

The Youth's Instructor

Saved to Serve

By K. H. MEAD

A TORTURED scream of rubber, a sickening thud, and the young pil-lion rider behind me was thrown high into the air. As he landed, a huddled heap on the highway, the hit-and-run car gained speed and disappeared into the gathering darkness of the night.

One day, fifteen months previously, Bill had glanced through the daily paper. There was the usual news, the comic strip, the advertisements; but wait a minute. What is this? "Free! Bible Correspondence Course. Cut out this coupon and send it to the 20th Century Bible Correspondence Course, P.O. Box 27, Ham-ilton, Newcastle, New South Wales."

"Come and get your dinner, son," his mother called.

He tossed the paper aside and went into the dining room for his meal. Strange, he was not interested in the Bible, but something kept on saying, "Send for the course; send for the course." He could not seem to get it out of his mind.

By the time the first half dozen lessons were completed, Bill was really interested. Fitting Bible study into the spare minutes of his day became a regular practice.

His next move was an important one in his life. He left his home town on the far north coast of Australia and came to Sydney to join the New South Wales State Police Force.

There he goes—through a maze of city traffic, running to catch the 6:15 evening ferry from Circular Quay. Let us follow him across one of the world's greatest ports, and through a brisk walk from the wharf to his place of abode. After the evening meal we see him sitting in his small room. Day-

dreaming? Mom, dad, brothers and sisters, the old pals—he gets up, kicks a shoe across the room, looks out the window into a new environment, where no one seems to be his friend; then he remembers the Bible course only half completed.

In the weeks that followed, the Lord came very close. In answer to the constant pleading of the Holy Spirit, Bill gave his heart to Jesus, and later sought baptism at the hands of a Baptist minister. Wonderfully the Lord had led him on to the threshold of the third angel's message of salvation. Other steps were to follow. One evening, at the close of a Baptist open-air campaign, Bill turned to a young girl standing by his side. Listen to the conversation:

"Enjoy the meeting?"

"Yes, very much," the girl answers brightly.

"I don't think we've seen you here before?"

"No; I just came along with a friend tonight. I'm not a Baptist. I'm a Seventh-day Adventist."

"A Seventh-day Adventist!" Bill's eyes shone. "I'm standing here tonight because of a Seventh-day Adventist Bible correspondence course."

The conversation raced as the workers stacked away equipment.

"That's wonderful; oh, I do wish you could meet my brother; he's an Adventist minister."

Next week the Adventist evangelist met Bill, and after a brief conversation left with him the words of the Master: "If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

Two Bible studies followed, also attendance at the Parramatta city mission, and then the young man made a decision to keep the true Sabbath, resign from the police force, and attend the Australasian Missionary College. All that took place through those eventful weeks cannot be told. Suffice it to say, strong opposition came from home. Satan used his heaviest artillery, but all the means at his command failed to shake the confidence of one who now possessed the faith of Jesus.

As the young minister I had a very small part in leading Bill into the Advent message. After my bicycle received that terrible impact, I frantically endeavored to regain control and then skidded into the gutter. As I ran back to that huddled heap on the road, I prayed the Lord of heaven to spare Bill for a place in the last legion of King Jesus.

He spent ten months in the hospital with a broken leg and underwent four major operations. During those months

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In a New Environment, Where No One Seemed to Be His Friend, Bill Remembered the Half-completed Bible Course

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W. A. ROBERTS



Let's Talk It Over

THE smoldering butt of a smoked-out cigarette is only a little thing; but this one was thrown out of a car window by a careless motorist who was driving through the tinder-dry Maine woods. A bit of ash which hid just a tiny spark fell among a pile of sear brown leaves, and kindled a forty-million-dollar fire that will forever rank among the major disasters in the United States.

The next day, according to an Associated Press report, Roy Maserve stood among the ruins of the only home he had ever known, and told his experience—an experience which was typical of that of more than forty of his neighbors who lost their homes when the blaze swept through their community, and roared on, seeking what it might devour.

"I was born in the house that stood here," he said, "just sixty-four years ago. It has always been my home. My brother and I farmed together. I guess between us we have 450 acres here. Now there's nothing left but the bare land."

"About four o'clock yesterday afternoon red began to show over the hill a half mile away. We had been warned that the fire was coming, and had a truck loaded with some things. I ran to the shop for a tool kit I wanted to save. From there I ran to the barn, where there were two horses and thirty-two head of cattle. I had turned out the horses and twenty of the cattle when someone shouted to me."

"I ran back to the door, and had to drop on my hands and knees, and crawl through. It was just like a thundershower, only it was raining sparks. They came down like hail. Exactly twenty minutes after I saw the flames a half mile away the barn roof fell in."

Twenty minutes! The work of a lifetime gone! Hundreds of people homeless, others dead, the countryside a shambles! And all the work of a tiny spark in the burned-out butt of a cigarette.

"Behold," observes the apostle Paul in his letter to James, "how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

And then he goes on to observe that "the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity," that it is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," and that try as he will, man cannot tame and keep it under control without the help of the Almighty.

Yes, words are such seemingly small, harmless things. But oh, what a conflagration they can kindle! It does not take even twenty minutes for a few of them

to desolate a heart, blast a life, or separate the closest friends for all time.

A WOMAN I know committed murder the other day," said a friend of mine. "If she had used a knife or a pistol or poison, she would have to face a court trial and stern punishment. Her victim was a lovely, talented young woman, and she has brought suffering and heartache to a number of other innocent persons. But because her weapon was a bit of malicious gossip, she will not be punished."

"What did this woman do? Her son fell in love with Alice Ann, and she with him. They wanted to be married as soon as he had finished his next college year, when he would be a sophomore in medicine. The young people had been acquainted all their growing-up years, and the mother could make no sound objection to the match. But she had picked out another girl for Andy—a girl who had more money. So she set out to break up their friendship."

"Alice Ann was an adopted child, and although the fact was well known, the matter of her parentage had never been discussed. She was a general favorite. Her foster father and mother loved her devotedly, and had given her every advantage within their means for education and culture."

"But Andy's mother determined to break up the plans of the young people, and her lawyer had no trouble at all in discovering that Alice Ann's father was serving a life sentence in a distant State for forgery; that her mother's nervous condition as a result of shock had made it necessary for her to be confined in a mental institution, where she had recently died."

"The girl's first intimation that there was any question about her own parents' being what they should be, was when she heard two of her classmates discussing the matter, for her fiancé's mother did not tell her son of what she had learned, nor did she approach Alice Ann. She simply repeated the toothsome morsel of scandal to as many of the friends of the young people as she could reach."

"Alice Ann, shocked and distressed, did not say a word to anyone, but all alone tried to steel herself against the flood of gossip that she knew was surging around her. In time there came a limit to her endurance. She felt that she could not talk things over with her foster father and

mother, nor with Andy; and so, after confirming the facts by an interview with the lawyer who had made the investigation, she quietly ended her own life one evening when she was at home alone. The notes she left to her devoted foster parents and to her fiancé asked them to forgive her, and ended with, 'Everyone knows about me, and I can't bear to go on embarrassing and disgracing you.'

"And so I say," concluded my friend while I listened in silence and dismay, "that this woman killed an innocent young girl with her serpent's tongue just as truly as though she had administered the poison that put a period to her life."

Have you ever killed anybody, friend o' mine? Have I? It might be a good thing for each one of us to have a confidential interview with ourselves, and do some serious resolving—even though the New Year is not quite here.

"Behold," to quote the apostle Paul again, "how great a matter a little fire"—just a few words barbed with the poison of unkindness—"kindleth."

TWO men, both rich in natural talents, and both professing Christians, disagreed over a small item—a mere trifle really—which had to do with a church project in which they both were interested. One word led to another, and another—yes, and to several more others—until each of them had "told the other off" in most unkind and uncomplimentary terms. Finally they parted in anger, and from that day to this they have never spoken, although they live in the same community and meet frequently.

One goes his usual way, seemingly unaffected by the situation; but his poisoned words struck so deeply into the heart of the other that his blazing anger cooled into deep discouragement, and those who know him realize that he is slipping and is definitely on his way out of the church and fast losing his regard for the things of God, which he once loved. Furthermore, nobody seems to be able to do anything about it but the man who spoke the cutting words. And he is not interested.

Another "little fire" that is about to bring disaster!

Oh, let us be sure that our speech is always "with grace, seasoned with salt."

Lora E. Clement

"Recreation, When True to Its Name, Re-creation, Tends to Strengthen and Build Up. Calling Us Aside From Our Ordinary Cares and Occupations, It Affords Refreshment for Mind and Body, and Thus Enables Us to Return With New Vigor to the Earnest Work of Life"

following the world in its careless, foolish, dangerous amusements, then we are not meeting the standard in our choice of recreation. Any thinking young person can see that the amusements of the world are not satisfying. Witness the fruitless search for enjoyment made by the people of the world with their continual round of parties, games, and other forms of diversion—none of which provide complete satisfaction.

Turn with me to our infallible Rule Book of life and see what our Counselor sets as the standard for our conversation. In Matthew we read, "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment"; and the wise man adds in Proverbs, "The thought of foolishness is sin." Not only foolish speaking but also gossip, slander, and criticism need to be guarded against. How much heartache and ill will could be spared if we would learn to control our tongues.

"Whatsoever things are honest."

Honesty implies much more than we ordinarily think. We sometimes feel that honesty has to do only with not stealing and not lying.

Unfortunately for some of us, the word *honesty* connotes much that goes far beyond the realm of actual stealing or lying. Honesty applies not only to our dealings with our fellow men but also to our dealings with God and, strange as it may seem, to our dealing with ourselves. If we are honest with ourselves, we will order our lives according to the standards we know we should uphold. There is great need today for young people who are willing to make an honest effort to be Christians, young people who are willing to witness for their Saviour, and young people who are willing to make an honest effort to prepare themselves for the service of the Lord. We must be sure that in all our dealings with God and our fellow men we are consistently honest. There must be no compromising of standards, no variation in our interpretation of the commandment. The eighth commandment is probably the least understood of all the ten, but in its four words is held the key to practical, living Christianity.

"Whatsoever things are just."

Unfortunately for the world, justice has, to a great extent, been replaced by expediency. Justice is needed in the dealings of man with man. Justice is essential in our relations with those less fortunate than we are. Are we always just in forming opinions of our fellow men? Are we sure of their motives, the circumstances which prompted them, or their capabilities before we criticize their actions? We



PINNEY, FROM MONKMEYER

"Think on These Things"

By DARRELL D. HOLTZ

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

PARAPHRASING the words of Paul, speaking to the church at Philippi, he might have said, "Don't waste your time with the trash that is found in the world. Learn to find your enjoyment in the things which can benefit and ennoble you."

I wonder if we blasé, cynical, twentieth-century moderns are so diverse from the Philippians that we can afford to ignore Paul's advice? Yes, there is danger that as we go through life we may encounter some things that do not meet the standard of this text.

"Whatsoever things are true."

This can best be applied to our reading habits. Never in the history of the world has so much salacious reading material been circulated. Much of the existing crime and delinquency can be traced back

to the reading matter which is placed before children and youth. Let us check on the reading we have done in the past week or weeks. Has it been uplifting? Or has it been the cheap fiction which has gripped the minds of so many, both young and old? If we have been forming reading habits which lead us to the trashy, cheap literature of the world, we will be unable to comprehend or retain serious things, and the Bible will seem dry and uninteresting. Does our reading meet the high standard set for us?

What is real recreation? "Recreation, when true to its name, re-creation, tends to strengthen and build up. Calling us aside from our ordinary cares and occupations, it affords refreshment for mind and body, and thus enables us to return with new vigor to the earnest work of life. Amusement, on the other hand, is sought for the sake of pleasure, and is often carried to excess; it absorbs the energies that are required for useful work, and thus proves a hindrance to life's true success."

This, then, is our standard. If we are

must realize that we mortal, fallible human beings cannot judge the actions of others. Certainly if we conscientiously tried to do unto others as we would have them do unto us, there would be less friction in the world. Let us not be found among the typical "let-him-look-out-for-himself—I-had-to" group, who refuse to give fellow wayfarers the benefit of the doubt, and judge all men by their own inconsequential standards.

"Whatsoever things are pure."

Young people are faced with more temptations to impurity in thought and action than ever before in the history of the world. Everywhere we go, much of what we see, hear, or read is so vile as to be completely unfit for the consumption of anyone who retains even the barest traces of decency. Let us look around at the various forms of expression employed by man, and see how many have degenerated to the point where they have impurity connected with them, if not at their very center. Magazines that once were considered exclusive and of excellent literary merit have lowered their standards to the level where a high percentage of their con-

tent has as its inspiration murder, theft, illegitimate love, or some other form of vice and corruption. Advertising has sunk to the place where most of the advertisements flaunt some accepted low standard. Radio programs have been lowered so far that decent-thinking people have to be very choosy in their choice of listening. What is the standard to which Christian young people must cling if they expect to ride out this flood of filth-filled trash that is sweeping the earth? The prophet Zephaniah gives us the answer: "For then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord to serve Him with one consent." The prayer of each sincere, Christian young person should be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

"Whatsoever things are lovely."

