

The Youth's Instructor

LEOPARD SKINS and an Automobile!

By ASHLEY G. EMMER

IN ANSWER to prayer even leopard skins have been used by God to contribute to the advancement of His cause. Jesus has promised, "If ye shall ask *any thing* in My name, I will do it." On the authority of Christ Himself heaven will consider no request too far-fetched if we ask in His spirit, and if our purpose is to further the work of right and truth. Accordingly, I had faith to believe that God could, and would, convert two Indian leopard skins into an automobile that I needed for use in His service.

It was in the days when the depression had plunged America to the depths of despair. Bank after bank had failed. One business after another had collapsed. It seemed that almost every day another bankrupt millionaire shot himself. In the section of Seattle, Washington, where I lived, hardly one house in a block was occupied by a family gainfully employed. Agitators and radicals were going from door to door stirring up discontent among idle men and women.

At such a time I had immigrated to the United States. Under these adverse circumstances it was my purpose to sell religious books from door to door as a means of earning a livelihood, plus enough to enable me to start a theological course that fall! I had no other alternative but bookselling. I could not have found secular work if I had wanted it. To look to my church for salaried em-



CHARLES CAREY

In the Suburbs of Seattle I Made Many Friends; and as a Result of My Sales That Summer, I Was Able to Attend College in September

ployment, even if I had thought of such a thing, would have been ridiculous, for local conferences were operating on shrinking budgets and were struggling to keep only veteran ministers on nominal allowances. So I threw myself on the mercy and lovingkindness of my heavenly Father. Who but God could help me in this extremely difficult task of keeping my head above water, financially speaking?

There were other odds against me. A conservative Britisher, unfamiliar with the American way of life, its customs and colloquialisms, I now stood a stranger on strange soil with but fifty dollars to my

name. Just how ignorant I was of proper sales technique to use among American householders with a sophisticated resistance against all types of canvassers I was soon to discover!

Prior to the inauguration of the so-called New Deal, a time when to some people the United States seemed on the verge of revolution, bookselling in the unemployed, as well as in the fashionable, sections of Seattle was not a particularly lucrative vocation. In fact, well do I remember one whole week of diligent canvassing in the exclusive Madrona district which yielded me but one order!

That sale is so very outstanding in my mind and is so closely related to my leopard story that I think I shall digress briefly to tell the circumstances under

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Let's Talk It Over

BE YOURSELF, and nine chances out of ten you'll amount to something; try to be somebody else, and nine chances out of ten you won't amount to anything."

And then the radio speaker went on to tell Ralph Parlett's story of the dog who felt that his talents were being wasted as he lived a dog's life on his master's farm. So he looked around him and decided that he would be an eagle, and soar to lofty heights. But when he managed to get up on the ridgepole of the barn, the cows and horses looked at him in surprised consternation; and when he made an attempt to fly, they laughed as he fell to earth with a thud. Next he decided to be an elephant, but when he tried to act like an elephant someone tied a tin can to his tail. Then he decided that he would take up singing, and be like the canary, which he greatly admired. But his attempts to sing brought only brickbats from the neighbors.

At last this disillusioned canine decided to be himself—one hundred per cent dog, and, furthermore, the best dog in the community. Eventually he won a prize in a dog show!

Ever thereafter, when foolish young ones of his kind tried to be something they were not cut out for, he would give this sage advice: "Be your natural self and not an imitation of somebody else; then, if you work, you will achieve the success of which God made you capable."

I AM deeply interested in my work," said the dean of women, "and I love my girls; but my chameleons do worry me."

"Your what?" questioned the amazed friend who was visiting in her dormitory for a week.

"You heard me! My chameleons."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"The half dozen dears who don't have backbone enough to be themselves."

"For instance? I'm not just sure I get the point."

"Well, there's Marjorie. She's a natural for church school teaching if there ever was one. She comes to college bent on taking teacher training, and makes a good start. Then she falls in with Josephine, who is taking prenursing and is interested in things you do with test tubes and to biological specimens. And straightway Marjorie scuttles her teaching dream and changes her course to prenursing.

"Couldn't you talk her out of such foolishness?"

"Don't think I didn't try! In fact we all did our best. But Marjorie changed her course!"

"How is she doing?"

"Not so well. Her last semester grades were mostly C's, and the child is getting discouraged as the work gets harder and harder. She's entirely out of her natural element, and if she does stick the year out, it's my guess that she'll never have enough honor points to get into a nurses' training school.

"And there's Hazel, whose Bob adored her just as she was—quiet, thoughtful, generous to a fault, altogether charming. But she had not been rooming with Beth a month before she began to acquire dress styles and hair-do's and mannerisms that didn't go with her personality at all, also a carelessness that didn't fit. At first Bob was puzzled, then hurt, then disgusted, then through. If Hazel only had been content to be herself, and had not tried to be somebody else!"

"I suppose the dean on the men's side of this campus has the same problems?"

"To a certain degree, yes, but the disease takes on a much milder form. We have the acute attacks over here, so it seems. If only all of us—youth and those older grown, alike—could realize that God has given each one of us a book of our very own, and a pen with which to write upon its pages, but that He means none of these books to be *copybooks*. He has set for each one of us our own stint to write, and it is not just like that which He has set for anyone else. Our personality, our looks, our talents, are suited to our own particular needs. Just to be ourselves, under His direction, is all that He asks of any of us. Life will grow more and more beautiful as we follow this lead, and not only we, but others will be happy as we strive in our own way and with divine help toward the success which is in store for us.

THERE is another interesting facet to this thought.

Remember Joseph? He was just a young lad when his jealous brothers sold him into slavery. At home in his father's tent he had been a pampered favorite. Now he faced a bleak future as a bond servant. As he looked around him, he saw heathenism, idolatry, abundant wealth; and

the most natural thing in the world would have been for him to reason that now, since he was in a far country, he would take the path of least resistance, and not be himself. Why give any more thought to that peculiar Hebrew religion which was as much a part of his life as breathing? It would be much easier to copy the people around him in personal conduct and in worship than to be so different. But not young Joseph. There was *nothing* of the chameleon about him!

In Potiphar's house; in the prison, where he was unjustly cast; in the presence of Pharaoh himself; and in his position as deputy for Pharaoh, directing the affairs of the great nation of Egypt, he was ever and always the obedient servant of the Most High. Through his influence a knowledge of the true God was spread abroad, and the mightiest monarch of the then-known world acknowledged Him as the over-all Ruler of the universe.

Success came to the young man Joseph because he was himself—even when his very life was at stake.

And there were Daniel and his three friends who determined to be themselves, all influences of the Babylonian court notwithstanding. In the matter of food and drink and every detail of their daily walk they were different from those around them. It would have been much easier to have fitted into the general pattern of court life, but if they had, Daniel would never have been prime minister, and Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah would never have arisen to places of distinction in the world's greatest kingdom of their time. Their experiences in the lions' den and the fiery furnace would never have been written to the glory of the God of heaven, and to the encouragement of those of us who have lived since the days of Babylon and Medo-Persia.

YES, friend o' mine, it pays to be ourselves. A chameleon attitude toward life can lead only to discouragement and failure.

So whatever experiences may come to you as you trudge along the dusty highway of life, be it over the mountaintops, through the valleys, or across the wide, rolling prairies, be yourself. Write your own God-given book with your own God-given pen, and—*don't copy!*

Lora E. Clement

"You Read?"

How a Parcel of Gospel Portions in West Africa Brought New Life, Like a Medicine, to a Native Frontier Force

By JEANIE BROWN



I Picked Up One of the Small Books and Gave It to Him, the Right Way Up, I Thought, and Questioned: "You Read, Kamarah?"

CORPORAL KAMARAH, of the West Africa Frontier Force, came to attention as I spoke his name. "Madame!" he replied, his beautiful white teeth flashing in the smile which I had come to look for as the accompaniment of his salutes.

"Kamarah," I said, "you come!" beckoning him into my sun-baked mud office.

I had that morning received a large parcel of tiny, thin, canvas-backed books written in a language which I could not understand, and with no word of English either within or without to indicate the nature of their contents. As reading matter of any kind was in great demand, I felt that if these were good they should be put into circulation as soon as possible.

Corporal Kamarah was a tall, well-set-up specimen of West African young manhood serving in Sierra Leone; and he was coming along well, under the company sergeant's tuition, in his grasp of the English language. So I picked up one of the small books and gave it to him, the right way up, as I thought, and questioned him: "You read, Kamarah?"

Looking at it curiously for a moment,

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and then turning it quickly the other way up, he began to read at a rapid rate in what I afterwards learned was Arabic. A delighted smile spread over his face. Obviously carried away with what he was reading, he looked as if he were going on forever. So, feeling that I would like a little more light on the subject, I said: "Thank you, Kamarah; now, you say what that be for me. You say again in English for me, please."

"Oh, madame," he answered, pointing upwards, "this book say, God, He care for me."

It is impossible to describe the hushed reverence with which he said this; and suddenly light dawned upon me. "This book be Bible, Kamarah?" I asked him eagerly.

"Yes, the Bible, madame," he said.

Then we looked at the others still in the parcel, and I gathered, with Kamarah's help, that they were separate copies of the four Gospels, each bound in a different color—black, red, blue, and green.

"You like, Kamarah?" I asked. "You keep?"

"Oh, I keep, madame," he said with a rapturous smile.

So I wrote his name, regiment and the

date in it and gave it back to him, saying, "This be yours for always, Kamarah."

"Oh, thank you, madame," he said, with joy in every line of him as he buttoned it carefully up in his tunic pocket and went briskly back on guard outside my office door.

On my way down to the office the next morning, while still some hundred yards off, I saw to my great surprise a long line of African soldiers drawn up outside my door.

"What be these, Kamarah?" I asked.

"These come for small book, madame," he said, indicating his tunic pocket.

"They come for Bible?"

"They come," he said simply.

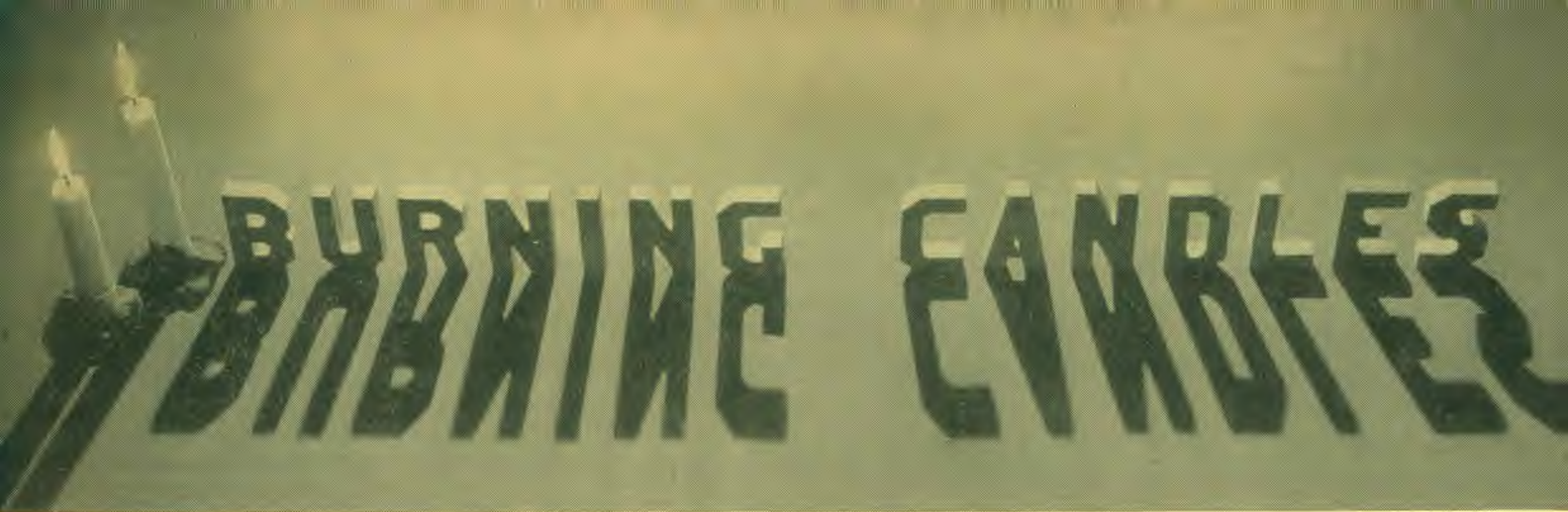
"Well then, Kamarah, they come into office one, one, one, till all come; you understand?"

He sprang to the first one in the line and brought him in, giving his name; and to this one I handed one of the books, asking as before, "You read?" The same pleased smile lit up his face, which brightened still more as the reading got well under way. And so, all down the line—they came, they read and went away in pleased possession, each with his own name written inside.

Some days afterwards, when I was reading the daily report of the progress of the sick and wounded troops, I came upon a note to the effect that one of the patients had asked to see me. I rang up to inquire of the orderly-in-charge, and he said that, since this patient was able to be up and about, he could come to my office with an escort. This was at once arranged.

A dejected-looking warrior he was, with no bright smile and obviously mentally troubled. He besought me: "Why be I for here? Why be I not for work?" (He was a transport driver.) Nothing that I said, indicating that he was in good hands and was being well cared for, would comfort him, and I didn't feel that I was getting anywhere at all until I thought of the little books. Reaching for one, I put it into his hands, asking him: "You read?" To my great delight he began to read very slowly in Arabic, and then he became a little more animated. I

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CHARLES CAREY

CANDLES, burning in a room—candles, licking forth tongues of lurid flame—how they fill me with grief! Or rather, shall we say that each time I see them it is as I saw them on a certain day not so long ago—symbols of a soul that has lost the way. They are poignant reminders of a young woman, and a decision she was forced to make.

Manuela, or more familiarly, Nellie, was about thirteen years old when I first met her. She was one of the group of Spanish-speaking youngsters who on baking days were attracted to my kitchen in a certain small city near the southwestern border of the United States. The charming Spanish people prepare many delicious foods, and even delectable *tortillas* baked on top of the stove to take the place of bread. But such goodies as cakes, cookies, and hot rolls, which are baked in the oven in an average American home, are novelties to them. So the odors that wafted from my kitchen on baking days were usually a signal for the children of the neighborhood to visit me and share these dainties.

I loved to have them come, of course. They were such darlings! Besides, it gave me a wonderful opportunity to speak to them of Jesus. Nellie was, even then, the prettiest of the group. She had beautiful eyes and jet-black hair, which she endeavored to curl with inexpert hands. But by the time she was fourteen years of age she had become adept at it, and the shining curls made a lovely frame for her attractive face.

Nellie had not been scared away by my references to the Bible, as some of these young friends were whose parents were more devout adherents of the prevailing church. In fact, she seemed to be thrilled by the truths that were being spread before her. And when I formed a branch Sabbath school, she became one of the members. She was an eager student; it was not long before she had learned many of the vital messages in this light-giving Book.

Scattered here and there among the homes of the community were altars where candles burned in front of images and figurines. But I had visited in Nellie's home, and I knew that there were

By MADELEN C. HAMILTON

none there. Yet I suppose it was inevitable that such a common custom should be brought up in our visits. I do not remember who mentioned it first. But suddenly there it was—out in the open!

