

The Youth's Instructor

Lord of All

By M. E. ELLIS

UNLESS Jesus Christ is Lord of all,
He is not Lord at all!"

The evangelist who voiced these words gave in epigrammatic form one of the most self-evident and all-inclusive facts affecting human behavior.

An understanding of this truth will reveal to us why mankind's earnest efforts for world peace fall so far short of the mark; why the liquor traffic cannot be curbed; why so much tobacco, neatly rolled, goes up in smoke ("with a fire at one end and a fool at the other!"); why crime flourishes; why so much is spent for entertainment and so little for education.

In short, this remark tells us tersely that most of us, good and bad alike, in varying degree, fail to *fully* realize why we were born and why we are in this world.

Let me illustrate this with two recent brief conversations. One was with a white-haired veteran missionary who, with his wife, was returning to China after having spent nearly half their lives in that field. He said very matter of factly: "We are going back to China to do what we can to *finish the work*. Vast areas of that country are already closed to our missionaries, but it is staggering to contemplate the number of doors still open, if we look at it from a human standpoint."

The other conversation was with one of our college graduates who had just received his Bachelor of Theology degree. I asked him what he was going to do. His reply was, "Well, the first thing I am going to do is to go out and earn some money."

The central factor in the making of America was the spirit of the men who extended frontiers and conquered forests, of the men who have infinitely enlarged the empire by researches and inventions. We who live today are the heirs of their resourcefulness, courage, imagination, and daring.

In its only useful and growing sense life is a struggle. We learn to walk, not by being carried; and when our guides go beyond protecting us against artificial hazards and the pitfalls of inexperience, they

enfeeble rather than strengthen us.

Life continues as never before to be an adventure full of charm and novelty, with wide open spaces of spirituality for the valiant, with room beyond all horizons for imagination and aspiration. I cannot help praying that our Seventh-day Adventist young people may realize that the greatest and most profitable occupation in the world is still to make sure that this gospel of the kingdom reaches all who so desperately need it.

Above everything else human that we need today in finishing the work are young men and women who, realizing that Jesus Christ is "Lord of all," are filled with the same courageous spirit which made the pioneers of the third angel's message stand out as giants in consecration to their purpose, and giants as well in the unfailing consistency with which they lived their beliefs.

We may say that our shortage of workers in the cause of God is due to a tightening money market, crop failures, high taxes, or a thousand other things that occur to us as good excuses; but the Bible and the Spirit of prophecy put the shortage right where it belongs. In plain language that a child could not misunderstand they tell us that what we need most is a radically different conception of our relation to our possessions. There is money enough in Seventh-day Adventist ranks to

finish the work we have been charged to do quickly, but we are spending it on ourselves instead of on those who need the gospel of the third angel's message.

Most of us are unfaithful stewards, who are on trial before the universe. We fail to realize that millions and millions of the unevangelized—more millions of heathen than ever before have been alive at one time since the world was created—are stretching out their hands for the grace of life. It will mean life to us if we minister to their needs, and eternal death to us if we falter and prove recreant to our trust.

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EWING GALLOWAY

Life Is an Adventure Full of Charm and Novelty, With Wide Open Spaces of Spirituality for the Valiant, With Room Beyond All Horizons for Aspiration

Let's Talk It Over

HOW is your empathy? Or do you have any?

"What is empathy?" you ask.

Psychologists have brought the word out of obscurity and really put it on the English language map. They define it as "a sympathetic understanding or grasp of the other person's point of view." And they classify it as one of the most important aids to success. For no one can succeed in anything unless he can get along with others; and how well he is able to do this is largely dependent upon how well he understands their viewpoints—in short, upon his empathy.

This tolerant understanding of our fellow travelers along life's highway is possible only when we recognize that snap judgments of others are neither sensible nor safe, and that our neighbor's viewpoint is just as logical as our own—possibly more so—as he sees things, and as we will see them when we put ourselves in his place.

Psychology tells us also that empathy is a quality that has to be cultivated, and that it does not come as a natural endowment to anybody. It may not be easy to get another's point of view, but it is interesting, and profitable, and no end perception broadening to try to do so.

AS FREDERICK J. HALL tells the story, the situation in English Four was serious. It was partly due to a spell of August weather in mid-October, partly to the fact that the young people did not like English—or thought that way—and partly to resentment against the teacher for what they considered "unreasonably long assignments." Disinterest and listlessness personified to the *n*th degree would paint a word picture of the classroom that particular morning.

Suddenly Miss Bland arose from her chair and faced her pupils with a look that spoke volumes.

"Not one of you is enjoying this recitation, are you?" she demanded.

There was a surprised, puzzled murmur of assent.

"Thank you for being honest about it." Her voice was crisp. "I shall be honest too. If there is one thing more boresome than having to learn something one does not wish to learn, it is teaching something to people who do not wish to be taught."

Then she went on to say that she did

not dislike them personally and that she did not think all of them disliked her, but that if they went on after the pattern of the last three weeks, they would be hating each other by the end of the term. Speaking for herself, she did not feel that it was worth while.

At their first class period of the year, English Four had formed an organization, duly officered and committed, to carry responsibilities for social affairs and other group activities, so now Miss Bland called the president to the chair. When Jerry Price had taken his place, she asked for the floor. Granted this privilege, she reminded them that the course she had been trying to teach was a *must* if they wished to graduate, and that her lesson assignments had been made with the objective of completing the required work on schedule time. She added that since they were dissatisfied, she had considered the matter seriously, decided that she could get along nicely without teaching, and here was her resignation—she placed it in Jerry's hand. She was leaving it with them for consideration, to accept or reject. The time limit for deciding just what they wanted to do was next Monday. In giving it consideration they should remember that they did not like to be driven any more than she liked to drive them. Here was the official outline of ground to be covered in this English course, and for her part she thought a person should either *take* a course or *not* take it. Then she walked out of the room.

Stunned silence reigned for a few minutes, then practically all the class members began talking at once. Finally Jerry stood up to his full five feet eight inches and demanded order. There were just ten minutes till the next class, he reminded them, and they had better get down to business.

But there really was not enough time to comprehend fully the situation they faced and so adjournment was taken till an evening hour when the classroom would be free.

The upshot of their discussion was that they could not escape the course if they wished to go on to college next year—and most of them did. A brief examination of the "dope sheet" Miss Bland had left with them revealed that she had not marked out the ground they were to cover—neither had the school done it; it was a part of the college entrance require-

ments. They also voted that Miss Bland's resignation be torn up, that she be asked to continue to hear recitations, but that the executive committee of the class thereafter assign the lessons, and by all means *shorten them!*

At the close of the first recitation Jerry Price arose, momentarily embarrassed, and announced:

"The executive committee assigns——"

Expectant smiles faded as he talked, and when he had finished there was a clamor of protest.

"We've figured out the ground we've got to cover before June, and for today *this is it!*" Jerry explained patiently. And the other members of the unfortunate committee backed him to a boy and a girl. Furthermore, they offered their places on the committee to anybody who found fault.

For a week the new plan continued. Then the class arose in rebellion. They complained that the executive committee knew nothing about making assignments anyway, that they must have figured the "dope sheet" wrong, because Miss Bland at her worst *never* gave them such "awful" assignments as they had had of late, and that now they had no time to study *anything* but English, so something would have to be done!

Without discussion it was moved and seconded that an expert be chosen to assign as well as to teach, and that the expert be Miss Bland. Furthermore, every mother's son and daughter of them pledged that if she would only agree to do this they *really* would *take* English Four!

According to all reports they did energetically and thoroughly.

Because, you see, they had become acquainted with things "from the other person's viewpoint," and from that angle everything was—well—it was *very* different!

WHAT about your empathy, friend o' mine? Why not look into the matter without delay, since it is so all important to one's success and well being? This bit of self-discipline may be hard to impose upon yourself, but it will pay high dividends. If you have a question, just try it and see!

Lora E. Clement

The Road to HAPPINESS

By

JO RAY BEACH



W. BAUER

One Thing Liselotte Knew Clearly When She Boarded Ship—All Her Life Long She Would Miss Her Country

THE sun was just going down behind the snow-capped Alps of the Bernar Oberland. It had been an exceptionally beautiful winter day. The sky, a deep dazzling blue, shone down on the white snow, making it sparkle and glitter like millions of twinkling diamonds. But toward evening several small white clouds crowded the horizon, so that when the sun went down, sending her last gleaming rays across the sky, the twilight was rendered mysterious and beautiful by those small shadows that slowly floated along.

"Wasn't God wonderful to have created Switzerland! Why, the world just couldn't be complete without this small picturesque piece of land in the heart of Europe," Liselotte whispered, looking over to the Jungfrau, Eiger, and Mönch, these gigantic snow Alps that for ages had stood in the same way they were standing now. She felt a thrill go through her body. Yes, these mountains had been a symbol of freedom ever since the Swiss Confederation had been founded, in 1291. And now, glowing in the dawn, they promised to keep peace and freedom.

Liselotte ought to have been bubbling over with anticipation and happiness, for tomorrow she was beginning a trip to America—that great, glamorous country

which is a part of every Swiss girl's dreams. In her mind she went back over the past weeks and months. It had all happened up in Wengern, one of Switzerland's most popular ski resorts.

Here she had first met Frank. He had been a United States paratrooper. One day during a fierce air battle over Germany his plane had serious engine trouble. There was nothing else for him to do but parachute down over Switzerland, which was the only neutral country near. Like hundreds of other American GI's, he was interned in Wengern. But happily the Swiss people were not strict with their internees. They were given some of the most luxurious hotels in which to live and were left on their own as long as they stayed within the limit zone.

It was under these circumstances that Liselotte had met Frank. He was a handsome young man in his American officer's uniform. And it was so amusing to listen to his attempts to speak German that Liselotte simply could not resist his suggestion that she go skiing with him, although she had never seen or heard of him before. Nevertheless, she hesitated momentarily when she thought of what her mother and father would say to her ready acceptance of a stranger's invitation. But she wanted to enjoy her holiday, and it would give her a great deal of satisfaction to see all the other girls on holiday admiring her American partner.

They enjoyed the time they spent together in the crisp, pure mountain air. Sometimes they skied, and again, when they became tired, they stood and watched the rest of the skiers and were fascinated by several experts who came tearing down the hillside, whirling snow out from under their skis. After that first date Liselotte and Frank began to see each other more often.

For the girl a golden winter had begun. Every day Frank bought her some nice present or took her out to dinner. When her vacation was over, he came to see her every single week at her home town of

Bern. It was thrilling, but, just the same, Liselotte had a strange feeling every time she was with Frank. He was generous and full of fun, but somehow she felt that he was not a good Christian. She herself had been brought up in a very religious family; so naturally the difference in their standards and ideals was marked. But yet Liselotte could not, did not, want to do anything about it. In the beginning she had attempted to speak to him of her Christian belief, but he had always acted so bored that soon she dropped the subject.

Before too long he had asked her to marry him then, and when the war was over, sail to live with him in America. It had all been so sudden and exciting. Her friends had told her how much they envied her, how nice Frank was, and oh, how handsome! Slowly Liselotte became convinced that life with him would be the one and only road to happiness.

Her parents were growing old, and as it often happens, they failed to do all they could have done to prevent her from taking this dangerous step. The despair and sorrow they should have felt were smothered behind a mask of resignation.

After the surrender of Germany, Frank had sailed from Le Havre, France, for his home in the United States, and arranged for his bride to follow him as soon as possible. Tomorrow she would be on her way.

Suddenly Liselotte awoke from her daydream. She ought to be taking care of some last-minute packing, but it seemed she just could not turn her eyes away from the sight of those magnificent dark mountains, crowned with a sunset glow.

How could she leave her beloved homeland? Then came the thought of Frank on the other side of the ocean, and the question of how could she be happy without him. But what if the United States of America should not be the land of perfection she had pictured it to be? Well, she resolved, if she were only with her husband, everything would be all right.

As Liselotte stood at the window, her mind was one great chaos of thoughts. One thing she knew clearly: Wherever she might be, all her life long she would miss her country—Swiss people are that way.

Several days later the *Santa Paula*, which had made a special trip to Europe, sailed from Le Havre to America loaded with GI war brides. Many young girls waved "au revoir!" "adieu!" and "good-byl!" to the shore. Many white handkerchiefs wiped tearful eyes. Some very temperamental French girls sobbed and laughed intermittently. On the upper deck stood a small figure clad in a dark brown coat, the sea breeze blowing her hair in all directions. Somehow this girl's grief seemed

deeper than that of the others. Her face was pale, and her eyes, filled with tears, had a faraway look in them. Liselotte was just standing, literally devouring the shore with her eyes! The land receded slowly, always farther, farther, farther away, until it was only a small strip in the distance. If only it would follow her! But no, she was heading all alone into an unknown future.

She had not seen Frank for several months, and neither had he written for quite a while; therefore he somehow did not seem as near to her as formerly.

"I want to go home! I want mother! Why didn't I stay?" she cried aloud as she remembered the sad, heart-stricken look her mother had given her when she said good-by. "God bless you," she had murmured. But how could God bless her, questioned Liselotte, when she had married a person who did not care for God?

Suddenly someone gently tapped Liselotte's arm. Surprised, she turned and looked straight into the eyes of a pretty little blue-eyed, dark-haired girl.

"You come from Bern, Switzerland, don't you?" the little one asked.

"Yes, how could you tell?"

"I was watching all the war brides come on board, and you looked so alone and distressed that I peeped at your luggage. It has Bern written all over it."

Liselotte tried to smile. There seemed nothing else to say, so she inquired, "Are you a war bride, too?"

"Oh, no, my daddy is a missionary in Southern Europe, and we are going to a great missionary convention in Washington, D.C. And besides, we are taking my older brother and sister to enter college in the United States."

The little girl talked with such enthusiasm and pride about her family that Liselotte could not help sighing longingly. Soon the small one's parents came along the deck. The woman spoke first.

"Has Colette been asking you your whole family history?" she inquired laughing. "Her curiosity usually runs away with her, especially among people she doesn't know."

"Oh, no; Colette and I have just been having a nice little chat, and I hope we'll have the opportunity to visit more," Liselotte replied. Somehow she felt attracted toward this pleasant-looking, friendly person. It did not take long for them to become absorbed in an interesting conversation. Colette had taken her father by the arm and now was happily investigating the lower decks with him. Liselotte and her new friend were left all alone, and before she realized it, she had opened her heart to this stranger. She told her how miserable she was, how heartbroken and homesick. She had not realized before what a rash step she was taking; "but now it dawns upon me as if a wind had shaken me," she ended, sobbing like a little girl.