There is so little left that is truly lovely that it behooves us to be careful of the things about which we think. In the hustle and bustle of our crass, commercialized world it is almost impossible to find anything lovely. As beautiful landscapes are hideously scarred by billboards, or soot-

blackened railroad tracks, so beautiful customs are mutilated by modern free thinkers or self-styled individualists. Standards of art, literature, and music have been cheapened by the cry of the masses for more, quicker, and cheaper reading material.

Mass production has entered into every phase of human life, and people no longer take time to appreciate the beautiful. Modern poets find their themes in fog or smoke or steel, forgetting entirely the beauties which Wordsworth and Bryant discovered in a field of daffodils and a fringed gentian. Modern musicians are satisfied to produce a hideous cacophony of sound, calling it jazz, whereas Handel labored years under inspiration to produce the glorious, inspiring, harmonic combinations which make up the *Messiah*.

Loveliness has vanished, too, from the realm of social relations. Where is the man who would give a woman his seat on a crowded bus? Where is the woman who would remember to thank a man for such an act of kindness? People, generally, can no longer be referred to as gentlemen or ladies; they are nought but men and women, biological entities, struggling to eke out a sordid existence at the expense of their fellows. Let us strive to create in our own lives a nascent spirit of loveliness, which will spread, like wavelets in a disturbed pond, to the limits of our influence.

"Whatsoever things are of good report."

There is a great need for discretion in the selection of associates and friends. It has been truly said, "You are known by the company you keep." Regardless of our standards, we will be placed in the same class and on the same level as our companions. If we persist in consorting with those whose habits and customs are on a lower level than our own, in time we will find ourselves lowering our norms of living to approximate theirs. In view of this accepted fact, the only safe course is for us to confine our associations to those of more noble character than ourselves.

We must seek out those among our acquaintances who love that which is good and pure and beautiful, and be found often in their company. Let us find those whose conduct is of good report, whose standards are high, and whose lives are exemplary. In this way we will elevate our own standards of behavior and make ourselves more familiar with that which is true and ennobling. As Christian young people we should be especially watchful to keep the devil from insidiously undermining our standards through our friends. There are enough snares and pitfalls to make the life of any Christian one of exceeding vigilance without the added hindrance of careless companions. If we are to find our way to the Promised Land, we must remove every obstacle that would detain us.

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Meditations at the Sunset Hour

By MARY OGLE

(Meditations while watching the sunset from the overhanging rocks at Camp Holmes, Baguio, Philippine Islands, at the close of a typical concentration camp day in April, 1944.)

HOW like a day is life! Behold the blush of the eastern sky that ushers in the infant morn. From rosy pink to scarlet red the colors spill across the sky and tint the vapory clouds that hover over the valleys 'twixt the hills, till you seem to catch a glimpse of laughing childhood. As with the exuberance of adolescence, redder and redder grows the sky, farther and farther spread the scarlet hues.

Suddenly his strong arms of youth reach out and draw his flaming mantle about him, and the sun rides forth in all the splendor of young manhood.

Dispelled are the clouds of fog; warmed is the earth, as the king of day rises higher and higher toward its zenith, a symbol of the increasing vigor and power of man as he approaches the climax of his strength.

Comes the afternoon, and, behold, the clouds roll in—wave upon wave of them, dark and ominous. The sun breaks through only spasmodically, but is never completely obliterated even while the raindrops fall. Ere long the clouds move on and pile themselves up into a great mountain peak on the distant horizon. The sun shines full again, but not as

brilliantly as before. There is a softness, a mellowness, about its late afternoon glow.

And now it is the sunset hour. The westering ball of fire rims a massive battlement with silver; and like a great searchlight playing behind the clouds, it sends rays of purple, rose, scarlet, and gold across the sky to the eastern horizon, seeming to give a benediction to the whole day of life. Without the clouds the sunset would not be so beautiful.

Gradually the colors commingle into a placid lake in the western sky—an orchid-colored lake, flecked with bits of rose and gold, upon whose bosom float flimsy, white clouds of down like fairy boats.

The day is done, and I sit watching the afterglow. I think, "How like a day is life! How beautiful, how colorful, and finally how serene are the sunset years of one whose childhood was as sweet and tender as the first tint of morn; whose adolescent days were vibrant with activity; who was faithful and strong and true in the splendor of youth; who has borne the burden in the heat of the day; who has withstood the clouds of discouragement, doubt, criticism, or persecution; and who has learned to smile through tears. It is the coalescence of these experiences which makes that tranquil, orchid-colored lake at the sunset hour of life.

AFTER the doctor had left us and gone to his room in the Galle-Face Hotel, which overlooked a beautiful sward known as the Galle-Face Green, on the ocean front, my husband and I returned to our chairs on the veranda and remained there another hour, enjoying the breeze from the sea.

"I'm glad for cool nights," he remarked. "At least they're cool-er, if not cool. The heat and humidity of these days take all the strength out of a person."

"It will soon be time for hill leave," I mused. "Only this year we go to America instead of the hills, and we stay longer. I'm glad the Rawsons will be traveling with us, and I know I'll enjoy our furlough, but I'll miss Kodaikanal. I love that place—the winding roads among the tall trees and flowering vines, the comfy little cottages with beautiful rose gardens, the fresh, clear air, and that lovely lake. We've had wonderful times on that old lake, haven't we?"

"We surely have," he answered. "It seems ages since the first time we went up there, when we took Sathiamma with us. We learned a few things from her, and we've learned more since—mostly from Indians we tried to help by letting them work for us. Remember Mary?"

"I'll never forget her. I also remember someone telling me, that first year in Kodai, that Sathiamma was a daughter of darkness. I agreed afterward. And Mary certainly was another! Not meaning merely the color of her skin either."

"We mustn't be too hard on her, even in our thinking," my husband cautioned. "Remember her limitations. Her caste was anything but high, you know, and I suppose she never had been taught right principles of any kind. The children of that caste—and many others—grow up like weeds, without any care."

Both of us always would remember that Mary. There had been a score of other women by the same name, all about us, but she had a distinction of her own. She came to us one morning, begging for work. I had some extra washing to be done that day, and as I was busy with plans for Sabbath school work, I decided to hire her for the morning. Jaya's time was filled, and Mary asked small pay. She was a larger woman than Jaya, but younger, and she had curly hair. I remember that distinctly.

She did the washing, and when I paid her, she asked whether she might come and work again the next week. She would do my washing *every* week if I would let her. She told me she had a baby to support and that she needed money desperately. Would I please, *please* let her work for me?

"What about your husband?" I asked her.

She told me that he was away from home, traveling. What line of work he was in was not made clear, but she did

Daughters of DARKNESS

Part V

By ALTA HILLIARD CHRISTENSEN



"I'll Enjoy the Furlough, I Know, but I'll Certainly Miss Kodaikanal, With Its Fresh, Clear Air and That Lovely Lake"

make it very clear that he had gone away without leaving her enough money for her needs, and that she was anxious to get more.

When she had washed for me three weeks in succession, my confidence in her became fairly well established. Then for a week or two I employed her for the full day. She seemed to be doing quite well in her work, but when I tried to talk to her about Christianity, she was not particularly interested. She listened, but inattentively, and I felt she was enjoying only the rest from work, not the conversation. I decided to drop the subject for a while, in the hope that she would observe something that would make her begin inquiring.

Then one Monday morning I left Bangalore on a trip to a place beyond Madras, and I took Jaya with me. We were away two weeks. Mary was to come and wash, as usual, while we were gone. The things would be placed in the laundry bag for her. This washing would be essential, for the weather was warm and necessitated frequent changes of light clothing, and our household at that time included several people who were staying with us.

The evening I came home my husband met me at the train and informed me that Mary had worked as usual the day before, but had come over this same evening to tell him that her husband had found work in a distant city, and she was going there to be with him. She would not be in Bangalore any more.

"It's rather queer," I remarked, "that she couldn't wait an hour and see me herself. She knew when I was coming, didn't she?"

"Yes, but I suppose she thought that wasn't necessary. We paid her up to date," my husband answered.

The next morning I made a discovery that disconcerted me. My wrist watch was nowhere to be found! Because it had needed cleaning, I had not taken it with me when I went away. Jaya could not be responsible for its disappearance, even if we suspected her, for she had been with me all the time, and we had not brought her home with us from the train. She had gone straight to her own house, near the railway station.

"Mary must have noticed that I didn't wear it when I left," I thought to myself. I was too upset over the discovery to say anything about it to my husband for several days. He had given me the watch years before, and I could not bring myself to tell him it had been taken.

When I did, however, he reported the matter immediately to the Bangalore police, and although time had elapsed, they gave us hope. They were Indian men, all of them. To my amazement, they found my watch! Mary had sold it, for much less than it was worth, and it was in a secondhand store.

They found *her*, too. She was at her home as usual. The story she had told about going with her husband to another town had been nothing but a fabrication. At the same time they discovered several other thefts of hers. She had stolen something from nearly everyone on the

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CHARLES CAREY

Do YOU Appreciate Music?

By VIRGINIA PLACIAL

WHAT is more pleasing to one's ears than the strains of a lovely melody, a melody that touches the very depths of the soul? Music promotes a feeling of satisfaction and soothes a heavy heart as will nothing else. Webster defines it as the science, or art, of rendering pleasing, expressive, or intelligible combinations of tones, and also the art of making such combinations into compositions of definite structure and significance. Music should be regarded by us as a gift from God, a gift to be deeply appreciated.

To express his feelings, the speaker uses gestures, the artist uses oil paints, the writer uses words, and the musician puts his thoughts into melodies. The differences in men account for the varying moods in which melodies are written. For instance, the feelings of Bach, Beethoven,

Mozart are plainly evident in their different styles of composition, as they have used the art of music to communicate their thoughts to others in concertos, sonatas, and symphonies.

Of the millions who consider themselves lovers of music, it is surprising to learn how few have any real appreciation of it. It is safe to say that out of any score of persons gathered to hear music, whether it be a hymn, a song, an oratorio, an opera, or a symphony, ten are not listening at all, but are looking at the performers or the scenery, or are lost in thought. Five more are basking in the sound; one or two are enjoying the pictures it brings to their minds, the thrills, or a far-off fantasy. One is making a scientific analysis of what he is hearing, and only about two out of the twenty are entering into the thoughts of the composer

and really appreciating the beauties of the music itself.

Unless we can forget the audience, performers, leaders, and all else, we shall miss the keenest enjoyment music has to offer. The musical attitude is one of concentrated attention; only thus can we mentally digest it. To appreciate music one does not need a knowledge of technicalities any more than one needs a knowledge of the laws of perspective to appreciate a picture. Beautiful sounds are the raw materials from which music is made, and from these an appreciation of it can be developed.

The art of listening to music is to approach sounds in such a way as to make sense of them. One does not have to have special talent or be musical to understand music. Three things are essential, and they are possessed by most normal human beings. Ears, training, and the desire to learn are all that are necessary to acquire an appreciation of music. Training sometimes comes from living in the midst of music until it is absorbed without effort.

Very often a book on music appreciation can help a student to hear much that he did not suspect was there. But, whereas a book on appreciation tries to show a student how he can get the most out of music, it is only real melody that counts. All statements require musical illustrations to explain them. Music-appreciation books merely try to point a way to get at those interests that might never have been suspected before. The training that a student seeks will come chiefly from listening and not from reading books. One cannot learn to appreciate music simply by reading a book. It would be like trying to learn to swim without water. The way to become a good listener to classical music is to hear it repeatedly, for any music that is worth hearing once is worthy of being heard several times. Good music has a way of getting into the system, and the more we hear it the more enjoyable it becomes.

It is not so difficult today as it once was for one to have a first-hand acquaintance with a wide variety of good music, for we have the phonograph, the reproducing piano, and the radio at our command. The person who lives in a large city naturally has an advantage over the one who lives in the country, for in large cities there are bound to be more recitals, oratorios, symphonies, and concerts than in a small community. But wherever you live, an edition of the works from almost any of the masters can be placed on your record shelf at small expense, and also a reproducing instrument will prove to be invaluable in your study.

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Adventure Unlimited

Great Moments With a Great Mountain

By OREN C. DURHAM

BOARDING the Seattle, Washington, bound *Mainliner* at Portland, Oregon, in the late afternoon, I purposely chose a right-hand seat so I could keep an eye on the goal of my 2,000-mile-trip—Rainier, "the mountain that was God." From the ground the air was so hazy that even the three closer peaks, Mount Hood, Mount Adams, and Mount St. Helens, were barely visible, but the seeing improved rapidly as we gained altitude. Slipping along a mile above Snoqualmie Forest, I watched a rare vision unfold. Rainier was not now the mountain that I had always seen before. The great base had disappeared in a sea of blue haze, leaving the white peak apparently unsupported except by a bed of fleecy clouds. The illusion was perfect—an iceberg floating in the bright sunshine a mile or more above the farthest rim of foothills. Such was my special engraved invitation, a sky-wayside picture to frame and keep, not only for its novelty and beauty, but also as a token of the good things that were waiting for me on the cool slopes of that old burned-out, frozen-up volcano.

