

The Youth's Instructor

The Wealth of the Church

By LENA T. LEGROW

It's the youth of the church that the Lord needs most
When the battle is hard and long—
The youth who will work with all their might
To defeat the wrong and uphold the right,
And be true, and brave, and strong.

It's the youth of the church who must do and dare
When the way is rough and steep—
The youth who must search, and watch, and pray,
And seek out those who have lost the way,
And rescue each wandering sheep.

And though age may guide, and point the way,
And hold the standard high,
It's the youth who the heaviest load must bear
While they hold the fort by the power of prayer,
As the day of the Lord draws nigh.

Yes, the youth of the church are the wealth of the church,
And we need them every one;
For the voices of youth will the sweetest sing
In the chorus that welcomes the coming King
When the battle at last is done.

H. A. ROBERTS



Let's Talk It Over

YES, true enough we had little or no food; our clothes were rags; and bombs had destroyed our homes, so we had poor shelter and no heat in cold weather; but we missed our Bibles most. *Can you imagine having no Bible?* We know now what it means to be *hungry* for the bread of life and *thirsty* for the water of life. When we received gifts of other books we were disappointed. We wanted only a Bible to read. That is God's Inspired Word, and it speaks to comfort and encourage His children no matter in what part of the world they are or what may be their circumstances. We are now so *happy* to have the Book again, and you never can realize how we treasure it—unless, of course, some day *you* too have no Bible!"

These words, written by a young woman in one of Europe's war-torn countries, express the feelings of hundreds of Seventh-day Adventists who have come through the second world war. Do those of us who always have had it close at hand value it as we should, study it as faithfully as its inspired instruction warrants, give to its living words the heed of which they are worthy?

REALLY, the Bible is a wonderful book, even though in English-speaking countries it can be obtained easily. Herbert Hoover, revered elder statesman of today, and former President of the United States, sets forth the value of the Bible as a book of concentrated wisdom in these words: "There is no other book so various as this nor one so full of concentrated wisdom. Whether it be of the law, business, morals, or that vision which leads the imagination in the creation of constructive enterprises for the happiness of mankind, he who seeks for guidance in any of these things may look inside its covers and find illumination. The study of this Book . . . is a postgraduate course in the richest library of human experience. As a nation the United States is indebted to the Book of books for national ideals and representative institutions. Their preservation rests in adhering to its principles."

Some years ago a man in Spain found a torn book by the side of a railroad right of way. When he read it he discovered that it was no ordinary book, but since he was unacquainted with the Bible he did not know that it was one of the Gospels.

The words so interested him that he read them over and over, and finally decided to follow their teachings. Then he began to share this treasure with his friends and neighbors, and they also felt the conviction in their hearts that they should follow what they had read.

The day came when the orchard next to that owned by the man who found the book, was sold, and the new owner turned aside a water course that also had watered his land. It was not long before his trees began to suffer. He was advised to seek revenge upon this new neighbor, but he declared that he could not think of doing another harm. He would stand by the teachings of his Book.

One morning as he was going into the orchard to cultivate, he noticed in a far corner one tree which looked quite fresh and green. At once he got his spade and dug around it, and to his joy found a spring of fresh water. Soon ditches were carrying the life-giving fluid to all corners of the dying orchard.

The Book had conquered! Also the principle of the golden rule had been vindicated!

IT IS recorded that an English diamond merchant who was packing some gems to be sent to a trader in India, wrapped each one separately and with great care, using soft paper from a waste volume in his office. When he came to the last and costliest of them all he used the pages containing the first three chapters of the Gospel of John, for the "waste book" was a Bible. The Hindu to whom this precious stone was sent received with it what was infinitely more precious to him than the diamond which it covered—several leaves from the Book of life. Upon one of them he found the words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should . . . have everlasting life." He was astonished.

Day by day the Word grew in his heart, watered by God's Spirit. "Surely," he said finally, "this means me—this salvation is for me." By faith he accepted it, and joyfully told others of it, until, when a European missionary went to that city, expecting to find only Hindus, he found a large gathering of Indian Christians under the leadership of the man who had received the diamond wrapped in the pages torn from the first part of the Gospel as written by John.

THE late F. B. Meyer tells of a colporteur in one of the countries which is now shut in behind the iron curtain, who was much surprised to meet a locksmith who knew the Bible well, and was able to quote large portions of it from memory. And his surprise was greater when he learned that seventeen years before, the village priest had gone to every home in his parish, gathered all copies of the Bible, and made a bonfire of them. As the fire burned, a gust of wind carried away two leaves from the blaze, and these the locksmith had picked up and read. The first words that caught his eyes were these penned by Matthew, as spoken by the Teacher of Galilee: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." They so impressed him that he, with his father's assistance, saved a whole Bible out of the burning. This they read enthusiastically and studied diligently, till it changed their whole lives.

Yes, there is *something* about the Bible! It is different!

A mechanic was called in to repair the mechanism of a giant telescope. During the noon hour the chief astronomer came upon him reading the Bible.

"What good do you expect from that?" asked the learned scientist. "The Bible is out of date. Why, you don't even know who wrote it."

The mechanic was puzzled for a moment. Then he looked up. "Don't you make considerable use of the multiplication table in your calculations?"

"Yes, of course," returned the learned man.

"Do you know who wrote it?"

"Why, no, I guess I don't."

"Then," asked the mechanic, "how can you trust the multiplication table when you don't even know who wrote it?"

"We trust it because—because, because it works!" responded the astronomer testily.

"Well," retorted the mechanic, "I trust the Bible for the very same reason—it works! Have you never heard that it is all things to all men?"

AND it is just that, friend o' mine. Let us never forget that although "there are books and books," as it often has been said, "*there is only one Book!*"

Lora E. Clement

DID you know that *S.D.A.* is a chemistry expression? We expect to find the initials *S.D.A.* in denominational periodicals or in academy and college newspapers, but it seems rather unusual to find an organic chemistry textbook talking about an effect known as *S.D.A.*

A college friend of mine who is studying chemistry pointed out the term *S.D.A.* in his textbook. The more I thought of it, the more it interested me, especially when I discovered that *this S.D.A.* means "specific dynamic action."

Specific dynamic action refers to the increase of the metabolic rate during the digestion of food. Metabolism, you know, is the total processes of the body in repairing and rebuilding the tissues. But let us consider how specific dynamic action may also be the equivalent to Seventh-day Adventist.

In carrying out the Lord's commission to take the gospel message of salvation and redemption to all mankind, specific, positive, certain action is required. To-

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PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS

How Is Your S.D.A.?

By A. DEAN HICKOK

day's world is a hodgepodge of confusion. The straws of hope that have been tossed to its multitudes have been but vague illusions and pleasant mirages of cunningly devised false doctrines. For thousands of years the forces of our adversary have been sowing uncertainty and doubt in the hearts of men, seeking to turn their minds to vague humanized theories of salvation through social improvement. Mankind thus has created his own dilemma, and now needs a specific hope, a specific message, a specific goal.

Analyze the third angel's message which Seventh-day Adventists are commissioned to give to the world, and you will find it to be a specific science—a science worthy of study by men and angels for all eternity. It contains specific hope that death is not all; hope that sins may be forgiven; hope that human degradation may be exchanged for Christ's righteousness.

The Advent faith contains a specific

message that in events of today prophecies are being fulfilled right before our eyes—news that Jesus is coming to redeem those who keep the commandments of God, who have the faith of Jesus; news that the Rock is about to smite the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's great image and set up His own everlasting kingdom.

It contains a specific goal—a country not made with hands; a destiny not found in earth's vain abundance; a gift of eternal life from the hand of God.

With the world so much in need, our lives should witness specifically and emphatically for God in every deed, word, and thought. We will be specific in our attitude toward temptation regarding the movies and other questionable amusements, the coffee cup, or the fleshpots of appetite, as we meet them with an emphatic *no*.

Remember the experiences of Joseph, and Daniel and his three companions. If

we give bold, specific answers for our faith and habits of life, we will break down prejudice; and those who hold back because of misunderstanding and misinformation will be led to respect us and our faith. Paul was bold, not boastful. He prayed that he might boldly present Christ, and he went boldly before the throne of grace to obtain that strength for the offensive. We too must be bold in our offensive against sin, for all the forces of God are on our side. The best defense is a good offense. To assume the offensive is to put the enemy or opponent on the defensive. This we learn in simple games and sports. We learn it in war. Certainly the Christian life is a constant warfare against evil.

Last winter some young ministerial students of Walla Walla College conducted evangelistic meetings in a town about one hundred miles distant. Up to that time prejudice against Seventh-day Adventists had been great, but the young men preached to growing crowds in the little Adventist church there. Boldly they gave a specific message, and God's Spirit moved to break the wall of prejudice. The first eight who were baptized included two deacons from a popular Protestant congregation. At the time of graduation the high school asked for the use of the Adventist church for baccalaureate services. A Baptist minister from a near-by town delivered the address; an Adventist pastor

gave the benediction; a local woman evangelist offered the invocation; and by request students from Walla Walla College came to furnish the baccalaureate music. Who can tell how far the work will expand here?

I know of this incident because the ministerial students involved are classmates of mine, because I helped furnish the special music, and because I have spoken to the audiences there myself (though not in the series of meetings mentioned). In that town Satan's forces were cornered into the defensive. This must be done the world over. God's people are to witness in every country before Jesus comes.

For such a stupendous task dynamic action is necessary. Dynamic force is one that is energetic, alive, and active. The force of God's church is not in its members, or the number of them; the dynamo furnishing this power is the Holy Spirit. Being connected with the Holy Spirit is like a light being connected with a power line. If there is no connection, there is no light.

A dynamic Adventist is unable to hide his light. He is also unable to content himself with his spiritual condition, but in every possible way he seeks God's will and a greater outpouring of His Spirit. A Spirit-filled Adventist is neither lukewarm nor cold. He is alive for God, doing all he can to reach others.

No doubt the reason for so much lethargy and worldliness in our churches is that we are not thinking enough of the promises of the Holy Spirit. The *D* is missing from the S.D.A. There is a loose connection to the dynamo. Ellen G. White says:

"Christ declared that the divine influence of the Spirit was to be with His followers unto the end. But the promise is not appreciated as it should be; and therefore its fulfilment is not seen as it might be. The promise of the Spirit is a matter little thought of; and the result is only what might be expected,—spiritual drought, spiritual darkness, spiritual declension and death. Minor matters occupy the attention, and the divine power which is necessary for the growth and prosperity of the church, and which would bring all other blessings in its train, is lacking, though offered in its infinite plenitude."

Our spiritual dearth is our fault, not God's. "It is not because of any restriction on the part of God that the riches of His grace do not flow earthward to men. If all were willing to receive, all would become filled with His Spirit."

The story is told of a man who was making a journey through deep snowdrifts. It was very cold, and he soon became numb. He was freezing and nearly ready to give up, when he heard the moans of a fellow traveler also perishing in the cold. He determined to rescue the man, and bore him in his arms through

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A Bit of Heaven Here

By MRS. WALTER C. THOMPSON



GLOOM, discouragement, and unhappiness have no more place in a Christian's life than have ill temper, impatience, gossip, envy, or any other of the numberless forms of the archenemy's fashioning. The happy heart that doeth good like a medicine is life's elixir, and will prove its worth by being the medium through which salvation can be made desirable to those who behold your good works, good words, and good cheer.

