

The Youth's Instructor



THESE KRAFT COMPANY

GRIFFITH, ARTIST

HOW BIG

is

1948?

By THEOFIELD G. WEIS

July, 1947, when I sat beside a young farmer on the doorsteps of his new home only a few hours after a terrific hailstorm had destroyed every acre of a promising harvest. The destructive elements left him at the mercy of his creditors. But he sighed, "Next year will be better." The question annoyed me when an old farmer greeted me in the railroad station of Swift Current, Saskatchewan, and told me he was sick at heart, because just across the Canadian Pacific Railroad's main line tracks, dealers were butchering horses at the rate of two hundred head a day. "I tell you," he solemnized, his eyes moistening, "we are no bigger than our hearts. How can a farmer sell his horses to a slaughterer and buy a tractor? I am a big farmer. I have tractors. But I wouldn't sell my horses. I tell you, sir, we are not very generous when we become so greedy we don't want to feed a beast of burden."

How big will 1948 be? I asked myself while the wheat was turning yellow in the Happyland District of the same province. I was standing on the platform of a self-propelled combine listening to a "mass production" farmer explain what he was going to do to combat the sawfly, the grasshopper, and the rust in 1948. Everywhere men were planning ahead. The proposition was reasonable. It is even more reasonable now, at the very turn of the year.

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JANUARY 6, 1948

THAT rain sure fixed the potatoes," said Bud. "It made big ones out of the little ones." James "Bud" Carlson is a jovial, broad-shouldered farmer of Alix, Alberta, Canada. He is accustomed to big things—big wheat farms, big barley fields, large meadows, and larger and fatter herds of cattle. Bud measures everything in terms of the great expanse of the West. From the Peace River Valley in northern Alberta to the Gulf of Mexico everything is wide and big. The farms are yearly growing bigger, the machinery faster and more efficient. The freight trains are longer, the automobiles are newer, the farm workers richer and more idle. Even Bud's girth has expanded

"Last Year Was Big, But This Year Will Be Even Bigger," Said Farmer Carlson as the Rain Came Down

in size. So he smiles, and rumbles deep down below his shoulders as he chortles. "Last year was big, but this year will be even bigger."

"How big will be the yield of 1948?" I asked myself, as I watched the churning, lashing waters of Chickamauga Dam. I wondered about it when I glanced across acres upon acres of fruit trees in Napa County, California. The question came to me again when I saw the rich pea harvest of Washington. It haunted me in

Let's Talk It Over

I'M FIGHTING, and I'll beat this thing yet!"

The young man who had spent months in an iron lung straightened his stooped shoulders to the limit and took the deepest possible breath. And no one who caught the light of determination in his eyes could doubt that he was all set to continue the battle he had so well begun.

"I'm back in school," he went on to say, speaking slowly perforce. "Of course I know I will have to go slow, but just you wait and see. I'll make it yet!"

He had been one of the most popular, most promising theology students in his college when he was stricken with dread infantile paralysis.

"Pray!" was the message that he sent back to the students in assembly from his sickroom. "Pray God will spare my life if that is His plan for me; but pray also that I may be fully surrendered, and willing that His will be done."

"Bob is so cheerful, and he insists that he's going to get well," was the unvarying report of his nurses and the few friends who were allowed to see the youth who physicians said was sick unto death. "But he's *very determined*," one of the medical men added as he gave his verdict, "and if he fights hard enough and long enough, he may win."

After a long, weary time of waiting we heard that Bob could breathe without the lung for fifteen minutes, then for half an hour, then for forty-five minutes, then for a whole hour! The progress was ever so slow, but it was progress. And so long months passed.

Then one day there was a knock at my office door. "Who do you guess is here?" questioned a mutual friend as she opened it. And there stood Bob! He was only a shadow of his former broad-shouldered self. And he could not quite—though almost—walk alone; but he made his way triumphantly down the hall as his nurse held his arm. "I've been fighting," he told us with a smile that was bright as the sun at noonday, "and you see I've made *some* progress. I'm going to keep right on. I'm *determined* to get back to college and finish my course—if the Lord wills, and with His blessing," he added reverently.

Now he is back on the campus again, a walking, smiling monument to what can be accomplished with grit and determination. Those who have watched this battle have no doubt that one of these days those shrunken lungs will again

be strong enough to expand as they hold a deep draught of pure ozone; that those halting steps will gain firmness and rhythm; that Bob will finish his course and be able to serve God acceptably in his own special place.

There will be no miracle about it. Determination—with God—always wins!

IF YOU have heard the world-renowned Yehudi Menuhin play recently, you may not have realized just how much you were indebted to his accompanist for the musical treat you enjoyed. But the critics know, and attend the concerts without fail, not only to evaluate the incomparable Menuhin, but to see and hear a great musician who during the years of Nazi terror in Central Europe was first reported dead, then so badly crippled that he could never play again.

Ten years ago Adolf Baller was recognized as one of Europe's leading pianists. Then the Nazi's came to Vienna, whither he had gone to rehearse with the Philharmonic Orchestra. He was stopped on the street as he approached the home of his foster parents, where he was staying, and slugged as he reached for his Polish passport. Half an hour later he came to himself in the basement of a house on the outskirts of the city. He was not alone. There were other luckless prisoners there, and his first conscious realization was of their screams and moans.

When his own experience in the torture chamber was ended, he had been cruelly beaten, his flesh had been burned with the glowing ends of cigarettes, his eyes had been almost pushed out of their sockets by the fingers of his unfeeling persecutors, and his hands with their strong, sensitive fingers had been trodden by heavy army boots until they appeared to be nothing but pulp. Then they left him, unconscious on the floor!

The next morning, at the insistence of the Polish consul general, search was instituted for the distinguished musician, and when he was found he was still alive, but unable to see, unable to speak. His distressed parents and his fiancée, Edith Strass, a professional violinist, refused to believe that this battered, bleeding being which had been brought to their door was Adolf Baller. Finally persuaded, they took him in, cared for him as best they could, and then his fiancée took him to Budapest, where he could have the best in ex-

pert medical care. But the doctors shook their heads. He might live, they said, but he certainly never would play the piano again.

TIME marched on, month after month. Presently came returning sight, dimly at first, but very slowly growing clearer and clearer. Edith Strass tenderly rubbed his poor, broken, scarred, misshapen hands hour after hour, and Baller himself massaged the tight brittle skin and tried bending his fingers little by little.

The doctors still gave no hope that he could return to his profession even after his marriage, but he was determined, and continued his exercising more intensively with the help and encouragement of his loyal Edith. And the stiff fingers began to respond, though progress was slow indeed. His first efforts to strike the piano keys again were pathetic, but he fought the stiffness and pain while the sweat rained down his tense face. "You will see!" he exclaimed. "You will see—for I am determined!"

And win he did—at last! Adolf Baller made his first postwar public appearance in concert with Yehudi Menuhin in the sleepy little town of Los Gatos, California, one summer afternoon in 1944. He was far removed from the scene of his terrible ordeal, and took deep breaths of the freedom which is in the very air in America, as he watched the audience gather. Among the crowd in the high school auditorium were nearly all of San Francisco's noted music critics when the man who had made his comeback over what seemed insurmountable obstacles, and by sheer force of will, seated himself at the piano. With deep feeling in every motion, he struck the opening, familiar chords that bring every loyal American gathering to its collective feet—those of our National Anthem.

Once more determination had spelled success!

WOULD you have the New Year just beginning to be a very special, very successful year in your experience? Then determine to make it so, with a determination that knows no slacking of effort, no turning back. Just set your teeth and step steadily toward your goal. You *can* win! More than that, you *will* win!

Lora E. Clement

Bharat Beckons

By GARLAND HOAG



A Hindu and One of the Many Images of India

JITEN CHATTERGEE, a twelve-year-old Hindu boy, watched with interest the bullock carts passing his family's hut. He had discovered that the mysterious boxes and strange-looking bedding rolls were being taken to a big neem-leaf pandal, or shelter, in Binjipali, a village eight miles away. There, he had been told, a foreigner was going to tell stories every night.

"I am going!" Jiten mumbled excitedly to himself as he locked the cattle securely in their mud-walled shed and turned to trot nimbly down the jungle pathway in the direction of the village. It was dusk when he arrived, and the new moon was already outlining the large flat roof of the building where the foreigner was.

The boy slipped in unnoticed and sat

cross-legged on the straw-covered mud floor. Looking around, his keen black eyes took in everything. He saw scores of fellow tribesmen from the near-by communities, but no one else was there from his village.

The boy was at once attracted by the cleanness of the place and the beautiful picture rolls that hung from the bamboo posts. Up front were red and white mottoes written in his own language, and illuminated by the cheery light from kerosene pressure lanterns. He was charmed by the melodious songs, which were unlike anything he had ever heard; and Pastor Nowrangi's stories from the Holy Book delighted him.

He vowed he would come again the next night. The padre had promised some colored magic lantern pictures. Jiten had heard about such wonderful pictures, but never dared hope he would be fortunate enough to see them. He passed the night with relatives in the village, as he, like most heathen lads, was afraid of the lurking evil spirits, and it was a long way in the dark to his home. His mother would not worry about him, for he had stayed with his relatives before.

The second night after the meeting, as he lay on the rope cot inside the sheltering earth house, he recounted to himself the evening's experience. "What strange and wonderful things the padre tells. He says the Great God above loves me and wants me to be well and happy. And that picture of the shepherd who went out into the dark jungle to fetch that one stray sheep—that's the way the Good Shepherd above is looking after me. I wonder what he meant when he read, 'The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.' Father worships Kali and Krishna, but they do not love him. They are always angry with him. Perhaps

I should tell him about the Good Shepherd God."

But upon reflection he decided not to mention the meetings to his parents, as he recalled how contaminating Christians had always been regarded in the community. "Yet," he mused, "these padres are not dirty, uncouth, or low-caste men. They are clean and wise. They are kind, and remind me of that Good Shepherd they told about."

Jiten had been used to acting according to the Old Hindu proverb, "Whoever Has the Club Gets the Buffalo," or the equivalent of the English proverb, "Every Man for Himself." But now he found a new emotion seeking expression. Here was a new conception of life—the way of love. Jiten felt drawn to the evangelist. Day after day he dashed through the salwood timberland and ran along the dikes holding back the water in the green paddy fields to find his place among the growing group of eager village listeners who came to attend the evangelistic meetings.

When his orthodox Hindu parents and fellow villagers discovered where Jiten was spending so much of his time, they warned him not to go again or have anything further to do with the evangelists. But the warm rays of a new magnetic light had begun to illumine and thrill the boy's heart. Despite the threats, he continued to attend the services, and became a regular Sabbath school member.

Jiten was soon to learn that all who would live godly must suffer persecution. After more warnings he was beaten with strips of split bamboo, and for three days his brass dish remained empty of his daily portion of dal and rice. His mother re-

Pastor Garland Hoag and His Family, Who Spent Nearly Seven Years in India as Publishing Department Secretary for the Northeast India Union Mission. They Are Now En Route Back to Their Field, Ending a Much-needed Furlough



Northeast India Union Office Staff and Their Families

fused to feed her son because he mingled with those "Christian Saturday people." All this did not deter him; rather it strengthened his determination to decide for Christ.

He turned his back on the heathen faith of his fathers and became a full-fledged Seventh-day Adventist Christian. At this his father and mother furiously drove him out of their home and refused to acknowledge him as their son. Jiten gladly bore all this persecution for his newly found Saviour's sake. He escaped to a larger village, where he found work, and is now living as a faithful follower of His Lord. Today his heart's desire is to be able to attend one of our schools and prepare for an effective ministry to his people.

Bharat, the pre-European name for modern India, is beckoning—beseeching strong, selfless servants of Christ to come and serve in that vast land of opportunity. India holds out to the young people of the Seventh-day Adventist Church one of the most compelling invitations to missionary endeavor faced by any generation in any age. The task is tremendous, and the possibilities for advancing the kingdom of God are unlimited.

India is a huge subcontinent, stretching for some two thousand miles north and south and two thousand, five hundred miles east and west. It covers roughly two million square miles and is as big as the whole continent of western Europe. India is not just one country, but a series of fifteen or twenty-five great countries! One fifth of the people of the world, or over four hundred million, exist for the most part in pagan darkness.

The traditional title, "Gibraltar of heathenism," may soon have to be changed. The "Christ of the Indian road" is leading His forces on to full and final victory, for the Christian church of India is increasing at the average rate of 833 converts a day or twenty-five thousand a month. Never in the history of our

missions there have we seen the amazing degree of success attend our work as is now being witnessed in almost every corner of this great country. The greatest fortress of heathenism of which the devil has ever boasted is now crumbling.

The Advent Movement in India is today faced with an evangelistic opportunity which is as glorious in its possibilities as it is alarming in its magnitude. Pastor A. L. Ham, former president of the Southern Asia Division, says: "I have been impressed . . . with the fact that we have come to the day of harvest in our work in this division field. The opening providences of God are indicating almost impatiently the great necessity of our doing now what needs to be done for this land of need and opportunity."