All the low rain clouds and most of the light fluffy ones at the summit had drifted and melted away by the time our morning bus drew up in front of Longmire Inn, just inside the national park boundary. The sun was doing its best to thaw out the frigid giant that reared itself more than two miles above the tops of the tallest Douglas firs. No artist could have painted a more appropriate backdrop for a welcoming scene. As soon as the first tourist stepped off the bus, a group of toy-sized, black-tailed deer—several does, their spotted fawns, and bucks with spreading antlers—promptly stepped out from the wings. They were clever enough to know their cue, but they surely could not read the plainly worded signs forbidding visitors to feed the deer. Nevertheless, what they wanted they got. Presently a tame coon walked out on the stage,

and a flock of hungry camp robbers, otherwise known as Oregon jays, swooped down from the trees. Chipmunks and ground squirrels were also on hand to nibble and carry away nuts and candy as long as anyone would hand them out. When my bags were carried into the lodge, I was delighted to find that I had been assigned a north room with a picture window centered on Rainier.

"I have been to a paradise this afternoon," announced Mrs. Longmire late on a summer evening many years ago. This pioneer homemaker, who lived hereabouts several generations ago, had taken a long walk up the mountain, following one of the branches of the noisy Nisqually River. She had just returned home and was exulting about the acres and acres of wild flowers she had found in an open valley up near one of the glaciers. Paradise, it was to her, and Paradise Valley it now is on the map. It was my high privilege to spend a summer afternoon admiring Mrs. Longmire's discovery. But instead of earning my thrill as she had, I rode up

to the head of her valley with a park ranger.

From the roadside overlook near the Paradise lodge and ranger station my first bird's-eye view of the famous flower-spangled meadow almost took my breath away. Here was God's own garden, undisturbed. The lady was right. But instead of rushing down the steep hillside, I sat for a while silently surveying the informal beds of varied and mingled colors. Blue predominated in a lush sea of green. Below was the forest. Following the precipitous trail, I soon came upon the lupines, almost as dark blue as Texas bluebonnets. But here, instead of an endless flat stretch of pure indigo, as is the April scene in Texas, the great lupine beds were sprinkled with single blossoms and small clumps of other flowers—red, yellow, and white. The greatest color splashes were caused by Indian paintbrush in several gorgeous hues of red and orange. Monkey flowers in rose, pink, and yellow were as eye filling as anything in the valley. Any single plant of this *Mimulus* genus, with its scores of fine blossoms, if potted and set in a florist's window, would easily have carried a five-dollar tag. Not all the blue was furnished by the lupines. The abundant veronicas vied with them, and if I searched in any damp, shady nook, I could find plenty of deep blue gentians.

Yes, I am talking of lupine and gentian in the same sentence. I know that in Illinois and Michigan the lupines open in May, and that gentians bloom in late September and October. But this mile-high flower garden knows nothing about real summer such as we have in the prairie States. Remember that these plants were under a deep layer of snow when our early summer flowers by Lake Michigan began

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NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

There in All Its Beauty Stood Rainier, "the Mountain That Was God"

HUMAN relationships are infinitely powerful in our world today. Each of us belongs to a race of social beings whose every deed, word, and thought has a direct influence upon

our fellow men. In a world that two billion human beings call home it is inevitable that strife and disharmony will be found, because man, in his present sinful state, is *not* naturally courteous and forbearing. On the contrary, he is morose, unneighborly, and interested mainly in his own pursuits.

This is not the attitude that should distinguish Christians. To assume the title of a follower of Christ is to assume a great and noble responsibility. In order to discharge it properly, one must study the life of the Man of Calvary and carefully check his own by it.

The very first recorded words of Jesus express submission to authority. His reply to His mother on that memorable day in the temple was not sullen or disrespectful; rather were His words those of a dutiful son, for the record states that the youth "increased in wisdom . . . and in favour with God and man." In another instance "all bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words, which proceeded out of His mouth." As has been previously observed, such a rule of conduct is contrary to the natural inclinations of the unregenerate human heart.

Responsibility does not end with the study of the life of Christ; in fact, that is only the first step. The next is to determine in what way the principles that have been learned can be applied to the individual life which will be beneficial to society and an honor to the Creator.

Perhaps at this point it would be well to define the word *courtesy*. Webster says that it is "courtly politeness." When it is remembered that the Saviour is the king of the heavenly court, and when one also remembers that His life on earth was a continual exposition of courtly politeness, it makes the word assume a highly significant meaning.

Courtesy means more than a mere "please" or "thank you," important as they are. It means a courtly demeanor, a princely bearing, a recognition and appreciation of the fact that as Christians we are the sons and daughters of the great King. In earthly royal families the children have certain definite traditions by which they live; they are well trained in the best graces of social intercourse. How much more should the prospective heirs of heavenly royalty exhibit the heavenly graces!

For those who desire a life in heaven, a study of the lives of men who have lived here in earth and are now in the heavenly courts would also prove profitable.

COURTESY

By CARL E. VON KUSTER



Moses, we are told, was the meekest man that ever lived. Observe how he prayed for his people. His heart was so full of love for them, and he so identified himself with them that he could ask God to blot his name out of the book of life if there was no hope for his people. What a marvelous display of self-abnegation!

Consider Elijah, who feared not to stand before haughty King Ahab, even at the risk of his life. He had a commission to fulfill, a duty to discharge, and only after his trust had been completely carried out did he consider himself cleared of the obligation. In God's sight only complete fidelity to principle is justifiable.

In the life of Enoch we see toil, discomfort, and long days and nights of study and prayer. Why? Only because of love for his fellow men and a desire to win their hearts for his Saviour.

From these lives it is readily seen that heaven is not gained by merely resting on past laurels. It may be entered only after a lifetime of preparation and as a result of sincere devotion to the science of learning to live for the Saviour and with one's fellow men.

What characteristics must one possess if he would live gracefully with other members of the human family? First and foremost, he must accept responsibilities. It is impossible to shirk the duties of life, to hold them as of no consequence, and expect to retain one's self-respect or the respect and admiration of others. To leave undone the work that is rightfully yours lays upon the shoulders of others burdens that are not theirs. As a result, the shirker enjoys certain advantages at the expense of others. To follow such a course is to shut oneself outside the gates of heaven for certain. It is impossible to conceive of Jesus' leaving His work for His disciples to perform. True, He gave them work to do; but it was their

own, assigned for their own good, and not that He might escape responsibility. He Himself declared that His work was "to do the will of My Father which is in heaven."

Then there is the matter of speech. This should be given careful consideration. Can one conscientiously impose upon others, waste their time by forcing them to listen to idle chatter? Such talk usually takes the form of gossip, and is neither helpful nor uplifting to anyone. In this connection I think the words of Ellen G. White written in the book *Education* are very pertinent: "We think with horror of the cannibal who feasts on the still warm and trembling flesh of his victim; but are the results of even this practice more terrible than are the agony and ruin caused by misrepresenting motive, blackening reputation, dissecting character? . . . He whom God accounts a citizen of Zion is he that 'speaketh the truth in his heart.'" Also Jesus said, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

One's influence must also be guarded. It is far from courtly politeness to profess one thing and be another. Such a course leaves the observer in perplexity. The one who sees a professed disciple of Jesus live so inconsistently can draw but one conclusion: that heaven is to be a home for hypocrites and timeservers.

The only courteous thing for anyone to do is to live a life wholly consistent with the principles he professes to believe. The followers of Jesus have a responsibility toward the people of the world, to give them a positive, impressive example of the true Christian life in such terms of everyday living that will best develop in them a desire to follow the Saviour. Few people even stop to realize the value of influence in saving souls for Christ's kingdom. Only in heaven will a consistent day-by-day Christian life be properly evaluated.

Paul makes it plain that the Christian has a duty to Christ, for is he not His by the purchase of His blood? He has given His life for our redemption; therefore we are no longer our own. The day we take His name we have a family tradition and obligation to uphold. It is only an act of courtesy to our Saviour for us to hold high the tenets of our faith. In this way we will be able to bring to the attention of the greatest possible number of men and women His sacrifice for them, that they might have eternal life.

Dare we ask Jesus, who has promised to confess us before His Father, to do for us that which we are not willing to do for Him—confess Him before our fellow men? To do so would be to deny our

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Left: E. W. Tarr and the Lewis Family at the Equator, Near Lake George, Uganda. Center: The Monument of David Livingstone, at Victoria Falls. Right: Chief Mulyanti, J. E. Weaver, and Subchief Sebanakita

SPRINGBOK LETTERS

By J. E. Weaver

[The springbok, a swift and graceful type of antelope with the habit of springing suddenly into the air, is the national emblem of South Africa. The following letters, written by Dr. Weaver, of the General Conference Department of Education, to his daughter, Margaret, are so termed because in them he describes a recent trip to South Africa, where, springboklike, he jumped about from place to place, visiting Seventh-day Adventist missions, schools, medical institutions, and the Southern African Division headquarters. This is the third letter.—EDITOR.]

MARGIE DEAR,

In my last letter I mentioned Lake Victoria, which lies at an elevation of over 3,500 feet above sea level and is said to be the largest fresh-water lake in the world. We caught our first view of it from the air as we flew in by British flying boat from the Indian Ocean at Beira, in Portuguese East Africa. We came very close to the equator as we landed on an arm of the lake at Kisumu. Our original plan was to go to Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, but inability to get a plane from Blantyre caused us to change our plans.

We found the superintendent of the East African Union, H. M. Sparrow, and his wife in their pleasant little home near the mission office, which overlooks Lake Victoria.

On December 24 Professor Tarr and I drove over on the Kavarando Gulf of Lake Victoria to visit the Kendu Hospital and clinic. There we were greatly pleased with the strong medical program being carried on under the direction of Dr. D. H. Abbott, the superintendent, and Dr. Arthur Kotz, recently arrived with his family from the States. Both physicians

are up to their ears in work. Dr. Kotz is only stopping here on his way to Malamulo, where he is to act as superintendent of the hospital.

On Christmas Day, Mrs. Abbott and the nurses, and the Donald Short family from the Gendia Mission, joined in preparing and serving a wonderful dinner. From the menu you would never have guessed you were eating Christmas dinner near the equator in East Central Africa. In the afternoon several other mission folk came over from the Kisii and Kamagambo missions, a few miles away. Altogether about twenty-five adults and children joined in the spirit and festivities of the occasion. I thought of you and mother and the other home folks, and wished that either you could have been here with me or I with you.

The day after Christmas we launched into our travel again, going to the Ikizu Mission, in Tanganyika. There we found a beautiful new church and a new school administration building, as well as several attractive homes for mission leaders and teachers in the school. The serious shortage of water is probably the most difficult problem here. Dug or driven wells produce no water, so the only reliable source seems to be the rain, and that is always limited and uncertain. You might wonder, as I did, why a large school like this would be established at a place where the water supply was questionable. The

answer is that the work here began as a small mission station for whose needs rain water was adequate, but as it grew, a school was called for, and this school has grown until today its future is in serious jeopardy because of the water situation.

One morning we got up early, before daylight, and F. B. and Mrs. Wells took us in their car down to the Serengeti Plains to see some African wild game. After traveling about twenty miles from the mission we came to this vast game reserve, covering thousands of acres. What a thrill it was to see scores and hundreds of beautifully marked zebra, wildebeest, taji, impala, and gazelles roaming over the beautiful grass-covered tree-studded plains and grazing undisturbed.

I was very sorry that the Kruger National Park, which is probably the largest wild animal reserve in the world, was closed to visitors at the time of my trip.

Leaving Ikizu, we headed for Uganda, going by steamer on Lake Victoria from Musoma to Port Bell. We spent three nights and two days on a quiet restful cruise, stopping occasionally for a few hours to load or unload cargo at small lakeside towns and ports. Often we, with some of the other passengers, would go ashore during loading operations to visit little shops and to wander along narrow, winding streets, where we jostled against heavily laden little donkeys, pushcarts loaded with fresh fruits and vegetables, and native Africans carrying loads of various kinds and shapes on their black, wool-padded heads.

One late afternoon the boat stopped to load over fifty tons of merchandise. It was interesting to watch the dock and steamer crews uniting their efforts with those of two steam derricks in putting a score or

more of hundred-pound jute bags into a rope net and then hoisting them over the side of the ship and letting them down into the hold. Some of us wondered what those bags contained, and we were told, "Dried peppers to be used in making chili." This vigorous throwing around stirred up the bags' contents, with the result that pepper dust escaped, and many of the stevedores and passengers began to sneeze, cough, and weep. When evening came, we were still taking pepper on board, and during dinner the captain, who sat at the head of our table, was so busy wiping his eyes and nose that he scarcely had time—or inclination—to eat. I have had far more respect for the lowly pepper after that memorable meeting with it on the shores of Lake Victoria.

But the vegetable kingdom was not our only source of irritation. The day before we reached Port Bell, in Uganda, we ran into great swarms of small gnats, which got into the lounges and vexed the passengers exceedingly. We could see multitudes of these pestiferous insects flying in all directions over the lake, resembling clouds of smoke. The warm day, the infant breeze, and the helpless passengers on the steamer provided a choice setting for these nuisances.

The same afternoon we saw a beautiful waterspout only two hundred yards away from the starboard side of the ship. Water from the lake was being sucked up by this circular spout to a dark heavy cloud overhead. Through field glasses we could easily see it spiraling upward—a writhing, whirling column of cloud and moisture.

The Uganda Mission headquarters is on a beautiful site called Kireka, overlooking the town of Kampala, with a glimpse of blue Lake Victoria in the distance. The mission superintendent, G. A. Lewis, and his family took us in and treated us very hospitably. Sabbath we worshiped with the little church company near the mission headquarters, and found Chief Mulyanti, his wife, and two daughters there, as well as Subchief Sebanakita, who came along as a sort of personal bodyguard. These men are not baptized believers but are very friendly to our work. After the meeting we visited with them and were surprised when they conversed in beautiful English. Most native African chiefs want to learn to speak English, and many of them do.