Smile! The effort will gladden your own heart. "Happy wrinkles" will soften the lines of your face, and an answering smile will be reflected in the face of everyone you meet.

One cannot imagine a gloomy or cheerless Jesus, for how then could children have been attracted to Him? He was ever loving and tender. He ever exercised the greatest tact, and thoughtful, kind attention. Even in the last hours before the crucifixion His disciples turned to Him for courage and cheer!

Joy to sing His praises, joy for His saving grace,
Joy to know such a Saviour, joy to behold His face.
Joy to enter His presence, joy to be daily blest,
Joy it is to be chosen, joy to stand the test.

"Count it all joy," the Scriptures admonish. Even though we may not feel joyful, if we count it so by faith, it will become so. In the very effort of trying to be happy, joy will grow in our hearts. No doubt you have seen how a child can smile through his tears when promised an unexpected award for being good. Cannot we as older children smile through the tears that blur our earthly sight and look beyond to the promised reward? Certainly those who have discovered that they are heirs, according to His promise, to heaven's happiness have every right to be joyful.

"But I'm *not* happy," I hear you say. "How can I be cheerful when I have more sorrow than I can bear?" Friend, our Saviour endured more suffering than you and I will ever know, and though He

was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, still He cautioned us against hiding our light under a bushel. Did He not say, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid"? "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Further than that, we are told to "serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing." "These things have I spoken unto you, . . . that your joy might be full."

Song is the outburst of a full heart, a spontaneous expression of joy. If we are joyful Christians, others will be attracted to us and will want to know the reason for such a bright outlook upon life.

Someone has said, "Every human being whom we approach should be the better for having met us." How long would it take to evangelize the world if a million Christians would take this motto for their rule of life?

If we would only live daily with the outlook that our Saviour had, "there would be one hundred conversions where now there is only one." Every one of us may do like Andrew, who introduced his friends to Jesus. A Christlike life must of necessity demonstrate these virtues, as well as exhibit good cheer.

It has been said that "of all the lights you carry in your face, joy shines the farthest out to sea." Paul was a man who must have had such a face, although his sorrows and physical and mental suffering were sufficient to bow a lesser man with grief. Nevertheless, his repeated admonition was, "Rejoice in the Lord," not sometimes, not just when your cup of happiness is filled to overflowing, but always. "Rejoice evermore."

Try it, my friend, the next time you walk down the street, ride on the streetcar or bus, enter a place of business, or even your own home. You will find that the benefits of a smile will be multiplied a thousandfold and carry unmeasured blessings to all who come within its radius!



Upper Left: The Lake Union Youth's Congress in Session on the Campus of Emmanuel Missionary College

Above: Governor Kim Sigler of Michigan as He Addressed the Youth's Congress on Sabbath Afternoon

Lower Left: A "Share Your Faith" Rally Is in Progress at the Lake Union Youth's Congress

Lake Union Youth's Congress

By J. F. KNIPSCHILD, Jr.

TWO lads fourteen years of age, from southern Indiana, stood before the microphone facing an audience of six thousand youth; and there, in their humble way, they told how they had conducted an effort and brought fourteen persons to Christ. Another young man introduced to the audience a friend who had just joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church as the result of the "Share Your Faith" contact on the part of our Lake Union Missionary Volunteers. And so the parade of faith moved on at the great, inspiring Lake Union Youth's Congress, July 1-4, held at Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan.

The hearts of the Missionary Volunteers thrilled as they witnessed the fruits of the great "Share Your Faith" program throughout the States of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan. The keynote address by H. M. S. Richards, of the Voice of Prophecy, started a chain of events that fired the flame of evangelism in the hearts of the youth. This was evidenced by their response to and participation in the workshops conducted emphasizing public evangelism, personal evangelism, junior leadership, and education.

Pastor L. A. Skinner, associate secretary

of the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department; Pastor E. E. Roenfelt, associate secretary of the General Conference; Pastor L. R. Rasmussen, of the General Conference Department of Education; Pastor M. K. Eckenroth, representing the evangelism program of our world organization; and Pastor L. E. Lenheim, Lake Union Conference president, contributed much to the success and inspiration of the occasion. An outstanding feature at this congress of Missionary Volunteers in the heart of North America was the address given by Honorable Kim Sigler, governor of Michigan. He concluded his challenge to Christian youth of today to uphold Christian principles by saying, "I am proud to come here to do my little bit in encouraging you, asking you to keep on, young people. Never tire of it; never get the notion that it is old-fashioned; never get the feeling that it is out of date, because therein lies the salvation of the future of America."

Much credit for the success of the congress is due to the leadership and careful planning of the Lake Union Missionary Volunteer secretary, D. W. Huntér; the educational secretary, W. A. Nelson; and the local conference secretaries.

The climax in spiritual thrills came on Saturday evening when Pastor Theodore Carcich, president of the Illinois Conference, under the title of "He Leadeth Me," related how the Holy Spirit, step by step, guided him, a Slavic peasant boy born of Catholic parents on a fishing island near Trieste, six thousand miles across the waters to New York. There under the influence of two converted (formerly Catholic) young men he was led to accept the truths of the third angel's message; and after a terrific struggle for an education he was finally called into leadership in God's service. The challenge he placed before the youth of this great union is finding its response in the active "Share Your Faith" promotion of the Missionary Volunteer Societies throughout the union.

The Lake Union Youth's Congress shows that the youth of this area are "part and parcel" of the "Share Your Faith" parade of the world organization of Missionary Volunteers, and that they will participate in the day of eternal reward, which is soon to come. Now is the hour to act! Now is the time for the Missionary Volunteers, 190,000 strong, to fight the battle of the Lord! Our success is guaranteed.

Highroad to Happiness

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERMON

CHOOSE YE!

By J. V. PETERS

PICTURE Joshua, grown old while administering the many matters that had to do with the settling of the children of Israel in the Promised Land, as he stood ready to impart his final counsel to the people. A great multitude had gathered on a hillside to hear the parting words of their beloved leader, who was now about to lay down his life. Joshua recounted the blessings of God, who had driven the enemy before them, and for their home had given them a land flowing with milk and honey.

Already the signs of complacent prosperity and worldliness were in evidence. There was a display of jewelry, and unbowed heads were in the presence of God—children who had not been taught fully of the love of Jehovah and His keeping power. In his final appeal the godly patriarch challenged Israel anew with these stirring words: "Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve Him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt; and serve ye the Lord. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served . . . or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. And the people answered and said, God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods."

Today Christ is calling modern Israel to choose to serve and obey Him; to be living witnesses to His love and living monuments to His keeping power. We regard much too lightly the fact that the all-wise heavenly Father has given to His children the privilege of choice, and we seem to ignore the fact that in deciding to obey Him, we literally are choosing eternal life or death! We often desperately desire to make the right choice; but, though we may see clearly which is the right path, we lack power to make the right decision. At that moment Christ is ready to help us to choose the right way, if we but ask. Friend, pray always for power to make the right choice.

The inspired messenger of the Lord has counseled: "When engaged in our daily labor, we may breathe out our heart's desire, inaudible to any human ear; but that word cannot die away into silence, nor can it be lost. Nothing can drown the soul's desire. . . . It is God to whom we are speaking, and our prayer is heard. Ask, then; ask, and ye shall receive. . . . To every sincere prayer an answer will come."

What an encouragement it should be to young people to remember that Jesus lived as a youth in Nazareth, a city notorious for its wickedness and evil influence, and yet He was untarnished by the slightest taint of sin! Think of this when temptations come to you, and remember that the secret of His perfect life was His constant communion with His Father. Thus was he enabled to make the right choice always.

Remember, all Israel chose to leave Egypt, but only two adults chose to follow all the way into the Promised Land the One who was guiding them. On that memorable day when Joshua challenged his people to faithfulness, all Israel chose to serve the Lord; yet their children's children almost forgot the true God! So today we may sincerely choose to accept and obey

H. A. ROBERTS

"The Youth Who Finds Joy in Reading the Word of God, and in the Hour of Prayer, Will Be Constantly Refreshed by Drafts From the Fountain of Life"

Him; but if we allow ourselves to become too busy with the pleasures and cares of life, almost before we are aware of what has happened, we will have lost that close contact with our Father, and we will find ourselves gradually slipping from the Christian way.

Here again Christ is our example. Early in the morning it was His custom to pray, and throughout the day He was in constant contact with God, the Source of love and light. Therein lies our own safety. The secret of Christian success is clearly defined by Ellen G. White. She states:

"It is in the mount with God—the secret place of communion—that we are to contemplate His glorious ideal for humanity. Thus we shall be enabled so to fashion our character-building that to us may be fulfilled the promise, 'I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people.'"

"Amid the perils of these last days, the only safety of the youth lies in ever-increasing watchfulness and prayer. The

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PERHAPS you do not know of anyone who goes around borrowing tongues. But I do.

"What!" you say, amazed, "borrowing tongues to talk with?"

"Yes," I answer, "that's just what I mean."

"But," you say, "why borrow another person's tongue, instead of using one's own?"

And I answer, "In the hope that it will more surely arrest attention."

The archdeceiver was walking one day in a beautiful garden, and saw a lovely young woman all alone. He wanted to talk to her, but he knew all too well that she had been warned against him. However, because it was of supreme importance that she listen to his evil propaganda, he approached the most beautiful creature he could find—a winged creature that looked like burnished gold—and decided to speak through it to her.

"Please, may I borrow your tongue?" he asked.

And the beautiful creature agreed.

The young woman looked up into the tree—the forbidden tree—and saw the serpent eating, evidently enjoying, the forbidden fruit.

"Did God, who made you, and professes to love you, refuse to allow you to eat of this fruit?" the serpent asked slyly.

The startled woman replied, "He allows us to feast on all the other fruit; but if we eat of that on this tree, He has told us we shall surely die."

The beautiful creature answered cunningly, "Oh, no, you really wouldn't die you know. Why just look at me; since I have eaten of it I have obtained the gift of speech! This fruit will make you just like God, for you will know evil as well as good!"

The woman listened to him. His reasoning sounded plausible. She put forth her hand, plucked some fruit, and ate of it. Thus was sin first introduced into the world.

On another memorable occasion the deceiver sat near Jesus and His disciples, listening while the Master told of the experiences He would pass through.

"I shall go up to Jerusalem," said He, "and the chief priests and elders will cause Me to be put to death. I must lie in the tomb until the third day, and then I will rise again."

The deceiver could not bear to let the disciples be prepared and fortified by Jesus' words. Also he was supremely anxious to discourage Jesus in carrying out His plans. So he borrowed Peter's tongue, for Peter was spokesman for the group.

"Lord," he said, "a person who can work the miracles you can work need not submit to such cruel treatment. You need not die!"

Jesus heard the words of the arch-

H. A. ROBERTS



★ Borrowed Tongues ★

By E. LORENA LOSEY

deceiver, issuing from Peter's lips. He knew who had borrowed Peter's tongue. So he said, "Get thee behind Me, Satan! Your plans are not God's plans!" And thus Jesus triumphed over the deceiver.

Carl and Gary were great chums. Sometimes Gary was at Carl's home; sometimes Carl was at Gary's. Their friendship seemed almost like that of David and Jonathan.

