as yet. Again the question arises, "My husband is dead. I live—why?"

Each day that followed the explosion and fire new experiences were told. One of the rescuers found just the hand of a woman in a store. She had apparently gone to the money drawer and was about to take out some change when her life was taken. Her body was nowhere to be found. All that was left was a hand in the open money drawer.

Another member of the rescue party found a man standing as a statue with his hand on the whistle cord of the factory where he was employed. He was at his post of duty, ready to pull the cord, but now he stood lifeless. The warning signal had never been given. Shall it ever be said of you or me that we stood at our post of duty but did not give the warning of coming destruction? For Christ is coming; and not only this earth but sin and sinners are to be destroyed. Again as we think of the signal man the question arises, "He is dead. I live—why?"

Youth of the Advent Movement, there is a reason why you live today. God has work for you to do. He has spared your life for His service. Mae was in the hospital for days. A friend came to see her. He was a Christian and a leader of youth. She lay still, half her face covered with bandages. She was weak, but gradually strength was returning. As they visited he turned and made a pointed statement. "God has spared your life. You live—why?" The question startled her. Yes, she was alive; no doubt about that. She was indeed grateful for life, too. Many of her friends were dead. Yes, *why should she have been spared?* Did God have a place for her? Could He use her even now?

Yes, my friends, God does have a place, not only for Mae, but for you and me and every one of us. It may take a tragedy to bring us to the realization of that fact, but that should only emphasize it. Youth of this great Second Advent Movement, arise as one man and live for God, work for Him, and if the need arise be ready to die for Him.

Little Creek Today

By LELAND STRAW

[NOTE.—About five years ago a small group of workers trained in Madison College (Tennessee) went out from their alma mater to build up a self-supporting school and sanitarium unit of their own in one of the most needy spots of the needy Southland. They started from scratch, and many have been their experiences; but the sweet has always been mingled with the bitter in satisfying measure, and we welcome this report of progress from the courageous young pioneer who has led out in the location and development of Little Creek.—EDITOR.]

TIME, that fragment of eternity allotted to our use, has pressed its age-long, stayless form past several summer mileposts since that first June our caravan turned up the drive on the farm now called Little Creek. There has been progress in many ways. Pioneer life has largely given way to the accouterments of civilization generally accepted as evidence of advancement. The girls' dormitory is completed. Largely in the interest of economy and safety, even the boys no longer huddle around a sheet-iron chunk burner for warmth—we simply turn on the steam. A full-fledged tractor now tills the sod, and at even, homeward wends its noisy way. About twenty-five young men and women assemble in the dining hall and dormitories, engaging in the multitudinous tasks involved in maintaining themselves, a group of thirteen teachers and workers, and an average of ten patients, who keep our five sanitarium rooms and office full to overflowing.

War has left its impress on the Tennessee Valley. Young men have been called to the armed services of their country; power dams on the river have swelled industries and built a city of nearly one hundred thousand to explore the mysteries of the atom. The water from Fort Loudon dam, fifteen miles away, has backed up our creek, forming a beautiful lake just across the road; and one

may drive for miles following the shore, winding about the hills and woodlands; or, in a boat, spend quiet, carefree hours exploring the coves and inlets of its banks.

Even at Little Creek the war has wrought its changes. Fifteen prefabricated huts from "Atomic City," Oak Ridge, not far distant, are dotted over the campus singly and in groups to ease our housing shortage. One was added to the "green house," which is now used solely as a school building; six compose the boys' dormitory; one is a shop; three others house families; and so on. Shortages of material have led us to manufacture our own cement blocks for building purposes. A neat little kitchen of these blocks has been added to the sanitarium and has proved very satisfactory. A neighbor has set up his sawmill just beyond the barn, and for weeks now a crew of boys has been at work in the back woods felling trees and hauling logs to feed its voracious appetite. Prospects of coal shortage has failed to disturb our routine, as slabs from the mill and tops from the trees are cut up to feed furnaces and boiler. Immediate and proposed construction is pressing so steadily that one of our graduates has recently returned to assist in the program.

All these symbols of a certain material progress are encouraging, for there are often obstacles of seemingly insurmountable proportions in the way. However, we try to recall the words of the great Teacher when He said, "Man shall not live by bread alone." We, today, have witnessed unparalleled progress in things material. Never have devious and enticing allurements beckoned so invitingly, never have

so many devices to lighten the burdens of living been forced upon a restless world; yet never before has there been such a gigantic demonstration of the futility of "things" as harbingers of progress and prosperity. Surely it is a time for careful analysis of the elements of progress and constant check with the pattern of inspiration given to Seventh-day Adventists as a beacon for these troublous times.

Sometimes the question is raised regarding the necessity of a self-supporting school and health work of this type. Limited resources, help shortages, equipment often pitifully inadequate, is regarded as a handicap too serious to be tolerated in the preparation of youth to meet this complex age. How quickly we forget the lessons God has blazoned in blood and ashes over the sands of this recalcitrant planet. Could we but comprehend what is meant as we read that obedience was the lesson the Captain of the Lord's host was trying to impress upon Israel of old—obedience, when to finite vision, the future appeared devoid of hope. Then, it says, the Lord loves to lead to a triumph, not because of what we are equipped to do, but because of what He can do. Surely the backing of One who owns the cattle on a thousand hills should be sufficient to give assurance even in times of discouragement and perplexity. Will humankind, in stubborn self-reliance, never comprehend the lesson of the ages, that the conditions of prosperity and success with nations and individuals are unchanged, and are in direct proportion to the fulfillment of divine requirements?

It is not because there are no schools that Little Creek was established, nor because the sick were uncared for that it maintains a sanctuary for the afflicted in body. It is never expected that the equipment of our sequestered place shall compete with the magnificent edifices dedicated to learning and healing to be found in every State of our United States. Where, we may ask, are the many small schools and sanitariums, family groups, where teachers and students may mingle in hours of labor both physical and intellectual, and patients may be surrounded with the atmosphere of home? Is there not a call for those who eagerly await the climax of all history, to scatter to unentered places and there bring the gospel in practice?

It is wonderful to be called of God to be a Moses or a David, an Isaiah or a Paul. But Paul warns that there are diversities of gifts, for "God hath set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him. And if they were all one member, where were the body?" And "God hath tempered the body to

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The Fine Group of Young Men and Women and Teachers at Little Creek, Tennessee, Who Are Pioneering the New School and Sanitarium

A Faithful Witness

By W. E. READ



H. M. LAMBERT

Whatever Your Work, Wherever You Are, Take Advantage of Your Opportunities to Witness for Your Lord

YE ARE My witnesses," said Jehovah to the great evangelical prophet of ancient days. Isaiah, looking down through the ages, saw the large work God would accomplish through His people in the last days. The same thing was expressed by the Saviour when giving His last words of counsel to His disciples before His ascension. "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me," He declared.

Witnessing for Christ is the privilege and duty of every child of God, not only those set apart to preach the everlasting gospel, but every man, woman, and young person who embraces God's message for this time. Everyone is to witness; everyone is to tell, not merely what he has heard or read, but what he himself knows of the saving power of the gospel of Christ. Such witnesses were the apostles and the believers in the early days of Christianity; they declared what they knew, what they had experienced, and in doing this, their words went like arrows to the hearts of men. This was the experience of the members of the church at Jerusalem when they were scattered abroad. "They . . . went every where preaching the word." Think of it! Every member of the church, whatever his rank or station in life—everyone went "preaching the word." God honored such faithful witnessing for Him, for we read, "Now they which were scattered abroad . . . travelled, . . . preaching the word. . . . And the hand of the Lord was with them:

and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord."

The same Jesus who said to the early disciples, "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me," says the same thing to every boy and girl, to every young man and woman, in the Advent ranks today.

Whether you are in college or in the home, whether you labor in the factory or in the office, you are called to bear witness for your Saviour and Lord. Are you doing this? Are you letting your light shine? Do you take advantage of the opportunities which present themselves to talk to your fellow students or to your workmates of what the Lord Jesus has done for you? This is your privilege.

To be a child of God means bearing our testimony for Him by precept and by example. Witnessing by example, however, has greater influence than witnessing by word. In fact, our words, unless supported by lives in harmony with them, will hinder rather than advance the cause of God. How important it is, then, that we take care where we go, what we do, and what we say. Bearing our witness faithfully and loyally will bring great joy to our own hearts, and in the great day when Jesus comes, there will be rewards for all who have confessed Him before men.

Some time ago one of our Missionary Volunteers in West Africa had a unique experience. He was drafted into the army. He had been a church member several

years, and was well acquainted with the third angel's message. After his training in the forces he was sent with his company for service in India. While there he sought to live the Bible truth and to stand for his religious convictions amid the difficulties of army life.

Regularly he went to church on Sabbath, carrying his Bible under his arm. This went on for some time. Each Sabbath in the course of his journey he had to pass by the office of one of the army doctors. This doctor observed the colored man week by week walking alone and carrying his Bible, and he became curious to know why he did this on Saturday, and where he was going on that day of the week. Had it been on Sunday, no question would have been raised in his mind, but to see a soldier going with his Bible on Saturday, of all days, made him wonder.

The doctor's curiosity led him to intercept the boy one Sabbath morning to make inquiries. As the result of what the boy told him he became deeply interested in the Bible. He was much impressed by the boy's attitude and spirit, and felt that there surely must be something to bring about such a change and lead the boy so boldly to declare his faith before his fellow soldiers. Interview followed interview, with the result that the doctor was put in touch with one of our Seventh-day Adventist foreign missionaries. As a result of painstaking, prayerful effort, he was led to accept the truth of God for this time. Now he is a baptized member of the church.

Although the doctor appreciates very highly the kindly, patient work of the missionary who instructed him in the Advent message, he feels that it is his duty to give credit for his contact with Seventh-day Adventists to the Ibo boy, who not many years ago was an untutored pagan. God works wonderful changes in the hearts of men, and it is a good thing to remember that such changes confound the enemy of our souls.

Let us renew our vows before the Lord and reconsecrate ourselves to Him for the saving of the lost.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

THE occupation did not seem to be a bad assignment in the estimation of at least one medical soldier who landed in Japan a short while after that all-important surrender paper had been signed aboard the battleship *Missouri*. There was really very little to do after the first rush of getting the buildings cleaned and the accouterments of the aid station ready for service. Combat engineers are a hardy lot, and there was little

Gradually the men who had been in the far-flung battlefields of the South Pacific began to arrive home as civilians, and as gradually the general atmosphere of friendliness (or at least disinterest) began to fade. The new element of young blood had an immediate effect upon the older and younger generations, which was not surprising among a people so used to being directed even in their thinking.

Strange as it may seem, they refused to

another person of like faith with whom to share the day.

It was on one of these occasions that I had the experience outstanding among several I recall from my stay in Japan. Toward the close of one Sabbath I started to make my way back to "headquarters." At one small town it was necessary to wait approximately forty minutes for another electric trolley in which to complete the journey. While waiting, I sauntered about the place, inspecting the rubbish that had been a small factory. There was little left but the wall that inevitably surrounds such installations in that country. When I looked at my watch I realized I had wandered too far. It was nearly time for the trolley, and I was on the opposite side of the defunct factory from the station. I saw the outline of a gate in the wall near by and decided to cross the enclosure. The gate was stuck, but by jumping I managed to catch the top of the wall and pull myself up. I glanced over the area to select an easy way across, then swung my legs over and dropped.

The air was forced from my lungs, and my head snapped forward violently. My heels hit the wall a stinging blow just an inch or so above the ground. On the wall was a large iron hook designed to take the wooden beam which had been used to bar the gates; it had caught under my heavy jacket when I jumped, and there I hung, neatly suspended in a completely helpless condition. I grinned at my own foolishness and reached up to open the zipper of my jacket. It would not budge. By straining my eyes down I could see it, and my heart sank. A few wriggles convinced me that I would have to have help to get free. The zipper had been hopelessly jammed by the weight of my body. Already my clothing was cutting into my armpits most uncomfortably. Even as I called for someone to come, I wondered who might be interested in helping me if he heard.

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A SIGN of the TIMES

By GLENN L. HINSDALE

work for the "medics"; otherwise this incident might not have happened.

