

# The Youth's Instructor



H. M. LAMBERT

## Why Aim at Fame?

By CATHERINE M. BUXBAUM



...quick to shout, "Superman!" and quick to cry, "Cad!" as considerate of personal feelings as a five-alarm fire. No, Fame is not the bull's-eye a clever archer chooses.

It is futile to envy genius. Regardless of how deep an impression his environment makes upon a person—how great his comprehension, how sensitive his soul, or how artistic his reactions, whether expressed in literature, music, or painting, business, science, or manufacturing—the world is, after all, only the world—sinful, imperfect, and temporal, and it is becoming more imperfect with every beat of time.

Thomas Wolfe was a fine film on which the world was pictured. What sympathy he had! People—their virtues and vices—nature, with its mighty rivers, trees, and seasons, the world in general, deeply wedged into his giant mind. He reflected his environment in powerful prose, but this "poet who wrote prose" was a man without Christ, and the sins of the world overwhelmed him. In a letter to his mother he revealed utter despondency over the condition of life. To quote Moffatt again, Solomon says, "The more you know, the more you suffer: the more you understand, the more you ache." Far better to be less brilliant and to enjoy the companionship of the Saviour!

A good recipe for happiness is to be a Christian, laboring to the best of your ability for Jesus' sake. Even if you feel that you are an anonym and only a figure in the census, you will have on this earth peace in your heart, and in the new earth you will have all the joys that Christ has promised. If you have any questions, read Moffatt's translation of these words written by John the revelator:

"The conqueror I will allow to eat from the tree of Life which is within the paradise of God." "The conqueror shall not be injured by the second death." "The conqueror I will allow to share the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone inscribed with a new name, unknown to any except him who receives

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No, Fame Is Not the Bull's-Eye  
a Clever Archer Chooses

**F**AME is not the wedding; it is only the bridal bouquet. It sometimes grows with greatness, which is a noble virtue, but greatness is not always accompanied by majestic music. Neither is it necessarily sought. If you deserve it, greatness will come to you.

Do not yearn to be a Shakespeare, Wagner, or Raphael, an Edison, Eisenhower, or Einstein. If you possess rare talents, rejoice and use them but never press for renown. If your capacities are average, be content. Moffatt's translation of Paul's first Corinthian letter says: "Not many wise men (that is, judged by human standards), not many leading men, not many of good birth, have been called! No, God has chosen what is foolish in the world to shame the wise; God has chosen what is

weak in the world to shame what is strong; God has chosen what is mean and despised in the world—things which are not, to put down things that are; that no person may boast in the sight of God."

The appetite for fame, praise, attention, or acclaim is insatiable. "More! more!" cries the hungry ego. Sometimes, like a red balloon, fame swells until it passes the bursting point, and the sudden collapse shatters the personality of the acclaim-dazed individual, leaving him a feeble, wretched person.

Fame seeking is a close relative of Self-consciousness, whose middle name is Misery. Many hours of time and much valuable energy are burned up in thoughts of self-glorification. Newspapers, magazines, and the radio are fame's leading an-



# Let's Talk It Over

I WISH I had a pen of fire, and that I could write with it upon the sky the innermost feelings of my heart in letters large enough for every Seventh-day Adventist youth in all the world to read. I would like to tell them what it means to be 'unequally yoked' with 'an unbeliever.' If I could only say it so impressively and effectively that they would listen and understand how much harder and how heart-breaking this makes one's walk along the Christian way!"

The young man paused to look away into the distance and to choke back the tears stinging his eyelids. Then—

"Of course, I married Jane during the years that I was out of the church. She really is a wonderful girl, and as good a wife as any young fellow could ever ask for; but she is *not* a Seventh-day Adventist! The things that are dearest to my heart do not even interest her. She does not oppose me in any way, and works to the limit of her strength to help me make ends meet and get ahead with my education, but when Friday evening comes, I go to Missionary Volunteer meeting alone; when Sabbath comes, I go to Sabbath school and church alone; when Wednesday evening comes, I go to prayer meeting alone. The progress that is being made in proclaiming God's special message for these last days to all the world thrills me; when I try to tell her, she is indifferent. Mission incidents, a soul-stirring sermon, an especially precious thought in my Bible study or Spirit of prophecy reading, are only of passing interest to Jane. Often she listens patiently, but I can tell her mind is elsewhere; then again she says, 'Tell me some other time, won't you Bill? I'm busy now.'

"There's no truer verse in the Good Book than that which says in effect that two cannot 'walk together except they be agreed.' And if I just had a pen of fire—and could—I'd write a warning against marrying outside the church on the sky for every Seventh-day Adventist young person to read!"

Satan is more than busy these days, and to the youth of the remnant church in every land he is bringing this temptation to disregard God's direct command, and risk the choosing of life companions who do not share their religious faith. Recently there came to me a letter written by a young woman in the Philippines to a young man—a non-Adventist—who had gained her confidence and love to the

point where he felt free to urge their elopement, since her parents were opposed to their marriage. She knew that it would grieve her heavenly Father if she should take this step, and her conscience and mind were by no means at rest. Finally, after a bitter struggle, she made her decision. She would break their friendship! And she gave him her reasons in a clear, straightforward way. Shall we read this letter together, just as she wrote it?

I KNOW it seems silly to you—all this talk about mixed marriages. I remember you reasoned out that if we live our lives rubbing shoulders with those who are not Seventh-day Adventists, why all the fuss about marrying them? It does seem odd, doesn't it? and a little narrow. We don't like to think we are narrow, yet as a matter of fact we are, and necessarily so about a lot of important things.

"A lawyer is narrow when he forms his law firm. He excludes everyone from consideration who isn't a lawyer like himself. He doesn't take into partnership a doctor, or an architect, or an actor, or a plumber, though he may play golf with them, lunch with them, and count them his very good friends. It would simply be nonsense if he acted any other way. Yes, businessmen are narrow about their associates. An automobile manufacturer doesn't take into his business a man who knows nothing about automobiles or has little faith in them.

"But," you protest, 'that's not the same as marriage. A married couple needn't talk religion. They can just ignore it.'

"Ignore it? I can't fancy myself happy if I have to ignore anything dear to me. If time is any preparation for eternity, and religion is the sure guide that leads men through life to the gate of heaven, then religion must be terribly significant and vital. I fear we will begin it disagreeing on essentials, a fundamental disagreement.

"Instead of binding themselves close together in everything, the couple in a mixed marriage find themselves separated by the widest possible differences—enthusiasm for religion, and utter indifference about it; firm belief in my faith, and the conviction that it is largely nonsense; love for my Sabbath, and horror or incredulity at the thought of it; loyalty to Christ and pastors, and the deep-rooted belief that they are just usurpers.

"Sabbath morning comes. I walk off

alone knowing, with a pang of loneliness, that the one I love is sitting calmly at home or kneeling in the pew of a Catholic church. On Christmas Eve you turn to me and say, 'I have to go to midnight mass.' And I say, 'Please don't make me go when you go.'

"That hurts. The reality hurts far more. Alone you kneel at the altar in your church, kneel to receive Christ in holy communion, as you call it. The parish mission or retreat will mean a week of separation, resented not unjustly by the non-Catholic, who must keep the empty house alone.

"You said you don't think of it from that angle, that you would like to think that the one whom you marry and you would have everything possible in common: tastes, likes, education, position, society, and so forth.

"All very important, but which of them is half as important as religion? You cited why a Baptist can marry a Methodist, or a Presbyterian an Episcopalian, and hit it off. 'Why doesn't religion separate them?' I shall tell you that they make a success of marriage because the Protestant sects [Protestants do not include Adventists in the minds of Filipinos] have lost their identifying marks so that a Congregationalist president of the United States can go to a Baptist church and there be addressed by a Presbyterian minister, and nobody thinks it at all strange.

"The policy of 'If you go to my church today, I'll go to yours next Sunday,' is simple enough for modern Protestants. But not for Seventh-day Adventists. Can you stand, or can I avoid the subject of religion so as not to hurt your feelings and start an argument? I am deeply dear to you, but you do not care a snap of your fingers about my heavenly Father. This goes on for a time, months, years, perhaps. What happens to me? I might grow indifferent to my religion, or grow more and more lonesome. I would be under double obedience, and that obedience would pull me savagely in two directions."

BE ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," is the divine command. And there is no question—God knew exactly what He was talking about when He gave it!

Lora E. Clement





# The Songbird

By DOREEN CADWALLADER

**A** LAST glorious blaze of color, and the sun sank behind the rim of hills, leaving the forested valley in darkness. Singly at first, then in pairs, and then in myriads, the stars pierced the night's blackness and lit the heavens with a radiant light. It shone through the windows of a small bamboo-and-grass building where a young African native was speaking to an attentive group of young people. With simple sincerity this earnest youth talked of the man Jesus.

It was Friday evening in Nyasaland, and Sampson Lengua, lovingly called "Teacher" by his pupils, was conducting the Missionary Volunteer meeting. At the close of his talk he asked, as was his custom, if any of the members had found someone in need of help that they could give.

In response, a young lad of sixteen stood and asked Teacher if he might tell a story. Sampson Lengua was fond of this boy, Peter. He was one of his best students and a tireless worker in the Missionary Volunteer Society. Peter would make a good evangelist someday—but he must listen to what the boy was saying now.

Death had come suddenly and cruelly, and had snatched from a small native boy his mother and father. Only eight short years had the boy lived with them, years which had been neither unhappy or hard. The greatest responsibility that ever had been placed on his small shoulders was herding his father's two cows. This had been an easy task, and the cows were not likely to laugh at him when he sang. The boy, Musa, loved to sing. Often he would drive his charges down to the river, where they could stand knee deep in the cool water while he rested in a shady spot near a rock. With one eye on the cows he would listen to the tune of the brook bubbling over the rocks; then he would lift his voice in a song of the great outdoors. But now all this was changed. He

no longer had a mother and father to provide food and shelter for him; also his father's cows had been taken away by the village chief. Musa had tried vainly to find out from some of the village people where his mother and father had gone. But only harsh words came his way.

Slowly hard facts impressed themselves upon his young mind. He would not see his parents again; the people of his village did not like him, neither did they wish to have anything to do with him. What must he do? How could he live? Be a beggar? He had seen beggars and did not like them, but gnawing hunger was making him weak all over, and did not allow him to choose the manner in which he would satisfy that demand. So Musa became a beggar.

From village to village the small waif went, staying only as long as he could beg enough meat and mealie meal for food. As soon as one village became tired of him and set their skinny dogs after him, he knew it was time to move on.

Day after day went by, some days so hot that Musa had to lie down often in the shade; others so wet and muggy from the torrential downpours that swept across the hills that he never seemed to get dry. His body, once plump and healthy, was thin now; his skin, which had been a gleaming ebony, was dull and dirty. And Musa forgot to sing, for the water of brooks and rivers did not play tunes for him now; they were just obstacles to be waded through or swum across on his ceaseless journey from one village to another.

Late one afternoon Musa rounded a bend and saw a fair-sized village not far ahead. Hope that here he might find food and a place to rest enabled him to quicken his pace. On the outskirts, set a little apart, was a small hut badly in need of

repair. In front of the hut, sitting alone in the sun, was an old woman. Hearing footsteps, she turned toward the path and called in a voice that was not unpleasant, "Who is walking by my hut?"

Encouraged by the friendly tone of her voice, Musa stepped up closer to her and hurriedly queried, "Do you have some cassava meal or broth you could spare me? I am very hungry!"

Shaking her finger at the boy, the woman chided, "Now, why don't you run home? What kind of parents do you have that you beg food of strangers?"

Musa stepped back, disappointment etched on his young face. She was just like all the rest, and he had thought that she would be kind and maybe allow him to rest by her hut that night. He turned with a sigh and started down the path, when the woman called him back.

"Here, boy, don't leave so fast. You must have a good reason for begging, but can I tell that without speaking to you? Now, tell me—why?"

Standing before her, Musa told her in a few bitter words his experiences of the past few months.

"There," pointing to a black iron pot squatting on its three fat legs, the woman urged, "is some meat and meal. Eat, but do not be wasteful, for I am not rich."

Hurriedly Musa ran over to the pot, and, dipping both hands into the food, he ate like an animal. He stopped just before he was completely satisfied, for he meant to ask, if he found the courage, if he could stay there that night.

"Come back here, boy, and tell me by what name you are called." Standing before the woman, he answered, "I am called Musa."

"The people of this village call me Chedwechi. Now, come closer, Musa, and look into my eyes."

A little afraid, Musa went closer. Would she scold him again? She had the strangest eyes—there was a white film covering them.

"Musa, I am an old woman. My hus-

Musa Enjoyed the Large Camp Meeting Which Was Held at Tekerani Mission During the Winter Dry Season





band went to join his ancestors many years ago, and now I am blind."

The boy could not know what it was to be blind, but he knew what it was to be alone, so he felt a strange kinship with the woman Chedwechi.

"I have a garden down that path and through the bush," she continued. "If you will lead me to it every day, help me to clean it of weeds, carry my hoe, and then lead me home again every night, you may share a portion of my food with me and you may sleep in a corner of my hut."

Musa clapped his hands in delight and thanks, promising Chedwechi that he would lead her carefully and pull many weeds.

That night he slept under a shelter for the first time in many months.

One day five Christian young men passed through the village of Karanga, where Musa lived with the blind woman Chedwechi. Pausing to rest by her hut, they fell into conversation with her. Behind the hut they glimpsed a very dirty little boy gathering wood for the evening fire. Curious about his filthy, uncared-for appearance, the boys asked about him, and Chedwechi told them his story as she knew it.

"He is a help to me," she added, "but I cannot care for him as I should, for, you see, I am blind. Someone more able than I must help him if he is to grow up to be a good man."

Rising, the boys left their best wishes

with the old woman and went away. As they walked along, a beautiful plan began to grow in the mind of one of them.

Back in the bamboo-and-grass school-house Peter came to the end of his story.

"So you have probably guessed," Peter concluded, "that my plan is to bring Musa here to our school where he can be properly looked after and given a training that will make of him a good man."

The four boys who had been with Peter on that Missionary Volunteer trip rose to say that they would be willing to help feed and clothe little Musa if he should be willing to come to their school, and the Teacher would admit him.

So it was that several days later the five boys set out for Karanga once more. This time they found Musa out in the garden pulling weeds while Chedwechi hoed her rows of mealies and cassava.

Chedwechi introduced the boys to Musa; then Peter told the little lad that they wanted to take him with them to share their home and school.

"You mean you wish me to live with you?" Musa could not quite understand why these big boys had traveled 'way over here to Karanga just to invite him to come and live in their home and to take him back with them.