We showed these chiefs the large Seventh-day Adventist world-mission map hanging on the wall of the mission office, and they were surprised and impressed when they learned that this message of Christ's soon coming is being preached in more than eight hundred tongues* and dialects, and in over four hundred and twenty-five different countries. Let us pray that these chiefs may accept this faith soon and then help to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the hosts of their people who still move in darkness and superstition.

It was arranged for Pastor and Mrs. Lewis to take us in their car through Uganda to the eastern border of the Belgian Congo, where we were to meet J. R. Campbell, superintendent of the Congo Union. This drive through northern Uganda was most beautiful. We caught glimpses of snow-tipped Mount Ruwenzori, almost 17,000 feet high, in a chain of peaks called the Mountains of the Moon. The legend is that the Garden of Eden was located near here, where four great rivers rise and flow in four different directions.

In the northern part of Uganda, toward the borders of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan are the Bakimas, a pastoral tribe who live in little grass huts on the edge of the forests, and who pasture their cattle on the grassy open places. A girl from this tribe came to our dispensary and school at the Nchwanga Mission. However, she stayed there for only a few weeks and then went home to her people. There she began telling some of the things she

had learned at the mission. Her father and other members of her family opposed these new ideas, especially the seventh-day Sabbath. She continued teaching quietly, though, and finally her parents and some other members of her family accepted the truths of the third angel's message. About two years later one of the workers from the mission visited that section and found a company of thirty believers who had been enlightened by this girl. These people were instructed further, and were finally brought fully into the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

After her father had accepted the Sabbath truth his daughter told him about tithing. He promptly accepted this doctrine, also, and gave thirty-two cows as the tithe on his herd. These tithe cows he began to sell so as to have money to send down to the mission. Before all of them were sold, however, he became sick and died. He left no will, so the eldest son, who had not accepted the Adventist

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BHADINYA LAL Goes to School

As Told by Mrs. A. C. Alexander to
Carrie E. Tichenor

BHADINYA LAL sat in front of his little mud hut, playing his favorite game of *guli* (marbles). He was a typical Hindu boy. His hair was cut very short, right close to his head, and only a dirty loin cloth covered his equally dirty body.

"Salaam [Hello there], Bhadinya Lal," called a familiar voice. Bhadinya Lal looked up to greet his friend, but only stared at him instead. He could hardly recognize his friend, he was so clean, and besides he was wearing a new *kurta*, or shirt. "My friend, where have you been?" asked Bhadinya Lal in astonishment. "Don't you know? Haven't you heard?" answered the friend. "I'm going to the mission school. I'm learning to read and write. In fact, I will soon be able to read and write as the *sahib* does, for I will be able also to read English. It is wonderful. Why don't you come to school too, and not waste your time just playing *guli* in the dirt?"

And Bhadinya Lal did go to school, and how he liked it! Nothing in all his twelve years had been so wonderful. But many things were so strange. "You know," he told the folks at home, "the *mem-sahib* just would not give me a new *kurta* until I had thoroughly bathed—even my head! And worst of all I have to get up when

they tell me to, and go to bed when they tell me to. And everyone must eat together at the same time."

Two happy years flew by swiftly and then Bhadinya Lal decided to join the baptismal class. How he did long to be baptized. But ever ringing in his ears were the last words of his father as he left for school, "Remember, Bhadinya Lal, you are a Hindu. Don't ever let me hear that you are worshiping the white man's religion. If you do, don't you dare to come home again. You will no longer be my son. I will hate you."

But at last the love of Jesus won his heart completely, and he went home with the wonderful news: "Father, I must be baptized. I must follow Jesus, who died for me. I love you, and I want to obey you, but I love Jesus more than all in this world."

His father's face grew hard with anger as he cried, "Be gone; be gone! You are only a dog. You are no longer my son."

Sadly Bhadinya Lal returned to school, but when he was baptized he felt a peace he had never known before.

Secretly he would slip home to tell his mother the beautiful stories he learned at school. "Mother, Jesus loves you. He died to save you. He is preparing a lovely home

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With the Same Weapon They Fought and Won

By WESLEY BULLER

THOMAS A. EDISON sat in his laboratory alone, thinking and drumming his fingers on a work bench. He had worked eighteen to twenty hours a day for thirteen months. He had spent forty thousand dollars, had formulated three thousand theories, and had done thousands of experiments in an attempt to perfect an incandescent electric light. Thus far he had failed.

The scientists had agreed that it was impossible to make a lamp which would produce light by heating some substance to white heat by electricity. It seemed that all the world was laughing at him. They called him a dreamer and a fool. His funds were diminishing, and his financial backers were demanding results.

The great problem that remained was to find a substance which could withstand the intense heat necessary to carry the current and not burn out quickly. He had tried every conceivable material. Hitherto he had been somewhat successful with a platinum filament, but that too had now failed, for as soon as the electricity was turned on, it would glow with a brilliance of twenty-five candle power for a few seconds, then explode and go out. But what else could he try? Should he give up, or go on? If he went on, what could he use?

Suddenly an idea came to him. Why not try common sewing thread, carbonized. With his able assistant he set to work. They took a short length of thread, bent it into the shape of a hairpin, and heated it in a nickel mold in a muffle furnace for five hours. They then removed the mold with its contents, cooled it, and tried to remove the tiny piece of carbonized thread and seal it into a bulb. Again and again the delicate filament broke. Never admitting defeat, they repeated the operation, working all night, the next day, and the next night. On the third morning they succeeded in removing one of the brittle threads, the only piece left from an entire spool. When they were about to insert it into a bulb, to their great dismay it broke. But late in the afternoon they had produced another carbon. A jeweler's screwdriver fell against it, and it too broke. Without stopping they tried again. Before night they had produced still another filament, sealed it into a bulb, and turned on the electricity. It glowed as Edison had dreamed it would, the light he longed to see. It glowed for forty-five hours. "What the scientists declared to be 'impossible' was a reality!"

Now the world's scoffing turned to praise. In time Thomas Edison became known as the "Twelve-Million-Dollar

Brain," and "The Benefactor of Mankind."

He firmly believed that "genius is one per cent *inspiration* and ninety-nine per cent *perspiration*"; that perseverance was responsible for his success.

Charles Goodyear sat in the debtors' prison. He had just perfected a valve for inflating a new rubber life preserver. The sale of it would have kept him out of prison, where he had been thrown for unpaid debt. But now the rubber industry had collapsed. With it went a fortune. Rubber, which had proved such a blessing to mankind during the winter, melted and stank under the summer heat.

During the months to follow, scientists tried to discover a method of treating rubber so that it would not become brittle in winter or melt and become sticky in summer. So far they had failed. Thereupon Goodyear felt that God had chosen him to uncover rubber's secret.

Being in jail did not stop him. He began his experiments with rubber gum and turpentine, the components of rubber then in use, and despite his surroundings he worked for three months in his cell. Then by the sale of a patented tool, he secured his freedom. Home again, he defrayed the expenses of his experiments by selling the household furniture piece by piece down to the bare essentials.

One morning he melted a few pounds of rubber gum, kneaded it, and rolled it into thin sheets. It was as fine as any manufactured. This was encouraging. He proceeded with great enthusiasm to make overshoes and with the help of his wife and children, produced dozens of pairs in anticipation of huge profits. There was yet one hazard. The rubber must withstand the test of summer heat.

Everyday during the following summer Goodyear inspected his stock of shoes for signs of disintegration. His hope struggled against his mounting fears that they would not survive.

One hot day the worst happened. The shoes melted. Failure! His family was in want. How could he go on? But his wife had faith in him. She was willing to suffer hardships, and insisted that he continue. Encouraged by her, he thought that if he could try pure, unsmoked sap he could possibly find why rubber disintegrated in the heat and became as sticky as glue. Thereupon he secured two barrels of the liquid gum. A helper smeared some of the pure gum on his overall and sat down on a barrel by the fire. Soon he found himself stuck, unable to move. So it was discovered that pure gum, not the turpentine, was what made rubber melt.

He then tried mixing the gum with various substances. But it was still sticky when warm. One day he mixed one pound of the sap with half a pound of magnesia. The resulting rubber was not adhesive and was as firm and flexible as leather. Now he thought he had the secret, and with this material he made a few book and piano covers. But again with the coming of warm weather the rubber sof-

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COURTESY OF GOODYEAR
TIRE & RUBBER CO.

God Had Destined
Goodyear to Give the
Secret of Rubber to the
World



South England Senior Camps

The Senior young people of South England had two weeks of camps this past summer, August 1-15. We judge that they could register for either camp or both. This first real camping season since the close of the war presented many problems, but under the blessing of God and the efficient leadership of Pastors E. L. Minchin, of the British Union Conference, and H. T. Johnson, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the South England field, every one was solved satisfactorily, and a wonderful time was had by all present.

But Pastor Johnson has sent us some wonderful pictures, and a letter reporting in detail. Listen, while he tells the story in his own words:

We have just concluded our first post-war Missionary Volunteer Camps in South England, and I thought that not only you but also the readers of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR would be interested to know just how we fared. One of our church members in the country very kindly placed an old manor house at our disposal, together with the sixty-odd acres of beautiful woodlands and fields, with a stream running through the grounds. Here 127 Senior young people enjoyed a fortnight's rest and recreation.

It would be difficult to enumerate all the activities or all the high lights of these days spent together, but I will try to outline a little of our program.

First of all, I would like to say that, in spite of the very restricted rationing necessary in England now, we managed to have good food. This was served by a very efficient staff of voluntary workers, who really did a good job. The days were very

full indeed, commencing at 6:30 A.M., when the rising bell rang. Our Morning Watch came at seven o'clock. This we held in little groups on the lawns outside the house, and it was really delightful to hear the songs and choruses of our young folk, as well as the earnest prayers, rising on the morning air to Him who is the Creator of all things. The days were spent in hikes, tracking and trailing, and nature study. Listen, as the campers sing:

"Come along, come along, come along,
The road is winding far away.
Soon high up will be the sun!
Come, let's be off in early day,
Nor miss one moment's fun.
Beside the way the flowers nod
To cheer us as we go,
O'er hill and dale, o'er dewey sod—
Off, comrades, off, heigh-ho!

Chorus

"Away, away, for us the open road;
Away, away, for us the hiker's load;
Away, away, with joy and laughter free.
The road to us is calling;
Hikers glad and gay are we."

Incidentally, on one of the brief nature walks—I think it only lasted three quarters of an hour—one of our young people brought back, identified and named, 120 specimens of flowers, apart from trees and shrubs! The enthusiasm for these studies grew as the days went by, and many, I am sure, learned to appreciate the woods and hedgerows as they had never done before.

On one particular day we had a boat trip from Plymouth to a little Cornish fishing village by the name of Fowey, where we enjoyed several hours of recreation and sight-seeing. On the return trip we sang some well-known choruses on deck, and just as we berthed, the engines were shut off and the captain asked from the bridge if we would face him and sing those choruses again, so that he could

Volunteer



PLYMOUTH INDUSTRIAL PHOTOS

Gathering Fuel for the Campfire

hear them. We trust that the messages contained in these songs will have reached not only his heart but the hearts of the crew and many of the passengers who were on the boat with us.

On another occasion we spent a whole day by the seaside in suitable seaside games and swimming.

The countryside around the camp was beautiful, for we were near Dartmoor. On one afternoon we journeyed by train up to Princetown, the great convict settlement, and in this little village we spent several hours. While there, the leader of the Methodist movement spoke to us, commenting on the good behavior of the young people and asking something of us and our work, and then extending an invitation to us to take the service in the Methodist chapel on the following Sunday evening.

PLYMOUTH INDUSTRIAL PHOTOS

Group of Senior M.V.'s Who Camped in South England. Pastor E. L. Minchin, British Union M.V. Leader, is in the Center of First Seated Long Row. Pastor H. T. Johnson, South England M.V. Leader, is at His Left



Naturally we were anxious to accept this good opening, but our great question was transportation; we were camping some twenty miles away. However, we managed to get a large coach, and, with motorcycles, some sixty of us, under the leadership of Pastor E. L. Minchin, conducted the service there and told something of the great Advent message and the joy that shines in our own hearts as a result of knowing Christ as a personal Saviour and constant guide of youth.

Some of the older leaders may remember that it was in this prison that a number of our young men spent time during the 1914-18 World War. We hope, through the influence of their witness so many years ago and the witness of our youth today, many persons will accept Christ and know the joy of the glorious faith that gives a promise of eternal youth.

We had the ministry of several of our conference and union workers during the period we were in camp, and their talks and illustrations were a great encouragement to us.

The high day of all was the second Sabbath, when Pastor E. L. Minchin led us in a consecration service on Sabbath morning, and in the afternoon we had a good praise service. The evening was spent in a testimony meeting. Almost without exception our young men and young women came forward to speak of their new-found joy and firmer determination to walk with Christ and to win souls for His kingdom.

On this particular occasion we had with us some of our isolated members from Cornwall, and two of the local churches joined us, so that there must have been something like two hundred with us in these meetings, which were all held out on the lawns, because the little chapel in the house did not afford sufficient room.