In reply to the question asked I turned to the twentieth chapter of Exodus, which we had studied before, and read aloud the second commandment again.

"You see," I explained, "God tells us here not to bow down before images. Besides, when you realize that these things are only made of paper or wood or stone or other material, and that people like you and me made them with their hands, you will know that they can neither help nor harm you."

The young people understood readily enough and agreed with me. So my mind was at peace. Never, I thought, would these children pray to idols or burn prayer candles before these pagan household altars! Later I was to learn differently. But not knowing what the future held in store, I was content.

Then one day when Nellie had just turned fifteen she made a startling announcement.

"I'm going to be married soon," she stated simply.

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed involuntarily. "You're too young!"

She was somewhat taken back by my reception of her news. "But I am fifteen years old now," she said dubiously.

Then I suddenly remembered having seen a young man escort her home from school once or twice, although I had thought little of it at the time. I remembered, too, that people of Latin nationality mature rapidly, that usually the children hate school and will drop out as soon as they become sixteen years of age, as the law permits, even though it might be the middle of a term.

Yet I could not think of Nellie's marrying—not *my Nellie*, who still loved cookies and hot rolls oozing with melted butter. Besides, she had accepted so much of God's message in the Book that she was about to take her stand for Jesus. How would marriage affect this possibility?

"What does your mother think of your plan to marry?" I inquired.

Here Nellie brightened. "Oh, my mother thinks I should get married with Tony," she answered in her quaint English. "He is a good boy; he is of a good family."

"Couldn't you wait awhile? You are so very young to take on such responsibility!"

"But my mother thinks I should not wait so long."

"Apparently your mother thinks very well of Tony. But do you?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! I like him very much, too!"

What could I do? After all, what right had I to interfere?

Nellie avoided me for some time after that visit. But I learned that her mother was making preparations for the wedding. However, my anxiety for Nellie's welfare was such that I obtained a private interview with her, during which I reminded her of Jesus' love for her and received her promise that she would continue to read the Bible I had given her.

Nellie and Tony were married soon after this and went to live in a near-by village where he worked.

I missed Nellie from the group of young people that still continued to visit my home. I wondered how she was faring in her new life. The other girls of her age group, however, felt that she had made a good marriage. Tony, I found, was one of the Orozcós, a well-to-do family which owned and operated a profitable ranch some distance away.

"I wish I could marry an Orozco," one of the girls sighed. "They are rich. Nellie was lucky; she is pretty."

"But if his family is rich, why was Tony working as a common laborer?" I inquired.

"Oh, he just wanted to get away from the ranch for a while."

I was relieved to find that Nellie had made a good marriage in material respects, and could understand her mother's earnest desire that she marry Tony. Still I could not help being anxious about her. Her status in the books of heaven was more important than her material condition in the world. Was she

still reading her Bible? Had she forgotten all the things we had studied together?

Two months later I saw Nellie's mother again. She informed me sadly that her daughter was at home with her.

"Tony brought her back," she told me. "He said he didn't want her any more."

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I think it is because of his mother. She does not like my Nellie for her son's wife."

"Oh."
There was a pause.

"What will Nellie do now?"

"I don't know. I talked to Tony. I told him to think, about it. Nellie will be waiting at home with me."

Poor Nellie! I was eager to see her. But she did not come to visit me. She remained at home, not even taking an interest in her former girl friends. So I made it a special point to call on her one afternoon.

Nellie met me at the door. And for a few moments as we embraced tears threatened.

It was good to see her again. We chatted for some time before my eyes chanced to light on something that brought my words to an abrupt stop. My heart almost seemed to cease beating.

There, hanging on a side wall, was a decorated image. And on a small table immediately below it a candle—burning!

I cannot say why the sight of that altar with the burning candle in Nellie's home should have upset me so. I had seen those things before.

Perhaps it was because I had not expected it. I had studied with Nellie; I had prayed and wept over the girl. Had she given up her faith in Jesus? Had she lost touch with the God of heaven who alone could hear her prayers?

But Nellie quieted my unspoken fears. "That is my mother's doing," she told me softly. "My mother put that altar there."

"Of course, the older woman would do that," I said to myself. I had tried to talk to her of Jesus, but my words had fallen on unresponsive ears. Now that her daughter was in trouble she would try to invoke divine aid in her own blind way.

In the days that followed, Nellie spent much time reading her Bible. And she often came to discuss it with me. Her troubles seemed to have made her eager to seek comfort from the great Giver of peace and strength. They had brought her closer to her Saviour.

Meanwhile happenings of tremendous import were going on in the outside world. The fateful day of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, with its implications involving nations and men, came and went. The order issued by the President of the United States requiring all men to register for selective service touched the heart-strings in homes all over the country, and it disrupted the tranquillity of even our small town.

As if by magic the altars with figures and pictures increased in number almost overnight. Homes which formerly had been free of their blighting presence suddenly glowed with the lights of their burning candles. They mushroomed everywhere. And people knelt before them to pray that their menfolk might be spared.

Tony was soon called into the armed forces, of course. But before leaving he came to see Nellie. She told me about it with a touch of happy excitement.

"He promised to write to me. He is going to send me money for support. And



God's Man

By HELEN J. ANDERSON

**He is strong who first is weak,
Possessed with patience—kindly, meek;
Distrustful of his earthly pow'r;
Who leans on Jesus every hour.**

**He is brave who treads with fear
The path where Jesus leads him here;
Who sweetly suffers grief and pain;
His faith unmoved through loss or gain.**

**He is great who first is small,
Content to be the least of all;
To serve all men as Jesus did,
And keep his life in Jesus hid.**

**He will surely reach the goal
Who runs with patience here below;
Who daily dies to self and sin;
Who bears a cross the crown to win.**



do you know, I think Tony still loves me. It is just his mother."

This proved to be so, for soon Tony was sending her fervent letters. And after a period of anxiety mail began bringing the green checks regularly. The color came back to Nellie's cheeks, and her fingers became more nimble as she sewed. She found a small apartment near her mother, fixed it up tastefully, and seemed to enjoy shopping and planning for her little home.

Months passed, and then one night there came the long-expected request for my husband to rush Nellie to the hospital. It was a boy—a beautiful baby, which she named Tony after his father.

As the days and weeks rolled quickly by, the child's remarkable resemblance to his father and the Orozco family became more and more apparent. Nellie loved him dearly. He made the days and nights less lonely for the young mother, though, of course, he added considerably to her work.

When Tony came home on a short fur-

lough, he was one of the proudest of fathers. Also he tried in every way to atone for his former mistreatment of his wife. He did not leave her side except for a few hours when he took their little son for a short visit with his parents.

After he had gone back to camp, Nellie told me how he had changed for the better, the world-wide conflict into which he had been drawn had made him realize the seriousness of life. And also, it had helped him to appreciate his own little family as he had never done before.

In the meantime a group of new believers in the Advent message were being prepared for baptism. Nellie was one of them. She had at last decided to take her stand for Jesus, to be buried with her Master in the watery grave, and rise up to walk in newness of life.

Preparations went on apace; the candidates were exhorted and questioned. At last the appointed day arrived. So did all the candidates but Nellie.

Later I learned that her mother-in-law had taken her for a visit to their ranch that day. The war which had called her son into the army had served to soften her heart. It had made her relent in her cruel attitude toward her daughter-in-law. For the sake of her absent son and the little grandson with whom she had promptly fallen in love at sight on that brief visit he and his father had paid her not long before, she had been willing to accept Nellie into her family.

I did not want to misjudge the girl. I realized that she had been in a difficult position. Her mother-in-law had come to make amends with her on the very day she was to have been baptized! To have refused to go with the elder Mrs. Orozco on this, her first invitation, might have hurt her feelings irreparably.

Yet Jesus was also extending an invitation to Nellie. He had been knocking at the door of her heart for some time. What would she do with Him? Would she drive away the Holy Spirit, who was striving with her?

Nellie remained at the Orozco ranch for a week. When I visited her again, I noticed an almost imperceptible change. Also I noticed something else on a little table by the door. It was a picture of a saint and beside it stood a candle—unlit.

Nellie noticed my eyes upon these articles and immediately explained:

"My mother-in-law gave them to me. She saw that I did not burn any candles for Tony. And she thinks that is bad."

"You know better, of course."

"Yes," she admitted. But she added helplessly, "She wanted me to take them. She thinks I should make a vow to burn candles before the santo until Tony comes home."

I knew that matters were fast approaching a climax. Nellie must ask God for strength to win in the battle she was waging. If she did not—!

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W. AMUNDSEN

What Shall It Profit?

By MATHIEU BERMINGHAM

Translated by Rolland H. Howlett

WHEN Aurore Pierre accepted the Adventist message she found herself alone with no others of like faith in her home town. Even in her own home everyone was against her new religion, with the result that her life was pitifully lonesome. Nevertheless, she remained true to her new-found faith.

As often as she could she would walk to our oldest Seventh-day Adventist church in Haiti in the village of Grande Rivere, not far from her village. There she would refresh her spirit with the gospel songs and listen with rapt attention as she heard the words of life expounded. Her heart longings were satisfied until she could again come to worship with those who held dear the same hopes as she.

One day, after a camp meeting held at Cap-Haitien, about twenty-five miles away, Aurore resolved to become a colporteur. She had been recommended to me by the local field secretary as one who was a true witness for God in her daily living. So I spoke to her, encouraging her to take up this most important work. For two years she was a dutiful Christian messenger along the dusty trails that wound through the valleys and over the mountains. Then came hard times and dark days. Aurore pondered the question. "Take up thy cross." *Could she?* No, this cross was too great, and she returned to her home. Alas! Very soon her faith flickered, and then one day it was no longer there! Aurore had laid down her cross, and now she sank into discouragement.

[Readers will no doubt remember the INSTRUCTOR article of December 31, 1946, which told of the remarkable experiences of Mathieu Bermingham, who became leader of the colporteur and home missionary work in Haiti. Providences have been so marked in his life that one cannot doubt that he has been under the guiding hand of the heavenly Father. Here are two interesting stories he tells to illustrate the text, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The first is a tragedy; the second has a happy ending.—Editor.]

One day I organized a social evening for the young people of my village which was near that of Aurore's. I invited her to come, which she did gladly. For her part on the program, she rendered a lovely vocal solo. Her voice was rich and melodious. But while she was singing, someone's heart in the congregation was moved, not because of the beautiful song that she sang, but because of Aurore herself. The man was not an Adventist, not even a young man. He was about sixty years of age, and was assistant manager of a local firm.

Without my knowledge he later went to see Aurore's parents, who were only too delighted to have this supposedly well-to-do suitor as their son-in-law. Yes, even Aurore thought that her future was assured and that there would be no more worries as to what a day would bring forth.

When finally the news reached me, I talked to Aurore. I pointed out the dangers of her choice. But who was I to snatch happiness from her when it was within her reach? And so Aurore was married outside her church. She forgot

It Was at a Camp Meeting on the Island of Haiti That Aurore Pierre Resolved to Become a Colporteur

that light hath no communion with darkness, for she chose the riches of this world, which pass away quickly.

When Aurore arrived with her new husband in the village where she had daily sung the praises of God, she no longer attended church. She was confused, but followed Adventist teachings in her own way, still hoping—ever hoping—for God's blessing.

Scarcely four years slipped by when the owner of the firm where her husband worked decided to liquidate his stock and go elsewhere. Then began the unraveling of Aurore's temporal world, a world fashioned by her own hands according to her own desires. She and her husband were reduced to the direst poverty, with the added responsibility of rearing three small children. When the husband fell sick, not one gourde (Haitian dollar; twenty cents in United States' currency) did they have. When Aurore realized that she no longer wanted this old man who was bowed beneath his years of dissipation, she left him. The call came to the young woman to return to Him who said, "Take up thy cross and follow Me." But, rebellious, she said no, and went deeper into her degradation. She who had once been so beautiful, she of the lovely voice, was now unbecoming, raucous voiced, and so poor in this world's goods that she could not even afford proper dental care. Although my heart ached each time I thought of her, still I could not keep from saying to myself, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it." Aurore had wished to be assured of her future, but what a sad picture she is today—without faith, without happiness, and without hope of eternal life!

Junon Beauvais lived in another province of Haiti, in the little village of Baint, not far from the southern seacoast town of Jacmel. Her father, a well-to-do man in this earth's temporal goods, was very fond of Junon, because she was the baby of the family. Although she was small for her age, still it was she who cared tenderly for her mother during her last illness as she lay stricken with paralysis. At the age of thirteen Junon lost her mother, and the little girl was made very sad when she saw the other children enjoying the tender kindnesses of their mothers and she had been deprived of this great blessing.

One day a woman, who was the wife of a childhood friend of Junon's father, came to pay a visit. She asked for the privilege of taking the child with her for a short visit to her home in the city of Jacmel. Permission was granted.

Now, this woman was a Seventh-day Adventist, and naturally she invited Junon

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Highroad to Happiness

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERMON

Six Feet of Land

By DON H. SPILLMAN

PERHAPS many of you have read the legendary story of Ivan, the peasant, who became tired of being a tenant farmer and decided to become a landowner. He and his wife saved one hundred dollars, sold a colt and one-half of their beehives, and hired their son out as a laborer. Thus they had enough money for half of the payment on forty acres. Ivan now had land! He borrowed money and sowed his land. Everything was lovely. He paid off his debts. He now was a landowner in his own right. The flowers had a different look and smell. Once upon a time the land had looked the same as any other, but now it was an especially fine piece of God's earth.

Then the neighbors' cows and horses began to bother him, and he soon was at loggerheads with all his neighbors. Hearing of land to be had in the lower Volga region where he would not be so crowded, he investigated, then sold his property and journeyed there. He bought one hundred and fifty acres of fertile land. In the beginning he felt satisfied, but he soon began to feel cramped; his farm seemed too narrow again. Then he leased more land. This was not satisfactory. Next he bought one thousand acres from a farmer, paying half down and the rest later.

Then a traveling merchant came along and told him how he had bought ten thousand acres in the land of the Bashkirs and paid only \$1,000 for it. Ivan made inquiries and found that he must take a present to the chief in or-

der to get in his good graces. When he came to the land of the Bashkirs, after traveling many miles, he was treated royally. After he had presented his gift, the interpreter said, "You have been kind to us, and we want to return your kindness. Tell us what you would like of what we have so that we may give you something."

"Most of all, I like land," Ivan told them. "In all my life I have never seen land like yours."

The chief heard his request and said, "Take what you choose; the price is \$1,000 a day."

"What kind of price is that?" asked Ivan, "\$1,000 a day."

Then the chief told him he could have all the land he could walk around in one day for that amount of cash, but he would have to return to the starting point before sundown.

That night Ivan could not sleep. His mind was on land, land, and more land. He said to himself: "I can easily make fifty miles in one day. Fifty miles encompasses 90,000 acres. Then I will have to knuckle down to no one. I will be independent."