"Yes, Musa," Peter assured him, "we want you to be our little brother."

Musa's eyes shone with happiness at the prospect of belonging to a family again, but they clouded over once more as

he turned to look at Chedwechi. She was leaning on her hoe, her sightless eyes raised to the sun. But there was a smile of satisfaction on her wrinkled, black face, for now she knew that the lad she had helped and who had helped her would be brought up in the right way.

Stepping near to Chedwechi, Musa touched her on the arm. "I would like very much to go with Peter and his friends, but I cannot leave you," he told her.

"Now, Musa boy," she said firmly, "you have been such a help to me that I feel many years younger, and I will be able to work for a longer time than I could have worked if you had not come to me. Go with Peter and learn much, then come back and tell me of what you learn. Hurry now; you have a long way to go ere night shall fall."

Then Chedwechi turned her back and resolutely started hoeing her garden again. Peter took Musa by the hand and led him down the path toward Sampson Lenga's Christian school.

What fun the five boys had cleaning little Musa up. All the dirt did not come off with the first scrubbing, but persistent effort wrought a marvelous change. In time his skin was once more a gleaming black, his hair and fingernails were scrubbed and cut. Some new clothes, made for him by an Indian tailor, completed the transformation.

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## Is CHRIST Your Example?

By H. J. WESTPHAL

**M**EN trust rather to their eyes than to their ears. The effect of precepts is, therefore, slow and tedious, while that of examples is summary and effectual."—SENECA.

By nature, human beings are hero worshipers and imitate whom and what they admire. Sonny Boy is an unconscious amateur actor and tries to copy dad. Daughter has seen a picture of the latest hair-do, and there is no peace for her until she has either visited the hairdresser and had one like it, or has worked out a fair imitation herself. Thousands of boys in sandlot baseball dream of becoming a Babe Ruth or a Ted Williams. Budding scientists and would-be inventors have their eyes set on Thomas A. Edison or Charles Steinmetz. Junior industrialists consider how they can equal the record of Henry Ford. Bellicose youth fancy themselves as Napoleons or Alexanders heading armies into battle and proudly parading in a triumphal march. Sprouting statesmen wonder how soon their voices will be heard with awe in legislative halls. David, Daniel, Joseph, Paul, and other Biblical personalities become the inspiration of

youthful knights who will do and dare to fight for right.

And while we are speaking of examples, why not select our perfect model? People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy, nor will they go any higher than the ideals they choose to follow. "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps." Jesus has been bandied about in the criteria of men as a great man, a great teacher, a great physician, a great psychologist. But it is only as we see the flash of His divine mission in saving sinners that His imitative qualities become possible for us to follow. Just as the flash of a stone that caught the eye of a passerby in South Africa as he watched some children playing with pretty pebbles, brought about the discovery of the rich Kimberley diamond fields, so this divine spark of Jesus' redeeming power opens the door to a rich and wholesome Christian experience. Martin Luther described the fullness of our Lord's life in these

words: "In His life, Christ is an example, showing us how to live; in His death, He is a sacrifice, satisfying for our sins; in His resurrection, a conqueror; in His ascension, a king; in His intercession, a high priest."

Many persons will never take the time to read the Gospel according to St. Matthew, or St. Mark, or St. Luke, or St. John. The only gospel they will ever see is the one according to you or me. Will our characters be polished enough by walking as He walked to make these spectators start working the diamond mines of their opportunity? "Not the cry, but the flight of the wild duck, leads the flock to fly and follow," is the dictum of a Chinese proverb, and is tantamount to saying that nothing is so contagious as example.

The image of the Master is in us. We were created in the likeness of God. Redemption is the stroke of the brush which the Master Artist uses to restore the original pattern in our character. A good artist can take a picture which is blurred, misty, with features barely distinguishable, and by painstaking work bring out the original image. So the careful wooing of God's Spirit in the sunlight of His love is to bring this mind "in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."



# Chart and Compass

By E. L. BECKER

THE sea was smooth, and only the slight vibration of the ship's propeller could be felt as we glided through the waters of the Atlantic that October night. Above our heads the stars burned intensely; no lights of earth were visible to outshine those brilliant lights of heaven. Clear down to the horizon, one could see the stars, and through the hours of darkness we watched them as they glided silently across the skies.

It was past midnight, and the hundreds of soldiers below decks had at last become quiet; even their enthusiasm at being homeward bound after years of war was wearing thin in the boredom that seems to be the experience of most of us on a long sea voyage. I stood on the navigating deck with the second officer and helmsman, enjoying the quiet of the vast ocean.

"We should soon be sighting the lights of the Azores," Mr. Richardson, the mate, remarked. "We're supposed to pass it six miles out, a little after one o'clock." He looked intently off to the west and north, and I followed his gaze. Peer as I might along the horizon, I could see nothing but the glimmer of the stars, fainter as they neared the surface of the sea, but still discernible.

We chatted for a few moments, and I took another turn around the darkened deck, happy and perfectly content in the quiet gloom. When I returned to where Mr. Richardson stood, alongside the little lean-to that sheltered the compass and wheel, he handed me the powerful night glasses. "See if you can make it out," he invited. "Over on the starboard quarter, just in line with that cargo boom."

I took the glasses and looked. For a moment, nothing; then—was that a gleam of light? Holding the glasses steady, I watched. After two or three seconds it came again: a faint glow, and then blackness. There was an infinitesimal spot of deeper shadow too—land, I guessed.

To myself I had to confess a slight disappointment. If this was all that was involved in "picking up" a light at sea, then it was surely nothing to get excited about.

However, I stayed close to the wheel for the next hour or so, and found my interest deepening. The mate had gone below to the chartroom, and returned now with a rolled-up chart, a parallel ruler, several paper weights, and a thick book. I watched interestedly as he laid the chart out on a small desk in the lee of the deckhouse, and weighted it down carefully, then with the aid of flashlight and the parallels, made his measurements on the chart.

"Course 247?" he questioned the helms-



H. A. ROBERTS

Over Millions of Practically Identical Waves We Had Made Our Way to a Spot Less Than One Quarter of a Mile From Where We Wanted to Be

man, and received in reply a combination of murmur and grunt, which is all that is left of the traditional "Aye, aye, sir."

Since 270 degrees would be a course due west, "course 247" meant that we were traveling just a bit south of west when allowances for compass variation and deviation were made. I looked at the chart over the mate's shoulder. Sure enough, there were the Azores, with a light pencil line passing directly to the south of them, denoting our course. And there, on one of the points at the southeast corner of the group of islands, close to the pencil line, was a spot which marked the location of the light we had just seen.

I looked again, off toward the north. The flashing light could be seen now with the naked eye, a faint spot of luminosity that appeared, then disappeared, at thirty-second intervals.

"How do you know that's the light you're looking for, Mr. Richardson?" I inquired.

He grinned, and his white teeth flashed in the faint light. "Well, lights aren't exactly plentiful out here, you know! The fact that we sighted it just where it was supposed to be, at just the proper time, is a pretty good indication that it's the

one we were looking for. Besides, we have a positive means of identification in this little book." He handed me the thick book I had seen him carry up from the chart room a short time before. "It's published by the U.S. Hydrographic Office, and lists every lighthouse and lightship in the world, with a description of the sort of signal each one is authorized to send out. Then, too, you can see from the chart that we'll soon pick up another light. In a moment we'll measure the angle we make with the two lights, and then we'll know, within just a few feet, our exact position."

I made friends with the second mate that night, for I stayed on deck with him until he went off watch at 4 A.M. From then on I spent almost as much time on deck during his watches as he did, and I suppose I must have asked him a thousand questions about the operation of the great cargo ship. I learned about the fathometer, which utilizes a radio signal to measure the depth of the water. He told me, too, something of the process of "shooting the sun," the means by which each day the location of the ship at sea is determined by an instrument called the sextant. I watched the compass as we changed our course a few degrees from time to time. "Remember," I was told, "the compass doesn't turn. It stays stationary, and the ship turns."



I studied the charts—charts of many parts of the traveled oceans of the world: small-scale charts and large; harbor charts, charts of the open sea. Every one of them served its purpose, and each one held a wealth of information for the navigator.

During the long quiet days of the voyage the master of the ship seemed to pay but little attention to the running of the vessel. On the three or four days of severe storm between the Azores and Bermuda, though, I noticed that he was frequently in the wheelhouse, saying little, but watching closely. And when on Sabbath morning the weather quieted down, I overheard the chief officer remark, "The skipper hasn't had his clothes off since Wednesday."

At last the great day arrived; we were scheduled to make port at four in the afternoon. As the haze along the horizon became gradually deeper, and dissolved at last into the low shore line of the State of Virginia, you may be sure every able-bodied man aboard ship was on deck looking over the rail toward home!

The skipper was up on the bridge now, personally checking the changing angles of the landfalls, and now and again calling out a slight change in course to the helmsman. The chart, the parallels, and the glasses were in constant use, and when we sighted the first buoy that marked the channel leading into the harbor, just after noon, I mentally joined the master in the grunt of satisfaction he gave as he turned from the bridge and went below.

In fourteen days at sea, guided by the sun, the stars, the compass, and the charts, we had made our way among millions of practically identical waves, to a spot less than one quarter of a mile from where we wanted to be. No wonder the captain was satisfied.

On a recent crossing of the Pacific, we were told one morning that on the following day at 10:30 A.M. we would be nine and one-half miles off the southern-most tip of the island of Formosa. The time came, and I was interested to learn that, by actual triangulation, we were nine miles off the point at 10:25 A.M., and although we had been through two weeks of the roughest weather our ship's officers had ever experienced—mountainous waves, terrific gales, and whole days when it was impossible to get a sight of either sun or stars to check our position, we reached the exact point just at the minute predicted.

How is it possible for a great ship to travel thus, thousands of miles across a trackless waste of water, and so unerringly reach its objective? Now, I am not a navigator, and I could not explain all the operation in detail. And I do not, in my explanation now, intend to oversimplify the process so that it appears any less wonderful than it really is. What I do want to do is to mention some of the things which, in the hands of the navigator, make this accuracy possible.

First of all, there are the charts. The master and his officers must be able to plot a course from home port to destination, and the use of detailed, reliable charts makes this possible. Years of careful mapping of oceans and shore lines all over the world have given the mariner a complete list of charts of all oceans; he

## Looking

Look down and see shadows of misery.

Look down and see woe and despair.

Look down and see bloodshed and famine.

Look down and see no one to care.

Look up and see shadows of mercy.

Look up and see gladness and light.

Look up and see God's love in nature.

Look up and see goodness and right.

Thank Him for His glorious graces.

Thank Him for His sacrifice made.

Thank Him for His willing submission.

Thank Him for the price that He paid.

Bow down on your knees and be silent.

Look up that your heart be made pure.

Submit to His tenderest pleading.

Your home in that land will be sure.

By VIRGINIA MENDENHALL

can plot his course with complete confidence.

The actual navigation is done with the compass as a guide. With the course laid out on the chart, the officer on watch knows that the ship must be pointed in a certain precise direction; he gives the helmsman his course, and holds the ship to it.

But ocean currents and winds are tricky things. Reliable though the compass may be, the ship is quite likely to drift off its course. So every day, at noon, a ship's officer checks the position of the vessel by measuring the angle of the sun with the horizon at the particular spot where the ship is then located. And whenever possible, an additional check is made by means of lighthouses, lightships, or landfalls. Thus, by the use of fixed points the navigator is continually verifying his position and correcting his course.

Only yesterday, as I sat in the church service in this city of Singapore, half-way around the world from home, my mind was again directed to the humble lessons I learned aboard that freighter many months ago. As the congregation sang that old familiar hymn, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me" I found myself back, in imagination, on the navigating deck of that ship, with a ghostly light flashing faintly off the starboard bow. And as we sang the words—

"Chart and compass come from Thee;

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!"—

I saw again the glow of the compass light, and the faint blur of the helmsman's face above it, ever wakeful, ever watchful.

Certainly it is a stormy, shoal-filled, wind-torn sea through which we plot our course in life; especially is it true for our younger pilots, who are still cadets in the ranks of the navigators. Those of our youth who are at the helm, steering a devious way through temptations, discouragements, and perplexities, may well breathe the prayer of that song:

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me

Over life's tempestuous sea."

It is impossible for a young man or a young woman of this present age, unfortified by years of experience and depth of philosophy, to meet the peculiar problems which Satan has placed in the way of youth—Advent youth in particular—without the aid of the Divine Pilot. One grazes the shoals of worldly amusement, only to find himself about to run aground on the cruel rocks of fleshly appetite. Just ahead lie the narrows of social companionship; how can they be negotiated without a trained pilot? And the barometer is falling rapidly; the ship is heading into the storms of worldly enchantment.

Make no mistake, Adventist young woman, young man; this is not all metaphor. Today or tomorrow you will have to decide whether or not you will yield just a little, and visit the cinema, the roller-skating rink, the dance hall. Your opportunity will come—or has it come already?—to answer yes or no to the invitation to accept a cigarette, a cocktail. Your code of conduct toward the opposite sex is already being formed; is it all it should be? Are you, in your heart, satisfied with it? And what are you going to do about that offer of a good position with the firm downtown, paying you more money than the local conference or the church school can afford to give?

"Chart and compass come from Thee." Thank God that we can depend on these helps from the divine hand. Use the chart of Scripture, and lay out your course with care. Even though the waves ahead may appear trackless, One has passed this way before you, and He has left the chart: "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

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# WE "WALKED IN" TO *Tatsienlu*

+ + +

THE superintendent of the Seventh-day Adventist West China Union Mission, C. B. Guild, recently made a trip from Chungking headquarters to our mission station on the border of Tibet at Tatsienlu.

For three days he and his wife traveled by jeep, pulling a trailer filled with supplies and gasoline. But on the fourth day they came to a river which was so swollen from heavy rains that the ferrymen refused to take them across. There was nothing to do but return to Yaan, where Pastor and Mrs. Lu were stationed, and then undertake the remaining five-day journey on foot. Describing this experience Pastor Guild says:

"Four 'hwagons' (sedan chairs) were engaged that evening, and the carriers promised to be ready to leave early the next morning. The eight men were all opium users and 'kept their promise' by arriving, loading, and leaving promptly an hour before noon. We reached Tien Chuan (heavenly perfection) about dark and put up in the best hotel we could find.

"The next morning we tried to get our coolies to leave early, but traveling by opium power makes a story all in itself. The dealer in the den across the street had taken the carrying apparatus of our men as security on opium. This necessitated more than the regular allotment of money to them for that portion of the trip and a long discussion before we finally got them lined up to start. The bridge was still out, so we had to go around the mountain, which took nearly all day. By nightfall we had gained twenty li (seven miles), and we stopped there for the Sabbath.