Most of the men who spent the first months of the peace in Japan found that there was much more spare time than had been anticipated, and amazingly few ways to spend it. There were many towns within easy travel distance, to be sure, but there was an astonishing number of people in every one of them, and very little else of interest. We were the first "Americanos" to move into that area, and we found the populace unprepared to welcome us. It was several weeks before we could approach some of the villages without precipitating a wholesale exodus! As soon as the people became convinced that we were not the evil monsters they had been taught to anticipate, things went to the other extreme; it was difficult to make one's way at times for the multitude of youngsters that crowded around us. Not even the adults were immune from an insatiable desire to look at the "Americanos" and marvel at the wealth of clothing and personal treasure they possessed. The women, old men, and children seemed to bear us no malice; and the young men were still noticeably few.

We rode the trolley cars that were practically the only means of transportation, peered at all that seemed interesting, and learned a multitude of new things about the country that never reach print in the travelogue folders. We often marveled at the apparent complete lack of animosity toward us, especially so in that area immediately surrounding our base of operations, which was a battered aircraft factory. The fortunes of war had not dealt kindly with the people who worked the plant in the days before the B-29. Nearly every town and village and hamlet was scarred by large areas of complete destruction, mostly along transportation routes.

acknowledge defeat. Friction grew, and some towns were placed off limits for occupation troops in an effort to avoid unnecessary contact between the superior attitude of the Japanese and the more or less proprietary tendencies of the GI's. Even so, a number of untoward incidents occurred.

I experienced no difficulty in being excused from routine duty on the Sabbath day, since the medical officer was one under whom I had trained in America; but inspections were held each Saturday morning, and to escape the embarrassingly frank stares and rude questions of inspecting officers I simply left the compound before they arrived, and wandered about the countryside, where I could be free to think my own thoughts and observe the sacred time according to divine instruction. The weather was usually agreeable, and I counted this no hardship. But I was careful not to place myself where I might be isolated from help in case of an emergency need. However, I thought little of such matters, knowing that the Lord was with me. Since our position was isolated, I never met



Only Rubble Remains of the Seventh-day Adventist Church at Kobe, Japan



U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

Smoking, Curling, Dallying, the Flames Climb Slowly, Pushing Away the Darkness

VERMILION and crimson clouds darken to purple and gun-metal gray as the soft afterglow pales and night draws its curtains down. Dusk becomes darkness. It is good-night time again. But I do not go up to bed. I stay down by the lake, now bordered with long shadows and dark, tree-crested hills. There I build a fire.

A pungent smell is evident as I strike a match on one of the stones of the fire bed. Twigs of dead poplar crisscrossed on burning curls of birch bark catch fire quickly. To this gradually are added large and small poplar sticks and branches broken from a dead oak.

Smoking, curling, dallying, the flames climb slowly, pushing away the darkness. Splaying, waving, and weaving, they rise higher. Persistent shadows dart in but are hurled back. Licking, leaping, coning upward, they bring a flush to your cheek. The flames hold your eyes. Never still, always striking out, they seem to be trying to break the bonds that hold them to the burning sticks and the fiery coals. But the bonds do not break.

So I too remain; and watch the fire, and listen to its crackling, fluttering sounds. Alone like this, or with a friend or two who knows how to enjoy the silence, it is good to delve into your heart. And when you do talk it is a perfect setting for remembering—for remembering other campfires and other pleasures. Unlike the flames, our thoughts break away, almost unpreventably, and bring pictures before the mind's eye.

You remember the time when there were a hundred or more gathered about such a fire? You had just come marching briskly down the hillside double file, unit by unit, to another lake shore.

Campfire...

Companion to Memory

By HARVEY HANSEN

It was Junior camp! It was Senior camp! It makes no difference which, for this part of either was very much alike. It makes no difference where—whether it was a rock-bound coast in the East, or the sandy dunes of Lake Michigan; whether it was beside sun-warmed rivers of the South, or ice-chilled streams of the far North—all are enough alike at such a moment.

The march ended, you gathered around, spread your blankets, and settled down comfortably. Each day a different unit had charge and saw to it that its fire was laid in a different way.

Perhaps it was an Indian tepee, a Viking ship, a log cabin, or a little "puffer belly"! How the "firemen" were applauded for a job well done.

Afterward your camp supervisor expressed quieting thoughts and led out in devotions and prayer. How the fire's warmth added to your contentment.

Then a camp leader told a story, a counselor sang a song, and you too had your turn. Not infrequently there were guests. For example, some visitors at

Drummond Lake, Wisconsin, last year were Pastor T. E. Unruh, president of the Wisconsin Conference; O. C. Durham, "Adventure Unlimited" in person; Lou Johnson, the man who knew all about snakes; and two young people's workers from South America—R. E. Oberg and M. F. Perez. All these friends made several of my campfire hours very special.

Yes, everybody had a turn. But the fire played a continuous part. It never ceased to create an intriguing background of pantomime. All the while its flames leaped and danced before you, formed odd shapes; first brightly revealing you, then hiding you in a shadow. And sometimes a thudding chunk sent up a shower of sparks, as you watched the smokestack of the "puffer belly" fall off, the cabin roof collapse, the Viking ship lose its sail, or the Indian tepee tumble down. Then the last experience was told, the last song sung. No matter what campfire it was, good-night time came too soon!

If you came to the campfire with a

heartache, you went to bed without it. For it went away when you sang, out there by that open fire. In memory you can hear the words of that chorus so readily sung by happy young Adventist campers:

"Heartaches, take them all to Jesus; He will take your heartaches all away."

Again you remember the time when the group was still larger—hundreds larger. In fact, it took half a dozen big fires to go around. It was White Beaver Point on the St. Joseph River at Emmanuel Missionary College. The traditional get-together of faculty and old and new students at the beginning of the school year was in full swing. But this also was similar enough to some of the opening events of sister colleges to be shared, too.

The crowd was so large and the activities so many that the fires are much in the background. You had to edge your way into the inner circle surrounding one of them if you really wanted to enjoy it. The band played. A public-address system carried the old students' welcome, and the

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How Is Your Triskaidekaphobia?

By PAUL E. HAMEL

YOUR employer or your teacher probably has a larger vocabulary than you have, and that is one good reason why he is your instructor or your boss. It is unlikely that he would make the mistake of the college student who said, "Anthropomorphism is the doctrine of Presbyterianism." Do you recognize the ambiguousness of this statement? Another student defined an iconoclast as a type of architecture. One with a superior vocabulary undoubtedly knows what a numismatist is and also the meaning of miscegenation. Do you?

A vocabulary test was given by Dr. Johnson O'Connor, of the Human Engineering Laboratory of Boston, to one hundred men who were studying to fill executive positions in industry. Five years later, without exception, every man who had passed in the upper ten per cent of the vocabulary test had an executive position. This is not without significance when we note that not a single young man of the lower twenty-five per cent had become an executive.

Vocabulary tests were also given to a great number of people of all classes. The results revealed that there is a positive correlation between breadth of vocabulary and earning power, whatever the occupation or profession. A mastery of words has cash value.

Words such as *tris-kaid-eka-phobia* (fear of the number thirteen) would not be of much use to you except as it might amuse you or your friends. But developing a vocabulary that can be put to practical use will enable one to better understand what people say, and increase comprehension of what is read. With an adequate vocabulary it is possible to have a more intelligent and accurate expression of ideas and knowledge. It will in all these ways broaden concepts and improve the quality of thought.

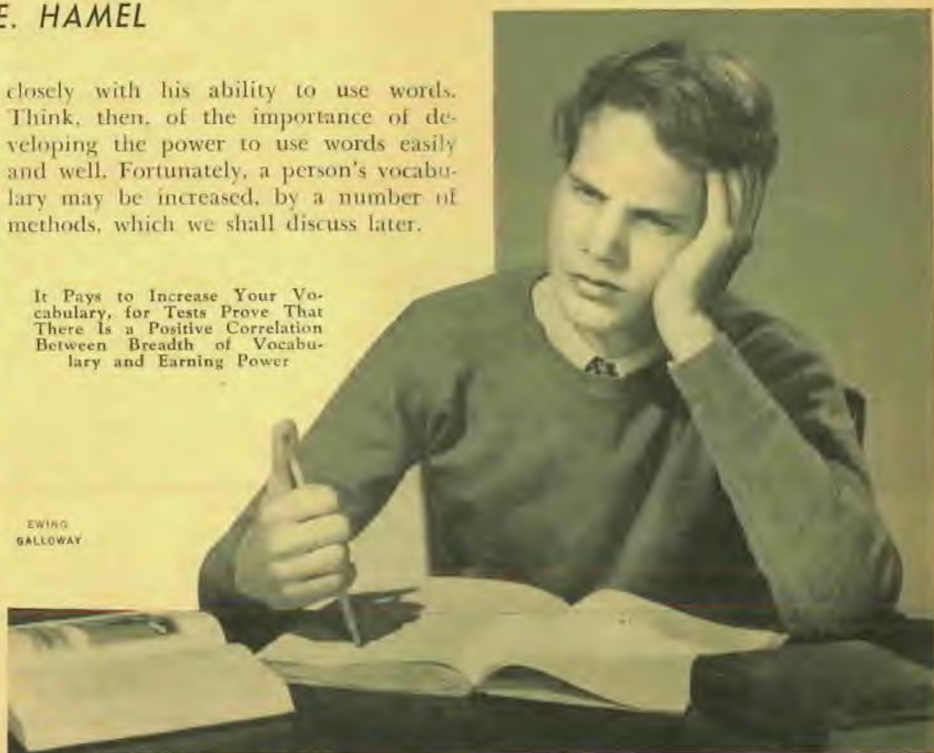
A good command of words is necessary to produce work of a high scholastic standard. Dr. William D. Templeton, of the University of Illinois, made a study of the ability of students in relation to the development of their vocabulary. He concludes that "if a high-school student is to achieve scholastic success when he goes to college, he should have a larger vocabulary than most of the students who will be in his class."

He goes on to say that as a rule a college freshman's grade or standing in freshman rhetoric is a good index of his entire future academic ranking. His grade in rhetoric, according to the studies conducted by Dr. Templeton, correlates

closely with his ability to use words. Think, then, of the importance of developing the power to use words easily and well. Fortunately, a person's vocabulary may be increased, by a number of methods, which we shall discuss later.

It Pays to Increase Your Vocabulary, for Tests Prove That There Is a Positive Correlation Between Breadth of Vocabulary and Earning Power

EWING GALLOWAY



Dr. Templeton gives all students hope with the words, "If at any time during his educational career a person possesses or builds a vocabulary greater than the vocabulary of his classmates, his grades in the immediate future will be higher than theirs."

If one would ask an academy or college student whether he would like to raise his grade-point average the answer would likely be, "Well, who wouldn't?"

I will tell you who "wouldn't," and who "won't," for that matter. The person who is not consciously trying to increase his vocabulary has no more chance of materially improving his grades than of lifting himself by his bootstraps.

Dr. Harold W. Bernard, of the University of Oregon, says that the I.Q. cannot be changed appreciably during the school years, but that the extent of the student's vocabulary and his reading efficiency can be greatly increased, both of which have a significant relation to scholarship.

In qualifying that statement he says that the correlation between vocabulary score and grade-point average is higher than the correlation between reading and grade-point average. In other words, students who give vocabulary specific attention may gain about twice as rapidly as those whose vocabulary growth is merely incidental.

His statement is the answer to any and all arguments that a person cannot im-

prove his mind, raise his scholastic standing, or learn to enjoy a book containing many polysyllabic words. These three things can be accomplished if one has determination and follows a definite plan of study and application.

There are several good methods of improving your vocabulary. Just one plan is not enough, but the various means of enlarging word power should be used together.

One way is to buy a good book on vocabulary building. I have in my library a book called *30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary*, published by Wilfred Funk, Incorporated, New York City. The authors, Wilfred Funk and Norman Lewis, say, "Give us fifteen minutes a day, and we will guarantee, at the end of a month, when you have turned the last page of this book, that your words and your reading and your conversation and your life will all have a new and deeper meaning for you. . . . Words can make you great."