For a long time the woman stood there

in silence after the girl had finished her story. Then she looked into Liselotte's eyes. Earnestly, but in a voice full of sympathy, she said: "My girl, this is a serious affair. You have made an important decision, and I am afraid that it is too late for you to change it without making yourself unhappy for the rest of your life. But I wonder, have you ever prayed about it? God can and will work everything out for

A Desert Day

By

S. DELOS CHAMPAIGN

The warm wind sings through the cactus
The song of the western land
As the first rays of the rising sun
Spread out across the sand.
The purple hills in the distance
Bathe their feet in a golden stream;
The shadows move like mysterious ghosts
While the heat waves shimmer and gleam.

The hot wind sighs through the cactus
The dirge of the western land
As the merciless rays of the midday sun
Beat down upon the sand.
Far out on the rim of the desert,
Where the purple hills once stood,
A great brown giant lies sleeping
In the breathless solitude.

The cool wind chants through the cactus
The creed of the western land
As the last rays of the setting sun
Recede across the sand.
The brown hills put on a purple robe
And wear a golden crown;
Then night, in sweet benediction,
Spreads her velvety blanket down.

your best if you ask Him to. Do so, and then trust Him implicitly."

"Oh, I am sure God wouldn't help me now. You see, Frank doesn't believe in Him, and I never even tried to bring religion into our lives; so I know this is God's punishment for me."

At first the older woman did not quite know what to answer, but after thinking a moment she said encouragingly, "There is such a thing as repenting, you know, when we have done wrong and seen our mistake. If you pray about the matter, God will forgive you and carry your burden. Please talk it over with Him, won't you?"

Liselotte was only too glad to promise, and that evening she did bring the whole matter before God. She asked to be forgiven for being ashamed to confess Him, and pleaded that He would take her whole life into His hands from then on and bring everything out all right.

When she awoke the next morning she felt calm and full of hope. Her mind was

made up. She would live with Frank and be happy. And no matter what happened, her life from then on would be ordered according to God's plan.

The trip lasted ten days, and Liselotte and the missionary family became fast friends. One early morning, when it was still dark, a war bride came running up on deck. Then back to her cabin she dashed, exclaiming breathlessly that the twinkling lights of New York City had just come into view. The word soon spread through the ship, and most of the passengers knew that they were coming into harbor.

Yes, there was the Statue of Liberty, shining straight and majestic in the dark. The war brides were enchanted. Some of them laughed, some cried, and others started to get their belongings together.

Liselotte stood at the railing with the missionary family. She was frightened and bewildered, but she did not utter a word. Her new friends were chatting and laughing excitedly, exclaiming, "At last we're home again!"

As dawn broke, most of the war brides were already receiving telegrams from their husbands or future husbands, but Liselotte was still waiting. If she had been asked to tell her thoughts she could not have answered. Her mind was filled with conflict, but she kept repeating over and over again, "I'm trusting God, I'm trusting God."

In ten more hours the ship had cast anchor and was ready to unload.

"All passengers ashore!" The words came out of the loud-speaker constantly, it seemed. Vigorously and with considerable excitement the war brides pushed their way through the crowd on the dock. One after another their husbands were announced waiting for them in the station office.

"Liselotte Kaufman! Wanted in front section of waiting room! Liselotte Kaufman! Wanted in front section of waiting room!" the loud-speaker boomed.

"Frank must be expecting me," she told herself. Singular how calm she felt. Quietly she stepped into the office. An elderly, kind-looking woman greeted her. Liselotte felt that something had happened—something was wrong.

"Where is Frank?" she inquired. Silence. "He isn't coming, is he?" What made her ask that, Liselotte never knew; it was simply intuition.

"No, I'm afraid not," the woman answered; "but please have a seat, and I'll try to explain."

Liselotte sat down. Never in her whole life had she been so completely in a daze. She listened, only comprehending with half her senses. But she understood that main fact: Frank was not a Christian and he had no feeling of responsibility. Just two weeks previous he had met a girl in America whom he had known before he went overseas, and he had married her

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The King's Highway

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERMON

UNCLAIMED TREASURE

By R. E. FINNEY, JR.

THE young man from South Dakota attracted no particular attention when he arrived in Ouray, nor did he wish to. Ouray in the days of the silver boom was used to having unattached young men arrive to take jobs in the mines, to look the country over, or to exist without any seeming means of support. No one asked any questions about another person's business; if they had done so it might not have been safe, and it certainly would not have been considered good manners.

So this young man from the north cleaned out an abandoned cabin, settled down, and minded his own business. He went into the town for his meals morning and evening, and what he did during the day no one knew or cared.

If he had been watched he would have been seen climbing over the almost perpendicular mountains which enclose Ouray on three sides, giving special attention to the abandoned silver mines, where the strain of ore had run out. In the evening he would come in with a sack full of rocks slung over his shoulder—a common enough sight, and not one to cause attention.

Presently he received a number of assay reports from Denver, and in consequence he made some contacts with the owners of several of these worked-out properties. Still Ouray did not know what he was doing. After all, it was a silver-mining town, and those properties, as everyone knew, were worthless for mining. It is

probable that the owners who sold out to the youth chuckled to themselves at the time because he had paid good money for even an option on such worthless propositions.

But they did not chuckle, nor did the townspeople continue to disregard him, when, a few weeks later, he began mining operations for gold in those same abandoned properties. For that is just what he did! He had made a rich—fabulously rich—strike. The very ore dump at the Camp Bird Mine assayed \$3,000 to the ton.

Thus did young David Ignatius Walsh, later United States Senator from Massachusetts, find wealth in a territory that had never been thought of as gold country, because he had studied a little metallurgy and had observed that the same sort of rock that was being discarded had gold in it in South Dakota. The experienced silver miners of the area had been walking over a king's ransom, had been cursing it, throwing it out on the ore dumps. The gold had been there all the time, but no one had taken time to search for it and take advantage of it.

I would like to have you keep this story in mind a few moments as we consider something else.

When Jesus stood outside the tomb of His friend Lazarus, He said, "Take ye away the stone," but Martha objected. She said, "Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days." So she objected to the opening of the tomb. Her reason was chiefly pride, we are told by Inspiration, lest someone should see her brother in an unfavorable or unpleasant condition.

Martha's objection is typical of the attitude that someone always takes when souls are about to be won. It seemed an impossibility to Martha that the decaying

body of Lazarus could be made alive. It often seems impossible to people today that life—spiritual life—can be imparted to a person dead in sins and unrighteousness. To the sight of God our sin-polluted hearts look much worse than the decaying body of Lazarus. Isaiah said, "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away."

Yes, God can take the most polluted life and make it clean and fresh and wholesome. He can make a victorious Christian out of you. But there is a part in the process that you must do for yourself.

To those standing by the tomb Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone." Christ did not have to depend on them to do this. He could have done it Himself, or summoned a powerful angel to do it. In fact, He could have commanded the stone itself—for, after all, He created the stones. But He said, "Take ye away the stone!" So He says to you.

A young man was a student in a theological seminary—not a Seventh-day Adventist seminary—and he was bound with the chains of the tobacco habit. While it was not unheard of for the young men in the seminary to use tobacco, he felt that it was definitely sinful and that he should give it up. He had tried, he had prayed about it, but he still kept on smoking.

One balmy spring day he was again wrestling with this particular devil that beset him. He had gone to his room to pray alone and had shut the door; but unknown to him, it had not latched behind him and had gradually swung open. As he was praying, one of his friends came quietly down the hall of the dormitory. As he came to the open door and looked in, he saw his fellow student on his knees by the open window. In one hand he had his pipe and in the other his can of tobacco, and he was praying, "O Lord, take away this awful habit from me, and help me to leave it alone!"

It took only a moment for this friend to analyze the situation. He was a man of action, and, striding quickly across the room, he struck the praying one beside the head, throwing him to the floor. Then he snatched the pipe and the tobacco away from him and flung them out of the window and said, "There! The Lord has answered your prayer and has taken the tobacco and the pipe away from you. Leave them alone now!" And he did!

The reason this young theologian had



All Anyone Knew About the Young Man Was That He Came Back Each Evening With a Sack of Rocks Over His Shoulder

not succeeded in escaping the tobacco habit was that he had never taken the action that *he* must take for himself. He had never made up his mind that he was *really* through with tobacco.

"Take ye away the stone," Jesus said, thus pointing out that we must act before *He* can act for us. Between us and the unsearchable riches of happy Christian existence a stone may rest today. It may be an evil habit. It may be an unsundered sin. It may be an unbridled trait of character. Whatever it is, there is a part that *we* must play in getting rid of it, and when we do that, the door will swing open.

It was on Admiral Richard E. Byrd's second trip to Antarctica that he went out alone to man the weather observation post two hundred and fifty miles beyond Little America. There he lived for several months during the savage antarctic winter.

During the first part of his stay he planned to take regular out-of-door exercise, a constitutional on skis every morning around a course marked by bright orange flags on bamboo stakes, put there to guide him in the darkness.

One particularly cold morning he made his regular circuit and came back eager to get out of the biting cold in the warmth of his underground (or undersnow) hut. Arriving at the hatchway of the hut, he took the iron ring and gave the door a pull, only to find it immovable. The moisture from inside had formed a frost seal around it. Byrd gave a harder pull, but the door did not yield. Bracing himself, now he exerted all his strength in a mighty effort. Still there was no result. And then for a moment he lost control of himself. Overcome with the realization that certain death faced him if he did not succeed in getting inside, he flung

himself on the stubborn door, kicked it, scratched at its every crevice, jerked it with all his might, until finally he was nearly exhausted with the effort. Then he came to himself and, sitting down in the snow, told himself that he must remain calm and use his head, or he would certainly die there. By using his utmost ingenuity and skill, he finally succeeded in prying loose one corner of the door so that he could get his fingers under it. The rest was easy, and he immediately was safe inside the hut.

Only two inches of wood separated Byrd from safety, warmth, and comfort, but that two inches might have meant his death had he failed to remain calm and force the door. Some young people will doubtless be lost to the kingdom of God by as small a margin as that. No one can open the door of salvation for them

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The Best Drink!

O. Franklin Archer says that many people who sell intoxicating liquors have a feeling of disgust for those who buy their products. This, he says, was never better illustrated than by the experience told him by a genuine old Westerner from the cow country of the United States:

"When I was about fourteen," he said, "I lived in Texas on a cattle ranch. One time I went with the men who were taking a train load of cattle from our ranch to Omaha. And them cowpunchers—the first place they hit for after the cattle were unloaded, was the saloon. One tough old fellow and three of his pals, with their hats jerked on at slouchy angles, went into a saloon and swaggered up to the bar.

"What'll you have, men?" the barkeeper asked them.

"The best drink you've got in the house!" boomed the big cowpoke.

"The barkeeper looked at him a second in disgust, then he turned and went to the back room. In a minute he came back and he had four fancy glasses, all of them filled—with water!"

The Brain Counts!

The noted surgeon Dr. Charles Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, addressing a large convention of young people, said in part:

"It is the brain that counts, but in order that your brain may be kept clear you must keep your body fit and well. That cannot be done if one drinks liquor.

"A man who has to drag around a habit that is a danger and a menace to society ought to go off to the woods and live alone. We do not tolerate the obvious use of morphine or cocaine or opium, and we should not tolerate intoxicating liquor, because, I tell you,

these things are what break down the command of the individual over his own life and his own destiny.

"Through alcoholic stimulation a man loses his co-ordination. That is why liquor is no advantage to the brain. You hear people tell how they had their wits quickened for the first half hour by liquor, but they don't tell you how later the body could not act in co-ordination with the brain.

"Keep yourselves free from all entangling habits.

"Remember, it's the brain that counts."

Pity France!

Dr. Claude Zimmerman blames two things above all others for the present population drop in France—alcoholism and tuberculosis. "France drinks more than any other country in the world," he says, and adds, "For this sad privilege we have become a nation of alcoholics."

Responsible!

Alcoholism is the cause of 40 per cent of all admissions to the Psychopathic Department of Gallinger Hospital, Washington, D.C., and is responsible for one fifth of the insanity cases in the District of Columbia, according to Dr. Joseph N. Gilbert, chief psychiatrist of Gallinger. He said, "Our alcoholic ward always is overcrowded."

Incendiary!

A near victim of a recent hotel fire writes about his experience to the editor of the "New York Times Magazine," and is quoted thus in "Clipsheet," put out by the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church:

"After a bad hour, in which we kept from suffocating by leaning out our fourteenth-story window for air, we got down the stairs. The

man in whose room the fire started was not in at the time. The firemen say he left a lighted cigarette when he went out. They say also that he was plastered. Three long cheers for John Barleycorn, who seems to go round these days with a torch in his hand."

Sentenced!

Circuit Judge Van Buren Perry, of Aberdeen, South Dakota, was speaking. There was an almost breathless silence in his courtroom:

"The defendant was a soldier in the Army of the United States . . . upon whom the Government had spent many hundreds of dollars. . . . On that fatal night, six places of business in his community, all licensed by law to sell drinks which are intoxicating or intended to be made so, out of their greed to gain a few dollars, committed an act of sabotage against the Government of the people of these United States. They sold him intoxicating liquors . . . until his reason and self-control were utterly destroyed. In the resulting frenzy he took a human life. . . . The defendant I must sentence to prison. The robbers of his reason I arraign at the bar of public opinion and sentence each of them to the everlasting contempt of all decent and patriotic people, and may the memory of their responsibility stay with them forever."

Athlete Says!

Paul O. Bixler, head football coach, Ohio State University, says:

"I am definitely convinced that alcoholic beverages are a hindrance to athletes, as far as their over-all physical ability is concerned. They slow up reaction time. We have absolutely no time for any boy seeking a place in our squad who feels he cannot forgo the use of alcohol."

Tax Them!

We take this from "Clipsheet," a page of temperance newsnotes put out by the Methodist Church:

"Liquor-sellers have objected to the earmarking of special taxes for the relief of alcoholics. The special allocation of tax receipts is, as a rule, bad practice. In the matter of alcoholism, however, the rule does not apply because the liquor traffic is responsible for the condition of the alcoholic and should finance his attempted rehabilitation.