"Two United States Army men from Chengtu had preceded us by jeep, crossed the ferry without difficulty, and successfully reached the town near Tatsienlu before the heavy rain. However, we met them later on their return trip—walking. Their jeep would be stored for some months, and there were a dozen reasons why it could not come through. And the day after we failed to cross on the ferry, a road-bureau truck crew forced the ferrymen to take their bus across the river. The frightened men started reluctantly, and in the swift current they lost control of their raft. The truck and eight lives

were lost, and the ferry was entirely wrecked. There was no hope of a new one being in operation for a month or more. When we heard this news from two sources we thanked the Lord for His kindness in preserving our lives and the jeep.

"Our stay over Sabbath at Baitzdi (The Land of Tares) was accompanied by the river's constant roar a hundred feet below. Our diet was stewed potatoes and plenty of string beans. Sabbath school was held with an attendance of four. My wife, Nora, acted as superintendent; Thomas Geraty repeated some experiences for a mission reading; Pastor Lu taught the lesson; and our offering was \$17,000.

"Sunday we had our first experience with a single-strand rope bridge. I am sure that one will be enough for Mrs. Guild; she trembled for some minutes after it was over. I was a little scared myself. The main section of the highway bridge had been washed out by the high water. The country people had stretched a woven bamboo rope about the size of a man's arm across the chasm above the rushing stream and rocks below, and had made a wooden slider car, which they placed under one armpit. It hung in such a way that they could pull themselves across with the other hand. The gap was fifty feet wide.

"First our loads were tied one by one in great bundles, and a coolie perched on top and pulled each one across. Then they took Nora and me, put one of us on either side of the main rope, tied us to the sliding apparatus with ropes around our legs

and backs. I hooked my arm over the 'car,' while Nora put hers around my neck, but before we could say 'Go' we were dangling over the torrent. I suppose it took only about two minutes to make the crossing, but it seemed like all day. Pastor Geraty was tied to the car and then, leaning back, he pulled himself hand over hand to the other side just like one of the countryfolk. This method of crossing took our group fifty-five minutes and cost \$10,000 (\$4 U.S. currency).

"That evening we reached Lianglukou (Two-Road Fork) about dark, and found rooms where we could put up our cots. It is always a problem to find a room with few beds and enough space for cots. Nora retired at once, but awakened to eat boiled potatoes and fried eggplant when meal-time came a little later.

"The following day was the most beautiful of the trip. We followed the auto road for about fifteen miles.

"In the early afternoon we reached a hut where we could buy some corn cakes. We learned that we were now to start up the mountain. The path up is called *do niu tzi*, or a bushel of slippery places. Before we had gone far it rained. It seemed to us that the way we must take was straight up. The carriers took off their loads and tied them on their backs. They groaned so much that Pastor Geraty and Pastor Lu each helped them carry their bamboo poles. Nora and I were ahead quite a distance when this happened. We reached the top after three hours of continuous climbing, and then went down over the other side a thousand feet or so to 'Kanhaitzi' (Dry Sea). Our feet were quite wet even though we were wearing army shoes. That night we found a room where carpenters had been working, and put our cots there.

"The owners of the new place was very hospitable and prepared our boiled potatoes and string beans in good shape. They also had sugar-filled steamed biscuits

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A General View of Tatsienlu, Border City of Tibet





U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

Overseas He Went—to the Pacific—Where He Did All Within His Power to Save the Lives of His Companions

# SLEEPING ON GUARD

By TERESA A. WHELPLEY

**S**LEEPING on guard! In former days he would have been shot at sunrise. Lloyd had not realized the seriousness of his offense. He knew he should not have entered the glider, but after working hard all day helping to build a swimming pool at the army base, he found that he was up for guard duty from midnight until six o'clock.

He had been on duty only a few minutes when he became very sleepy. Crawling into one of the gliders he was to guard, he fell sound asleep. The next thing he knew, he was being marched off to the guardhouse.

He would be out in a day or two, so the boys said, but day after day went by, and nothing happened. Finally on the fifteenth day he was informed that he was being charged with the 86th article of war: "Sentinel found sleeping at post." Three days later he was sentenced to three months in the guardhouse and loss of two thirds of his pay for six months. Since this was his second court-martial, his service record was beginning to look bad.

Although not an Adventist, Lloyd knew the truths of the third angel's message and intended someday to take a definite stand for what he knew to be right.

He had drifted through high school, putting plenty of enthusiasm and energy into the athletic activities, but had just managed to get by in his studies.

He did not do even that well when his father sent him to an Adventist college, so he was finally asked to leave school "because of poor grades and lack of interest."

A job in a cafeteria in a large city next claimed his attention. But he spent all his

money on cigarettes, girls, fancy foods, and his evenings at dances and other places of amusement. As a result of keeping such late hours, he became careless in his work, and soon lost his job.

Lloyd next found employment in a shoe factory, and shortly afterward fell in love, and married a fine girl who had a degree in music and English. She seemed interested in the things he told her about the Adventist faith, but he could not lead her into a belief that was only a theory to him. It had never taken hold of his own heart.

Then he found himself in the United States Army. That did not prove to be his favorite occupation either, so he was always looking for ways of leaving camp early. One day he left without permission and was put to work for a week thereafter breaking rocks with a sixteen-pound sledge hammer.

He knew he was making a mess out of his life, and one night in his perplexity he opened his Bible, and read those precious words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven." As he read, his heart was touched. Tears flowed down his cheeks, and for the first time in years he prayed.

But it was not long until he was caught A.W.O.L. on a Sabbath and was court-martialed. This time he was fined \$15 and restricted to the base for thirty days. However, before the thirty days were up, he was transferred to another air field.

Here his athletic ability proved a blessing. Although he was still a private, he was made base physical instructor, in charge of all the athletic activities in all the squadrons. His wife was now living

in town, so he could spend each night at home. At last he seemed to be making good.

And then he was found sleeping on guard! Now he spent each night, as well as every day, in the guardhouse, and he had plenty of time to think.

Within two weeks from the day he was sentenced, Lloyd was studying his Bible and the Bible Truth Series. Through prayer he gained the victory over his smoking. As the missionary spirit took hold of him, he began to work for Brown, a fellow prisoner, who had been court-martialed the same day. Soon he, too, had thrown away his tobacco.

At the end of the three months' sentence, as Lloyd left the guardhouse, he told his friend Brown that he probably

would be back in a week—and he was. When Saturday came he asked relief from K.P. duty that he might observe the Bible Sabbath in harmony with God's command.

He did not fear this court-martial, however, because it was a matter of conscience, so it came as a shock when he was sentenced to six months at hard labor and the loss of two thirds of his pay. But he still had his Bible.

The guards naturally felt that he should labor with the other boys on Saturday, so each week he was asked if he wanted to work. When he answered, "No," he was placed in solitary confinement on bread and water, in a small room four by six feet, with only an old mattress on the floor. The prisoners called it the black box. Then he would have to work all Sunday morning before getting anything to eat.

The Word of God became very precious to our prisoner-for-conscience's sake. In a month he had practically read the Bible through. The promises became real to him as he spent the entire Sabbath each week pondering them. In the eyes of the guards he was the worst prisoner they had because he refused to work on Saturday, but in his heart he was riding "upon the high places of the earth." The black box became his sanctuary, where for three months he spent the Sabbath alone communing with God.

Then the prisoners went on a strike. They banded together and demanded their mail before they would go to work. Lloyd refused to join in with them. As a result, our budding Seventh-day Adventist

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[NOTE.—We continue the personal testimonies of the New Guinea "Seven Day" boys who made up the crew of the missionary ship *Ambon* (one of the sixteen missionary-ship replacements necessary at the close of the war). Several other boats have now been added to the South Pacific mission fleet, but the *Ambon* was the first.]

I AM very please to tell you a story." (Kavaia speaking.) "Before we know God, the priest come to our village and say we must have a school. We not answer, and the priest make a mark on a tree and say, 'Here we will have a school.' When he has gone one boy cut the tree down.

"When the Seventh Day Mission first come to Mussau I was work in my garden. The boys come back and told me what they saw in the village of Samakunauru, where Oti begin his mission work. And as they come they ask some boys to take a canoe back to pick up Oti to be teacher in our village. But Oti told the boys to wait about two month the *Veilomani* will be here.

"So the boys went back again to their village and ask the people to kill all the pig and clean up all the unclean things and ask the men had more wives to send all their wives away and only keep one. So all the chiefs of the different village come together and talk this things over, and they start to clean the unclean things

months we stop at Upper Ramu. We make everythings ready there for the missionary to come and live.

"Then I go back to Rabaul and to Mus-

The Missionary Ship *Ambon*, on Which Kavaia Served as a Crew Member, Leaving Sydney, Australia



"God keep His promise in the book of Psalms 50:15. I read this word. 'And call upon Me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.' So I thank God for His promises, and He keep me in the days of trouble.

Ite (Eitie), from Mussau says: "I am very please to let you know when I was a

# SMILING "SEVEN DAY" BOYS

## PART II

### Kavaia and Ite Tell Their Story to Constance M. Greive

and put away betel nut and all bad habits. And we put away all bad thing, because the Solomon Island teachers teach us. And in that time the people of Mussau had take the light of God and try to send the Word of God to all the native in New Guinea.

"Then Mr. S. H. Gander want three good boys to go with Oti to begin a work in the coast of Rabaul, and he said, 'Kavaia, I want you to find me three good boys to go with Oti.' So I said, 'I will try, master.' Then I found Kukone and Laia, and he said, 'I want one more.' So I said, 'Send me.' And the master was very sorry, because he did not want send me, because I was his helper, and after long time he said, 'You can go with Oti, Kukone, and Laia.' So we went and begin a work at Arube, but the work there is very hard. But still some boys come to school. After three month work there the *Veilomani* bring us back to Rabaul.

"Then they ask us to go and begin the new school in Upper Ramu, and we said, 'All right.' After wait for one week we went in a big boat and we go to Salamaua. Stay there for little while, got in the plane, and up we went to Ramu and start to build houses and gardens, and six

sau and rest a little while, and they sent me to be a crew in *Malalangi* for three months. Then Pastor G. Peacock come and take me to be a crew in the *Veilomani*. After a little stay there they ask me to teach at Rabaul, then go back to the *Veilomani* again. So I help Pastor R. H. Abbott in the *Veilomani* take some school boys to the Put Put school. And the war begin, so Pastor Abbott, Pamu, and me and the crew take the ship to Mussau, and I go my holiday, then back to school.

"When I stay at home I saw the Japanese boat come across to Mussau from Kavieng to land some soldiers, but they did not go inland to look for a white man. So all the teachers do their good work and school. Pastor Rogapitu come and ask me to go and teach along one island, so in November I go and teach in this island. And in the three years the missionary go back to Australia, I stay in this island; and a Japanese boat bring fifty soldiers, and they make camp there where I was. Two years they stop with us, but they did not do any trouble. They come to church and every Sabbath they come to *lotu* (worship) and also some other days, and they did not ask us to work on Sabbath. So we glad.

heathen and after I became a Seventh-day.

"I was in my village in the bush when Master MacLaren came to visit Mussau, and he took two boys to Matupi to school. Then after he went back to Mussau again and brought some Solomon Island teachers. So he send Seolo, one of the Solomon teachers, to my village. Then I go to school, and after one year passed then some men and women were baptized. Our teacher preached to us that pigs are unclean to eat pigs, and also the heathen custom. After we were Seventh-day for two years one day the district officer came to Mussau to get tax from the native, and I have no money to pay tax, so I went to a trader to work for two years.

"Afterward Pastor A. S. Atkins want some boys to go up to Ramu, so seven men and one woman were send. When we were in Ramu we were cleaning up where they built our inland school. I was in Ramu one year, then I was send to Madang with Sam, Mamatau, and Masikuku. I was there at Madang for two months, then one *luluai* want our mission, so Sam and me, were go with him.

"When we reached his place we were  
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# CAPRI ADVENTURE

By MELVIN E. WHITE

OUR spirits were low as we lay quietly at anchor in the Bay of Naples. We had been held on the hospital ship, *Hinds*, for five days, when finally we were told that we would probably keep on remaining there an additional five or six days. Our executive officer, who even now sends me a Christmas card each year, tried hard to see what he could find for the boys to do, and came up with arrangements for a trip to the isle of Capri. Our spirits made an about-face, and the ship became alive with boys packing duffel bags to go on a three-day pass.

The next morning at nine o'clock a small army-green tug pulled alongside us. Everyone was ready, but the soldiers waited for the five or six nurses to go down the Jacob's ladder first and throw their small suitcases to the Italian hands waiting to receive them, and then make the timed jump to the forward deck that was bouncing up and down with the waves.

When the last man was aboard, the bell in the engine room rang, and the tug turned and headed south toward the two mountains (which in the distance resem-

bled rocks) that were visible on the horizon. The sea was just pleasantly rough. By this time we had all become good *sailgers* (sailing soldiers).

As the cool breeze showered droplets of salt spray upon us, a semicircle of wonders passed in review. Behind us lay the ancient city of Naples, with its narrow alleys and red roofs zigzagging up a hill. To our right was the active volcano Vesuvius, which in ancient times erupted and covered the city of Pompeii with a thick layer of ashes. Just a few months previous to our arrival it had shown one of its temperamental moods again. Farther around the semicircle was the town of Sorrento, with its tile roofs, perched on the edge of a sheer gray cliff.

A rumor swept through the tug that we were going to the Blue Grotto. Presently we came to a solid wall which became lower to the west until it was only twelve feet above a low opening over which stood a shrine.

In the cabin, where I had hastened to put on my bathing suit, I could hear the usual racket of the *pisons* (Italian natives) trying to sell souvenirs to the soldiers who already had too many. On deck again, I walked to the fantail, dived off, and swam to the grotto. Inside I saw a spectacle I shall never forget. There was azure beneath me, and above me the queerest, clearest, mystical blue, that would almost make you think you were floating in a light blue fog. It made my skin appear a strange, ghostly white. In the cavern my voice sounded like thunder as I talked to my pals, who came in on the boats and asked why I was swimming when it was so easy to ride. I told them that it was more fun to swim and made me feel like a seal.

After I had rested awhile on a mossy boulder at the edge of the mouth of the grotto, the tug came out, and I dived again, swam toward it, grabbed an aft fender, and coasted. As we glided by an abutment, we could see the little village of Capri above the terraces of grapes and the narrow road which twisted and turned up the hill. The Diesel ran easily and rhythmically, following the rocky beach with its boulders and strange dressing rooms, which stand on piling. Then it rounded a stone-masoned sea wall and tied up to the cement wharf at Grand Marina.