This book is but one of several which would be exceptionally valuable to one seeking to enrich his vocabulary.

Keep a notebook with you at all times; one that will fit in your pocket or purse, and write down all the words which you see and hear that are not a part of your vocabulary. Then when you have time, look them up and try to use the new words in your conversation and in your writing.

When writing letters, themes, or pre-

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Campus Gleanings

UNION COLLEGE

Lincoln, Nebraska

56TH COMMENCEMENT

DEGREES were conferred upon fifty-nine seniors by President Robert W. Woods at commencement exercises held June 1 in the College View Seventh-day Adventist church, just off the campus.

Prof. L. R. Rasmussen, associate secretary in the General Conference Department of Education, Washington, D.C., delivered the commencement address. He urged the class not to stand hesitant and uncertain upon the threshold of their new life, but to fulfill the purpose for which Union College was established, and stressed the importance of recognizing the fact that they as young people were destined to lead "selected lives."

"Your assignment is to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, and you have been selected for this work by reason of your birthright, by reason of living in these times, by reason of Christian and by reason of your special privilege of academic training," was his challenge, and he added, "To fill your generation's assignment is the only way to usher in the eternal reign of peace."

After the processional the invocation was offered by Pastor M. V. Campbell, president of the Central Union Conference. Dr. E. B. Ogden, academic dean at the college, gave the benediction.

Principal speaker at the consecration service Friday evening, May 30, was Neil

Rowland, senior class pastor. Addressing an audience of 1,500 gathered in the college auditorium, Mr. Rowland declared that the class motto, "For God and for Humanity," offered a true vision of service.

"We now understand more fully that our motto implies a solemn vow," he said, and further explained that "it is no longer a tradition. It no longer merely decorates the commencement programs, but it is a vital force that must be so deeply inscribed that it becomes a part of the whole and is an expression of the character of the group."

Wilmer Unterseher, class president, delivered the opening remarks. "If ever we stand in need of a true and deep devotion to God and service to mankind, it is now. Tonight we seek this consecration."

The senior class response was given by Joseph Barnes, who expressed gratitude to the men and women of the faculty for having "by their Christian teaching and words brought us to a closer walk with Christ." He declared that these teachers had demonstrated that one could best serve God by serving humanity.

At baccalaureate services held in the college auditorium Sabbath morning, May 31, Pastor W. J. Hackett, of the Omaha Memorial Church, told graduates and the audience of 1,900 that "we are as verily destined to our tasks as were Noah, Elijah, and John the Baptist." Pointing to crises in history in which outstanding men were called upon for aid, he said, "You are but aimless bits of hu-

manity until you know that God put you here to answer the needs of this present age."

One of the oldest and best known of the Union College traditions is the annual hanging of the Golden Cords in honor of Unionites who have entered foreign mission service the past year. On Friday evening, May 23, forty-six Golden Cords were hung for the largest group to enter mission duty in one year.

Dr. Everett Dick, head of the history department, put the question to the audience, "What is a college?" He went on to show that it is more than walls or a campus, that it is more than an intellectual, congenial, or spiritual atmosphere. "A college," said Dr. Dick, "is composed of its ideals, and the foundation of the ideals of Union College is service, this being exemplified in the Golden Cords."

Speaking on the subject "What Union means to one at the end of the Golden Cords," Calvin Gordon, who has been serving in Inter-America, explained that there "is ever present in one's heart a spirit of sacrifice and labor gained at Union College."

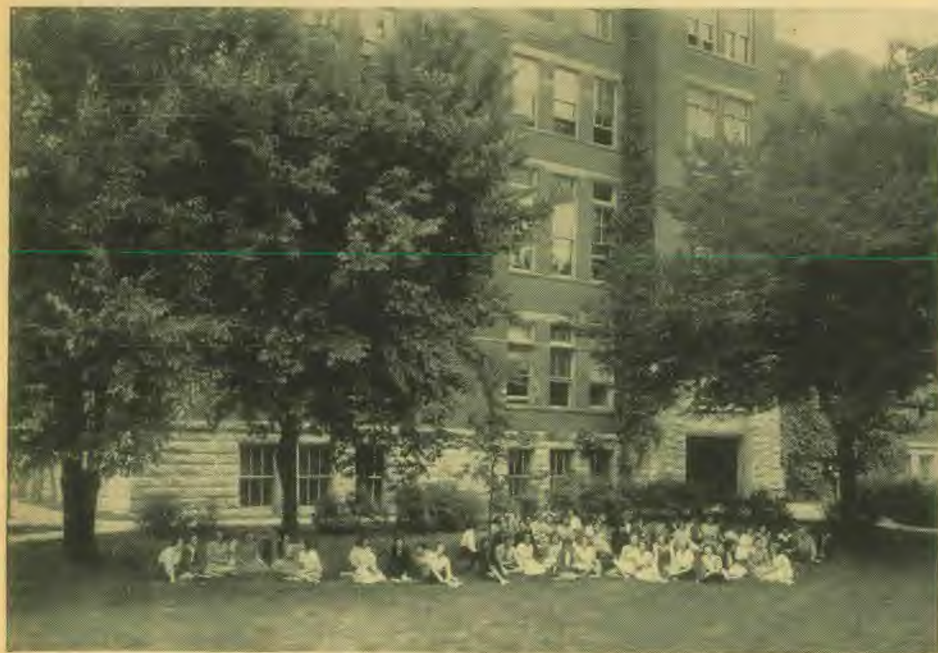
Pastor R. J. Roy, who is returning to mission service soon, and Pastor M. J. Sorenson, on furlough from Ethiopia, told what it meant to have a Golden Cord hung for them. Pastor Roy also paid tribute to the thirty-four Unionites who are returning to overseas duty after furloughs.

Since it was originated in 1906, the annual ceremony has heretofore been held in the old chapel in the administration building, where Golden Cords have been stretched from a replica of the Clock Tower to two hemispheres representing the world. This year, because of the increased enrollment, chapel service was held in the college auditorium, and another similar device was designed and placed there.

With marimba music as a background, Wilmer Unterseher, of Wadena, Minnesota, president of the senior class, and Joyce Erickson, of Brainerd, Minnesota, vice-president of the senior class, together with Richard Daarud, of Mandan, North Dakota, and Branka Bogdanovich, of Lincoln, Nebraska, president and vice-president respectively of the junior class, hung Golden Cords for those who are serving the Advent cause overseas.

In conclusion President Woods told how one out of every ten Union College

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A Glimpse of the Entrance to the Administration Building of Union College, and a Small Corner of the Lovely Campus



We Were Privileged to Spend a Few Delightful Hours of Rest and Relaxation at Helderberg College, Cape Province, South Africa

WHERE YOU WANT ME

PART VI

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS

IT WAS broad daylight when we awakened the next morning. From the sound of activity outside on the campus, we concluded that everyone else at Helderberg College was up and about his business. We could hear the sound of picks and shovels, iron against iron, and the muffled shouts of men. They were digging some kind of drain near the girls' dormitory, while up on the terrace there were two new dwellings for teachers in the process of construction.

We had taken Mrs. Watt at her word and slept as late as we wished. She had said, "When you awaken, come upstairs, and I will have breakfast for you." She was as good as her word:

Cornflakes and cream, fresh apricots, orange juice, Postum, and delicately browned toast, butter, and jam. We ate while Mrs. Watt, a perfect hostess, hovered solicitously near by.

Mrs. W. E. McClure came and claimed us then, and we went eagerly out to see the beautiful environs of this unique center of education. Everything was pleasing to the eye, for what other college has two oceans at her front door and mountains in her back yard? It was the vacation season, and the great buildings were deserted, but the grandeur and dignity and somber beauty were not lost on us. We gazed down into the beautiful valley filled with plum and apricot trees, and vineyards, and wished dreamily that we could stay here. But we stopped that wish short, for Malamulo was calling.

We were really hungry that noon when we went up to the Gorles' apartment for dinner. That night, we went to the McClures' for supper. They live in a charming little cottage at the west end of the campus midst a garden filled with flowers.

The yard was intersected with paths between beds of bright blooming plants.

Again we had that satisfying experience of finding new friends who knew our old friends. We told them of their acquaintances back in America, and they told us all about Malamulo, for they had spent four years in that very mission station.

We were tired but happy the next morning when we took the train back to Cape Town. Of course we took the car labeled "*Slegs vir Blancs*," and heeded the admonition, "*Nie Rook Nie*." It seemed no time at all till we were in the Avenue Hotel.

There, drawn up to the curb (*kerb*, here), was W. V. C. Cowper, from the Hillcrest Secondary School. He had come to take us sightseeing. Another missionary couple were with him, on the way to Mauritius. They were weary with the long wait for the boat. Not one word of English could they speak, and, alas and alack, I could speak no French. But we smiled at each other and made wild motions and gestures, which may or may not have carried any meaning. They had left one boy back in Switzerland, and we had left two in America. We were able to exchange that much information at least.

First we went through District Six, where the restless "mixed multitudes" of Cape Town are crowded: the pale brown people who can point back in their ancestry to, not only white men, but to Zulus, Hottentots, and Kaffirs. It is often a restless, dangerous community, a community of unbridled passions and atrocious crimes. The men who several hundred years ago indiscreetly mingled their blood with that of the wild tribes might well have said, "After us, the deluge."

It was hard to believe, gazing up at the

magnificent height of Table Mountain, that upon her rugged bosom men still live in caves like rabbits in hutches, still clinging desperately to the heritage of their fathers.

The afternoon held much of interest. We saw the imposing Cecil Rhodes monument, and the lacy, exotic beauty of the *Kerstenbosch* gardens. A generation or two ago the white settlers planted a living tree fence across vast stretches of country to keep the Kaffirs from driving away their herds of cattle. Some of the gnarled old trees remain to this day.

We lingered long at a low Dutch farmhouse, with a mill that must have made Africa seem like home to those Boers of long ago. The white walls had seen tragedy in the years ago. The white mill stands silent, and the millstones will never again grind meal for the thrifty settlers. There are whispered stories of a dreadful time when the Hottentots came and slew all within the house, as a reprisal for the death of one of their tribe.

On the way back to the city we stopped at the Hillcrest School, which was the home of Cecil Rhodes for a time. Out in front stands a huge cactus, as high as a telegraph pole. A sign on the front of the plant states, "The juice of this plant causes temporary blindness." I did not go near to experiment, but just then Mrs. Cowper came out of the school with a delicious fruit drink, refreshing and cool.

The week went by on wings, for everyone was so kind to us. All too soon the time came to board our train for Nyasaland and Malamulo.

Many were at the station to see us off and bid us Godspeed. Their kind wishes took concrete form in a great box of nut-sweet chocolate brownies to supplement the train food, a huge quantity of corn, a good-sized box of homemade marshmallows colored daintily in fruity shades, and a fruit sirup to supplement the frightful drinking water we would soon try to 'down' while going through the sweltering Kalahari Desert. Then there were other gifts of Postum, Vegex, cookies, crackers,

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ON TO LHASA

By DENTON EDWARD REBOK and JOHN OSS

Launching the "On To Lhasa" Movement

HISTORY records but few great movements, revivals, or reformations which did not have young people at their head or at their heart. Old men are for counsel, but young men are for action. While our elders sit and deliberate, youth is up and at it. As a matter of fact, the world cannot get along without either group.

In so important a matter as the opening of Tibet for the preaching of the gospel we would expect youth to be in it—youth from America, youth from China, and youth from Tibet. Our story so far has brought youth from all three countries together in the China Training Institute. As a university gave birth to the Lutheran Reformation, and a haystack prayer meeting by a small handful of college boys in the early years of the nineteenth century gave birth to the modern Protestant missionary movement, so the China Training Institute became the cradle of the "On to Lhasa" movement.

Six young Chinese students in that institute came together each Friday evening about sundown to pray for the Christian advance in China's borderlands. They prayed, and then they read everything they could find about Mongolia, Turkestan, Kokonor, the Gobi, and Tibet. The more they prayed, the harder they studied, and the more they studied, the more earnestly they prayed.