An orthodox Hindu shaves his head except for one small lock of long knotted hair, called a *chutiya*, which is a sign of Hinduism. Recently one of these men came to Evangelist K. S. Ekka and to our church people who live in the tea gardens

of North Bengal. He told how he had been drawn to our Christian group, how he was convinced that they had the true religion. Catching hold of his *chutiya* in one hand and gripping a knife in the other, there before an astonished audience, he hacked off his hair. "This is to show that from today I am no longer a Hindu," he solemnly declared. "I want to become a member of your mission."

A community of about one thousand supposedly Mohammedan folk who have been keeping the seventh-day Sabbath has lately come to our attention. When someone accused them of being Seventh-day Adventists, they began to inquire who we were, and sent representatives to our mission headquarters in Calcutta to learn more about our beliefs. From the native states, and from the hill tribes too, come insistent calls for Adventist teachers.

Our small corps of Indian workers last year, with practically no overseas missionaries to aid them, baptized 935 new converts.

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Stalwart Christians

By A. V. OLSEN

Because the child of God cannot participate in many of the pleasures and activities of the world some people conclude that a Christian is a soft, spineless person, lacking both courage and energy. This is a false conception.

To drift in a boat downstream requires neither muscle nor mettle, but to row against the current calls for both. Likewise to drift with the multitude in following the ways of the world requires neither courage nor will power, but to press forward alone in the upward way against the scorn and ridicule of the world demands moral courage, devotion, and determination.

It was easy for the young men in the king's college in Babylon to partake of the wine and rich foods that came from the royal table, but it demanded both courage and loyalty to principle for Daniel and his companions to purpose in their hearts not to defile themselves "with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank." Similarly, it called for a spirit of real heroism for Daniel, in the presence of his enemies, to kneel calmly before his open window to worship when he knew that by so doing he would be cast into the lion's den. Think, too, of the dauntless courage of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who, despite the king's decree to cast them alive into the burning fiery furnace if they refused to bow their knees before his golden image, remained erect when the vast multitude fell down to worship at the sound of the music.

During the recent war our young men in different parts of the world discovered that it called for more will power and valor to be true to principle than to drift with the crowd in seeking the pleasures and frivolities of the world. They found it demanded courage and devotion on their part to kneel down by the side of their bunks to pray in the midst of the taunts and jeers of their comrades. They also learned that it was not easy, humanly speaking, to be true to their convictions regarding the Sabbath. Often these boys of ours were admired for their loyalty to God and His holy day. They stood firm as the rocks even in the face of threatened imprisonment and death. Such men are not spineless weaklings.

In some of the Southern European countries where I have labored there has been no easy road for Seventh-day Adventists to travel. They have had to face scorn and ridicule, imprisonment, torture, and sometimes martyrdom. Men and women who are true to their God under such conditions are real heroes. They are of great value in His sight.

During the war one of our young men from Western Europe was put into forced labor in a neighboring country. Before the arrival of the Sabbath he went to the officer in charge of the camp and respectfully asked to be free from duty on Saturday. Briefly, but clearly, he explained the reasons for his request. Instead of granting the petition, the officer became furious and advised the young man to forget his religion. When our brother tried to reason with him he was brutally told that he must work on the Sabbath or die. He was given a few moments in which to decide. Calmly he said, "I can die, but I cannot disobey my God." His decision was made, and he remained true to it. In this case God so overruled that the young man was never molested for his failure to report for duty on the Sabbath.

We could give many other examples of Christian heroism during the war, as well as at other times, but we believe that the above is sufficient to show that true Christians are not soft, spineless persons, lacking in courage and energy. On the contrary, they are, by the grace of God, strong, courageous souls, full of zeal and energy. May God help us all to be such.

Michael C. Kujur, His Wife, Abd, and Their Daughter Alice, of the Bihar Mission



Saints and Sinners



Noah's Carpenters

By M. L. ANDREASEN

Genesis 6:1-22

IT WAS quite impossible for Noah alone to build the ark. Even though men then were stronger than they are now, even though they had some simple machinery and other apparatus to help them in construction, it must have taken a large crew of workers to build a ship the dimensions of the ark. We shall not attempt a guess as to the number of men employed on the project.

When Solomon wanted timber for the temple, he "told out threescore and ten thousand men to bear burdens, and four-score thousand to hew in the mountain, and three thousand and six hundred to oversee them." 2 Chron. 2:2. The wisest king of Israel thus had eighty thousand men to cut timber, not counting those who worked on the building. It took seven years to finish the temple. (1 Kings 6:38.)

Doubtless it took more man-hours to build Solomon's temple than to construct the ark, for the fine workmanship required on the temple was not necessary on the ark. But we are reasonably sure that more timber was used in the ark than in the temple, for Solomon's temple was

built mostly of stone. Therefore, if Solomon required thousands of men to cut timber, it is reasonable to suppose that Noah was not alone in building the ark. We are not interested in the number of men he had to help him. All we wish to show is that he must have had helpers. These we call Noah's carpenters. There must have been many of them throughout the one hundred and twenty years that construction was in progress.

Who were these men? We do not know. We have no record of them. We are not told what became of them. Because only Noah's immediate family was saved in the ark, we presume these workers perished in the destruction which came upon the world. It may be that some of those who labored during the first years of building died in hope. That is entirely possible. But all we know of a certainty is that, with the exception of Noah's family, none of the men who helped build the ark went into it.

Herein lies a tragedy. To have helped build the ark, to have contributed labor and perhaps money for the construction

of that which was meant to be their salvation, and then to have been lost in the angry waters, is indeed a calamity.

These men knew the material that went into the ark. It must have been the best of everything, for it was built according to God's directions. It was no flimsy structure made for show. It was solidly built so as to withstand any storms it might encounter. The carpenters must have been deeply impressed with the work they were doing and with the sincerity of Noah. He had put all that he had into the venture. Not only was he working and preaching, but he was living a consistent Christian life, and by doing so he condemned the world. (Hebrews 11:7.) That means that his workmen were also condemned. They saw Noah at work; they saw his earnestness; and doubtless they felt condemned. But they did not go into the ark with him when the invitation was given.

"As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man." Luke 17:26. Many are helping to build God's cause today. Many support the Seventh-day Adventist Church with gifts, and are faithful with tithes and offerings. All this is right and proper; but would it not be well for such to take inventory to see whether they are really "in the faith"? In fact, would it not be well for all of us to take heed lest we be found working on the ark without really having any part in the salvation to come?

I have no doubt that again and again the carpenters who assisted Noah took measurements to see whether they were following the blueprint. Again and again they were pleased with the progress they were making, and so reported. Everything was moving forward satisfactorily. Noah was not running into debt: when the ark was finished it would be paid for. It would never do to sail away and leave a debt on the ark.

It must have been a great day when the work at last was completed, and the workmen paid off. For years Noah had told them that a flood was coming on the earth, and that God had commanded him to build an ark for the saving of the people. It was now for Noah to make good, or rather, for God to honor the faith of His servant. According to Noah, the flood was about due, and as the ark was ready, there was nothing more to wait for. So, let the flood come.

The people were in a state of expectation, but they were hardly prepared for what they saw. Suddenly there was a sound of many wings as the birds of heaven gathered together and went into the ark, by sevens of the clean, and by twos of the unclean. Then followed in the same order the clean and the unclean beasts, and even the creeping things. This

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PERSEVERANCE

Spells Success

DURING the early part of the seventeenth century a young professor of mathematics at the University of Padua, in Italy, began searching the heavens with a crude, homemade telescope. He hoped to find proof for the theory of Copernicus, who claimed that the sun, not the earth, was the center of the solar system.

For months he charted the position of the stars, slowly accumulating the data which, after being carefully checked, supported the theory of Copernicus. Any material that seemed of doubtful accuracy was discarded. After a number of years the professor decided that he had enough evidence in favor of the new theory, and began to tell a few friends of his work.

The news traveled swiftly, for the theory was disturbing to many of the learned men of the period. Did not the church teach that all the universe turned around the earth? Surely, then, there must be some mistake.

Yes, there *was* a mistake. The scientist was trying to correct the mistake that had been accepted for hundreds of years.

As the new idea spread, it was attacked by other scientists, and the church also criticized his work. At last he was called before the Inquisition to account for his heresy. He lashed back with a clever little booklet in which he clothed his arguments with dialogue, so that it would pass the hands of the church censor. The ruse worked, and the booklet reached the people for whom it was intended. Eventually the pope and the cardinals discovered the trick that had been played upon them, and their full wrath fell upon the now aged scientist. Again he was summoned to stand before the Inquisition and threatened with torture, though he was seventy years old.

His work was over. He was sentenced to exile, and was not allowed to see any relatives or friends for the eight remaining years of his life. His scientific accomplishments, though, are still alive, and his name lives with them. Galileo Galilei will be remembered as long as there are people who admire sincerity and persistency in the face of difficulties.

Previous to the seventeenth century no one seriously questioned the theory of spontaneous generation. People believed that if rags were piled in a corner with a few bits of cheese, rats would develop from them. They thought that if meat was

By
E. L. PERIMAN



RUSSELL HARLAN, ARTIST

Galileo Galilei Will Be Remembered as Long as People Admire Sincerity and Persistency in the Face of Difficulties

left standing, maggots would grow from it.

This was the erroneous thinking that Louis Pasteur challenged. Through his experience as a chemist he had been led to believe that all life came from preceding life, and that diseases were caused by living organisms. He wished to prove his beliefs.

He filled several bottles with liquid which he knew would putrify rapidly, then boiled them. When they were cool, he opened some of them to the air. Just as he had expected, the ones which he had opened were the only ones that spoiled. He followed this experiment with many more, all of which confirmed his belief that disease was caused by germs too small to be seen.

When Pasteur announced his conclusions, he met much ridicule and criticism. Through it all he maintained his theory as being correct and sound, and because he did, we now associate his name with such scientific triumphs as pasteurization of milk and inoculation for rabies.

Discouragement often comes to those who are successful. They are remembered, not because they had troubles, but because they had the necessary fortitude to overcome their troubles.

Few men have met and overcome as much discouragement as Nikola Tesla. While in school he attempted to learn all there was to know about electricity.

He saw an electric motor for the first time in 1876, during a classroom lecture at a school in Austria. He watched the shower of sparks that flew from the spinning shaft. The sparks excited his imagination, for to him they represented wasted energy and inefficient design. Why not make the motor without the series of contacts that caused the sparks? He reasoned that this could be done by using an alternating current instead of a direct current. The fact that alternating currents had not been made did not deter him.

Young Tesla presented his idea to his professor. This man spent a whole class period in carefully dissecting the boy's theory, taking it apart piece by piece, and pointing out the "errors" in it. But Tesla was not easily discouraged. He held his hopes high while he searched for a solution.

Six years later he found the answer. In his spare time he began making the necessary parts and assembling and wiring the motor. When he switched on the current, the motor began to hum, and in a few seconds it was going full speed. Tesla was satisfied when he saw that there was none of the noisy sparking that other motors made.

Such a success should have caused great interest among the engineers; but when he exhibited his motor in Strassburg, it was ignored. And when he took it to Paris, he discovered the same amazing apathy toward his invention.

A friend suggested that he go to America, the land of opportunity. Tesla acted upon the suggestion, but while he journeyed to the coast to take ship he had another misfortune. He lost his ticket and most of his money. Fortunately, the steamship officials believed his story and allowed him to go aboard. When the young man landed in America, he had only four cents in his pocket, but he had hope in his heart.

Even then his trials were not over. For nearly a year he could find only menial jobs to do. It was while he was digging ditches for two dollars a day that a foreman became interested in the youth, and introduced him to some men who were willing to back him financially.

Tesla established a laboratory, and in a few months secured patents for motors, generators, transformers, and electrical transmission systems, which were the forerunners of those still in use today. The world began to notice this persistent young man and to respect his ideas.

George Westinghouse, of the Westinghouse Electric Company, recognized the value of Tesla's accomplishments, and gave him a check for one million dollars in partial payment for the use of his inventions.

Did perseverance pay Galileo? Pasteur? Tesla? Yes. The broad horizons of success beckon to *anyone* who is willing to ignore disappointment and courageously persevere until misfortune is conquered.

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The Ground Hogs I Knew Lived Mostly on Steep
Hillsides



HARRY BAERG, ARTIST

The Merry Whistler

By HARRY E. BAERG

ONE spring morning while in my room in the school dormitory in Alberta, Canada, I looked out of the window and saw a black object moving through the young oats on the hillside opposite me. Pointing it out to a friend of mine, I watched with him, puzzled as to what it could be. It had come from the shores of a small near-by lake, but appeared too large to be a muskrat. It was not a skunk, for there was no waving plume. The gait was similar to that of a ground squirrel, running for a bit, then stopping to look around, then running again.

We hurried over to investigate, and

while we did so I remembered one of the boys having told me that he had seen a black muskrat disappear down a hole in the willows at this same part of the lake shore. I had examined the hole under the willow bushes and had come to the conclusion that, though it had at one time been occupied by muskrats, the receding shores of the lake had left it high and dry, and it was now, in my opinion, being used by ground hogs.