The next morning he started out, confidently leaving the Bashkirs and his own servant behind to guard the \$1,000 in gold. He walked on and on, hardly daring to stop for lunch, but munching some food as he hurried along. The sun grew hot, and he discarded his cap and knapsack. Then he threw off his coat and later removed his shoes. Finally he veered to the left and walked in that direction for some time. He was tired, hot, and dusty before he turned again. Then he noticed the sun slipping down in the western sky, and he decided to walk back toward the starting point of the morning. How tired he was! How far away the Bashkirs were. His feet ached. His knees were giving way. He felt like taking a rest, but dared not. He had no time. He must be back before sunset. "Did I not make a mistake?" he thought. "Maybe I tried to take in too much territory. If I only get back in time."

Desperately he started to run. His feet were bleeding, and he threw away all his



Just Six Feet of Land in a Potter's Field Was All That Judas Got for His Thirty Pieces of Silver

GRAMSTORFF.

H. PRELL, ARTIST

clothing but shirt and trousers. His mouth was dry, his bosom was heaving, his heart was beating like a hammer, and he hardly thought of the land now. He was afraid he might die, but he could not stop.

As he rushed up the hill toward the fur cap which lay on the ground, holding the money he had left at his starting point, the Bashkirs were beckoning, calling. "Earth there is aplenty," he gasped, "but will God let me live thereon? Have I destroyed myself?" Still he kept on running—the sun looked as though it had gone down, and he cried out, then stumbled and fell, but the cap was within his outstretched hands.

"Good lad," exclaimed the chief, "you have gained much land."

Ivan's servant rushed to his side and tried to lift him. Blood was flowing from his mouth. In a very few moments he was dead. The servant lamented, but the chief rose to his feet, threw a spade to him and

commanded, "Here, dig." And so the servant dug a grave for Ivan, the measure of his body from head to foot—six feet and no more. Then he buried him on his land, his own land. Six feet of it!

There is a powerful moral in this old story for you and for me. There is many a man, who, when he is called upon to give his heart to the Lord and become a Christian, will hang back because he is afraid he will not make as much money as he did formerly, or because he cannot acquire as much land as he would like if he keeps the Sabbath and obeys God.

My friend, if the devil has ever tempted you with being selfish or covetous, just remember this: After all your struggling and trying to make money to have a fine home, or acquire more land or amass more wealth, one of these days, if you leave God out of it, all you will have will be six feet of earth and no more!

The Lord aptly illustrated this in one

of his parables found in Luke 12:15-20. Ah, yes, the rich man was going to be richer still. He was going to make more money, have more grain, be more comfortably situated. He was not satisfied. But what happened? Like Ivan in our story, all he got in the end was a grave.

In the Old Testament we have another illustration of this same principle. In the book of Joshua is found the story of Achan. I suppose he had visions of taking the forbidden spoil from Jericho and investing it in land or doing something with it that would enrich him still further. But in taking what he did he disobeyed God. What did he get for his pains? Just a heap of stones and earth six feet long piled over his body.

My friends, it is not a wise thing to try to build up vast possessions or to seek for fame or fortune, or to do *anything* without God! For a time you may

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Total Abstainer!

Sydney Wooderson, the world-famous English runner, writing recently in the "Alliance-News," London, says: "I have been a total abstainer in all the years of my athletic career, . . . and I realize now, more than ever, what a great help this has been in running races and putting up records. . . . Drinking alcoholic drinks can in no way be beneficial. . . . It causes one to lose just that extra bit of stamina and fine judgment which is needed to reach the top."

Licensed!

The "Free Methodist" tells the story this way:

"A U.S. Army major, traveling with his wife, was riding a crack train from New York to Chicago a few weeks ago. Somewhere in Pennsylvania, according to the story told to the Pittsburgh police, he left his wife, went to the washroom, and there met a merchant seaman who had a bottle of liquor. 'We killed my pint while we talked of war experiences,' the seaman explained afterward.

"Another traveler, a civilian, entered the washroom and, without warning, the major pulled his gun and shot the newcomer through the chest, wounding him severely. The officer was turned over to the military authorities in Pittsburgh, the seaman was held as a material witness, and the civilian was taken to the hospital in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. The empty liquor bottle bore a stamp showing that the United States Government had collected the tax prescribed by law."

Ten Thousand More!

Dr. Raymond of Johns Hopkins University is authority for the statement that "out of a hundred thousand people, ten thousand more tobacco users die before they reach the age of sixty, than those who do not use tobacco."

Ask the Doctor!

The late Dr. John Harvey Kellogg spent a lifetime studying disease and its causes, and he determined to his own satisfaction that "tobacco must be judged guilty of inciting many of the thousands of cancers and other malignancies of the mouth, lips, and the throat areas. Smokers suffer nearly five times as much from coronary disease in their forties as do nonsmokers."

Smoking Anonymous!

An article written by Edward L. Wertheim has been widely circulated by means of reprints. It asks pointedly: "Is Your Health Going Up in Smoke?" Now Mr. Wertheim plans a new organization to be known as "Smoking Anonymous," the purpose of which is to give this article still wider circulation and put it in the hands of men and women who, like Alcoholics Anonymous, do not wish their names to be known.

World's Record!

The drunken driver has been, and still is for that matter, responsible for more deaths than any war or any debacle in the history of the world, according to a recent declaration by Dr. David G. Monroe of the Northwestern University Traffic Institute. And surely Dr. Monroe should be an authority on the subject, for his business is investigating and analyzing traffic statistics and fatalities.

"I Heartily Favor!"

R. G. Le Tourneau, well-known manufacturer of Peoria, Illinois, says, "I am heartily in favor of liquor advertising that will tell of the poverty, disease, broken homes, wrecked lives, lost virtues, suicides, homicides, and sudden accidental deaths, that result from drinking."

If Only!

A famous eating place on the West Coast of the United States prominently displays the following injunction:

"It is all right to drink like a fish
If you drink what a fish drinks."

Habit Forming!

Dr. Irving Fisher says, in answer to the question "Is alcohol habit forming?" "I should say yes, in the practical sense of that word. Habitual users of alcohol are numerous. Of these, some become excessive drinkers or addicts or chronic alcoholics and 'problem drinkers.' The tendency of alcohol habitues is to increase the amounts they take. They drink more often and tend to substitute the stronger alcoholic beverages for those of low alcoholic content. The habitual user of alcohol who cannot voluntarily discontinue its use without suffering some considerable distress of body or mind has become an addict. He is a sick person and should put himself under treatment."

H. D. Hervey Says!

"Boys use tobacco because they are physically and mentally weak and morally unsound; or they become physically, mentally, and morally impaired because they use tobacco; or each factor may be partially cause and partially effect. In any event, the results of this study would seem to indicate that a close connection exists between low mentality, physical weakness, moral delinquency, and cigarette smoking. If this be true, the cigarette should be regarded as a badge of the physical weakling, the mentally incompetent, and the morally unsound."

Mr. Hervey, superintendent of the agency in Malden, Massachusetts, which deals with juvenile delinquency, knows whereof he speaks.

Indicted!

"Medically and socially the case against alcohol is just as clear as the case against opium," declares Richard Cabot, M.D.

Excellent!

Dr. J. M. Burgess, of Australia, making an address in Melbourne recently, said: "Alcohol has its uses. It is a very satisfactory skin disinfectant. It is a useful solvent and an excellent substance to fix post mortem specimens. These qualities do not recommend it as a beverage."



T. K. MARTIN

This House in West Wilton, New Hampshire, Was the Girlhood Home of Annie R. Smith, Pioneer Adventist Hymn Writer

They LIVED Their Songs

By BARBARA H. PHIPPS

"The dearest idol I have known—"

THE author of the *Olney Hymns*, William Cowper, is well known to all students of English literature. Perhaps those who enjoy the beauty of his verses and analyze his style and technique do not realize the background of his sensitivity and fervent religious devotion.

When he was only six, his mother died, and he was placed in a boarding school. Homesick and lost from being so suddenly torn from the safe moorings of home, the lad was terrified in this strange place, engulfed by new faces and bigger boys. He was so frightened by the school bully that he could never raise his head to look at the boy's face, and recognized him only by his shoe buckles.

Cowper's next school attendance was happier for him, and later his term in law school was more successful. However, his native sensitivity and nervousness, aggravated by early experiences, gave the youth more than his share of complexes and psychoses. He wanted to practice law, but was terrified with the prospect of undergoing a public examination. He finally worried to such an extent that his reason was unsettled, and he spent some eighteen months in an insane asylum.

Upon his recovery he was taken into the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Unwin. Here he was treated as a son, and given the quiet, restful atmosphere he so much needed. His religious fervor deepened with the contact of these godly people. As is often the case with sensitive, morbid persons, he was thrown into black moods of worry over the thoughts of his sins and God's wrath. Mrs. Unwin, with Christian tact and kindness, often came to his rescue, tenderly caring for him when his mind became unbalanced. It was undoubtedly her influence that made him see the love of God and inspired him to write the collection known as the *Olney Hymns*.

Cowper was a brilliant letter writer. It is from his correspondence with an aunt that we have the background for the writing of one of these hymns, "O, for a Closer Walk With God!" Mrs. Unwin had fallen seriously ill. Cowper was greatly disturbed. In his letter he wrote:

"She is the chief of blessings I have met with in my journey, since the Lord was pleased to call me, and I hope the influence of her edifying and excellent example will never leave me. O, that it might have a sanctified effect; that I may rejoice to surrender up to the Lord my

dearest comforts the moment He shall require them. O, for no will but the will of my heavenly Father.

"I return you thanks for the verses you sent me, which speak sweetly the language of a Christian soul. I wish I could pay you in kind, but must be contented to pay you in the best I can. I began to compose them yesterday morning before daybreak, but fell asleep at the end of the first two lines. When I awaked again, the third and fourth verses were whispered to my heart in a way I have often experienced."

The lines of his aunt which he so greatly admired have been lost in obscurity; while the verses Cowper considered such a feeble effort, sent in this letter to her, have become the familiar:

"O, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

This same spirit of resignation that he shows in his letter is clearly seen in the last stanza:

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

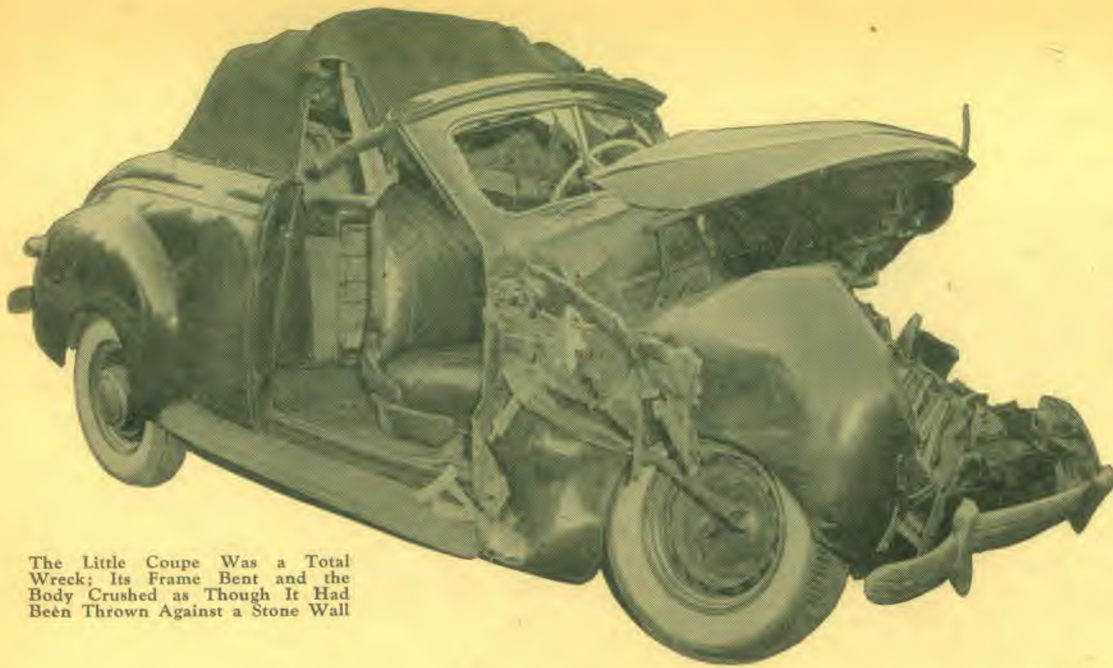
"I'm but a stranger here—"

In 1852 a girl returned to her home from a fashionable boarding school where she was learning the "accomplishments" considered desirable in those days, in addition to her literary education. Already a promising future stretched out before her, for she had a ready pen and high ambitions. Hence, it was a skeptical and disconcerted young woman who discovered that her mother had joined a small, peculiar religious group who held an ardent belief in the soon return of Christ. In spite of the indifference of her worldly, ambitious daughter, the mother continued constant in prayer for her conversion.

One night the girl had a particularly impressive dream, one that did not fade into the realm of the forgotten by morning. She dreamed that by some compelling force she had attended one of these Adventist meetings, and had heard an old sea captain speak with earnest conviction. The next evening she yielded to her mother's wishes, and set out a bit late for the evening service. Whether the recent dream occupied her mind at this point, we do not know. When she entered the room, the service had already begun. She realized, with that weird sensation of reliving a past experience, that the whole setting was familiar.

An old sea captain was reading from an open Bible! Her dream returned viv-

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The Little Coupe Was a Total Wreck; Its Frame Bent and the Body Crushed as Though It Had Been Thrown Against a Stone Wall

Ask, Believing

By FREDERICK M. COX

IT WAS a cold, miserable afternoon in late February. The rain was coming down in torrents as well it can at this season of the year in southern California.

As Fred drove into Riverside, he slowed down to the snail's pace required in the city limits. He knew he had been driving too fast, especially on such a bad day, but he was in a hurry. There was so much that must be done this afternoon! Already he was late for zoology laboratory. So he pushed his foot down harder on the accelerator as he left the city limits, and the little coupe skimmed along at sixty or sixty-five miles an hour.

Perhaps it was too difficult for him to see through the rain-streaked windshield, but at any rate he did not notice the sign "Pavement Slippery When Wet" at the side of the road. Neither did he know that this was one of the most treacherous stretches of highway in the vicinity during the rainy season.

Suddenly, without warning, the car skidded. "Now look here, you were made to roll on four wheels and not dance!" Fred mumbled, bringing the coupe back into the proper lane of traffic. But again the car skidded. This time there was not even an instant in which to think. In the wink of an eye the car had snapped off a fire hydrant and dug its nose into the trunk of a large tree. Pieces of broken glass flew. Fred was

thrown out and to the side of the road, where he lay unconscious.

The little coupe was a total wreck. Its frame was bent into a V shape, and the body was crushed as though it had been thrown against a stone wall.

The cold rain spattering in his face finally aroused the injured boy to semi-consciousness. "Got to be gettin' on," he muttered and made a feeble attempt to rise. But the restraining hand of a State highway patrolman kept him still. "Now just take it easy, fellow. You've been hurt," the officer said kindly. Fred raised his hand to his benumbed forehead, and felt the scalp lacerations. "Hurt?" he asked, then sank back into oblivion.