Their enthusiasm increased apace, and the circle grew until it included the finest of the Christian young people in that school. No group of consecrated and devoted young people can get together to pray for any worth-while project in God's cause without something happening. One

by one those young people were called out for service to those territories where their hearts and prayers had been. One by one the border provinces were opened for mission work. And we are impelled to believe that our story up to this time had a very definite connection with those borderland prayer and study group meetings.

Then God in His providence brought two of the borderland people right into the China Training Institute itself! As we have said before, He works in strange and marvelous ways His wonders to perform. He has His plan. He has His men. He has His time. And when that time comes and the hour strikes, He brings together all the factors necessary to accomplish His purposes.

As time went on, Teh Sheng and Yung Sun became more accustomed to the routine of the school life. The food, which at first seemed so tasteless and flat when compared to their own Tibetan "Tsamba," or parched barley and buttered tea, became more palatable. The features of the country about the school, which at first seemed so monotonous when compared with their rugged homeland, soon looked more familiar though different. The hills behind the school farm, which at first seemed to them more like ant hills when compared with the majestic snow-capped Tibetan peaks, took on a new size and beauty. In not too long a time the lonely Tibetans forgot their loneliness and became engrossed in school activities.

It was about this time, January, 1936, that Pastor E. L. Longway presented his famous sermon on "The One Black Spot on the Map of Asia," which we have already discussed. Students, teachers, and

visiting mission administrators were all mightily impressed that the time had come to do something about Tibet.

You will be interested to read Yung Sun's reaction to that sermon, as given in his own words a few years later. This is the way he put it:

"I was once in a dark cave without the light of the truth. Then in 1934 Pastor Shultz came with the truth and in Choni gave me an opportunity to know the third angel's message. He then opened the way for me to go to the China Training Institute to learn more of that truth. There I studied the Bible principally, but I could not learn much because of the language difficulty.

"In 1936 a great meeting was held in the China Training Institute. There they had a great map of China. Tibet was colored black, and it made me very sad. I determined that by God's help I would remove that black spot from the map. Money was raised. 'On to Lhasa' became the slogan of the young people. I volunteered to go."

It was a great day indeed when this young Tibetan and his friend Teh Sheng volunteered to go and preach the gospel in the far-off city of Lhasa. The enthusiasm spread from Chiao-toutseng throughout every one of our Seventh-day Adventist schools in the China Division. Youths' congresses were held in various parts of the field, and "On to Lhasa" became the watchword everywhere. The Chinese youth

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PHOTO BY JOHN OSS

Ja Dru and Pastor John Oss, Who Spent Many Happy Days Together Distributing Literature Among the Tibetans

Volunteers in Action

Fortieth Anniversary

"Over 1,000 attended our youth's congress held in Mount Vernon, Ohio, on Sabbath, May 3, 1947," reports H. R. Nelson. "We celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the organization of the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference, which took place here in this city in 1907. Pastor L. A. Skinner was with us, and his message at the eleven o'clock hour met a hearty response in the hearts of the youth. This was evident as the young people moved forward in consecration.

"The high point of the afternoon program was the investiture service, at which time 7 Sunbeams, 9 Builders, 16 Friends, 17 Companions, 6 Comrades, and 4 Master Comrades received the insignia. This group, together with many others, earned 177 Vocational Honors that were presented at this time. These 59 young people and seniors, together with about 25 Master Comrades, filled the large stage of the high school auditorium. The elementary teachers—S. A. Minesinger, Mrs. Emilie Fairchild, and Mrs. S. G. Northcott—had worked hard to prepare the Juniors; and Mrs. L. J. Smith, Pastor Richard Farley, and several members of the academy faculty led the academy group that was invested. Three young people from the academy refreshed our minds on the meaning of the Missionary Volunteer Aim, Motto, and Pledge to those who join this world-wide youth organization. The afternoon program closed with a panel discussion. The main question under consideration was ways and means of a greater youth evangelism. Saturday's evening program was given by the students of Mount Vernon Academy."

An M.V. Banquet

The Rochester, New York, Missionary Volunteer Society held a banquet for the young people of the church on a recent Sunday evening. The purpose of the banquet was a get-together of all present and past members, as well as young people whose families have recently joined the church. The banquet was part of the year's program of this wide-awake society to hold the young people of the church and to interest other young people in the third angel's message. Miss Eleanor Spoor, leader, acted as toastmaster, assisted by her two associate leaders, Mr. Frank Shull and Mrs. Raymond Wright. Mrs. Robert Taylor acted as hostess. Miss Doris Munson directed the artistic decorating. Pastor O. D. Wright, of Buffalo, was the principal speaker. His message of courage and exhortation to faithfulness to God met a

cordial response from the seventy-five young people gathered for the occasion. Pastor H. W. Bass, New York Conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, spoke to the group on "The Power of Youth." The banquet was held in the large Culver School dining room. The program during the banquet consisted of readings and instrumental and vocal numbers. Stanley Hurlbert led in inspirational group singing to bring this eventful and pleasant evening to a close.

Syracuse Rally

A recent Missionary Volunteer rally was held in Syracuse, New York, for the young people of that district, the Utica district, Pulaski, Watertown, Cortland, and Auburn. It was an enjoyable and profitable week end that they were privileged to spend together. The rally opened Friday evening at the South Avenue church with an impressive Mother's Day program. Sabbath morning Pastor R. W. Pratt and three seminar students from Union Springs Academy spoke in both the South Avenue and James Street churches. The afternoon singspiration was conducted by Pastor W. W. Smith, and several special numbers were much appreciated. The main feature of the afternoon program was a forum conducted by Pastor H. W. Bass, on the subject "Youth Looks at Alcohol." Five speakers covered the subject in an interesting and impressive way. The evening social hour was spent enjoying games, marches, and travel moving pictures.

Junior Rally

Juniors gathered from the Bronx, from Brooklyn, Queens, Manhattan, and Newburgh to a rally which really was a rally! The Temple Junior Missionary Volunteer Society of New York City acted as host to this Greater New York Conference group of our younger young people when they assembled at three-thirty on a recent Sabbath afternoon. L. E. Smart, reporting the occasion, says:

"Edwin Gardner, of the Temple Junior Missionary Volunteer Society, opened the meeting with prayer, and Joan Schmidt, Junior leader of the same society, welcomed the Juniors of the conference to the Temple for the meeting. Gordon Ball, a Washington Avenue Junior, led the group in the Junior Law and Pledge, after which the Temple Junior Missionary Volunteer choir, directed by Mrs. Elsie Harrop, presented a selection. John Johannsen, from the Danish-Norwegian Junior Missionary Volunteer Society, spoke to the Juniors on the subject 'The

Junior as a Missionary Worker.' (Our Juniors are missionary workers; they raised over \$500 in the Ingathering campaign.) The second special musical number on the program of the afternoon was a piano solo by Junior Barto.

"An interesting high point on the program was the bird-knowledge contest conducted by Joseph Harrop between the Temple and Washington Avenue Juniors. The Junior audience appreciated the talks given by Miss Ruth Ekdahl on the subject of reading, Mrs. Ann Spradlin on the Junior camp, and L. E. Smart on values. The closing musical number was presented by the Washington Avenue grammar school sextet. William McKigney, the Washington Avenue Junior Missionary Volunteer leader, offered the benediction.

"The Juniors expressed their appreciation of this rally held especially for them, and enthusiasm for camp is running high."

Indiana Academy Invests

Miss Betty Brooke reports that at the Indiana Academy investiture service held just as school was closing, 55 young people and older folk were installed in the various progressive classes of Friend, Companion, Comrade, and Master Comrade. The classes were under the direction of Miss Lillian Keller, the dean of girls, and the Missionary Volunteer leader at the academy. Miss Keller presented the candidates to those assembled, and Pastor W. A. Nelson, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Indiana Conference, presented the charge to the candidates.

Of the total 55 pins awarded, 16 represented the completion of the work fulfilling the Friend requirements, 13 the Companion requirements, 12 the Comrade requirements, and 14 the Master Comrade requirements. There were 240 Vocational Honor awards presented to those participating. Thirty-five Junior Reading Course Certificates and fourteen Senior Reading Course Certificates were distributed to those having finished these courses. Forty-one Junior Bible Year Certificates and fourteen Senior Bible Year Certificates were also presented at the same occasion.

A unique feature of this investiture service was the presentation of the Master Comrade pin to the principal of the Academy, Vern C. Hoffman, as well as to several other members of the academy faculty.

Pastor Nelson commented that this was the largest investiture that he had witnessed in the Indiana Conference and that he had never before presented so

large a number of Vocational Honors at one time.

Don'ts for Leaders

From *M.V. Wings*, the clever Missionary Volunteer bulletin sent out to his Illinois societies each month by Secretary Rollin Nesmith we pass on to you these—

"DOZEN DON'TS FOR LEADERS"

"1. Don't be satisfied with methods as 'moldy as the bread of the Gibeonites.' When any phase of the work weakens, wake up. There's a reason. Find it. Try a new plan. Keep a scrapbook; put into it every suggestion and method you see or hear; when you need a plan, search your scrapbook; you will likely find the thing you want or something that suggests what you want.

"2. Don't let up in your fight against monotony. A *groove* differs from a *grave* only in dimensions. Decorate differently, hang the pictures differently, keep something new to look at, arrange the seats differently. Plan your programs; don't do the same thing next time.

"3. Don't publish your troubles to the meeting. Those present do not, as a rule, need the scolding. Find out where the shortage is and go privately to the delinquents. Discuss the details with the committee, not with the union.

"4. Don't give up because of difficulties. Be problem solvers. Development comes by digging. The same licks that root up the little stump will root up the big one—only it takes more of them.

"5. Don't expect the machinery to run and run smoothly without careful attention to every wheel—that is, don't expect your officers and committees to work without much prayer and planning. Meet, think, and plan. Attempt nothing that has not been agreed on and planned for. Things worth while don't just happen so. When the officers and committees stop

meeting and planning, the machinery stops.

"6. Don't expect results without a definite aim and well-wrought plans for the accomplishment of that aim. The trained Christian doesn't get that way without studied, systematic effort.

"7. Don't forget that only *intelligent* practice leads to perfection. *Know*, then do.

"8. Don't allow the creakings of the machinery to be heard in the meetings. Oil the wheels in the committee meetings. Have no debates or disputes before the society. If after deliberation a matter cannot be decided by the committee, it will hardly be decided well by the society as a whole.

"9. Don't forget the Juniors. Plan part of the meeting for them occasionally. Tie them on before they graduate.

"10. Don't neglect the glad handshake service.

"11. Don't expect interest in the meetings apart from information. The educational courses are the fuel with which to feed the flame of enthusiasm.

"12. Don't forget that we have but one life to live. The next life and this life are one; this life is molded by our choices."

Oak Park Progresses

The Oak Park Academy, Nevada, Iowa, held its annual investiture service on a Friday evening just before the close of school. A total of 41 students became Progressive Class members—16 Friends, 12 Companions, 7 Comrades, and 6 Master Comrades. Twelve pupils from the local church school joined the academy students in this service, making a grand total of 53 who took part in the investiture.

Each class presented some part on the program illustrative of the work they had been doing to meet requirements. Pastor J. O. Iversen, Missionary Volunteer sec-

retary for the Iowa Conference, was present to award the kerchiefs, pins, and Vocational Honors. As each candidate received his award, he was given a candle of the color for his class, and after all had been invested, two Master Comrades gave each a light from their master candles. By accepting this light, these young people responded to the charge given by Pastor Iversen. The candlelighting showed that each one was a light bearer for Christ. After the consecration prayer, offered by Pastor C. L. Smith, the invested group sang "The Captain Calls for You," then stood with bowed heads as the benediction was pronounced.

Notes of Progress

Pastor J. O. Iversen reports that the Missionary Volunteers in his field (Iowa) are carrying on active work for the Master. One hundred and nineteen Bible readings and gospel meetings are listed as one item, and in addition, 977 missionary visits were made and 467 persons were given needed help. Forty-four out of the 47 societies in the conference distributed 13,800 pieces of missionary literature. Pastor Iversen says in part:

"To reflect over these increases of activity of missionary work, as well as increased interest by our youth in their societies, is heartening, especially when we take into consideration that the first quarter is one of organizing into activities for service, as well as a season of uncertain weather, which is also an obstacle to progress."