We managed to intercept our black friend; and on cornering him in a wind-break at the roadside, we could plainly see that he was a young ground hog. For a while I held him pinned down

with a stick; then as we tried to grab him, he wiggled loose and ran off into the neighbor's woodshed. Here we again cornered him and placed a large tub over him. By this time it was necessary for us to hurry back to class. After the recitation was over we went back, only to find that he had burrowed out and escaped.

It seems that the youngster was migrating from home—maybe prematurely. It is possible that he was driven out because of his conspicuously different color; certain it is that he had not learned much of the science of preserving life, as later events showed.

One day not long after this I saw a large mound of fresh yellow earth in the middle of a grassy hillside. Looking at it more closely, I noticed that it was a ground hog's den. Then a few days later, whom should I see sitting on the mound but our colored friend. I saw him a quarter of a mile away, and was sure that a hawk would be able to see him at a still greater distance.

My fears were not unfounded. Somehow nature does not choose to preserve her freaks unless it be in some new environment where they are better able to cope with their enemies. I have read that in some wooded areas the black-color phase is common. "Blackie" had several counts against him: in the open hillside he saw a great deal of grass, but forgot that there was no protection such as trees could have given him against hawks; in the sandy soil he saw easy digging, but overlooked the fact that it also would be an easy task for any coyote or badger so minded to dig him out; the large mound was convenient to sit on and a good lookout, but a definite advantage to anyone with a gun; then, too, his color just did not blend with his surroundings.

What happened to Blackie I do not know. Certain it is that the big yellow mound in the middle of the hillside was soon left desolate. Perhaps a large Swainson Hawk, swooping low, spied the imprudent youngster, and made off with him. But whatever may have happened, I do know that black ground hogs were extinct in that part of the country for several years after that.

I have called Blackie a ground hog, but there are several other names also attached to his tribe. The most common ones are woodchuck and golden marmot. The name depends partly on where he lives and partly on who is referring to him. The name *woodchuck* has nothing to do with chucking wood, but is derived from the Indian name *ot-choeck*, by which he was called before the white man named him. The term *ground hog* is probably more appropriate, but certainly no more accurate. He is not a hog but a rodent,

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WITHDRAWN
37179

WHITE MEMORIAL
SCHOOL of NURSING
Presents

A Student Writes Home

+ + +

1824 New Jersey Street
Los Angeles, California
August 11, 1947

DEAREST MOTHER:

In your letter the other day you asked whether we as student nurses ever had opportunities to say a word on spiritual things to the patients. Yes; I never realized before what an influence one has on the lives of others. As insignificant as I am, even I have had evidence that I have influenced the thoughts of a few people.

For instance, last night as I was giving a middle-aged patient his evening care

before bedtime, I engaged him in conversation, and learned that he is a lawyer. He told me a number of interesting incidents about his business, his travels, and the sports which were interesting him more and more. He used a wide vocabulary and had the gift of ready speech, but I noticed that his conversation was occasionally blemished with profanity. Imme-

EDWARD H. JOHNSON

My Prayer Was Ever so Short and Simple, but
What It Lacked in Eloquence Was Made up for in
Sincerity

diately I thought, "Oh, he isn't a Christian!"

I've told you that usually we ask our patients whether they would like to have us offer a good-night prayer before we leave them, but I hesitated to suggest this to him, because the conversation had become quite light, and his few profane words seemed to stand out in boldface type on the white bedspread as I struggled desperately within myself. Somehow, God gave me the courage I needed, and I said, "Would you like to have me pray with you before you go to sleep?"

He hesitated—it must have been a whole minute! Then he said haltingly, "Yes, please do."

My prayer was ever so short and simple, but certainly what it lacked in eloquence was made up for in sincerity. I do not remember exactly what I said, but I asked the Lord to give him a good night's rest and to bless and comfort his loved ones. Also I prayed that he might have faith to accept the promise that "all things work together for good."

After the "amen" the man hesitated again, but this time I think he was saying his own little prayer, for when he finished, or at least when he spoke again, he said, "That's the first time I've prayed since my wife died, over four years ago!"

It seemed as though chains which had been binding him for those long years had broken loose, as he told me how bitter he was against God for allowing his beloved companion to suffer so much, but that now he could see that all God's ways were best, because she had been spared many griefs that had come to him. Then it seemed that he was thinking too deeply to share his thoughts with me, so I softly said, "Good night," and left the room.

I shed a few tears after I left him, Mother, for I was touched that God had blessed my simple prayer, and yet I was extremely happy that I had used the opportunity which came to me to witness for Him. Somehow I felt that now this lawyer and God were friends again, and that he would suggest prayer the next time a nurse prepared him for the night.

I can't help thinking after I pray or talk with other folks about spiritual things that my own father has never heard me pray! I do believe in that "all things" and that someday they'll work for us too. I pray daily for you both—tell daddy that I'll write him soon.

Good night, Mother dear, and I love you.

MARY JEAN.



HOW would you like to leave this earth and view the sights of another world? Would you not be thrilled to find yourself independent of time and space, and be able to soar through the starry heavens?

Probably you have heard of the magic carpet that took its owner to any desired place at the mere expression of his wish. Well, the modern magic carpet, the planetarium, will take us on thrilling journeys into infinite space.

Only five cities in North America possess these wonderful instruments: Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Los Angeles.

The buildings which house them are dodecagonal in shape. The roof has the form of a dome. Within the outer walls is a corridor completely encircling the lecture room, which is the center of the building. There are large transparencies on the walls, which in reality are photographs of galaxies, nebulae, planets, and constellations. On display are instruments that the ancient astronomers of Egypt, China, and Babylon used in observing the heavens. We also see models of telescopes

enjoy it." Our guide, by means of the magic wand of optical illusion, is about to transport us into realms unknown. But first we must proceed farther into the realms of darkness. The shadows become more intense; even the person sitting beside one becomes a vague shadow, then disappears. We feel as though we were suspended in empty space. No shapes or forms are seen, not even a ray of light! The music has faded away. We are in the midst of deathly stillness.

But see! A glowing orb of light sends forth a

As Our Space Chariot Rushes Nearer, We See That the Dark Surface Is a Plain Surrounded by Mountains



A Trip to the Moon

By WILLIAM McQUEARY

from the time of Galileo to the modern Mount Palomar instrument in Southern California, in which a lens two hundred inches in diameter will soon be placed.

The appointed hour for the lecture arrives. We pass through the doors into a spacious room. The colors of the place immediately arrest our attention. We see white above and black beneath. On the distant horizon, from all directions, we see dark symmetrical masses which form the silhouette of the city sky line. This mirage of silver and sable holds our attention as we seat ourselves and relax to the strains of charming music, which, as we listen, lures our thoughts from the workaday world. We are hardly conscious of the darkness slowly enveloping us until the shadowy metropolis looms before us with increasing size. There the city dissolves and is absorbed by a vast murkiness. We feel as though we were shut out from the present world. The music, however, overcomes any momentary feelings of apprehensiveness; moreover, the modulated tones of a friendly voice welcoming our arrival reassure us.

"Good evening, we are glad to have your company on this celestial voyage. We hope and sincerely believe that you will

friendly radiance. This luminary, suspended within the depths of the dark abyss, silently declares that the titans of darkness shall not hold absolute sway. "Greet our friend, the sun!" commands our guide. "He is the head of our solar system, the source of our light and heat. His mean distance is ninety-two million miles. His diameter is 864,000 miles, and he is 332,000 times heavier than the earth!"

Romance and tradition are woven into the lecture. The sun was a god to ancient Greeks and Romans. Apollo, they called this sun god. And suddenly there appears to our astonished eyes the handsome figure of Apollo himself riding across the sky in a golden chariot. He is accompanied by Aurora, goddess of the dawn, who diffuses a roseate light. Before him Apollo puts to flight the gods of the nether world with his arrows of light.

"Let me introduce to you other members of our solar family," continues the speaker. Mercury, Mars with his red light, Saturn with his rings, and Jupiter are seen making their stately march around the sun. Sometimes Uranus and Pluto are shown. The radiant orb of Venus charms us with her beauteous light. She is also

known as Lucifer, the Morning Star, and as Hesperus, the Evening Star.

"This is the goddess of beauty," announces the speaker as lovely Venus appears before us. She disappears, and Mars, the god of war, appears above the red planet. Quick as a flash Jupiter and all the gods of Mount Olympus are seen in council, as the lecturer tells how the planets received their names. Then the mystic beings dissolve into space, and we return to facts.

"Due to the haze, fog, smoke, and bright lights of our cities," continues our guide, "we do not always see the beauty of the starry host."

Suddenly there is a gasp of surprise from the audience. With amazement we behold the glorious pageantry of the heavens. Stars, stars, stars everywhere! Overhead arches the great Milky Way, scintillating with myriads of stars thousands of light years away from us. We see the constellations such as Ursa Major, Orion, the Pleiades, Cassiopeia, Draco, and others looking down upon us. Fiery letters are flashed into the sky announcing their names. Pictorial scenes appear, portraying the stories connected with them. The goddess Athena and the god Mercury are seen helping Perseus slay the gorgon Medusa. Again Perseus rescues Andromeda from the dragon, and in reward he shines among the immortals as a constellation. Glimpses of island universes, galaxies, and nebulae are shown also, as a prelude to our trip to the moon.

Quietly but quickly we are plunged into another moment of darkness. Before we have become adjusted to the sudden change, we find ourselves within an air-

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THEIR breath came in gasps as they struggled up the rough, rock-strewn mountain. The trail was steep, narrow, and dangerous. They had just entered a deep, narrow crevice, worn into the rock by the swift-running water. To their right was the canyon wall, rising almost vertically hundreds of feet. To their left was another wall, just as high and unbroken; but between them lay a deep chasm. From far below came the sound of swift, churning water.

Men, women, and children of all ages were strung out along the trail. Their clothes were plain, evidently homemade. Their lean faces seemed touched with sadness; yet their expressions revealed firm, unswerving characters, knit by their hardships.

In their hands and on their backs they carried bundles containing only a little food, a few precious belongings, and some extra clothing.

Apparently they were in flight; for the women, children, and white-haired men were in front, with the younger men in the rear. However, few glances were cast backward down the trail. The mountain's crest was obviously their goal.

Far in the rear, but coming steadily, was a small army—not large, but far outnumbering those nearing the top. The pursued were the Waldensians, or Vaudois people of the Alps. To these mountains they had been driven many years before by a cruel, relentless hand—the same hand which now pursued them, intent on completely wiping them from the earth. The cause was the same as it had been before. They had refused to regard the dictates of a man in preference to the dictates of God. For many years these people had supported the church. They had diligently studied the Word of God, and had closely followed its teachings as they understood them.

But the church which had once sheltered them had become corrupted. A man had been placed at the head of it who called himself "The Vicar of Christ." He even had thought to take upon himself the power to forgive sins; and, with the aid and support of other powerful religious and civil leaders, he had instituted many systems of worship for which no basis could be found in the Holy Scriptures.

One of these—the one which was probably the most incompatible to the Waldenses—was the system of paying penance to a priest of the church, who in return pronounced the man's sins forgiven. The Word taught them that no amount of money could purchase the forgiveness of sin; nor did any man on earth have the power to grant that forgiveness. It lay between God and the sinner himself, with Jesus Christ as the only Mediator.

They had protested against such false worship, and had refused to yield to it. But this system had behind it the power of world rulers who were determined to



A View of the Mountains Where the Vaudois Were Pursued by Saquet and His Army

Mighty Mountain Men

By JOE H. MURRAY

stamp out any sign of heresy. It was this system that had driven them from their comfortable homes in the cities and villages into the mountains. Here the soil had to be nursed and painfully tilled to make it produce a bare existence. In spite of this, they had managed to eke out a living for some years, and were happy in their freedom to worship God as they saw fit.

But the church with which they had broken, had not finished with them yet; it could not bear to have even this handful of people, though secluded from the rest of the world, oppose its regulations. It followed them into the mountains, and there were many scenes of bloody massacre.

Some made no resistance, but allowed themselves to be taken, thinking that if they did not resist the soldiers, at least their lives would be spared. But this was not the way. Those who yielded without a blow were slaughtered in the same cruel manner as were those who tried to defend themselves. So the band who were left saw that they must either fight or flee. They realized that only God could deliver them from death.

The little group who remained, now neared the end of their flight. They gained the mountain's crest, where they turned to await their fate, placing their trust in God.

The men in the army that followed them came swiftly, swaggering and arro-

gant. Their eyes burned with blood lust, as they contemplated the end of their campaign.

Saquet, their leader, was a huge, black-bearded, beady-eyed person. While directing his men along the trail, his voice issued from his thick chest in a deep bellows. As they drew nearer to the pass, and saw that the Waldenses had taken their stand at the head of the mountain trail, he taunted them with blasphemies. "Call on your God now, and see whether He cares anything about you," he roared derisively. "Shall He carry you up into the sky?" This excited harsh laughter from his men, and they hurried forward eagerly into the dark, narrow crevice. But there they slowed down, for the passage was more difficult than they had anticipated.