We had extended an invitation to several non-Adventist young people who are attending our church and secondary schools at Stanborough Park, and among those who took their stand for the first time for Jesus were three of these young people. All requested baptism at an early date, desiring to become members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. I am sure that there is a great work to be done among the youth of the world through our educational program.

Altogether we had an extremely happy time in our worship, in our games, and in all the activities that make up camp life.

Oh, I must not forget the Campfire. It was a glorious time. Our young folk

sang the songs with new zeal and several speakers gave us some interesting stories of home and mission life.

There is a great awakening of the Advent youth in the British Union. May

God help us all to measure up to the challenge of the hour, and hasten the coming of our Lord and Saviour, our Prince Leader in the faith. We join hands with our fellow Missionary Volunteers throughout the world in a renewed consecration to carry "The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation" for "The Love of Christ Constraineth Us."

First Week South England Conference Youth Camp

Terence J. Gallivan, reporting:

Friday, August 1, was the day on which 127 Missionary Volunteers, from all parts of South England and South Wales, converged on the village of Plympton in South Devon. For weeks these young people had exercised their imaginations in wondering what Leigham Manor was really like and now, as we turned the last corner of the long drive, we saw a grand old house beautifully set in the midst of acres of fine, tall trees of many kinds. Surely no one was disappointed.

PLYMOUTH INDUSTRIAL PHOTOS

Top: Free Period by the Lily Pond. Bottom: Tennis and Deck Quits on the Lawn



It was fitting that our first full day together should be Sabbath and also appropriate was the first topic to which our attention was directed by Pastor Gerald Minchin, a welcome visitor from Newbold College. Since we were in a beautifully wooded country he had seen in its trees a number of suitable lessons for the campers.

After a very pleasant walk among these trees and along the banks of the pretty river Plym, we again gathered in the chapel to hear Pastor Minchin's enlightening talk about "Queer Fish."

By lunchtime next day the campers were becoming well acquainted, mainly through the excellent medium of mealtime conversation (a feature enjoyed by all except the camp master!).

On this first Sunday afternoon practically all the campers took part in an enjoyable but all-too-short excursion to Plymouth Hoe, where swimming and boating were the main recreations.

Our need of spiritual upbuilding was not forgotten, for each morning and evening the campers gathered together to sing praises to our heavenly Father and to hear Pastor Minchin's helpful talks.

The varying tastes of all were well cared for on Monday, for there were walks among beautiful surroundings of the manor, nature-study groups, and organized games of various kinds.

Early on Tuesday morning we reluctantly said farewell to Pastor Gerald Min-



This Happy Group Prepared the Delicious Food for the Camps

PLYMOUTH INDUSTRIAL PHOTOS

Leigham Manor. Friday was the day we said good-by to old friends and welcomed new ones. The increased conversation at the tea table was good evidence of this.

Sabbath proved to be a wonderful day. All meetings were

held in the open air, and we were joined by visitors from Cornwall, Plymouth, and Torquay. Pastor E. L. Minchin gave us three most inspiring meetings. After Sabbath school a wonderful consecration service was held, when about three quarters of those present stood to reacclaim Christ as their personal Saviour. After an inspiring missionary service in the afternoon, a testimony meeting was held in the evening. It was the most wonderful service I have ever attended. The youth simply flocked to the platform to publicly tell of Christ and all His goodness. It took three hours! Many were not Seventh-day Adventists, and several later requested baptism.

Sunday was a day full of organized activity. Wood for the campfire was collected, and many different games were played. In the evening Pastor Minchin and about fifty campers took the service at the Princetown Methodist church. A fine impression was made and a good interest left behind. Later we gathered round the huge campfire to sing songs and listen to stories. A good quiz was also held.

On Monday we bade Pastor Minchin adieu as he journeyed to the north England camp, and we spent the whole day at Bigbury, enjoying swimming, games, and boating at this choice seaside resort.

The remainder of the week was spent in organized games, treasure hunts, and nature walks, including a visit to beautiful Looe on Wednesday.

Thursday evening began with the usual scramble for autographs followed by the camp concert. This was a fine effort by many of the youth present. Pastors Hyde, Bonney, and Johnson gave short talks for the final and much-enjoyed worship—and then to bed, or not to bed, that was the ques-

tion! The last night is always a little hilarious, but most of the campers were asleep by midnight, after the rising bell had been placed in the center of the fish pond. So ended a most happy and refreshing spiritual and physical holiday. Friday dawned, good-by's were said, and we departed to our various parts of the country.

We would like to thank all those who helped to give us such a good time. Our youth leaders, the kitchen staff, the Bunker family, and others who worked untiringly for the success of the camp—a big THANK YOU to all!

LEIGHAM MANOR

By Stanley Combridge

In silence now the stately Mansion stands,
Around its walls the wind just softly sighs,
The sun shines down on lawn and pond alike—
And all is peaceful 'neath the summer skies.

The hills no longer echo to the call;
The woods resound not to the voice of praise,
And e'en the birds seem strangely silent now,
For gone are all the happy camping days.

Upon the roads sound not the tramp of feet;
The camp's bright fire no more lights up the night.
The very countryside seems incomplete,
And trees look down upon the vacant sight.

Not so with memory. There lingers still
The vision of the youth who rallied there,
And happy laughter yet resounds on hill
And in imagination their joys we share.

The air seems full of choruses of praise,
With words that lift and consciously inspire;
And lo, the youth, with vision for new days,
Fade out of sight as did the old campfire.

But lo, we find them scattered far and near
Back in the world they sing the songs of truth;
The song—"We're on the homeward trail"—we hear
And earnestly we pray—GOD BLESS OUR YOUTH.

chin, whose stay had been so much appreciated by all. After lunch we left by train for Princetown, which is proudly proclaimed by its inhabitants (other than the unfortunate convicts) as the highest village in England. Not only did we enjoy ourselves during our visit to Dartmoor, but the local folk evidently enjoyed our presence, because Pastor Johnson later received an invitation to provide a representative group of young people to take the Sunday evening service at their Methodist church on the following Sunday evening. Needless to say, this excellent chance of witnessing to the people of Princetown was made the most of.

Tuesday was about to change to Wednesday when the headlights of an oncoming car signaled the approach of our union youth leader, Pastor E. L. Minchin. Although the welcome he received was not as noisy as some had planned, evidence of its sincerity was in no way lacking.

During his short stay with us Pastor Minchin conducted the morning and evening worship periods. His theme on these occasions was "How to Be a Happy Christian," and his instruction at this time was by no means confined to the chapel but rather pervaded the playing fields and the seaside resorts which we visited.

The week was passing all too quickly and soon it was Thursday, when the 6:30 bell was the signal for great activity. By an early hour the camp was deserted, for all the campers were aboard a steamer making its way down the coast to Fowey, where long-ball (an enchanting import from Australia), swimming, and boating were only a few of the enjoyable activities which made the day one long to be remembered. Chorus singing on the bows of the returning steamer made a fitting climax to this occasion.

Second Week South England Conference Missionary Volunteer Camp

G. A. Jackson, reporting:

"Just think!" said somebody, "half camp gone already!" This was typical of the comment of those fortunate enough to be enjoying two weeks company at

PLYMOUTH INDUSTRIAL PHOTOS

Cheerful Workers, Who Found That Willing Hands Make Light Work



JUNIOR S



EVA LUOMA

THE sun sank slowly behind the rose-crested hills in the west, leaving brilliant shades of orange and red in the sky. A few fluffy clouds settled down upon the horizon, and darkness fell upon the earth. It was late in July, and our family was vacationing beside a beautiful glacier lake in northwestern Alaska. Here, beneath the rugged mountains in the deep forests, we stayed a few weeks each summer in an old cabin, ordinarily inhabited only by a family of ground squirrels. Mother and dad earned the greater part of our livelihood by fishing during this season each year.

We had finished the evening meal, and as my older sister and I cleared away the dishes, she asked hopefully, "Mother, may we go over to the island with you tonight? We've stayed home every night now for almost a whole week." But mother shook her head and answered, "I'm afraid not, dear—not tonight. We will be seining until past midnight, and you would be sleepy long before then. Perhaps tomorrow evening we shall not stay so long, and all three of you children may go," she added, seeing the disappointed look on our faces.

Since trout are caught more easily late at night and early in the morning, seining is usually done at that time. So after father had gathered the family group for worship and asked God's protection and care over each one of us, he and mother got the things together that they would need, and our three children prepared for bed. Mother tucked us in and kissed us good night.

Left alone, we listened to the murmuring birches outside our cabin. A squirrel chattered noisily a few feet from the window while the birds chirped softly in the trees above us. A nighthawk hooted as it flew over, and with a little shiver we snuggled down deeper into the warm blankets and were soon fast asleep.

Out on the lake father and mother found a slight wind whipping the ripples into wavelets. A few clouds scudded across the dark dome above, hiding from view the twinkling stars and the moon. The wind became stronger as the darkness deepened, making the air seem even colder and more crisp. By nine o'clock mother and dad were fishing on a small gravel island at the mouth of the swift

He Holdeth the Winds

By ROBERTA WASKEY

river which fed the lake beside which we were camped.

The seine is a long net with a mesh pocket in the middle to catch the fish surrounded, and bring them in. The net has wooden corks to keep the upper side floating and lead sinkers on the bottom to keep it well down in the water. In their high rubber boots mother and dad waded out a little way from shore and squeezed the fresh salmon eggs as bait into the water. These would tempt the trout up into the nets.

"It surely looks stormy tonight," dad said as he waded back to shore. "I hope the wind brings in the trout, but I'm doubtful whether it will or not."

"We'll see," mother replied as she loaded the seine into the stern of the skiff and tied one end securely to it. "I'll row around the first time tonight, and you stay and hold one end of the seine on shore."

"All right, if you think you can manage it. Dad pushed the boat out a little, and mother began slowly circling the feeding trout. It was a hard pull against

the wind and current. The waves lashed at the bow of the skiff and beat upon the sides, but mother was careful not to frighten the fish. When she saw that she had let almost all of the net out, she turned the skiff toward shore where father was, just as the rope on the end of the seine tightened on the side of the skiff. As she reached shore she pulled in the oars, jumped out, and hauled up the skiff almost in one motion. The next instant she had seized the seine rope, and the two of them began pulling steadily on it, slowly bringing the big circle of net and fish to shore.

When the last fish was counted and cared for, father and mother loaded the seine into the skiff once more and began all over again. The bait was squeezed into the water, other trout came to feed, and the skiff made ready for another circle. This time mother held the rope on shore and dad took the boat. Again there were a great many fish caught in the net; in fact, so many that it was all they could do to pull it ashore.

"This seems to be our lucky night," father remarked, "but it is surely getting windy, and look—there are no stars out at all!" It was getting too dark to be natural for a summer evening in Alaska,

A Slight Wind Whipped the Ripples Into Wavelets, and a Few Clouds Scudded Across the Dark Dome Above



where there is only twilight at the dark-est hour.

"Let's make this our last circle," mother said; "it's already nearly two o'clock. We aren't getting so many now, and we are both wet and cold."

"I'm ready to quit too," dad agreed. "We've worked long enough for one evening."

The wind was so high that it seemed hours before another pull around was completed and the boat hit shore and dad jumped out. This time he untied the rope from the end of the skiff so that it would be easier to pull the seine in. After that he gave the skiff a shove up on shore and then began pulling the seine in for the last time.

After this last catch was prepared for transport to our cabin the fishers washed their canvas gloves and turned to put them into the skiff. But where was the skiff? Surely dad had pulled it up far enough on shore? And yet it was gone! The strong wind had whipped it away, and as they peered intently into the darkness they saw it being carried farther and farther from them. They realized instantly the seriousness of their predicament. Their little boat, which was the only possible way to get to the mainland, since on both sides of the little island lay the swift, deep river, was in the grip of the strong gale.

They stood gazing helplessly at the rapidly disappearing skiff tossing upon the waves. What could they do? What *should* they do? They could never swim after it in those turbulent waters; yet they would lose both the boat and their means of reaching land if they did not attempt something.

Like a spoken word, the answer came to each heart: "Pray!" Ah, that was it. Surely the Father who had always heard their prayers could see their extremity now. Kneeling there on the gravel, they prayed earnestly that if it was His will, God would in some way bring them help. "Change the wind!" their hearts cried to Him.

Then, instead of the terror they had experienced, a great peace came into their hearts, and they thanked the Lord for answering their prayer. Rising from their knees, they peered into the blackness to see that the skiff was still visible. Was it a little nearer? But how *could* it be, since the gale was still offshore? Yet it *was* coming closer! They could see it clearly moving toward them, seemingly riding *against* the wind and waves as if guided by an unseen hand. The current circled and carried it within a few feet of the shore. Would it move on, too far out to be reached? No, it stood stationary directly in front of them, and dad waded out and brought it to shore. Then, feeling that the place where they stood was indeed holy ground, mother and dad lifted their hearts in thanks to the Father Who hears

the cry of His children and cares for them when they are in distress.

The sun rose a few hours later upon a beautiful world. The mountains and woods, clearly mirrored in the lake, showed no trace of the storm that had passed the night before. The birds sang gaily in the fresh morning air, and the little family kneeling in worship gave praise and thanksgiving to their Creator and Protector, who always watches over His children if they but trust Him.