"The special tax for this purpose should not be derived entirely from the sale of distilled spirits. Nearly every alcoholic began on beer. The tax should be upon all types of intoxicants."



Seven Smiling "Seven Day" Boys From the Islands of Emirau, Mussau, Bougainville, and Matupi (near Rabaul), in the Territory of New Guinea

Smiling "SEVEN DAY" BOYS

PART I

By CONSTANCE M. GREIVE

[NOTE.—At the close of World War II the Australasian Union Conference, through which organization the mission work carried on by Seventh-day Adventists in the Solomons and other South Pacific islands is administered, found that it would be necessary to replace sixteen mission ships lost during hostilities. This composite story introduces you to the New Guinea crew which came to Sydney last year to take the first of these, the M.V. *Ambon*, back to their own area. This 100-ton Diesel-powered supply ship is under the command of Captain J. C. Radley, and the skipper reports that when sailing time came, these boys, "green hands" all, did "a very good job."—EDITOR.]

THESE men are genuine fuzzy-wuzzies, men of mission renown. Most of them have worked for a number of years as teachers, boat's crew, or builders, and during the Japanese occupation some had rather painful experiences. Let us introduce them to you. Those who are able to write sufficiently well in English have written their own stories; the others have given us verbally a few facts about their lives. Check them from left to right.

Darius belongs to the village of Bai, near Rabaul. When Salau, our well-known Solomon Island teacher, came there, *Darius* explained, "Me not big too much." He went to school there for six months, and later spent eighteen months at the Matupi school, where he was taught by Pastors A. S. Atkins and W. W. Petrie. After teaching on Mussau for a year, he went carpentering, and helped to build the Put Put training school. He assisted with other building projects, and was

houseboy for Pastor R. H. Abbott at the time the Japanese invaded the island. As gardeners for the enemy, *Darius* and his people were able to observe the Sabbath. When the Americans and Australians came to the island, he went to a near-by village as a teacher. He is assistant engine boy on the new boat for New Guinea. "Time Eriman talk to me come down here me please too much," he says.

Tubavai hails from Matupi, an island near Rabaul. He was a member of another mission society until Pastor G. F. Jones brought him the Sabbath truth. He also was one of Pastor Atkins' pupils at Matupi for a short time. During the war he and others were frequently beaten by the Japanese for not working fast enough. His wife was killed by machine-gun fire while watching an invading plane.

Minu Kovasi, from Paghui, Bougainville, relates this story:

"Dear Friends, today I was very please to tell you about some stories of my islands at Bougainville. Before we from Bougainville heathen men. We don't know God. We make works of devils and we worship on him, but now we know true God in heaven. Before time we as blind man, because all big men they saw us bad ways of Satan.

"But today I was very please when time I come to Australia, because before I heard work in Australia very strong. They said I heard only sound of word. But now I was been here I see true works of our mission at Australia. But mine eyes open now. When time I return on my islands I will story on them. Some things I never seeing before I seeing here, this time.

"I was stay at Mussau when our Pastor L. G. Maxwell go and call some crew to bring one new boat from our mission, and I come here to Australia. I very please to see every good works here. When time I go back home I can tell my peoples of every works I have been seeing here Australia. I can story on them."

Mave, from the island of Emirau, has written his experiences:

"Now I'm very please to tell you what was happened to us to the Admiralty Island when the Japanese occupied the Manus and Lou Island where our mission headquarters is situated.

"They took all Bibles and English hymnbooks and they burned them. So Manovaki and me, and the other teachers, we were translated some song into Lou and Baluan's tongue, and we were using pidgin English to make up lessons [from memory] from texts for our Sabbath school, so we keep our work going.

"And at once the Japanese officers of the coastguard took all the Seventh-day Adventist teachers to teach them the Japanese language, so I went with them to the Japanese camp, and when we got the camp the Japs teacher told us that we will be in school for one week. So on Monday we went into the schoolhouse, and when we all get inside, the Japs teacher started to teach us the Japanese language. Then afterward he told us to listen to the words that he would said, then we will repeated the words and make a big shout for that word he said. So here is the word: Jen No Heika Blanza Ai. When he said this word, we didn't made a big shout for it, so he was very angry and gave us a hard smitten by the cheek, and that was happened to us.

"Then after two years over, we saw the Australian and American Army come to Manus, then they want some native boys to go help them to clean up their places, so we went to Mokarang. We were helping the Australian and American soldiers in their works. Afterward they want some native boys to go with some American soldiers to the jungle, so two boys from Lou Island, me and three boys from Malai Bay, and one police boy, we were going with nine American soldiers and their captain. They want us to go with them to carry the wounded back if Japs wounded some of them, but we didn't see any Japs that time. And when we were in the jungle, every morning and evening I am always make worship with two boys from Lou, with my New Testament. And

the other morning when we were having a worship again, the captain of the American soldiers saw my New Testament in my hand, and he came to me and said, 'You are a missionary?' And I said, No; but that what I saw the missionary did, so I do. Then he said to me, 'All right, you must make worship with all native boys and to my soldiers too.' So I did what he told me every morning and evening when we were having worship in the jungle. I were always readed those three verses in Psalms 46:1-3, because I have a New Testament with Psalms. And we were in the jungle for three weeks. After that we went back to Mokarang. We were there for one week, and one of the Australian officer want me to go with him to Emirau, because he know that I'm belong to Emirau Island.

"When we were arrived to Emirau we found that all people were taken by the American to Mussau. So the officer asked me to go to Mussau to see my mother and brother, so I went. When I was there, Pastor Ragopitu asked me to help him in school, so I were helping Pastor Ragopitu there, and in this year Pastor Ragopitu received a short letter from Pastor L. G. Maxwell to pick up seven boys to come to Australia to take a new mission boat back to New Guinea. So Pastor Ragopitu picked me up, too.

"All the time I am remembering the verse in fourth chapter of Deuteronomy verse 9, 'Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life: but teach.' That made me to make worship with the soldiers in our journey in the jungle. I thank God for His care to me when Japanese occupied Manus Island."

Sino appears to be the senior member of the party. "Time we no got lotu," he explains, "when I was a little boy, village people made a feast. All the boys and girls have their ear lobes split and hang tortoise shell rings in them."

Sino was working for a trader when Salau came, so he promptly finished his work and went to school. Later he joined the crew of the *Veilomani* for a year, and then for twelve years he was captain of the *Malalangi* until she was sunk during the war, and used to travel around Emirau, Mussau, Manus, Kavieng, and Rabaul.

While Sino was in Rabaul with Pastor Atkins and Mr. Trevor Collett, the Japanese first bombed the place. They returned to Mussau to pick up their goods. The Japanese came to Mussau, and Pastor Atkins asked Sino if he could help him get to Rabaul and on to Australia. He did not answer. "Me no talk, me fright," he confessed. When asked the same question again, he replied. "Yes, I will help you."

They left Mussau about seven o'clock

at night. The passage in the reef being very small, they prayed to God to direct them so they could go out. They passed safely through, and stopped at Emirau to pick up Mr. Collett. They went to the plantation of Mr.—, and tried to wireless Kavieng, but there was no answer.

Lord, I Need Thy Spirit

By DARRELL D. HOLTZ

Lord, I need Thy spirit

flowing through my wasted, barren life
like a stream
flowing through a wasted, barren desert
rejuvenating . . .
revivifying . . .
and beautifying . . .
as it goes.

Then my life may be like Thy life—

Thy perfect, spotless life—

and I may say to others,

"This is the way,

walk ye in it"

—and be able to show them this way.

Lord, I need Thy spirit!

They tried Rabaul, but there was no answer; the enemy was there. They continued on toward Kavieng, but found the harbor full of Japanese ships. Traveling by night and hiding by day, they at last reached Put Put. Pastor Atkins and Sino went ashore to the training school there but found that the *Veilomani* had sailed with a number of service personnel and some civilians, so the *Malalangi* followed after. When she caught up, the two ships anchored together.

They made preparations for the voyage to Australia. Soon after starting, they saw an enemy warship, so they turned and headed for the beach. Dropping anchor, they all went ashore. The warship came and shelled the boats. Then a boarding party came and poured kerosene on the *Veilomani* and set fire to it. Followed the heroic action of the native captain Pam (Parm), who swam out to the ship and extinguished the flames. But the next day the enemy returned and sank the boats.

Most of the men continued their escape by foot and eventually reached Australia, but Pastor Atkins' health would not stand the strain of such an arduous venture, so he and Mr. Collett and Sino walked back to Put Put. There the pastor was taken to a Japanese hospital, and three weeks later died.

Sino stayed on at Put Put. While there the natives heard over the radio that an Australian airman was missing. Sino and another Adventist boy searched in the bush, found the aviator, fed him on tapioca and sweet potato, and later conducted him safely to the "government." Our people in this area hid four Australians for one month. However, natives of a certain mission reported to the Japanese that the "Seven Day" boys were hiding these allied servicemen, and they were taken away.

After the war ended ANGAU looked after the natives, and later they were brought back to Mussau.

On one occasion, when a Japanese plane was shot down by the Australians, the boys of another mission told the enemy that Deni had looted it. This was not true. However, he was severely beaten. As time went on, the Japanese learned to value him, and placed him in charge of the school boys. Later when he became sick, "Japan gave him medicine, but he died."

Sino is now the engineer for the new boat.

Faithful and true amid the vicissitudes and perils of war, risking their lives to save others, these men have proved themselves worthy disciples of the One they serve.

(To be continued)



Mission Launch *Veilomani* Which Was Sunk by the Japanese During the War. Photo Taken at Put Put Training School in New Guinea

A MODERN *Parable*

By CHARLES PHILLIPS

IT WAS spring of 1944, a time of great national emergency. In a rough tarpaper hut crowded with cots two young men sat staring at each other dejectedly. One could tell at a glance they were rookies; they were all United States Army uniform, and hands, and feet. Gloom hung heavily upon them, for they had been told at the induction center that they were headed for a medical training detachment, but here they were in the infantry instead. Their Medical Cadet Corps training had apparently meant nothing.

A cool breeze playfully lifted a flap of tarpaper on the hut and made its way into the barracks. John Goodwin sniffed appreciatively, but was suddenly overcome with a fit of homesickness. The breeze reminded him that it was springtime in his garden at home, and that he had spent his last day as a civilian, before having the honor of "private" bestowed on him, working among his prized vegetables. How he would love to see once more the fernlike foliage of those carrots pushing above the brown earth! John was so engrossed in his nostalgia that the voices outside the hut were but vague mumblings until suddenly he found himself listening.

"I still say I think they're yellow," came the voice. "Any man who claims he can't fight is just plain yellow. Conscientious objectors? Bah! They're nothing but sissies. They're afraid of getting hurt that's all, and they just hide behind the skirts of a church or some other organization. Some of them say they are objectors so they can grab all the easy jobs. If any of those fellows are put in *my outfit* they'll have a bad time of it. By the way, I heard that two 'objectors' arrived in camp this morning." The voice became muffled in the distance mid the crunch of heavy boots on the gravel path.

The expression on John's face matched that on Bill's by this time, but he squared his shoulders and lifted his head defiantly, set his cap precisely two fingers above his left eyebrow and prepared to see the commanding officer about being transferred

to the medical detachment. In the meantime there was another issue at stake—Sabbath freedom from regular duty. "Come on, Bill," he said to his companion, "let's get this thing straightened out."

Bill lowered his eyes for a moment, and then responded, "You go by yourself, John; I think I'll stay here. After all, this isn't actual war. It will be just training. We may never be sent overseas to fight, and there is no sense in making things hard for ourselves. You just heard what the fellows think of conscientious objectors around here, and when you ask for Sabbath off too, that will be the last straw."

A stunned silence followed. John could not believe that he had heard correctly. How could Bill relinquish the principles of their faith without even a fight. He had believed his own firm convictions were shared by his pal. Since the very beginning of the war they had attended various meetings designed to aid Christian youth who were soon to be drafted into military service. Together they had read *Shall a Christian Bear Arms* and other similar literature. Often they had discussed their problems together, and had thought themselves prepared to meet whatever arguments or questions they might be called upon to face. Now, because of the remarks of one person they had not so much as seen, Bill was ready to give up his faith.

John placed his strong brown hands on his companion's shoulders and drew him to his feet. Clear gray eyes searched equally clear blue ones. "You don't mean what you said, Bill! Remember how we used to play Daniel in the lions' den when



There Was No Fanfare for John When He Returned From the Service; Even His Mother Seemed to Feel Apologetic that He Had Not Been Commissioned as Had Bill

we were little fellows? Now is our opportunity to witness for God." Bill laughed shortly and shrugged himself free of the hands that gripped his shoulders. "Run along and play Daniel," he said; "I'll stay with the infantry now I'm here. I must be here for a reason. I'm going to work hard and make a name for myself. You'll never get anywhere in the medics unless you are a doctor. I've decided I'm going to have some bars and gold braid."

Sick at heart, John left the hut alone. There was no argument he could present. Bill knew as well as he did what God required of his servants.

A year later John Goodwin, now a private first class, was walking down the streets of Summerville, his home town. Something in the familiar stride of the officer coming his way caused him to look closely, and suddenly his heart leaped. It was Bill Powers, a "first-looie." He looked wonderful in his uniform! John's face broke out in a grin, but he drew himself up in a smart salute. The salute was returned, and Lieut. William Powers continued on his way.

At the church picnic Mrs. Powers was naturally proud of her son's rank. Friends were congratulating her on Bill's recent promotion, and it was a happy occasion.

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Sweet Are the Uses of Adversity

By BETTY HANNUM

THE bed was drawn near the window so the light would fall on the man who lay there. He was propped up with a large pad of paper on his knees. His eyes were closed, and there was a look of suffering on his face. Then he opened his eyes, picked up his pencil, and scrawled a few gigantic words on the paper. When he had written for five minutes, the pain became so intense that he had to drop his pencil and rest. The man's name was Francis Parkman, and in spite of his tremendous handicap, he was writing a book. He suffered most of his life from major digestive trouble, a nervous eye trouble which made it necessary for him to work in a dark room, terrific rheumatism, and agonizing headaches. Yet the papers piled beside him were parts of his twenty outstanding volumes of history.

Another great historian, William Prescott, wrote under a tremendous handicap. While he was a freshman at Harvard University, an accident caused him to become nearly blind, and soon he realized that his life would be a losing fight against total darkness. Nevertheless, he announced that he was going to follow a literary career, and specialize in writing history. Most of his reference material was read aloud to him by secretaries, and then he dictated his books, partly from memory and partly from scrawled notes that he could scarcely see. His sixteen thick volumes, written during thirty-nine years of such effort, brought him world-wide fame.