As the anxiously waiting few at the head of the pass watched and prayed and claimed God's promise to deliver His people, they saw a strange thing take place. Some distance to the east a small cloud appeared. There was nothing significant about it, for at that altitude it was not uncommon for little billowy clouds of vapor to whisk by at any time. But the movement of this one was peculiar. Steadily it approached the cleft that formed the pass through which Saquet and his men were making their way. As it flowed into the narrow defile, it quickly shut out what little light had been entering, and covered the trail below with darkness.

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I SAW MOLOKAI

By HELEN MORTON

As Told to Leslie and Madge Morrill

PART V

LONG before she went to Molokai, Mother Marianne knew of the conditions there. To mention the very name caused sane people to shudder in horror. It was a Devil's Island tripled in intensity! Not only were lepers there, but opium addicts, drunkards, murderers!

Her Branch Hospital at Honolulu continued to overflow, until even *she* knew that a boatload would have to go to Molokai. What emotions wracked her body the day she saw them (many still in early life) start on this last sad journey. While others dipped the oars of the little boats that were taking them to the waiting ship, the men took up their guitars, played and sang their "Aloha." The plaintive notes floated back over the waves to Mother Marianne as she stood and watched. She knew that not one of them would ever return to their home island. Although they were not going into exile of their own volition, they were going with a song on their lips.

She saw them again some months later, when she visited Molokai. They grouped about her in piteous little huddles, the strong men crying like children. If they only could remain near her!

Her answer to them was that she "would return soon to care for them, and not leave them until death."

She kept her promise.

But what experiences came to her!

There was the night when the wind rose snarling, like a pack of savage animals sweeping down on helpless prey. Louder it grew, until its mighty roar drowned even the thunderous lashing of the ocean.

The air was filled with flying trees, boards, roofs—even whole buildings were whisking out to sea. Into the storm went Mother Marianne and her associates, picking up the children who clung to the ground, reviving the stunned, and bringing back to the strongest buildings those who were bruised and bleeding.

Frantically she worked, until a sudden gust swept her up and bore her out toward the mountain-sized waves. Nearer and nearer to the ocean the violent wind carried her. Then a hand reached up from the ground over which she was flying and grasped her in a strong clutch. "Don't be afraid," a voice came thinly through the blasting storm. It was one of "her patients" from the Branch Hospital.

And there was the time when even the evil spirits themselves threatened to overcome her good labors. She could minister

to sick bodies, but what of minds influenced by ancient native rites? They could not be treated merely by bandaging, as one would a sore arm. Besides, spirits which have received the homage of generations, even to the point of human sacrifices, are not quick to recede in favor of a new religion.

"The house is full of ghosts," wailed a dying girl. "I hear them walking. It is frightful. Such a strange noise, and a heavy stepping through the house. I cannot sleep. It is going on the whole night."

Was there not enough human suffering in the settlement? Must the superhuman add to woes and miseries already there?

Some saw the ghosts; others believed they heard the tramping feet of old Hawaiian chiefs who returned in displeasure, because the ancient rites had been abandoned.

Sick bodies and sick minds were now to share Mother Marianne's ministrations. But her God must have been stronger than their gods. She prescribed "certain practical prayers and meditations" for the afflicted ones, and eventually the "ghosts ceased to trample and crash in the echoing rooms."

Then there was the night when the lawless element banded together for a raid on the women's home. Silently the wicked men crept around the building, and stealthily worked toward the doors and windows.

A piercing scream from a frightened girl broke the stillness. She had seen a man crawling through a window.

After that Mother Marianne stationed guards around the home. She herself often kept vigil during the lonely dark hours, walking up and down the halls and corridors where her girls were sleeping.

But on a certain dark night she retired early for rest. Recently there had been no dark shadows stalking the home, and she was so tired! As she dropped off to sleep, she did not know of the battle that smoldered within her home.

One of the girls, surmising a plot, had put a black cloak over her head the night before and had crept silently to a window of an old house where the men were gathered. She heard the leader say, "At twelve o'clock next night the moon is dark, we go. It is a good time. At twelve we knock on the door, and when she opens we gag her so she cannot scream, and carry her off before anyone can tell who we are."



Damien, Who Died in 1889, Is Still Remembered by an Elderly Patient Who Came to the Island the Year Before His Death

When this message was grapevined among the women of the home, there was a general turning of plowshares into swords and pruninghooks into spears. Such a sharpening of meat cleavers, hatchets, and butcher knives! But not when the Mother could see. She should be spared the anxiety, and any way she might prescribe "certain prayers," and they did not purpose to put their trust in prayers. "Certain prayers" might restrain the spirits, but these native women knew their men too well; they would rather meet them with knives than with prayers. Had there not been a time before Mother Marianne came when women were held in virtual slavery by lawless men of the colony? But with her arrival, a heaven had opened and taken them in. They did not want to go back into bondage.

All night the women, their blood boiling with the ancient fighting spirit—when their forbears fought side by side with men in the old feudal battles—kept watch. But the abductors were wise too; perhaps their shrewd eyes caught the gleam of keen steel. The men stole away as warily as they had come.

Not all of Mother Marianne's experiences were dark. The visit of Robert Louis Stevenson was one high spot in her life. There must have been something in those two great minds that enjoyed communion together. Each day of his stay on the island he came to play with the children, and to talk with their Mother. His tender understanding drew from her quiet unassuming character the philosophy that had kept her life moving through all the years. Stevenson had seen experimenters working with test tubes in the interest of medical research. That was science. But this woman was something more. She had "devoted her life to such

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SAIL-

A Salute to Our Mi-

By CONS

THE intriguing call of "Sail-o-oh!" once again echoes joyously throughout the Pacific Islands. As in pre-war days, it is the signal for all within hearing—perhaps a lone missionary along with the islanders—to drop whatever may be engaging their attention and hurry to the wharf. There is a scampering and a chattering as they all flock toward the water front.

Over the blue waters of the lagoon comes sailing the little mission ship, fresh from the shipyards in Sydney, Australia. It is a picture of gleaming ivory, and green, and shining brasswork; and from its masthead proudly flutters the distinctive pennant of the Seventh-day Adventist mission fleet.

Excited greetings are exchanged between the visiting missionary and his crew and the welcoming crowds. The reception consists of an appropriate song, a reply, and the ceremony of handshaking as the local folk, perhaps several hundred strong, form into lines along the wharf. It is a happy occasion.

Of course, everyone must inspect the new vessel, and there are expressions of satisfaction and exclamations of delight as all see that this craft is so much more

From Upper Left to Lower Right: Greetings on the Wharf at Batuna, With the Choir in the Foreground. The *Veilomani* in Batuna Harbor, Solomon Islands. Native Children on Bellona Beach, Solomon Islands. Group of Officials Present at the Dedication of the *Makolongi*. The Mission Flag, With Stars Representing the Southern Cross. Queen Salote of Tonga at the Dedication of the *Endeavor*



Fleet in the South Seas

M. GREIVE

seaworthy than those which were lost during the war, and provides much more comfort.

During the recent hostilities fifteen mission vessels of various sizes were lost—at least four were sunk by the enemy and the remainder taken over by the government or military authorities. Five of these have since been returned or repurchased by us.

With the cessation of hostilities the Australasian Union Conference immediately began to plan for the rehabilitation and return of missionaries to those groups of islands from which they had been compelled to evacuate at the end of 1941 and early in 1942. But transport then was scarce, and still is in New Guinea and the Solomons. The few missionaries who managed to get back to their posts found themselves so handicapped without their ships that they were virtually prisoners within walking distance of their missions. Toward the end of 1945 the union conference began to let contracts for the construction of a new fleet, which consisted of three ships, sixty-five feet in length; three, fifty-three feet in length; and eight, forty-five feet long.

But the shortage of labor and materials in the shipyards meant a long delay before any of these could be ready for launching; so the possibility of purchasing some suitable craft was investigated. Thus it was the *Endeavour* was acquired, and dedicated in Sydney on August 12, 1945. Forty feet, six inches over all, and weigh-

ing fifteen tons, it filled an urgent need in Fiji, where it was shipped, and taken over by Pastor W. G. Ferris. With a Fijian crew of four, he sailed it four hundred miles across the open sea to Tonga.

Reinforcements for the Solomons had been gathering for months; the superintendent was calling frantically for boat help, for there was much rebuilding to be done, much need for visiting around the islands and for bringing in quantities of material acquired from the army in various places. But where was transport to be found? An island trading firm had for sale an eighty-ton supply ship, the *Ambon*. She was purchased and refitted, and on September 8, 1946, was dedicated in the presence of a large company of happy Advent believers. A week later she began her voyage to Guadalcanal by way of Port Moresby, Papua, with Captain J. Radley in charge. Mrs. Radley acted as stewardess, and five missionaries signed on as crew—four of them being new recruits. At Port Moresby they were joined by their wives and children. Dr. Cyril Evans and a nurse, Sister Olga Lucas, came aboard also, making a party of seventeen altogether.

Since landing this first group, the *Ambon* has been operating between New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, conveying personnel and supplies as well as mail and good cheer. Life and activity on many mission stations vibrate to her throbbing engines.

Slowly the island mission program began to function again.

Then on Sunday, February 3, 1947, the first ship to come off the slips was consecrated to her sacred voyaging. She was the *Veilomani* (love one another), built to replace the vessel of that name which was sunk by the Japanese in New Guinea waters early in 1942, while fleeing from Rabaul, carrying refugees to Australia. Lying beside her at the wharf was the *Dabarere* (breaking of the day), a forty-five-foot launch fitted with twin engines,

which had been purchased from the Navy. Being of shallow draught and high powered, she was a suitable vessel for the territory she was designated to serve—the large delta waters of Papua, where strong tide currents are met.

When the *Veilomani* sailed on a visit of inspection to the Solomons before being handed over to the New Guinea mission, she carried, besides Captain Reece (who has been engaged to take out all the new vessels), Pastor R. E. Hare (secretary of the Union) as first mate and the New Guinea crew. At Port Moresby Pastors A. G. Stewart and R. R. Frame, respectively field secretary and treasurer for the islands, joined the ship.

"This is a unique occasion," declared Pastor W. G. Turner on March 23. "We are dedicating the *Fetu Ao* for service in the Gilbert and Ellice islands, which we are entering for the first time. This means we shall be operating in fourteen of the fifteen groups in the South Pacific, only the island of Phoenix remaining unlighted by the Advent message. The *Fetu Ao* is appropriately named, for it means 'the dawning of the day.' We believe our entering the Gilbert and Ellice islands will be the dawning of a new day for many people who are not now acquainted with God's special message for the world today." Both the Solomon Island and Fijian crews were present at this service.

The *Fetu Ao* is another sixty-five-foot vessel. Included in her company when she sailed were Captain Reece, John Howse, A. Appleton, of Fiji, who volunteered to act as engineer, and the Solomon Island crew. At Suva, Captain Reece returned to Sydney, and the crew took another ship back to their home. Pastor Howse took charge of the *Fetu Ao*, and with a Fijian crew sailed on the denominationally historic voyage to the Gilbert and Ellice islands.

The *Melanesia* was first dedicated on June 3, 1917, when our late beloved Pastor G. F. Jones sailed her on his



pioneer trip to the Solomons, with a crew of four Australians and four natives. Out of our hands during the war, but brought back later, she required extensive repairs and a thorough renovation, so that little of the original ship remains. After many months of patient waiting we were able to bid her farewell last May 7. Expressing gratitude for the ship, Pastor Ratu Semi said, "Our hearts have been touched by the kindness of the people of this country [Australia]. In God's name we are one people. We tell you that this ship will be used in God's work, and Fiji will rejoice to receive this ship as a gift from you."

Six ships had now been sent out, and others were nearing completion.

On the twenty-third of June the *Lao-heni* (messenger) passed out of Sydney Heads and turned north toward Papua. Aboard were Captain Reece, Pastor C. E. Mitchell, director of the Papuan Mission, and the Papuan crew.

The New Hebrides ship *Nakalagi* sailed away on October 7, with Captain Reece in command, assisted by Pastor Perry, Mr. Tucker, and the native crew. The happiness of the dedication service was enhanced by the presence of Pastor and Mrs. E. D. Dick, Pastor and Mrs. H. M. Blunden, and Pastor and Mrs. A. W. Peterson, all from the General Conference.

Thirteen ships are in service at present, and ten are still on order. The missionaries in charge of these vessels take pride in their work, and the majority hold a local captain's certificate.

The newly built ships have two engines

instead of one, and teleradiophones installed on the sixty-five- and fifty-three-foot boats ensure a considerable measure of safety, as well as keeping those on board informed of world affairs. The main saloon accommodates eight in the large boat and four on the smaller. In each case the appointments are very attractive, and the quarters for the crew are quite comfortable. An oil stove in a galley is much to be preferred to a primus on deck.