Denominational History Quiz

By MRS. CAROLINE BURT

1. Who preached the first sermon in the first Seventh-day Adventist tent meeting held in Battle Creek, Michigan, in June, 1854?
2. Who was the first Seventh-day Adventist schoolteacher?
3. What denomination in the United States first kept the Sabbath?
4. Who was the first Seventh-day Adventist missionary?
5. What year was the Spirit of prophecy first manifested among this denomination?
6. When and where was the first young people's society organized?

Who and What Were We?

By JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

I bestowed, at maiden's wish,
A prophet's head upon a dish.

We, scourged and bound by heathen might,
Sang hymns in prison all the night.

I once obtained, at Jesus' wish,
The tribute money from a fish.

I once, a city on Greek sod,
Had altars to "the unknown God."

In me the beasts now fierce and wild
Shall be companions for a child.

—Keys on page 20

Bhadinya Lal Goes to School

(Continued from page 10)

for you, and someday He is coming back to earth to take you home with Him." Gladly the mother listened until she too learned to love God as Bhadinya Lal did. How often God can use juniors to teach the Bible to people who would never listen to preachers or missionaries.

After Bhadinya Lal had finished his schoolwork at our school in Hapur, he went to the academy in Roorkee. It was not easy to go to school in Roorkee, for he had to work every bit of his way. Sometimes he would find that he did not even have enough money with which to

buy soap to wash his clothes. Then he would slip away by himself and tell God his needs, and God did for him just what He will do for all who trust Him. He provided a way for Bhadinya Lal to earn the needed money.

Bhadinya Lal is always anxious to tell others of this Jesus whom he loves so much. On Sabbath afternoons he walks into the country on a road between villages where the bullock carts travel. With a cheery smile he hails a ride with a passing farmer and rides with him to the next village, and all the time he is telling the farmer some story of the Bible. Upon reaching the village he bids the farmer a friendly good-by and catches another ride back.

When his education is finished, Bhadinya Lal expects to take his place as a minister of God, working for his own people in the great country of India.

Do You Appreciate Music?

(Continued from page 6)

Music that is worthy of appreciation must be uplifting. Most current or popular music, as it is called, does not fulfill this requirement. Theodore Thomas once said, "Popular music is only familiar music."

Let us look at the work of one great composer, Ludwig van Beethoven. He was just entering young manhood when Mozart died. Undoubtedly the old master's style greatly influenced him, for a comparative study reveals that the compositions of both Mozart and Beethoven are full of classic beauty and reveal the ideals of the period in which they lived. But Beethoven's music shows a refreshing independence and fearless initiative as well as real genius. In his sonatas, and especially in his *Fifth Symphony*, his original dramatic talent is outstanding. His mastery of composition and the beauty of his melodies are unsurpassed. Sudden changes of feeling are produced at every turn. When it comes to judging from the standpoint of the expression of universal human feeling, his music reaches the highest point of development. No matter how often it is heard, the luster of his genius does not become dimmed.

You may ask, "Just what do we mean by the term *classic beauty*?" A poem, a piece of prose, a picture, or a selection of music becomes a classic when it is universally accepted as a model of its particular kind. Examples of classics are *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, by Gray; Lincoln's Gettysburg Address; the Sistine Madonna; the Apollo Belvedere. The same term can be applied to Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* and to Schumann's *Traumerei*. These arts represent many varieties of style, mood, and structure, but the term *classic* applies to them

all, for it refers to purity of outline, simplicity of harmony, and beauty of sound. Each clearly tells a story, and may be recognized as having a theme that suggests the pure and beautiful things of life.

When we hear the highest type of music we become conscious of our nobler selves.

Yes, the best music well deserves the designation *classical*, and this highest type of composition deserves our highest appreciation.

Daughters of Darkness

(Continued from page 5)

mission compound, taking anything she could lay her hands on, from the fountain pen of a visiting minister to an old jacket belonging to the wife of the office peon.

"We have to arrest her," the police informed us. "You will come and identify her and the watch when we send for you."

The next time Mary saw us she fell at my husband's feet, apparently in abject contrition. Before he could prevent it, she kissed his shoes and begged for mercy. We had no desire to punish her, but the matter was in our hands no longer. Later we realized that it was only the discovery of her wrongdoing for which she was sorry, and not for the deed itself, because at the first opportunity she went back to her thieving. It was a profession with her, and the standards—if such they can be called—by which she lived ascribed disgrace only to the stupidity of being caught.

Now, after five years, we could look back on this experience and view it with different feelings from those we had at the time. It had happened during our third year in India.

"I wonder if Mary is still making a living by stealing," my husband remarked. "I know we couldn't seem to make any headway in trying to teach her. She had mentality for only one line. Caste makes a difference with these people, that's certain, for it keeps them in the same rut for generation after generation, and allows but one side of their mind and character to develop, and sometimes that one side grows almost uncanny. They become rigid in that unbalanced state."

We sat silent for a few minutes. The full moon rose high over the bungalow, and the leaves of the potted palms made long shadows in the whiteness which fell on the red stone floor of the porch. A brilliantly lighted ocean liner came into view out at sea as it rounded the breakwater by the harbor and glided speedily over the dark water. It was going toward Australia.

"I read a paragraph in *The Desire of Ages* the other day, that I think refers to just such people as Mary," I told my husband. "I can't repeat it, but it was something like this:



Francisco Pizarro

LITTLE is known about the early life of Pizarro except that he was born in Spain over four hundred and fifty years ago. At the time Columbus returned from his discoveries, Pizarro, like the other youth of his day, was much interested in the accounts of the adventures and riches to be had in the strange new world. To satisfy his wanderlust, he joined a group of explorers, and spent many years in the West Indies and in Central America. With Balboa, in 1513 he was among the first white men to look upon the waters of the Pacific Ocean after crossing the Isthmus of Panama.

After he had retired, rumors of a rich empire lying to the south reawakened his desire for gold and power. So he and his friend Almagro joined with a priest, De Luque, to "discover and conquer the lands known as Peru and to divide equally the benefits that we may seize." The hardships and sufferings that these men encountered in their early voyages to the south can hardly be imagined. Failure followed failure; but Pizarro was determined to succeed, and at a time of crisis

"All the power of heaven is brought to combine with human ability in drawing souls to Christ. Angels of glory . . . joy in ministering. . . Trembling souls, who have many objectionable traits of character, are their special charge."

"Just think of Mary's being a special charge of an angel of heaven!" I exclaimed.

"It's something to think about," he agreed.

About a month later he came home from his weekly visit to Kottawa with the news that Alice was living in Ceylon now.

"You remember Prakasam?" he asked me. "That tall Tamil man who's a teacher out there? You know his wife died nearly two years ago and left him with two little girls. Last week he went across to India and brought Alice back with him. They were married in Nuzvid."

"So that's the man the doctor was talking about! When did they come?"

"Yesterday. I couldn't imagine where Prakasam could have become acquainted with Alice, but I think it must have been at the time of our biennial meeting in Bangalore. He attended that, and Alice was there on vacation then."

"Let's go out and visit them," I said. "I want to congratulate him on his good fortune and her for her courage."

"In marrying him? He isn't so terrible."

among his followers he exclaimed, "I shall stay here alone if necessary." Then, drawing a line on the beach with his sword, he said, "Friends and comrades, south of this line are toil, hunger, and death. North of it are ease and pleasure, but also poverty in Panama. South of it lies Peru, with more gold than you have ever seen. Let those who have courage cross the line with me. Those who feel themselves unworthy are free to return to Panama."

Then Pizarro stepped across the line. Thirteen men crossed after him, and to this day they are known as the men of Gallo, for they waited on the island of Gallo, off the coast of Ecuador, for seven months until new recruits and supplies could be sent from Panama.

They were received by the natives of Peru in friendship, and gifts were exchanged. Pizarro saw prosperous villages and well-tilled farm lands—and gold! The natives had used this metal only for adornment.

Pizarro's overwhelming desire for riches, and his love of power, in the end brought only trouble. He founded Lima, the "City of the Kings," in 1535, but a short six years later he was attacked in his own living room by enemies who were jealous of his wealth and position. Abandoned by his friends, he fought until overcome by outnumbering assailants, and died on June 26, 1541.

"Of course not! He's an excellent man, and he'll make her a good husband. I mean for her courage in breaking old tradition, or whatever you want to call it. She'll be a wonderful mother to those little girls, too."

And she was. There was no happier home in all Ceylon, and no man ever was prouder of his wife than Prakasam was of Alice. The school, too, benefited by her services as a nurse. It was a delight to visit them, and every time I did I thought of the text, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

I wondered what Emmy's opinion of Alice had been. I wondered whether she had been as accurate a character reader in that case as she had been with Sathiamma, and whether she had made any suggestions to Mrs. Rawson. She was in their home yet, and they planned to keep her until time for them to leave Bangalore. That would be soon. I would not be seeing her again until the four of us returned from furlough, but I was to hear things I had not yet heard.

(Concluded next week)

"The dangerous thing about a little sin is that it will not stay little."

Springbok Letters

(Continued from page 10)

teachings brought home from the mission by his sister, took charge of the family assets, including the cattle. There were twelve cows still unsold for tithe, which the brother refused to release. The chief of the tribe and other native authorities were informed of the matter, but they did not order the cows to be sold. Within a few weeks this eldest son became sick and died—only a few months after the father's death. Then the second son, a Christian believer, took over and immediately sold the twelve cows and paid the tithe. This son lived and prospered, and the native chief and people, therefore, felt it unwise to oppose the God of the mission. From its beginning by the lone native girl, who later married a Christian teacher, the work there has grown remarkably.

In western Uganda we saw some of the most beautiful country we had glimpsed anywhere in Africa. Nyasaland was lovely, with green hills and valleys, but western Uganda was majestic, with towering mountains. Once we passed through a mighty bamboo forest covering thousands of acres. The bamboo was so thick in places that animals and men could go through only on little footpaths. As we approached the border of western Uganda and the Belgian Congo, we found ourselves traversing the mountain peaks, from which for miles in every direction could be seen sloping hills and valleys. Sometimes the clouds rolled in and shut off our view; sometimes they filled a valley below us with their soft, white billows. Words fail me as I try to describe the grandeur, beauty, and inspiration that overwhelmed us as we traveled through this beautiful country.

My next letter will be from Ruanda-Urundi, in the Belgian Congo, where we are to spend about ten days or two weeks.

Lovingly yours,
DADDY.

With the Same Weapon They Fought and Won

(Continued from page 11)

tened, fermented, and became as brittle as thin glass.

Although seemingly defeated, he still would not give up. He went to New York, where he obtained the financial help to continue his experiments with magnesia and rubber. He found that boiling this mixture in quick lime gave his product a firm smooth coating. By this process he made many useful articles which were eagerly bought by the public and his sales enabled his family to enjoy a period of prosperity.

One day Goodyear was eating an apple in his workshop when some of the juice from the fruit fell on a sheet of rubber. To his surprise the weak acid in the juice reacted with the lime and rendered the rubber sticky. Almost immediately his customers also discovered this weakness, and sales stopped overnight. His magnesia-lime process also was a failure. Cut off from a source of income, he began again.

One morning in an attempt to remove the bronze decorations from a piece of rubber-treated fabric, he applied some nitric acid. To his surprise a change occurred on the rubber that came in contact with the acid. The gum was no longer sticky, and appeared tanned. Further investigation proved that by dipping thin sheets in a weak solution of nitric acid and then rinsing them in a solution of chloride of lime he could produce a rubber superior in quality to any other manufactured.

Within a week he was producing tablecloths and aprons which sold quickly and easily. In the following months, with the aid of friends, he began manufacturing goods again on a large scale.

In the following spring the Government ordered one hundred and fifty waterproof rubber mailbags. He worked long and hard to perfect these pouches, because he realized what good advertising it would be if they proved practical. After he finished them he allowed them to dry for a month. During this time he and his wife went on a much-needed vacation. It had been four years since he had

begun trying to solve rubber's mystery. He had now saved up several thousand dollars. The future looked bright.

Returning in high spirits from his pleasant rest, he went directly to the drying room where the mailbags were curing. When he opened the door his heart sank. The air was foul with the stench of disintegrated rubber. Gloom swept over him. News of the discouraging fate of the mail pouches spread over the country. Again his business was ruined. Skeptics jeered and laughed. Those who had purchased the defective articles brought them back until he had hundreds of dollars' worth of rejected merchandise. The sales stopped immediately and debts skyrocketed. Once more he must begin again, penniless. Even his wife, who had continually encouraged him when he became discouraged, failed him now. She agreed with the skeptics that further progress was impossible.

Rubber had ruined all who had tried to solve its mystery. But had Charles Goodyear had enough? No, he was all the more determined to conquer. By this time rubber had fooled the public so often that everyone was suspicious of any article made from it. Many became bitter and refused to buy under any consideration. But Goodyear *could* not give up. God had destined him to give rubber's secret to the world.

One night Nathaniel Hayward, a special friend, dreamed that sulphur would cure rubber. The next day he laid thin sheets of rubber in the sun and sprinkled sulphur on them. Just as he had dreamed, the sun and the sulphur tanned the rubber beautifully. Later Goodyear tried artificial heat and obtained the same result. He tried mixing sulphur with the pure gum and obtained a product better than he had ever before produced. One day at the village store he tried to convince some skeptics gathered around a stove of the importance of his sulphur rubber. By accident he dropped a ball of the mixture on the red-hot stove. He hurriedly brushed it off. To his astonishment it did not melt. Any ordinary rubber would have melted instantly.