One night the deceiver occupied a chair at Gary's home. No one saw him, of course, but he was there nonetheless. He was pondering a weighty problem—how to accomplish Carl's downfall. Gary he had already lined up on his side. So he borrowed Gary's tongue.

"Say, Carl," said Gary presently, "how about a game of pinochle?"

Carl was aghast. He was a good church member, and supposedly Gary was too.

"Why, Gary, I never played a game of cards in my life. I don't know how. And besides, it's wrong to play cards!"

"Oh, lots of good church members play cards," asserted the deceiver, still using Gary's tongue. "In fact, my older brother, who taught me how, is a member of the church. Why, he even attended Adventist schools! He says it's just an old foggy notion that it's wicked to play cards. It's really only an innocent pastime."

Carl did not realize that the deceiver was speaking through Gary, so it was not long before Gary was explaining the game to him. Before the summer was over, the boys had become all but professional gamblers and were spending most of their leisure hours at the game.

Dolores was a typist in a large downtown office. One day the boss's secretary—Please turn to page 22

Information Questionnaire

FOR THE GENERAL CONFERENCE SECRETARY

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.



VERNON NYE
ARTIST

at home and in mission fields, calls for information workers. Will you kindly fill in this blank as fully as possible, regarding as a call to employment either at home or abroad with the General Conference Secretariat. Please indicate your age, sex, education, if you are married, and your occupation; other

Part I

By HOWARD A. MUNSON

The Call Came

THE mission fields always have beckoned me; but after a stirring appeal I heard two years ago, I could resist no longer, and decided to give myself unreservedly to mission service. It did not matter to me where I might be called.

My first concern was about the age requirements. Had I volunteered too late in life? Another concern was the education of our children. In talking with Pastor E. D. Dick I found a good friend and counselor. He assured me that men of my age were needed in the mission field, but he advised that our children should finish their academy work before we considered a call. However, blanks were filled out, and we parted, with the understanding that I would be ready when needed.

This happened at Autumn Council, and I had no opportunity to consult my wife. But I was not taking a chance in meeting with her approval, for I knew of her keen missionary spirit, her devotion to the cause of God, and her willingness to make any sacrifice for His interests. Upon arriving home I found that my confidence in her proved to be correct. She was as happy as I over the decision, and was ready to go anywhere that God could use us.

Our work in one of our medical institutions went on as usual. We never forgot our consecration, but as time went on many questions went through our minds. Did we have the qualifications of missionaries? Should we be preparing for some special field? The months ran into a year, and then into the second year.

Just two years later an official letter came from the General Conference asking

whether we would accept work in a certain field. Some have asked whether the decision was hard to make. No, not at all. We had decided two years before. Why should we hesitate now that God had actually called us? Our answer went back that we were willing and ready.

We knew we had good health, but would it prove good enough for a term of mission service? Health is an asset we do not rightly value when we have it. We go through life without realizing that our daily acts may be cutting down our efficiency and shortening our lives. Had we cared for ourselves well enough in the past?

Then followed examinations, questions, tests, and shots by the dozen. There were so many that we thought we would finally get accustomed to them, but the last dreaded needle was just as full of anguish (mostly mental) as the first. Finally word came: "Your medical reports have proved entirely satisfactory, and health clearance has been voted." What welcome news!

Now came weeks of preparation involving selling, buying, conversations, letter writing, and the scores of duties necessary to make a complete change of environment. What to take? What to leave? Should we ship furniture? What are conditions in the new field? Who could give us official information?

We cannot speak too highly of the men at the General Conference. They kept a stream of correspondence coming to us, laden with good advice about everything.

One example of how this helped us may be of interest. When we went to the brokerage firm to have our insurance papers made out, they asked many questions. It seems that they did not want to give this type of insurance. Their conclusion was, "Well, if you want this, you will have to see that your goods are packed properly and that each box is numbered. Give us an itemized list of the contents of all boxes and the value of each item." We handed them the papers containing such a list. The clerk gave a start, and turning to another he said, "It didn't even surprise them. They have it all right here!" We were glad to tell them that we were backed by an organization that knows how to do things. I think their already wholesome respect for Seventh-day Adventists must have risen to a new high.

Friends in the new field, whom we had not even met yet, wrote us giving much valuable information, which kept us from making many costly mistakes. How we appreciated such kindness!

During the period of preparation one of the hardest things to meet was the concern of friends, both Adventists and others. It was evident that they wanted to be kind, and that they did not want to discourage us, but they could not agree with our decision. They would guardedly question:

"So you are going to the mission field? Do you think you will like it?"

We explained, "Well, you see, it is not
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THE stories that a California police sergeant told me should make any thinking person realize the disaster to be found in the wake of the flood of alcohol which is now sweeping hundreds of thousands of American homes before it. Certainly this officer ought to know the facts, for he has spent twenty-six years on the police force in the wettest State in the United States.

California consumes so much liquor that the head of the liquor control board recently declared that apparently its citizens are not only drinking all their own locally produced product, but also are trying to soak up the surplus from the other forty-seven States and Canada. Only the District of Columbia has a higher rate of liquor consumption per capita!

Here are a few of the incidents the sergeant related:

A young mother appeared voluntarily in court and begged for and secured a three-month jail sentence from the judge. She had found herself slipping steadily toward the abyss of drunkenness, with no power left in herself to grasp anything that would check her fall. While sober for the moment she had weighed herself by her own standards, and had found herself unfit to be a mother and without hope for improvement. Her many good resolutions had been demolished by the drive of a habit she tearfully admitted she could not break. Her only chance for rehabilitation was to have herself imprisoned for a time in the hope that her craving for liquor would ease, and permit her once more to be the master of her own body.

A cook in a large city restaurant who was paroled three times for drunkenness within one month went on his fourth spree within a thirty-day period, then turned himself in as a parole violator. While he served a jail sentence of several weeks' duration, his family had to shift for themselves or go hungry, and the restaurant found another cook.

Both a man and his wife were recently jailed for drunkenness. Their two children, ages eleven and thirteen, are being cared for by neighbors.

One drunk in this policeman's city recently received his one hundredth court sentence for drunkenness. Really he is a fine man when sober, but has tried unsuccessfully to break the habit. Four different times he has taken "cures" without being cured. He is almost a demon while under the influence of alcohol, and has treated his family so cruelly that his seventeen-year-old daughter has been forced to make many a frantic telephone call to the police for protection.

Another drunkard is now about to be committed to the insane asylum because his mind has broken down to the point where he does things even when apparently sober that no self-respecting person would do. *Three years ago this man was a steady, respected, hard-working husband.* The police officer confirmed what

WHO Wants a RING In His Nose?

By MURL VANCE

was told me by dozens of inebriates in one of our insane asylums some time ago when I secured permission to interview them: apparently, the drinking of wine breaks down the mentality and judgment faster than any other form of alcohol.

During the recent war a "protected" liquor store just over the line in an adjoining city remained open all night in brazen defiance of the State law. During the night the strong-arm men of this demon-possessed trade robbed the customers after they were too drunk to defend themselves. Those who resisted were brutally beaten, and some were killed. Three men, all with broken legs or ribs, fled the adjoining town within several weeks' time, declaring that they had been warned not to report to the police or they would be beaten still worse. Finally, after a number of their buddies had been abused, a group of marines went down one night and smashed thousands of dollars' worth of equipment, almost destroying the place. After that either there were fewer beatings or those who received them

never lived to report them. The place remained open twenty-four hours a day all during the war.

Let no one think that attending a Christian school and having Christian parents will necessarily protect one from becoming a slave to alcohol. A frantic call came to the station a short time ago from an Adventist doctor. The police sped out to his home in time to rescue the physician and his wife from their drunk-crazed son and his buddy, who were at the point of murdering them because the doctor would not supply the money for more liquor.

I went to school with a man who was educated in denominational schools and under Christian teachers who is now a hopeless addict of alcohol and possibly other drugs. He raved like a maniac the last time I visited him.

But we shall return to the testimony of the police sergeant. "What per cent," I asked him, "of the police department is occupied with the lawlessness of drinkers?"

"I'd say 90 per cent of all arrests by



Ninety Per Cent of All Arrests by the Traffic Bureau Are for Drunkenness

the traffic bureau," the officer replied, "are for drunkenness." He further clarified that statement by saying that this meant arrests, not merely those who received tickets. "When it comes to the police prowl cars," he went on, "I believe that at least 50 per cent of their calls are the result of drunkenness. At least 90 per cent of all family quarrels the police are called upon to settle are caused by liquor drinking." Having spent a twelve-hour night as a guest in a police prowl car recently in a near-by city, I believe his estimate is very conservative. Drinking was certainly the chief cause of most of the calls we sped to that night.

"Since you were an officer for some time before the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, you should be in a position to compare conditions then with those now. How do they compare?" I asked.

"I can tell you this," he answered: "we have doubled the area of the drunk block in our jail since repeal. Conditions now and then only contrast; they do not compare. There was little drinking going on during prohibition in spite of all the false propaganda of the liquor interests to the contrary." He went on to explain how these interests spent millions of dollars buying newspapers and cornering advertising until they practically had a stran-

gle hold on the press of the United States. Then the word went out that every story concerning liquor must have the theme running through it: "Prohibition is a failure," or else! With every newspaper and magazine shouting this in almost every issue, it was natural that soon the people came to believe it.

"The condition is rapidly getting worse," the officer went on to say. "The State or Federal Government gets practically all the revenue from the sale of liquor, leaving the city to cope with the enormous expenses of crime, poverty, broken homes, disease, and insanity which result. Jails, hospitals, and other institutions which care for drunks or their families are filled to overflowing, and there is no relief in sight. We are as yet nowhere near the peak of the harvest resulting from the seed we have been sowing and are continuing to sow."

The officer told me of actual attempts by the liquor interests and their organized criminals to intimidate police officers and city councilmen who were not willing to grant "protection" to the liquor seller in his flagrant law violations.

We discussed the fact that there is more bootleg liquor being sold now than there was during prohibition. In addition to the enormous amount on which the Federal

tax has been paid, it is today easier than ever for a bootlegger to pour his illegal product into the empty bottles found everywhere, and sell it for less than the price asked at licensed stores. It is hard to catch the bootlegger, because it is impossible to tell the difference between an illegally drunk drunk and a legally drunk drunk. During prohibition a drunkard was immediate evidence of illegality, and it was only necessary to watch him to find the source of his liquor supply.

Thanking the officer for his assistance, I turned my car homeward. I had gone only a few miles when I saw two men fighting beside the road. One got the other down and held him with a punishing hold. Inquiring as to the cause of the trouble, I learned that the man being held had come within an inch of killing the other with his car. Witnesses had succeeded in blocking the machine so that it could not be driven, but the driver had tried to run away before he could be taken into custody.

When the police arrived a few minutes later, the drunken driver got to his feet and staggered over to the police car. He was just another victim among the millions of Americans who are content to let a ring be forged in their noses and to be led around by the liquor interests!