To get up the hill of Capri, a special kind of railroad has been built, called a funicular. While we went up in a dull-red wooden car, another one just like it came down on the same track! The trick was a switch in a tunnel halfway up.

Each of us had been given a ticket with the address of a hotel on it. When I found mine, the landlord showed me to a room with a neat Italian straw tick in it covered by a GI mosquito net. This being vacation, I did not get up until time to eat dinner. Then I found that Uncle Sam had chartered a whole Italian restaurant for us, spaghetti, waitresses, and all!

After dinner I discovered that I had missed the jeep which goes down to Piccole Mirena, where we were to swim, so I had to bargain for a ride. A *pison* with a little donkey hitched to a glistening yellow two-wheel cart offered to take me down for a quarter. Now, you may think a burro cannot move very fast, but the snap of the whip and the jabbering Italian made this one really trot along for such a pint-size animal.

The beach was stony, but the water deep, and the bathhouses clean. Those who wanted to ride in a kayak found them for rent. For myself, I preferred to paddle around. The water was warm and so clear that I could see an octopus a hundred feet down which two fisherman were trying to bring up. Boiled octopus with lemon juice is considered a delicacy in Naples.

I am sure you would enjoy a visit to Villa Jovis, which is one of the houses Augustus Caesar built. Before he started construction he traded the island of Ischia for the isle of Capri. Almost every citizen there still claims that he drove a very sharp bargain. I have heard it said that the people of Ischia think that he got the worst of the deal. I will throw my lot in with Capri, because it is a unique place of internationalism. Quite a number of Americans own villas there.

There are more than a dozen Roman ruins on the island, but the one we visited lay about three quarters of a mile from the little town of Capri, where my hotel was. The main and only street was lined with souvenir shops. The approach to the hotels or private homes was a walk, usually about seven feet wide, which had

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UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

A Few Months Previous to Our Arrival Vesuvius Had Shown One of Its Temperamental Moods



# Mary Jane's DELIVERANCE

AS TOLD TO HELEN GRAUMAN

**M**ARY JANE! Mary Jane!" called a mother in St. John, New Brunswick Province of Canada. "Where can that child be?"

Reluctantly the girl put down a small Bible and took up her home duties.

"What were you reading?" her mother asked.

"About the time that Saint John baptized Jesus in the river Jordan," answered Mary Jane.

Her mother sighed. Why should the child be so particular about the form of her own baptism?

"Our minister says that to be sprinkled fulfills all the requirements. After all, if that is satisfactory to the whole Methodist Church, it should suit *you*!" Gently her parent rebuked her. But it did not "suit" the girl, and so while she continued to attend church she refused to be sprinkled. Nevertheless, when Mary Jane was eighteen the idea of being baptized "as Jesus was" became such a strong urge that she went to see a Baptist minister.

"Will you baptize me by immersion?" she asked him. He willingly agreed, and so the sacred rite was performed. She was ever a young woman of devout earnestness and determination, but she had little opportunity to study religious things.

Soon she was married, and in a short time was very busy with her family. Her young husband was an Episcopalian, and Mary Jane went to church with him when she could. For years she had repeated the Apostles' Creed, not only with the other communicants, but often by herself at home. As she said the words, the meaning of some of them troubled her, especially the part that read: "He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

As time went on, there was more and more reason for Mary Jane to think of those words, for as nine children came, death came too. Four of them passed away. She taught the little ones religion as best she could, even though her days were crowded with a multitude of duties.

Will, the eldest, was a large boy now. Someone had given him an English Bible history, but his mother found the book more interesting than did her son. In it were long passages of Scripture, with accompanying explanations of their meaning and chronological references. It was the nearest thing to a Bible in the house.

In time the family moved to the United States and settled in Minnesota. God's directing hand was in this transfer, but at the time Mary Jane was so busy that her spiritual quest had relaxed. But at times

the thought of those four little lost children of hers came to her with overpowering sadness.

Then suddenly the next youngest, bonny three-year-old Robbie, became very ill. In a few days he too died.

The older children were now in school, and grieving Mary Jane, alone most of the day, longed for the comfort God could give her; but where could she find Him? The old words of the creed came back, not as a comfort but to add to her perplexity: "To judge the quick and the dead."

The minister had said that her dear ones were already in heaven rejoicing. But if their destinies were settled, why should Christ come to judge them?

A neighbor called one day and tried to comfort Mary Jane in her great grief.

"You should accept my religion," she said. "Then you could talk to your departed loved ones often."

The thought of talking to little Robbie and of visiting with her beloved father, who had also passed away, seemed wonderful beyond words to the burdened woman.

"How can I learn your religion?"

"I will arrange for studies with a medium in town," promised the neighbor. And so the date was set.

The children went off to school. Mary Jane dressed carefully for her first lesson. Her work was well done. It was yet early.

"I will prepare my soul," she suddenly decided. So taking down her book with its quoted scriptures, she read:

"The meek will He guide in judgment: and the meek will He teach His way." Then she prayed long and earnestly that she might keep her spirit meek and that God would guide in her studies.

As the lessons continued, she went through this same little ceremony for a whole year of weeks. But she did not get much out of her lessons, for her teacher invariably seemed perturbed. One day her neighbor came to her and asked, "Have you talked with Robbie and your father yet?"

"Never!" exclaimed

Mary Jane. "And I wonder why. How I long to! Mr. Remain keeps promising me that soon they will come. Will it be today, I wonder?"

The hope spurred her on, and again opening the pages of her book, she read and prayed. She was unable to adequately express the deep longings of her heart, but God must have known them.

When she entered the medium's office that day, he was in unusual distress. He seemed upset, preoccupied, ill at ease. Finally he burst out:

"I don't know what's the matter. I thought I could put you across. I felt sure if you would just surrender yourself into my hands, you could become a medium. What is the trouble? What do you do before you come down here? Give me some idea of your preparation for your visit to my office."

"Preparation? Why, I pray," began Mary Jane. She got no further.

"You *pray*!" the man shouted. A torrent of unintelligible words poured out. He completely lost control of himself, becoming nearly insane with anger. He raced through the rooms like a madman, slamming doors, opening and shutting windows, banging and raging.

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Mary Jane Was Ever a Young Woman of Devout Earnestness and Determination



## Seek Usefulness

How did I settle the problem of a life-work? It has not been settled yet, but at one time I believed it had. From childhood I wanted to be a doctor or a nurse, but circumstances arose which prevented my completing high school in consecutive years. Underlying all my desires was my longing to be useful. This kept me plugging along until my goal was in view. Then, through much prayer and the aid of kind friends, I went to college.

I was at last taking those subjects that interested me. However, on January 1, 1946, an unfortunate accident occurred which has forever put nursing out of my reach. Now I am cutting stencils at one of our denominational publishing houses and am again praying for guidance as to what I shall do in the future. I believe God will direct your life if you allow Him. No doubt I would have always thought nursing was for me had God given me the opportunity to try. Now I realize He has something else in store.

Ask Him to direct your way and then do something about it. God will impress you what is best for you. One calling may appeal more than another. But try it, for if God does not want you in the particular place you choose He will cause your path to be changed. Counsel with your elders and then step out in faith. A life daily surrendered to God, will not go wrong. Expect heartbreak, trials, hardships, but stay by, and you will be where God wants you to be.

P. T. A. W., California.

## Wait on the Lord

THE difficulty most of us encounter in discerning our lifework is that we fail to realize that even the most humble aspect of any calling is an honorable work for God. Our vanity of heart often drives us to aim at impractical ambitions. We seem to fear that we will not be spectacular enough.

Few examples are found in the Bible of individuals who could not make up their minds as to their proper lifework. Daniel had all the props knocked out of his lifeplans when the armies invaded his homeland. But we find him full of purpose in the Babylonian courts. Ruth the Moabitess pressed on to an uncertain future with her embittered mother-in-law, yet she considered the care of Naomi as her calling.

The kind of occupation is not important to God. Abraham was just a shepherd; John the revelator, only a fisherman. Whether we are a servant for a Naaman, or a prime minister such as Daniel, our relationship to our Maker remains unchanged. Our duty to God and man is not influenced by our life-work or profession.

Daniel was promoted to the position of prime minister, but his greatest contribution to us lies in his prophecies. Dorcas may have been an office secretary, and carried on her benevolence as an extra. Solomon is not remembered for how he dressed and traveled and worked as a monarch, but his Proverbs are still a tribute to his wisdom, and he probably jotted them down in spare moments.

There are all kinds of hints in Holy Writ as to how to have purpose and authority in what we do. Solomon encourages us to work with our might. And he concludes Ecclesiastes, that scientific research into the real value of man's activity, with the summary to "fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

Too often the eye is blind to the work closest to us. If we cannot see when mother needs help in the kitchen or when dad could really use a strong arm, how can we visualize the duty that our heavenly Father asks of us?

Nothing of any moment is ever decided in a panic. The life of a Christian is not a life of haste. God moves mysteriously, as unobtrusively as the wind. We are to have pa-

tience and to wait for His leading, never doubting that He will lead us.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him."

R. J. R., New York.

## A Place for All

SURELY God has a place for every willing Seventh-day Adventist youth in His great work. Of course we may question what He would have us to do, but if only we counsel with Him about it, I am sure He will direct us in the choosing of a right profession. Then we should train for that profession. Every act should be better preparing us for a place in the Lord's work.

We should not fail to ask divine guidance, that we may choose the profession for which we are best fitted, and always keep before us this thought: "The harvest truly is plenteous but the labourers are few."

M. L. M., Arizona.

## Let God Lead

THE pen of divine inspiration informs us that God's ways and His thoughts are not our ways and thoughts. In choosing your lifework it is always best to leave the particulars to the Lord. His infinite eye can pierce the haze of future events, and He knows the path that each of His children must traverse.

It is our duty to surrender all, lay it on the altar of sacrifice, and allow His firm hand to guide our steps over the rocky path of life. Of course we may have several worthy professions which we feel would help much in the progress of the Lord's work.

Still there is only one line of service to which He has especially appointed us. Whether it is the ministry, medicine, nursing, teaching, or simply doorkeeping in the house of our God, each of these positions tends to make complete the work of the gospel. All of us may not have the opportunity to make a name for ourselves, but it should be remembered that even the lower lights must be burning.

We must not be disappointed at failing to realize our dreams of high ambitions, for "all things work together for good to them that love God." God may place us in a position of humility, but our immortal reward is infinitely greater than all the vain glory of this world. We will be granted the privilege, if we are faithful, of hearing from the lips of our King, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

R. C. H., California.

## Our Best for God

I BELIEVE that the lifework we choose should be the work which we can do the best. We surely should do our best for God.

N. D. W., California.

## Why Specialize?

WE are living in an age of specialists. Every job has become specialized. Carpentry is broken into rough carpentry, finish carpentry, lathers, roofers, and even the window jams and built-ins are made at the mill with specialized help. Why be satisfied to be just one kind of specialist? If a person is interested in two or three trades or skills that are not related, why not study all three? You will probably discover that you will like one better than the others or will be able to do one better than the others. You do not know in what field you are best able to work or



**PROPOSITION:** As S choice of a lifework they have them be, to do wh can they know just what interest in teaching, Bible man, in medicine, mechan not want either of them can they settle the quest you are settling your lifew

what you will enjoy most until you have had actual experience in that line. Therefore, I would say study all the fields that you are interested in. It is not always possible to get into any one field, but if you have more than one skill you have that much more of an opportunity to work in the field that you enjoy most. The more skills that you can acquire the richer your life will be. I am studying design at a vocational school. The course that I am following is so planned that the skills I learn could be used in any one of three or four jobs in case the job I am training for does not materialize.

G. M., Oregon.

## Missions Quarterly Helped

I AM at present a student at a public school. (We have only one Adventist school in England.) In about a week's time I shall be sitting for one of the most important examinations of my life.

If I pass this examination, which is known as the School Certificate, I shall go on to our college. There I shall pursue the ministerial course, hoping eventually to qualify as a missionary or medical missionary.

In my aim to be a missionary I am convinced that God has led me. In my very early teens my ideas for a lifework were constantly changing, but as I hear the urgent calls from the *Missions Quarterly*, and as I consider what an honor it is to be able to carry out God's commands to preach this gospel to the whole world, I feel convinced that this shall be my future career.

In helping myself reach this decision, however, I found that of myself I could do nothing, and it was only with much prayer that I made this choice. It is only by prayer that you can decide on such an important phase of your life. Therefore if you have any doubt whatever in your mind, pray about it. More things are wrought by prayer than any of us realize.

K. S., England.

## Choose Early

WHEN I was in my second year in the academy, it occurred to me to make a very definite choice of lifework. There are several advantages in choosing early, for you can make a beeline for the place you are going, and not wander here and there in a daze, not knowing what life is all about and wasting time on things that have no direct bearing on your work. I made it a point never to neglect an opportunity to learn a new fact or skill, no matter how unrelated it seemed to my interest of the moment, provided it did not interfere with my aims in life. With no neglected opportunities there are very few regrets.

When I had finished the general subjects of language, mathematics, agriculture, and





Adventist youth face the  
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m.

several trades, all of which were useful knowledge no matter what line of work I was to follow, I made a systematic plan for my life. Before choosing my school subjects the third year, I tried to estimate fairly my caliber, aptitudes, and skills, and considered the admonition—that we should put our minds to the stretch and not choose too easy a goal.

The indefinite aim, that I will go anywhere and do anything, may sound quite devotional, but I considered that even the place of service has some bearing on qualifications; hence the most definite choice of work and field of labor was decided on. Taking a world map, I tried to find a place I had heard the least about in mission work, thinking this might be the most neglected. In this I was partly mistaken. Anyway I decided to be the instructor in commercial and industrial subjects in Trinidad, British West Indies. I considered nine years of study and experience necessary to qualify for this position.

Then came the experience that every student has to go through when he is dictated to by a registrar and dean who may have only an artificial and abstract knowledge of life in general and of a mission field in particular. But "the world makes way for the man who knows where he is going," some experienced man has said; hence with a definiteness of conviction that discourages useless argumentation, I lined up for physiology, hydrotherapy, physics, accounting, typewriting, and other commercial and educational methods and some foreign languages, with a Bible class each year. Every day I spent hours on extracurricular activities, also four or five hours work daily, and yet I found time to read at least a book a month that I did not get credit for. I have never regretted cultivating the reading habit, and not merely taking what I had to, and reading only what was required.