This must be the great discovery. He exposed the ball of rubber to the cold winter night. If it also withstood the low temperature, success was his. Early the next morning he found the rubber just as resilient as it was when warm. Could he reproduce it? Could he find out what proportion of sulphur and rubber gum to mix? Could he discover to what temperature to heat it and for how long? Could he convince the public of its worth?

To carry on these endless experiments, he had neither the money nor the means, only his unconquerable determination. Businessmen were unwilling to risk more money in rubber. Five more years and in dire poverty he worked to perfect his process and to convince the public of its

YOUTH'S FORUM

CURRENT 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: DECEMBER 15

What do YOU think about this question, which is a vital one in the experience of many modern young people? There are two sides to it—and good arguments can be presented for each of them. If you wish to have part in this discussion, write us today!

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

value. He lived to see the rubber industry grow into a fabulous enterprise.

Edison and Goodyear "fought two foes with the same weapon," perseverance, and succeeded. Those who persevere after all others give up succeed.

Great Moments With a Great Mountain

(Continued from page 7)

to open, and will be tucked away again before the bees and butterflies retire from our wild asters and goldenrod.

Paradise River, carrying the ice water away from Paradise Glacier, furnishes the music for the flower show—the heavenly name of both river and glacier being borrowed from that of the garden. I followed down the river toward Narada Falls and was delighted to find a water ouzel on the way. He stood on the wet stones and curtsied politely, between forays under the water after food. A shy little coney whistled to me and played hide-and-seek in his rock pile beside the road. Just before sunset I climbed the trail to Glacier Vista, where from the brink of a steep gorge one may see the full sweep of the five-mile-long Nisqually Glacier. It drags along a considerable load of multicolored rocks.

After I had watched the sunset glow fade from the peak and tarried for the

evening nature lecture, the ranger took me back to Longmire. By that time twilight was done, but the dark bulk of the mountain was still visible, with the Big Dipper on its left shoulder and Cassiopeia covered up. Before midnight the moon assumed the task of illuminating the great icecap, standing by until the sun came up.

The next day was spent in botanizing on a circle tour of the mountain. The ideal route would have been by the ninety-five-mile Wonderland Trail laid out for horseback riders and experienced hikers (two weeks is the recommended time). But my errand required more haste, so we took the much longer paved highways, which kept us most of the time outside the borders of Mount Rainier National Park. The trip afforded numerous views of the mountain and its 26 glaciers at varying distances and from all directions of the compass. The close-up of Emmons Glacier from Yakima Park was most awesome.

On the third and last day of my brief visit I decided to invest my remaining time in climbing as far up the mountain as a three-o'clock departure would allow. With map, field glasses, bird guide, and a skimpy pocket lunch, I started out about nine o'clock at a deliberate rate, following the trail that leads to Camp Muir. All other hikers that were headed in my direction passed me by. They were arguing with the mountain; I was exploring it. Now and then I scanned the bare ridges of Van Trump Park, beyond Nisqually Glacier, in a futile effort to locate some mountain goats. Occasionally I turned around to sweep the horizon beyond the Tatoosh range for glimpses of Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams. But mostly I gave attention to the small plants, to the squirrels and birds along the steep path, and to the peak above.

The sky had been perfectly clear when I had come up to Paradise, but just as I started up the trail the old mountain put a lamb's wool muffler around his neck, allowing it to stream out a half mile to the east. Presently more clouds gathered, and occasionally the whole summit was covered. I was soon above timber line and rapidly turning my calendar back to earliest spring. Avalanche lilies and pasque flowers grew in the very edges of melting snowbanks, and in warmer places dwarf specimens of mountain lupines, phlox, and sedum could be found growing in crevices or in loose pumice.

I was particularly anxious to find such arctic birds as the rosy finch and ptarmigan, which I had never seen except as mounted specimens in a museum. From the very start there had been bird voices in the air, and presently I noted small flocks of strange birds at a distance. Then I began to get closer to scattered individuals feeding by the snowdrifts. Hepburn's rosy finches, they proved to be. More of them appeared as I reached higher levels.

"Think on These Things"

(Continued from page 4)

Coming now to the closing words of our key verse, "If there be any virtue," we draw the conclusion from the preceding discussion that the possibilities of finding anything virtuous in the world are meager, because of the decline of moral standards. The assumption can then be made that if there is any virtue, we are going to have to search for it. When we do find some trace of virtue we must be sufficiently familiar with such things to properly evaluate our find. A familiarity with these things can be established only by constant alertness, so the solution to our problem becomes simpler.

What we must do is associate ourselves continuously with that which meets the most exacting standards of virtue, whether it be reading, recreation, speech, habits of life, thoughts, or associates. As we form this familiarity, there will be praise in our hearts to our Maker for providing standards by which we can measure our activities and praise when we know that we are following in His footsteps.

Courtesy

(Continued from page 8)

high calling as children of the heavenly King.

In true courtesy there is no room for self-exaltation, no place for self-service; there can be only the one aim—service, first to God, then to one's fellow men. As we think of the word *courtesy* and all that it involves, it becomes apparent that there is more to be considered than the accepted conventional phrases. Naturally, they have their place and are not to be overlooked, but the idea of courtly politeness goes deeper and is more fundamental.

Surely if true Christian courtesy is mirrored in our lives in its fullest sense, all who come in touch with us will know that we have been with Jesus and learned of Him. With the grave responsibility which is ours to represent Christ in the world, we must not in any sense by-pass duty and allow its neglect to reflect upon our characters. Our position as Christians calls for our best and most earnest efforts to display before the world the attributes of our heavenly Father in every way possible, which is in keeping with honesty, integrity, love, and unselfishness.



By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

No matter how observant we think we are, or how unflinching our memories, it is easy to become confused at times about facts we thought we knew. Here are a few that may stump you. Look out for numbers two and seven! Six right answers is a fair score.

1. The island where Robinson Crusoe was supposedly shipwrecked actually exists and has a population of 1,800. True or false?
2. What does the Statue of Liberty hold in her left hand—a shield, a tablet, or a torch?
3. Which is considered the greatest tourist attraction in the United States—New York City, Yellowstone Park, or Carlsbad Caverns?
4. Was Rome built on three, five, or seven hills?
5. Is the part in the marriage ceremony that asks whether "there is any reason why these two may not be joined together" required in most States, or may it be legally omitted?
6. How do you spell the name for those fancy flourishes in your penmanship—curlicues, curlykews, or curlicues?
7. Which of the following is *not* a five-star U.S. general: Marshall, MacArthur, Wainwright, Arnold, or Eisenhower?
8. Is a "Shellback" the nickname for a person who is close-fisted in money matters, one who is determined to retain his own beliefs, or someone who has been initiated at his first crossing of the equator?
9. Who is said to have walked the streets of Athens with a lantern, looking for an honest man—Demosthenes, Diogenes, or Diana?
10. The Kentucky log cabin where Abraham Lincoln was born is still preserved. True or false?

—Key on page 23



I AM only one,
But still I am one,
I cannot do everything,
But still I can do something;
And because I cannot do everything,
I will not refuse to do the something
that I can do.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Show me a man who has benefited the world by his wisdom, or his country by his patriotism, or his neighborhood by his philanthropy, and you show me a man who has made the best of every minute.—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

I PITY no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

LIFE is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

POLITENESS has been compared to an air-cushion, which, although there is apparently nothing in it, eases jolts wonderfully.—GEORGE L. CAREY.

God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it.—JOHN RUSKIN.

WISDOM is knowing what to do next;
Skill is knowing how to do it;
Virtue is doing it.—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

While watching the finches, I noticed a whistling marmot on a rock, posing as if for a photograph. He was surprisingly large, like a woodchuck. An alert photographer, who had passed me only a few moments before, was already focusing on him but in my detour around the set I came upon my first and only live "fools hen" (white-tailed ptarmigan)—quite unafraid. But my excitement meant nothing to the young men that came along just then. They had never heard of a ptarmigan—asked me to repeat. Finally I had to spell it for them.

No one could really ask for much more. I rested, read about rosy finches, ate my lunch, and drank from a spring. My attention was attracted by a bird that looked and acted much like a mockingbird. I stalked it for some time, long after I was certain that it was a Townsend's solitaire. That was extra. Two large birds soared

quickly across my ridge and out of sight—golden eagles perhaps, but I could not tell. Finding myself at the edge of Paradise Glacier, I walked right out on the ice. The end of a deep crevasse was only about a stone's throw away, so I threw a stone into it and retreated to solid rock.

"How far to Muir Camp?" I asked a couple who were footing rapidly down the mountain.

"You're about half way," they answered. "We went up last night by moonlight."

On checking my time and position I found that I had been on the trail for four hours and had reached an altitude of about 7,500 feet. I had been well repaid for all my efforts, so by the side of a little clump of dwarf blue veronica I turned my back on the unconquered (by me) mountain and its fearsome icecap. Going down was easy. I found that I could slide down on snowbanks a considerable share of the way. Of course, I could have stood still on the glacier and flowed down with it, but not being sure how many feet a year the glacier moves, I thought it better to coast and walk. In an hour I was back to the starting point and had wedged in a detour to Myrtle Falls on Edith Creek.

On my next visit to Paradise I intend to find those wild goats and the western tanagers for which I searched most diligently and unsuccessfully. I would like to follow that Wonderful Trail all the way around too—and just take all summer for it, if no one objects.

Saved to Serve

(Continued from page 1)

many of the patients and nurses heard the wondrous story that Jesus is coming again. Truly, there is a place for every worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

Not for one moment do I believe Bill's to be an isolated case. Throughout the length and breadth of the world, in every land, Advent youth are living the life that wins for their Lord and Master.

Dear reader, are you today marching with that victorious group, proclaiming to lost mankind the gospel message of salvation? If not, hear the Holy Spirit's pleadings. Cast self aside, step into the ranks of King Emmanuel, and carry the battle for truth into the enemy's camp. "Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?"

Young people, let the answer echo and re-echo in every land as the Advent youth meet the challenge—

"By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine!"

ANSWERS TO "DENOMINATIONAL HISTORY QUIZ"

1. J. N. Loughborough. 2. Robert Holland. 3. Seventh Day Baptists. 4. J. N. Andrews. 5. 1844. 6. Hazelton, Michigan, 1879.

ANSWERS TO "WHO AND WHAT WERE WE?"

Herod (Matt. 14:6-11). Paul and Silas (Acts 16:25). Peter (Matt. 17:27). Athens (Acts 17:22, 23). New earth (Isa. 11:6).

Sabbath School Lessons

Senior Youth

XI—The Millennium

(December 13)

MEMORY VERSE: Revelation 20:6.

LESSON HELP: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 653-661 (new ed., pp. 735-743).

1. How is the final binding and imprisonment of Satan described by the Revelator? What will cease for one thousand years? Rev. 20:1-3.

NOTE.—Any period of a thousand years is a millennium. The word comes from the Latin *mille*, meaning "a thousand," and *annus*, meaning "years." But in Bible prophecy the word has been applied to the thousand-year period of Satan's imprisonment. In speaking of the millennium, this period is generally understood.

2. What is the chain by which Satan is bound?

Answer.—A chain of events or circumstances.

NOTE.—The use of the chain in symbol is very common. In Jude 6 the evil angels are said to be "reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." Yet these angels are not literally bound. Nevertheless they cannot escape the judgment. So with Satan during the millennial period. He is bound; he cannot escape from the place of his imprisonment but must serve his sentence there. He is bound by the fiat of God.

3. In what words does the apostle Paul describe Christ's coming to end the rule of Satan? 1 Cor. 15:22-25.

NOTE.—Christ cannot deliver up the kingdom of this world to the Father and put down all opposing rule, authority, and power till Satan's career is brought to an end and the great rebel punished.

4. How does John give proof that the resurrection takes place at the beginning of the millennium? Rev. 20:4-6.

5. What other event takes both the living and the resurrected saints out of the power of Satan? What statement indicates that their deliverance is permanent? 1 Thess. 4:17, 18.

6. How did Jesus comfort His disciples when He announced His ascension? When did He say they could follow Him to the place where He was going? John 13:36; 14:1-3.

7. How are the wicked placed out of Satan's power during the thousand years? Luke 17:26-30; Jer. 4:25.

NOTE.—At Christ's coming the righteous will be delivered and taken to heaven, and all the living wicked will be destroyed, as they were at the time of the flood. There will be no general resurrection of the wicked until the end of the thousand years. This will leave the earth desolate and without human inhabitant during this period.

8. In what condition is the earth left at Christ's second coming? Who will be completely destroyed? Isa. 13:8, 9.

9. How does Jeremiah describe the earth after its desolation? Jer. 4:23-28.

NOTE.—"That the expression 'bottomless pit' represents the earth in a state of confusion and darkness, is evident from other scriptures. Concerning the condition of the earth, 'in the beginning,' the Bible record says that it 'was without form, and void; and darkness was

—Please turn to page 23



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Sabbath School Lessons

(Continued from page 20)

upon the face of the deep.' Prophecy teaches that it will be brought back, partially at least, to this condition."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 658, 659.

10. How does Isaiah, the gospel prophet, describe the condition of the earth during this same period? Isa. 24:1-5.

11. Where are the "host of the high ones," or Satan and his angels, to be imprisoned and punished? While Satan and his angels are imprisoned, how is the reign of the Lord of hosts described? Verses 21-23.