Good Record, Montana

Pastor Arthur Patzer, taking a bird's eye view of the young people in Montana, says that the Bozeman Missionary Volunteer Society has been holding some very interesting meetings of late, and that there is a renewed interest in all the work of the organization.

At Missoula the Missionary Volunteers are assisting in a branch Sabbath school being held on Sundays at Superior. There is an encouraging and regular attendance each week. Also the church school children at Missoula have gathered more than three times their Ingathering goal.

The young people at Great Falls have had a well-balanced program in their society meetings, and also a good social program which has helped to knit the group in close Christian fellowship. A number are giving regular Bible studies—some as many as four a week. Recently the Great Falls Missionary Volunteers started a series of evangelistic meetings at Loma, a town thirty-five miles distant. These meetings are held every Thursday night, and the interest so far is encouraging.

"All through the conference," says Pastor Patzer, "fine gains are being realized —Please turn to page 20



Students of Oak Park Academy, at Nevada, Iowa, Who Took Part in the Annual Investiture Service



EWING SALLOWAY

JUNIORS

mate of his ability made Jim happy.

He made long, slow strokes with the pump handle. The cool, clear water looked tempting, and he

would stop occasionally to take a drink, using an old tin cup which hung on the windmill tower. A half hour of pumping each day was sufficient to keep the tank full. Near by was a low, sturdy box which held a large block of white salt. Animals must be fed salt, and Jim noticed that

brought his mind back to the present. The bur was pulled without much effort, but there was still a little pain. One of the sharp prongs was lodged deeply and seemed determined to stay put. A pair of tweezers would fix it, and there was a pair in the hired man's room in the barn. After many attempts with the tweezers and much pain, Jim finally succeeded in pulling out the barb.

This room in the haymow had been vacant since the last hired man left in the spring, but Jim had never thought of exploring it. Now was his chance. There were drawers and a black trunk at the foot of the cot to investigate. Something interesting might be there. He found many old magazines and several boxes of incomplete jigsaw puzzles in the dresser drawers. All thoughts of potatoes, weeds, and the hot sun left the boy's mind. He was an explorer, and here were unexplored frontiers.

Jim Learns a Lesson

By NORMAN BAUGHMAN

papers for ownership in the General Land Office, he was proud not only of his home but also of his parents who had been real pioneers.

It was mid-July, and school had been out two and one-half months. Haying season would be coming soon, and all the machinery must be in tiptop condition. Mr. Martin had found that a few repairs were necessary, and during breakfast one morning asked if Jim would be willing to stay at home alone while he and his mother went twenty-eight miles to town. The boy knew his mother had not been in town for over a month, as ranch duties kept her more than busy, so he gladly consented to forgo the trip. Everyone worked through the morning, and immediately after lunch the senior Martins prepared to leave. Last-minute instructions were given to Jim. He was the only child in the family, and his parents depended on him and had all-confidence in him.

"Good-by," they called as they drove the family automobile away from the usual parking space near the large cottonwood. And Jim shouted, "Good-by, and have a good time," as they drove down the wide lane to the country road. With a last look at the automobile as it disappeared over the knoll half a mile away, the lad began to busy himself with the afternoon chores he had been asked to do. There was water to be pumped into the tank for the calves, several rows of potatoes to be weeded, and kindling to be cut for the kitchen range. His father had said often that his son was as good as a full-grown man for work, and the memory of his dad's esti-

there was a hollow in the upper side of the cake where the cattle had licked it. At last the tank was full to the usual high-water mark—just as he was beginning to get tired.

Next he must do the weeding. There was a small wooden gate between the fence and the barn. As he opened the gate he noticed one of the hinges was loose, and made a mental note that he must fasten it in place the next day. Forward to the potato patch Jim walked. With an hour of steady work, he decided he would have all the weeds pulled in the rows he was to care for that afternoon. Vigorously he attacked the weeds and tugged at the large sunflowers, until his hands were blistered and grimy.

As he stopped a moment to straighten up and rest he noticed that the sun was shining brightly and the air seemed stifling. Perspiration rolled from his forehead down his face. Though he was working hard, it seemed that he had hardly made an impression on the weeds. There were more and still more to be pulled. At the thought of the apparently inexhaustible supply, his mind turned to the last Sabbath school lesson, about the widow's meal and oil which lasted so long when she shared with the prophet. It would have been fun to live in Bible times. Imagine seeing the youth Samuel going about his work in the tabernacle, and David slaying the giant Philistine.

A sandbur in Jim's finger suddenly

EVA LUOMA

With a Last Look at the Automobile as It Disappeared Over the Knoll, Jim Began to Busy Himself With the Chores He Had Been Asked to Do



What treasures he found in the trunk! There were stubby pencils, ragged books, worn neckties, a pillow, a sack of tobacco, and attached to it a booklet of cigarette papers.

Jim held the sack in his hand a moment, and his imagination began to work. He had never smoked, and he wondered what the sensations of smoking would be. His father had explained to him that cigarettes contain harmful drugs that injure the health of any who use them even in small doses but—! Slowly a cigarette was formed by ten nervous boyish fingers. That his hands trembled annoyed him slightly, but he reasoned that there could be no harm in trying just one cigarette! Further searching netted a package of safety matches, and soon one of the matches was lighting the cigarette. Then Jim carelessly tossed the match aside and became engrossed in smoking.

The smoke burned his nostrils and throat. Furthermore, his conscience began to bother him. Coughing and trying to smoke, he was not aware of the fire his discarded match had kindled on the floor near the wall. Not until the room became smoke filled did he see it, and then indescribable terror seized him. The match he had dropped so recently had fallen on a bit of hay, and now papers, hay, magazines, and clothing were burning briskly. Presently the walls were blazing, and flames were leaping to the ceiling.

At first Jim was so frightened he could not move, but when the realization of what he had done dawned on him, he seized some old gunny sacks and began beating the blaze. The sacks caught fire in a moment and became useless for further fighting. Out to the well Jim ran. Seizing a rusty bucket, he filled it from the tank and started for the barn. A door slammed behind him, and he turned just in time to see his father run by him toward the barn. The colts did not want to leave and it took considerable persuasion to drive them outside.

It was too late to save the barn itself, because the roof and walls were burning rapidly. But Jim and his father worked frantically to prevent the fire from spreading to the other buildings and strawstacks. The smoke rose straight in the air because there was no wind.

After the barn had collapsed, the fire roared on for several hours; but finally it gradually burned itself out. All hearts in the Martin family were heavy that night, for the burned building had contained many things of value including several sets of harness and much shelled feed. All was lost except the two colts. Jim began to cry as he told his parents the story of the cigarette, revealing the origin of the fire. His father gave him a stern lecture about yielding to temptation, and the lad sobbed out his repentance and assured his parent that he had learned his lesson.

Jim is now a man, and when he is tempted his thoughts turn to the barn fire of many years ago. The memory of the heap of ashes is as vivid in his mind as though the disaster had taken place only yesterday, and still serves to guide him in the way he knows to be right.



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.

A Bible Acrostic

By VIRGINIA B. WEDDLE

Fill in the missing letters of each of the words below according to the definitions.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| 1. Nickname for John. | J—C— |
| 2. Grandson of Esau (Gen. 36:11). | O—A— |
| 3. A famous mountain (Acts 7:30). | S—N— |
| 4. To heed. | H—A— |
| 5. A river (Dan. 8:2). | U—A— |
| 6. A prophetess (Luke 2:36). | A—N— |

An Enigma

By CLYDE ROSSER

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 18, 17, 15 is that against which every Christian must wage continual warfare.

My 7, 2, 11, 13, 4, 5 is a place where John the beloved beheld scenes of glory.

My 17, 1, 9, 17, 11, 7 is a prophet who foretold a Sabbath reform.

My 8, 14, 11, 19, 7 is the result of man's disobedience.

My 1, 11, 17, 5, 6 is a righteous person.

My 16, 17, 19, 7, 14 is the portion of our income that belongs to God.

My 2, 3, 4, 5 is the time when the Sabbath begins.

My whole, though not found anywhere in the Bible, is a name that is familiar to all INSTRUCTOR readers.

—Key on page 20

Little Creek Today

(Continued from page 5)

gether, having given more abundant honour to that part which lacked." Trained leadership is essential, but what value is leadership without followers? How much better a trained army under efficient leadership than an undisciplined mob. And what a mighty work can be done by consecrated, trained workers willing to do simple, kindly acts.

A neighbor dies, and we gather with others of the community in the graveyard of our little church to assist with the grave digging. When farm help was almost impossible to obtain, we would take

a group of our boys and help with haying and threshing in the community. Every now and then there is a pump to fix or a little job of plumbing or wiring to do. Now that we have a bit more equipment, it may even be a piece of broken machinery to be welded. We have not yet fully learned how to take advantage of our opportunities; we are slow of heart and busy here and there—but we are learning.

Not long ago word came to us that the Collins' baby was seriously ill. Now, the Collinses live in an old log shack immediately across the road from our property, within sight of our buildings. A group was dispatched to investigate. The conditions under which people in as enlightened a community as ours exist are almost unbelievable. There was one room with an open stone fireplace in the end. A sickly blaze gave fitful bursts of light and offered slight warmth if one could avoid drafts from the cracks in the chinking and unglazed portions of the windows. A rickety table and two chairs to match completed the furnishing except for an old iron bedstead. On the bed, under one old, thin, badly soiled blanket, were huddled three little forms—the older children coughing spasmodically. They had whooping cough. Father and mother were seated wearily before the fire, the picture of dejection. There had been little sleep for many nights, we were told. On the table, in a little coffin, lay the youngest. We were too late to help him, but returned with food, bedding, and clothing for those who were left. These recovered, and the two older sisters have been faithful in attendance at school and Sabbath services ever since.

We supplied the congregation and choir for the simple funeral service. Such, we imagine, was the work Jesus did as He journeyed from place to place, healing, helping, and comforting.

If there is any truth in the Advent message, which has been girdling the globe for one hundred years and more, and if signs on earth have any meaning for these times, it is certain that but a little while and the cities of this earth will be involved in such political and social convulsions as have never before been witnessed. Then those who have a spot of seclusion, away from the centers of strife, will be veritable kings and queens. It is not necessary to have the vision of an Isaiah to imagine the crisis when buying and selling will be monopolized under the aggregations of capital and labor combines. For many years God's warnings have been repeated that we may be prepared for this time. The apathy of men is never more manifest than under circumstances when the sacrifice of convenience and comfort are demanded, even to avoid extinction. How prone are we to look for evidence of error in prophecy, or lean on the bruised reeds of statisticians, statesmen, and radio commentators

to lull our shattered sense of security to a self-deceiving complacency. What slim comfort they afford today! It is an audacious soul, indeed, who dares open his lips to anything but forebodings of evil.

Perhaps, rather than estimating progress solely in terms of endowments, buildings, equipment, salaries, and financial statements, we were wiser to consider first our contribution to the encouragement of individuals, even in the byways and hedges of earth. It may be that we tend to forget the faithful regard Christ had for the one-soul audience. Surely it is high time for the thousands who have named the name of Christ to awake out of sleep and prepare for those things which are about to break upon the earth and engulf civilization in the last titanic struggle of the powers of evil with Omnipotence. For though divine warnings have fallen on unhearing ears for the most part, the Lord will, ere long, gather Israel of old and Israel of today to unite on the other shore of this sea of confusion and strife to sing that glorious song of triumph, the song of Moses and the redeemed.



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

Balsas

LAKE TITICACA, in Bolivia, is a beautiful body of clear, fresh water fed by the eternal snows of its surrounding mountain peaks, some of which are over



22,000 feet high. The lake itself, lying at an elevation of 12,500 feet, is the highest lake in the world with steam navigation. It is about 120 miles long, 40 miles wide, and has an average depth of 985 feet.