At the same time it must be remembered that these craft are actually not equal to the dangers that confront them. Traveling north along the Australian coast from Sydney, they are in peril of reefs, floating mines, and a severe buffeting in the Coral Sea from cyclones, where they are without protection. But they sail on unafraid, because they have a heavenly escort.

However, any unpleasant adventures are far outweighed by the joy that comes to our missionaries as they dispense the riches of the gospel and bring healing to pain-wracked bodies. There are special occasions of social enjoyment too. Listen to some of their experiences.

The *Endeavour* had been out the second day on its way to Tonga when Pastor Ferris wrote: "At twelve noon I took a sight of the sun, and calculated that we were just seven miles from Tonga. As the island is low lying we could not see land. Half an hour later a boy up the mast sighted land, and what a shout! We were true on our course, and it was a thrill to find the sextant correct and that a dot of land in mid-Pacific could be found."

A round of feasting followed the arrival of the vessel, but the grandest occasion was the ship's rededication, when Her Majesty, Queen Salote was present. Pastor Ferris described the celebrations:

"Believers from far and near came to the service. The ship was decorated with bunting from stem to stern and topmast. The Queen's flag flew grandly above them all. We built a special gangway for the Queen to walk on, and painted it white. Tapa cloth was laid from the road to the boat. The children from the Beulah mission school formed a guard of honor."

Pastor Ferris, as superintendent of the island group, made a speech of welcome, outlined the aim and object of mission ships, and presented her Majesty with a copy of the book, *God's Way Out*. Afternoon tea was served, and then the royal visitor bade them farewell. But the festivities were not over; the chronicler continues:

"Our believers sent to the palace a truck carrying a huge feast. It was in the form of a ten-foot replica of the *Endeavour*, beautifully decorated and laden with cakes, pies, and other good things for the Queen's table. The lifeboats were filled with sweets. The Queen was delighted. It was a great day, and all were happy. The Queen sent back a piece of tapa cloth two hundred yards long and twenty feet wide. This was divided among the Fijian boys, and we also received a piece of it. A beautiful white mat came as a special gift from the Queen to us."

"Soon afterward, while traveling up the coast, a waterspout came very close, and nearly caused a panic. However, it disappeared suddenly without touching the helpless little ship."

J. K. L. Fletcher, secretary for the Solomon Islands Mission, describes the voyage in the *Ambon* from Sydney thus: "Soon after the boat passed through the heads some of the crew were seized with an indescribable feeling of wretchedness commonly known as seasickness, and confessed they could not correctly be classed as able seamen. But the ship could not sail without a crew, so we had to drag ourselves (and our buckets to the wheel and do our best to keep off the rocks."

About sixty miles north of Brisbane they encountered a cyclone and were taken out to sea, where, the report says, "we battled with the elements for many a long hour. We continued in the same place for some time; and could not make any progress against the storm." They were relieved when they entered the sheltered waters of the Great Barrier Reef, and "for the next six days had the pleasure of calm waters and interesting Barrier Reef scenery. But the dangers of the confined waters at times made us anxious, and we were always glad to see the friendly beams of the lighthouses guiding and reassuring us as we kept to our

—Please turn to page 20

Mission Ships

By DR. HENRY E. McMAHON

Read at the Dedication of the *Veilomani* and the *Debarere*

The little ships, the mission ships, are, tossing in the bay;
We've watched them all, from keel to deck, grow steadily day by day.
Some five and sixty feet in length, in beam but fifteen feet,
These sturdy boats will do their work midst hurricanes and heat.

Three angels bright by God were sent with loud voice to announce
The judgment hour and Babylon's fall, and mark of beast denounce.
This fateful threefold cry must go to every tribe on earth;
So, little boats, from isle to isle, go quickly from your berth.

What is your aim, ye little boats that hurry from the bay?
To carry fast this message grave and teach men how to pray
To God in place of images, and love the Saviour dear,
Who died to save men from their sins and banish death and fear.

What is your freight, ye little boats that sail so far away?
'Tis God's true faithful mission'ries, who labor for that day
When Christ returns. These men and maids with noble hearts aglow,
From home and friends, to risk and work in heathen isles do go.

God bless these sturdy little boats of good Australian gum;
God bless the faithful mission'ries and those to whom they come.
God, help us each to do our part—to give, to go, to pray,
That each may have a joyful part in Christ's great victory day.



Even Before We Ask

By VIRGINIA HUNT HARDING

NOW you girls must not go out of doors," cautioned mother, looking straight at me, since I was almost three years older than my sister. "And be sure to lock the doors as soon as we go out. Don't open the door at all, not even if someone should knock," she added sternly.

With these warnings, our parents left us alone. They were going to a Sunday night meeting at the little Seventh-day Adventist church in our town, and they felt that it was too cold for Mary Evelyn and me to go along. Mother told us that she thought we were old enough to stay home alone for an hour or so while she and dad attended the meeting. So we locked the doors securely, and prepared to amuse ourselves.

It was a cold, cold night outside the house. Also it was a black, dark night, and the ground was covered with deep, white snow. Around the corner of our little brown cottage the north wind moaned piteously.

Mary Evelyn and I played quietly for a while with our dolls, and our doll house, which we placed behind the heater in a corner of the living room.

We fashioned our dolls from molding clay, and dressed them by pressing tiny pieces of colored cloth into the clay; thus they were easily conformed to almost any position we desired them to take.

In fact, they fitted perfectly into the miniature furnishings of our cozy little four-roomed doll house. We made up many stories about the little clay dolls, but after a while we grew tired, and went to the window to see what we could see.

"It sure looks cold out tonight, doesn't it?" I asked my sister, as we stood side by side with our noses pressed firmly against the pane.

"It *must* be," she smiled, as she rubbed the end of her nose. "Just feel my nose; it's as cold as ice."

"Look at the lights of the houses reflecting on the snow," I mused. "There are so many beautiful colors."

"Oh, see all the red and orange in the snow; see how the colored lights on the

snow sparkle," added Mary Evelyn with much enthusiasm.

"Say, let's count the cars as they pass by on the avenue," I suggested.

"All right," she agreed, "I'll have the ones going to town for mine, and you have the ones coming from town for yours. I'm sure I'll have the most cars for mine."

"Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen—I have eighteen cars for me. How many do you have?" she asked.

Before I could answer I caught a short breath, for right that moment a dark figure was walking up the road to our house.

What should we do, I wondered, if the man should come to the door? Since we had no window shades, I knew it would be a good idea to turn off the lights so that no one could see in. Quickly I snapped them off by the wall switch,

The Glad New Year

By NELLIE M. BUTLER

A bright New Year is coming;
The dawn is almost here,
When Jesus with the angels
From heaven shall appear.
We'll hear the silver trumpet;
The dead in Christ shall rise,
And with the righteous living
Shall meet Him in the skies.
'Twill be a glad reunion
Such as we've never known,
When all the true and faithful
Shall gather round God's throne;
When all of sin is ended,
And sorrow, death, and fear;
When the melody of heaven
Proclaims a glad New Year.

which was an arm's length from where I stood.

The stranger walked straight up to our driveway gate, paused there a moment, then walked directly toward our front door.

"Remember," Mary Evelyn reminded me, "mother said not to open the door for any one."

"Don't worry, I won't," I whispered. "Shush! Don't make a single sound."

In a moment the stillness was broken by a loud knock on the front door. Not one sound did we make. We stood in the middle of the living room floor, tightly clasped in each other's arms, scarcely breathing.

Then we heard the doorknob turning. It rattled twice; then all was silent. I was so thankful that I had been careful to lock the doors securely, just as mother had instructed, and that we had not dared to open them for *anything*.

We heard the snow crunching outside the wall, and saw the dark form of a man against the white snow as he walked around the house. After what seemed to be several minutes, we were shocked once more to hear the same loud rapping on the back door.

"Oh, what shall we do, sister?" cried frantic Mary Evelyn. I could feel her body shaking with terror. "Do you think he can get in?" she inquired anxiously.

"No, I don't think so," I replied as calmly as possible, trying to comfort her. Really I was trying to comfort myself some also, for I was only ten years old.

"Shouldn't we run out the front door, and over to Mrs. Howard's?" she asked in a pleading voice.

"No, for mother told us not to open the door for *any reason*," I reminded her. "Besides, whoever is knocking on the door could get in if we went out; or he might catch us."

Again we heard a loud pounding on the back door, and then the doorknob rattling.

"Oh, Virginia, what can we do? What can we do?" cried poor, frightened little sister.

"Pray!! That's it! We'll pray as we learned to do in Sabbath school. While those words were being uttered, it seemed as if all the lights in the world came on all at once, even though we were huddled together in the center of a dark room.

We had been going to Sabbath school about one year. During this time we had learned a great deal about our Saviour, who sees little boys and girls at all times, and who knows their every need. We had learned to pray to Jesus, and to know that when we ask anything in his name He will hear it, and that if we should pray for protection now, He would send a host of holy angels to guard us from all danger.

"Remember our memory verse in Sabbath school last week?" I asked Mary Evelyn.

"Yes," she replied, "it said the angels of the Lord encamp around people who fear Him, and keep His commandments. That means us, so do let us pray."

As we dropped to our knees, her voice was more calm as she said, "You pray first, Virginia, then I'll pray."

"Dear Father," I began, "you can see us here in our house in the darkness, and, Jesus, you can see the danger we are in. Dear Father, please send your holy angels to guard us and keep us from all the harms of Satan. Help us to be good children, in Jesus' name we ask it. Amen."

Raising my head, I said, "You pray now, honey," and I held her close to my side.

"Dear Jesus," she prayed in a soft childish voice, "please take care of us, and send your angels to keep us from harm, and help us to be good girls, and bless mother and daddy, and—and," she began to cry, "and please send them home to us quick, in Jesus' name. Amen."

"Don't cry, honey," I pleaded. "Jesus doesn't like us to cry when we ask Him for favors."

As we were rising from our knees, we heard a roaring noise and a crunching sound.

"Oh, sis, what is that noise?" cried Mary Evelyn, as she threw her arms about my neck.

For a moment we stood frozen with fear; then our hearts leaped with joy, for our own car with our own mother and daddy in it was chugging up our driveway. We ran to the front door and flung ourselves into the open arms of our mother.

"Why, girls, what is wrong?" she exclaimed. "Why do you have the lights turned out?"

"Because we were afraid, and we didn't want anyone to look in and see us," we both chimed at once. Then the words of our experience rolled out in rapid succession as we both tried to talk at once.

Unnoticed, dad, who came in just behind mother, had gone outside to take a look around the house with his flashlight.

"Someone has walked around the house," he said coming in again. "There are large tracks which show that someone stopped at all the doors and windows, but there is no sign of a single soul out there now."

"You know, Daddy," mother began thoughtfully, "when we decided to come

home tonight before the meeting was over?"

"Yes, several minutes before, in fact."

"Well, it seemed that I couldn't keep my mind on the sermon, and it came to me like a little voice one doesn't really hear, but senses, that we should come home at once."

"Yes, Mother, I felt the same way," said dad.

Mary Evelyn and I looked at each other in wonder, but said nothing.

As mother helped us get ready for bed, Mary Evelyn reiterated her childish prayer.

"Yes, sweethearts," our mother assured us, "Jesus sent a holy angel over to the church tonight to speak to mother and daddy in a still, small voice, and tell us to come home. And we drove home just as fast as we possibly could."

"You see, dears," she explained, "even before you children prayed to Jesus tonight, He sent an angel messenger to tell us to come home. He knows our hearts and our desires, and if we live true to Him, He will give us the good desires of our hearts and answer our prayers."

"Mother, Jesus answers prayers *even before us ask Him*, doesn't He?" asked my little sister.

"Yes, dear, He does."

As we knelt beside our bed that night, we thanked Jesus for hearing our prayers, and for sending His holy angels to protect us. We thanked Him, too, for answering prayers even before we prayed them.



A Bible Word Square

By VIRGINIA B. WEDDLE

Fill in the first name according to the definition, and you will have the clue to the next word. Each word is the same across and down.

1.
2.
3.
4.

Clues: 1. The first man. 2. To defy. 3. A range. 4. A repeat.

Word Groups

By HELEN BUELL

This list of words is to be separated into groups of three so that each group will form the subject matter of some one Bible story. If each one does not do this, then try some other combinations until every word works in.

man	roll	ditch
boy	barrels	furnace
prince	Hebrews	fire
king	pit	fish
coat	mule	altar
knife	coin	tree

—Keys on page 23

The Merry Whistler

(Continued from page 7)

closely allied with the ground squirrel; and owes the nominal association with the swine to the excess of adipose tissue he acquires in the summer to live on during his long winter hibernation.

The chuck family are really oversized ground squirrels, and are in many ways similar to their smaller cousins and live in much the same territory. The rock chuck and the whistling, or hoary, marmot of the West are blood brothers to the more common species we have already mentioned. Rock chucks live on rocky hillsides near grassy meadows and have darker heads and more orange and yellow on the lower parts of the body. The hoary marmot spends his time among the crags of the mountain heights. He has a black-marked face and gray head and shoulders, which account for his name. He is also referred to as the "old man of the mountains." About ninety per cent of the bald eagle's food supply in summer is composed of hoary marmots.