When I had finished the commercial course and was in the middle of the second year of teacher training, the conference president asked if I could come and help at the conference office. I said I did not have my papers yet. He said, "Nobody is ever going to ask you what papers and degrees you have. They will ask you instead, what have you done, or what can you do?" One of my chief aims was to get actual experience in accounting and office work before teaching it to someone else; hence the decision was easy. Later when the General Conference asked me if I would go to the British West Indies, that too was easy to decide, because that was the place I had determined on seven years before.

Thus far the plan of having a definite program seemed to work out on schedule, but when the tropical climate and overwork

ruined my health, the true value of a practical education was demonstrated. For ten years, I helped needy students earn their education by bookbinding, even when I was unable to do the work myself.

H. K., California.

### Pray About It

THE best way to find out what your employer wants you to do is to go to that person and ask him, is it not? Similarly, if we want to be and do what God wants us to be and do, we should go to Him and ask Him. If we kneel down and pray earnestly that God will tell us what to choose as our lifework, *He will answer our prayer.*

I read an article on prayer which said that most people just said their prayers and then arose from their knees without giving God a chance to answer. Instead we should remain quietly on our knees and give God a chance to talk to us. I have tried this and find it very helpful.

I plan to enter nurses' training this fall. One reason I want to be a nurse is that my mother has always told me that nursing is next to preaching, and I want to work in the field where I can best help God.

But there is one thing to remember about choosing a lifework. Be sure that it is what you want to do and what God wants you to do, not what someone else wants you to do or be. Also a person can qualify to work in more than one field by training for one field at a time. But I do not think a person should attempt to train for more than one kind of work at a time.

M. V. W., District of Columbia.

### Four Steps to Success

THE call Jesus made by the Sea of Galilee for His disciples is still echoing down the ages to the Adventist youth of today.

Yes, Jesus is saying to us, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

The question with young people is, How can I know the Lord wants me to serve in a particular vocation or profession?

I think there are four ways by which we can know how to find the lifework that the Lord wants us to do.

The first is prayer. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find." Yes, we must ask the Lord to direct us in our lifework, and then follow His instructions.

For He says, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go."

The second is encouragement by true friends. In the church are those who have a personal interest in youth. These sincere Christian friends will instruct us as Paul instructed Timothy when he was young and starting out in the ministry. If we accept the help of our friends, God will direct us. For "a man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps."

The third is our own desires and aptitudes. Do the thing which you desire to do and in which you are talented. If you desire to be a mechanic, farmer, minister, doctor, or nurse, be one. But get busy! As an instructor at a certain colporteur institute said, "Many want to do the colporteur work, but they are lost while desiring to do so." Do that which you are best fitted for, but remember, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

The fourth is learning by experience. Ex-

periment with different types of work. See which kind you prefer. One which appeals to you more than another is the one which you should choose.

If you are confused, then listen to the advice of Isaiah: "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it."

But above all, the Lord wants each and every one of us to win souls to the kingdom of heaven. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

Yes, fellow youth, now is the time for us to finish the Lord's work. So let us each and every one say, "I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine. I'll go where you want me to go. I'll say what you want me to say. I'll be what you want me to be."

J. H. L., Ohio.

**SUMMARY:** What shall you do with your life? First, give it to the Lord—all there is of it—and do not reserve even the smallest part for yourself. Second, ask His guidance, and then allow Him to direct your steps into paths He sees are best. Third, co-operate with Him in securing the best possible general education, and when you discern His guidance into some special field, specialize in that, endeavoring to become as efficient as possible. Fourth, if you are interested in more than one special line of endeavor, learn all that you can about each one—in fact, learn all that you can about *everything!* Someday, out on an isolated mission station, a fragment of miscellaneous knowledge you have picked up here or there may enable you to save a situation. Remember, the admonition of the wise man, "With all thy getting get understanding," gives the secret of a happy, satisfying, successful life. And if, with heart and mind attune to heaven, you listen for His directions, you will surely hear the still, small voice directing, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

L. E. C.

## 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?

### DEADLINE—NOVEMBER 3

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

Why not write and mail your part in this discussion today!





**J**IMMY KAATZ had well-developed muscles in his sturdy legs and arms. He was a "regular" boy, full of life and fun. There was nothing slow or sissified about him. He loved outdoor sports.

He loved to go to church, too, and even though he was the only junior boy in the Sabbath school in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, his interest never lagged. He had lived in Oshkosh all his life, but he had been attending Sabbath school for only one year of that time when I first met him there at church.

Every week, through rain or snow or hot summer sunshine, he was in his place, regularly and on time. His round face would beam with smiles, and his blue eyes would grow eager in the discussion of the day's lesson. He always knew that lesson too, including the memory verse.

This was not true because his mother taught him faithfully, or insisted that he study the lesson every day, for Jimmy had no mother. Nor was it because his father urged him. Mr. Kaatz was not a member of the church or Sabbath school. He enjoyed the services when he attended them, and he went frequently with Jimmy, whenever he happened to be home over the week end.

"How did Jimmy become a Sabbath school member?" I asked his class teacher, Mrs. Ashton, one Sabbath as we stood in the entrance to the auditorium after the day's services were over. "I can't help being curious about him," I went on. "How did he learn about keeping Sabbath?"

"Well, you see," she began in explanation, "since Mr. Kaatz's work takes him away from home and out of town a great deal, he employs a housekeeper to look after the home and to take care of Jimmy and his little sister. As it happens, the housekeeper is a member of our church, and when she began work in that home she invited the two children to attend Sabbath school with her. They both enjoy coming. Jimmy is studious, and I think he will make a worker for the Lord someday—a minister, perhaps. Let me show you something."

She reached into her large handbag and drew out a black notebook, composition size, and handed it to me. The cover bore the title, "My Church."

"Take that home and look it over," she said, "then tell me what you think. But don't forget to bring it back!"

"Tell you what I think?" I asked. "About this or about Jimmy? I don't quite understand."

"Both. This is some of Jimmy's work. You'll understand when you look it through."

As I took the composition book I saw that neatly attached to it were two sample copies of *Signs of the Times*, two of *Life and Health*, and the forty-third annual calendar of Bethel Academy. One of the *Signs* was the attractive temperance issue for that year. Carefully clipped to each of these samples was an explanatory note that Jimmy had written. Then I opened

# MY CHURCH

By  
ALTA  
HILLIARD  
CHRISTENSEN

the book and saw, on the first page inside:

"The  
Seventh-day  
Adventist  
Church

By  
Jim Kaatz."

The second page contained a table of contents, neatly printed in Jimmy's penmanship. The "Contents" listed were:

"Preface  
History of in America  
Doctrine  
Church History  
Organizations  
Church Officers  
Miscellaneous."

"This looks like a comprehensive survey," I remarked. "Did Jimmy prepare this for something special in Sabbath school?"

"No," Mrs. Ashton answered. "He did that for classwork in English, in seventh grade."

I looked at her in surprise. There was no church school in Oshkosh. Why would Jimmy write a history and account of the

Seventh-day Adventist Church for classwork in public school?

"His English teacher required a composition for one assignment about ten days ago," Mrs. Ashton explained, "and she allowed her pupils to choose their own topics. Jimmy chose the one nearest his heart. I think, too," she added after a moment's pause, "that he felt this was one way to do missionary work."

At this point the pastor turned from the outer doorway and came toward us. He had been shaking hands with the people as they left, and we were the last ones to go. Noticing the book in my hand, he remarked, "Jimmy surprised everyone with that. It's an excellent essay, methodically arranged, well stated, and well written. I wish Sabbath school juniors everywhere could see it. Jimmy has shown that he is as good a student as he is an athlete, and that he knows his Bible. It's wonderful!"

When I reached home and read it through I thought so too. You could see Jimmy's sincerity and earnestness on every page. The "Preface" was a clipping, "The Four Freedoms," and Jimmy had carefully underlined the second "freedom" with two neat double lines. Under the clipping he had written:

"The right to worship God as we please is one of our greatest democratic freedoms. We hope to establish that freedom all over the world someday. Will that day ever come? That isn't for us mortals to say, for by the time the expected end of this war actually is [World War II], this old sinful world may be a smoldering mass of ashes. Are we ready for Christ's returning, or will we be among the ashes?"

Following the preface were eight pages on the life and work of William Miller, and then Jimmy devoted three pages to "My Church Doctrine," with subdivisions on "The Sabbath," "Baptism," "Tithing," "Temperance," and two or three other similar topics. In explanation of the Sabbath doctrine he first quoted the fourth commandment, then stated, "We base our firm beliefs on the solid foundation of the Bible," and went on to show that the true Sabbath is the seventh day of the week and not Sunday, the first day. In support

—Please turn to page 18







## The LITTLE BUILDERS

By DAVID I. SHAW

IT WAS corn-planting time in Maine, and the countryside was beautiful to both ear and eye. The song of birds was wafted on every May breeze, while opening leaves and delicately colored flowers were to be seen at every turn of the road.

Louise and Robert were very happy to think they were going out to visit Aunt Amy, for there were many things to do there. It seemed that Aunt Amy and Uncle Walter lived in a place that provided never-ending amusement and interesting work. Their home was a great brick house on a hill overlooking the winding Sandy River. Its rambling attic and spacious sheds were delightful places to a boy and girl who played together peaceably, as a brother and sister should. Then there was the large barn where the horses, cows, and sheep were kept. The hencoops always sheltered fluffy baby chicks in the springtime, and of course there was a dog. He was a shaggy fellow that liked to romp as well as any boy. Last but not least, Louise was devoted to a family of snow-white kittens.

After warm greetings to Aunt Amy and the pets, Louise and Robert ran back out into the yard, where something had attracted their attention. Some strange birds were building curious nests of mud up under the eaves of the house. As they worked, the little creatures made a queer gurgling sound and chirped and twittered very differently from the songbirds with which Louise and Robert were acquainted. Uncle Walter, coming from the barn, noticed the interest of the children, and put a short ladder up onto the porch roof so they could climb it, and thus get a closer view of the birds. He went up behind them, to see that they did not fall. The children expected to see the birds all fly away at their approach, but so busy were the little feathered builders that

they did not seem to notice the presence of the visitors.

"They are eave swallows, sometimes called cliff swallows," explained Uncle Walter. "They like to build near the homes of man. Notice at one end of the eaves a little bird has just started her nest. Next to her is a nest half finished, while down at the other end you will see a completed nest."

"But how small the door is!" exclaimed Louise. "It does not seem as though they could get in through such a small hole."

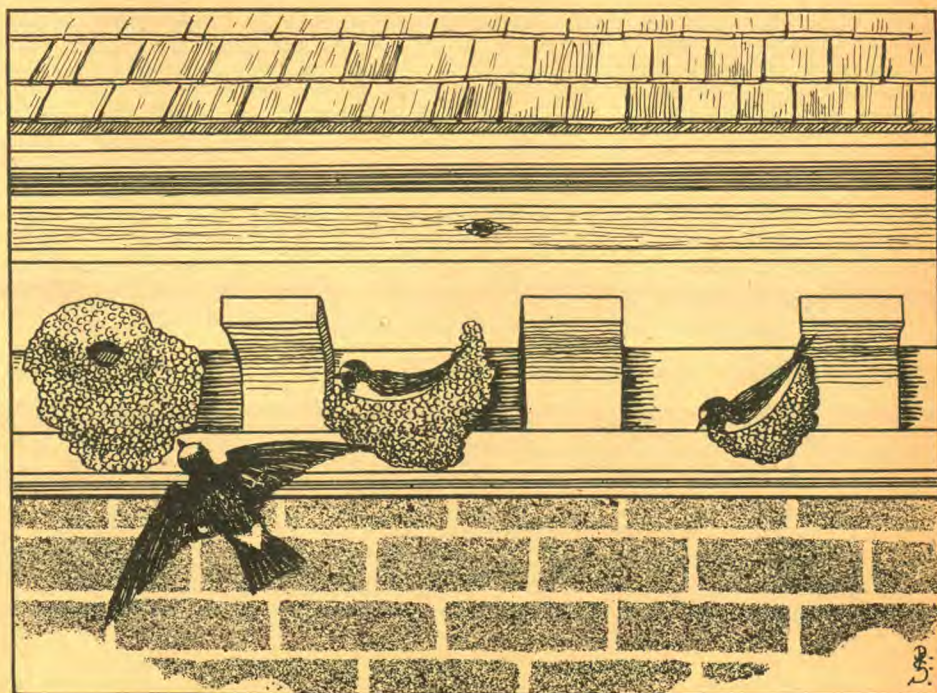
"I guess they can all right; there goes one now," Robert replied, and as he spoke a swallow flew to the opening and disappeared instantly. He turned around in the nest and appeared a moment later with his head at the opening. He looked so funny peeking out that both children laughed aloud.

"He looks like a clown," suggested Uncle Walter.

"Those nests and the birds make me think of the colonies of foreigners who build little stucco houses in some parts of the city," said Louise. "They are always busy with their work, and when they talk I cannot understand what they say. These birds sound as though they were talking in a strange language."

"If you studied enough you would be able to understand the language of the people you were speaking of," answered Uncle Walter, "and if you knew more about nature's ways, these birds would not seem so much like strangers to you. Before we go down to see where they get their mud, I want you to notice how skillfully they use their bills for trowels. They bring little pellets of mud and plaster up to their homes, shaping the inside with their bodies. When they are through with their building they have a very cozy little home where their babies will be safe from enemies. They have never built here before, but you may be sure I am glad to have them for my neighbors, for they are useful to the farmers, and catch hundreds of insects that destroy crops."

With the help of Uncle Walter the children climbed down and went with



DAVID I. SHAW, ARTIST

At the Right a Little Bird Has Just Started Her Nest. Next to Her Is a Nest Half Finished, While at the Left You See a Completed Nest



him to a spring at the pasture bars where the cows were watered. There was a quantity of mud around the spring such as the swallows used for building. At a little distance from this spring the watchers stood while the swallows flew gracefully from their nests to the spring and back again. They acted as if they loved the work, and no one could doubt that they enjoyed flying, for a bird would not fly directly to and from the nest but would sweep in circles, change direction, and after a while on the wing would arrive at the nest.

"They are perfect little aviators," remarked Robert admiringly.

"There is one going in the barn window," Louise said.

"Yes," answered her uncle, "That is a barn swallow. He is another kind of swallow. Barn swallows build inside a barn or another building, but as you see they use the same kind of mud that the cave swallows do. There are at least a half dozen kinds of swallows in the United States, and they are all useful to the farmer."

For a long time Louise and Robert watched the swallows at their work and listened to their sweet warblings.

"I love them," Louise said softly as the children left to play with the dog.

"I'll admit that they're clever little fellows," Robert replied. "Isn't there a lot to see and do out here at Aunt Amy's?"