Experiences of many others who have overcome handicaps might be mentioned. Seldom do we stop to think how much of the important work of the world has been done by people working under difficulties that would stop an ordinary man or woman. Florence Nightingale reorganized the hospitals of England while too ill to move from her bed. Pasteur was tireless in his attack on disease although semi-paralyzed and under the constant menace of apoplexy. Practically everyone knows of the triumph of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, of the United States, over his crippled condition resulting from infantile paralysis.

But in addition to those in this class who are well known, there is a multitude of humbler folk who have gained just as great victories over handicaps. Many of these we will never hear about, but a few have come to light.

Ethelwynne Kingsbury became president of the Minnesota Federation of Music Clubs, although at the age of ten an accident left her hopelessly paralyzed from the waist down. Her parents were poor, and she was unable to get a normal education, but with the help of her

mother, she completed high school with high honors. The Minneapolis business college refused her application for admittance, for they thought it would be impossible to find her a job. Nevertheless, she appeared on the opening day and insisted that she be allowed to register. In time she became secretary to the president. However, her main ambition was to become a singer, so she took voice lessons, and won a singing contest sponsored by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The outgrowth of this was regular radio work, and in time and with diligent effort she became a musician in her own right. In addition to this she acted as business manager for the noted pianist, Countess Helena Morsztyn.

While Major Alexander P. de Severksy was in the Russian air force, his plane was shot down, and he lost his leg in the crash. He spent many long months in hospitals, but soon learned to use crutches; later he was fitted with an artificial leg. In time he became accustomed to its use and began to regard it as a distinction rather than a handicap. His desire to fly did not lessen, and, while inspecting planes, he found many opportunities in the cockpit to test the flexibility of his artificial leg. Before the end of the late war he had the rank of commander, was in charge of the Naval Fighter Command of the Baltic Sea, and had thirteen enemy planes chalked to his credit.

A streetcar accident caused George Barr, a graduate chemist, to lose his leg. His applications for work were turned down dozens of times, so he finally started his own business—manufacturing chemicals in Chicago. His plant is staffed with physically handicapped workers, for he will never employ a whole man to fill a position if one of his own class can do the job. These persons are paid the same wages as able-bodied workers, and the production rate is

equally as good as that of competing companies. This not only contributes to their living but gives each one a measure of self-respect that he could not have if he were forced to live on charity.

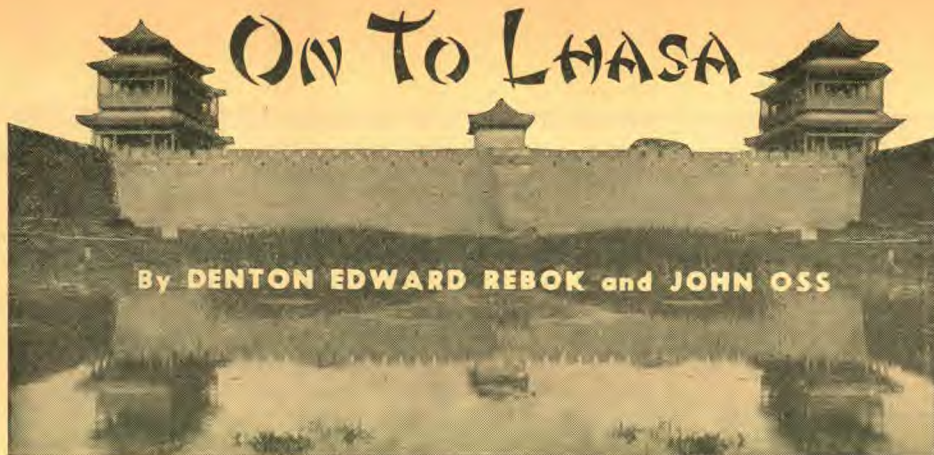
Those mentioned so far have overcome their physical handicaps, but there are other handicaps equally difficult to surmount. Some people must meet and beat difficulties of discouraging environment, poverty, and race prejudice. They find themselves without the opportunities which many others enjoy, and lack the means to gain education and training. As examples of these we have Andrew Carnegie, Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and others too numerous to mention, who started with nothing but ambition and courage. George Washington Carver and Booker T. Washington won leading places among American educators and scientists although handicapped by belonging to a race which is denied many opportunities. Marian Anderson and Paul Robeson have also made themselves a secure place in the world of musical artists in spite of the handicaps of their race.

But more difficult to conquer than physical disabilities and unfavorable environ-

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U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS
A Veteran Learning to Use His Artificial Leg Finds Most of His Difficulties Lie in Conquering His Weakening Fears and Emotional Attitudes



By DENTON EDWARD REBOK and JOHN OSS

The Challenge of Tibet

THE way back to Sining from Lhasa was the same as it was from Sining to Lhasa, and the experiences of our Missionary Volunteer on the return journey were not unlike those we have already described. Mile equaled mile, foot equaled foot, and there were just as many of them; but for some strange reason the return journey seemed much shorter than the one going out. Yung Sun was eager to meet his Seventh-day Adventist friends and tell his marvelous story.

One of the main topics of conversation along the highway at that particular time was regarding the recent happenings in political and religious circles at the capital. The people generally recognized that a new order of things had arrived. This had become apparent from about the time that the old Dalai Lama passed away in 1933. There had been much speculation as to whether the self-exiled Panchan Lama, the rival of the late Dalai Lama, might not return from his sojourn in China and take charge of affairs. This, as we have mentioned, he attempted to do but died on the way back to Lhasa.

After the death of the Dalai Lama the control of government had fallen more completely than formerly into the hands of the civil officials. Naturally everyone in Lhasa was much excited about the finding of a new Dalai Lama in the province of Chinghai, toward whose chief city, Sining, the caravan was journeying. Therefore it was not strange that Yung Sun and his friends should discuss this matter.

How was the new Dalai Lama found? It was a highly complicated process, as you will see. The passing away of the great Dalai Lama, spiritual ruler and leader of three or four million Tibetans, was no light or trifling matter, for when he breathed his last his spirit was supposed to pass into some fortunate Tibetan woman who at that moment gave birth to a son, and from her to this son.

To find that particular woman and her baby boy into whom the Dalai Lama's

spirit had passed was no easy task. Some million or more Tibetan women became possibilities, and these women inhabit a very broad and rough and arid region of the earth's surface. The proverbial needle in the haystack was mere child's play compared with the task which confronted the leading Lamas of Lhasa.

A Tibetan proverb says, "All roads lead to Lhasa," but one thing was sure, no small newborn babe would be found walking into the capital city and announcing his right of succession. However, many fond and hopeful parents did come in on all the roads from various parts of Tibet, each of them to announce the fact that he had a fine, promising boy born at what he thought must have been the crisis hour for the old Dalai Lama and the auspicious moment for the new.

As might be expected, there has grown up an interesting tradition concerning the selection of a new Dalai Lama; otherwise the task would seem to be a hopeless one. About seven stages south of Lhasa there is a big lake whose Tibetan name sounds like "Hlama Lang Tso." It was to this lake that the Lhasa dignitaries went after the old Dalai Lama had died, and in the sacred waters of the lake they saw, or thought they saw, three letters, or characters, which gave the message that the new Dalai Lama was to be found in the AMDO district, and in a certain section in the eastern part of the Chinghai province. That at least was a clue in the solution of the riddle.

A special group of lamas prepared for the long journey, and slowly made their way to the specified district, in which are located the great Kumbum, Labrang, and Choni lamaseries—a district of great importance to the Tibetans, perhaps next to Lhasa itself.

Not only did the ancient prophecy concerning the thirteenth Dalai Lama cause them anxiety, but also the fact that certain moneyed men in Lhasa wanted their own children to be the chosen one. They

gave money to the oracles, an act which only added more confusion and brought longer delays, but in the end did not change the minds of the spirits that are said to control such vital matters.

The special commission arrived in the area and set to work to examine the birth records of the children who had been born about the time of the death of the old Dalai. Several records were submitted to the office in Lhasa for study, and from among them they selected the one pictured in the accompanying photograph. His name was Lamotanju, the son of a Tibetan peasant, whom the delegates of Lhasa believed to be the true reincarnation of the late Dalai Lama.

The picture was taken by Yung Sun, who personally passes on to us this story of the traditions surrounding the selection of a new spiritual head of all the Tibetan people. This Christian ex-lama, who had just returned from Lhasa, met the small boy at a lamasery near Sining as the famous child was beginning his great and adventurous journey to the Potala—his official residence just outside the Tibetans' holy city—Lhasa.

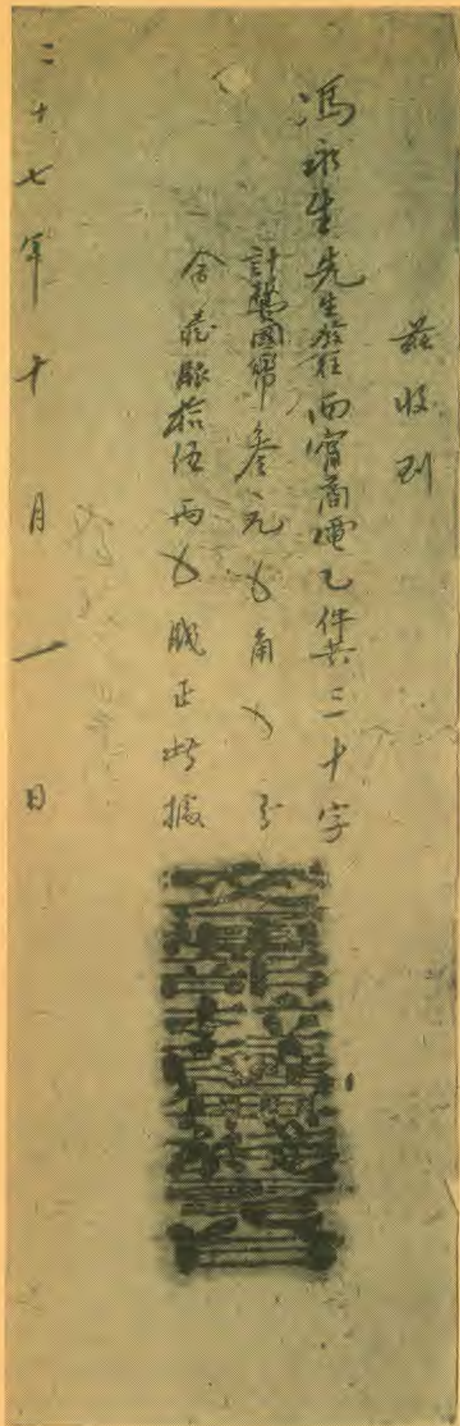
It is interesting to note in passing that the central government of China presented the new Dalai Lama the sum of \$800,000 national currency (about \$350,000 U. S.) for his expenses on the trip from his home to Lhasa and to help in getting his new regime under way. On the other hand, it is said that the Lhasa government gave \$400,000 national currency (about \$175,000 U. S.) to the Mohammedan governor of Chinghai, General Ma Bu Fang, as a special inducement to him to allow the new Dalai Lama to leave Chinghai for his seat in Lhasa. So it goes, money somehow does have a way of paying expenses and of seeing things through.

All this happened about ten years ago,



D. E. REBOK

Lamotanju, Son of a Tibetan Peasant, Whom the Lhasa Delegates Believe to Be the Incarnation of the Old Dalai Lama



Photograph of the Receipt for the Telegram Which Feng Yung Sun Sent to the Mission Headquarters After He Reached Lhasa

and a second world war has been fought and won by the armies which stand for freedom and democracy. As times change, men come and go; and with the passing of time and men, pass also old ideas, old traditions, old attitudes. We have come to a new day for the world, for the nations, and for Christian missions. Some of us still believe in prayer, and have learned that prayer changes things. When we remember that a great many people have been doing a great deal of praying for Tibet since 1935, we are constrained to believe that the Most High, who rules in the affairs of men and nations, still has

His hand on the lever of circumstances.

Tibet must receive the gospel of Christ's soon-coming kingdom. Those millions of people may be out of reach of men, but they are not out of reach of the heavenly Father's love. Some from Tibet without doubt will shine in the kingdom of God as bright jewels for whom the Saviour of men died. Be it borne in mind that the end shall not come and Jesus shall not appear in the glory of His second coming until "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations." This surely includes Tibet.

Yes, "prayer changes things." "Lands that were once closed are now open, where insuperable barriers once existed there is now a highway for the gospel. Religious freedom is extending. Light is penetrating. Conscience is being enlightened.

"The time will come—and if Christian intercessors are faithful, it will come quickly—when truth shall have free course and bring new life to these needy lands."

Remember that in 1938 the Missionary Volunteers of China, with the help of a friend here in America, sent one of their number—Yung Sun Feng on to Lhasa, where he was royally received, sowed seeds of truth, left a most favorable impression of Seventh-day Adventists and their work, placed in the hands of political and religious leaders and others scores of copies of our Tibetan book, *The Way to Salvation*, and then came back to China with an invitation for Seventh-day Adventists to establish a medical mission in Lhasa. He bore a photograph of one of the leading officials and a group of his friends and relatives, which now, according to an understanding with the prince at whose house he stayed, becomes a sort of passport, an identification card for those who follow in fulfillment of this request.

We should also remember that Yung Sun went to see the representative of the Dalai Lama—Che Ru Ra Chang Ts'ang, for that is what his name sounded like in English. To this young official the trade commissioner had also presented gifts which won his favor, and the commissioner promised us letters of introduction to this gentleman, who is acting as regent during the minority of the new Dalai Lama.

Yung Sun and his traveling companions in due course arrived back in Sining. The great adventure was a thing of the past, but a very pleasant memory. He placed in the hands of the missionary the camera, the precious rolls of film, the statement of his accounts, and a few tokens or mementos from Lhasa; but most important of all, he placed in the hearts of Seventh-day Adventists everywhere the challenge of Tibet—the invitation from one of its leading officials: "Come back and help us."

In December, 1939, the young Tibetan official with whom Yung Sun had stayed in Lhasa took his pen in hand and wrote

a letter to his one-time guest. That letter was carried by a lama from Lhasa by way of the Tsaidam and the Golok country to Labrang and thence to the hand of our Tibetan Missionary Volunteer. A translation reads:

"Greetings and peace to my teacher, and may heaven bless you.