A short time later an ambulance arrived and hurried him to a Riverside hospital. In the emergency room the attending physician gave first aid and placed a compression bandage on his head to stop the bleeding.

Then it was decided that he must be sent on to another hospital, where he could have better surgical attention. He was again placed in the ambulance and sent back over the road where his accident had occurred.

The driver was anxious to get where he was going, so the machine roared down the highway with the siren wide open and the speedometer needle touching eighty miles an hour. The rain was coming down harder than ever, and the sky was dark

and forbidding. Suddenly, as the ambulance passed some two hundred yards beyond the wrecked car, it swerved and plunged head-long into a large palm tree.

Passers-by removed the driver and took him on to the hospital for which he was bound. But no one thought to look in the rear for the casualty he was carrying. There Fred lay unconscious, buried beneath the wrecked car, an avalanche of equipment, and an overturned stretcher. The compression bandage which the doctor giving first aid had put in place, had slipped from his head, and he was growing weaker by the minute from loss of blood.

It was perhaps an hour later, after the rain had slackened, that a small boy came out to investigate the wreck. "Must'a been pretty bad," he was saying, as he climbed in through the open rear door. "Hey! whata ya know," he yelled aloud. "There's a man in here!" And he scampered off to tell his mother.

"Mom, Mom," he called excitedly, "there's a man in the wreck out there."

His mother quickly called the police, and then went out to see for herself.

Again Fred was put in an ambulance and hurried the additional two miles to the hospital. It was nearly three hours after the first accident that the attendant wheeled the stretcher into the emergency room and placed him upon the table. In a few moments doctors and nurses were busy over his unconscious form. The patient's chances were definitely not good. He had been unattended too long.

In Fred's wallet was found his student-body card from La Sierra College, and the hospital notified the school as to his accident and whereabouts.

Word of what had happened spread quickly over the campus. The students were grave as they gathered to discuss the tragedy. The president and one of the faculty went to the hospital at once. There they found their worst fears confirmed. Fred's condition was very serious, but the doctors had done all they could for the present.

Kneeling beside the young man's bed, they asked God to bless the work that had been done, and, if it were the will of the Father, to restore the young man to health. Then they left the case in the hands of God. Human skill had done all it could.

Later in the evening, when Fred's condition was no better, it was decided that a transfusion would be advisable. A call was made to the school for a donor, and one of his friends volunteered. The blood

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REMEMBER *the* SABBATH DAY

By MYRTLE E. ROWSE

Part II

THIS story begins one afternoon just as the girls were coming out of the neat brick schoolhouse in the village. Martha was about ten years old, and Mary was two years younger. They were dressed alike in red plaid dresses with pleated skirts. Over these they wore little white aprons gathered into a band at the waist and trimmed with ruffles of embroidery. Their heavy hair hung in braids down their backs—braids which ended in curls and were tied with red ribbons. One girl's hair was dark, and the other's was as bright as gold."

The children looked at their aunt's dark brown hair knotted into an enormous bun at the back of her neck, and smiled at one another.

"'Oh, Mary, Martha, wait!' It was their best chum, Florence Smith, calling from across the playground, and the two girls waited until she could catch up to them.

"'Let's stay and play on the teeter-totter awhile. It's such a fine afternoon. Your mother won't care, will she?'

"'Well, she wouldn't any other night, but today is Friday. We have to hurry home to get ready for Sabbath.'

"'Oh, bother, that Sabbath of yours! It's always spoiling things. Now you won't be able to go with us to watch the men break the wild horses. Mr. Butler is going to do it tomorrow, and all the children are going to be there. I should think you would hate that Sabbath business; it makes you different from everybody else.'

"'Hate Sabbath! Why, Flo Smith, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Sabbath is the best day of all the week. And,' added Mary, 'who wants to watch horses being broken anyway? It scares me! And you know that someone 'most always gets hurt.'

"Martha was silent. *She did* like to watch them break in the wild horses. Perched with the other children on the gentle slope of the shed roof where they were safe from flying hoofs, she delighted in the struggle which went on in the corral be-

neath her. And Frank Butler was such a good rider, so patient, so fair, so masterful. Well, maybe he wouldn't get all through in one day. If he had several horses to break, he might still have some wild ones left for Sunday. And the day made no difference to Frank. She would scoot down first thing on Sunday morning and see. As for Florence, she must not be allowed to think for a minute —"

Aunt Martha paused for an aside to Jack.

"I know you are bursting to ask some questions. I'll tell you all about the 'breakings' some other time."

"That will be fine, Aunt Martha. Mother never told us about that. If I'd been you, I'd have wanted to be there."

"Florence left the girls at the edge of the village, and they hurried across the meadow, through the strip of woodland, and up the shady lane that led home. The walk home was a delightful adventure in itself, but that, too, is another story.

"Mother met them at the kitchen door with a warm kiss. She was dressed in a clean, crisp, house dress, and her hair was freshly combed. She always tried to have her bath out of the way before the girls got home, especially in these short days of late autumn. The house was so clean that it shone from front to back; the air was filled with the delicious scent of warm rolls and the enticing aroma of savory soup.

"'Hurry, dears, and get your chores done. Papa will be here soon, and you must have your baths before then. Mary,

you come in as soon as you have swept the porches and the walk, and I'll help you with your bath while Martha fills the porch woodbox and looks after the pets.'

"Slipping out of their school clothes and into dark all-over aprons, the girls ran to do their mother's bidding. The sun was drawing near to the tops of the fir trees in the west, and they would really have to hurry. When Martha had finished her work in the chill out-of-doors and entered the cheery kitchen, Mary had finished her bath and was sitting on the cushioned window-seat pulling on her long white stockings.

"You must know that a bath in those days was not a simple matter of turning on the water in a beautiful porcelain tub. They bathed right in the kitchen in the big washtub! Mother dipped the water from the tank and from various kettles on the back of the range, and added cold water from the kitchen pump. Martha was promoted to the dignity of bathing herself. To be sure, mother sometimes lifted back her curling locks and inspected her ears; but she almost always found them clean, because Martha liked to bathe. Mother loved cleanliness, and she was teaching her girls to love it too. Sponge baths were all right along through the week, but every Friday evening *everyone* must have an all-over scrub in the tub. And the whole family was always bathed and dressed again before sundown."

"'Whee—u! We don't do that now! But, of course, we bathe about every day anyway. Really you don't think we should have our baths before sundown now, do you, instead of before we go to bed or in the morning?'

"'Why, yes, I do, Jack. You see, we were expecting to entertain a most im-



COURTESY, NATURE MAGAZINE

Father Liked to Look at the Orderly Yard and Garden Even When There Were No Blossoms, and to Catch the First Blush of the Setting Sun

portant Guest. We wanted to be ready, and to give all our time to Him. I can't see why it should be any different today. Can you?"

The boy was silent, and his aunt went on.

"Martha will always remember those times alone in the shining kitchen. The well-blackened stove winked at her with its red eyes. The good odors tickled her nostrils. The sense of comfort, and cleanliness, and peace, and, above all, the feeling of high expectation enfolded her. The warm water slid like a caressing hand over her childish form, and her eyes were filled with dreams.

"Mother knew her girl, however, and, lest she dawdle too long, called from the dining room, 'Are you almost through, dear? Papa has just driven in and is putting up the horses. He will be in in a few moments.'

"Martha got out of the tub reluctantly, and dried herself on her own special bath towel. When she was dressed, mother helped her to empty the water, and she tucked her soiled clothing away in the hamper on the back porch. Then she ran with Mary to meet her father, who was just coming in the gate. He kissed both his girls, and hoisted little Mary onto his shoulder. He kissed their mother, too, when she met him in the kitchen doorway.

"'Had a good day, Ellen?'"

"'Yes, John a good day. I'm so glad you got home early.'

"They gave each other one of their special smiles. Martha often wondered about that smile when she was tucked into bed for the night with Mary sleeping beside her. Why was it different from the look that papa gave to anyone else? Different even from the smiles he gave to her and Mary. It was very puzzling, but it was a lovely smile. Perhaps when she was grown up and had some little girls, when their papa came home at night, he would smile like that at her. She hoped that he would."

The storyteller's voice had become very low and soft, and now it died away completely, and there was silence in the pleasant room. But Betty was impatient for the story.

"What did the daddy do, Auntie? Did he wash hisself in the titchen too?"

"Yes, he did. He bathed, and shaved, and then emptied the hard-worked tub and hung it in its place outside the back door. Dressed in his comfortable flannel trousers and soft shirt and jacket, he opened the kitchen door just as Martha finished setting the dining room table, and mother returned from seeing that all secular books and papers and toys were tucked out of sight.

"They were ready for the Sabbath now. In their bedrooms their Sabbath clothes hung, all well brushed and in order; and on the closet floors stood their shining shoes. The girls knew that, because they

had had to polish them on Thursday night. You had to think about Sabbath pretty much through the week to be completely ready when it came.

"Papa was looking at his big silver watch. 'It is about ten minutes until sundown. Let's step out into the yard.'

"He liked to look at the orderly yard and garden even when there were no blossoms, and to catch the first blush of the setting sun. This was the time, too, when any naughtiness was to be confessed, and any wrong made right. Solemnity settled upon Martha's spirit, and she slipped her arm around her sister's waist.

"'Mary, I'm sorry that I wouldn't wait for you when you dropped your lunch pail this morning, and that I laughed.'

"'It's all right, sister. And I'm sorry that I broke your best color crayon. I had

no business to touch it, and I wish I hadn't. You shall have the red one out of the new box mother promised me.'

"'Come, girls!'"

"Papa was standing on the steps, and mother was at the old organ in the parlor.

"'Day is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship—'"

"It was a heavenly half hour! They sang a number of songs, and papa reviewed the Sabbath school lesson in terms just suited to two little girls. Then they prayed. Kneeling with her father's strong arm about her, Martha was supremely happy. She loved to hear him pray! That part where he told the Lord that they were all ready and asked Him to come in, as He had promised, and abide with them

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Requesting the Honour of Your Presence

Editor's Note: This courtesy column will appear in the INSTRUCTOR every other week for the present. We hope that you will contribute to its success by sending in your questions on Christian social conduct—questions of general interest, if you please, and not those which would require personal correspondence. We are fortunate in having the help of the dean of women in one of our denominational senior colleges on this project, and she will not only answer your queries but present guiding principles of correct conduct with each appearance of the column.

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

IN THESE days of rapid transportation and almost immediate communication service by telephone and telegraph, written invitations, unless they are formal, are not so popular as they once were. It is perfectly proper to invite friends to a dinner party, to supper, to an afternoon tea, or to any other informal affair by phone. However, there are occasions when you may desire to send a note to a friend to invite him to anything from a week-end house party to a simple breakfast.

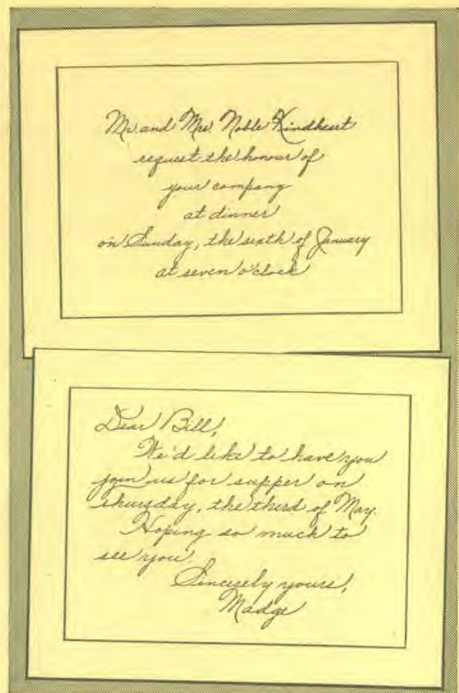
An informal invitation may be written on a card as shown in the illustration, or it may be written on a folded sheet of note paper. Perhaps one of the most important things to remember in the writing of an informal invitation is that it should sound genuine and sincere.

Formal invitations are always written or engraved in the third person and centered, as the example above shows. It is bad taste to have formal invitations printed. If one cannot afford the engraving, they should be written by hand and after the same form as would be used in engraved invitations. The sample here is a very simple formal invitation

correctly written. Notice, there are no initials or numerals or abbreviations.

It is considered good form to use one's calling card for invitations or for responses to invitations. However, it is impeccably correct to write a response in the same form as the invitation was written.

Both Formal and Informal Invitations May Be Written on Cards, as Shown Below



Volunteers in Action



Master Comrade Bulletin

Beginning with the new year last January, the Missionary Volunteer department of the Southeastern California Conference undertook the publication of a bulletin devoted to nature study and other interesting information especially helpful to Master Comrades and youth leaders.

The Time Is Now

John H. Hancock, Missionary Volunteer leader for Southeastern California, suggests these varied things to do to enlist every youth and junior in each local church in an active Missionary Volunteer program of evangelism:

Organize a singing band or mixed quartet to sing each week to shut-ins and in hospitals. Follow up with invitations to enroll in the Bible Correspondence School, and invitations to meetings when physical health permits. Be sure to have prayer at the close of each call, and leave some piece of literature.

Organize branch Sabbath schools or Sunday schools. Give special attention to juniors and young people. This is a wonderful opportunity for Master Comrades to use their training. Follow up the schools with Sunday night evangelistic meetings wherever possible.

Hold a youth evangelistic effort. This is a major project, and the young people of the church should be organized to usher, distribute handbills, operate the projector, sing, speak, and other things. Filmstrips are available from the Missionary Volunteer department.

Encourage the young people to give Bible studies in homes where they can gain entrance. They can be prepared for this by a class on how to give Bible read-

Last Summer's Junior Missionary Camp in North England. At the Right Is Camp Master E. R. Warland Ringing the "Teatime" Bell—One of the Happiest Sounds of the Day

ings which should be formed in every Missionary Volunteer Society. The new book *Training Light Bearers* will be good help in conducting this class.

Organize the young people into temperance teams, and give temperance programs in churches, clubs, grange halls, and junior and senior high schools. These programs will be well received if they are well organized and presented.

Plan a systematic literature program of mailing or personally distributing literature. Attractive tract racks can be put up in various favorable locations and kept supplied with timely literature that will interest the passing public. Railroad stations, barbershops, and restaurants are excellent locations. Plan a tract-tag night when young people will distribute tracts in downtown areas on shopping nights—Saturday especially.

A Building Project

Conference committees are coming to depend upon their Missionary Volunteers for substantial assistance. For instance, the Southeastern California Conference is asking their young people to build the worship room in the girls' dormitory at their new boarding academy in 1948. Will they do it? Of course!

Radio Station KSJO

The San Francisco Civic Auditorium is in the Missionary Volunteer news again. This time the Associated Missionary Volunteer Societies of the bay area held a regional rally there on the last Sabbath

in 1947. Radio station KSJO broadcast thirty minutes of the afternoon program as a special feature *at the station's own request*. Everyone appreciated the contribution to the program by a group of students from Pacific Union College who are from overseas. They were dressed in their native costumes and reported on Missionary Volunteer activities in their respective countries. The evening was given over to a varied program of games and marching.