It takes a two-day train ride to go from the Pacific port of Mollendo, Peru, across the mighty Andes and to the lake port of Puno; then an all-night boat ride brings you to Guaqui, Bolivia. After a few hours on a Bolivian train you will arrive at the Tiahuanacu ruins, that have been mentioned in a recent stamp article. Off the peninsula of Copacaban lie the islands of

Intikarka and Koati, commonly known as the islands of the sun and moon. Many ancient ruins remain visible here.

The Indian *balsas* which you can see on the lake, and one of which is pictured on the accompanying stamp, are sure to attract your attention. They are made from the *tortora*, a reed which grows in the shallow waters along the lake shores. Nature has filled it with canals of air so that it will float. These reeds are bound into bundles, and then the bundles are made into boat shape. You can look right down through the bundles into the water, but they are so buoyant that they will carry heavy loads. The sails also are made of mats of the *tortora*.

Stamp Exchange

(In sending requests to this corner, state your name and address, whether you are a junior or senior, how long you have been collecting, the size of your accumulation, what stamps you offer, and what you wish in exchange.)

D. J. Prins, P.O. Box 141, Cape Town, South Africa (senior, 2,000 stamps), offers African stamps in exchange for those from U.S. and Pacific Islands.

Sydney Dougall, 3056 Locust Street, Riverside, California (senior), has world-wide stamps to exchange.

Arthur Shepherd, 42 Havelock Street, St. Kilda, Victoria, Australia (senior, 6,000 stamps), offers stamps from Australia, New Zealand, and Pacific Islands in exchange for world-wide issues.

Alan Wilkinson, 535 Redlands, Newport Beach, California (junior, 1,000 stamps), has world-wide stamps to exchange.

John S. Hills, "The Hospital," Morisset, New South Wales, Australia (senior), offers Australian stamps in exchange for those from Latin America.

David Swee Pon Meng, No. 122 Upper Serangoon Road, Singapore (junior, 1,500 stamps), offers stamps from Malaya, East Indies, and China in exchange for those from South Africa, West Indies, Mauritius.

William Fraugul, Mosul, Iraq (senior, 5,000 stamps), offers stamps from Middle Eastern countries in exchange for world-wide issues.

Delores Meyer, Cragmoor, New York (junior), offers recent issues from Germany and the U.S. in exchange for those from Latin America and the Netherlands.

Felio P. Basanta, Colegio Adventista del Plata, Puiggari F.C.E., Entre Rios, Argentina, S.A. (junior, 3,000 stamps), offers stamps from South America in exchange for world-wide issues.

Albert E. Timm, Vaal Vley, Private Bag 616, Grahamstown, C.P., South Africa (senior, 3,000 stamps), offers stamps from South Africa in exchange for world-wide issues.

Veronica and Yvonne White, S.D.A. Mission, Honiara, Guadalcanal, British Solomon Islands, Pacific Ocean (juniors, beginners), offer island stamps in exchange for world-wide issues.

Colin Hancock: and he forgot to give us his address. Do be sure you include all the necessary information when you send a request to the Stamp Corner.

A Sign of the Times

(Continued from page 7)

After a few minutes I saw a head poked through a shrapnel hole in the fence. It disappeared at once, but soon four young Japanese men appeared and walked unhurriedly toward me. I kept trying to stir them with my vocal efforts, but to no avail. I fully expected them to help me.

One approached me from the side and peered closely at the way my clothing was caught, but made no effort to loosen it. He spoke to the others in guttural grunts and spat on the ground at my feet. Another of them glanced at a cheap watch and looked at the western sky. The sun was very low. There was more conversation and stares from their little shoe-button eyes, and finally they turned and left. I was becoming alarmed. It was not likely that they had gone to get help. It was equally unlikely that they were going to leave me there indefinitely. The only other possibility was that they were waiting for darkness—and it was not far away. Already the sun was behind the fence, and dark shadows reached out from the skeletons of shattered walls. No one else appeared, although I called from time to time. My arms were beginning to feel swollen, and my collar cut painfully against my throat.

Darkness fell, and there was no sign of life in all the area. Faintly I could hear sounds from the distant village, but that was all. I had hung there for probably an hour and a half when there was a sound of feet scuffling along my side of the fence and a light shone briefly into my face. Then the sound receded. I thought something of a more definite nature would happen before long, and I was exceedingly apprehensive of what it might be.

I was reflecting on the impossibility of the situation and wondering how much longer it would be before my arms stopped responding altogether when I tried to move them. They felt several times too heavy for me. I stopped reflecting when I heard a new sound—close. In fact, I stopped breathing. It was a furtive sound, as though someone was trying to tiptoe through the litter of paper scraps and dead leaves that had blown against the fence.

I sent up a silent prayer for intervention and protection, and waited tensely, with my heart, as it were, in my mouth. Little rustles indicated a slow, meaningful progress toward me, but I could see nothing in the almost total darkness. The tension was becoming unbearable. A trickle of nervous perspiration made a cold streak across my cheek as I resolved to make what resistance I could by kicking. The rustling stopped a few feet distant, and out of the darkness an unmistakably Japanese voice whispered, "Americano?" I remained silent, fearing

to answer. Again it came—"Americano there?" The American word gave me a sudden ray of hope, and I managed a half-choked "Yes!" A slight form materialized from the darkness at my side, and a hand fumbled against me. I saw an elongated object show white in the darkness for a moment; but before I could react, it had been thrust half into my breast pocket. "I go now, quick," came the voice again, and he was gone in the opposite direction from his approach, moving hurriedly.

My arms were like lead, but it took only a moment to pull the object from my pocket. The whiteness was a piece of paper, and through it I felt a small triangular bit of steel with a wooden handle projecting. Even in the stress of the moment I recognized it for a small variety of harvest tool I had seen used to cut the bindings of rice bundles in preparation for threshing. This one was razor sharp, but my fingers were almost completely numb, and several minutes had passed before I had slashed the front of my jacket and set myself free. After that I moved quickly. When I was nearly across the enclosure I saw a light appear behind me and heard a volley of staccato expostulations, but I was safely away.

I lost the knife as I scrambled over the second fence, and was safely in the trolley station before I noticed I was still clutching the bit of paper. I started to throw it away, but then looked at it curiously. It was yellowing, and the type was almost obliterated by wear and age, but it was in English, and along one margin I made out what seemed to be a title—*Signs of the Times!*

Solomon Island Witnesses

(Continued from page 4)

to Batuna and asked some of my people who looked after Batuna when the white missionaries left. They told the Americans that I looked after Batuna, so fifty or sixty of them came to the bush to see me. They wished me to return so the people would know that Batuna belonged to the mission.

The Americans knew we had no food, because the Japanese spoiled our gardens there, so they gave us some food. Sometimes the soldiers came to church and listened to the service. Sometimes we went to their camps on Sunday, at the invitation of the chaplain, and sang for them. About thirty would go. I was the only Solomon Islander they met who had been to America, and they were pleased to talk to me.

The Americans asked me to send the news to all our people to come to Batuna every Wednesday. Three or four doctors came that day and gave injections and medicines to those who were sick. We

YOUTH'S FORUM

PROPOSITION:

What do you consider the greatest single need of our Missionary Volunteer movement today to make it what it ought to be?

1. More enthusiastic leadership.
2. More diligent study of God's Word.
3. Better-planned recreation.
4. More evangelistic zeal.
5. Revival and deeper consecration of all members.
6. More co-operation and assistance from the local church or conference.

DEADLINE FOR

DISCUSSION:

SEPTEMBER 15

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

gave them fruit and some curios that my people made.

After the white people left the islands, a native minister of another church sent a message to his people, and this is what he told them: "This is a time of war and the Europeans are going back to their homes. There is no law, and we native people can go back to our heathen customs. This is a time to get rich because the white people have left all their goods. There are the mission houses and the stores. We will go in and take all they have left."

The people were pleased to hear what he said, and they started to steal some of the things from the mission stations and the stores. When I heard this story I was very sorry for what was being done in the western Solomons. I sent a report to the acting resident commissioner, who was hiding in Malaita, telling him everything. So he sent a white officer to Batuna to ask if my report was true. I said, "Yes, everything is true." So he went westward to investigate the matter. He came to Gizo, headquarters for the western Solomons. He saw everything was broken and looted by the natives, so he believed my story. Then he went straight to the mission and called for the native minister to come aboard for questioning. This man could not deny the report of what the people had done by his advice, because the officer had seen everything. So he was made a prisoner until the war was finished.

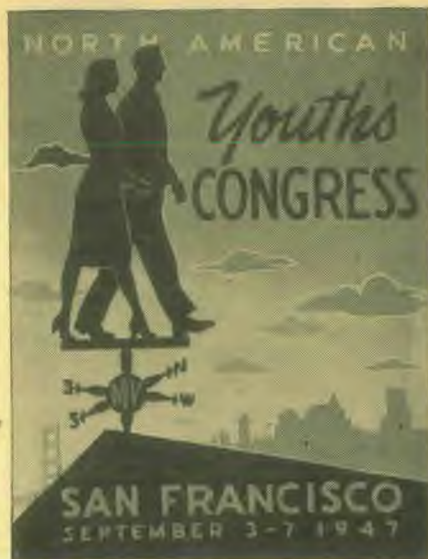
After that the officer went ashore and took all his native policemen to punish the people of this island of Sibö (Simbo). He went through the island and called every man, woman, and child, and made them stand in a long line. They had to stay there all night from sunset to sun-

rise, under guard. While they were there, the officer went with some of his policemen and burned every village on the island except one.

While they were doing this work, a small group of people in the line were talking. The teacher whispered to his chief and his people: "This is a very bad time. If they burn our houses and our things, then we will be very poor. . . . There is our church, our schoolhouse and the things in our homes, Bibles and hymn-books; so we must ask God to help us and protect our village." So they bowed their heads and prayed very earnestly to God to help them.

In their village the policemen went to the chief's house to burn it first. They took some dry coconut leaf and put it on the floor. Then they poured kerosene on the leaf and set fire to it. The smoke came out from the windows and doors, but when the leaf was burned the fire went out. When the policemen came back and saw the house was not burned, one said, "Perhaps the leaves were not enough, nor enough kerosene." So they brought more leaf and poured kerosene on it, but as before, the fire went out. They sat outside watching the house. Another policeman said, "We will try the third time," but the officer answered, "Twice is enough. There must be something about this village. We had better leave it." So they went to other villages until they had burned all of them on the island.

Next morning the officer took his native policemen and returned to Batuna. When he came to the wharf he called me on board. He told me my report was true, and that he had taken the native minister prisoner. He said, "I burned every village on the island to punish the people who listened to this man's talk, but one thing I cannot understand. I tried to burn the chief's house in one village, but it would not burn." I asked him to tell me the name of the village and he said, "Tuki."



So I said, "This is the Adventist village, and my brother Joseph is the teacher there, and the people there did not join with others to steal the white people's goods from Gizo."

So he said, "I am very sorry indeed, Ragoso, that you did not tell me this before. If you had told me I would not have put those people in the line or tried to burn their village, because I know your people are good people and they would not help others to steal the white people's goods from their stations. I know your people are true to their religion."

This experience opened the eyes of the people in the Solomons, to hear of this one village that was not burned. When they knew that the small group of people in the line had prayed earnestly, they knew that their God was different from others.



By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

How well do you know your denomination? Check yourself on a few facts that should give you some idea as to how well acquainted you are with our work. A score of 70 should be easy!

1. What is the world membership of Seventh-day Adventists—1,576,378, 976,378, or 576,378?
2. There are more members in North America than in all other countries. True or false?
3. How many health food companies does the denomination own and operate—six, eight, or ten?
4. Where is the Rest Haven Sanitarium and Hospital—in Sydney, Australia, or Sidney, Canada?
5. In what State is Adelpian Academy located—Michigan, North Carolina, or Texas?
6. If you were visiting the home of Granose Foods, Ltd., would you be in Australia, England, or Canada?
7. Would you find the Sentinel Publishing Company in South Africa, South America, or South China?
8. Seventh-day Adventists publish only one periodical in the Russian language. True or false?
9. About how much per capita do Adventists in North America give each year for all kinds of evangelistic work—\$118, \$58, or \$38?
10. In all the world there are nearly as many Adventist evangelistic workers as there are institutional workers. True or false?