WILLIE PAYE'S FAITH PAYS OFF

By G. N. BANKS

WILLIE PAYE had never even heard of the American Foreign Economic Mission in Liberia. He had only heard that the mission



needed some workmen, and had decided to go to the headquarters in Monrovia to try to get one of the jobs. Willie was an African boy from the Kpelle country beyond the Liiwa Mission Station, about one hundred and fifty miles in the interior of Liberia. In his younger days he had come to the Seventh-day Adventist mission and had heard the story of Jesus and the plan of salvation for the first time. His heart was touched, and he gave himself to God, entered the hearers' group, later the baptismal class, and finally was baptized.

It was several years after Willie had become an Adventist that he came to the Economic Mission's headquarters, and found the man who did the hiring. When he applied for employment he was asked for his qualifications. Willie told him, among other things, that he was a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. This caught the employer's interest, for

he had been looking for a man to put in a particular job that required special trustworthiness. He was not too sure that Willie was all he claimed

to be, but he had a plan that would soon tell him what he wanted to know. He knew many of the native boys loved cigarettes. Even if they did not smoke them, they could still be sold at good wartime shortage profits. The employer told Willie he was hired; then he took a new package of cigarettes from his pocket, opened it, took out one, and offered the package to Willie.

He thanked him, but shook his head in refusal. The employer seemed surprised, and asked whether he did not use cigarettes the same as all the other boys did. No, Willie told him, he did not smoke or have any dealing in tobacco. The man then took the package and put it in Willie's shirt pocket, where he knew others would see it and try to buy one or more smokes from him. He told the boy that he was leaving the cigarettes in his care, and that he would call for them later.

What was Willie to do? If he carried them where all could see them, someone who knew him might think he was smoking. If he carried them where they could not be seen, then his employer might think he could not be trusted to do as he was told. He decided to keep them in his pocket right where they had been placed, for he felt that not only his fitness for the job was at stake but his faith was being tested as well. Also, the man might know that Seventh-day Adventists do not touch cigarettes, and might be watching to see what he would do. In any case, he knew that he must be loyal to his God.

In the meantime, the employer, knowing that Seventh-day Adventists do not smoke and that they hold the high standard of honesty, said nothing, but kept his eye on Willie Paye and his shirt pocket. After several days had passed, he called Willie from his work and asked for the cigarettes. When he received them he counted each one, for he knew he had taken out only one when he first gave the package to the boy. He had seen the boys talking to Willie from time to time, and he knew they were trying to persuade him to let them have just one cigarette. When he tried to explain, they answered that the white man would never ask for them again, that whenever he gave them a cigarette he never asked for it back. None of these appeals had moved this Seventh-day Adventist lad, however; and when the employer counted the cigarettes, all

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

ANN, what is the matter? Wake up! Wake up!" "Oh, Aunt Jane, I have been having the most terrible dream! It was so real—and it *could* happen too!" Ann covered her face with her hands.

"Now, my dear, you must not get so upset over a dream. Things will look much better after you have had your shower and your breakfast. Everyone has bad dreams occasionally. Just try to forget all about it," her aunt advised.

"Oh," sighed Ann, "I never could bear to have Jesus look at me that way!" She hid her face in the pillow. "He knows I repeated those things the girls were saying about Muriel. I didn't really believe them, so why did I repeat them? Oh, I can't bear it." And she began to sob.

"There, there dear, let me help you dress. We will talk it over later."

Ann sat up, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and sobbed, "Aunt Jane, you always have been able to help me before, but this time I don't see how *anyone* can help me."

Aunt Jane had been both father and mother to Ann since the death of her parents five years before. They lived in a big old-fashioned house halfway up the block, and Ann had never known any other home. From here she had trudged off to school as a little girl. She was now a member of the academy graduating class. Nature had given her a sunny personality, which made her popular, and she wore the happy look of one who is glad to be alive. Muriel too was a member of the senior class, but she was a newcomer to town, a quiet, reserved girl who spent most of her spare time practicing on the piano.

A little later, when it was time for morning worship, Aunt Jane suggested they take time after studying the Sabbath school lesson to go over Ann's problem, for she could see that the girl still was very much disturbed by the memory of her dream.

Ann drew a low stool up close to her aunt's chair and began her story. "My dream was about Muriel, Aunt Jane, that rather plain, dark-haired girl with the big blue eyes I brought home to lunch with me about two weeks ago. She seems nice, but none of us girls have ever become very well acquainted with her, for she always has to hurry home to practice her music lesson.

"In my dream she was traveling over a dangerous road. There were mountains on one side, a deep gorge on the other side, and the road itself contained a great many rocks and pitfalls.

"I could see her as she stumbled and fell over the stones, but I was not close enough to help her. She was crying too. Just over the hill she dropped from sight; and there in her place stood Jesus. He was looking at me searchingly, Aunt Jane. His face was kind, but stern.

"You and your friends have forced



GENDEAU

Flying Words

By MILDRED PRESLEY HOEKSTRA

Muriel to take this hazardous road,' He said. His accusing voice made me tremble so that I could hardly stand. 'She was cruelly hurt by the knowledge of the gossip going on about her and by the snubs she received from many of you. She even lost her faith—first in people and finally in Me. All this has made her physically ill. Muriel is one of My children. I died for her. Ann, you have told Me many times that you love Me, but no one can truly love Me and hurt one of Mine.'

"Oh, Aunt Jane, it was terrible. Jesus looked at me sadly, as though His heart would break. 'Ann,' He said finally, 'Your name must be stricken from the book of life!' I gasped, but He went right on talking. 'I had hoped that you and Muriel and all the girls in your class would be with Me in the new earth. I have a beautiful home prepared for each of you, but no one can enter that land of light and life who loveth on maketh a lie.' And then He turned sorrowfully away.

"Aunt Jane, I did repeat some things which the girls told me about Muriel. I didn't really believe them at the time, and I have learned since that they were just stories made up because one of the girls was jealous of the high marks Muriel was receiving in school.

"When Muriel heard the stories she cried and told us they were not true. Some of the girls believed her, and some

of them did not. Later, Aunt Jane, I even talked with the girl who started the stories. She told me she hadn't expected the tales to grow the way they had and she said she would do anything to take them back again. I would too, Aunt Jane. On the way home yesterday a girl who goes to another school stopped and told me that she had heard all about Muriel, and laughed when I assured her those stories were not true. Just suppose Muriel goes to a public school next year! Suppose she even leaves the church because of the cruel gossip! Her face is pale, and she looks heartsick if not physically sick. What can I do?"

Aunt Jane sat quietly for a while before speaking. "God will forgive you for the things you have repeated," she told Ann finally; "and He will forgive all the other girls for their part in spreading the gossip, if you are all sorry and ask for His forgiveness. Probably Muriel too will forgive you if you only ask her to do so. None of you need to have your names taken out of the book of life. However, the rest of the problem is much harder."

Aunt Jane put her arm about the girl's shoulders. "Ann, have you ever tried to gather up all the down from a milkweed pod once you have opened it and scattered the little winged seeds over the countryside? No one can get all of them back into the pod again. It is that way

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DID you ever hear of a poor millionaire? Of course you have. There were many of them on the Titanic when the North Atlantic swallowed the ship, with its precious cargo of humanity. The combined wealth of the eleven millionaires who lost their lives totaled nearly \$200,000,000. In that hour they were poor. Not one would have mentioned money then. The papers reported that a certain major who was saved left more than \$300,000 in money, jewelry, and securities in a box in his cabin. In telling of the incident after reaching New York, he said, "The money seemed a mockery at that time. I picked up three oranges instead."

Let us consider what the millionaire has that you and I have not. He has plenty of money in the bank or in securities or somewhere. Ask him whether that fact makes him happy. He will probably tell you he suffers more miseries than the poorest man. He can enjoy only what money will buy. He can achieve no satisfaction from money except as he buys those things which bring pleasure to the same five senses which you and I possess. And happiness is never gained from the spending of money for pleasure's sake. So he is poor.

In contrast, you and I, though our pocketbooks be lean, can be rich in the true sense of the word. The Creator of heaven and earth and humanity understands the need for gratification of the five senses with which He endowed the natural man, the need for tangible things to lift the spirit. The Word of God, with all its rich revelations, and the sublime expectancy of perfect life to follow a brief sojourn in the darkness of this world were not enough. So He gave us wealth untold.

But some of us are misers. We hoard our fabulous wealth, and the happiness that attends it, behind closed doors. Let us open the door wide and take stock of our riches. Because we know that money of itself has not the slightest affinity with happiness—the goal of all mankind—we can leave money out of our reckoning entirely. Of what then do our assets consist? Our wealth is inventoried in God's other book, the glories of His creation, in which we may browse to our hearts' content and feast every sense of our beings. When we accept this gift that beggars all description, and make it our own, it continually contributes to symmetry of character limited only by our own cultivated insensibility.

Without money and without price, the true wealth of the world is ours. Is art your special relish? Then let's visit nature's art gallery, ever changing, never wearisome by the same pictures hung upon the walls.

First, we go to the high-altitude country. Here the hemlocks grow stately. Just look up through their gracefully drooping, dark-green boughs framing a silver moon and silhouetted against the twilight

sky. You feel as if you *must* paint that picture or write a poem—but no, were you ever so gifted, your efforts to capture the scene would be futile. No one can fully capture the beauty of the original. It must be seen firsthand.

Now we shall seek a vantage point where the majestic peaks rise in never-ending splendor. What a panorama! We are up five thousand feet ourselves, so we can claim a degree of sociability with these giants of the centuries. There, feast your eyes on the scene. One can never get enough of just *looking*. Notice the transparent blue haze that envelops the more distant hills and condenses in the valleys. The tree-covered slopes blend in a mantle of green, and the sunlight and cloud shadows form interesting patterns upon them. The cloud formations hovering over their summits complete the breath-taking scene. Now we know why the psalmist said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

On the Atlantic Coast I saw an unforgettable picture. I long ago ceased trying to fathom Nature's vagaries in her art productions, but I want you to try to see it with me, if you can, in this feeble way. I arrived just at sunset. The sandpipers were having the time of their lives running along this undisturbed part of the beach. The surf was rolling in peacefully, trimmed with white froth ruffles. I thought this was enough, but then the moon rose. It laid a rippling silver path across the water from beach to horizon; and then radiating out from the moon, appeared soft, broad beams of light in pastel pink and gold. It was a perfect design. I have never heard of anything like it. But that is Nature's way. It was only one of her surprises. That picture, with all its delightful enchantment, I want to keep hanging on memory's wall.

Springtime in the dogwood country! Just stand under a canopy of this clean whiteness and try to think a mean thought. One who learns to appreciate Nature's art finds that he has not enough eyes in the springtime. She opens her little packages and brings out fresh new life so fast that we are bound to miss something. I cannot help thinking, "What must heaven be like! for you know 'eye hath not seen' anything like it."

Now let us go down to the South country. Here are pictures to cherish. A famed river is bordered by great moss-draped water oaks, its deep-brown waters gliding silently to the sea. How it breathes memories of song and story! And here is a marsh deeply carpeted with acres and acres of water hyacinths in full bloom. In the midst of this expanse of lush green and orchid stands a lone crane, a snow-white



COURTESY, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

YOU A

By MILDRE

sentinel perched motionless high on one reed-like leg. We go on and on, past placid bayous with water lilies riding on the mirror surface, and framed by massive cypress trees and oaks garlanded with moss. We see the stately, long-leaf pines marching across the peaceful, rolling hills; the white-dotted vastness of the cotton fields ready to clothe the world.