## Chart and Compass

(Continued from page 6)

The compass? Ah, yes! what better, more reliable compass could we ask than the law of God, unshakable, unalterable, eternal? "Remember, the compass doesn't turn." We may change our course, but those ten commands will still point true north. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away."

But the winds are strong, and the current is treacherous! With all the care and faithfulness you can muster, there is always the danger of being carried off the course, and being lost in the tossing, raging ocean. Danger? Yes, until we remember that God in His mercy has given us a "fixed point" by which we can determine our true position and check our course. "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith," "let us run with patience the race that is set before us." "Jesus never fails," the song tells us; thank God that it is so! Over the shriek of the gale, the crash of the waves, the sickening roll, and pitch, and shudder of the ship, comes the calm, tender voice of Jesus, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Truly, "chart and compass come from Thee." What better assurance could you have, my young Adventist friend, that you will weather the storm of life than the

blessed invitation and assurance of Jesus, our Saviour? Deep in your heart, let the prayer abide:

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."



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

## Bible Questions

By NELLIE M. BUTLER

1. His name begins with "E." He was a son of Seth.
2. He lived a shepherd's life and died a martyr's death.
3. She was a faithful wife of a patriarch of old.  
Who was "rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold?"
4. His name means rest, or comfort; a trusty man was he;  
He made a voyage safely upon a stormy sea.
5. He was the son of Buzi, a prophet and a priest.
6. He said of the apostles and saints he was the least.
7. She was buried beneath an oak. They wept much for her.
8. This city saw destruction without a comforter.
9. He lived 969 years.
10. Some people said, "Sit down now, and read it in our ears."
11. He said, "At midnight I will rise to give unto Thee."
12. They prophesied of singing trees. When will that singing be?

## Bible Nature

By ALTA CHRISTENSEN

1. Which of these trees are *not* mentioned in the Bible?

Fig Tree	Cedar tree
Fir Tree	Lemon tree
Peach Tree	Palm tree
Olive tree	Orange tree
Apple tree	Myrtle tree

2. What text says that birds will carry secrets?
3. What verses in the Bible contain a description of the hippopotamus?

—Key on page 19

## Capri Adventure

(Continued from page 10)

a stone wall about six feet high built right up against it. I took one of these walks, and it led me to where an old man and a boy stood with two horses.

The youth burst out with, "You wan' ta' ride, soldier?"

"Why, I might take one. *Quanta costa?*" "Only one thousand lires an hour!"

"That is too much, *pison*. I will give you three hundred."

In any place in Italy it is a poor policy to give the price that is asked at first, because it is always twice too high.

"You can ride him for eight hundred and that is the best I can do," the boy said.

But I preferred to walk at that price. So I continued on my way, noticing that each gatepost of each entrance arch had a peculiar tile set in it. Every one had the picture of a dog and an inscription, "*Cave canem*," Latin for "Beware of the dog." Later I bought one for a souvenir. As I came up the hill past some small vineyards, the houses thinned out until I could see the beautiful, deep, blue Mediterranean again. This is the gem of the seven seas. A burning sun shone down on the waving brown grass in the foreground, and the breeze from the sea kept me pleasantly cool. This was indeed a happy day to be alive. I was startled from my dream by finding myself at my destination—Cesais Villa.

A guide met me and asked if he could show me around for thirty-five lires, which I gave him before he decided to change his mind.

"To your right is the very famous Pharos lighthouse." The structure was of stone masonry about twenty feet in diameter. The top had been shaken off by an earthquake, and now it stood only as a reminder of a glorious past. The original Pharos lighthouse was one of the seven wonders of the world and stood in the ancient port of Alexandria. This ancient name was later applied to a series of lighthouses in the Mediterranean.

"Why does this gate open right over the cliff?" I asked.

"Oh, don't you know? That is where unfaithful servants and some political enemies were disposed of," said the guide.

I looked down seven hundred feet to a sheet of rock which could easily slide many a bloody victim to its grave in the sea.

Next came the dining room. It was not very large, but I imagined that Augustus Caesar must have had it well furnished with heavy carved hardwood and perhaps four or five elaborately overstuffed couches. The parties there were drunken, gluttonous feasts, as witnessed by a special room called a vomitory. The rest of the building was composed of one or two front rooms and two or three bedrooms. As water was a great problem, in the middle of the house there were two huge reservoirs which stored rain water for the long summers.

This was the last point of interest that I visited, and I went back to our clean white hospital ship very thankful for the fine trip Uncle Sam had given me. I also appreciated the opportunity to see this picturesque island of Capri where great men of another generation made history.



# STAMPS

CONDUCTED BY REID SHEPARD

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

## A Royal Visit

BRITAIN'S royal family—King George VI, Queen Elizabeth, and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose—recently visited the Dominion of the Union of South Africa.

The set of stamps which has been issued to commemorate the event is truly beautiful. The bicolored one-penny issue shows His Majesty; the two-penny light purple shows the king and queen together; and the three-penny blue pictures the two princesses. It is customary for the stamps of South Africa to be issued in bilingual pairs—one in English, the other in Afrikaans. According to the *Stanley Gibbons Stamp Catalogue*, standard for all British collectors, it is considered best to preserve such stamps in undivided pairs.

Southwest Africa commemorated the royal visit by overprinting the above-described stamps with the letters S.W.A. Southern Rhodesia, Bechuanaland Protectorate, Swaziland, and Basutoland issued their own stamps bearing portraits of the family.

One of our Stamp Corner friends sent me a South African daily paper which gave a detailed account of the royal visit to Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the province of Natal. I thought you readers might be interested in some of the high lights.

First of all, it is estimated that alterations on H.M.S. *Vanguard*, in order to prepare it for the trip, cost one hundred seventy thousand pounds!

The following quotations are from *The Natal Mercury*.

"With a warmth and a lavishness unsurpassed in ninety years as a chief city of the Province, Maritzburg [local name for Pietermaritzburg] roared its appreciation of the honor bestowed by its charming visitors. The main streets were a sea of undulating colour as the breeze stirred the thousands of flags and miles of bunting hanging from the buildings. The largest crowd that Maritzburg has ever seen (estimated at 90,000) lined the pavements of the long route. But it was the children who stole the show; nearly ten thousand massed in the park shrieked themselves hoarse with excitement. They were run a close second by four thousand Indian children who packed the show ground. At least six thousand Indian men and women joined in the cheers."

The royal family also visited Eshowe, the historic capital of Zululand, where they received a loyal and spectacular wel-

come from the Zulu people, who for the first time in more than sixty years danced as a nation for visitors. "The Zulu dancers had vulture or sakabula feathers on their heads, leopard or monkey skins on their chests, white oxtail hair on their arms between the wrist and elbow. Black and white calf skins draped the rest of their sleek bodies. Beads and dried tree-seeds rattling on their legs and calfskin shields completed the array."

The illustrations in South Africa papers show large public buildings elaborately decorated with electric lights, and



natives in their tribal costumes. It surely must have been a gala occasion, with throngs of people in attendance. The friendly appearance of the visitors, the happy countenances of the spectators, and the human-interest stories told of intimate conversations between the royal family and their subjects show plainly the good spirit that exists between rulers and ruled.

### To Stamp Corner Friends Outside of the United States

We have a selection of recent U.S. Commemoratives, Presidentials, and 5-, 6-, and 8-cent air mails that we will send you in exchange for a self-addressed envelope and an unused commemorative stamp from your country equal in value to the five cents U.S. postage required to mail these to you. Also, if you have used stamps that you would like to donate for free distribution, we shall surely appreciate them.

## We "Walked In" To Tatsienlu

(Continued from page 7)

which tasted good enough after a hard day.

"That evening our supper consisted entirely of fresh tomatoes and green peaches—a whole washdish full of them. The following day our course turned off the large river running through Luting and followed the course of a little smaller but still roaring stream for about fifteen miles to Kangting.

"When we stopped for our dinner that day our men used up the last bit of money that was coming to them, as we had been on the road an extra three days. One of them pawned his ragged coat for a smoke of opium. But finally we got started again for the last stretch into Tatsienlu.

"Darkness had already settled down by the time we reached our mission compound. But Tatsienlu streets are not dark, being well lighted with hydraulic electricity. We received a real welcome from the Kung family, Doctors Ma and Ling, and the other workers there.

"Since the trip had taken so long, we decided to make it worth while by holding three meetings a day during the following week. Pastors Geraty, Lu, and I each took one of these. We also had a baptismal class, and one day went up the river to a very small but clear lake where four persons were baptized. Among these was He Chi, the Tibetan woman who had worked at our mission for missionary families for seven years. She had entirely given up her idols, and seemed earnest and happy in her Christian life. Her husband also works for the hospital as translator, but when he goes on a trip he still has to carry his little idol.

"The doctors showed us through the hospital. There are ten inpatients and an outpatient department of fifty to seventy daily. More than half of these are Tibetans. One great difficulty is the superstition by which these people are bound. A patient must have the approval of the lama before he can undergo even a minor operation, and must wait for a suitable day. Sometimes the lucky day is at a time most inconvenient for the doctor. A patient who had just had an operation for hernia had released forty chickens on the mountain a few days before to bring good luck. The lamas also decide by some means of magic to which hospital the patient shall go. Many are directed to our hospital, so there was a financial gain for the first part of the year. Two or three others under treatment had been opium addicts and were taking the cure.

"The return trip was as interesting as the one out. Rain fell daily. Mrs. Guild and I followed a man who carried some of our things on his back instead of using two poles as did the other carriers. He started early and walked slowly. We therefore got along much better, without sore legs or feet. Nora walked all the way.

"That last day into Yaan was terrible. We had reached Heavenly Perfection just at dark the night before. Early in the day we crossed the river where the ferry had been wrecked. Just out of town a lovely falls was dropping right in the middle of the road. On the outer edge was a sheer cliff down to the river. A six inch stream was in the road. We took off our shoes and waded for several hundred feet over the rough stones, with the water beating down on top of us. We had only thirty more li to go. Ten li down the road we came to the place where a great stone had rolled down, making a slough about fifty feet wide and eight or ten feet deep over the road and going down to the river. We were directed to go back and around over the mountain, but people were continually crossing so we decided to try it too.



"Perhaps this was the 'slough of despond' which John Bunyan saw in his dream, but if so it must have been a nightmare, for everyone was having a terrible time. Our carrier went over first, put his load down, then came back to help us. We started in. Our shoes were tied around my neck. The mud was more than knee deep, with sharp stones in it, and before we were finished our clothes were muddy too. It took about half an hour to cross. The adventure ended by sliding schoolground fashion down the slippery, slanting side of a big rock to the bottom, where our coolie caught us and led us to a stream to wash off the mud. Nora's wrist watch did not run for a while after that experience, but it is fixed now.

"The next day's jeep ride back to Chengtu was a welcome change from walking, and . . . as we came over the last range of hills just before sunset, there was a beautiful double rainbow over the Chungking valley, which seemed to be a promise of better things in the future for West China."

## My Church

(Continued from page 14)

of his statement that Christ did not change the Sabbath and also that it was not changed at the time of the resurrection, he quoted Matthew 5:18 and Luke 23:36.

The paragraph on baptism was clear and concise:

"Baptism is the process of ending an old and sinful life and taking on a new and holy life. It is necessary, according to Mark 16:16, to *believe* before being baptized. Therefore you must be old enough to think for yourself to believe. Thus this would exclude infants. We believe in baptism that you are born again. Therefore you die by immersion and take on a new and holy life as you arise."

Jimmy wrote one page on the history of the local church and accompanied it with a snapshot of the building. Another page told of denominational grade schools, academies, and colleges, noting in particular those of the Lake Union Conference. Sanitariums and hospitals were mentioned, also the weekly broadcast of the Voice of Prophecy. He did not forget the Missionary Volunteer Society of his own church, and he told what had been accomplished in Oshkosh by their local Dorcas society.

His notes describing the attached periodicals gave the name of the publishing house for each, and the yearly subscription rates, and called attention to articles of special interest.

As I read the essay through I wondered what his English teacher's impression was when she read it, and I hoped that she would remember—indeed, that she would not be able to forget—the Bible truths that had come to her in this unique way.

Before I returned the composition book to Mrs. Ashton I had the privilege of seeing Jimmy baptized. It was a gloriously bright Sabbath afternoon in early summer when he followed his pastor into the clear waters of beautiful Lake Winnebago, and he was a happy boy as he arose to "take on the new life" of which he had written.

"Jimmy puts his whole heart into everything he does," Mrs. Ashton remarked to me, "whether it is work, play, athletics, study, or Sabbath school duties. He will be a good missionary at home, and I hope that someday he will have the privilege of going abroad to teach others the doctrines of the church he loves to call 'My Church.'"



By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

The number of each of the following questions gives the clue to the answer. How many can you guess? Six correct is good; if you get them all, you are just plain lucky.

1. What Utopian dream did Wendell Willkie express in the title of the book he wrote just before his death?
2. A familiar saying expresses the worth of a feathered creature held in the hand. What is the proverb?
3. "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil" is a Japanese maxim associated with what group of carved figures?
4. With what number does Lincoln's Gettysburg address begin? (Four words.)
5. Can you name the political experimental program under which the Soviet government operates?
6. What is another name for a woman's intuition, or extrasensory perception?
7. The world's greatest earthquake will be the last of what series of catastrophes before the end of time?
8. What is the common name for doubloons, the ancient Spanish coins linked with tales of pirates and treasure?
9. What flogging instrument is made of knotted cords?
10. Can you remember the number of angels given in the Bible?

—Answers on page 20

## Mary Jane's Deliverance

(Continued from page 11)

Mary Jane's heart pounded, and she was trembling as she left the office and hurried to her neighbor's house. Mrs. Fraser was down on her knees wiping up the kitchen floor. Near by stood a pail of water. Speaking hastily, she asked, "You must tell me something. Is this is a religion, what is its heart? Is it Jesus? Do you believe in a crucified and risen Christ who died for your sins and mine?"

Mrs. Fraser straightened up.

"Believe in Jesus Christ? No! Who was He? Just a man. He was no better than my Jim!"

"Is this your personal opinion, or is it the belief of your whole group?"

"Why, of course it is the belief of the whole group!" And at this point she too suddenly became so upset at these direct questions that she picked up the pail of water and threw its contents splashing across the floor!

With this act Mary Jane's last hope of help from Spiritualism was completely quenched. Not long afterward she and her husband moved to another part of the city.

"Look at our neighbor lady!" small Gertrude said to her mother one Saturday morning as she looked out the window of their new home. Mary Jane glanced through the window as her little daughter had directed.