NOTE.—"Even the wicked are now placed beyond the power of Satan; and alone with his evil angels he remains to realize the effect of the curse which sin has brought. . . . For a thousand years, Satan will wander to and fro in the desolate earth, to behold the results of his rebellion against the law of God. During this time his sufferings are intense. Since his fall, his life of unceasing activity has banished reflection; but he is now deprived of his power, and left to contemplate the part which he has acted since first he rebelled against the government of heaven, and to look forward with trembling and terror to the dreadful future."—*Ibid.*, p. 660.

12. What is the desolate earth, the prison-house of Satan, called by the Revelator? What indicates that Satan cannot leave his place of confinement? Rev. 20:3.

NOTE.—"Here is to be the home of Satan with his evil angels for a thousand years. Here he will be confined, to wander up and down over the broken surface of the earth, and see the effects of his rebellion against God's law. For a thousand years he can enjoy the fruit of the curse which he has caused. Limited alone to the earth, he will not have the privilege of ranging to other planets, to tempt and annoy those who have not fallen."—*Early Writings*, p. 290.

13. After his release from prison at the end of the thousand years, what will Satan immediately do? Rev. 20:5, 7-9.

NOTE.—"At the close of the thousand years the second resurrection will take place. Then the wicked will be raised from the dead, and appear before God for the execution of 'the judgment written.' . . . Isaiah declares, concerning the wicked, 'They shall be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in the prison, and after many days shall they be visited.' . . . At the close of the thousand years, Christ again returns to the earth. He is accompanied by the host of the redeemed, and attended by a retinue of angels. As He descends in terrific majesty, He bids the wicked dead arise to receive their doom. They come forth, a mighty host, numberless as the sands of the sea."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 661, 662.

Junior

XI—The Millennium

(December 13)

LESSON TEXTS: Revelation 20:1-9; Jeremiah 4:23-28; Revelation 21:1-4.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." Rev. 20:6.

Guiding Thought

It is done! Satan's rule is over, the time of trouble is past, the righteous are rewarded with 1,000 years of happiness in the mansions which Jesus has prepared for them, while they pass sentence on the wicked who are sleeping in death upon a desolate earth. Then at the end of the thousand years, the city descends, the wicked are raised to behold what they have willfully lost, and to hear the pronouncement of their doom. Then a curtain of fire closes forever the period of sin and rebellion.

DECEMBER 2, 1947

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought.

Look up the meaning of millennium.

ASSIGNMENT 2

1. What is to be done with all earthly powers when Jesus comes? 1 Cor. 15:24, 25.

NOTE.—Jesus came to deliver this world from the power of Satan. When the time comes that all have had a chance to hear the story of Jesus' love, Jesus will come again. Then the kingdom of this world which Satan has claimed for nearly six thousand years will be given back to the Father.

2. When does Jesus snatch His saints from the dominion of Satan and take them to His Father? 1 Thess. 4:17, 18; Rev. 20:4-6.

NOTE.—"It is at midnight that God manifests His power for the deliverance of His people. The sun appears, shining in its strength. Signs and wonders follow in quick succession. The wicked look with terror and amazement upon the scene, while the righteous behold with solemn joy the tokens of their deliverance."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 636.

ASSIGNMENT 3

3. What will the wicked be doing when Jesus comes? Luke 17:26-30. What will happen to them? 2 Thess. 2:8.

4. What will an angel do with Satan when Jesus comes? For how long will he be alone on this earth? Rev. 20:1-3.

NOTE.—Look at the first part of the diagram. When Jesus comes, He raises the righteous dead, and they, with the living righteous, are taken to heaven. All of the wicked are destroyed, and only Satan is left alone on the earth, which will be ruined and desolate. No one will be here for him to tempt or to harm. There will be no human being with whom he can plan wars. There will be nothing for him to do for one thousand years, but to think of all the troubles, and evils, and sins he has brought to people on the earth. Only the evil angels will be with him. (Jude 6.) This is what the expression "bound him a thousand years" means. The earth is called the "bottomless pit," for there will be no life, no birds, no animals, no green things growing on it.

ASSIGNMENT 4

5. How does the prophet Isaiah describe the condition of the earth during these thousand years? What will become of the people? Why? Isa. 13:6, 9; 24:1-5.

NOTE.—"At the coming of Christ the wicked are blotted from the face of the whole earth, —consumed with the spirit of His mouth, and destroyed by the brightness of His glory. Christ takes His people to the city of God, and the earth is emptied of its inhabitants. . . . The whole earth appears like a desolate wilderness. The ruins of cities and villages destroyed by the earthquake, uprooted trees, ragged rocks thrown out by the sea or torn out of the earth itself, are scattered over its surface."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 657.

6. What did Jeremiah say about the earth during this time? Jer. 4:23-28.

ASSIGNMENT 5

7. What did the Lord declare centuries ago through Zephaniah? Zeph. 1:2, 3; 3:6.

8. What shows that it will not be possible for Satan to journey to other worlds during the thousand years? Rev. 20:3.

NOTE.—"Here is to be the home of Satan with his evil angels for a thousand years. Here he will be confined, to wander up and down over the broken surface of the earth, and see the effects of his rebellion against God's law. For a thousand years he can enjoy the fruit of the curse which he has caused. Limited alone to the earth, he will not have the privilege of ranging to other planets, to tempt and annoy those who have not fallen."—*Early Writings*, p. 290.

ASSIGNMENT 6

9. When are the wicked raised to life? Rev. 20:5. What will Satan urge these wicked ones to do? Verses 7-9, first part.

NOTE.—"At the close of the thousand years the second resurrection will take place. Then the wicked will be raised from the dead, and

appear before God for the execution of 'the judgment written.' . . . As He descends in terrific majesty, He bids the wicked dead arise to receive their doom. They come forth, a mighty host, numberless as the sands of the sea. . . . Now Satan prepares for a last mighty struggle for the supremacy. . . . He will marshal all the armies of the lost under his banner. . . . He proposes to lead them against the camp of the saints, and to take possession of the city of God."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 661-663.

10. What will become of Satan and the wicked as they try to destroy the righteous and even Christ Himself? Rev. 20:9, last part.

NOTE.—Study the second half of the diagram. Jesus comes with all the righteous and His holy angels, and the New Jerusalem. The wicked are raised to life. They, with Satan, try to conquer Jesus and take the city. Then they are destroyed and the earth made new and beautiful for the righteous to live in.

11. Will there ever again be trouble and death on the earth? 1 Cor. 15:26. What will our Father do for us? Rev. 21:4.

ASSIGNMENT 7

1. The righteous are taken to heaven the _____ time Jesus comes.

2. This is the beginning of the _____.

3. The wicked are _____ during the _____.

4. Satan is _____ during this _____.

5. Jesus comes with all the righteous at the _____ of the millennium.

6. At the end of the _____ the _____ are raised to life.

7. Satan and the wicked try to _____ Jesus and the righteous and the New Jerusalem.

8. Fire _____ the wicked and Satan.

9. The earth is _____ new.

10. The _____ live on the _____ forever.

Draw from memory a chart of this period of time.

KEY TO "WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?"

1. True. (It is Juan Fernandez, situated in the Pacific, 365 miles southwest of Valparaiso, Chile.)
2. A tablet. 3. New York City. 4. Seven hills.
5. May be legally omitted in most States. 6. Curlicues. 7. Wainwright. 8. A member of the Order of Shellbacks who has crossed the equator for the first time. 9. Diogenes. 10. True.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Listening Post

★ MEXICO's latest census shows an increase of almost 250,000 in the last year, bringing the present population figure to 22,752,000.

★ ONE person is accidentally injured in America every three seconds; every five and a half minutes a man, woman, or child is killed.

★ INLAID linoleum may be on the way out with the introduction of a unique plastic floor covering which requires no waxing or polishing; is nonskid, impervious to water, and does not chip or crack.

★ ALTHOUGH English is in the lead as a world language, Russian is said by some authorities to meet the requirements of a global tongue better than any other. Why? Because it has the most perfect spelling and is considered by many to be the richest in expressing shades of thought.

★ A COMPACT for men or women has just been designed which features a space for tooth powder and a folding toothbrush. Its plastic case is about the size of a package of cigarettes. The handle of the brush is hinged so that it fits into the back of the bristle end. The dental compact should prove convenient for overnight bags and traveling cases.

★ POSSIBLY the noisiest planeload of passengers ever to land at New York's La Guardia Field arrived recently from Germany. It consisted of seventy dogs, twenty pigeons, and two parrots, which were pets of ex-soldiers, Wacs, and Red Cross personnel. A German shepherd was the largest dog, and the smallest was an Afghan puppy.

★ A "SANDWICH" bed is the latest invention to aid in the comfort of those hospitalized for severe fractures. Known as the Stryker Frame, the device enables a doctor or nurse to turn the patient over for treatment without additional pain to the sufferer. A second mattress is placed over the patient and fastened to the frame of the bed; then the human sandwich is painlessly flipped over and the extra mattress removed.

★ MORE than 1,000 Japanese paper-balloon bombs landed in Western United States during World War II, but the Japanese never knew, for no one ever told. Finally becoming discouraged over their lack of information on the effectiveness of the missiles, the offensive was discontinued. One bomb sailed as far east as Michigan, two or three fell in Texas, and the rest dropped on the West Coast, and in Mexico, Alaska, and Canada. One woman and five children were the only known casualties of the bomb.

★ A SKUNK and a rooster were on a tour of New York this past summer under the direction of the Bronx Zoo, so that underprivileged youngsters might have an opportunity to see a bit of nature at firsthand. Jimmy, a two-year-old deodorized skunk, and Jerry, a six-year-old red rooster, traveled with Miss Ruth Dauchy from school to school, where she talked to the children and showed colored slides of other animals that live at the zoo. Both animals seemed to enjoy their routine and did not mind being fondled by the children—at least there was nothing they could do about it.

★ BONE banks are the latest addition to the blood bank in a Pennsylvania State hospital. The repository has proved advantageous, for it does away with the necessity for removing bones from one part of a patient's body to another for grafting. Such banks are expected to become quite common in the near future.

★ GREAT BRITAIN claims the dubious honor of having the world's largest union. It covers so many trades and industries that it might be called a Trades Union Congress in itself, and boasts of a membership 1,300,000 strong.

★ FIFTY-SIX per cent of American homes do not have mechanical refrigeration.

★ PANAMA hats are made of toquilla straw from Ecuador.

★ AN 8 mm. motion picture sound projector has now been placed on the market.

★ THE cost of returning America's war dead to the United States will amount to approximately \$200,000,000.

★ A FLYING EGG-BEATER has just been added to the United States Air Corps. Known in military circles as the XR-10, it is the world's largest helicopter and will carry ten passengers with pilot and co-pilot. Its all-metal construction features two sets of rotors placed close together so that the lifting blades overlap as they turn, eliminating the need for a separate rotor at the tail to counteract the tendency to fly off course. The plane has a speed of 100 miles an hour and a range of 350 miles.



Couriers for Christ



E. M. Fishell, of the Pacific Union Conference, sends this experience of a young woman, a student colporteur, who worked last summer in Southern California.

"A long, hot day had passed, and I had sold absolutely nothing. There was only one remote prospect of a sale—a woman had asked me to come back in the evening and show the books to her husband. Imagine my disappointment when an old man met me at the door and told me that the woman and her husband both had gone to the movies. He was the grandfather and had been left at home to mind the children. It hardly seemed worth while to show him the books, but I decided to do so anyway.

"Every picture in the medical book reminded him of some disease that either he or his great-uncle had had, and I despaired of ever getting through my canvass. Finally I showed him 'Bible Readings' to see what his reaction to that would be. I hardly had opened to the first page when he asked:

"Say, do you know that Saturday is the Sabbath, and not Sunday?"

"Oh, really? What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Saturday is the seventh day, and according to the Bible the seventh day is the Sabbath," he replied.

"How do you know that Saturday is the seventh day? Hasn't the calendar been changed?" I questioned.

"Yes,"—he explained the changes in detail—"but the weekly cycle was never affected."

"Well, isn't there some record that Christ changed the Sabbath?" I continued.

"No," he replied, "there's nothing in the whole New Testament about a change. It couldn't be in honor of the resurrection, because Christ was raised after the Sabbath had passed." And he went into quite a lengthy discussion of the Sabbath in the New Testament.

"How does it come about, then, that everybody keeps Sunday if Saturday is the Sabbath?"

"The Catholic Church changed the Sabbath," he answered. He knew enough about the subject to put many Seventh-day Adventists to shame.

"When I inquired how he had learned all these things, he told me that he had attended Pastor Phillip Knox's lectures, and had read C. B. Haynes' book 'From Sabbath to Sunday.'

"Do you really believe in keeping Saturday as the Sabbath?" I finally asked him.

"He hesitated a moment and then answered, 'Yes, I do.'

"Bless your heart," I said. "I'm a Seventh-day Adventist."

"Are you?" He was all interest. "Tell me: is there a Seventh-day Adventist church around here?"

"I told him about one of our churches in the vicinity, and as soon as I showed him that 'Bible Readings' contained a large section on the Sabbath question, he asked me the price of the book and made a substantial down payment. Then he told me that he wanted his daughter-in-law to have the medical book, and that he would urge her to take it, which she did.

"You'll never know how much good you have done by coming here," he said as I bade him good night."