Did you say the South does not know the beauty of snow and ice? Well, here again Nature has a surprise in store for us. One morning when we awakened it was as if "we looked upon a world unknown, on nothing we could call our own."

We had heard the rain turn into sleet after dark, and during the night we heard ominous cracking of the tree branches, but little did we dream what the dawn would present. Our world had been turned into a fairyland. City streets were transformed into dazzling beauty. Every power wire, every fence, every twig on every tree, was thickly encased in ice. The rising sun found a million prisms to break up its light, and we walked amid a galaxy

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



E RICH

E JOHNSON

of sparkling jewels. Could one ever be bored who delights in art direct from the brush of the great Master Artist of the universe?

Did you say that you like music, and that it takes money to provide good music? Does it? Have you ever wandered through the dim aisles of a great forest cathedral and listened to the symphonic melodies of the wind through the lofty treetops? Or have you heard the staccato dance of the poplar leaves as they catch the spirit of a playful summer breeze? And there is nothing in the world like the minor strain of the pine-tree melodies. Have you ever gone to sleep to the monotonous charm of a mountain stream's allegrettos? If you prefer an entire orchestration, then get up at dawn some spring morning, go to a wooded spot, sit down, and be still. This will be the time and the place when you will hear myriad little artists salute the dawn with unsurpassed sunrise rhapsodies. You will wonder from whence they all came.

It is as if they would declare with the poet:

"I am still rich.
The morning comes with old-time cheer;
The sun breaks through the blurring mist;
And all the sorrows of the night
By newborn rays of hope are kissed.
Up and rejoice! a spirit cries,
What is your loss, with morning skies!" *

Do you like to hike? If you do, you know one of the keenest enjoyments given to mankind. If you do not, may I venture the thought that you are missing half your life? The deep-piled carpet of woodland trails caresses cement-weary feet, and forest fragrance is elixir for the whole being. I have never yet taken a hike, long or short, alone or not, that did not present some adventure. We who live in city suburbs speed in our automobiles past interests we little dream of. If you say you prefer your hikes to provide something more exciting than finding wild flowers, I will tell you about my unsuspecting walk through the woods in company with my friend the collicie, which produced a magnificent battle between dog and huge black-snake. It seemed to be great sport for both—the snake rearing to the limit of its ability, striking at every favorable moment; the dog using his best tricks to get in a bite at the proper time and place. Neither inflicted injury on the other, and it ended peaceably, with the dog getting tired of it all and the reptile gliding into the near-by lake. It was a thrill for all concerned, I am sure.

Creation was founded on love; it was God's gift of love to mankind; and "love begets love." How it works in the woods! The wild creatures uncannily recognize their friends. Birds and squirrels will eat from the hand they know is comradely. The trapper and hunter do not wear this badge. They miss the real thrill, because fear stalks with them. But it is as if some magic word has been spoken for him who truly loves God's creation. Everything responds to this love. Nature is ready to teach him the wisdom of the wild. He reaches into a laboratory that reveals to him how truly man's wisdom is "foolishness with God." Here are the height and depth of omnipotent knowledge shining through earth's pall of sin. Here is written so that all can read: "God is love."

One does not have to be a naturalist or have leisure time for travel in order to enjoy God's other book. I do not know a single botanical or biological name for these things I love, but does one have to know the chemical composition of his friends to enjoy them? We know them by their common names, their habits, their

mannerisms, their personalities. It is so with Nature. Most of us are obliged to spend most of our days earning a living, but few are completely detached from these things I have endeavored to visualize through the futile medium of words. They are all at our door, so to speak, with perhaps some extra delights added by a vacation trip now and then.

But we must not be earth bound. Consider the stars. You remember the couplet about the two men behind prison bars. There was nothing worth looking at, nothing to lift the soul out of despond; but one of them saw the stars. Have you ever been afflicted with a tinge of ego? Then reach out into the mysteries of the universe; behold the starry vastness above you and realize that all is order and precision, "not one faileth"; gain a faint comprehension of the enormity of suns, the infinity of space. Consider one constellation that is large enough to contain our solar system. How small and insignificant it makes one feel! Then you will share the feeling that David must have had when he said, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?"

But they are friendly stars. If you stray too far from the beaten track and lose all sense of direction, they will guide you back. One who has found a keen interest in the panorama above his head is never weary of the companionship of the stars. He feels that an old friend has returned when Orion, followed by his hunting dogs, stalks above the horizon. A boundless realm of charm is opened to the possessor of even a pair of field glasses. The Milky Way will be revealed, not as a luminous band of light circling the heavens, but as an unimaginable sea of stars. If you are fortunate to be in the company of Jupiter, your glasses may be strong enough to show several of his moons. Or Saturn's oblong shape may give you a hint of the rings. You will observe that Venus is most dazzlingly bright in its crescent phase. Try locating some of the double stars and star clusters by the aid of a map, and your glasses may even give you a hint of the presence of some of the great nebulae. You will want to find the constellation that looks like "a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid," which the ancients called Berenice's Hair. The best thrill awaits you if you can look through a telescope into the "open space" in Orion, through which we are told the city of God will descend. Someone has said, "There is pleasure in the pathless woods; but there is greater pleasure in exploring the infinite meadows of heaven." Oh, truly, "the heavens declare the glory of God."

Best of all, one cannot become satiated with all these God-given delights of earth and sea and sky. They are designed to contribute to perfection of character, ex-

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* "I Am Rich," by Thomas Curtis Clark, in *Poems That Touch the Heart* selected by A. L. Alexander. (Garden City Publishing Company, Inc.)

A Tribute to Mother

By VIRGINIA BEYER

AS I sit here in my dormitory room, it seems that my mother is thousands of miles away, but really there are only five hundred miles between us. Nevertheless, I miss her so much that it could be a million, and it would make no more difference.

I miss her cool hand upon my head, when she used to listen to all my childish woes and straighten out the tangled threads of life for me.

There was no father in our home, yet mother did her best to be both parents to me. Mother was strict. I have no doubt of that. She used to read her Bible much, and sometimes I thought she read the verse which told her to spare the rod and spoil the child, more than she needed to. However, I have no question that every spanking given me was well-deserved punishment.

After my weeping had subsided, mother would take me on her lap. There were tears in her eyes when she told me of God's love, and how hurt He was when I did wrong, and how He so much wanted me to grow up to be a good girl. I made earnest resolutions never to do wrong again, and asked mother to forgive me. Then we both knelt, and I asked Jesus to forgive me also, and she prayed that He would help me stand for right.

How much like our earthly parents is our heavenly Parent, always willing to forgive and forget. And I imagine that when Jesus sees our wickedness, He has tears in His eyes too.

Yes, mother was a constant reader of the Bible. Often when she could not sleep I would awaken to find her reading the Scriptures. What better thing could she have done? In the stillness of the night the Holy Spirit could commune with her, while her worldly cares were put aside and all was quiet and peaceful.

Mother always had a great burden to help others spiritually. Although we lived sixteen miles from the nearest large city, she would often go to town to order and sell Christian literature. We were living in a little four-room cottage, and after setting the tiny table for supper I would go to the top of the hill and wait for a glimpse of her returning from her day's work. Our house was a mile from the main highway, down a quiet little side road. Usually I started to meet her as soon as I caught sight of her. Whether or not it was from straining my eyes to see, I do not know, but there always appeared to be a shining light behind her. I felt as if that were an angel, guiding and protecting her from any danger. I mentioned

this to her once, and she laughed; but nevertheless, I believe that God's angel was always with her whether or not he was visible.

While mother worked, I can remember going out many times into the woods behind our home to pick up chips and small branches for our fire at night. At the time I was rather rebellious about having to pick up sticks just as any poor orphan girl might, because none of my little friends had that as one of their regular chores. Now I see it was a real help, and was good discipline too.

We did not always have the luxuries which others had, but we had good nourishing food. Rarely if ever was butter seen on our table; but I did not mind the little sacrifices such as this, for did not mother make life happy and interesting despite our lacks?

I did not think of it then, but it must have taken much courage for her to continue when there were so many and such great difficulties to face. I am sure that her power to keep on keeping on came from her long talks with the One who is all sufficient and all powerful. We used to begin our prayers together, and in a moment I would be finished, but she would pray on for what seemed to me hours, so slight was my sense of need of heavenly strength.

During my years in grade school the Christmas program was the one big event of the year. I always had a new dress for the occasion. One year mother was making my dress of beautiful red plaid wool. Through some interruption, which I have forgotten now, the day before the program came and the dress was not nearly completed. I was greatly worried, for I had told my special girl friend all about my new

dress. What would I say if I did not have it to wear to the program? Mother, sensing how much this meant to me, sewed almost all that day, doing much of the work by hand, since we did not have a sewing machine. When I came home from school, all that was left to do was to turn up the hem. I stood as quietly as I could in my excitement while mother measured the skirt all around the bottom.

By this time it was getting dark. I went to get the kerosene to fill the lamps, but to my dismay found not one drop left. A big lump welled up in my throat, for I felt that now for a certainty I could not wear my new dress that evening. But mother, although she did not like to borrow, went across the road to our neighbor's house to see if they would lend us just a little oil so that she might finish her task of love. That night when I stood with the other girls singing carols, my heart was full to overflowing with happiness.

As I grew older, mother worked, sacrificed, and saved that I might continue in Christian schools. Often she went without that I might have a new dress or a new pair of shoes that my heart desired. She never thought of herself.

She has given more than half her life to provide me with a happy childhood, and now she is helping me obtain an education equal to the best. As I prepare myself to give more efficient service to my Lord, I am fulfilling some of mother's dreams and some of her fondest hopes, for she always wanted to be a nurse. I shall try to be one of whom she can be proud. She has given much, and yet what has she

—Please turn to page 19

H. M. LAMBERT

I Always Shall Thank
God That He Gave Me
One of the Best Mothers
on Earth





The BROWN ENVELOPE

By MRS. JOHN UNDERHILL

PLEASE, Daddy," begged Marjorie, "please let us go—we like Sabbath school."

"You heard me," stormed daddy. "I said, 'No,' and I meant it. I'm tired of this foolishness. Every Friday evening it's the same routine of church music, memory verses, and prayers. All week long it is practice for the program and lesson study. Now it's going to stop!"

"But, Jack," began mother in her soft voice, "remember your mother tried to bring you up in the church."

"Catherine, you leave my mother out of this. If it were not for my mother, you would never have had such foolish ideas. I know she made me learn memory verses, hymns, and prayers; but they are in the past, and forgotten. I'm through with it all. I won't let Margie and Donnie endure what I did. And another thing: every bit of extra money that comes into this house has been going into the mission offering. That too must stop. For all I care, the heathen can get their money the way I do—work for it!"

"But, Daddy, please—the program——" began Marjorie.

"No, Margie; I said, 'No!'"

Marjorie and Donnie had never seen their father so cross. Mother was swallowing hard to keep the tears back.

"We were going to sing in the program," said Donnie. "And we have our offering——"

Both children burst into tears of disappointment. Mother too was crying softly.

"Well, if you feel that way about it, all right, go! But I'm going out!" Daddy stamped across the floor, grabbed his hat from its hook, and slammed the door behind him.

Donnie and Marjorie pulled aside the window curtain and peered into the darkness, but he was gone.

"W—will he come back?" asked Donnie.