The ground hog appears to be able to sweeten his life immeasurably by whistling, and does so on the slightest provocation. Sometimes he does it as a warning to his neighbors, sometimes as a love song, but most of the time he just whistles. It is a high shrill call that would fill a small boy with envy, and can be heard for half a mile on a still day. Rock chucks and hoary marmots are still more expert at it, and for that reason the latter is often known as a whistling marmot.

Among the many accomplishments of the woodchuck is his ability to dig. Sometimes his burrows are only three feet deep. I remember poking a stick into a fresh one and feeling the soft pudgy body at no great distance from the surface, but the den may have been unfinished, and it is altogether possible that my indignity persuaded this particular animal to dig deeper. Sometimes chucks will dig for fifty feet into a hillside. Those who have tried to dig them out say that they will dig on and on and fill the hole up behind themselves. They eat to gain energy to dig, and then dig to work up an appetite to eat. It is an endless cycle, but it satisfies them, and they are happy.

The ground hogs that I know of in prairie country lived mostly on steep hillsides and in semiwooded areas. One made his home not far from the school garden, and had a delightful time biting off young cabbages and standing on his hind legs eating them until one day he got caught in a trap the farm manager had set for him.

Another lived on a little wooded promontory that jutted out into the lake. Once when I saw him he was some little distance from his hole. He tried to freeze, or remain perfectly still, so that I would not see him. He had stopped on top of

a little ant hill, and was having the hardest time trying to sit still, because the ants were crawling all over him and into his eyes and ears. He soon gave up, brushed the ants off with his paws, and made a dash for his den.

Most animals will freeze when they fear detection. They are not, as a rule, able to distinguish an object clearly unless it is in motion, for they are not able, as we are, to focus both eyes on one certain point and discern depth. This habit of sitting perfectly still in the presence of an enemy has saved the lives of a large number of animals, especially those that possess protective coloring. People with trained woods eyes can often penetrate these little subterfuges easily enough, sometimes even in spite of the best camouflage. Animals, as a rule, have poorer eyesight than human beings, and are not even able to see slow motion, as the following incident will illustrate.

While walking along the shore of a lake, I saw an old ground hog near the water's edge. As soon as he saw me, he dashed to his den among some aspens about twenty feet up the bank, and sat there watching me. I continued my stroll without even looking in his direction. As soon as I was within twenty-five feet of him, he dropped down quietly into his burrow, and I quickly walked up to it and waited. Had I walked toward his den while he was still outside, I could have waited for a long time for him to reappear, but now it was only a few minutes till I saw his nose rise above the rim and cautiously sniff the air. Because his nose is not too keen, and I was down wind, he did not detect me. I was less than eight feet from him, but standing perfectly still. Not being able to see me, he came all the way out of the den. Now I began to stalk him. He was looking straight at me as I slowly lifted one foot after the other and carefully set each one down again nearer to him. At times he would become fidgety, and I would halt entirely, to reassure him. My eyes were on him at all times and narrowed to slits in order that he would not notice the shine or an occasional involuntary blink. In this way I came within a pace of him; then still more slowly I knelt down and stretched out my hand toward him. It was within a foot and a half of his nose when he suddenly became alarmed, and disappeared down the hole.

At another time I stalked one to impress a young woman who was near by. I was surprised at how close I was able to come until I noticed that the eye turned toward me was gray and sightless. When I motioned to my companion to come nearer, a slight noise made him turn his other eye on us, and immediately he disappeared.

The hibernation of the ground hog is of more than passing interest. Scientists have made a study of it, and have dis-

covered a number of facts. The long winter sleep is not due to lack of food, for it begins in late summer, when there is still an abundance. The chuck is then fat and sluggish, and retires to his bedroom apartment far below the frost line, and sleeps in blissful unconsciousness till the early spring. In summer his temperature ranges around ninety-seven degrees, but during dormancy it drops to thirty-eight or forty degrees. Respiration drops from thirty or forty breaths a minute to ten or twelve. This decreased amount of oxygen taken in reduces the amount of stored food used, for there is a reduction not only in the number of breaths but also in the amount of air taken in each time. That is why the ground hog's fat lasts through the long six or more months that he remains asleep. His pituitary glands become inactive, his blood is sluggish, and he is sensorily unaware of anything that is going on about him. He can be handled and will not awaken. When forcibly awakened, he soon falls asleep again; but when the warm spring sun comes around and tells him that the winter is over, he will be thoroughly awake inside of an hour.

Ground-hog day, February 2, being a man-made institution, does not concern him greatly, nor does the sight of his

shadow have any noticeable effect on the weather after that day. Often he comes out before the snow is gone, and there are instances on record when he has burrowed out and made long trips through the snow. He is a child of the sun, however, and loves nothing better than to sit at the entrance of his burrow in the warm spring sunshine and whistle.

Ordinarily the woodchuck lives on grass and other leafy vegetation and remains on the ground, but he has been observed on more than one occasion to climb sloping sugar maples, gnash the bark, and lick the sweet sap in the springtime. The rock chucks of the West haunt precipitous cliffs, and appear to be immune to dizziness. A number of times I have seen them perched on the highest timbers of bridge trusses.

A railway bed, at one place where it ran through a large onion field, had been built up of huge boulders from a near-by rock cut. This became a very popular hideout for the marmots. They lived in the holes between the rocks and fed on the onions. Some of them varied their diet with alfalfa from an adjacent field. Others lived on onions alone—perhaps they ought to live alone!

Much of their time was spent in resting on the rails of the track. I have often seen up to half a dozen or more at one time draped over the rails, breaking the continuity of the shining steel. Sometimes, too, the train would come along and break the continuity of the marmots. I think that this does not happen so much from oversleeping as from indecision. When the train comes rumbling toward them, they remember, just too late, that their best hole is on the other side of the track, and they try to cross instead of finding shelter where they are. A moral is there, I am sure.

Not too much can be said of the beneficial qualities of the ground hog family, but many of them live where they never bother man and still add a bit of life to what would otherwise be a barren wilderness.

Bharat Beckons

(Continued from page 4)

verts. This was an average of eighteen baptisms a week throughout the year. But they need help. Here, for instance, is the closing paragraph of a letter from one of our successful Indian evangelists. "Pastor Hoag, we want new missionaries from America who have fully given themselves to the work of God. There is plenty of work for them. *We want more missionaries!*"

There are five union missions in the Southern Asia Division. In the Northeast Union alone there are approximately as many people as live in the entire United States. One city has a population of four

YOUTH'S FORUM

Why is there such a serious shortage of ambitious, efficient stenographers in our denominational work? Why do not many more young people of talent and ability turn to this important branch of service? Is it because—

1. Technical standards are too low to be challenging?
2. Poorly trained and inefficient stenographers have been given undeserved advancement?
3. Degrees of responsibility and ability required for a given job are not recognized by those placing stenographers and secretaries?
4. The work is too hard and exacting for the rewards it offers?
5. Stenographic work is not "talked up" as a worth-while, important life profession in our denominational academies and colleges?
6. There is no promotion incentive held out before "freshmen" stenographers just starting their office duties?

May we have your honest opinion, young people? The shortage has reached a critical point, and our denominational educators and leaders are deeply concerned, and ready to do whatever needs to be done by way of correcting past shortcomings. Do not fail to take part in this discussion.

DEADLINE FEBRUARY 1, 1948

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

million! The Tirhut division of the Bihar local mission, where we have no work, contains as many people as live in the whole Dominion of Canada. Yet, as I write this, there are only six missionary families in that great union field to assist and lead our small but hard-working group of Indian workers in their herculean task. Of the six missionary families, two are new, and must study the language. The furloughs of others are long overspent, and they are anxiously awaiting replacements.

India's colossal need constitutes the beckoning call. The millions of Mohammedans, Hindus, and Animists are themselves earnestly searching—more open minded now than ever before—for the Way, the Truth, and the Life. The political imbroglio of the social situation and the general awakening of the East demand that we speedily respond to the plea for help. The task is stupendous. It calls not only for willingness but for courage, ability, strength, love, and endurance to cut through the jungle of obstacles in order to push the triumphs of the cross on to glorious victory and plant the banner of Jesus Christ where, through ignorance and heathen practices, Satan has ruled for millennia.

Bharat beckons you to the most fascinating, the most joyous, yet the most significant service on earth. The Master of the mission fields says, "Go." What will be your response?

A Trip to the Moon

(Continued from page 9)

port station. We see counters, desks, airline maps, and travel agents moving about. We observe and hear the roar of planes coming and going. Announcements blare forth. "Flight number seven for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Flight six for Capetown, Africa. Flight four for Paris, France. All aboard."

"But we are not going to such near-by places. We shall leave this world entirely," our guide declares emphatically.

"Flight ten for the moon! All aboard the rocket ship, *Diana*!" announces a voice in clarion tones. Immediately we find ourselves within the ship. We even see the cockpit with its system of dials and intricate machinery.

When we are comfortably seated we gaze out the window. We hear the sounds of explosions as rockets are fired to overcome the gravitational force of the earth. We are swathed in darkness again except for the window light. That window holds our riveted attention. The airport sinks below us. We circle over the city of Philadelphia. Tall skyscrapers dwindle in size beneath us. We see Camden, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland lying below us. The landscape becomes indistinct and hazy. We plunge through a cloud ceiling,

and for an instant we see a vast snow-white ocean of billowy clouds. We shoot clear of the earth's atmosphere, and find ourselves in a dark sky!

The stars are shining, and the sun also! The earth is becoming smaller and smaller. The outlines of North and South America are seen below us. We also see the other continents glide by as the earth rotates on its axis. What was that blinding deluge of fiery bodies we just passed? They are meteors, but no damage is done, and we soar majestically onward through illimitable space.

We are wrapped in silent awe as we view the glories of the heavens in a



By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

1. Is the standard railway gauge used throughout Russia the same as that used in the United States, Great Britain, and France, or is it wider or narrower?
2. How many people living in the United States are more than one hundred years old—180, 1,800, or 18,000?
3. A bass viol is larger than a violoncello. True or false?
4. Does a cricket produce music with its mouth, its legs, or its wings?
5. Which is one of the few walled cities left in North America—Quebec, Charleston, or Corpus Christi?
6. How much of an iceberg can be seen above water—one half, one third, or one ninth?
7. There are 892,000 gold bricks in the vaults at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Does one brick weigh nearer seventeen pounds, twenty-seven pounds, or thirty-seven pounds?
8. Which disease cannot be caught by animals—leprosy, cancer, or ulcers?
9. When an immigrant is admitted to the United States, does he have to have in his possession \$1,000, \$2,000, or no specified amount?
10. A photographer speeds up his motion picture camera when he takes a slow motion picture. True or false?

—Key on page 23

glittering review. "We are now 150,000 miles from the earth and will begin our descent to the moon for the next 100,000 miles," our guide informs us.

Before us appears the surface of the moon. We observe vast areas, light and dark in color. These regions begin to show some detail. The dark areas appear as plains. The bright areas seem rough. As our space chariot rushes nearer, we see that the dark surface is a plain surrounded by mountains. There are various depressions and elevations on the plain. We seemingly travel with lightning speed. Almost before we realize it, our rocket plane settles at rest upon the sur-

face of the moon. We alight from the ship to gaze upon this strange new world. We are awed by the towering peaks that loom above us.

"That peak to our left," points out our guide, "is Mount Pico." We turn and see a mountain, lifting its summit exactly eight thousand feet straight up from the plain. "But let me remind you that we are equipped with special speaking instruments. There is no air on the moon; hence, there are no sound waves. We talk by means of light waves."

We are astonished at the ease with which we can move about. We may weigh 180 pounds on earth, but on the moon we are only one sixth of that weight, thirty pounds. For every step we make on earth we can bound six on the moon. We can leap over houses. If we can jump six feet on earth, we can leap thirty-six feet on the moon.

What are those great depressions? They are vast holes surrounded by walls called craters. They have diameters of 66, 83, and 115 miles respectively. Arzachel is deep. Its wall is a rampart of mountains over a mile in height. Near its center is a peak one mile above the floor.

Landscapes on the moon, though intensely interesting, are most depressing. There are no trees, flowers, birds, or water. There is no color, just plain rocks everywhere. It appears to be a desert devoid of life.

Re-entering our ship, we tour other portions of the moon. In the mountain chains of the Apennines and Caucasus we see gorges, canyons, and awful depths that nearly rob us of breath. Many mountains are more than five miles high.

Above us arches the sable vault of the lunar heavens, with stars sparkling like gems against a black curtain. That luminous body shining like a moon is our own earth. As we contemplate the infinitude of space, what thoughts are aroused in our minds! Words cannot express them. The profound silence overpowers us with a sense of sacred awe. How marvelous is this universe in which we live! How all powerful its Creator!

Again we launch out into space, and plunge like a meteor into the murky depths. There follows a lapse of time, and again we see the silver orb of the moon shining like a radiant queen. Once more it dissolves into the shape of Diana, goddess of the moon.