"I believe that God has been with you and blessed you on your return journey. Though we are neither sons of the same mother, nor are we from the same place—you being from Amdo and I from Lhasa, yet as a result of our prayers we have had the opportunity to know each other. I have not yet received any letter or word from you from Chinghai, and do not know for a surety whether you have reached there or not. Neither do I know whether you will be able to return to Lhasa or not. We may not have the opportunity to meet again in this life; perhaps we shall be able to meet in the next. I do not know just what your course may be, or whether the revolving world will bring you back again to Lhasa. For in this world all is constantly changing, and the future is always uncertain. Perhaps after death we shall be able to meet in heaven.

"Farewell, and our family large and small all wish that we may receive a letter from you, or that we may see you again. We here enjoy the peace of the three precious ones. [Then follows a common phrase from the Buddhist writings used in closing a letter.] I hope sometime to be able to pay a visit to Amdo. Peace be with you."

"Back to Lhasa" must now become our slogan for today. The Tibetans are waiting for us. They need us. The gospel must go to them. Yung Sun is still anxiously working on the border of the "land of promise"—waiting! waiting! waiting!



Shrine at Kata Marking the Birthplace of a Former Dalai Lama

Volunteers in Action

London M.V.'s Are Hosts

John A. Bevan reporting: "For ye are all children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ. . . . There is neither bond nor free, . . . for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

It is from this excerpt from Paul's epistle to the Galatians that the motto for the young people's rally held at the Holloway Advent church, London, on Sabbath, May 24, was taken. The rally was rather unique, in the fact that about forty-five French Missionary Volunteers from Paris were with us on that occasion. But in addition to French and English voices praising God that bright and happy Sabbath morning, there were those from *ten other lands*. This all tended to give the assembly an international atmosphere, and the chosen motto, "All One in Christ," had a meaning perhaps missed in any previous rally.

Sabbath school was in the most part conducted in English and French. M. Guenin, of Holloway, gave a bilingual review. We were introduced to the new home missionary and Sabbath school secretary of the South England Conference, Pastor A. C. Vine, late of Dublin and Nigeria, West Africa, who presented to us the needs of the mission fields. Pastor Warland, of north England, studied with us the prescribed lesson for that Sabbath, namely, "Watchful Waiting."

Then during the morning preaching service, Pastor H. T. Johnson, our South England Missionary Volunteer secretary, voiced a welcome to the assembled young people from abroad, and described the arrival of those young people from France, the welcome and reception given them at Stanborough Park on the previous Thursday evening, and told us of the plans for the remainder of their visit.

Then with Pastor M. Tieche as his interpreter, Pastor E. L. Minchin, British Union Conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, explained in an impressive sermon the seriousness of a decision to follow Christ. He illustrated his theme impressively by referring to Paul's sufferings in the service of Christ as portrayed in his second letter to the Corinthian church, and referred to some of the martyrdoms and sufferings endured by those who more recently had decided to enroll under the bloodstained banner of Prince Emmanuel.

When the challenge for decision was

given to the audience, many rose to their feet, and these young people of different nationalities, at the suggestion of Pastor Minchin, grouped together around the platform, intermingled one with another, and finally together they made public testimony of their decision by singing hymn 398: "We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine." Some have pronounced this to be the most beautiful scene yet witnessed in the Holloway church. There stood about one hundred and fifty young people, joined by faith in Jesus, volunteering to lift the torch of truth even unto death.

The afternoon service followed a half hour's chorus singing, directed by Pastor Minchin. The program was undertaken entirely by the visitors. The address of the afternoon was by Pastor Tieche, the Missionary Volunteer secretary of the French Union, with M. Guenin as translator. He spoke in a quiet, sincere manner. "It seems as though we were having a happy and beautiful dream," he began. "During the occupation we heard from London only with our ears glued tightly to our softly tuned wireless sets—soft because someone else might have heard. Our constant talk in those days was: 'When will they come?' But now we have come across the channel to you." He went on to tell of their gratitude and thankfulness to God for the protection of the Seventh-day Adventist Paris church, of their wartime experiences, and of the recent reorganization of the French Missionary Volunteer societies. But often he

would refer back to the fact that though we have many differences in race, customs, and politics, our faith in Jesus, our hope, is one.

After his address many different items were given by these talented French youth. There were vocal and pianoforte solos, and a much-appreciated choir recital. Short talks were given by a young girl from the Cameroons and by F. Gilson, the leader of the Paris society.

But the culminating moment of the day came toward the end of the service, when at the call of Pastor Minchin representatives of twelve countries—Hungary, Italy, Poland, France, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Belgium, Switzerland, Jamaica, Eire, and, of course, the British Isles—joined hands across the platform and, in singing a chorus, "What the World Needs Is Jesus," pledged themselves to the great task of taking the gospel of the kingdom to all the world in this generation. Perhaps all the singers did not understand the words they sang, but the spirit of work and adventure for God was common to all. To those who were not present, it is difficult to describe the unvoiced spirit which stirred the audience. The Holy Spirit was with us in great power, and His divine presence was deeply felt.

Indeed, Pentecost was never more truly commemorated than on the Whitsun of 1947. This event I believe is a great landmark in the life of the church, especially in the life of the young people of the

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Forty-five French Missionary Volunteers Who Visited London M.V.'s Late in May, 1947. Several British Young People Are in the Group, With Pastors Minchin, Tieche, and F. Gilson, Leader—Taken Outside the Gates at Stanborough Park



A. DEVANEY

THERE were tears in the eyes of Mother Ignés. Since morning she had been trying to build an imposing structure of arguments for her faith, but it all seemed to crumble before the few yet weighty strokes of Narding's reason.

Yesterday, when she first met this young man, she had expected an easy conversion. His clear countenance and his attentiveness bespoke sincerity. She gloried in relating to him her most wonderful achievement—that of converting an Anglican bishop to the Catholic faith.

She was indirectly telling him: "Look, that man is better educated, possesses a more mature mind, and has had a richer experience than you have had; nevertheless, I have won him. Do you think you are more intelligent than he is?"

Narding was silent. It was dusk, and the growing darkness helped conceal the change of color that came into his face. Suddenly the stillness of the eventide was broken by the ringing of the angelus.

"Let us pray," said the nun as she knelt before an image of Christ and began chanting in Latin. Narding knelt also, but he faced the open window. Stars began to appear. He caught the faint glitter of Orion. Beyond that point of light his thoughts ascended.

"Lord, I know not why this experience has come to me, but I have faith that everything works for good to them that love Thee. Please, guide my thoughts that I may discern truth from error."

After the prayer Narding asked permission to leave. He left with the promise that he would come again the next day. A small catechism was given to him with the admonition to study it well.

"May I have the privilege of asking questions on what I do not understand in this catechism?" he asked. "To tell you the truth, I left the Catholic Church without knowing the doctrines. I have accepted a peculiar faith and have believed

it to be the truth; nevertheless, I promise you that I will humbly make my way back if you will be but very patient to teach me the way."

"Surely, my son; it will be my joy to point you the old familiar way," answered the nun. "From now on, just address me as Mother," she added.

That night Narding did not sleep until late. He read the small catechism from cover to cover. He paid particular attention to the passage relating to the Decalogue, the Sabbath, the judgment, and the state of the dead. He also got his Bible and reviewed these subjects.

It was in the wee small hours when he decided that he had studied enough. A sudden longing came to him to get out into the open before going to bed. It was a moonless night, and the stars seemed to double their brilliance.

"What a striking similarity," he mur-

not put the entire animal into the cauldron. It is cut into pieces; likewise, in our studies we do not consider the whole truth at once." Then she started painting a word picture of God's love. It was one of the most beautiful pictures that Narding had ever heard. He seemed to see His Lord as He trod that hot dusty road leading to Calvary. Then the painful agony at the cross; the supplication of the dying Saviour: "Father, forgive them. . . ." He felt his cheeks warm with tears.

From his quivering lips came the question, "Mother, what must I do to repay His great love for me?"

"Repent and obey His commandments," she answered. Her voice was soft and pleading.

"Which commandments, Mother? Do you mean the original Decalogue?"

"Yes, my son, the Ten Commandments."

Past Finding Out

By HERMINIO REYES

mured to himself. "In college there was so much light, but I failed to appreciate it. Why? There were no shadows to make the contrast," he softly answered his own question.

"Did you read the catechism?" asked Mother Ignés the next day, surprised to see Narding before the appointed hour.

"Yes, mom . . . no . . . yes, Mother," stammered Narding, his sleepy eyes giving testimony that he was telling the truth.

"This boy is truly sincere," she whispered to herself.

The study began. On the table was a large catechism. Narding did not fail to notice something missing—a Bible. Politely he interrupted the nun, who was beginning to give vent to her eloquence.

"Mother," he asked, "do we Catholics believe the Bible?"

"Why, yes," she said, and rose to get a copy of the Book. "This is a Catholic Bible and the only true Bible. It was written by men who were directly moved by the Holy Spirit, thus making it the Word of God." Then she added confidentially, "But we base twenty per cent of our faith on it and eighty per cent on the edicts of the church," and she glanced at the catechism before them.

"Why, Mother! Do you mean to say that this book is of more weight than God's Word?" Narding exclaimed.

The nun realized that she had spoken prematurely, and quickly changed the subject. "In cooking a carabao one does

"If it's the Ten Commandments, why do we not keep the fourth? Why do we keep the first day when the seventh was the day commanded to be kept by God? Do we not sin when we substitute something else for the real thing that God has willed?" There was silence. The nun was at a loss to answer.

"Mother," Narding added, "it is not my intention to argue with you, but I do not want to be a hypocrite. You ask me to humble myself and with humility accept the teachings of the church, which is said to be the body; but are not these in variance with the teachings of the head, which is Christ?"

For the next two hours Mother Ignés measured each word she uttered, but she could not help betraying her feeling of doubt as to the effect of what she was saying. She began to notice and admire the intelligence of this young man. She saw in his bearing one who could be a strong defender of her faith if only he could be won back. Suddenly she thought of the Catholic school in Manila; she also remembered that Narding had told her that he was a student, working his way through school. A scheme formed in her mind.

Her face pictured tender emotions as she said, "Son, I admire your sincerity and intelligence. I am sorry that you have gone so far away from the true church. The darkness is so thick that you can hardly see the way; nevertheless, I do not

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JUNIOR S



EVA LUOMA

Had We Only--!

By GRACIELA E. SCHAEFFLER

THIS was the fourth week we were spending on a small coaster on the Caribbean Sea. We had not seen land since we had left La Guayra, Venezuela, and would not stand on firm ground again until we reached New Orleans. Of course we were all very restless, with nothing to do all day long but watch the flying fish.

My girl friend, Briggie, and I sat down on a bench on the upper deck, wondering how much longer this trip would take and how much warmer it could possibly get, for this was summer under the tropical sun.

"Hello there! Do you girls ever look bored!" It was Johnny speaking.

"How about you boys?" we asked.

"What could we do? Does anybody have a good idea?"

"Let's tell stories again," I suggested, and all agreed, for storytelling had been our main entertainment during the past two weeks.

Briggie and Bobbie were French twins,

who could really tell interesting stories. Ever since they were seven they had traveled around Europe and Asia with their parents. They had been in Japan, China, India, and other countries. Then, too, they had spent five years in Paris during the late war and could tell about many war experiences.

Johnny was a university student, full of life and always doing something. He loved to recall memories of his adventurous teens, and he always drew helpful lessons from his experiences.

Oauro, our Mexican friend, was older, quiet, timid, sometimes melancholy. He could not tell of a joyful youth, of traveling or of adventure, and he preferred listening to talking.

I had done my share in telling Indian stories and jungle adventures, as I had lived the greater part of my life among South American Indians.

We all moved to the floor, sat down comfortably, and then in chorus sang out: "It's your turn, Johnny. Tell us a story of

Lake Managua." We were all interested in this strange lake in Central America.

Johnny looked straight out to the sea for awhile and then began:

"It was my first year in high school. Time had passed quickly, and here we were enjoying the first spring day. We had to do something to celebrate. After all, it was spring. Classes were out, and we stood on the top of the fifty-two cement steps looking toward the lake. At such times I had my doubts as to the need for all the warnings we had been given. As I think of it I still can hear the voice of our principal as he said, 'Remember, boys, it doesn't pay anyone to risk his life; Managua is dangerous!' His advice had brought our adventurous spirits up to the kindling point. We knew it was wrong, but still—The more we thought of what we wanted to do, the more attractive the lake seemed to grow, and the dangers seemed to fade away.

"Finally I said, 'Come on, boys! We'll take just one dip to celebrate this beautiful first spring day.' Then, as if foreseeing resistance, I added, 'Don't be sissies!' That remark had the desired effect.

"One, four, eight, ten, fifteen, and, with me, sixteen boys agreed, as I counted them. Then with a 'Let's go!' we all started to run. As we came to the lake shore, a sweet warm breeze swept over the deep blue tropical waters. The weeping willows hung gracefully along the bank. Flowering bushes, all in bloom, also marked the shore. Some were pure white, some were pinkish, and others were light blue.

"Somehow, my strength was giving out, and chills ran up and down my back as I saw signs everywhere reading: 'Danger, Bathing Strictly Forbidden!' I didn't want to read the rest, for 'Forbidden' and 'Police' went together, and of course we had no interest at all in even meeting a policeman—not when we were bound to have so much fun!

"We ran along the bank to a distant place out of sight of the school and distant from the highway, and dived in. Soon our fears had disappeared, and loud shouts rang out, with sixteen of us having a wonderful time. All at once Bibbie, the youngest of our group, cried out, 'Come on,

HOBART FROM MONKMEYER

Not One of Those Boys Ever Forgot Their Costly Lesson in Obedience



stop fooling, don't pull! . . . Oh! . . . Let go!

"He was really serious, but we just laughed and asked, 'What's the matter with you?'"

"Oh, don't make such innocent faces," he exclaimed. "Somebody is pulling my leg, and—ouch! it hurts!"

"By then his face had turned white, and his eyes were opened wide. He wanted to say something but could not. We just floated around him, speechless and afraid to move! and frozen! Suddenly he began to sink. We noticed the water around him quickly changing color. First it was pink, then red, and still redder.

"We dragged him to the shore. All our frightened voices shouting commands confused us!

"A doctor!"

"Oh, run!"

"Stop!"

"An ambulance!"