Mother did not answer. She had gone into her bedroom to pray.

"Let's pray too," suggested Marjorie, and the children knelt by the davenport. All was quiet for a few moments. Then Marjorie said, "Amen," and they rose.

EWING GALLOWAY

With Happy Hearts the Bailey Family Sat Together in Church That Thirteenth Sabbath. To Father the Music Was as Sweet as Angels' Songs

OCTOBER 19, 1948

"What shall we do now?" asked Donnie. "Shall we play marbles? I'll let you use my new shooter." He thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Say! Here is my Sabbath school quarter. I forgot to put it in the envelope. You line up the marbles while I put it away."

Donnie went to the little drawer in the buffet where they kept their Sabbath school things. He looked under the memory verse book, under the *Quarterly*, under the pile of *Little Friends*.

"Hurry up, Donnie," called Marjorie, waiting with a little row of marbles before her on the border of the rug.

"What did you do with the mission envelope?" called Donnie.

"It is right there on top of the song-book."

"I can't see it."

Mother and Marjorie joined in the search for the little brown envelope, but it just was not there. Suddenly mother stopped looking. Her lips trembled, and she stared into space.

"Mother, you don't think that daddy took it?" asked Marjorie. "He certainly

wouldn't take *Jesus'* money would he?"

"Go play, children. It will soon be time for the lesson study."

"Let's study our lesson now," suggested Marjorie. "Then we can have a special prayer for daddy."

For a long time after the children had said their prayers and had gone to bed, Mrs. Bailey sat reading, thinking, praying—wondering if she were doing the right thing. But her conviction was strong that the Lord would see her through. If only Jack had responded to his mother's teaching. If only Mother Bailey were here. Surely Mother Bailey's sweet Christian character, her love for the Master, would win this son someday, even as they had won her heart. But she would continue to do her best to bring up the children in keeping with the definite instructions of the Lord to keep the commandments, in spite of Jack's protests.

Mother Bailey knew that Jack opposed the family's going to Sabbath school, but she did not know that he went downtown now and then to get away from hymns and prayers and family worship. It would



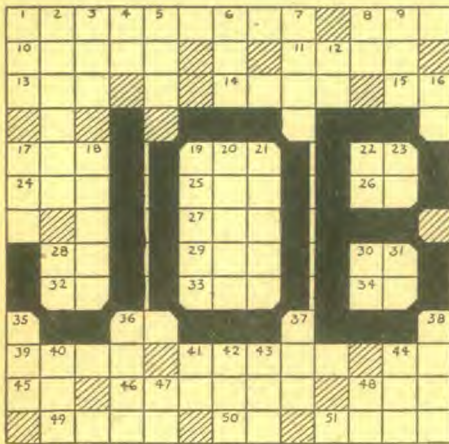
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Job

(From Job)

ACROSS

- 1 "rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt
" 1:5
8 "errors of God do . . . themselves in array" 6:4
10 "My soul is . . . of my life" 10:1
11 Job had many sheep, camels, and . . . 1:3



- 13 "called for their three sisters to . . . and to
drink" 1:4
14 "in all the . . . were no women found so fair"
42:15
15 "surely God will not . . . wickedly" 34:12
17 "whose trust shall be a spider's . . ." 8:14
19 Obtain
22 " . . . all this Job sinned not" 1:22
24 Stir
25 Hurrah
26 "I only am escaped alone . . . tell thee" 1:15
27 "cause me to understand wherein I have . . . ed"
6:24
28 Man's nickname
29 Dined

- 30 "and hath burned . . . the sheep" 1:16
32 "my stroke . . . heavier than my groaning" 23:2
33 "fell upon . . . young men, and they are dead"
1:19
34 Zoological Society (abbr.)
36 " . . . they sat down with him upon the ground"
2:13
39 "feareth God, and escheweth . . ." 1:8
41 "the Lord gave Job . . . as much as he had be-
fore" 42:10
44 Mother
45 West Africa (abbr.)
46 "For the . . . of the Almighty are within me" 6:4
48 Possesses
49 "the . . . of affliction have taken hold upon me"
30:16
50 Compass point
51 "Then Job arose, and . . . his mantle" 1:20

DOWN

- 1 Be in debt to
2 "and one that . . . God" 1:1
3 "maketh collops of . . . on his flanks" 15:27
4 Son of Judah Gen. 38:2
5 Grain
6 Nothing
7 "there were born unto him seven . . . and three
daughters" 1:2
8 Compass point
9 "He setteth an . . . to darkness" 28:3
12 Ex dividend (abbr.)
16 "slain the servants with the edge . . . the sword"
1:17
17 "his . . . have I kept" 23:11
18 "and smote Job with sore . . ." 2:7
19 "they saw that his grief was very . . ." 2:13
20 "there is none like him in the . . ." 1:8
21 God was wroth with the . . . friend of Job.
22 " . . . may be that my sons have sinned" 1:5
23 "wander in a wilderness where there is . . .
way" 12:24
28 City of the Canaanites Josh. 8:1
30 Job lived in the land of . . . 1:1
31 Postscript
35 "Man that is born of a woman is of . . . days"
14:1
36 "Though he . . . me, yet will I trust in him" 13:15
37 American Chemical Society (abbr.)
38 "greatest of all the men of the . . ." 1:3
40 Voluntary Aid Detachment (abbr.)
41 Translation (abbr.)
42 Gained the victory
43 Industrial Workers of the World (abbr.)
44 "and that . . . was perfect and upright" 1:1
47 Recording Secretary (abbr.)
48 "the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when . . .
prayed for his friends" 42:10

—Key in next week's issue

grieve her to know that he drank, so he had been careful to hide that fact.

Finally Catherine put her Bible and papers away, for her heart was too full. What hurt her most was that her husband had taken the children's offering envelope to spend for drink. (His check would come tomorrow.) But how *could* he do such a thing, knowing how they had sacrificed to save its contents for missions? Surely he *knew*!

With a heavy heart she prepared for bed, listening each moment for the step on the porch that would tell her that Jack had returned. Again she knelt and poured out her grief to the loving heavenly Father, then went to bed and waited his uncertain return.

"All right, Fred, set 'em up. I have lots of money tonight. Come on, Jim, it's on me this time."

Jack took a little brown envelope from his pocket, and dumped the contents on the counter. The room was full of noise and smoke. Fred's was a small place, but it was well patronized. The booths and tables were nearly always filled.

After pouring the liquor into the glasses, Fred brushed the empty envelope onto the floor with his dustcloth. He glanced hastily at the words, "For Missions," printed on one side; then he looked at

Jack. What kind of a trick was this he was playing on Catherine? Didn't he realize what a good little wife he had? Just like Mother Bailey in many ways, went to the same church—oh, well, it was not *his* business where Jack got the money, it all went for the same thing. So Fred rang up the sale on the cash register, and went to wait on his other customers.

Jim and Jack took turns treating, until finally Jack's money was gone. It was nearing closing time, and Fred suggested, "Do you boys want a ride home? I'm going out your way."

"Home?" Jack's hilarity subsided as he thought of his little family. "No, I'm not going home, not tonight."

"What's the matter?" asked Jim. "Afraid to have your wife see you in that condition?"

Jack whirled around on the stool and said, "You're right, Jim. I don't dare go home. I'll find a place to sleep; don't worry about me." He walked a bit unsteadily out the door and down the street. He wandered aimlessly until he reached the park, then settled down on a bench. He did not think. His mind was too clouded for connected thoughts. He sat for a moment, then lay down in a semi-conscious state. He did not hear Fred's car stop at the curb, or voices, as Fred and Jim discussed what to do with him.

"Can't leave him here, Jim; looks like rain. He'll catch cold."

"Could take him home," suggested Fred. "He said he didn't dare go home—couldn't face Catherine and the children."

"Suppose we drag him across the street to that building," suggested Jim.

"That's a *church*!"

"What of it? He won't know where he is. It will be a good joke on him when he wakes up and finds that he slept in a church."

"All right, let's go. You take his feet; I'll take his shoulders. Ready?"

So Fred and Jim carried the unconscious Jack into the church.

"How is it they don't lock the doors?"

"Guess they think everybody else is honest because they are. Here, let's put him back in this little room out of the way. He will be dry now, if it rains. You got a good place to sleep in, Jack."

"Good place, all right!"

The two men closed the church door and went their homeward way laughing.

Although Jack Bailey slept heavily all the rest of the night, his wife Catherine lay awake counting the hours as the old town clock chimed at regular intervals. She listened for, and hoped to hear, the familiar step of her husband's feet, but when light began to show in the east, heralding the rising sun, she slept fitfully.

Frequently during the day—it was Friday—she glanced anxiously out the window; then with a heavy heart she resumed her work. She was greatly relieved when Fred called to reassure her that Jack was all right, sound asleep in a *good place*, and that she need not worry—he would be home shortly.

Yes, he would be home when it was all over, she knew. This had happened before. He had stayed away two days the time she was baptized, but he finally came back, penitent, ready to turn over a new leaf. He was kind and gentle to her and the children, until something new about the church or some special offering came up to anger him again.

When evening came, Marjorie and Donnie went with their Sabbath school teacher to the church to practice. They were to sing in the morning program, with the big pipe organ.

Donnie was thrilled as he felt the vibration of the instrument. Marjorie watched the setting sun gleaming like gold through the colored windows.

"I wish daddy could see those windows," she whispered to Donnie. "Maybe they would make him think about God."

Sweetly their childish voices blended with the chords of the music, as on through the song they sang. Now and then the teacher gave them a helpful suggestion, and they began over again.

Back in the dark little classroom Jack Bailey stirred. Partly conscious, he heard soft music, sweet and melodious. Then came voices, sweet childish voices, singing. He roused himself, opened his eyes.

Through the doorway he could see a square of light, golden and blended with rainbow hues.

"Must be heaven——" he breathed. "Angels singing round the throne, like mother used to read about in the Bible. But how did I get here? No; no it can't be; I'm not ready to go to heaven. But it *must* be—those golden lights, and angel voices!"

He lay back again and closed his eyes. The music ended. There were subdued voices, sounds of pattering feet; a door closed. Then all was silent.

Jack stretched his arms. They were stiff and cramped from the uncomfortable position in which he had been lying. His whole body ached from sleeping on the floor. With a groan he sat up and looked around. It was quite dark in the little room, but in the diminishing golden light that came through the windows he could see rows and rows of church pews! Was this a church? But how did he happen to be here? He had gone to the park, and then——

A church. That must have been church music he had heard. Had anyone seen him? He hoped not. His face was dirty, his hair uncombed, his clothing wrinkled and soiled. He listened. There was no sound except his own breathing. There was no one in the dark shadows. He was alone—alone in the empty church. But mother used to say, when he was a little boy, that "one is never alone in the house of God. The Holy Spirit and God's angels are always there."

"This is no place for *me*," Jack Bailey said to himself as he tried to rise from the floor. He groaned as he put his weight on his cramped feet, and groped toward the square of light. As he reached the door, his foot tripped, and he stumbled against a little table. Something fell lightly to the floor. Clumsily he picked it up. It was a little brown envelope. He held it toward the windows. Two words stood out in startling distinctness: "FOR MISSIONS."

With trembling hand he placed the familiar-looking envelope on the table. Something clutched at his heart, seemed to choke him. This was mother's church—Catherine's church. The church Marjorie and Donnie loved. The church that had mission offerings!