—Key on page 20

Campus Gleanings

(Continued from page 10)

graduates had answered the call to mission service. In a consecration call almost the entire student body indicated themselves willing to accept such a call if it should be the Lord's will for them.

On to Lhasa

(Continued from page 12)

responded nobly and gave of their meager funds to help raise the money needed for a great move against this mighty stronghold of the enemy of man's soul.

The peak of this enthusiasm was reached at the youths' congress held at the China Training Institute near the end of the school year. At that meeting, attended by five or six hundred young people, the two converted lama priests made a stirring appeal on behalf of their people in Tibet. While their knowledge of the Chinese language was somewhat limited, the Lord greatly blessed them in presenting the needs of their country. After their appeal an offering was taken to help get these Missionary Volunteers on their way.

But when the 1935-36 school year actually closed, the "On to Lhasa" movement lagged just a bit. Teh Sheng and Yung Sun hesitated at the crucial moment. They should have been baptized at that time and gone all the way with their new Master; but for some reason, best known to themselves, they asked to be allowed to return home and endeavor to adjust certain matters which involved their families as a result of their method of departure. They felt that the lives of these loved ones would be in jeopardy if they accepted baptism and actually joined the church; that if they did not take that step it would perhaps be possible for them to return to their homes and tell of their new-found faith.

The situation was grave, and demanded the greatest of tact and care. All this spelled nothing but delay and possibly a change in the whole plan. While we were all anxious to get someone on the way to Lhasa, yet we felt that we could only go as fast and as far as Providence directed and opened the way. All felt that it would be better to wait or make other plans than to send messengers who were not fully prepared.

Plans were then set in motion to send Ja Dru, the first Tibetan convert at our mission station in Tatsienlu, where Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Andrews had labored and waited fourteen long years for first fruits from among the Tibetans.

It was thought that Ja Dru and a Chinese colporteur might undertake the hazardous journey and open the work in the capital city of old Tibet. To this end literature was sent to Tatsienlu, and Pastor and Mrs. John Oss made the hard trip all the way from Shanghai to complete the arrangements. But in the end that plan also failed to materialize.

The "On to Lhasa" movement was all set and ready for action, but the question "Who will go?" seemed to baffle us. What was wrong? Had we made a mistake? Was God holding things back for some other factor to be made ready?

In the midst of all those questions we decided to wait for Him to make the next move. That, too, dear reader, is a lesson we must not fail to learn in everything in life. It is dangerous to run ahead of the Lord. It is just as dangerous as it is to run away from the Lord. The only safe and sensible thing to do in everything in life is to run along with the Lord.

(Chapter 9 of a thrilling mission serial)

How Is Your Triskaidekaphobia?

(Continued from page 9)

paring talks, make frequent use of a good dictionary of synonyms and antonyms. Refuse, unless it is absolutely unavoidable, to use the same adjective more than once in a paragraph. Synonyms are easy to find, and add interest and zest to written material and to talks.

Here is an example of inaccurate usage and repetition which one might hear: "I got up this morning feeling awful, and after an awful breakfast, I came through an awful rain to listen to the professor's awful lecture."

A person using such words, says Frank H. McCloskey, will soon find that such useful and accurate adjectives as ill, fatigued, unsavory, insipid, inclement, unseasonable, vapid, and verbose will not be there when he needs them.

A few years ago while riding through the English countryside just south of Liverpool I noticed a road sign which read, "Keep to the Near Side Lane Except While Overtaking." In the United States it is done more simply, saying, "Center Lanes for Passing Only." Which one of the two signs is more likely to be easily read and comprehended as one flashes by in a speeding auto?

We do not attempt to increase our vocabulary in order that we may impress our friends and confuse our enemies, or vice versa. It is better to say, for example, "Let's go to bed," than to make a vain show of erudition by saying, "Shall we wend our way to the bedroom to seek retirement from the exhausting perturbations of this terraqueous sphere?" The simplest speech is often the most effective.

The army sergeant does not say, "Extinguish the illuminators with as little procrastination as possible." He wants action, and he gets it by commanding in his direct and characteristic way, "Lights out!"

We must guard against pedantry in the use of words. People want to know what is being said; therefore fit your words to your audience. Do not use .88 mm. words when addressing a group of people having for the most part only .22 caliber minds.

"Words are explosive. Phrases are packed with TNT. A simple word can

destroy a friendship, or land a large order. The proper phrases in the mouths of clerks have quadrupled sales of a department store." And just as wrong words used by a campaign orator have lost an election, so many an honest heart has been lost to the Advent message by the unfortunate use of words or the inept expression of a thought by a minister or Bible instructor.

On one occasion the words 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion,' used in a republican speech, threw the victory to Grover Cleveland. Wars are won by words. Soldiers fight for a phrase. 'Make the world safe for democracy,' 'All out for England,' 'V for victory.' The 'Remember the Maine' of Spanish War days has now become 'Remember Pearl Harbor.'

Try consciously to increase your vocabulary, and by doing so you will unconsciously raise yourself to a new level of scholastic attainment and enjoy associations with men and women of higher mental ability. This in itself will give you a better opportunity for adding to your vocabulary. It is a wonderfully successful cycle—put it to work and see what it can do for you!

Campfire—Companion to Memory

(Continued from page 8)

new students' greeting. A faculty member told the story of the school from its beginning to its present expansion program. Everybody ate half a cantaloupe filled with good college-dairy ice cream, and a few managed to eat the other half also.

Altogether, the fires are big and burn high in our memories. But perhaps no higher than the feelings of good will rising from them in the hearts of all who were there.

But now, back to my fire by the lake that brought to mind the other fires and music and multiplied voices and many faces. It burns low. The last flames burst spasmodically, sputtering among the coals. Little spurts of smoke stream upward, vaguely visible in the dying light. The blackness of night settles down, extinguishing all but the last spark.

At last the little fire is out. Its warmth, still radiating from the ashes, soon too will be gone. But the memory of it—the pictures it has left—will remain with me always!

Where You Want Me

(Continued from page 11)

fruit, and candy. The train pulled slowly away, and we leaned out of the window to catch a last glimpse of the faces of our new friends.

At last we sat down in our funny little compartment and began to take stock of

our surroundings. Night was falling and we must presently go to bed in this little room while the train should bear us on and on to Malamulo, our new home.

(Concluded next week)

Marked for Life

(Continued from page 1)

ent time, ever had need for the character of Jesus, it is the Advent people and especially the Advent young people. There has been given to this people a word picture of the actual investigative judgment as it is now in session and has been for over one hundred years. To us also has been given a description of a judgment about to close. No other people has that vision. The facts are that you, young man, young woman, who are reading these words, hold in your hands the bread of life for a famishing world. The whole pattern of the future of this great Second Advent Movement, God's movement to save men and women from destruction, depends upon the spiritual vision of youthful leadership.

If you would receive the divine imprint upon your heart, it must be first given into divine hands. "A young heart is a precious offering, the most valuable gift that can be presented to God. All that you are, all the ability you possess, comes from God a sacred trust, to be rendered back to Him again in a willing, holy offering. You cannot give God anything that He has not first given you." Note that when the heart is surrendered to God for that divine imprint, it is but returning to Him that which is His own, for it has already been purchased by Him.

Faith in Jesus Christ and in His ability to cleanse hearts from sin and change lives into His image will accomplish all that the divine will has in store for us. Faith in Jesus gives strength to every right purpose and consistency to the character.

You may possess the cherished insignia of nobility, if you seek it earnestly with all your heart and all your mind.

Volunteers in Action

(Continued from page 14)

in Ingathering, Bible studies, missionary work, distribution of literature, and Progressive Class work."

At Crosslands

Over seventy young men and young women gathered at Crosslands for the New South Wales Missionary Volunteer camp. The young women stayed in the dormitory, the young men in tents. Together they enjoyed rowing, swimming, dining-room worship, singing, games, and especially the Morning Watch and other devotional services which began and closed each day. The chorus of their theme song expressed the determination

of these young people to be true to God and His commands, and to direct their footsteps to the pearly gates at last:

"I'll exchange my cross for a starry crown
Where the gates swing outward never;
At His feet I'll lay every burden down,
And with Jesus reign forever."

Pastor A. White gave them a Sabbath sermon that will be remembered long, and the Sabbath afternoon Missionary Volunteer meeting featured inspiring experiences of services. Jesus was the subject of this service, and it could not have been more appropriately titled, for did He not go about doing good and telling of His coming kingdom?

When home-going time came, one said, "Before I came here, I thought I knew Jesus, but in almost every meeting I have found some message for me personally." And another: "I am grateful for being brought here to Crosslands, and am determined to live out the principles I have learned here."

Key to "What's Your Score?"

1. 576,378. 2. False (355,064 members in other countries). 3. Eight. 4. Sidney, Canada. 5. Michigan. 6. England. 7. South Africa. 8. True ("Sabbath School Quarterly"). 9. \$118. 10. True (14,648 evangelistic workers, 15,017 institutional workers).

Key to "An Enigma"

Seventh-day Adventist.

Solution to "A Bible Acrostic"

JACK
OMAR
SINA
HEAR
ULAI
ANNA

Sabbath School Lessons

Senior Youth

VI—The Son of God Before the Sanhedrin and Pilate

(August 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Luke 22:66-71; Matthew 27:13-8; John 18:33-38.

MEMORY VERSE: John 18:38.

LESSON HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 714-728.

1. Where did the chief priests and elders take Jesus the next morning after He had been seized? Luke 22:66.

NOTE.—Though the Sanhedrin could come to the decision that Jesus was worthy of death, it had not the authority to carry out its own sentence. The leaders therefore took counsel as to how they could present Jesus to the Roman governor so as to secure His condemnation. Their charge against Him must be a political one. Evidently they made the charge of conspiracy against Caesar.

2. What question did they ask in this formal council? How did Jesus answer? Verse 67.

—Please turn to page 23

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Dear Sue:

I just had my third lesson in typing and I'm doing pretty good, so I thought I would type this letter to you,

Say, I really read a wonderful book the other night. It was "Exploring Life" by Dr. Almack. If I could type as well as Dr. Almack can write books for young ppeople, this letter would be perfect!

So many people had told me how mch they enjoyed the guidance and down to earth common*sense in "Exploring Life" that I tried it, and I think you too will get real reading enjoyment from their incom parable guidance.

IF your wondering about your education, choice of vocation, or marriage, as I was, just spend a lottle time with "Exploring Life"... and see if things don 'T perk up! I learned about personality from the book, too. It's really good.'

"Exploring Life" is for young people who are college age, but at the Bible House they told me Dr. Almack had written another book—"Doors to Open" for youth in their early teens. They said "Doors to Open" was \$1.25 postpaid, and I paid \$1.50 for "Esploring Life." They're really worth a lot more'.

You'LL appreciate these books. better send for them today to your Book and Bible House.

Your friend,

Jane

P.S. I am sending for "Doors to Open" too. I hope Dad will send me the money. I want both books.



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Sabbath School Lessons

(Continued from page 20)

3. What further statement did Jesus make? Verses 68, 69.

4. What did this lead them unitedly to ask? How did Jesus acknowledge the truth in their question? What did the Jews now conclude? Verses 70, 71.

5. How was Judas affected when he saw that Jesus was condemned by the Sanhedrin? What did he do? What confession did he make? Matt. 27:3, 4.

NOTE.—Several things show that the repentance of Judas was not of the genuine kind that brings remission of sins: 1. It did not come till he saw that Jesus was condemned—it was based on consequences, not on the sinfulness of betrayal. 2. If the repentance had been of the right kind, he would not have taken his own life. 3. The word *repented* used here is not the usual one for repentance of sin, but rather denotes a growing anxiety over a thing after it is done, and could very properly be rendered here "filled with regret or remorse."

6. In desperation, what did Judas do? Verse 5.

NOTE.—Judas had not always been a traitor. He once had a tender heart and good desires. He was accepted as a disciple of Jesus, and had the privilege of living and working with Him. But he was covetous and loved money. Little by little he rejected the teachings of Jesus and listened to the temptations of Satan. He thought he knew more than the other disciples, and that he was wiser than his Master; but he was very blind to his own faults and weaknesses. His love of money made him dishonest, and he began to take small sums from the fund that provided support for Jesus and His disciples in their work. He loved himself more than he loved Jesus, and this led him finally to become a traitor and a murderer.