Home Missionaries

A report from the Porterville, California, society says that seven of their young people are in high school this year, much to the regret of all concerned. "But," and here we quote, "we have organized them into a Crusader Club so that instead of losing them, we can send them as missionaries to the 1,200 other young people in that school. Already they have had their first meeting, and two very attractive and interested non-Adventist young people were there. Judging from the way they enjoyed themselves, we are sure there will be more in attendance next week."

Martinez, California

At Martinez, thirty miles from San Francisco, an investiture service was recently conducted by Pastor B. W. Mattison, at which seven Master Comrades and two Comrades were invested. Two hundred and ninety Honor Tokens were presented on this occasion, and the special musical program which had been arranged was much enjoyed.

There is a live Master Comrade club in Martinez, which was organized two years ago. This recent investiture brings the

total number of Master Comrades to 24, an average of one to each five church members. There is a division in the club for associate members—those working toward investiture—and among the children and juniors in the church there is a keen interest in Progressive Class work. It is expected that there will be a large number ready to be invested, come spring. Much has been accomplished this year in various lines of study under the leadership of the club president, Zelma Beeve, and her associates.

Results

Some time ago the Fresno, California, Missionary Volunteers sponsored an evangelistic effort under the auspices of the regional committee. Now they are reaping some definite results in a branch Sabbath school with 24 youngsters attending. At least, they have ordered that number of *Our Little Friend* as a part of their supplies.

Southern California Notes

The Santa Ana Missionary Volunteer Society has sent a new public address system to the Philippines.

The youth of Beaumont and Banning are engaged in an active missionary program with singing band, literature band, and Junior Dorcas. Also they are looking forward to putting on a radio program soon.

Palm Springs is working toward a worthy goal—EVERY CHURCH MEMBER A MASTER COMRADE!

Twenty-five cars and about eighty-five people formed the caravan that went to the desert Saturday night and Sunday, November 29 and 30, in search of minerals. A clear, moonlit sky Saturday night and a warm, sunny day Sunday made an ideal setting for eating and sleeping out of doors. A grand time was enjoyed by all. Hundreds of geodes were found by the party in the Hauser Geode Beds and the Potato Patch of the Chuckawalla Mountains. Everyone came home with many mineral gems and a deeper appreciation of God's handiwork in nature.

Paulson Hall, in Los Angeles, was entirely too small to accommodate the attendance at a youth's rally on a recent Sabbath afternoon. Seats and standing room were all taken, and about 300 were turned away at the doors. Of the 1,200 present, more than 300 signed "Share Your Faith" pledge cards and went out to start immediate soul-winning activities. Soul-winning teams, as well as Master Comrade clubs and Junior clubs, are being organized in every society.

"Surely this is youth's hour," says J. R. Nelson, reporting these activities. "Young people everywhere are responding, studying, training for action. The very atmosphere is charged with a spirit of advance, adventure, and revolution. Is it not time to expect great things and ask for great things on behalf of our youth?"

Arizona Missionary Volunteers Go Forth

The students of Arizona Academy, located in the sunny city of Phoenix, were quick to take advantage of Governor S. P. Osborn's official proclamation which urged all citizens of the State to read the Bible. Under the leadership of Principal R. L. Hubbs they let it be known that their school, through its Missionary Volunteer Society, sends young people out to encourage their neighbors to study the greatest of all books.

Each Sabbath afternoon approximately 75 students assemble on the school campus and from there are taken to various areas, where assignments have been previously arranged. One band conducts a

Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

—Bacon.

song service in the sanatorium at Tempe. Another band goes to the city jail in Phoenix, where officials are happy to extend every courtesy to them. Songs of hope are sung, and a short sermon of courage is given, both of which are much appreciated by the prisoners. Still another band goes to the Duppa Villa area, where a Bible-study hour is held, and two literature bands distribute literature systematically, and enroll as many as possible in the 20th-Century Bible Course.

Temperance Rally

The Missionary Volunteers of Phoenix, Arizona, are still thrilled over the temperance rally which Pastor F. G. Ashbaugh, their union conference temperance secretary, led for them several weeks ago. In response to his appeal for signers to the pledge over 300 adults, young people, and juniors responded. There were 178 junior, regular, contributing, sustaining, and life memberships subscribed.

Volunteer Now

The Missionary Volunteers from the Texarkana, Shreveport, and Hope churches met with the De Queen, Arkansas, church for a Missionary Volunteer regional rally several weeks ago. Pastor W. A. Howe, Southwestern Union Missionary Volunteer secretary, presented a challenge to "Share Your Faith" at the Sabbath morning worship hour. The effect of his appeal was shown as the entire group arose pledging themselves to "volunteer now" for active soul-winning work. After an enjoyable potluck lunch the group met again for a discussion of practical ways of sharing their faith. Different experienced soul winners gave en-

thusiastic talks, and these were followed by round-table discussions. Colporteur work, lay evangelism, cottage meetings, branch Sabbath and Sunday schools, door-to-door literature distribution, literature mailing bands, Ingathering, and conversation and daily walk were stressed as ways of witnessing.

In the evening, after the Sabbath, the group went to the village of De Queen, where an outdoor meeting was held on the courthouse lawn. Music was played over a loud speaker. A few nature pictures were shown on the screen. Then followed a filmstrip on Bible study. Several of the young people were interviewed in the "man on the street" manner of radio program. They gave testimonies through the loud speaker, telling the value of Bible study. The climax of the program was the securing of enrollments for the 20th-Century Bible Correspondence School. A short pep talk was given on the systematic method of study, and the young people scattered through the crowd secured names and addresses of those who wished to study the third angel's message in this way. Thirty-four persons responded.

Mobile Missionary Volunteers Rally

There was a fine attendance at the meeting which began the Missionary Volunteer rally of the Mobile, Alabama, young people. They had good music, and all enjoyed the recordings of the great North American Youth's Congress, which was held in San Francisco last September. These were played by Pastor C. H. Lauda, who leads the Missionary Volunteers of the whole Southern Union Conference. It was indeed thrilling to hear how youth in other parts of the United States, and of the world, are working for God, and those who listened were inspired to go out and do likewise.

Definitely Working

A lively Master Comrade club is at work on the campus of Southern Missionary College. Some of their varied activities are: earning Vocational Honors; promoting and encouraging an interest in Master Comrade work in the Missionary Volunteer Society and throughout the college; and helping those whose interest is awakened to complete the requirements of the class and be able to join with them in investiture at the close of the school year.

At Nashville

The semiannual meeting of the South Central Youth's Association was recently held at the Meharry Boulevard Seventh-day Adventist church in Nashville, Tennessee. The first session was held on Friday evening, and the last on Sunday afternoon. Dalton Davis was in charge of the music, and Pastor C. H. Lauda, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Southern Union Conference, assisted Pastors F. B. Slater, C. E. Moseley, Ernest E.

—Please turn to page 20

Juniors



TRAGEDY

Strikes at Noonday

By GRETCHEN BROCK

CANDY MARTIN was on a grown-up honor system. She was fourteen years old, and just knew that mother need not become so flustered when she did not appear at the very moment she was supposed to.

Candy had just put the last of the starched prints into her suitcase when mother called to her.

"Candy, hurry. Everyone else is ready."

The girl gathered up her suitcase, took one more glance at her room to see whether or not she had forgotten anything. Then at last they all piled into the car and were off.

The Martins were going to Anoka, Minnesota, to camp meeting. Candy was to be allowed to stay with her girl friend, Peggy Morrison, for the session, because the five Martins rather crowded one tent. Gwen and Quentin, the twins, Pastor and Mrs. Martin, and Candy made up the family. Besides the regulars in the group, they had adopted into their ranks a Scotty pup whom they called MacTavish.

The trip took several hours, and the day was very warm. The twins invariably got in Candy's way, and she always let them know it. Mrs. Martin had to separate them, or there would have been more than one squabble.

Finally, after a few hours, the campground with its rows of tents came into view. The children were delighted, for this was to be their first experience of living in a tent. Pastor Martin had been recently transferred from a conference where camp meeting always was held at the college in the vicinity, and the dormitories were used instead of tents.

As soon as they reached the campground they went to the stucco building which housed the Book and Bible House and the offices of the conference officials. There they were assigned a tent, and hurried off to find their temporary home.

The entire encampment had not yet assembled, because the real camp meeting did not start for several days, but the

workers were having special meetings and also pitching the tents.

Candy made immediate search for Peggy. When the girls found each other, a babble of conversation burst forth. They had been roommates at the academy, and had not seen each other since the end of school.

"Candy, what have you been doing since school closed? Don't tell me. I can see from your new dress that your mother has been teaching you to sew. It certainly is becoming."

"Yes, but wait until you see the bathing

Suddenly Someone Sighted a Twisting, Yellow Funnel Coming With Great Speed Right Toward the Campground



suit I made! It'll really make you want one just like it."

"Oh, let's go down to the river and go for a swim." Afterward we can go for a boat ride and get a good tan. There won't be any meetings for us until next week. Don't look so startled. Why isn't that a good idea?"

But Candy stood silently, thinking hard with a little frown creasing her forehead. You see, her mother had asked her not to leave the campground. But Peggy knew the way to the river, and she knew a swim would be so much fun!

"All right, Peg," she said finally. "I'll meet you here in five minutes."

"Don't forget to bring your towel and sun-tan lotion," Peggy called over her shoulder, as she hurried off to her tent. "The sun really gets hot in Minnesota."

"Where have you been, honey?" her father asked as she came running to the family tent. "We've been waiting for you so that we can all go to dinner. Then we must find Peg and get you settled, as well as settle ourselves."

"But, Daddy, I'm not hungry. You take the twins and mother to dinner," suggested the almost breathless Candy, never mentioning that she had just left Peg. "I really am not hungry," she added.

"But daughter, you *must* eat. The long car ride probably made you feel dizzy and a bit sick, but you must have something hot to eat, and you'll feel better."

"Oh, Mom," she sighed in an almost angry tone, for the five minutes were more than up. "Just leave me alone. When I say I'm not hungry, I mean it. After all, I'm grown up enough now, so I ought to know whether or not I'm hungry." And she stamped her foot!

"All right, dear, but don't let us see you munching on peanuts or eating ice cream cones," mother added, as she went to clean up the children, while Candy managed to open her suitcase and get her swim suit without being seen.

She did want some money, but she could not ask her father for any, because she had refused to go to dinner. It certainly would be wonderful to have a father with lots of money instead of being a poor minister's daughter, she sighed to herself. Well, daddy always left money in his coat pocket, and he was going to wear his other coat to dinner! So she helped herself.



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

Diamond

By Clyde Rosser



1. A vowel.
2. Before.
3. To elude.
4. An inhabitant of a certain country in Western Asia.
5. A law, or a legal enactment.
6. To devour.
7. A consonant.

Riddles

By Helen Buell

No record of my life was made;
My name—you know it not.
Yet, though my flesh long since decayed,
Great victory I wrought.

Before a king I first drew breath,
And in my sojourn short
I ate one meal, then met my death
In that same royal court.

In dismal solitude I stand
Upon a lonely plain.
I saw the wasting of my land,
For I turned around—but looked in vain.
I may still be seen
The living and the dead between.

I dwelt within a prison wall
Until a fated day,
When I was sent for by the king
To hear what I might say.
I testified at his command,
Then perished by his wicked hand.

—Keys on page 23

Daddy said that the money in that pocket was a fund for ice cream cones, and Candy wanted a boat ride a thousand times more than she wanted ice cream cones at that moment. Peggy came running toward her as she approached their meeting place.

"Hurry up, slow poke. You said just five minutes, and you've been gone for at least ten." And off they hurried, avoiding the main part of the grounds for fear of meeting Candy's parents.

The water was cool and refreshing. Even MacTavish enjoyed it. He swam all around the girls, and when they went on their boat ride, he climbed right in with them.

"Candy, you're getting terribly red. Haven't you been in the sun before this summer?"

"No, but I don't think I'll burn. My skin is tough, and besides, if you can take it, I can."

For about two hours the girls alternately swam and rowed the boat. When they finally decided that they had had enough, Candy's face showed that she had had more than enough. They dressed and hurried back to the campground.

"Peggy, do you think mother will scold me for this sunburn? She has always warned me to be careful about such exposure."

"Oh, quit worrying, Candy. I'm beginning to feel like a roasted potato myself."

They had just entered the campgrounds when suddenly the sun was hidden and it grew very dark. It had been so warm and beautiful, but now something strange was in the air. Though the sun was hidden, it was even hotter than it had been. Then just as suddenly someone sighted a twisting, yellow funnel coming with great speed right toward the campground.

"It's a tornado! And it's coming right down the river and turning this way!"

Candy shook in her shoes. She might be sunburned, but at that instant she was as cold as ice. She saw her father and the twins hurrying toward the tent, with mother following, and Candy joined the procession.

The wind blew the trees from side to side. The tent trembled and almost fell several times. Daddy dropped to his knees and prayed as he had never prayed before since Candy could remember. The cold shivers raced up and down the girl's spine, for no matter how grownup she had pretended to be earlier in the day, she now felt like a lost child. Way back in her mind she recalled that tornadoes swept everything in their path from its moorings. What if the tornado struck their tent? Would she be ready to die? Would they all be killed? What about the wrong she had done that afternoon? She had disobeyed her mother and stolen money from the ice cream fund.

"Dear God," she prayed, "please forgive me!" At that moment the tent gave a lurch, and the clothes rack swayed uncertainly. "Dear God," she began again, "forgive me for stealing that money. Oh, please, dear Jesus, forgive me for not obeying my mother and daddy; and please," she sobbed, "don't let us die. Protect us from the storm." The wind gave the tent another twist, and the front flaps were ripped in shreds. MacTavish shivered as he snuggled close to his mistress where she knelt in supplication.

Then just as suddenly as it had come, the cyclone was over. Candy's father arose from his knees and looked out of the space where the tent flaps had been.

"Thank God, and praise Him. He has been so merciful to save!" he exclaimed.

Candy released more sobs and flew into

her mother's arms completely repentant.

"Mom," she cried, "I'll never disobey again, and never take the ice cream money again. What if we had been killed? I couldn't have gone to heaven with Jesus when He comes if I had those things on the books in heaven against me, could I?"

"No, dear. God has saved us all, and taught you a good lesson at the same time."

Even Mrs. Martin was crying a little now. There was not too much damage done to the camp, and later, when Pastor Martin was talking to some of the townspeople, they told him that the twister turned just *before* it reached the campground. They were not able to understand it at all. But he and his family knew that when God, who watches over His children, speaks, even the wind obeys Him.

Ask, Believing

(Continued from page 10)

was given, but no particular change was noticed in Fred's condition. Again the college president and the elders from the local Seventh-day Adventist church knelt beside the unconscious boy's bed and earnestly petitioned the Great Physician to spare his life if it were His will. As they arose from their knees, they felt the assurance that their prayer had been heard and would be answered.

Toward morning Fred began to regain consciousness, but his mind was still clouded, and he was not sure just what had happened. On the following day he was removed to the Loma Linda Sanitarium, and there, after a short time, he fully recovered.