As he stood in the doorway looking across the rows of seats to the arched windows, a strange feeling of longing and homesickness filled his heart. It all came back to him: sitting with mother in church, hearing the choir sing, listening to stirring sermons and fervent prayers from consecrated men of God who stood behind the pulpit. At one time he had had a deep desire to serve the Lord; but as he grew older, he had yielded to the allurements of temptation, and had lost the vision. He had almost forgotten, and then Catherine had decided like his mother, to be a Seventh-day Adventist.

Every day it was brought before him in their home. The children were taught to pray, to sing hymns, read the Bible, learn memory verses, and save their money for missions. He had tried to escape by going down to Fred's, but now he found himself in the very church he had allowed himself to hate—alone with God!

Memory verses learned long ago came crowding into his mind:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

"For God so loved the world that He gave——"

"Thou shalt not steal."

"Oh, I can't face Catherine and the children; but I shall have to make it right. I took their mission envelope—God's money—spent it to satisfy my thirst for drink. *It was God's money!* There is a verse about robbing God—I learned it in Sabbath school—'Will a man rob God?' 'In tithes and offerings.' Have to put it all back—with interest, when I get my check. I'll double it! Oh, *why* did I take it in the first place?"

Kneeling down beside one of the seats, Jack Bailey made everything right with God. He knew God was there, for he felt His presence in his heart. He poured out his confession of sins and laid them at the foot of the cross. Then rising from his knees, he left the church, and with an unburdened heart went straight home.

Marjorie had just finished putting the silverware on the table, when she heard someone step on the porch. Donnie ran to see.

"It's daddy!" he called. Marjorie ran to meet her father.

"Donnie—Marjorie—Catherine!" he called out. "I'm home."

"Oh, Jack, we missed you——" greeted mother.

"Is it Sabbath yet? Am I too late for worship? I want to have worship *with* you tonight."

The little family were gathered in one loving embrace. Then Catherine said, "We waited for you, Jack. Somehow I knew that God would answer my prayers for you this time, so we waited. But come, supper is ready. While you wash and clean up, Marjorie and I will put the food on the table."

The little family heard the whole story as they partook of their evening meal. Then as they gathered on the davenport for evening worship, there were songs of rejoicing and gladness, as four voices joined the singing, and four heads bowed in earnest prayers of thanksgiving. Four hearts were knit together in love and Christian fellowship.

"I shall write to mother tonight," said Jack. "I want to tell her I have decided

to begin all over again and live for God."

"It will make her very happy," said Catherine. She opened her Bible to the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and read: "I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

"And tomorrow we will all go to church," said Jack.

"Daddy will hear our program," beamed Marjorie.

"But—our mission offering," began Donnie.

"As soon as I get my check——" Jack started to explain.



Address all correspondence to the Stamp Corner, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Please use commemorative stamps on all your Stamp Corner correspondence whenever possible.

Gold Discovered in California!

THE attractive California gold centennial stamp, issued at Coloma, California, January 24, 1948, commemorates the discovery one hundred years before of gold in California.

As the news of the discovery spread, it literally set the "adventurers of the world" on fire. In those days California was a far-off place on the map of the world. There were no continental trains, no Panama Canal.

The story of the discovery by James Marshall in the millrace of the sawmill he was building for John Sutter at Coloma, which is near Sacramento, is well known.

It is well to reflect a bit on what this discovery did for a struggling young nation. It brought to the country immigrants from all parts of the world. It developed the West Coast as nothing else could have done. It created a demand for transcontinental railways, telegraph, and roads. The postal system did much to develop a means for rapid transportation. What had been but a backward cattle-raising country became an industrial empire, and because of the increased population agriculture in general advanced.

I wonder how many of our stamp friends have read the book *Pioneering the Message in the Golden West*, by H. O. McCumber. I doubt that a more interesting account of God's providences can be found. The work in the West was founded under God, and today the resources of the West materially increase the means needed for the culmination of God's great last-day endeavor.

"It's here," said Catherine. "The boss brought it out this afternoon. I cashed it. The money is right there on the buffet."

"Fine. We'll take out the tithe first. Then we'll put twice as much as you had before, in an envelope, and mark it, 'For Missions.' I solemnly promise you children that such a thing will *never* happen again. *Never!*"

With happy hearts the Bailey family sat together in church that thirteenth Sabbath. Father was proud when Marjorie and Donnie stood with their classmates and sang. To him the music was as sweet as angels' songs.

When the offering was taken, Jack placed his contribution in the plate. And the children dropped in their generous mission offering which their father had more than made up to them with a willing heart, as a pledge to God that he would be faithful to the end of life in the matter of tithes and offerings.

Flying Words

(Continued from page 11)

with gossip. Words once spoken are beyond our control. You will not be able to undo *all* the damage you have done to Muriel, for there always will be some who are glad to believe the idle tales and will repeat them even if Muriel should be proved innocent beyond the shadow of a doubt. It is a terrible thing to tell evil stories about anyone, for tales grow alarmingly in the telling. You have not hurt Muriel's character, but you have put a tarnish on her reputation even though she has done nothing wrong. You can be extra kind to Muriel in words and actions in the future, and time will soften the pain in her heart. Most everyone will forget the stories as time goes on; but as long as one person remembers any part of the gossip, it can flare up again much as a smoldering fire can burst into sudden flame even though it seemed to be almost out.

"A quotation from 'The First Settler's Story' by Will Carleton was often repeated by my mother as a caution to us children as we were growing up, when we were tempted to repeat something we had heard:

'Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,

You can't do that when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire" is good advice, we know;
"Careful with words" is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,

But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.'"

"Aunt Jane, I would like to have those words framed so that I can see them every day. I believe God gave me that dream so that I would realize the power for good or for evil that there is in my words. I can see now that I could never hurt anyone if I only looked at them through



By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

This week's ten questions will test your knowledge of a variety of facts. A score of 60 is average, so any grade above that is excellent.

1. Is a bandoleer a broad belt, a kind of musical instrument, or a Spanish highway robber?

2. Does shorthand date from 63 B.C., A.D. 1602, or 1839?

3. Everyone knows that Mount McKinley is the highest mountain in North America, but is the highest mountain in South America Mount Kilimanjaro, Mont Blanc, or Mount Aconcagua?

4. How many persons were killed in automobile accidents in the United States last year—22,500, 32,500, or 42,500?

5. Would you be more likely to find a fiddlehead in an insect collection, in a tailor shop, or sailing the seven seas?

6. If you milk a cow three times a day instead of two, will she give more or less milk?

7. Which is nearer the South Pole—Cape Horn, Cape of Good Hope, or Cape Hatteras?

8. Is a choreographer one who designs dances, writes choral music, or a choir director?

9. Would you find a phylactery in a laboratory, Hebrew temple, or in a dairy?

10. Of the 96 chemical elements known to man, about half are used in manufacturing an automobile. True or false?

—Key on page 22

the eyes of Jesus. Auntie, let's pray together that God will help me *never* to repeat unkind stories again. And, auntie, I will do everything I can for Muriel to try and make up for the heartaches my tongue has caused her."

You Are Rich

(Continued from page 13)

pansion of mind, healing of body and soul. Man-made pleasures cannot do that. But too many of His children walk about with unseeing eyes, with stopped ears, with veiled minds, occupied by the cares of this life. Nature bids all such to accept her rich heritage and become truly acquainted with Him in whom there is life, and even here and now to wake up and live!

Choose Ye!

(Continued from page 6)

youth who finds joy in reading the Word of God, and in the hour of prayer, will be constantly refreshed by drafts from the fountain of life. He will attain a height of moral excellence and a breadth of

thought of which others cannot conceive. Communion with God encourages good thoughts, noble aspirations, clear perceptions of truth, and lofty purposes of action. Those who thus connect themselves with God are acknowledged by Him as His sons and daughters. They are constantly reaching higher and still higher, obtaining clearer views of God and of eternity, until the Lord makes them channels of light and wisdom to the world."

"Those who travel in the narrow way are talking of the joy and happiness they will have at the end of the journey. Their countenances are often sad, yet often beam with holy, sacred joy. They do not dress like the company in the broad road, nor talk like them, nor act like them. A pattern has been given them. A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief opened that road for them, and traveled it Himself. His followers see His footsteps, and are comforted and cheered. He went through safely; so can they, if they follow in His footsteps."

We also choose to receive His rewards. His invitation is, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." And what will that be? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Ellen G. White further points out that to delay our choice may mean eternal death. "I saw angels hurrying to and fro in heaven," she says. "An angel with a writer's inkhorn by his side returned from the earth, and reported to Jesus that his work was done, and the saints were numbered and sealed. Then I saw Jesus, who had been ministering before the ark containing the ten commandments, throw down the censer. He raised His hands, and with a loud voice said, '*It is done.*' And all the angelic host laid off their crowns as Jesus made the solemn declaration, 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still, and he that is holy, let him be holy still.' Every case had been decided for life or death." When that time comes, will *you* have chosen the heavenly kingdom?

Let us be encouraged by the precious assurance given by the Saviour Himself in John's Gospel: "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you." But do you appreciate the unfathomable love of God in foreordaining that you should enjoy eternal life? Do you realize that it is yours just to be grasped and held?

Remember the story of the poor blind beggar asking for alms at the street corner? The day was long, for not many passed by, and few stopped to drop coins

in his cup. After sleep had overtaken the weary pauper, a wealthy man of sympathetic heart came his way. He recognized the poor man's desperate need, and generously placed a gold coin of great value in his cup. But the beggar slept on, unaware of his good fortune. Another passer-by, unscrupulous and grasping, saw the sleeping beggar, and stole from him the valuable coin. "How foolish of the beggar not to stay awake!" you say. "How tragic for him not to know of his good fortune, and to lose it so quickly!" But are we not like the beggar who sleeps on while the greatest gift of this world rests in our hands? Many of us allow ourselves to be robbed of our greatest treasure, and fail to make our religion the greatest business of life.

Young friends, all signs point to the fact that Jesus' coming is not far off. It is my earnest prayer that when the great day of His advent dawns, it will be to you and to me a day of rejoicing and not a day of terror. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

The Call Came

(Continued from page 8)

a case of liking or disliking. We volunteered for mission service, the call came, and we are going. There undoubtedly will be some hard things connected with it, but we are sure the Lord will be with us in His work."

"But doesn't it get terribly hot there?"

"Yes, we understand that the heat and the humidity may bother us some, but we think we shall get accustomed to it. We have friends who live and work there. If they can stand it, I believe we shall get along all right also."

"How long will you have to be there?"

"Our term of service is for five years. We hope we can do much good for these people, and we are sure there will also be much of interest for us to learn."

"What kind of house will you have? Can you take your own furniture?"

"We understand that many of the houses were destroyed during the late war, and we may have to live in a quonset hut for a time, but this will be different and interesting. We will get most of our furniture in our new field."

"The crossing may be very rough. Do you think you will be good sailors?"

"No, if we judge by past experiences, we shall be poor sailors; but we shall be all right after a few days."

"Did you hear about the awful storm they had over there?"

"Yes. But did you read about the tornadoes and the floods we have had lately in the United States? We feel that if we are in the Lord's work and doing what He wants us to do, we shall be just as

protected in the mission field as we are in the homeland."