There, going down the walk of her home, was a pleasant-faced woman evidently dressed in her best clothes. Strangely enough, she carried a large Bible under her arm. The next week when Saturday came, the same thing happened. Gertrude began to watch for the woman's appearance. Mary Jane had never met her neighbor, but she had learned that her name was Mrs. Hanson.

Then one night she had a dream. In company with her mother, long dead, she seemed to be out in a lonely place near the edge of a precipice. A great darkness was over everything. Fear was in her heart. Billows of dark clouds rolled across the sky. Far away, a great distance across the valley, she saw a tiny light, which grew brighter as it came closer, dispelling the darkness. She was aware that this light was Jesus coming in the clouds of heaven. She heard Him say, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments!"

But she held back and whispered to her mother, "You go. I am not ready."

The dream stayed with her. The next morning when the children were off to school, Mary Jane did not tidy up the house as usual. The dishes were left standing on the table—a thing unheard of in that neat household. Getting out her book, she found the place where the commandments were quoted, and read them one by one, stopping after each to think and meditate.

"Well, I love my Lord. I keep that one." And so on to the tenth. But she kept coming back to the fourth.

"The seventh day?" she mused. She got down the calendar and looked at it.

"What is wrong?" she exclaimed. "Christians are not keeping the seventh day!"

At this point, in the midst of her puzzling, her new neighbor knocked at the door. It was her first visit. Without any thought of the dishes or the state of her house, Mary Jane immediately invited Mrs. Hanson in and told her about her dream. Then she expressed her dismay at



the thought which had just come to her.

"Don't you think the Lord is calling you?" asked Mrs. Hanson.

"Yes," agreed Mary Jane humbly. "It does seem like it. And I do love my Lord, but do I keep His commandments?"

"Let me give you some Bible studies," Mrs. Hanson quietly suggested, and her distressed neighbor gladly accepted the offer.

"Here is a little present for you!" Mrs. Hanson told Mary Jane not long after. It was a small Bible.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Mary Jane happily. "I'm sure it will become one of my dearest possessions. It shall stay right here on this little shelf in the kitchen so it will be handy all the time."

Day after day, during spare moments, the Bible was studied and read. Daily Mary Jane went to Mrs. Hanson's home for her lesson. Soon a path was worn in the grass between the two houses. The Bible was worn too, but the life of the little Book was imparting new life to Mary Jane's hungry heart. She had found the answers to many of her questions and knew now that her loved ones were sleeping peacefully in death and would remain in their graves until the resurrection, when Christ shall indeed come to judge the "quick and the dead."

Before her life ended, Mary Jane led several people into the truths of the third angel's message. She is now sleeping until Jesus calls her, but her influence lives on in the lives of others.

## Why Aim At Fame?

(Continued from page 1)

it." "And the conqueror, he who till the end lays to heart the duties I enjoin, I will give him authority over the nations—aye, he will shepherd them with an iron flail, shattering them like a potter's jars." "The conqueror shall be clad in white raiment; I will never erase his name from the book of Life." "As for the conqueror, I will make him a pillar in the temple of My God (nevermore shall he leave it), and I will inscribe on him the name of My God, the name of the city of My God (the new Jerusalem which descends out of heaven from My God), and My own new name." "The conqueror I will allow to sit beside Me on My throne, as I myself have conquered and sat down beside My Father on His throne."

To the Christian who, like his Master, makes himself of no reputation, takes upon him the form of a servant, and gives a negative reply to fame's seducing, will come the reward of heaven—eternal glory!

### Key to "Bible Questions"

1. Gen. 5:6. 2. Gen. 4:4-8. 3. Gen. 12:5; 13:2. 4. Gen. 5:29 (margin). 5. Eze. 1:1-3. 6. 1 Cor. 15:9. 7. Gen. 35:8 (margin). 8. Lam. 1:8. 9. Gen. 5:27. 10. Jer. 36:15. 11. Ps. 119:82. 12. Isa. 44:23; 1 Chron. 16:33.

### Key to "Bible Nature"

1. Peach, apple, orange, lemon. 2. Ecclesiastes 10:20. 3. Job. 40:15-24 (margin), A.R.V.

## Sleeping on Guard

(Continued from page 8)

ist, who had been a "C" prisoner became the only "A" prisoner; and his companions who had been "A" and "B" prisoners became "C" prisoners.

Most of the other boys gave in and went to work eventually, but the three who still refused were placed in solitary confinement in the black box without food. In trying to escape they burned down the solitary confinement building, where our Sabbathkeeping prisoner spent each Sabbath day. Now he could no longer be confined, but was free to spend the Sabbath as he chose.

When at last the six months were up, Lloyd left the guardhouse a different person. He knew God personally and loved His Word. To his joy he found that while he had been imprisoned, his wife, too, had been studying the third angel's message, and together they followed their Lord in baptism.

He fully expected to be back in the guardhouse again the next Sabbath, but there seemed to be divine intervention in his behalf.

It so happened that the officer who prosecuted his case was the adjutant of his squadron and remembered Lloyd. The first thing he said was, "I remember your case. You are the fellow who doesn't work on Saturday. Well, there is no need of fighting this matter further. We'll give you your day off."

What a happy surprise! But our Seventh-day Adventist soldier hastened to tell the officer that he could not carry a gun or do anything pertaining to the destruction of life. The officer knew he would have difficulty about that, and asked him to suggest what they could do with him. When Lloyd expressed his desire to be transferred into the Medical Corps, the officer told him to return the next morning and the transfer would be ready.

When he met the commanding officer of the Medical Detachment the next day, he was told that there was another Seventh-day Adventist boy there who was one of the best men in the outfit, and the officer did not see why Lloyd could not be just as good. The first sergeant was told that there was another Seventh-day Adventist in the unit, so he had no difficulty getting Sabbaths off.

He enjoyed his work in the surgical ward and did everything possible for his patients. It was there that the camp pastor found him. The officer who had fined him and sentenced him to hard labor was a doctor. It was gratifying to have that same doctor tell Lloyd before he was transferred overseas that he was one of the best ward boys he had ever met.

Of course there were other tests. Like many of our boys, he was taken out of the medics and thrown into the infantry pool, but a letter from his wife brought the camp pastor quickly to his aid, and soon

he was put back in the Medical Corps.

Overseas he went—to the Pacific—where he did all within his power to save the lives of his companions.

Today Lloyd is enrolled in an Adventist college preparing for a place in the Lord's work, hoping that before long he too may be numbered among those who are dedicated to the winning of souls.



## Moonstruck

By Mary Green

WE HAD had a beach party in front of our cottage that night. The clock was fast catching up to tomorrow as I gathered the "last remains." I found one lone marshmallow and a few glowing embers. What a delightful combination! The moon was melting like golden butter into the lake. It looked so warm and friendly staying up with me, helping me toast my find. I wanted to go closer—to see what it was like up there.

"All right, little dreamer, come on up—it's only 239,000 miles. Hop on a radar beam, and you can make it in one and a quarter seconds. Or tank up your rocket ship with a handful of split atoms. One pound will take you as far as 200,000 gallons of gasoline.

"Be sure to put on your moon suit and bring a good supply of oxygen and drinking water. Sorry, I don't have any to give you, but I will supply the temperature—anything from boiling on down to 200 degrees below zero. After you leave that six-hundred-mile ring of air around earth you will be strictly out in space. Be careful of flying meteors.

"I'll guarantee you won't sneeze from dust either—I just don't have any up here. That's why my shadows are so dark—no air or dust particles for the sun to reflect on—and also that is why the sun bursts forth from pitch blackness. This also means there is nothing for the sound waves to bounce on; so practice your sign language on the way up.

"Every Tuesday I have a special tour over the Alps and through Copernicus. Certainly I have mountains—some of them are 20,000 feet high. And Copernicus is my pet cavern; it's larger than the whole State of Rhode Island.

You had better leave by sunset, though, for I'm afraid you couldn't stand the temperature change. It may drop 400 degrees. But you will have had two weeks of light, and I don't really believe you could stand the dead silence, the cold grayness, or the parching dryness much longer than that."

My marshmallow slid slyly off the end of the stick and plopped in the now cold ashes just as I came back to earth.



## Smiling "Seven Day" Boys

(Continued from page 9)

found that thirty-two boys and girls were waiting to become Seventh-day, but one day one white missionary belong to other mission came to gave them medicine, and he told them that they must not go to Seventh-day church, so some boys and girls don't want any more to become Seventh-day.

"After that the Japanese came to Madang, and we went back to Madang. So we all were in Madang, and we were making school for the boys and girls in Madang when Japanese were there. Then afterward the American plane drop a short letter to us. When we opened the letter and readed it, we were know that they want us to go bush; so we were followed what they told us, and we went to the bush. When we were in the bush Masikuku became sick and we were in a cave, and the war were very strong that time. We have no food, we were eating coconut that's all, so Masikuku die there in the cave. Then we left that cave and go to other cave with Mamatau and his wife and his little sister. Then we heard that Australian and American were in Salamaua and Lae. Then the Japanese knew that Australian and American were there, the Japanese made the native to work hard. Then I was sick for four month.

"Then the other mission boys made court to the Japanese captain. They said, we have found boys belong to the Australian, they were praying to God to help

the Australian and American to come and make fight to the Japs, so the Japanese captain send for us, and we went to their camp. When we three stand before the Japanese captain, Mamatau told the Japs that we didn't do that, and also he told the captain that Seventh-day mission is not belong to the Australian and American, he mission belong to God. Mamatau told the Jap's captain if we didn't pray to God nobody can help us. When the Jap's captain heard our work he said to us, you can go back and do your mission work, so we went back to our place.

"We were in our mission village for two weeks, and they make court again, all native belong to other mission. They told the Japanese that three teacher belong to Seventh-day mission have one wireless. Jap's captain send for us again the next time, and he asked us if we have any wireless, and we said he haven't no wireless, but if you don't believe us you send some soldier to our house that they may see if we got wireless. If they find the wireless then you can kill us. So the Jap's captain said, you said no wireless, I believe that no wireless. So we went back and after one week the Japanese went to Madang to go bush, because they knew the Australian and American soon come to Madang, and when the Australian and American army came to Madang, me and Sam were first go to the Australian army to Madang, and the N.C.A.B. captain asked us, 'Where you two boys belong to?' And we said, we belong to Mussau island, and he said, 'What you doing when you stayed

to Madang?' And we told him that we are mission teacher, belong to Seventh-day, with one Buka boy and his wife, so he told us to help the government hospital. So Mamatau, Sam, and me were helping the ANGAU hospital for one and half years. Then I want to go back to Upper Ramu, then Pastor Maxwell came to Lae and Pastor Campbell tell me to look after Pastor Maxwell, so I went with Mr. Maxwell to Mussau and pick up six boys to come to Australia to take a mission boat back to New Guinea to help the others.

"When we first came to Melbourne I was very much surprised to see all big building. Then when I came to Sydney I see the same things, and same building as in Melbourne.

"Well, that's all the news to you all."

## The Courage to Do

By Grenville Kleiser

ONE of the best builders of courage is useful occupation. Keep interested in something. Select a new study and turn your spare time to practical account. Be interested in something. Rouse yourself. Feed your mind upon strong, uplifting, purposeful thoughts. Regard today's opportunities and experiences as stepping-stones to higher attainment. What you can do you should do, and you cannot fully know what you can do until you try with all your might.

Learn to rely chiefly on your own efforts. The man who acts as your proxy receives most of the benefit which comes from doing your work. The real things in life can not be delegated. You must do your own thinking, your own planning, and your own achieving.

The work which you faithfully do for other men is at the same time fitting you to work all the better for yourself. Have courage, knowing that hard work and faithful service are qualifying you for larger enterprises. The fact that you are highly successful as an employee is a good indication that you will be highly successful as an employer.

Daily and unconsciously you are making many impressions on other people by which you will at last be judged by society as a whole. It is when you are off your guard, when you least suspect that you are being observed, that your personal measure is being taken. What you are is often more potent than what you do. How important it is, then, that you should try to be at your best at all times, since a single act may vitally affect your entire life. The best way to inspire confidence in others is first to have confidence in yourself.

### Key to "What's Your Score"?

1. "One World." 2. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." 3. Three little monkeys. 4. "Four score and seven." 5. Five-Year Plan. 6. Sixth sense. 7. Seven last plagues. 8. Pieces of eight. 9. Cat-o'-nine-tails. 10. "Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." Rev. 5:11.

## The Songbird

(Continued from page 4)

How fast he learned his lessons! And once more Musa was singing! The simple gospel songs which Sampson Lenga used to open each school day were a joy to little Musa's music-loving heart. Even before he knew the words he surprised Teacher by singing the melody in a clear bell-like voice. And when he had learned the words he sang them all day long whether at work or play. His schoolmates soon nicknamed him "The Songbird." They teased him playfully, but they enjoyed hearing him sing as much as Musa enjoyed making music. It was not long before he was singing solos for Sabbath school and church services.

Peter and Musa had become fast friends right away, and Musa wanted to be with Peter all the time, so Peter began taking the little boy with him on his trips into the surrounding villages. Here the small Musa brought the story of Jesus to the people in song.

In the winter dry season a large camp meeting was held at Tekerani Mission. Musa attended this meeting with Peter and Sampson Lenga. Many who had heard his lovely voice requested that he sing. So the lad who loved music stood before

a sea of thousands of eager black faces and sang from his heart the story of Jesus' wonderful love. Many who heard him that day were moved to give their all to the Jesus about whom Musa sang with such simple beauty.

Again the sun was sinking behind the rim of hills and another Sabbath day was being reverently ushered in at the little bamboo schoolhouse-church. Quiet, serious listeners packed the small building and spilled out the doorways into the yard. Many stood at the paneless windows to catch every word Teacher had to say. This meeting was different, for there was a vacancy on the front row. Musa was not in his usual place this evening. Cerebral malaria had stricken him and had taken its toll of a body which had too long been exposed to hardship and hunger. They had buried Musa—that afternoon.

In a low voice full of love, Sampson Lenga retold, in simple words, the story of this boy's life and his wonderful gift of a voice that moved many. The people who had loved him dearly took these words from God's Book and dedicated them to Musa's memory:

"And, lo, thou art unto them  
As a very lovely song of one  
That hath a pleasant voice."



# A MAGICAL EFFECT . . . without magic



**T**HERE is a new interest in the PRESENT TRUTH. For a century this time-honored title has been loved by believers in the third angel's message. The missionary paper that bears this name has been winning a harvest of souls for the kingdom. Now, without the use of any magic formula or high-pressure promotion, there is a new and growing nation-wide enthusiasm for the PRESENT TRUTH. The answer lies in one little word "color." The two decorative colors and black in every issue are arranged by the artist to produce this new magical effect. Here are some of the comments.