"Hurry! Call for his dad!"

"Help me! Give me a handkerchief!"

"What shall we do?"

Johnny shook his head and paused in his story. His face was pale. His eyes were blinded by tears. His voice broke. After a pause he continued:

"Bibbie's leg was missing above the knee as if cut off. Streams of blood flow-

ing from the wound were absorbed by the thirsty ground on which he lay. His pulse was rapidly growing weaker and weaker. His eyes were closed. He knew . . . and so did I. I knelt beside him and took his hand in mine. 'Bibbie,' I managed to say, 'forgive me.' He still heard me, for his lips moved as he tried to smile, and he opened his eyes . . . only once more. I felt a big lump in my throat and swallowed it. . . . Then I stuttered out, 'He—he—he is gone, b—boys. It's too late to get help!'"

"Next day, when church bells rang, fifteen tired, pale, and weeping boys followed the flower-covered casket of our dear Bibbie to his peaceful resting place.

"Years have passed, but I shall never forget with how much pain and sorrow I learned my lesson. Had we only obeyed the school principal. Had we only heeded the signs that fairly shouted, 'Danger! Bathing Strictly Forbidden. Sharks!'"

"Had we only—I!"

Not one of us on the upper deck of that little steamer felt like commenting when this story was finished. The lesson had impressed itself on the hearts of all of us. As the sun was sinking into the western ocean, the waves breaking against the sides of our boat seemed to echo the plaintive rhythm of that last regret.

Volunteers in Action

(Continued from page 13)

church. Those M.V.'s will scatter, all to their various homes, and they with many of their other friends will be fired to witness for Christ in their own communities and in their own languages, and so win other youth from this untoward generation.

We pray that this may be just the first of a series of reciprocal meetings which serve to make us ALL ONE IN CHRIST.

Note From Norway

Mrs. Leif Kr. Tobiassen, who is spending the summer in Norway, writes under date of July 20 that she is attending the Northern European Youth's Congress being held at Dovre, in the central section of Norway. "There are 1,300 young people in attendance from Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Holland, Great Britain, the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Ethiopia, and also representatives from America," she says. "All are enjoying the meetings, but especially the young representative from Ethiopia, a young man now studying in our Newbold College in England.

"Naturally it has not been easy for this great group of youth to gather so soon after the war, and while conditions in Norway are improving all the time, the normal prewar level has not quite been reached. Yet the various committees on arrangements seem to have done a great job. The program of the congress includes a variety of features, such as devotional meetings, Bible studies, concerts, a number of Master Comrade courses, hikes, and also some excursions. One of the excursions took the delegates to the fjords and valleys of beautiful western Norway.

"This is the first large gathering of Seventh-day Adventists in Europe since the war, unless I am mistaken. Just before the outbreak of hostilities, in 1939, a similar gathering was held in western Denmark, with representatives from the same group of countries. This time the number is almost doubled."

This Is Different

The Literature Band of the Takoma Park (Washington, D. C.) church is a live-wire organization in which the whole society takes part. More than 700 names are on their mailing list. These have been gathered from various sources. Society members have given the names of relatives, friends, and business associates; local and Washington area evangelists have turned over a good number gathered in following-up efforts; also some of our church pastors carrying on radio programs have passed on the names of those who have written for literature. *Present Truth* is sent to these persons every week. The papers are purchased from the mailing room in the Review and Herald Publishing Association already wrapped. As the

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Joy

"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." John 15:11.

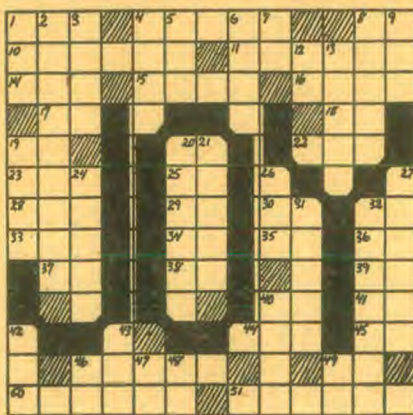
ACROSS

- 1 Astern
- 4 "Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall . . ."
- 8 Month
- 10 "shall know that I the Lord build the . . . places"
- 11 "kingdom of heaven is like unto . . . which a woman took"
- 14 Measure of length
- 15 Continent
- 16 "he rejoiceth . . . of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine"
- 17 Flemish: florin
- 18 Creditor
- 19 Seventh note in scale
- 20 Compass point
- 22 "ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy . . . be full"
- 23 "and for ye thereof goeth and selleth . . . that he hath"
- 25 "layeth it . . . his shoulders, rejoicing"
- 28 High priest and judge of Israel
- 29 Weight
- 30 Exclamation of surprise
- 32 Second note in scale
- 33 "His . . . of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay"
- 34 Eye (Scot.)
- 35 New England
- 36 Jew beheaded
- 37 Deadhead
- 38 Transpose
- 39 Judge Advocate
- 40 Doctor
- 41 "Do men gather grapes of thorns, . . . figs of thistles"
- 44 "his . . . was to burn incense"
- 45 The same
- 46 "rejoice, because your . . . are written in heaven"
- 49 County Council; Caius College
- 50 "but your sorrow shall be . . . into joy"
- 51 "joy shall be in . . . over one sinner that repenteth"

DOWN

- 1 "If ye know these things, happy . . . ye if ye do them"
- 2 "that they might have my joy . . . in themselves"

- 3 "seek diligently . . . she find it"
- 4 "Rejoice ye in that day, and . . . for joy"
- 5 Advertisements
- 6 "and he saw it, and was . . ."
- 7 "And . . . that reapeth receiveth wages"
- 8 "It was meet that we should make . . ."
- 9 "joy in the presence of the angels of God over . . . sinner that repenteth"
- 12 "I . . . the light of the world"
- 13 Pertaining to the voice
- 19 Chinese money of account
- 20 "that both he that . . . and he that reapeth may rejoice together"
- 21 " . . . thou into the joy of thy lord"
- 24 "having no part dark, the whole shall be full of . . ."
- 26 " . . . be of good cheer"
- 27 "for great is your . . . in heaven"
- 31 "and your . . . shall rejoice"
- 32 " . . . and be exceeding glad"
- 40 "Well . . . thou good and faithful servant"
- 42 "in this rejoice . . . that the spirits are subject unto you"
- 43 "and your joy no . . . taketh from you"
- 46 North River
- 47 "Rejoice with . . . ; for I have found my sheep"
- 48 "called the altar . . ."
- 49 Psalm beginning "O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name"



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—Solution on page 20

young people enter the church for the Friday evening Missionary Volunteer meeting, each one is handed a package of five papers and five cards giving five names and addresses and the numbers of the *Present Truth* series. This he takes to his seat, then gets out his fountain pen, addresses each paper, checks off the number of the paper sent on the card, then slips the rubber band which held them when he received them back in place, and waits for the usher to collect them. A committee of ten looks after the stamping and mailing. William Snider, the leader of the band, says, "Every M.V. society can have a correspondence band if this plan is followed. It takes only a few minutes, and it is possible for every member to participate. God is using the printed page in a special way to win souls."

Twenty-three Wallets

"Outline—No. 1 tool—same number of holes—stipple—lace." These words have become quite familiar in recent weeks to the group of twenty-three "leather enthusiasts" who meet each Thursday evening in the Master Comrade room of the Takoma Park Church. Frank Nieb, formerly a crafts instructor in the U.S. Army, is giving expert advice and help to the interested but inexperienced amateurs who have put their "all-out efforts" into the "best wallets you ever saw." Now that the billfolds are completed—and it took about five weeks—each member has branched out on an individual project. Some are making key cases, some belts, some notebook covers, and some purses. The class, which is sponsored by the Takoma Park Missionary Volunteer Society, is scheduled to meet from seven to eight o'clock, but the beginners, eager to learn as much as possible about this fascinating hobby, come early and leave late.

Pitcairn Picture

PASTOR L. D. VINCE, on his way from England to take up evangelistic work in New Zealand, sends this account of a brief call at Pitcairn Island:

"When we reached Pitcairn, the people came out in their boats and swarmed over the ship selling fruit and mementos. I had a long talk with Fred Christian, their elder. He is a massive man with tremendous feet, agile as a youth in spite of his sixty-five years.

"The passengers were very impressed with the exemplary behavior of the islanders. Actually, the captain slowed his ship down so that we would not reach there on the Sabbath, because, as he explained, the Pitcairners being Seventh-day Adventists, would not come out on their Sabbath. When they arrived, each islander was armed with a supply of Ingathering literature, which was sold in aid of missions.

"Finally the time came for us to move

on. Without any hustling the visitors clambered down the rope ladders into their boats, and as they pushed off they began to sing that lovely hymn, 'Till We Meet on That Beautiful Shore.' They have fine voices, and sing with the beauty of a trained choir. Then, together, they stood in their boats and sang 'God Save the King.' Before they drifted away homeward they cheered our captain and our ship. In return the captain cried, 'Three cheers for Pitcairn!' And did we cheer! Then all the children were called to the bridge, and played with the ship's siren a prolonged farewell salute."



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

Hints for the Freshman Philatelist

A PROFESSOR in a prominent medical college once told his students that the best way for a doctor to keep up to date was to teach a freshman medical class! Missionary Volunteer stamp collectors, keep up to date! Follow the doctor's advice; take a freshman philatelist under your wing. The experience will be invaluable to both of you.

Condition, arrangement, and completeness are all important things to be considered by a stamp collector. Any stamp added to your collection should be genuine, clean, well centered, and not torn or heavily cancelled. Condition cannot be too greatly emphasized; it stands at the top of the list of qualifications for a valuable stamp. We shall consider arrangement and completeness at some future date.

A beginner is usually interested in stamps from all parts of the world, but the seasoned collector soon realizes the necessity of abridging his interests, and begins to concentrate on a more limited field.

For the junior collector I recommend a general collection. A packet of a thousand stamps, all different, and from many countries, costs as little as \$2.50. A cloth-bound, loose-leaf stamp album may be purchased for a reasonable price. Both are good investments for the beginner.

In one of these large packets there is wrapped up a wealth of interesting knowledge. Each stamp is a traveler—an agent that is carrying a message. Let your imagination have full leash as you look at your stamps—think how many places they have been, what they represent, and about the people who use them. Join the circle of round-the-world stamp collectors who

delve into the study of the history, geography, and people behind stamps.

Before a would-be philatelist starts collecting, he should read a good book on stamps. For the beginner, I recommend *The Essentials of Stamp Collecting*, which can be purchased from the Stamp Corner for fifty cents. For the advanced collector, or the senior beginner, I suggest *All About Stamps* by Mauritz Hallgren.

If possible, every collector should subscribe to a good weekly stamp magazine. There are many being published, but I like *The Western Stamp Collector*, of Albany, Oregon (a semi-weekly priced at fifty cents a year), or *Philatelic Gossip*, of Holton, Kansas (a weekly at two dollars a year). The publishers will be glad to send you sample copies. You may be able to get these, as well as the stamp books, from your public library. If you find no philatelic literature there, place a request for such with the librarian, and she may be able to obtain it for you.

No doubt you will want to secure your Vocational Honor in stamp collecting. The Missionary Volunteer booklet on this has a wealth of interesting and helpful information.

To help you get started, we offer a free packet of stamps to anyone who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Since foreign collectors cannot do this, we ask that they include some of their own mint stamps to defray the cost of mailing their free packet. We shall be glad to answer any questions you might have. Just drop a line to the Stamp Corner, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

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.)

Mrs. Ray Richter, 195 A Long St., Too-woomba, Queensland (senior), wishes to correspond with other collectors.

Mrs. Agnes Christie, Casilla 85, Puno, Peru (senior, 4,000 stamps), offers stamps from Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, in exchange for world-wide issues.

Ethel Tong, R. 2, Box 976, Modesto, California (senior, 1,000 stamps), offers U.S. stamps in exchange for world-wide issues.

David Goertzen, 37 Elsom St. E., Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada (senior, beginner), has world-wide issues to exchange.

James E. Whitman, 1228 Walnut St., Lebanon, Pennsylvania (junior, 1,300 stamps), offers world-wide issues in exchange for those from China, Korea, and Ecuador.

LeRoy Lategan, P. O. Box 202, Stellenbosch, South Africa (junior, 400 stamps), offers stamps from South Africa in exchange for world-wide issues.

Png Poh Seng, 1267 Upper Serangoon Rd., Singapore, Malaya (senior, beginner), offers stamps from Malay in exchange for world-wide issues.

Madeline Steele, 1310 Sycamore Ave., Los Angeles 35, California (junior, beginner), has world-wide issues to exchange.

All That

By Mary Green

SUGAR and spice and all things nice, that's what little girls are made of. Snakes and snails and puppy dogs' tails, that's what little boys are made of." But after these latter exuberant containers of energy reach their teens—and seem to be reaching the ceiling also—we onlookers realize they are made up of a few other things. Of course mother has always known Junior was made of the "real stuff." But now even Susie, the tenth-grader who sits across-the-aisle-and-one-seat-back is beginning to take notice of the *special* qualities coming forth.

That takes care of two points of view, but a physician might think of some of the other wonders possessed by a teenage boy. He will know that the lad has 1,700 square inches of skin covering his 200 bones and 600 muscles. And that each square inch, which, by the way, is composed of three layers and varies in thickness from an eighth to a quarter of an inch, contains 2,500 tiny tubes so that he may perspire freely and not get too overheated. And that if these tubes were stretched out end to end they would reach for 17 miles.

Or he might think of his five-inch-long heart beating 70 times each and every minute, 4,200 times each hour, 100,800 times each day, and 36,732,000 times each year without ever stopping to rest. And that every time it beats, a little more than two ounces of blood passes through it—making that "engine" pump about 7 tons of fluid every day.

Perhaps he would think of the 24,000 gallons of air pumped through his lungs each twenty-four hours. Or that if all the air cells were laid out flat they would cover 20,000 square inches. Or possibly he would think of the 10,000,000 nerves standing by to receive orders.

Yes, boys are made of *all that*, and more too!

Lord of All

(Continued from page 1)

"When every minister, church officer, and layman," says John D. Haynes, "learns how to put the kingdom of God first; when the first thought, the first uttered prayer of the early morning hour, the meditation of the livelong day, the last reflection and petition of the night, is taken up primarily with the interests of Christ's kingdom on earth, then 'He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.'"