Of course, he was anxious to get back to school. He had not missed much work, and this could easily be made up. But he was advised not to try to finish the semester. One evening late the next fall, when he was back in college again, the president sat with him before an open fireplace discussing the events of the past year. "Fred," the president remarked, "there is something I have wanted to talk to you about for a long time. Do you know that it is a miracle that you are alive today? When we first went to the hospital, after we learned of your accident, the doctor told us that there was no hope of your recovery. We had prayer for you, and God answered those prayers. I am sure that He saved your life because He has a definite place for you to fill in His work. So don't disappoint Him. Find that place and work for Him as long as life shall last."

I shall never forget the earnestness of that moment or that impressive plea. I am sure that it will remain with me for life. You see, I am Fred.

Six Feet of Land

(Continued from page 8)

be considered "well off," but the end thereof is just six feet of earth, no more and no less.

Pastor H. H. Rottmann tells this story: A young man came to him asking him to officiate at his brother's funeral. "Let me see," said the clergyman, "your brother was thirty-two years old, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"He worked hard for twenty years, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did."

"Well, what did he get out of it?"

"Why, he left eighty acres of fine land, money in the bank, and \$3,000 in insurance."

"Yes, I know. That's what you get out of it. But what did he get out of life?"

"Oh, we are going to get him a \$115 oak casket."

Ah, yes, six feet of land, that is all.

As we read the story of Saul in the Old Testament, we learn how God blessed him as he became king of Israel. He took all the strong men of his kingdom and organized a strong army. He could have been one of the greatest rulers Israel ever had if he had only done one thing. You ask, "What was this one thing?" Simply obeyed God. Read the story in First Samuel 15. Was it not a noble thought the king had, to offer as sacrifices the property and animals he had taken from the Amalekites? Ah, but that was not the point. He had disobeyed God, and Samuel reproved him sternly: "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

Saul may have learned his lesson for a time, but his later failure to obey God's command to destroy the witches of the land eventually brought about his defeat and death. "They arose," the Scripture says, "all the valiant men, and took away the body of Saul, and the bodies of his sons, and brought them to Jabesh, and buried their bones under the oak in Jabesh, and fasted seven days." What did Saul get at the end of the road—the road of disobedience and sin? Just six feet of earth and no more. Ah, yes, as it happens to paupers, even so it happens to kings.

Coming to the New Testament, we find that Judas had a responsible position among Christ's twelve disciples. He carried the money bag, and they trusted him with their common fund. What a blessing he could have been to Jesus and his companions if he had only chosen the right path. But, no, he dipped into the money bag and became a thief. Why? Oh, he was not making money fast enough. He probably had visions of taking this ill-gotten cash and acquiring land and property. The other disciples thought Jesus

was going to set up His earthly kingdom soon, but Judas was probably like many people today. They do not think Jesus is ever coming back, so they make no preparation to meet Him. This attitude made it easy for him to sell his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. His mind was constantly on money. He could not hear Jesus' wonderful sermons or comprehend His lessons, for he was thinking of money, money, money. There are not a few folks today who cannot hear or see Jesus for worrying about their jobs or the money they hope to make. They are like the whaling captain who sat through a sermon one day, and after it was over he told the preacher, "I didn't hear a word you said, for all the time I was thinking and wondering where I could catch my next whale." We need to be careful lest our minds be centered on "whales" of one kind or another.

Where did all his scheming and plot-

ting take Judas? Read the answer to this question in Matthew 27, verses 3 to 7. "Then Judas . . . brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and the elders. . . . And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces, . . . and bought with them the potter's field, to bury strangers in." Yes, Judas, just six feet of land in a potter's field, is all you got—not a bit more and not a bit less.

What a sad story it is when men refuse to accept Jesus and eternal life, and keep blundering on, trying to gain wealth and a name for themselves, and at the end have laid by nothing here or hereafter. On the other hand, if we take Jesus at His word and believe Him, then we can be assured not only of happiness in this life but of eternal happiness with Him in the life to come. If you will ac-



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First-Day-Cover Albums

OUR first-day-cover collectors have asked us about albums for their new covers and the best way to mount them. As with the stamp albums, you have several choices. You may buy an elaborate cover album with transparent pockets, costing many dollars, or you may make your own. Covers for your book may be made of tooled leather or plywood.

I have used the loose-leaf scrapbooks sold in the five-and-ten-cent stores. I have mounted my covers by using transparent art corners, also found in these stores.

There is a fine product put out by the Artmaster Company consisting of heavy sheets punched to fit standard three-ring notebook binders. The sheets for the 1947 covers are now ready, and the same product for the 1948 covers will be available in the early fall of 1948. If your local stamp store cannot supply these, you may order them through the Stamp Corner. The fifteen pages for 1947 sell for \$1.50.

This is the manufacturer's description of these pages: You may have pages for covers with space for a single stamp or a block of our stamps or a plate block of stamps. The space for the cover and for the stamp makes an individual page with an individual design suitable for each event. Historical high lights pertaining to the stamp are also given on each page.

Eighty-pound rag content custom-made paper stock in pastel tone to contrast with the white cover is used, and lithographing is done in two pastel colors.

Those who have joined the Stamp Corner First-Day-Cover Club will receive the entire first-day covers for 1948. There is still time to join for complete 1948 covers. If you are just starting your cover collection, you can carefully save these until fall, when you will be able to secure your album pages for them, if you desire.

Such an album, together with a single-stamp or a block collection, will make a fine ensemble in the course of years. It is also very desirable to add any pertinent facts regarding the historical event commemorated. Such facts are current at the time the stamp is issued. Watch for them in your stamp magazines or in the stamp columns of the daily papers. Do a bit of research work on each stamp, too. This will add to your own knowledge and to the interest of your stamp album.

Personally, I am a believer in the home-made album, if you have time and ability. Drawing is an art which you may develop through practice on your first-day-stamp album. The personalized facts which you find to add to the descriptive material of your album become a part of you, and your fund of historical, biographical, and geographical knowledge will increase with each new stamp page which you develop.

The history of your own country, its development, and its famous men are all depicted on its stamps. Your love of country will be deepened by a knowledge of its growth. Under God we have a country which has become the refuge of the down-trodden of the world. Only through the benefits of such a country has it been possible for the Advent message to span the world. Its riches, its freedom, its progressive spirit, all have been factors which enter into the finishing of the work.

What's Your SCORE?

By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

Can you match the following ten questions with their correct answers below? If you can fill in eight or ten right, go to the head of the class; six or seven is about average, but five right is just passing.

1. A new record distance for sending radio-photographs has just been set. How many miles was it from the sender to the receiver? _____
 2. Country where a Christian minister receives a salary equivalent to only \$1.50 a month. _____
 3. How many were killed in traffic accidents in America last year? _____
 4. They can detect the difference in odor between plants better than you can tell the difference between rose and violet perfume. _____
 5. Florida has three times as many lakes as Minnesota. How many does it have? _____
 6. How many pounds would you guess the dome of the United States capitol weighs? _____
 7. In what country was the greatest mass migration in all history? _____
 8. Country where men have their hair curled and dyed regularly. _____
 9. An island that once had a circumference of 120 miles is now less than a mile long. What is its name? _____
 10. A vixen is the female sex of what animal? _____
- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| a. 30,000. | g. South Africa. |
| b. India. | h. 10,581. |
| c. 32,500. | i. Helgoland. |
| d. Fish. | j. Fox. |
| e. 8,909,200. | k. Anteater. |
| f. China. | l. Bikini. |

—Key on page 23

cept Him now, He will never forsake you.

If you lose your friends because you keep that peculiar Sabbath day, you will still have Jesus. If people call you crazy and persecute you, as they may do someday, Jesus will be always at your side—He may mean more to you than your closest friend—yes, even more than your father or mother or brother or sister. If you lose your job or your possessions, Jesus will stay by you. If you lose your life for His sake, you will find it in the glory land. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me."

They Lived Their Songs

(Continued from page 9)

idly, and a little weak from shock, she sat down. Still more startling, the speaker flashed a look of sudden recognition in her direction, though she knew that they had never met. After the service Captain

Joseph Bates, for it was he, went to the young woman and explained the reason for his smile of recognition. He, too, had had a dream, in which he saw this same audience and the tardy girl.

She was deeply convicted by this experience, and soon joined her mother in the Advent hope. They in turn continued to pray for her brother, an intellectual young man who was at that time studying independently the Adventist doctrines. And who were these earnest young people? The young woman, Annie R. Smith; her brother, Uriah Smith.

Having given up her ambitious plans for world acclaim, she was anxious to share in the spreading of these Bible truths that had become her life. Annie Smith learned that office help was needed in the publishing house at Saratoga Springs, so to the editorial office she went to volunteer her services. For three short years she read proof, wrote, and served wherever she was most needed, receiving only her room and board for her efficient help.

It was during this time that she made her most lasting contribution to the cause she loved. She began writing verses filled with the Advent hope, reflecting the experiences of the early believers. Several of these have come down to us as a precious legacy of Advent hymnody. In the *Church Hymnal* are found ten of her hymns. Among the most familiar are "Long Upon the Mountains," "How Far From Home?" and "I Saw One Weary." This last hymn is made more interesting when one learns that the first stanza referred to Pastor Joseph Bates:

"I saw one weary, sad, and torn,
With eager steps press on the way,
Who long the hallowed cross had borne,
Still looking for the promised day;
While many a line of grief and care,
Upon his brow was furrowed there;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
'O this!' said he—the blessed hope."

For the second stanza, she thought of James White:

"And one I saw, with sword and shield,
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,
And fought, unyielding, on the field
To win an everlasting crown.
Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,
No murmur from his heart arose;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
'O this!' said he—the blessed hope."

While in the third, it has been thought that she refers to J. N. Andrews:

"And there was one who left behind
The cherished friends of early years,
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned
To tread the path bedewed with tears.
Through trials deep and conflicts sore,
Yet still a smile of joy he wore;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
'O this!' said he—the blessed hope."

Annie Smith was so retiring and humble that it is extremely hard to find any detailed information concerning her work. It is said that at one time when a

biographer searched for a picture of her to illustrate a brief sketch, none could be found; not to the knowledge of any of her surviving relatives had she ever had a picture taken.

She died of a quick case of tuberculosis, and thus ended her brief service to the early Review and Herald office. The Advent hymn by Thomas R. Taylor, perhaps sung and no doubt loved by Annie Smith, became prophetic in her case:

"I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.

"What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home."

This is the fourth and last of the hymn stories written by Miss Phipps, assistant librarian at Emmanuel Missionary College.

Leopard Skins and an Automobile!

(Continued from page 1)

which I wrote the order. On the slopes overlooking beautiful Lake Washington I faced prospect after prospect who scowled at me through peepholes in their front doors, and then ducked out of sight, leaving the disconsolate bookman to his own rapidly degenerating devices. Then one of these fortresses unexpectedly opened, and I was ushered into a richly carpeted living room. I soon learned that the gracious lady was but the housekeeper for a rich businessman on the verge of bankruptcy. In response to my canvass she reminded me she had lived in this house without seeing a pay check for six months. But she was a Christian and definitely interested in my work. So in desperation I courteously challenged, "Sister, do you believe God hears prayer?"

"Yes," she assured me.

"Very well, then," I suggested, "don't you think that if it is God's will that you should buy this book, He will enable you to find the money by the delivery date?"

She believed this to be possible. So we knelt in prayer.

A month later, when I rang her doorbell, she met me with a beaming face. Her employer had given her some money, unsolicited, just the day before!

As inspiring as was this answer to prayer, I knew that such thrills, unless very much more frequent, would not see me in school that fall. I decided that I must think up some new approach soon, with the help of God, so that my prayers could be answered more frequently.

Then the thought suddenly struck me! If I only had an automobile to carry me to and from suburban territory, where, my sister-in-law assured me, people did not barricade themselves against gospel salesmen! But how could I purchase an automobile? Even a self-respecting sec-

ondhand model could not be bought for fifty dollars in those days! Then I wondered whether there might not be some financial possibilities wrapped up in those two attractive leopard skins I had brought with me from India!

Having come to the firm conclusion that for me, at least, the possession of a good used car would be the key to a successful summer of canvassing and consequent attendance at college, I told God all about my problem. I reminded Him that I needed the machine for the carrying on of His work so that I could prepare myself for more efficient service.

After this simple but earnest prayer, I packed those two hides with their terribly beautiful, snarling heads into a Gladstone bag. Before long I was trudging toward the Seattle business section.

I was going to try to sell my precious skins to the Seattle furriers! How the vision of a shining automobile thrilled my heart! But at the end of the week those two furs were still reposing in the Gladstone, and all I had gained from the experience was plenty of wholesome exercise and some enlightenment on the value of leopard skins. At least half a dozen fur dealers had courteously given me the opportunity of viewing warehouses stacked ceiling high with skins of seals, polar bears, cougars, lions, tigers, bears, and even Himalayan leopards like those I was exhibiting! All these hides, I learned, were as unsalable as my own leopard skins. A depression was on, and they were not buying genuine leopard furs, but cheap imitations instead.

Things looked very blue to me that Friday, but over the Sabbath I received new courage from an earnest season of prayer and fasting, and from a timely message delivered from the sacred desk. Thus I was able the next Monday morning to set out on my mission with new hope. This time I was fortified by another very definite season of prayer in which my wife joined. I was also buoyed by the conviction that if I wanted an automobile, the place to take the skins was, not to the furriers, but to the car dealers.

So on Monday morning I was walking again, but in the direction of the used-car lots. At the very first showroom—for I will admit I was tempted en route to look at the new models—I encountered the manager himself. How confidently I approached him! I felt sure that he would be interested at once! But somehow he did not like the looks of my big bag, and no doubt sized me up as some sort of vendor trying to peddle in his establishment.

"What can we do for you?" he growled.

"I have two fine leopard skins—" I began, little realizing I had started at the wrong end of my sales' talk. I was about to continue that I wished to buy an automobile, and wondered whether these skins had any value, when he rudely interrupted me.

"We don't need any leopard skins. Get out of here," he snapped. Then off he marched into the near-by service station.

Feeling sure he would understand if I could only have time to explain that my main purpose was the purchase of a used car, I waited for him to return. This he did in about five minutes. I thought I would step forward with a friendly remark. But I was not given the opportunity to speak. The poor man most certainly had been bothered by many other would-be purchasers with no money but with something to barter, though doubtless no one had yet approached him with quite such an absurd commodity as leopard skins. Anyway, he had very evidently reached the limit of his patience.

"Didn't I tell you to get out?" the distracted businessman fairly yelled. "If you don't get out, I'll kick you out! I don't want to see you hanging around the next time I come by."

I felt distinctly abused. But as the irate proprietor walked through the door into his office, his sales manager stepped up to me. He had observed all that had happened, and seemed to deplore the unpleasant scene his superior had enacted. Courteously he ushered me into *his* office, offered me a chair, and invited me to state my business freely.

This graciousness I recognized as a distinct providence. So I prayed, as I produced my two leopard skins from my bag. Very simply I stated that I wanted a car for my missionary work, that I had only fifty dollars, but wondered whether these skins might not have some trade-in value. He was interested. He smiled.