We land upon the earth. It is the last hour of night. The stars look down upon us. The rosy flush of dawn tints the sky with the lovely colors of the aurora. The brightness increases. The stars vanish; only Venus remains glowing in the sky. Finally she too blends into the all-absorbing light. To our surprise we find ourselves in the lecture room.

"Good morning," says our guide in greeting and farewell. "I hope that you enjoyed your celestial voyage. May you come again."

Mighty Mountain Men

(Continued from page 10)

Confusion struck immediately. The men could neither go forward nor retreat, for they could not see. They milled about, trying to find the path along the trail and stay away from the deep chasm on their left. Saquet shouted orders, but they were of no use. They could not be carried out in such darkness.

Above, the Waldenses could see what had taken place, and they hurried to take advantage of the situation. They started a small avalanche of rocks crashing down among the soldiers, and the confusion became a wild panic. Men were trampled and many were crowded off into the chasm, as they tried to scramble back down the trail. Some were killed by falling rocks, and only a few lived to see the daylight at the entrance to the pass.

Saquet, realizing that his cause was lost and his army gone, turned again to vent his rage against the people of God. But in his blind fury he did not know that he was standing on the very edge of the abyss. Even as his hoarse voice poured out hot blasphemy, a stone gave way beneath his foot, and he plunged down into the rocky pool at the bottom of the canyon.

The Waldenses, familiar with every foot of the trail and sure-footed as mountain goats, gave chase to the enemy; and as the last of the soldiers fled, prayers of earnest thanksgiving ascended to heaven.

The mighty hand of God had once again delivered His people. It had been outstretched to save them at the Red Sea, and had protected them from annihilation many times and in many ways in the years that had followed. Down through the ages His protective power has been made manifest wherever His people have been found. He is just as willing to use it now in behalf of His people as He was in those days, and His Spirit is still being made manifest in many places over the earth.

God's people are almost ready to enter one of the greatest periods of tribulation and trial they have ever known. But they need have no fear of the future if they leave all things in His hands. For He who can use the smallest and weakest of all things in His creation—a small cloud—to confound the might of men, is surely able to protect His chosen ones from all the devices that men or demons can imagine against them.

How Big Is 1948?

(Continued from page 1)

But could the old farmer be right? Will this year be no bigger than my heart? Will the wealth and fruitage of this year be measured largely by the enrichment and the bigness of my living? The ques-

tion involves more than dollars and cents and bags of seed grain. It involves more than saving a slice of bread a day to feed someone in Frankfort or Saint Etienne. For 1948 will be no bigger than the satisfaction received from what I have put into 1948.

Shall I measure bigness by personal satisfaction rather than by stock piles of manufactured goods or vast stores of natural resources? Shall I ignore these entirely? When is personal satisfaction unselfish? How much of the richness of new discoveries, of widening research, shall I include? How about the fertility of artistic genius—the arts of musical notes, brush, pen, and chisel? Should I contemplate the stars when I think about the rich yields of 1948? How about infinity? After all, disaster sometimes strikes so suddenly that it seems to come from nowhere, seems as though it had been here all the time. If evil and good are constantly by my side, would it make my life bigger if I recognized and espoused the good and eschewed the evil?

In a little cottage four miles south of the village of Westerham a small boy began his prayers with his head buried in

his mother's apron. There was a long pause.

"What did you say, Henry?"

"Oh nothing! I changed my mind; so, I'll start my prayers all over again. Dear Lord, —"

For a moment the mother was confused. It was not characteristic of her son to appear timid, bashful, or bewildered. Had she misunderstood something? So she asked again, as she kissed him good night, "Henry, why didn't you finish your first prayer?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mother. I was going to ask the Lord to help me learn to play the organ. But because that's what I want to do most anyway it seemed silly. Maybe I should just ask Him to help me watch the cows. I don't like to watch the cows."

"Henry, if it is the Lord's will, He will help you do what you want to do most of all."

Today, should you by chance walk down the soft, quiet aisle of a large cathedral in an eastern Canadian city, the deep, rolling tones of majestic organ music would fall upon your ears. Far in the distant soft light you would see the outline of the master at the console. On silent feet the worshipers would move solemnly, and on the notes of music angels would descend to light the altar fires of kneeling, asking hearts.

Organ music fills the lofty dome. The hour has ended, the evensong is done, and in the hush that follows, each faithful one testifies with inner assurance of God's presence, and His promised guidance through another week of toil. The organist stands beside his pastor to shake the hand of each person as he departs. But even now it seems as though he is afraid to ask for greater strength to do the work he does so well.

Pray, plan, and work to do most successfully, most sincerely, most loyally that which you desire to do above all else for the joy and glory of the Lord. It will add up to the yield of life's biggest harvest. No year, not even 1948, can be bigger than that.

I Saw Molokai

(Continued from page 11)

terrible work because a very human Person died upon a cross for her." This was humanity touched with a spark of divinity.

Perhaps there was something in Stevenson that gave courage to Mother Marianne. She knew without being told that his pale face and hollow eyes presaged an early death. But instead of seeking pity for himself, he came to play with her children, and to ask for her philosophy of life. Perhaps her feminine intuition bridged her own future, and let her know that she, too, would die of the same



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malady as that which lurked in his lungs; and that they two would come "home from the sea," each far from the land of his birth. He among savages and half-castes, and she among outcasts.

As I looked again at the sweet face of Mother Jolinta, I knew that she was but a replica of Mother Marianne. She was leading the pastor and me to a building as she said, "This is the Sister's home. We would like to have you sign in our visitors' book."

We stepped into a glassed-in reception room. In the center was a round rattan table which held the book. We both signed as she requested.

Next she led us to another building that is the church. We stepped through a side door that brought us into the front of the chapel. In the back were the benches where the lepers come to worship. Between this part and the front is a low railing that separates the "clean" from the "unclean." In the unclean section at the back the benches were much worn, scarred, and scuffed. The clean benches in front were in excellent condition. It was easy to see which class really felt the need of religious solace.

"You will be interested to see the women's dormitory," she told us as we were following her to another building. "Here live the unmarried women, and those who are not well enough to manage a little home of their own."

Of course we touched nothing. Mother Jolinta opened and closed all doors. She instructed us to keep our hands tightly clenched together. "No one will touch you, but you might forget and touch something. Never unclasp your hands!"

I felt a distinct shiver as I stepped through the door and saw the hallway filled with horrible specimens of what remained of womanhood. They hurried to gather round us, doing their best to smile with half faces. I tried to smile back, but could have cried much easier. A description of their condition is much better omitted.

Behind me I heard a queer stumping noise, and turning, saw a form crawling along the floor next to the wall. It was an old, old Hawaiian woman, whose legs were eaten away almost to her knees, and her arms above her elbows. Her hair was a steel gray, and stood out around her face in a sort of wind-blown bob.

Mother Jolinta explained to me, "She has defied all laws of longevity, for the average life of a leper is eight years; and she has been here since 1888, the year before Damien died. She is the only person living here in the island who remembers him. She came the year before his death, just a young girl then. Of course, she remembers him only as a leper, and has told us some interesting sidelights."

I cast a longing look at the poor creature as she inched her way down the hall, going away from us. My eyes began to sting, and I blinked hard, for I could not

let the women around me see my feelings. They were all in a jolly mood, eager to talk with me about the outside world. Closer and closer they kept coming in their craving to hear what was going on over in Honolulu, and Maui, and the other islands where their friends were. I had the persistent feeling of wanting to shrivel up smaller; but instead, I kept laughing and talking.

And what a task it was! We were using pidgin English, which of necessity must be spoken with the hands, as well as the mouth. And my hands must not be unclashed. How could I ever make them understand? I worked hard during the next fifteen minutes, trying to talk without my hands. Their faces reflected happiness over this touch with the outside world.

(To be continued)

Sail-O-Oh!

(Continued from page 14)

course. How carefully we would watch for those lights as our chart showed we should approach them! And how happy we were to see them!" Missionary Fletcher concludes: "There were many reasons for our joy at sighting Honiara, the capital of the British Solomon Islands."

The union conference delegation who sailed on the *Veilomani* spent about eight weeks in the Solomons and New Guinea, traveling 3,300 miles from Rabaul and back to that port (5,500 miles from Sydney to the Solomons and back to Rabaul). First calling at Honiara, Pastor Stewart reported that our mission headquarters was more comfortably housed than the government officials, as a result of the efforts of the energetic superintendent, Pastor H. White. The delegation visited schools, hospitals, and mission stations, strengthening the missionaries and native teachers at their outposts, and dedicating new churches. Part of the way the three ships—*G. F. Jones*, *Portal*, and *Veilomani*—traveled together. The new ship drew favorable comments from officials and native folk everywhere, and Pastor Stewart suggests she is "a symbol of a rehabilitated mission work on broader and better lines."

The voyage of the *Fetu Ao* from Suva to Funafuti, a distance of 1,400 miles, was not a pleasure cruise. The weather was boisterous; the native captain, the cook, and the engine boy were indisposed and unable to perform their duties. Some time was lost searching for the speck of land which was their destination. The sun could not be sighted, because it refused to show its face. But the journey ended well, for Pastor Howse says: "Just as the first streaks of dawn were seen in the eastern sky, the boys who were sitting up on the top deck saw a small dark object ahead, and then within a few minutes

another was seen, and still another, until there seemed to be a huge half circle of islands, which supposition finally proved to be so. It was a wonderful sight. There, stretched out all around us for miles were tiny coral islets and atolls dotting the horizon, all joined together by long low reefs, on which the foam glistened and glittered in the beams of the rising sun."

Niu, an Ellice islander by birth, who had lived for many years in Samoa but had now returned temporarily to his old home, came out to meet the *Fetu Ao*. He was accompanied by some of his relatives who had begun to keep the Sabbath and were the first fruits of the Advent message in this group of islands. After visiting several centers, selecting a site for the mission, and making helpful and friendly contacts with officials, Pastor Howse, well satisfied with the prospects, returned to Suva to make preparations for residence in the new group.

So the valiant little mission ships, messengers of light and love, ply the devious waterways of the myriad isles of enchantment in the South Seas, illuminating the darkened minds of those who have been estranged from their heavenly Father, until they themselves become luminous with the radiance of Him who is the Light of the world. And when that glad day dawns, the whole horizon will glow with the glory of the Advent message.

Noah's Carpenters

(Continued from page 5)

was amazing. No one had ever seen anything like this before. Solemnity rested upon all. They were seeing strange things.

At last Noah and his family went in. At the door he paused and made his last appeal. There was room for others, and he pleaded with them not to neglect this opportunity of salvation. Was Noah right after all? Would a flood *really* come? Many feared that it might; but not a soul moved. There were the carpenters. They should have been the first to respond. But not one of them heeded the last call. They knew Noah to be an honest man. They knew that he believed what he said. This made them the more responsible. But they entered not, because of unbelief.

This holds a lesson for us all. There are those who may be closely connected with the work of God today who will at last lose out. I am helping to build the ark; so are you. We are all giving even if we are not working directly in denominational employ, and we have a stake in the ark. But if I am not making the spiritual preparation that I should, the fact that I work on the ark will not save me. It will not save you. It is only the more pity. "As it was in the days of Noe." Fateful words! Let us be sure to enter in.

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Senior Youth

III—The Sign of Sanctification

(January 17)

MEMORY VERSE: Ezekiel 20:12.

LESSON HELP: Testimonies, vol. 6, pp. 349-353.

1. What is our Creator able to do for those who give themselves to Him? Isa. 43:1; 44:21, 22.

2. By what evidence do we know that the Lord is the only true God? What are false gods unable to do? Isa. 45:18, 20-22.

NOTE.—“God’s original purpose in the creation of the earth is fulfilled as it is made the eternal abode of the redeemed.”—*The Great Controversy*, p. 674.

“Ye that are escaped of the nations” in verse 20, refers to all who “are escaped,” that is, those whom God has called to be His, and who have responded.

3. How are we redeemed from sin? How do we know Christ has power to redeem? Col. 1:14-16.

4. What statement of Paul shows what takes place when one is converted to Christ? 2 Cor. 5:17.

NOTE.—The margin of the Revised Version, renders the first part of this verse: “Wherefore if any man is in Christ, he is a new creation.”

5. Of what besides creation is the Sabbath a sign? Eze. 20:12.

NOTE.—“The Sabbath is a sign of the relationship existing between God and His people, a sign that they honor His law. It distinguishes between His loyal subjects and transgressors. . . . The Sabbath given to the world as the sign of God as the Creator is also the sign of Him as the Sanctifier. . . . To those who keep holy the Sabbath day it is the sign of sanctification.”—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 350.

6. From what will true Sabbathkeepers refrain? Isa. 58:1, 2.

NOTE.—The one is blessed “who keeps the Sabbath and does not profane it, and who also keeps his hand from doing evil.”—M. L. ANDREASEN, *Isaiah, the Gospel Prophet*, vol. 3, p. 21.