"It is indeed significant that Christ

placed 'Thy kingdom' first in the Lord's prayer—before any temporal interests, before the thought of self-preservation, before the thought of sustenance and livelihood, before 'our daily bread.' The all-absorbing interest, the one consuming passion, the thing for which the Master lived and worked and prayed, was for the establishment of the eternal kingdom of God among men."

In addressing a General Conference council some years ago, the late Pastor I. H. Evans said: "Persons say we cannot be anything but the remnant, the right people. My friends, do not delude yourself with that idea. God is going to finish

YOUTH'S FORUM

NEW PROPOSITION: Which, in your judgment, should be given first consideration in the plans of young people who have not yet finished training for their lifework—marriage or the completion of their education? Will they be the gainers in added happiness and prosperity if they wait until they are ready to undertake the life calling they have chosen, and able to consider marriage and the choice of a companion from a more mature viewpoint? Or are they losers, when the over-all picture is taken into consideration, if they give the preference to marriage?

DEADLINE—NOVEMBER 3

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YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

**DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY
TO DISCUSS AN INTERESTING
AND IMPORTANT QUESTION!**

this work, and if you and I do not step into His opening providences, He will raise up men and women who will, and you and I will be left out. We have come to this council from every part of the world. We have come in health. We are strong; we are well. I let my memory go back to the first great ecumenical council, the Council of Nicea, 325 after Christ. It is said that there were 318 bishops present, and out of that number there were 303 who had suffered mutilation of their bodies. They came there with their limbs chopped off; they came there blind; they came there mutilated; they came there whipped and scourged, bearing the marks of their sufferings for the Lord Jesus. Out of all the bishops present there were only fifteen who had not been scarred with sufferings for Christ. I tell you we do not know what suffering is for the kingdom of God's sake."

And then Pastor Evans appealed to his audience with these stirring stanzas from his own ready pen:

"Lord God of hosts, open Thy people's eyes
That they may see earth's whitened harvest field
Widespread, may note the precious grain
that lies
Unreaped. Open, that they may see the promised yield
Perish because no sickles touch the grain,
Making Thy Son's great sacrifice in vain.

"Lord God of hosts, open Thy people's hearts.
Cause them to feel what pain, what grief is Thine,
While wasted lie these heathen lands, vast parts
Of Thy domain, untouched by love divine.
Help them to share Thy bitter grief,
And move them, Lord, to send relief.

"Lord God of hosts, open Thy people's purse,
That they may give—not less, but more and more.
O may they never taste the bitter curse
Of Meroz. Help them their treasures all to pour
Into this saving work of grace,
Thy coming hastening on apace.

"Lord God of hosts, call forth our young and strong
Into Thy harvest field, where die the lost
In sin's black night of fear and hate and wrong.
Lord, call them forth to toil at any cost
To self in gain and home and life;
Baptize them for earth's final strife.

"Lord God of hosts, open Thy church's door.
Send forth Thy flock, north, south, and east,
and west
To reap the ripened fields. Upon them pour
Thy Pentecostal power for *toil*, not *rest*.
That ransomed multitudes may stand,
With those who reaped, at Thy right hand.

"Think what it would mean to our world mission program today if every professed believer in the Second Advent would practically and literally make the interests of the kingdom of heaven *first!*"

We are certain that we have a message and not a mirage; that it is founded on facts not fables; that if we triumph with it we must be purposeful not procrastinators, teachers not traitors, doers not drones, savers not spendthrifts; that our dollars must have a vital part in the work we are doing for God. Which, then, is more important, abundant *lives* or abundant *living*? new converts or new cars? Shall we be soul savers or strength savers? Shall we wear out, or rust out?

The Christian steward who would follow in the footsteps of his Master must set his face deliberately and unwaveringly against everything that interferes with the will of God, and choose with equal steadfastness everything that advances the plan of God. He is here not to demand his rights but to discharge his stewardship.

In all lands and ages, in all great human conflicts, and among all religions, the men who have walked as gods, who have shaped the future of the race, who have contributed to the triumph of truth, have been the men who had the strength to choose the path to which God's finger pointed and to *stick to it*.

The ultimate worth of our Christian stewardship hinges upon the wisdom and steadfastness of our choices.

Sweet Are the Uses of Adversity

(Continued from page 10)

ment and lack of opportunity are the fears and emotional attitudes which make us weak, keep us from accomplishing what we should, and even keep us from leading happy, normal lives. Nearly everyone has fears and inhibitions of this sort, and often we do nothing about them because we do not understand how they can be conquered and turned into advantages. If one understands the laws of compensation and overcompensation, it is easy for him to turn these weaknesses into valuable assets. When one compensates for a weakness, he discovers a way to overcome it and live normally with it. But it is possible to go further and by overcompensation turn this weakness into one's strongest point.

There was Demosthenes, Athenian orator, who had a speech defect, and, in order to overcome it, practiced on the seashore with pebbles in his mouth. In time he not only conquered this handicap but became a famous orator. Joseph Conrad lived in Poland until he was twenty years of age, and up to that time could not write a word of English. Through overcompensation, however, he became one of the great novelists and stylists in the English language. Note, also, that Theodore Roosevelt, beloved "Teddy" and former president of the United States, was such a delicate boy that his parents arranged for him to spend a number of years on a ranch. Eventually he became known for his physical ruggedness. Astonishingly, Paderewski as a youth had unusually weak fingers, but through overcompensation he became one of the greatest pianists.

When we consider all these people we have mentioned, and many more whom we probably never will know about, but who have made an outstanding success of their lives in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, we should find encouragement in facing any difficulties that may come to us. The thought that it is possible to turn our greatest weakness into our most outstanding strong point should encourage us to press on toward our goal undaunted.

Unclaimed Treasure

(Continued from page 6)

but themselves, and this they neglect to do. Perhaps they have been undernourished on spoon-fed religion until they have forgotten that there is no salvation by such methods. They have never thought what Jesus meant at the tomb when He said, "You must open the door."

Harry Houdini, the great stage magician, so the story goes, said that the nearest he ever came to being defeated by a

lock was in a Scottish jail. At the time, Houdini was touring the British Isles and had issued a challenge to any jailer to lock him up so that he could not escape. Shut into this particular city jail, he immediately went to work with the diminutive tools that he carried concealed upon his person. Minutes passed fruitlessly. An hour went by—far more time than it usually took under more unfavorable circumstances—and still the tumblers of the lock would not budge. Almost two hours elapsed, with the same lack of success. Desperate at the thought of failure and dripping with perspiration from the intensity of his effort, the magician finally paused, leaned against the obstinate door to rest—and it swung open! It had not been locked any of the time! The clever jailer had merely gone through the motions of locking the door. Needless to say, he had a good laugh at Houdini's expense.

Sometimes it is almost as easy as that. We stand just beyond the line that separates us from realization of the blessings of joyful Christianity, desperate with frustration, and God is close by waiting for us to take the one action that is needed.

God could save you against your will, you know. He could deliver you from any evil habit, no matter how much you cherish it—but He will not. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. . . . And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let



By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

Here are ten "stickers" to tempt your talent for thought. A score of 50 or better means your mental machinery is ticking tolerably.

1. Is a vixen a female fox, a wolf, or a wild dog?
2. Does a worm crawl on its ventral or dorsal surface?
3. A quart of cream is lighter than a quart of milk. True or false?
4. Where was the first S.D.A. church organized—in Washington, New Hampshire; Battle Creek, Michigan; or Bangor, Maine?
5. In what country has the death penalty for any crime been abolished—Algeria, Russia, or India?
6. With which would you use a pair of oars—a dingy, or a dinky?
7. If you eat anything and everything are you carnivorous, omnivorous, or granivorous?
8. There is no difference between a quay and a bay. True or false?
9. Which one is not a bird—a jackdaw, a gewgaw, or a macaw?
10. If you believe in having only one wife are you a misogamist, a monogamist, or a martialist?

—Answers on page 20

him take of the water of life freely." The blessings of salvation are all ours for the taking—but on a voluntary basis.

This, then, is the plan of God. *You*, in answer to the invitation of the Holy Spirit, turn yourself Godward. *You* summon your will power and resolve to have done with the last cherished sin in your make-up. Then all heaven stands ready to come to your aid.

Today Jesus stands before the tomb of your dead heart and says to you, "Roll ye away the stone." Will you do it, and let Him bespeak you to life eternal?

A Modern Parable

(Continued from page 9)

Mrs. Goodwin, standing with the group, was ashamed of the apologetic feeling she had for John. After all, the boys were inducted into the service on the same day, and it seemed he would have had an equal opportunity for advancement. Both boys were born leaders; both were good-looking lads with pleasing personalities. Mrs. Goodwin thought she detected a feeling of disappointment in the group in regard to her son's low rating.

John spent a miserable first year in the Army, but the men in his outfit had begun to regard him as a person of sincere religious convictions. They respected him when he opened his Bible to read, and quiet reigned when he knelt to pray. Somehow they felt that their names were mentioned in his prayers. There were often heated discussions in the barracks concerning religion, and as often as not they ended in a short Bible study, with John showing his friends where to find the texts.

"You can't help liking a fellow who is always on the level, even if he does keep Saturday for Sunday and have a lot of other queer ideas," said a bunk mate referring to John. The subject of his remarks overheard the statement but could not help remembering the contrasting estimate he had heard a little over a year before. A smile spread slowly over his face. Most of these men were good friends of his now. The unit was preparing to go overseas. He felt that he had been fortunate in staying in the States as long as he had. So many of the boys had been assigned to units bound for duty overseas shortly after their basic training. The men in his outfit were confident he did not ask to be transferred to the Medical Corps because he was looking for a soft job. His courage showed in his quiet trust in God, and then men had faith in him and in his religion.

It was summer of 1946. Bill Powers had a good savings account to his credit. His time of military service was ended. He was folding his uniform to be stored away. His mother was sitting on the edge of his bed, glancing at him affectionately now

and then while looking at his discharge papers. Most of the officers were not released as soon as the enlisted men, but Bill had been fortunate.

John was home too. He was in the garden digging around his beloved carrots. A small copy of his discharge papers was in his wallet. A cool breeze ruffled his hair. He sniffed appreciatively; the earth in which he was working smelled good.

When heaven's record books are opened, they may reveal that the test was too great for William Powers. But beside the name of John Goodwin will doubtless appear the golden-penned judgment: "Faithful servant, I will make thee ruler over many things, since thou hast been faithful in the day-by-day duties assigned thee."

The Road to Happiness

(Continued from page 4)

without troubling to inform his Swiss wife, who was at that very time starting the long journey to join him.

For any other girl it would have been too much; but no, Liselotte did not cry, nor did she go into hysterics. A great lump crept into her throat. It was too terrible! And for an instant she felt utter hate, blind rage, and a deep detestation for her errant husband. He was a liar; he was cruel; he was—*he was everything mean and despicable!*

Then all at once Liselotte began to think of the night she had knelt down to pray and promised God to let Him lead in all her life. This, then, must be God's leading. The more she thought about it, the more sure she became. Why, she knew now that she never could have been happy with Frank. She needed God in her family. The seeming small things such as her husband's smoking, drinking, and not going to church, in time would create a high, thick wall which would separate their lives. It was all clear now. God was saving her from great unhappiness and disaster.

At last she looked up into the messenger's face. Her eyes were full of tears, but her lips were firmly set, and she smiled proudly.

"I don't think there is much to say under the circumstances," she said. "When does the next ship sail for Le Havre?"

The woman listened to her calm decision with profound admiration for this young Swiss girl. Hastily they planned her trip back home. The American Government immediately agreed to pay her return fare, and in a short time all was settled. Liselotte sent a cable to her mother, and in a few days was aboard ship again, ready to leave the land where she had dreamed she would find happiness.

She was thinking: "I could have saved myself much sorrow and humiliation had I first talked my plans over with God. He

has severely and justly punished me. I am sure I have learned a lesson I shall never forget." As the boat steamed out into the blue Atlantic, and she watched the New York skyline recede from view, Liselotte whispered, "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears," and her heart was filled to overflowing with peace.

Past Finding Out

(Continued from page 14)

lose hope for you. Someday I expect to find you a strong defender of this faith." There was a brief pause. "I am opening a way for you," she slowly continued. "Do not worry about your expenses; just make a retraction, pack your things, and I will send you off to college."

Narding sat dumfounded. Before his eyes fluttered scenes of his past struggle for an education. He saw himself when he first left the fields for Manila—barefooted and with but a few shirts and short pants in his bag. He remembered his dirty work as latrine janitor. That was before the war. A year ago he heard his father mumble the sad words: "Son . . . I leave mother to you"; and now he felt his failing health. The test had come; should he yield? His future was being weighed in the balance. Which side should he choose? The nun was waiting. He broke the suffocating silence.

"Mother," he began, "I thank you very much for your kindness—" He stood up. "But I feel," there was a slight tremor in his voice, "I value my salvation above anything else. Good-by—Mother."

The next day Narding was on his way to Philippine Union College. In his pocket was the last peso that his mother had given him, but he had no fear that God would not open the way for him to make his expenses.

Later an envelope was handed to him. "This is a late Christmas card," he mut-

tered to himself as he carelessly opened it. "For your Christmas," he read on the front page. He stared, and his hands trembled when he opened the card. Inserted in it was a green slip of paper and a note.

"MY DEAR OTHER SON,

"I am sending a money order for \$—, on your college bill. I will try to send more the first of January."

It was signed by a valued friend whom he knew as "Other Mother." She lived in America, and it must be that God had impressed her to send this money just at the time of his great need.

In the quietness of his heart Narding heard the whisper of a still small voice: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts. . . , how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?"

It was dusk, and the stars began to appear. He caught the faint glow of Orion, and his heart went out in a prayer of thanksgiving.

"Lord, I thank Thee. Thy ways are mysterious and past finding out."

Sabbath School Lessons

Senior Youth

XIII—Last Appearances of Jesus: His Ascension

(September 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: John 21:1-23; Acts 26:1, 12-15; 1:1-11.

MEMORY VERSES: Matthew 28:18, 19.

LESSON HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 809-835.

1. At what place did Jesus again meet with His disciples? What disciples came together here? John 21:1, 2.

2. What was the result of the disciples' toiling all night at fishing? In the morning, whom did they see on the shore? But what did they not know? Verses 3, 4.