"My wife would be pleasantly surprised to find such a unique drop rug on our living-room floor," he stated. "And Mr. Savage," he added with another smile in the direction of the ruffled manager, "no doubt will like the looks of the other in his office—after your departure, when he has had the opportunity to comprehend fully the nature of your mission. Will you accept one hundred dollars for your skins?"

I said I would be happy to close the bargain. In India the cost of mounting those furs had been only fifteen dollars, and a kindly customs officer in New York had let them into the States duty free. Inwardly I was thankful, for I felt sure that God had overruled the automobile dealer's impudence by bringing the kind sales manager on the scene to atone for his employer's lack of grace.

After walking to their used-car lot, I chose a good-looking machine priced at \$148; paid \$48 out of my carefully conserved \$50, put one dollar down for a transfer of ownership title, and with the remaining dollar filled up with eight gallons of gasoline!

Then I went back to my work. God blessed me abundantly. As anticipated, I found people out of town much easier to approach. In the suburbs of Seattle I

made many friends, and as a result of my sales that summer I was able to attend college in September. I had also sold enough books to enable me to spend a well-earned ten-day vacation in British Columbia before taking up my studies.

Thus, in answer to prayer, faith, and my clumsy efforts, did God miraculously transform two leopard skins into a car that propelled me to and from work daily, and later to school; moreover, after two years that car brought me back the very amount I had been allowed on those leopard skins! Truly, "there is a God in heaven," and surely "they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

The SOCIAL Hour

IF YOU are looking for something different to do next time you ask friends in for a social evening, why not try a musical party?

Break the ice with an introduction to the music masters. Take as many small cards as there are names on your guest list; on half of them place the names of well-known composers, on the other half the title of a familiar composition-written by each of them. When these have been matched, your crowd will be in couples. Give each couple four toothpicks and a piece of plastic clay; direct them to the "picture gallery" (some convenient place where you have arranged pictures of the composers you are featuring), where they can take a good look at the likeness of the "master" they represent; then suggest that they find comfortable seats and model his bust with their clay, using only their toothpicks as tools.

You will find suggestions for a number of appropriate games in *Recreational Plans*. (Order from your Book and Bible House if you do not have a copy; price, \$2.25.) There is an especially good one on page 174. Also consult game books in your local library.

Your note of invitation has requested each guest to bring his or her favorite record, and be prepared to give a two-minute biographical sketch of the composer, *not* naming the chosen selection. Someone who understands the operation of your player may be assigned to play the chosen selection in part or in whole, after each talk. The person who identifies the most of these by name deserves some recognition in the way of an inexpensive prize.

Be sure to include a good pianist and a good song leader among your guests. A pleasant half hour may then be spent in group singing of old home favorites and familiar hymns. "Auld Lang Syne," or "Blest Be the Tie," are suitable closing choices.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Jacob

(From Genesis)

ACROSS

- 1 Mineral spring
- 5 "and lay down in that place to . . ." 28:11
- 8 Capital of Moab Num. 21:15
- 9 ". . . thou art my bone and my flesh" 29:14

1	2		3	4	5		6	7
8		9	10	11			12	
13		14	15				16	
	17	18	19			20		
21				22	23		24	
25		26				28		
	29	30	31			32	33	
			34				35	36
37	38	39	40		41	42	43	
44				45		46		47
48				49		50		51
52		53				54	55	
56				57			58	

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- 12 Number of Psalm beginning, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger"
- 13 "arise, . . . thee out from this land" 31:13
- 15 Uncle of Jacob
- 16 "and poured . . . upon the top of it" 28:18
- 17 "and . . . it up for a pillar" 28:18
- 19 Rude person
- 20 "and didst not . . . me" 31:27
- 21 ". . . me away, that I may go unto mine own place" 30:25
- 22 "wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the . . ." 32:24
- 24 Therefore
- 25 Social insect
- 26 "I will serve thee . . . years for Rachel" 29:18
- 29 "and . . . Lord hath blessed thee since my coming" 30:30
- 31 "I am the . . . God of Abraham thy father" 28:13

- 32 "It . . . in the power of my hand to do you hurt" 31:29
- 35 Nehemiah (abbr.)
- 37 "and set his sons and his wives upon . . ." 31:17
- 41 Bank (abbr.)
- 43 Before
- 44 "and make there an . . . unto God" 35:1
- 45 Far down
- 47 Atlantic State (abbr.)
- 48 Victorian Order (abbr.)
- 49 Sunday (abbr.)
- 50 Each (abbr.)
- 51 Number of Psalm beginning, "Hear me when I call, O God"
- 52 "to go to Isaac his father . . . the land of Canaan" 31:18
- 53 ". . . is none other but the house of God" 28:17
- 54 "God went up from him in the . . . where he talked with him" 35:13
- 56 First wife of Jacob
- 57 Normal temperature and pressure (abbr.)
- 58 "as though I had . . . the face of God" 33:10
Our text is 9, 29, 31, 32, 52, 53, and 54 combined

DOWN

- 1 Droop
- 2 "a . . . for Esau his brother" 32:13
- 3 Bulletin (abbr.)
- 4 Feminine name
- 5 Synonym (abbr.)
- 6 Wrongs
- 7 "took the stone that he had put for his . . ." 28:18
- 10 Jacob's wife
- 11 "he dreamed, and behold a . . ." 28:12
- 14 "I will surely give the . . . unto thee" 28:22
- 16 Old English (abbr.)
- 18 Traffic Director (abbr.)
- 20 Territory (abbr.)
- 21 Western Continent (abbr.)
- 23 "angels of God ascending . . . descending on it" 28:12
- 27 "And Jacob vowed a . . ." 28:20
- 28 "all that thou seest is . . ." 31:43
- 33 "thou knowest my . . . which I have done thee" 30:26
- 34 Muzzle-loading rifle (abbr.)
- 36 "the top of it reached to . . ." 28:12
- 37 Raise frivolous objections
- 38 "And Jacob was left . . ." 32:24
- 39 Mountain (abbr.)
- 40 "in thy seed shall all the families of the . . . be blessed" 28:14
- 41 "My brethren, whence . . . ye" 29:4
- 42 "and will . . . thee in all places whither thou goest" 28:15
- 45 "thy seed shall be as the . . . of the earth" 28:14
- 46 Chums
- 49 "what is my . . . that thou hast so hotly pursued" 31:36
- 55 Agricultural Engineer (abbr.)

—Solution on page 22

I found out who these two Adventist women were. I soon became acquainted with Junon personally, and in 1933 she became Madame Mathieu Bermingham.

"Whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it." If, in the future, while God works out His pattern for our lives, we may be called to pass through other fiery furnaces of persecution or discouragement, we know His hand will continue to uphold and sustain us, even as it has in the past.

Volunteers in Action

(Continued from page 14)

Rodgers, and others. Every meeting was well attended, and highly helpful. The occasion ended with a tour of the Riverside Sanitarium, in which institution the colored young people of the southern part of the United States are especially interested.

In Action

F. W. Foster, who leads the Missionary Volunteers of Alabama-Mississippi, reports that the recent Crusaders' rally was a great success. "They have demonstrated in a powerful way," he says, "that youth are hearing the clear-ringing call to action, and are eager and anxious to enlist for the service of Christ. The other day a teen-age youth called me on the telephone to give an enthusiastic account of his third Sunday night meeting with the Crusaders' filmstrips. Another group are working in the same city, and four other societies began youth meetings of this nature with the new year. Yes, our youth are on the march!"

A Fine Average

Southwestern Junior College students made a wonderful record Ingathering. The total raised by their field day, singing bands, and donated labor amounted to a grand total of \$4,040.49—an average for the entire student body of \$9 each.

Women's Theological Club

The wives of the theological students of S.W.J.C. and the young women who are preparing to be Bible instructors make up the membership of this unique organization. Their meetings so far have featured talks on the woman's place in the church, and actual field experiences given by an experienced Bible instructor. They plan some interesting and helpful activities for the remaining weeks of the school year.

An Outstanding Week

Pastor George E. Vandeman, a young man himself and associate evangelist of the General Conference Ministerial Association, had charge of the Week of Prayer at S.W.J.C. this year. He was able under God to present to the young people a series of messages on the subject of

What Shall It Profit?

(Continued from page 6)

to go to Sabbath school and church with her. The girl became interested in the Bible truths, and one day, without consulting her father, was baptized.

Finally the time came when she was to return home. Madame Philippe, with whom she had been staying, determined to go with her to help her break the news of her new faith to her family. Junon told Madame Philippe not to worry about her, because she herself would tell her father all about it. But when she told him the news and announced that she must return to Jacmel to learn more about the precious truth she had found, he was overwhelmed and forbade her to leave home again.

Shortly after this her father was stricken with an illness and died. Then began the dark days of her experience. Her oldest brother demanded that she take charge and direct one of the business establishments of her father. Knowing that it would be difficult for her not to open the place of business on Sabbath and feeling the aloneness of being separated from those of like faith without the privilege

of attending church, she refused, and returned to her friend's home in Jacmel. This refusal cost her the loss of all her inheritance from her father's estate. Resigned to live without temporal things, waiting for eternal rewards, Junon agreed to live as an adopted daughter with a sincere Adventist woman in the northern part of Haiti. In spite of the poverty which enveloped them on every side, she remained firm to her belief that eternal rewards were to be counted greater than temporal blessings.

Every Sabbath morning at four o'clock she would arise with her foster mother to walk several miles into the mountains of northern Haiti to a little neighboring village nestled in the bend of a river among the verdant mango, avocado, orange, and cashew trees. There they held a branch Sabbath school, and very soon, with God's blessing, seventy-five people were in attendance.

One day, during a general meeting, the story was told of the faithfulness of these two Adventist sisters, who through their zealous, consecrated efforts had founded such a branch Sabbath school. Young man that I was, and an active colporteur, I said to myself, "There is the kind of girl I want for my life companion." So

SIGNS of the TIMES

A LIGHT SHINING "CLEAR ROUND THE WORLD"

to publish the light that was shining upon our pathway.

After coming out of vision, I said to my husband: "I have a message for you. You must begin to print a little paper and send it out to the people. Let it be small at first; but as the people read, they will send you means with which to print, and it will be a success from the first. From this small beginning it was shown to me to be like streams of light that went clear round the world."

While we were in Connecticut in the summer of 1849, my husband was deeply impressed that the

345,000 copies a week during the past year, distributed throughout North America and more than fifty different countries. "Signs" fits into the picture of the vision of one hundred years ago.

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- 4 ▷ Bible correspondence enrollees, especially those on the interested list.
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righteousness by faith which were very helpful. His presentations were quite informal in style, for he preferred to talk "heart to heart" with his audience. As he spoke, many felt the moving of the Holy Spirit upon their hearts, and consecrated their all to God.

Laboratory Work

Twenty-one members of Pastor Edward Heppenstall's class in homiletics at La Sierra College are now doing active sermon work in the churches in Hemet, Elsinore, Corona, and Glen Avon. Members of the class also are giving devotional talks at Sunday morning worship periods in the Loma Linda Food Factory.

THE ALABASTER BOX

By Leila Gilhousen

"Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her." Matthew 26:12.

You were a stranger to me this Sabbath morning, and I was a stranger to you. We were attending communion service. When the ordinance of humility began, I sat quietly wondering whether anyone would offer to wait upon me. Presently I felt the touch of your hand upon my shoulder. When communion was over, I learned that you were a stranger in the church too! And you had first offered to serve me.

Tears of repentance washed my soul clearer. You helped me understand better the Christ of Galilee.

"You Read?"

(Continued from page 3)

said: "You like, Sanchiki, you keep?"

"I keep," he answered.

So I wrote his name in it, and then, holding it between my two hands, I said very slowly, "Sanchiki, this book be very good medicine. You take, you read; you read, you read plenty. Night come, you put him for pillow, you go for sleep. Day come, you read, you read, you read; you understand?" Already looking a little brighter, he took it and went off with his escort.

The next day I inquired after his progress and was told by the orderly that he was doing nothing but reading the book, and was eating and sleeping better.

Two days afterwards the orderly rang up to report that Sanchiki had that morning been signed up as fit for duty and was already back on his old job.

Remember the Sabbath Day

(Continued from page 12)

in a special way through the hours of the sacred day never failed to thrill her heart. And then he prayed for the family by name, and thanked God for his good

wife and daughters, and prayed for help to be a better husband and father. When he spoke of his faults and asked to have his sins forgiven, Martha put it all down to modesty. For when did papa ever do anything wrong? And mother too. She could see that Mary needed some forgiving, and, of course, she did herself; but father and mother—that was too much to believe. However, she could see that they were in earnest about it. Sometimes there came a tremble in papa's voice, and sometimes a shining tear dropped from mother's eyelids upon the bowed head of the little daughter who knelt close beside her. Oh, it was all long ago and far away, children; but how the sweetness of those sunset worships lingers in the heart!"

(To be continued)

Burning Candles

(Continued from page 5)

It was after Tony had been home for another brief visit and had gone again that I saw his wife once more. She reported that he had been tender and loving. But one thing had happened to mar the otherwise happy time they had had together.

"Tony tore up my Bible," Nellie said in recounting the incident. "He doesn't like me to read it." Then she added with a trace of embarrassment, "He told me to stop having anything more to do with your church."

My heart constricted. I had feared something like this long before, when she had announced her intention of marrying.

Nellie was in the midst of a terrific struggle. On one side was her love for her husband and his family. On the other side was her love for Jesus. These two loves were battling for supremacy in her heart. Which would she choose? It would be the most important decision of her life.

I prayed earnestly for Nellie during the next few days. I asked that God would give her wisdom and the courage to choose aright, for I knew that a wrong choice now might place such obstacles in her path that she would never be able to find her way back to Jesus. Eternal life hung in the balance.

I did not see Nellie again for some weeks. She and the baby were being monopolized by the Orozcós, who had discovered how sweet she really was. They showered attentions and gifts upon her. She seemed as happy as she could be under the circumstances. Now and then I would catch a glimpse of her as she sped by in the family automobile.

At last one day I found her at home. And, without saying a word, I learned what decision she had made, for there on the table I saw the images and the candles—burning!

I do not remember what was said or

how I managed to get away. But I had to seek a secret place where I could pour out my grief to God.

Candles still burn before similar altars in many homes throughout the world. But I never see them without feeling a deep sense of grief for the lost sheep who know not the true and living God. And I do not suppose I shall ever forget Nellie or cease to grieve over the choice she made—the choice to reject God.

KEY TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 20

S	P	A	B	R	S	L	E	E	P
A	R	S	U	R	E	L	Y	V	I
G	E	T	L	A	B	A	N	O	I
S	E	T	C	A	D	T	E	L	L
S	E	N	D	H	D	A	Y	S	O
A	N	T	S	E	V	E	N	M	W
T	H	E	L	O	R	D	I	S	
M	W	N	E	H					
C	A	M	E	L	S	B	K	E	R
A	L	T	A	R	D	E	E	P	V
V	O	R	S	U	E	A	I	V	
I	N	T	H	I	S	P	L	A	C
L	E	A	H	N	T	P	S	E	E

Sabbath School Lessons

Senior Youth

XI—The Gifts of the Spirit

(March 13)

MEMORY VERSE: I Corinthians 13:13.
LESSON HELP: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 327, 328 (new ed., pp. 329, 330).