7. Why would the priests not put the thirty pieces of silver into the treasury? What was done with the money? What name was given to the potter's field? Verses 6-8.

8. Where was Jesus led after He was condemned by the Sanhedrin? What charges were then made against Him? Luke 23:1, 2.

NOTE.—Jesus had been charged with blasphemy. But blasphemy against the God of the Hebrews was not a crime under the Roman law, so before Pilate, Jesus was charged with making Himself a king, forbidding to pay tribute, and speaking against Caesar.

9. When Pilate entered the judgment hall, what question did he ask Jesus? How did Jesus reply? Verse 3; John 18:33, 34.

NOTE.—Jesus' answer, "Thou sayest," is similar to that used when Caiaphas urged Him to say whether or not He was the Son of God, Matthew 26:64. It is equivalent to an affirmative answer. Jesus could not deny that He was the Son of God or King of the Jews.

10. What further question did Pilate then ask? What did Jesus give as a reason why He and His followers attempted no defense? Verses 35, 36.

NOTE.—"Christ affirmed that His word was in itself a key which would unlock the mystery to those who were prepared to receive it. It had a self-commanding power, and this was the secret of the spread of His kingdom of truth. He desired Pilate to understand that only by receiving and appropriating truth could his ruined nature be reconstructed."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 727.

11. What question did Pilate again ask concerning His kingship? How did Jesus seek to show Pilate what His mission on earth was? Verse 37.

12. What strange question did Pilate then ask? Going out, what did He finally say to the Jews concerning Jesus? Verse 38.

MEMORY VERSE: "Pilate saith unto Him, What is truth? And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in Him no fault at all." John 18:38.

Guiding Thought

"O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown."

"What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain."

—Authorship uncertain.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

The priests and rulers tried Jesus three times:

(a) In the middle of the night we commonly call Thursday night, before Annas.

(b) Still in the night, before Caiaphas and some of the members of the Sanhedrin.

(c) Just after sunrise, on Friday, before the Sanhedrin, with most of the members present. But Jesus' two friends in the Sanhedrin, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, were not told about this meeting, so they were not there.

1. Where was Jesus taken very early in the morning? Luke 22:66.

NOTE.—How many times these priests and rulers had heard Jesus' words of love! How many times they had seen Him heal the sick and the crippled. They were repaying His love and kindness with cruel tortures and abuse.

2. What was the question the Sanhedrin asked? How did Jesus answer it? Verses 67-69.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Jesus' statement, verse 69, aroused these rulers and priests to a terrible anger.

3. What question did they all ask? How did Jesus answer this direct question? Luke 22:70.

4. What did the Jews now conclude? Verse 71.

NOTE.—The Sanhedrin took Jesus' answer as blasphemy against God and as trying to make Himself an earthly king. They tried to take His life right then, but the Roman soldiers kept them from doing it.

"The wonders of redeeming love
Our highest thoughts exceed;
The Son of God comes from above,
For sinful man to bleed."

—R. F. COTTRELL.

ASSIGNMENT 4

Judas thought that Jesus would do something to save Himself, but now he is certain that he has sold Jesus to death.

5. What did Judas do as he heard Jesus condemned to death? What did he say? How did the Jews receive the confession of Judas? Matt. 27:3, 4.

NOTE.—Judas did not repent in sorrow—he only felt condemned. Jesus did not censure Judas. He only looked at Judas with love and pity.

6. How did Judas now feel about the money they had paid him to betray Jesus? What did he do? Verse 5.

7. How was this money used later? Why? Verses 6-8.

NOTE.—If one piece of silver (shekel) was worth sixty-four cents, U.S., what was the cost of the field of blood?

ASSIGNMENT 5

Jesus in Pilate's Judgment Hall

From the Sanhedrin, Jesus was taken to Pilate's judgment hall. The priests and rulers had no power to carry out their sentence of death; only the civil authorities could do this; so now they wanted Pilate to condemn Jesus to death.

8. What charges were made against Jesus? Luke 23:1, 2.

9. Of what did they accuse Jesus? John 18:29, 30.

10. What did Pilate tell them to do? What had Jesus told His disciples about this trial a short time before? John 18:31, 32; Matt. 20:18, 19.

NOTE.—"Pilate looked at the men who had Jesus in charge, and then his gaze rested searchingly on Jesus. . . . On His face he saw no sign of guilt, no expression of fear, no boldness or defiance. He saw a man. . . . whose countenance bore not the marks of a criminal, but the signature of heaven."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 723, 724.

Look up "Pilate" in your Bible dictionary. See if you can find his race, the length of his office, and anything about his death.

ASSIGNMENT 6

11. What further accusations did the priests and rulers make? Luke 23:2.

12. What did Pilate ask Jesus? What was Jesus' answer? Verse 3.

13. Pilate had heard of Jesus' teaching and healing. He was sure that Jesus was not a criminal. He talked with Jesus alone. What did he want to know? John 18:33, 34.

14. Where is Jesus' kingdom? Relate the conversation of Jesus and Pilate. Did Pilate think Jesus guilty of crime? Verses 36-39; Luke 23:4. This was Pilate's opportunity to learn of Jesus and His love.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 7

(a) The first hearing of Jesus was before

The second hearing of Jesus was before

The third hearing of Jesus was before

(b) Was Judas' repentance true sorrow for sin? How do you know?

(c) Give three things of which Jesus was accused.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Did Jesus acknowledge any of these accusations?

(d) How do you know that—
Jesus loved the priests and rulers though they were so cruel to Him?
He loved Judas?
He loves you?

The Youth's Instructor

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LORA E. CLEMENT - - - EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FREDERICK LEE L. L. MOFFITT
J. E. WEAVER E. W. DUNBAR

FREDRIK W. EDWARDY - - ASSISTANT EDITOR

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Junior

VI—Jesus Before the Sanhedrin and Pilate

(August 9)

LESSON TEXTS: Luke 22:66-71; Matthew 27:3-8; John 18:28-38.

JULY 29, 1947

The Listening Post

● **HELICOPTERS** have been used to lay pipes in inaccessible places by the Army Engineer Corps at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

● **RUSSIAN** cigarettes are selling at half price on the German black market. The quality of tobacco is said to be excellent and seems to be unlimited, it is reported.

● **SINGAPORE** is the latest of several modern cities in Asia to ban the ancient rickshas as a humanitarian measure. "Trishas"—bicycles with passenger-carrying sidecars—will take their place. Already there are 8,500 of the new vehicles registered.

● "**GASTROGOGUE**," a new medical term coined by Doctor H. M. Feinblatt and E. A. Ferguson, a chemist, may soon become as familiar as the word *laxative*. Laxatives affect only the bowel muscles, whereas the new allylbromide mixture is said to empty the stomach.

● **BOULDER DAM** is no more. By Congressional bill signed by President Truman, the dam which bore the name of Former President Herbert Hoover until 1933, has reverted to its original christening. Mr. Hoover did not build the dam, but he did much to bring about the project which has been of inestimable value to the people of the Colorado River Valley and much of the Western United States.

● So many adventurous tourists are attempting to motor down the length of Africa that the Sudan Government has had to withdraw all entry permits for the present. Many motorists have become stranded in the Sahara Desert because of mechanical difficulties, petrol rationing, and because they have failed to realize the heavy expense entailed in such a trip. There are no regular roads for several long stretches, and guides must be hired to follow camel tracks down as far as Wadi Halfa.

● **EVER** tire of the endless trite expletives coming from your radio? William T. McBurnie did, and decided to do something about it. He has now perfected a "Phrase-Finder" in which three word lists permit one to make up to 27,000,000 euphonious titles, which are especially helpful to radio writers and commentators. Mr. McBurnie is a former student of Atlantic Union College, in South Lancaster, Massachusetts. At present he is employed as a script writer by a Buffalo, New York, radio station, and is working on a reference-card "history in a nutshell," a novel method of cataloging important historical happenings.

● **FOUR** original letters of George Washington and a note from Abraham Lincoln have just been discovered in a dust-filled vault on the campus of Macalester College, in St. Paul, Minnesota. They were found among a 900-volume book collection bequeathed by the first president of the college half a century ago. The donation had been forgotten. Washington's letters concerned private affairs and politics, while Lincoln's note was typical of his ability to say much in a few words. It read, "I do not know the bearer; but he says he has served in the war, is disabled and now wants employment—I shall be glad if he can get it."

● A **TOMB** of a soldier of unknown name and nationality is being planned at the site of the United Nations buildings, in New York City. The proposed tomb would be a spiritual symbol as well as a prototype of every soldier who lost his life on all battle fronts during the last war. A committee of the American Institute of Architects is studying a plan for international competition for the design of the edifice which is expected to cost about \$50,000.

● **ALASKAN** bush pilots have reported a novel device which aids them in flying level. A horizontal bar is fastened above the instrument panel, on which is placed a parrot. The bird leans back when the plane climbs, leans to the left when it banks to the right, and vice versa when right turns and dives are made. If the pilot makes a loop the parrot nonchalantly walks around the stick.

● **ICELANDERS** are among the best-read people in the world. More books are printed there per capita than in any other country. Its 130,000 population, living in an area a bit smaller than Pennsylvania, read 100 periodicals which are nationally printed. These include 16 newspapers.

● **EIGHTY** varieties of trees adorn the grounds of the White House in Washington, D.C.

● **EIGHTY-FIVE** per cent of all the children in Greece are suffering from tuberculosis since the war.

● **J. EDGAR HOOVER's** latest figures on the crime wave in the United States has put a new light on the old axiom that crime does not pay. The average value of loot taken in crimes involving property during 1946 is only \$160, but usually months or years of imprisonment are entailed.

● **WHEN** Henry Ford entered the world 84 years ago the universal method of transportation was almost entirely horse drawn, but when he left the world it was on powered wheels. Others might have developed the automobile in time, but he hastened it, as well as many other revolutionary ideas. He was one of the first to initiate the 5-day work week, and introduced the \$5-a-day wage for an 8-hour day. Although he was a peace-loving man, it was through his inventiveness and production-line methods that America became supreme over her enemies in World War II.



Couriers for Christ



Francisco used a canoe for his colporteur work on the mighty Amazon River, as it was practically the only means of conveyance available to him from village to village. It was a dangerous, hard task that he had set for himself, but he enjoyed it, and labored diligently.

Once when he was out on a delivery, it was necessary for him to paddle for several hours in order to reach the home of a man to whom he had sold a copy of "Dawn of a New Day" in Portuguese, which is the language of Brazil. As he wearily climbed out of his boat at the end of the journey and tied it to the porch post, he was greeted by the man's fanatically Catholic wife, who not only refused to take the book in her husband's absence but refused to allow the colporteur to await his return home.

The young man felt quite discouraged as he untied his boat and started on his way again. He wondered why the Lord had permitted him to make this long journey for nothing. He had gone only a few yards, however, when the woman excitedly called to him, "Young man, won't you please come back? A big snake is after my chickens in the henhouse. Please come back and shoot it for me."

Francisco obligingly turned his boat around, and hastened back to help the woman. It was flood season, and the house was standing on stilts, with water two feet deep under it. Taking the shotgun which she offered him, he rolled up his trousers and waded out to the henhouse, which also was on stilts. There on the roost he saw a very large snake. Taking careful aim, he was about to shoot, when the snake suddenly raised up as if to attack him. Startled, he stepped backward. In so doing his foot slipped into a hole, he lost his balance, and fell backward into the water. As he fell he fired the gun accidentally and killed the snake.

The woman looked at him in amazement as he got up out of the water, considering that she had witnessed a miracle. This caused her to question whether he might not be a messenger sent from heaven, as he had claimed to be. As he approached her to return the gun, the woman asked, "What did you say is the price of that book my husband ordered?" He told her, and she said, "I have just about that much money here in the house. I will take it."

So Francisco delivered his book after all, and even though he was wet from head to foot as he rowed away, he was happy that God had used a snake to help him place the truths of the third angel's message in this home on the bank of the world's largest river.