NOTE.—"The evening was pleasant, and Peter, who still had much of his old love for boats and fishing, proposed that they should go out upon the sea and cast their nets. In this plan all were ready to join; they were in need of food and clothing, which the proceeds of a successful night's fishing would supply. So they went out in their boat, but they caught nothing. All night they toiled, without success. Through the weary hours they talked of their absent Lord, and recalled the wonderful events they had witnessed in His ministry beside the sea. They questioned as to their own future, and grew sad at the prospect before them. All the while a lone Watcher upon the shore followed them with His eye, while He Himself was unseen."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 810.

3. What question did Jesus ask? What command did He give? What success did the disciples now have? Seeing this, what did John say? What did Peter make haste to do? Verses 5-7.

4. How did the other disciples reach the shore? When they landed, what did they see? What did Jesus say? What was remarkable about the catch of fish? Verses 8-11.

5. What did Jesus invite the disciples to do? What question did they now ask? How was the meal served? How many times had Jesus met with a company of disciples since His resurrection? Verses 12-14.

—Please turn to page 23

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

KEY TO "WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?"

1. Fox 2. Ventral 3. True 4. Washington, N.H.
5. Russia 6. Dingy 7. Omnivorous 8. False (Quay is a landing for ships) 9. Gewgaw (a trifle)
10. Monogamist.



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SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 20)

NOTE.—"He [Jesus] broke the food, and divided it among them, and was known and acknowledged by all the seven. The miracle of feeding the five thousand on the mountain-side was now brought to their minds; but a mysterious awe was upon them, and in silence they gazed upon the risen Saviour."—*Ibid.*

6. When they had eaten, what question did Jesus ask Peter three times? How did Peter answer each time? Verses 15-17.

7. What contrast did Jesus then draw between Peter's early life and his old age? Having learned of his own future, what was Peter curious to know about John? Verses 18-21.

8. How did Jesus gently reprove Peter? What false interpretation was placed upon the words of Jesus? Verses 22, 23.

NOTE.—"As Peter walked beside Jesus, he saw that John was following. A desire came over him to know his future. . . . Peter should have considered that his Lord would reveal to him all that it was best for him to know. It is the duty of every one to follow Christ, without undue anxiety as to the work assigned to others. . . . The future of both John and Peter was in the hands of their Lord. Obedience in following Him was the duty required of each."—*Ibid.*, p. 816.

9. Where did the disciples at last meet as Jesus had appointed? Despite the proof that Jesus had risen from the dead, what did some do? Matt. 28:16, 17.

10. Who besides the apostles met with Jesus at this time? 1 Cor. 15:6.

11. What did Jesus say had been given to Him? What commission was given to the disciples? What precious promise was given to us as well as to them? Matt. 28:18-20.

12. How long did Jesus remain with His apostles before His ascension? For what purpose were they to tarry at Jerusalem? Acts 1:1-3; Luke 24:49.

13. What promise did Jesus then give? Acts 1:5, 8.

14. What occurred while Jesus was talking with the disciples? Who then appeared to them? What message did they bring? Luke 24:51; Acts 1:10, 11.

15. As Jesus neared the gates to the city of God, what did the accompanying angels say? What joyful response came from within? Ps. 24:7-10.

Junior

XIII—Jesus' Last Talk With His Disciples: Jesus Goes Back to Heaven

(September 27)

LESSON TEXTS: John 21:1-23; Acts 1:1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Matt. 28:18, 19.

Guiding Thought

"Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

"King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou dost seal Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen."
—THOMAS KELLY.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 2

1. What arrangement had Jesus made with His

disciples before He was crucified? Who reminded them of this? Matt. 26:32; 28:7, 10.

2. How many of the disciples were with the believers and friends of Jesus? John 21:1, 2.

NOTE.—The Sea of Tiberias was the Sea of Galilee. It had a third name also: Lake of Gennesaret.

Locate Sea of Tiberias, Cana, and other familiar towns around the lake.

ASSIGNMENT 3

3. What did Peter and his fishermen friends do as they waited for Jesus to come? What was the result? John 21:3.

4. Whom did they see on the shore when morning came? What did He tell them to do? Why? What was the result? Verses 5-8, 10, 11.

5. What did they see when they landed? Verses 9, 12, 13.

NOTE.—This is the third time Jesus met with His disciples. His heart of love provided for their need as they came to shore, tired and hungry with the long night of fishing.

6. How many times had Jesus now appeared to His disciples? Verse 14.

ASSIGNMENT 4

Three times Peter had denied his Master. John 18:17, 25, 27.

7. What question did Jesus ask Peter three times after they had eaten breakfast? How did Peter answer? John 21:15-17.

NOTE.—"Three times Peter had openly denied his Lord, and three times Jesus drew from him the assurance of his love and loyalty, pressing home that pointed question, like a barbed arrow to his wounded heart. Before the assembled disciples Jesus revealed the depth of Peter's repentance, and showed how thoroughly humbled was the once boasting disciple. . . . Although Peter had denied his Lord, the love which Jesus bore him never faltered."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 812, 815.

8. How did Jesus describe what would happen to Peter when he was old? What did He urge Peter to do? Verses 18, 19.

NOTE.—Peter's love for Jesus grew deeper and stronger. Because of it, he followed Him through many years of service and then died for Jesus on a cross, outside the city of Rome.

Jesus could not return to heaven without these last meetings with His disciples to teach them and to strengthen their love of Him and their happiness in His soon return.

9. What did Jesus tell Peter concerning John? Verses 20-23.

NOTE.—When we love Jesus truly, we shall not meddle with the efforts of others or gossip about them. We shall be too busy following Jesus and working for Him and looking for His return.

ASSIGNMENT 5

10. Where was the appointed meeting of Jesus with His disciples and many believers and friends held? After all the proof given of the resurrection of Jesus, how did others feel? Matt. 28:16, 17.

11. How many were present at this meeting? Who saw Jesus sometime later? 1 Cor. 15:6-8; Acts 26:1, 12-15.

12. What words did Jesus leave with these believers as well as with His disciples? How long would He be with His people? Matt. 28:18-20.

13. What had He told the disciples another time? Mark 16:17-19.

Through love for Him we must work for Him.

ASSIGNMENT 6

14. How long was Jesus with His disciples after His resurrection? Where were they to stay after He left them? Why? Luke 24:49; Acts 1:1-4.

15. What were they to receive to enable them to work for Him, and to love Him supremely? Verses 5, 8.

NOTE.—Only as we live for Him can we love Him supremely.

Jesus took the eleven disciples with Him to the Mount of Olives. They passed the Garden of Gethsemane and the many spots where they

had talked and prayed with Him. They stopped on the top of the mountain.

16. What occurred as Jesus talked with the disciples? Luke 24:51; Acts 1:9.

NOTE.—Psalms 24:7-11 describes the joyful return of Jesus through the gates to heaven.

17. Who stood by the disciples as they watched Jesus disappear? How did they comfort the disciples? Acts 1:10, 11.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 7

Hidden away in one of the mountain recesses of Switzerland lived a man who had been trusted with the care of a beautiful home surrounded by large, colorful gardens. The fine home, or chateau, was in perfect order and the flowers were at their best all the time. The visitor supposed that the master of the estate was expected at any minute, but he learned that no one knew when he was coming, even though he had been away for twelve years and had never written to his steward in all that time.

"You live as though you expected your master tomorrow," he said to the steward.

The steward knew his master and loved him. He replied, "As though I expected him today."

How much do you love your Master, Jesus? Do you work and live as though you expected Him very soon—today?

THIRTEENTH SABBATH OFFERING

China Division—September 27

The overflow of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering this third quarter is devoted to the building of chapels and churches in the China Division. A church building is greatly needed in Shanghai, for our believers there have been meeting for years in the Y.M.C.A. building, and now they must vacate. Equally urgent is the need for churches in many other large centers of China. How much it would help to be able to invite prospective converts to representative church buildings in these places! Here is your opportunity to be a missionary to China by letting your dollars work for you in winning souls.

The Youth's Instructor

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ARE YOU MOVING?

You should notify us in advance of any change of address, as the post office will not forward your papers to you even though you leave a forwarding address. Your compliance in this matter will save delay and expense.

The Listening Post

❖ **MICHAEL FARADAY**, the English physicist, began the search for synthetic rubber, it is said, as far back as 1826.

❖ **PETE**, hippopotamus at the Bronx Zoo in New York, who celebrated his forty-fourth birthday not long ago, is believed to be the oldest hippo in captivity by at least two and a half years.

❖ **LUNDY**, a tiny island three miles long, located twelve miles off the British coast, is the smallest independent "kingdom" in the world. Mr. S. T. Harman is the sole owner and "rules" over fifty fishermen and farmers.

❖ **IZVESTIA**, the Soviet national newspaper, is now being translated into English by an academic group of Americans, with the full approval of the U.S. State Department. The project is sponsored by the American Council of Learned Societies, and is part of a plan to make selected Russian books and periodicals available to libraries and educational institutions, purely for their educational value and not for the promotion of "any foreign ideology."

❖ **HINDU** uprisings in India are proving to be "hair-raising" for the British in more ways than one. New Delhi police recently arrested a group of demonstrators and locked them up in the local jail. However, when the prisoners were brought out for questioning, it was discovered that two of them had died. A doctor wrote out death certificates, and the bodies were sent to the city morgue. A short time later the guards fainted when the "dead" men rose from their slabs and walked away. Both were members of a Fakir or Yogi cult.

❖ Not a single cat survived on the island of Walcheren in the Netherlands when the Germans flooded the town during the second world war. However, an American woman living in Amsterdam set out to remedy the situation. Calling upon her neighbors, she started a campaign that spread the length and breadth of Holland. Cats and kittens by the hundreds were sent to the island, until the islanders petitioned the Government to persuade the American and her well-meaning committee to desist. Today there is now a cat and a half for every man, woman, and child on Walcheren, which has a population of 22,000—plus pussies.

❖ **SUPERSTITIOUS** Navajo medicine men and men of modern medical science are working together to bring aid to North America's largest Indian tribe. Dr. Clarence G. Salisbury, head of a Presbyterian hospital on the 16,000,000-acre reservation in Arizona, respects the Indians' weird rites and practices, and the Navajos respect his strange medical "wizardry." He has had as many as four or five medicine men at a time in his hospital as patients, and once when he fell sick they went through a chant for his recovery. On one occasion he was nearly lynched when a child he was treating died, but the medicine men came to his rescue and told the Indians to go home, that "even medicine men make mistakes." Sometimes the Navajos' own diagnosis is uncanny. One medicine man walked into the hospital, touched his stomach and said, "I need gallstones removed." Upon examination the doctor agreed that he was right. He did.

❖ **NEW YORK CITY'S** ancient Aquarium building in Battery Park has been doomed to demolition at last after years of sizzling controversy between those who wished it restored as a national monument and those who declared it in the way of progress and the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel project. Built in 1807, it was known as the West Battery until after the war of 1812 when it became Castle Clinton. Between 1823 and 1855 it was known as Castle Garden and became a place of public entertainment, seating 8,000 persons. From 1855 to 1896 it was used as New York's immigration center, where more than 8,000,000 aliens entered the United States. It was opened as the Aquarium on December 10, 1896, and drew millions of visitors until its destruction was ordered in 1942.

❖ **WATER GATE** concerts given in the amphitheater beside the Potomac River in Washington, D.C., were faithfully attended this past summer by one of the National Symphony Orchestra's best patrons—a mockingbird. For years the music lover has shown up for the entire series of programs, and has perched upon his favorite lamppost that serves as his exclusive box-seat. This season he took such a prominent part as an accompanist that reporters began to call him the "seventy-seventh member" of the orchestra. "If he could only read the scores!" sighed one of the musicians. "But he can't or won't count the bars!"

❖ **THE** liner *Queen Elizabeth* recently broke all her past records for a single day's run while crossing the Atlantic when she piled up a total of 702 miles in twenty-three hours. This was an average speed of 30.52 knots. During the entire crossing she averaged 28.52 knots.

❖ **AMONG** the many innovations recently introduced to aid in the rehabilitation of World War II veterans in America is an ingenious pair of swimming trunks equipped with inflated plastic pontoons which permit victims of various forms of paralysis to enjoy aquatic exercise.

❖ **HOUSING** problems were solved overnight for John Hill, of Rutland, Vermont, when he bought a vacant lot recently. The night the sale was completed a dam broke, bringing not only a wall of water sweeping across the country but also two complete houses, which were neatly deposited upon his real estate.

❖ **SALISBURY CATHEDRAL** in New York City has an organ so powerful that all the stops cannot be used because it is feared that its mighty blasts will cause the walls and the spire to come tumbling down. Canon Cyril Jackson admits that the delicately poised spire trembled alarmingly when the thunder of the organ's thirty-two-foot stop was opened, and seemed to have an ill effect upon the walls.

❖ **VETERANS** looking for a homesite and business of their own are thinking over the attractive offer of free land along the Alaska highway which the United States Government has just made available to former members of the armed forces. Veterans have a ninety-day preference to make applications for any of the land bordering on the 338 miles of highway stretching from the Yukon boundary to the Richardson highway leading to Fairbanks and the Gulkana cutoff toward the coast. Because of the high elevation and soil conditions the property is best suited to the establishment of houses, cabins, camps, hotels, gas stations, and health and recreational facilities, rather than farming.



Couriers for Christ



A representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society has this to say of the work our Seventh-day Adventist colporteurs are doing in Peru:

"Puno, lying on the shores of Lake Titicaca, highest navigable lake in the world, is the center of a thriving work which is carried on in many parts of southern Peru by the Adventists. They are large buyers of Bibles, and I appreciated the opportunity of meeting them personally."

"At the terminus of the railway is Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Inca Empire, where there can still be seen remnants of their civilization in the stone structures around the city. In this district a Quechua Indian is doing a very fine piece of colporteur work among his own people, traveling by foot over mountain roads and trails, taking the message of the gospel to scattered homes and huts. He fearlessly faces persecution and reproach for his Christian testimony, yet is always ready to explain the meaning of the Inspired Book very humbly in his own tongue—Quechua."

"Another man of Cuzco, though not a colporteur, must also be mentioned in this connection. When born, Cirilo Quispe was being rubbed with alcohol by the witch doctor of his native village, and it somehow caught fire, the result being that he is now, at about twenty-three years of age, so crippled and paralyzed that he can walk only with great difficulty. However, his face is radiantly happy, and he not only acts as interpreter for the missionary but goes around on his own selling the Scriptures and testifying to the fact that since he has been giving most of his time to Christian work he is able to walk with much less difficulty."