1. From what source do all our blessings come? James 1:17.

2. What supreme gift was given by God to man as evidence of His great love? What other member of the Godhead is a gift to man? John 3:16; Acts 10:44, 45.

3. When Christ ascended to heaven, what gifts did He give to men? Eph. 4:8 (margin), 11.

NOTE.—"The talents that Christ entrusts to His church represent especially the gifts and blessings imparted by the Holy Spirit. . . . All men do not receive the same gifts, but to every servant of the Master some gift of the Spirit is promised. . . . But not until after the ascension was the gift received in its fullness. Not until through faith and prayer the disciples had surrendered themselves fully for His working, was the outpouring of the Spirit received. Then in a special sense the goods of heaven were committed to the followers of Christ."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 327.

4. For what purpose were these gifts bestowed? What result is to be obtained by the exercise of the gifts in the church? Verses 12, 13, 15.

NOTE.—"The perfecting of God's church, the building up of His saints, must come through a recognition of these gifts not in ourselves alone, but in others as well. And there must be that willingness to learn and to receive from others those things in which we ourselves may be lacking; and at the same time, willingness to give to others that which, in His own way,

God has bestowed upon us, to make us blessings to others. And so the gifts are 'for the perfecting of the saints.'—M. C. WILCOX, *Studies in Ephesians*, p. 68.

5. What kind of gifts are these declared to be? What does the apostle say concerning our understanding of them? 1 Cor. 12:1.

6. What unity is there in the diversity of these gifts? Verses 4-6.

7. For what was the manifestation of the Spirit given? What gifts are mentioned as being entrusted to different individuals? Verses 7-10.

8. By whom is the distribution of the gifts controlled? Why should the Holy Spirit have control of the gifts? Verses 11-14.

NOTE.—It is through the Holy Spirit, which is freely given to those who believe that these spiritual gifts are bestowed upon the followers of Christ. These gifts are given, not as the believer may choose, but as the Spirit wills. They cannot be acquired by education or obtained by exercise, and no school can bestow them.

9. How did the apostle Paul illustrate the need of a right distribution of the gifts? Verses 15-20.

NOTE.—Man can "easily understand, by the simple illustration of his own body, that the various members are needed. The organs and members of the body do not work for themselves, but for other members. Each is served by all the others; and so God designed that it should be in His church—each member should be served by all others, and then all are well served."—*Ibid.*, p. 68.

10. What should these gifts do for the church today? What will be the attitude of the members toward each other? Verses 25-27.

11. State the order in which the spiritual gifts are here mentioned. By what questions do we know it was God's design that all members should not possess the same gifts? Verses 28-30.

12. What expression indicates that all the gifts of the Spirit will be in the church before Christ's second coming? How will the members of the church stand in the day of the Lord? 1 Cor. 1:7, 8.

13. What shows that there is a difference in these gifts? 1 Cor. 12:31.

NOTE.—There is no difference in the origin of these gifts, for all of them come from a perfect God. The office they fill in the church is measured by the extent of the service they are designed to render.

14. What is the "more excellent way" that one should seek above the gifts already mentioned? How greatly is the importance of love stressed? 1 Cor. 13:1-3.

NOTE.—"When love fills the heart, it will flow out to others, not because of favors received from them, but because love is the principle of action. Love modifies the character, governs the impulses, subdues enmity, and ennobles the affections. This love is as broad as the universe, and is in harmony with that of the angel workers. Cherished in the heart, it sweetens the entire life, and sheds its blessing upon all around."—*Mount of Blessing*, pp. 61, 62.

15. What will finally become of the gifts of the Spirit? How long will they remain in the church? Of the things that remain, which is the greatest? Verses 8-10, 13.

Junior

XI—The Gifts of the Spirit Given

(March 13)

MEMORY VERSE: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." 1 Cor. 13:13.

Guiding Thought

"I may speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
but if I have no love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal;
I may prophesy, fathom all mysteries and secret lore,
I may have such absolute faith that I can move hills from their place,
but if I have no love, I count for nothing;
I may distribute all I possess in charity,
I may give up my body to be burnt,
but if I have no love, I make nothing of it.

MARCH 2, 1948

"Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy; love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful; love is never glad when others go wrong, love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient. Love never disappears." 1 Cor. 13:1-8, Moffatt.

1 Corinthians 12:4-31; 13:1-13; Matthew 25:14-30.

ASSIGNMENT 2

1. From whom do all our talents and abilities come? James 1:17. Why were these gifts given to Christ's church? How long would they continue in the church? Eph. 4:12-15.

2. Name the special gifts Jesus gave to His church when He returned to heaven. Eph. 4:8, 11. What kind of gifts did Paul call them? 1 Cor. 12:1.

NOTE.—These gifts, given by the Holy Spirit, are to be used faithfully to glorify God in our own lives and in winning others to Him. (Read 1 Corinthians 4:2.) "The Holy Spirit was the highest of all gifts that He could solicit from His Father for the exaltation of His people. The Spirit was to be given as a regenerating agent, and without this the sacrifice of Christ would have been of no avail."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 671.

ASSIGNMENT 3

3. Why are we all different from each other? Who gave us our different talents? 1 Cor. 12:4-6.

4. Name the different talents which are bestowed on members of the church. 1 Cor. 12:7-10.

5. Who decides what talents each man shall have? 1 Cor. 12:11.

NOTE.—These gifts are not given to be used selfishly. They are to be used as under the full direction of the Holy Spirit. In no other way can we use them to honor and glorify our heavenly Father.

ASSIGNMENT 4

6. To what are these gifts compared? How do the parts of the body co-operate? 1 Cor. 12:14-24.

Have you ever heard of the right arm of the message? What do you think the eyes, the mouth, the feet, the heart, of the church are?

7. How are the members of the church to feel toward each other? 1 Cor. 12:25-27.

NOTE.—The word *schism* means division. There must be no bitter feelings, no quarreling, among God's children. Each is to use the talents or gifts bestowed to serve others and so glorify Jesus. "God's people are not to be in confusion, lacking order and harmony, consistency and beauty. The Lord is greatly dishonored when disunion exists among His people. . . . His servants are to be one, as Christ is one with the Father; their powers, illuminated, inspired, and sanctified, must be united to make a complete whole. Those who love God and keep His commandments are not to draw apart; they are to press together."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, pp. 174, 175.

ASSIGNMENT 5

8. In which order does Paul list these spiritual gifts? Are all given the same talents? 1 Cor. 12:28-30.

"While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
'There is nothing I can do!'
Gladly take the task He gives you,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
'Here am I, O Lord, send me.'"

—DANIEL MARCH.

9. Why are these gifts given to us? 1 Cor. 1:7, 8. What is the influence of these gifts upon the life? Titus 2:12, 13.

10. In 1 Corinthians 12:31 and 1 Corinthians 14:1 what words indicate that we should strive to cultivate and improve our talents? In what parable did Jesus teach this same truth? Matt. 25:14-30.

ASSIGNMENT 6

11. What supreme gift is better than all the other gifts, and when added to the other gifts improves them marvelously? 1 Cor. 13:13, 1-3.

NOTE.—Love is the greatest gift of all. God's love for us gave Jesus to us, and all other gifts come as a result of that supreme gift. "When

love fills the heart, it will flow out to others, . . . because love is the principle of action. Love modifies the character, governs the impulses, subdues enmity, and ennobles the affections. . . . Cherished in the heart, it sweetens the entire life, and sheds its blessing upon all around."—*Mount of Blessing*, pp. 61, 62.

12. What will "love" not do? What will "love" do? 1 Cor. 13:4-7.

13. Will Godlike love ever fail? Why? 1 Cor. 13:8 (first part), 13. Love is of God, therefore it will never fail.

ASSIGNMENT 7

Match the gifts God has placed in the church with the members He has placed in the body, by putting the corresponding number beside the gift.

Body	Church
1. head	— Christ
2. heart	— Sabbath school
3. eyes	— Spirit of prophecy
4. mouth	— Ministry
5. right arm	— Medical work
6. left arm	— Educational work
7. stomach	— Healthfood work
8. feet	— Bookwork

"If any little word of mine
May make a dark life brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a sad heart lighter,
God help me speak the helping word,
And sweeten it with singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing."

KEY TO "DIAMOND"

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A
E R E
E V A D E
A R A B I A N
E D I C T
E A T
N

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KEY TO "RIDDLES"

Judges 15:15. Ex. 7:10-12. Gen. 19:26. Jer. 36:4-6; 19-24.

KEY TO "WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?"

1-h. 10,581 miles (from the Antarctic to New York). 2-f. China. 3-c. 32,500. 4-d. Fish. 5-a. 30,000. 6-e. 8,909,200 pounds (estimated). 7-b. India (more than 8,000,000 crossed the borders up to November, 1947). 8-g. Bloemfontein, South Africa. 9-i. Helgoland (German fortified island base). 10-j. Fox.



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ARE YOU MOVING?

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

The Listening Post

✪ THE current in an electric eel has been recorded up to 550 volts, with an average discharge in water of forty watts.

✪ MANCHUKUO, the name given Manchuria when the Japanese made it a puppet state, is no longer recognized, and any mail so addressed will be returned to the sender.

✪ OF the 41,700,000 dwelling units in the United States, more than half are owned by the people who live in them, according to the U.S. Census Bureau.

✪ A NEW YORK inventor has perfected a typewriter which utilizes two ribbons, thus eliminating the need for carbon paper in making a second copy.

✪ AMERICANS broke all records in expenditures for jewelry in 1946, spending a total of almost \$2,000,000,000 for ornaments as well as essential watches and pins.

✪ ACCORDING to an ancient Mohammedan belief, shooting stars are fiery darts hurled at Satan's imps by the angels when the evil spirits get too close to heaven!

✪ BRIDES who are late for their own wedding ceremonies in Bilston, England, are fined the equivalent of one dollar for every quarter hour they keep the minister waiting.

✪ THERE are more aged women than there are aged men in the United States. According to the last census, ten per cent of the population were over sixty years of age, and of those who had reached ninety, women outnumbered men six to four.

✪ NEARLY all the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, is from four to ten feet below the level of the Mississippi River during times of flood. However, the water is kept out by the use of levees, or dikes, which extend along the entire water front.

✪ A CUBIT, which in ancient Roman days was the length of the forearm from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger, has gradually expanded in the course of time. Originally 17.5 inches, the Hebrew measure became 17.58 inches, and today the English cubit is 18 inches.

✪ THE birth certificate of Christopher Columbus and about 450 other documents relating to the discoverer of America, which were collected by Prof. Giovanni Monleoni, city historian of Genoa, Italy, have been presented to the President of the United States, Harry S. Truman. The records are said to "definitely establish for scholars in all countries the Genoese origin of the discoverer of America."

✪ THE conventional salutation and complimentary close used in business correspondence is on the way out—that is, if "The Society for Abolishing Dear in Business Letters" has anything to say about it. They believe one may save valuable time, self-respect, effort, paper, and ink, by simply typing the recipient's name and address as usual in the upper left-hand corner, then getting down to the facts at once, such as: "Your letter of May 1, Mr. Jones, has been received, etc." So far, one large soap manufacturer is a devotee of the change.

✪ PROBLEM: How to catch 10,000 rabbits. Farmer Jefferys, a Wiltshire landowner in the British Isles, proved it could be done. A small island in the English Channel which had been seized by the Germans in 1940 had become so overrun with rabbits that nobody wanted to farm it. However, Mr. Jefferys hired three army veterans to tackle the job. Within a few weeks they had trapped and exterminated nearly 10,000 bunnies. The island's rich soil is now under cultivation.

✪ HIRAM MAXIM, of Hartford, Connecticut, has invented a simple snow plow that may be attached to the bumper of your automobile and makes short work of clearing your driveway. It automatically adjusts itself to any irregularities of the surface without damaging either the automobile or the driveway.

✪ A HANDY automobile windshield scraper made of plastic, which will remove ice a quarter of an inch thick without scratching the glass, is now on the market. It is small enough to fit into the glove compartment and will sell for about twenty cents.

✪ AIRLINES operating in the United States served \$5,696,242 worth of free meals to passengers during the first half of 1947, according to reports filed with the Civil Aeronautics Board.

✪ FARMERS with a college education earn five times as much as those with only a grade-school education.

✪ AMERICA'S most crowded cities are Memphis, San Antonio, Birmingham, Atlanta, and New Orleans.

✪ OF all the oral sounds transmitted by telephone, the letters *s* and *f* are the most difficult to understand.

✪ AN elm planted by John Quincy Adams is the oldest tree on the White House grounds in Washington, D.C.

✪ HALF a million new businesses are begun in America each year. The number of firms in operation at the end of 1946 was 3,599,000, or nearly 300,000 above the prewar high of September, 1941.

✪ WILD American turkeys were first sent to European markets by the Spaniards. Jewish merchants, who thought the birds were some kind of peacock, called them *tukki*. The use of this term eventually became the English word *turkey*.

✪ ARTIFICIAL dentures made from your own teeth are the latest technique as described by R. A. Copeman, dentist, speaking before the National Education Congress for Dental Technicians, which met in New York City recently. The method consists of filling extracted teeth with plastic and reinserting them into the mouth of the patient immediately.

✪ TELEVISION sets will number 5,000,000 in the United States within the next five years, predicts William W. Cone, New York manager of the division of the Radio Corporation of America. This will require 85,000 more workers than are now employed in the radio industry, and may provide as many as 300,000 new jobs in the field of television installation, service, and maintenance.

Minute Meditations

The nature of one's religious experience is revealed by the character of the books one chooses to read in one's leisure moments. In order to have a healthy tone of mind and sound religious principles, the youth must live in communion with God through His word. Pointing out the way of salvation through Christ, the Bible is our guide to a higher, better life. It contains the most interesting and the most instructive history and biography that were ever written. Those whose imagination has not become perverted by the reading of fiction will find the Bible the most interesting of books.

The Bible is the book of books. If you love the word of God, searching it as you have opportunity, that you may come into possession of its rich treasures, and be thoroughly furnished unto all good works, then you may be assured that Jesus is drawing you to Himself. But to read the Scriptures in a casual way, without seeking to comprehend Christ's lesson that you may comply with His requirements, is not enough. There are treasures in the Word of God that can be discovered only by sinking the shaft deep into the mine of truth.

The carnal mind rejects the truth; but the soul that is converted undergoes a marvelous change. The Book that before was unattractive because it revealed truths which testified against the sinner, now becomes the food of the soul, the joy and consolation of the life. The Sun of righteousness illuminates the sacred pages, and the Holy Spirit speaks through them to the soul. . . .

Let all who have cultivated a love for light reading, now turn their attention to the sure word of prophecy. Take your Bibles, and begin to study with fresh interest the sacred records of the Old and New Testaments. The oftener and more diligently you study the Bible, the more beautiful it will appear, and the less relish you will have for light reading. Bind this precious volume to your hearts. It will be to you a friend and guide.

—Ellen Gould White.