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FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT

The names given to Christ in the Bible are inextricably bound up with the scenes of nature in Palestine. The author of this book traveled extensively to observe and experience the symbols which the Gospel writers used to illuminate the character of Christ. She sees the Holy Land through the alchemy of faith, and her magic touch transfigures its hills, rocks, mountains, gorges, and springs. Prose that reads like poetry and a profound reverence combine to delight, instruct, and inspire the reader. Gift binding.

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



## Senior Youth

### I—The Message of Salvation

(October 4)

MEMORY VERSE. Matthew 24:14.

LESSON HELP: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 63-70.

1. How does John the Revelator describe the message of salvation? How widely is this gospel to be preached? Rev. 14:6.

NOTE.—"If the followers of Christ were awake to duty, there would be thousands where there is one to-day, proclaiming the gospel in heathen lands. And all who could not personally engage in the work, would yet sustain it with their means, their sympathy, and their prayers. And there would be far more earnest labor for souls in Christian countries."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 86.

2. What does Paul say concerning the gospel of Christ? What part has faith in the work of the gospel? Rom. 1:16, 17.

3. How was the gospel first revealed to Adam and Eve? Gen. 3:15.

NOTE.—"To man the first intimation of redemption was communicated in the sentence pronounced upon Satan in the garden. . . . This sentence, uttered in the hearing of our first parents, was to them a promise. While it foretold war between man and Satan, it declared that the power of the great adversary would finally be broken."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 65, 66.

4. What statements show that Noah was a preacher of the gospel? Heb. 11:7; 2 Peter 2:5.

NOTE.—"While Noah was giving his warning message to the world, his works testified of his sincerity. It was thus that his faith was perfected and made evident. He gave the world an example of believing just what God says. All that he possessed, he invested in the ark. As he began to construct that immense boat on dry ground, multitudes came from every direction to see the strange sight, and to hear the earnest, fervent words of the singular preacher. Every blow struck upon the ark was a witness to the people."—*Ibid.*, p. 95.

5. What purpose regarding Satan does the plan of salvation include? John 12:31, 32; 16:11.

6. How broad is this plan of redemption? Col. 1:20.

NOTE.—"The plan of redemption had a yet broader and deeper purpose than the salvation of man. It was not for this alone that Christ came to the earth; it was not merely that the inhabitants of this little world might regard the law of God as it should be regarded; but it was to vindicate the character of God before the universe. To this result of His great sacrifice—its influence upon the intelligences of other worlds as well as upon man—the Saviour looked forward."—*Ibid.*, p. 68.

7. What commission is given Christ's disciples? How much is included in it? Matt. 28:19, 20.

NOTE.—"It is a fatal mistake to suppose that the work of saving souls depends alone on the ordained minister. All to whom the heavenly inspiration has come, are put in trust with the gospel. All who receive the life of Christ are ordained to work for the salvation of their fellow-men. For this work the church was established, and all who take upon themselves its sacred vows are thereby pledged to be co-workers with Christ."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 822.

8. What does the apostle Paul call the teachings of Christ? What is included in His teaching? Heb. 6:1, 2.

9. Against what kind of doctrines are we warned? Heb. 13:9, first part.

10. When will "strange" doctrines especially prevail? How will some persons be affected? 1 Tim. 4:1.

11. What prophecy did Jesus make concerning the spread of His gospel? When the gospel has been proclaimed to all the world, what follows? Matt. 24:14.

NOTE.—"Long has God waited for the spirit of service to take possession of the whole church, so that every one shall be working for

Him according to his ability. When the members of the church of God do their appointed work in the needy fields at home and abroad, in fulfillment of the gospel commission, the whole world will soon be warned, and the Lord Jesus will return to this earth with power and great glory."—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 111.

12. What special points are emphasized in the closing gospel message? Rev. 14:6-14.

NOTE.—The gospel of the kingdom "is a warning of coming judgment. At the same time it is the announcement of the coming of the kingdom. It is the truth for this time. In it is not only information regarding the 'time of the end,' but salvation from the destruction which is coming. It is a saving message as well as a warning message. And it is this message which is to be 'preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations,' the announcement of the coming of the Lord. . . . This message of the Lord's second coming is rapidly going to all the world."—C. B. HAYNES, *The Return of Jesus*, p. 263.

13. How are those described who accept this last message? Verse 12.

## Junior

### I—Salvation for All

(October 4)

LESSON TEXTS: Genesis 3:1-24; Matthew 1:21-23.

MEMORY VERSE: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19:10.

#### Guiding Thought

Satan is responsible for all the sickness, poverty, disappointment, sorrow, tears, and death, that have come to all the inhabitants of the earth. But there is a way of escape! There is a land where all are well, and rich, and contented, and happy, and there is no death there! Jesus opened the way whereby all who believe may enter that land, and "whoever will," may find that even now the bitterness of sorrow and the sting of death are all taken away. What blessed news! What glad tidings! What a privilege to be responsible for taking these glad tidings to all the world!

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought. Look up the meaning of *mortal*, *immortal*, *resurrection*.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

1. Through whom did sin enter the world? Who yielded to Satan's temptation and so sinned? Gen. 3:1-6, 8-14. What was the first result of sin? Verses 23, 24.

NOTE.—Adam and Eve were driven from their Eden home. The earth brought forth thorns and briars; sickness, trouble, sorrow, and death came to them, as a result of their disobedience.

2. How many are free from sin? Rom. 3:23. Can we save ourselves? Rom. 5:12.

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

3. To whom was the first promise of a Saviour to redeem man given? Gen. 3:15. For whom was the love of God made manifest? John 3:16. When was this plan made for us? Rom. 5:8.

4. When was this promise of God's love fulfilled? Matt. 1:21. Why was the name "Jesus" given to God's Son? (Read the margin of verse 21.) Why was He called Emmanuel? Verse 23.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

5. What is God's purpose for us? 1 Tim. 2:4; John 3:17. Through whom only is salvation possible? John 17:3.

6. Why did God send His Son that we may be saved? Eph. 2:4. What riches has He bestowed on us? Verses 6, 7. Because salvation is given to us by a merciful, kind God, what is it called? Verse 8.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

7. How wide did God make His invitation to salvation? Isa. 45:22. How many may be saved if they accept Christ? John 12:32.

8. Who are to carry the glad tidings of salvation? Matt. 28:19, 20. Where are we to proclaim it? Matt. 24:14. What power does the gospel contain? Rom. 1:16.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

9. When God decided to destroy the earth with a flood because of its wickedness, who believed God's message of salvation? Gen. 6:7, 8. When Noah believed, what was he told to do? Verses 13, 14. Why did the Lord give him this work? Heb. 11:7.

NOTE.—"A hundred and twenty years before the flood, the Lord by a holy angel declared to Noah His purpose, and directed him to build an ark. While building the ark he was to preach that God would bring a flood of water upon the earth to destroy the wicked. Those who would believe the message, and would prepare for that event by repentance and reformation, should find pardon and be saved. Enoch had repeated to his children what God had shown him in regard to the flood, and Methuselah and his sons, who lived to hear the preaching of Noah, assisted in building the ark. . . .

"Noah stood like a rock amid the tempest. Surrounded by popular contempt and ridicule, he distinguished himself by his holy integrity and unwavering faithfulness. A power attended his words; for it was the voice of God to man through His servant. Connection with God made him strong in the strength of infinite power, while for one hundred and twenty years his solemn voice fell upon the ears of that generation in regard to events, which, so far as human wisdom could judge, were impossible."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 92, 96.

10. Name others who believed in God's message of salvation?

Answer.—Adam told it to Methuselah and Methuselah told it to Noah and to Noah's son Shem. Shem told it to Abraham. Abraham and Isaac told it to Jacob, the father of Joseph. There was never a time when the story of God's love and salvation was not known and preached.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

##### Unscramble:

That wasto save which lost and came seek to man for of Son theis.

##### Mark Whether True or False:

1. Sin entered the world through Satan's tempting Adam and Eve. (—)
  2. We are not sinful. (—)
  3. All have sinned. (—)
  4. Jesus came to save us. (—)
  5. We alone are to be saved. (—)
  6. God does not want us to carry the message of salvation to others. (—)
  7. God so loved us that He sent His Son to save us. (—)
  8. God so loves others He sends us to tell them of this love. (—)
- God's purpose for me is:
1. To ——— me.
  2. To tell ——— of His salvation.

## The Youth's Instructor

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# The Listening Post

★ THE population of the United States has increased 6,000,000 in the last four years.

★ A FIREFLY's candle power ranges from two-hundred-thousandths to 25 thousandths candle power in intensity.

★ A NEW American-made slot machine has been perfected which will accept a large coin, sell a product for a nickel or a dime, and return the correct change.

★ A NEW sunflower named "Advance" has been developed in Canada which yields twenty-five to thirty per cent more seed an acre. As a source of vegetable shortening, the crop is expected to be worth at least a million dollars.

★ BRITONS are now receiving insurance checks totaling \$180,000,000 in settlement of claims for damage to household goods during flying-bomb and rocket attacks in wartime. In recognition of the rise in prices the kindly government has added 2½ per cent interest from the date of the claim, but not so kindly holds out her hand for an income tax of \$1.80 on each pound (\$4) of the payments due.

★ PENCILS will not be such a scarce item in European schools this fall, thanks to the initiative of the San Francisco, California, Camp Fire Girls. In a drive to aid the children of war-devastated Europe, more than 800,000 pencils were collected by the girl's organization for distribution by the National Catholic Welfare Conference War Relief Service. The pencils were packed in two cartons, each weighing 460 pounds.

★ RANCHERS near Tucson, Arizona, who reported seeing huge bones that looked like "white tree trunks," washing down a small tributary of the Colorado River, have led searchers to one of the largest finds of prehistoric mammoths ever discovered. At an altitude of 7,000 feet an erosion through a deposit has exposed ivory tusks some ten feet long and weighing 250 to 300 pounds. The area is described by zoologists as a "veritable fallen forest" of elephantlike skeletons, with large teeth nearly a foot in length scattered everywhere. It is thought that the find represents the remains of a vast "thundering herd" that once roamed America.

★ GOOD bread is worth as much as cake any day, believes Margaret Rudkin, of Fairfield, Connecticut. Furthermore, she can prove it. Back in 1937 she began baking bread made from an old recipe left by her grandmother, which called for stone-milled flour, whole milk, and butter. At first it was only for her family and friends, but the demand soon grew so great she had to hire a neighbor girl to help and eventually turn her barn into a bakery. In three months she had sold \$2,500 worth of bread at twenty-five cents a loaf. Since then her business has expanded to a \$3,000,000-a-year production-line venture employing 160 men and women who turn out 4,000 loaves an hour from her new \$625,000 plant. Although popular demand has made her purchase a slicing machine, she still insists upon having her milling done by antiquated, water-operated gristmills, because she declares the grain has a better flavor and more nourishment.

★ POPE PIUS XII was introduced to the intricacies of television recently when he took part in a demonstration sponsored by the Radio Corporation of America. During the first broadcast of its kind from the Vatican in Rome, Italy, the pope was amused to see himself televised as he stood before the latest-type camera and watched his own image on the screen of a receiving set placed in front of him.

★ SECRETARY birds, or snake-eaters as they are known in the Boer country of South Africa, are so useful in controlling cobras and other venomous serpents that they have been given protection by a special law. The birds, which get their names from the quills stuck behind their ears, attack snakes by beating them down with their strong feet, then finishing them off with their beaks.

★ A MORE effective pest killer than DDT has been announced by the United States Department of Agriculture. Its chemical name is "1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8-Octachloro-4, 7-Methano-3a, 4, 7, 7a-Tetrahydroindane," but will be more conveniently called *Chlordane*, for short.

★ WEAR and tear on Japanese civilian clothing is so great and replacements are so scarce that women and girls have set up mending stations on Tokyo street corners, and catch customers as they alight from busses and streetcars.

★ THE biggest shipment of the world's smallest birds has been announced from the jungles of British Guiana. A number of species varying in size from that of a swallow to those no larger than bees are being shipped to London's zoological gardens this summer.



## Couriers for Christ



This colporteur experience comes to us through the courtesy of Pastor D. A. McAdams, as it was told him by a faithful Seventh-day Adventist in Placetas, Cuba.

"Father and mother came to Cuba from Spain in 1906. After working in town for a short time, they moved the family to a farm, and there we children, twelve in number, spent our childhood. But times were hard, and our devoted but greatly perplexed mother looked to God as her Guide and Companion. She taught her flock of little ones the life of Christ according to the knowledge she had received from the Catholic Church, but she did not have a Bible.

"When we had grown up, the husband of one of my sisters, knowing that my mother enjoyed reading, bought us a copy of 'Practical Guide to Health.' One of my brothers read parts of the book from time to time, and began to live out some of the health principles it set forth; also he began to urge the rest of us to follow the same suggestions for healthful living. However, father drank whisky from time to time, and smoked a great deal. When we were all practically grown he developed cancer of the throat, and after a year of intense suffering he died, leaving us in great despair.

"Before father died he had consulted a Spiritualist medium, and after his death we consulted her for ourselves in search of some solution for our problems. We were told that two of my brothers were mediums, and that we must develop this gift in order to have spiritual peace. But we hesitated about entering this religion, as we wished to learn more of its origin and teachings before taking this step.

"In the midst of our perplexities, a Seventh-day Adventist colporteur came to our home and canvassed us for the book 'Nuevo Medico.' As we had 'Practical Guide' we were not much interested in a new medical book. But as the colporteur presented his small books, mother became interested in one called 'The Bible Made Plain.' While explaining this book, he pulled his Bible out of his case to prove to us that the texts in the book were exactly in harmony with the Bible. Mother purchased the small book, and when he came to deliver it, she asked him if the work he was doing had anything to do with spiritism. He then gave us a Bible study on the subject and had prayer with us. Later he returned with his wife, and presented us with a copy of the Bible. With the help of the book and the Bible we learned the truth about the Sabbath. Soon we accepted this light and began to observe the seventh-day Sabbath.

"Later we organized a home Sabbath school, and the colporteur and his wife returned each Sabbath to teach us the Sabbath school lesson. Also we arranged for his wife to study the Bible with my sister, who lived nearer town, and she too accepted the truths of the third angel's message.

"From the time the colporteur first entered our home and had prayer, great peace and happiness came into our midst, and the nightly visits of the spirits to my brothers stopped. My mother and eight of us children have now been baptized. We give thanks to God for the colporteur work and for the soul-winning literature they are scattering like the leaves of autumn."