7. What promise is made to those of all nations who join themselves to the Lord? Verses 4-7.

NOTE.—“The Lord has promised: The eunuchs [chamberlains] that keep My Sabbaths, and do the things that please Me, and told fast My covenant, to them will I give a name that is better than of sons and daughters, I will give them a monument in My house and within My walls, and an everlasting name which shall not be cut off. The foreigner also, who joins himself to the Lord to worship and love His name and be His servant, every one that keeps the Sabbath holy, and holds fast to My covenant, will I bring to My holy mountain, and he shall rejoice in My sanctuary of prayer.”—*Ibid.*, p. 21.

8. How long will God’s name and His memorial endure? Ps. 135:13.

9. What does the apostle Paul say of creation and the Sabbath? Heb. 4:3, 4.

10. How do we know that proper Sabbath observance is a “rest” or freedom from sin? Heb. 4:8-11.

11. What is the gospel said to be? How complete is the salvation obtained in Christ? Rom. 1:16; Heb. 7:25.

NOTE.—The word *gospel* means “good tidings.” God designated that His message of salvation should ever be “good tidings” to those in sin. The gospel came with good tidings of available power, even the power of God. The whole material universe is a witness to this power. The gospel of God is the good tidings to every soul that this same power is pledged to the salvation of the sinful, the hopeless, the helpless.

“To every one that believeth.” There is no exception to this. All may be recipients of God’s power, if they will but believe His word and submit to His will.

12. While the winds of strife are being held, what message is given by an angel? What is said

of those who pass through the crisis before Christ’s second coming? Rev. 7:1-4, 14.

13. In a vision, where did the Revelator see these sealed saints of God? What is said of their characters? Rev. 14:1, 5.

NOTE.—“Those who have learned of Christ will ‘have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.’ In speech, as in life, they will be simple, straightforward, and true; for they are preparing for the fellowship of those holy ones in whose mouth ‘was found no guile.’”—*Mount of Blessing*, p. 106.

Junior

III—The Sabbath a Sign of Redeeming Power

(January 17)

MEMORY VERSE: “Moreover also I gave them My Sabbaths, to be a sign between Me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them.” Eze. 20:12.

Guiding Thought

The Sabbath is the sign, the pledge, of Jesus’ power to make our lives like His.

“The Sabbath is a sign of Christ’s power to make us holy. And it is given to all whom Christ makes holy. . . . To all who receive the Sabbath as a sign of Christ’s creative and redeeming power, it will be a delight. Seeing Christ in it, they delight themselves in Him.”—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 288, 289.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read Isaiah 56:1, 2, 6, 7; Matthew 11:28-30; Colossians 1:13-16; Revelation 7:1-4; 14:1, 5.

ASSIGNMENT 2

1. What power does the Creator have aside from creation? Isa. 43:1.

NOTE.—“The power that created the worlds is the only power that can create new lives from old sinful ones.

“Angels prostrated themselves at the feet of their Commander, and offered to become a sacrifice for man. But an angel’s life could not pay the debt; only He who created man had power to redeem him.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 64, 65.

2. How may we be sure our Creator has power to forgive sin? Isa. 44:22-24.

ASSIGNMENT 3

3. What power does our living God claim as proof that He is the true God? Isa. 45:18, 20-22.

4. What did Christ do to redeem us from sin and forgive us? Col. 1:13-16.

NOTE.—“Since the divine law is as sacred as God Himself, only one equal with God could make atonement for its transgression. None but Christ could redeem fallen man from the curse of the law, and bring him again into harmony with heaven.”—*Ibid.*, p. 63.

5. What has God given as His sign of His sanctifying power? Ex. 31:13-17.

NOTE.—Redemption and sanctification are parts of the same great plan of salvation. In redemption we are delivered from the power of Satan by the blood of Jesus. In sanctification we are changed into the likeness of Christ by His truth.

“The Sabbath is a sign of creative and redeeming power; it points to God as the source of life and knowledge. . . . On this day more than on any other, it is possible for us to live the life of Eden.”—*Education*, p. 250.

ASSIGNMENT 4

6. The Sabbath is God’s sign of power to redeem us. How does Ezekiel state this fact? Eze. 20:12. What other rest-day sign, do you know of? belongs to another power?

Answer.—Sunday.

7. Who are especially blessed? If we truly love God, how shall we feel about the Sabbath? Isa. 56:1, 2, 6, 7. Read the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 5

8. “Sabbath” means “rest.” And “rest” means that we have peace of mind and quiet hearts. How does Paul assure us that we can accept God’s sign and enter into His rest? Heb. 4:9-11. (Margin: There remaineth therefore a “keeping of a Sabbath” to the people of God.)

9. What gracious invitation does Christ make to us all, that we might have rest and peace and freedom from sin? Matt. 11:28-30.

ASSIGNMENT 6

10. What does God’s redeeming power do for us? Rom. 1:16.

NOTE.—We cannot, of ourselves, keep the Sabbath holy as did Jesus. But we can keep it with all our heart and soul and strength. We can confess every sin, and live His life through faith in His power to cleanse us and keep us from sinning.

11. What will be done to those who are redeemed and sanctified? Rev. 7:1-4. How complete is the work of sanctification in their lives? Rev. 14:5.

12. Where do those who are sealed finally stand? Rev. 14:1. What kind of song do they sing? Why can no others sing that song? Rev. 14:3.

NOTE.—“Not one of us will ever receive the seal of God while our characters have one spot or stain upon them.”—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 214.

ASSIGNMENT 7

COMPLETE THESE SENTENCES:

1. The sign of God’s power to save or redeem from sin is _____.

2. The seal of God is _____. Repeat the Sabbath commandment. Ex. 20:8-11.

Which is the memory verse for this week? Eze. 20:12; Jer. 29:13; Eze. 20:20.

PROBLEM:

Which requires the greatest power: (a) to create a world? (b) to “create a clean heart”? (c) to forgive sin? (d) to break an evil habit? (e) to become like Christ?

KEY TO “WHAT’S YOUR SCORE?”

1. It is wider in Russia, where the standard gauge is five feet (U.S. width is four feet, eight and one-half inches). 2. 1,800. 3. True (it has a longer neck). 4. With its wings (its musical organs are formed upon the veins of the basal parts of the front wings and consist of a file on one wing and a scraper on the other). 5. Quebec. 6. One ninth. 7. Twenty-seven and one-half pounds. 8. Leprosy. 9. No amount is specified, but he must show that he can support himself. 10. True.

KEY TO “A BIBLE WORD SQUARE”

1. A D A M
2. D A R E
3. A R E A
4. M E A L

KEY TO “WORD GROUPS”

Gen. 37:23, 24: coat pit, boy.
Matt. 17:24-27: man, fish, coin.
Jer. 36:21-23: knife, roll, fire.
2 Sam. 18:9: tree, mule, prince.
1 Kings 18:31-35: ditch, barrels, altar.
Dan. 3: king, Hebrews, furnace.

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The Listening Post

❖ To aid in breaking in a new bridge, a teething ring for adults has been put on the market by an aggressive American inventor.

❖ A PUBLIC SERVICE safety slogan in Kansas City, Kansas, reminds motorists that "Children Should be Seen and Not Hurt."

❖ UNOFFICIAL estimates declare that the average male spends better than two thirds of a year standing before a shaving mirror by the time he has reached the age of sixty-five.

❖ THE Secretary of the United States Navy rates a 19-gun salute when boarding or leaving a vessel; the President is entitled to a 21-gun salute in the same instances. With the appointment of the new Secretary of Defense, who ranks between the two, a problem has been created which has baffled the best minds in the American Government so far. Tradition will not allow a salute by an even number of guns.

❖ BRITISH "shoe doctors" declare that even our very best footwear is entirely unsuited to modern living, and they are willing to spend \$160,000 to prove it. Carrying out a scientific survey, research experts are in quest of a "perfect shoe" that will be far more attractive, fit individual walking habits better, and eliminate forever all cause for fallen arches and corns. Foot growth of children between the ages of eighteen months and eighteen years will be an important phase of the study.

❖ THE first parachute jump from a helicopter is believed to have been made by Captain Randall W. Briggs. The flight surgeon made the test jump over Hamilton Field, at San Francisco, California, from an altitude of 1,500 feet. Carrying two packs of medical supplies weighing about 225 pounds, he conducted an experiment attempting to prove the feasibility of dropping a doctor, medicines, and equipment to victims of air crashes marooned in the mountains.

❖ EIGHT bells brought over from England in 1754 for old Christ Church in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have never been able to play certain hymns. Two new "Bells of Freedom" have now been added which were cast from metal from captured cannon formerly belonging to Germany, Italy, and Japan. President Truman and American Army Ordnance officers co-operated in the project, which symbolizes the turning of implements of strife into instruments for the celebration of victory and peace. The most significant fact is that the "Bells of Freedom" still cannot sound without human aid.

❖ BARBARA JO WALKER, winner of the Miss America beauty contest for 1947, not only has walked away with the highest honors for her comeliness but has also been commended for her strength of character in expressing her distaste of seeing women smoke and in stating that she does not think anyone could drink "moderately." Miss Walker, who is a Sunday School teacher and choir director at Little Springdale Methodist Church in Tennessee, was congratulated by her pastor. "Do not think for a moment," he said, "that your witnessing for such principles is being overlooked by our youth of today. Yours is a more powerful sermon than many a minister will ever be able to preach."

❖ PENOLITE, an explosive more powerful than TNT, has been a closely guarded American military secret since its development seven years ago. Experimenters are now working on a plan to use it to blast steel cones beyond the pull of earth's gravity, where they are expected to remain floating in space.

❖ TODAY about 44 of every 100 college graduates in the United States are women. In 1900 the ratio was about 30 to 100, and in 1870 only about 20 of every 100 were women.

❖ SEVERE burns have been found to be especially susceptible to the development of cancer, even though they heal promptly and leave a smooth scar.

❖ A 70 PER CENT increase in fuel taxes has boosted the price of gasoline in France to 63 cents a gallon.

❖ TOMATO juice was sold for medicinal purposes in Holland in 1860. A quart jug was sold on prescription for a dollar or more.

❖ BENJAMIN FRANKLIN invented the pole grocers use to pick cans and packages from high shelves.

❖ AMERICA's per capita income has risen from \$575 in 1940 to \$1,200 in 1947.

❖ THERE are 1,763 daily newspapers printed in the United States.

❖ THE art of whipping cream was a closely guarded secret in Rome during the ninth century.

❖ NATIVES of Siam prefer gold teeth to their natural set and will even have good teeth pulled out for 18-karat replacements. They are also proud of black false teeth, which were imported from Cyprus before the war.

❖ POSTWAR trips into Germany are now being permitted American citizens. Ten-day tours are conducted by American Express in which one leaves Paris for Frankfurt in an overnight sleeping car, then takes a bus for Nürnberg, Munich, and the Dachau concentration camp; winds up with a visit to Oberammergau, famous for prewar Passion plays, and stops at the university town of Heidelberg. Complete cost of transportation, meals, and hotels is \$274.

❖ "'KILL THE UMPIRE' may have had real meaning . . . in Mexico," says Dr. A. V. Kidder, speaking of the ancient sport life in Guatemala. Archaeologists there have recently discovered thirteen ball parks more than a thousand years old. Most of them average 100 yards long and 30 yards wide. Solid rubber spheres about a foot in diameter were bunted about—the players using only their leather-padded knees and legs. The games were introduced and followed by religious rites which included human sacrifices.

Minute Meditations

It is an alarming fact that the love of the world predominates in the minds of the young as a class. Many conduct themselves as if the precious hours of probation, while mercy lingers, were one grand holiday, and they were placed in the world merely for their own amusement, to be gratified with a continual round of excitement. They find their pleasures in the world, and in the things of the world, and are strangers to the Father and the graces of His Spirit. Many are reckless in their conversation. They choose to forget that by their words they are to be justified or condemned. God is dishonored by the frivolity and the empty, vain talking and laughing that characterize the life of many of our youth. . . .

Satan makes special efforts to lead them to find happiness in worldly amusements, and to justify themselves by endeavoring to show that these amusements are harmless, innocent, and even important for health. He presents the path of holiness as difficult, while the paths of worldly pleasure are strewn with flowers.

In false and flattering colors, he arrays the world with its pleasures before the youth. But the pleasures of earth will soon come to an end, and that which is sown must also be reaped. Are personal attractions, ability, or talents too valuable to devote to God, the author of our being. Him who watches over us every moment? Are our qualifications too precious to devote to God?

The youth often urge that they need something to enliven and divert the mind. The Christian's hope is just what is needed. Religion will prove to the believer a comforter, a sure guide to the Fountain of true happiness. The young should study the word of God, giving themselves to meditation and prayer. They will find that their spare moments cannot be better employed. Wisdom's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Paul, writing to Titus, exhorts the youth to sobriety: "Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded. In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you."

I entreat the youth, for their souls' sake, to heed the exhortation of the apostle. All these gracious instructions, warnings, and reproofs will be either a savor of life unto life or of death unto death.

—Ellen Gould White.