Real missionary spirit was evident among those who came to express their joy at our going. "I would go if I could," they said fervently. Many whose health was poor or who were held by family duties expressed their keen desire to be missionaries also. Even the children, with shining eyes, vowed that they too would be missionaries someday. The spirit of missions is very strong in the hearts of our people. All may not be able to go, but this spirit makes them support missions with their prayers and offerings.

We received much encouragement from the good wishes and sincere assurances that relatives and friends would be thinking and praying for us. As we assembled ourselves and our goods at the great port of embarkation, we realized anew how strengthening it was going to be to have prayers for us ascending from various sections of the home country. Distances stretched between us, but the ties held loving thoughts, kind memories; and our bond of prayer knit heart to heart.

The last farewells were hard, especially so when we knew it would undoubtedly be the last time we would see many of our friends and relatives. Parting with our aged parents, who were in poor health, was difficult, but all were brave and willing to make the sacrifice. Good-bys to children, brothers, sisters, and friends made our hearts ache and the tears flow. It was a time to renew our determination to be ready to meet our Saviour when He comes, and to help others to be prepared to spend eternity with Him.

(To be continued)

How Is Your S.D.A.?

(Continued from page 4)

the very drifts he had thought he could never negotiate alone. When he arrived at a place of safety with his fellow traveler, he realized that in saving his neighbor he had saved himself.

Spiritual energy takes our minds off ourselves, and it is by our efforts for others that we ourselves will be saved. This bewildered world is filled with those who are troubled by specific questions for which you have the specific answers. Why not be a dynamic youthful witness for Christ?

In the dynamic Christian, success is will power. The Christian furnishes the will; God furnishes the power. Too many Seventh-day Adventist Christians think they have to furnish the power also, so they sit down to wait for strength and a more convenient season, and thus freeze to death spiritually. Sometimes in a large community of Adventists there is not enough work for everyone in the church. With nothing specific to do, there is no

dynamic effect. There is no S, no D, and therefore no A.

One of the cures, of course, is to go to other communities where the third angel's message is unknown, and there put your S.D.A. to work. If your S.D.A. is insufficient, renewing your contact with the Dynamo will bring the solution to your problem. Large Adventist communities are not in God's design; they do not engender spiritual growth. In thousands of communities which need the light of God's special message for today that light is being covered under a bushel of large churches. If you, young man, young woman, are planning a home or a profession, think of going where the wonderful truth of the third angel's message has not been lived and taught. My family and I are hoping and praying that we may go into the Lord's service across the sea, to the islands of the Far East, where I spent two of my four years in the United States Army. For that one reason I am now in college. We had planned to buy a farm for the sake of our children, but we are finally persuaded that God requires our affections beyond even the demands of our own families.

We live in a world acutely in need of the specific dynamic action which only the remnant church can produce. Humanity cries for but a morsel of our dynamic hope. If we fail to take action in giving a specific message for this specific time, we will lose our specific reward. Each Seventh-day Adventist should ask himself: Is any part of my S.D.A. missing? Am I specific, positive, definite in lifting up Jesus, so that the dynamic love of the Saviour may draw all men unto Him? Am I by my life motivating men to action, to make their decision for God?

Indeed, specific dynamic action should not only be an effect—a force and a quality linked with chemistry—but also a term applied to Seventh-day Adventists, and a blessing known the world over.

A Tribute to Mother

(Continued from page 14)

received in return? Perhaps not so much on this earth, but her reward is surely awaiting her in heaven.

And now, dear Mother, as I have been reminiscing, it seems that you are nearer—right here in my room with me. I know that your thoughts are always with me even though you cannot be here in person.

You have done a great work, Mother, rearing a daughter to love and fear the Lord. The many principles which you instilled in me during my childhood have helped me over many a rough spot in later life. I shall always thank God that He gave me you, one of the best mothers on earth.

AMATEUR RADIO LOG

(Concluded from October 5)

NOTE.—The Federal Communications Commission has issued a new ruling against the use of secret code by amateur radio operators. This ruling does not apply to the regular use of the International Morse Code or to the use of abbreviations commonly made by amateur radio operators, such as the omission of vowels from words. Any device which distorts or obscures the meaning of a message is prohibited.

CALL	BAND	TYPE OF EMISSION	NAME AND ADDRESS
W6AQI	10, 40 meters	Both	Weston Johnson, College of Medical Evangelists, Loma Linda, California
W6ASO	10, 20, 40, 80 meters, V.P.O.	Both	Charles L. Smith, Box 46, La Sierra Station, Arlington, California
W6BJD	10, 20 meters	Both	Lester H. Cushman, La Sierra Station, Arlington, California
W6BUB	40 meters	Code	Joe Younggreen, Grainger Hall, Angwin, California
W6FZY	10 and 80 meters	Both	K. F. Iwata, 1627 New Jersey, Los Angeles 33, California
W6HRF	10 and 80 meters	Both	Eldon Poe, Mount Shasta, California
W6IZB	10, 20, 75 meters	Both	John D. Rogers, 3464 Larga Ave., Los Angeles, California
W6MXL	75, 20, 15, 11, 10 meters	Phone	N. L. Otis, Mt. Ranch Road, San Andreas, California
W6NOO	10 and 20 meters	Phone	Richard H. Iwata, M.D., 129 S. Mathews St., Los Angeles 33, California
W6OWT	10 and 80 meters	Phone	Stanley C. Hall, 637 Palo Alto Ave., Mountain View, California
W6OPZ	40 meters	Code	Roland Truman, 1950 East Plymouth St., Long Beach, California
W6RMD	10 meters	Code	Warren Henderson, Jr., Anza Road, Mountain View, California
W6RZI	10 and 80 meters	Code	James E. Nelson, Anza Road, Mountain View, California
W6SLK or W7JDJ	10 and 80 meters	Code	Charles J. Casebeer, 1482 Villa St., Mountain View, California
W6UKO	40 and 80 meters	Both	Ray Miller, Pacific Union College, Angwin, California
W6UWG	10, 11 meters	Phone	Elwood E. Van Noty, 11769 Petter Drive, Arlington, California
W6WSF	10 meters	Both	James Y. Nakamura, 3520 E. Sixth St., Los Angeles 23, California
W6DQL	All Bands	Both	Don Pearson (Trustee), The Angwin Radio Amateurs' Assn., Pacific Union College, Angwin, California. Will gladly handle any QSP for college.
W6WWT	All Bands	Both	Don Pearson, Box 176, Angwin, California
W6ZMD	10, 40 meters	Both	Douglas M. Moncrieff, Box 91, La Sierra Station, Arlington, California
W6ZRK	10, 40 meters	Both	Robert E. Moncrieff, Box 91, La Sierra Station, Arlington, California
W7AVEPK6	10 and 80 meters CW by schedule	Phone	Lindsay R. Winkler, Kawangkoan, Manado, North Celebes, Netherlands East Indies
W7FGL	75 and 10 meters	Phone	Delmar V. Burgeson, 1221 Franklin, Shelton, Washington
W7GEA	10, 20 and 75 meters	Phone	Donald W. Shephard, Route 2, Box 126, Puyallup, Washington
W7MDX	10, 20, 40 CW	Phone	Bernie Mallory, College Place, Washington
W8CCM	10 phone	Phone	Amateur Radio Club of Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan. The club will gladly handle any QSP for the college and vicinity.
W8FKF	All Amateur Bands	Both	David P. Laszlo, 25160 Midland St., Detroit 23, Michigan
W8ZUI and K8NRB	10, 20, 40, 80 meters	Both	Hillis R. Hauck, Sr., 172 Manchester St., Battle Creek, Michigan. Interested in co-ordinating all the S.D.A. schools on CW or Fone net.
W9WDF	10 meters	Phone	Donald C. Popp, 3105 Rose St., Franklin Park, Illinois
YN-1AJS	10, 20, 40, 80 meters	Phone	Alvin J. Stewart, Box 92, Managua, Nicaragua
ZL3BL	All Amateur Bands	Both	Russell L. Blair, Highstead Road, Christchurch, N.W.A., New Zealand (Editor, "Break-In," official organ of N.Z.A.R.T.)

NOTE.—If the operators whose names appear in this list know of any corrections which should be made, we shall appreciate it if they will notify us. Also, if there are S.D.A. amateur operators whose names we do not have, we shall be glad to add them to the list at its next printing if they will send us the information as given above. Address: YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

Amateur Radio as a Traveling Companion

By LINDSAY R. WINKLER

BACK at college, when I had a "ham" station in my dormitory room, I used to talk occasionally with maritime mobile stations on ships out in the Pacific. I had always regarded it as a real adventure to be able to sit on a ship at sea and talk to different amateur stations en route. So when we received our appointment to the North Celebes in the Dutch East Indies, I began planning a little transmitter to take on the ship with me. The problem was mainly one of power, because almost all ships have direct-current lighting systems, and ordinary radio equipment will not work on anything but alternating current. A little 4½ watt AC/DC transmitter was designed and built in between time. While we were getting ready to sail, I mounted it in a little steel Army surplus box 4 by 4 by 6 inches, and solved the receiver problem by using a Halicrafter S-38 AC/DC communications radio.

I had originally planned to use the rig on the ship's deck with an eight-foot fish-pole-type car antenna that fastened to the top of the transmitter, but this proved im-

practical, for the February weather was too cold and stormy most of the way across the Pacific.

After surveying conditions on the ship, we rigged up an antenna about three feet out from the ship's side and extended vertically up to the top deck. I was very pessimistic about the results with such an apparently poor aerial, but they far exceeded my expectations. My wife and I enjoyed daily contact with the United States until we were about even with Midway Island. After that the interference on our frequency was so great as to make further communication with the homeland impractical. Then our contacts were mainly with China, Japan, and Korea. We could not communicate with Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines, because our antenna was on the north side of the ship, and the metal hull made a very effective shield against transmission to that hemisphere.

One of our chief desires was to talk back to our friends at Walla Walla, Washington. This we were able to do on several occasions, although never to any of the boys at the college. We sent progress reports to our folks—first direct to State-side stations and later through Japanese amateur stations operated by Army boys in their spare time.

On one occasion we had an indirect contact with Pastor G. M. MacLafferty, of KH6EW, in Hawaii. Our friend in Walla Walla to whom we were talking heard Pastor MacLafferty calling CQ (a general invitation for any listeners to make contact) and gave him a call. We were too close to Hawaii to be able to hear each other, because radio waves travel in nearly a straight line and move more or less in all directions until they strike a layer of ionized atmosphere about a hundred miles above the earth. Then they are reflected back to earth much the same as a mirror reflects a beam of light.

High frequencies such as ten meters have a high penetrating power, and if they strike this layer at high angles, they go right on through space and are lost. If however they hit it at low angles, traveling nearly parallel to the ground, they finally strike the layer, and the waves will glance off and strike the earth at remote points from the transmitter. They are not heard closer because the radio waves skip over at least 1,500 miles, and then come bouncing back with far greater volume than they would if they were a mile or so away from the transmitter. For this reason our friend in Walla Walla had to repeat what each of us said to the

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other, for we were only about six hundred miles from Hawaii at the time.

Another interesting contact was with a man isolated up in the Pribilof Islands at the backdoor of Alaska, about halfway between Asiatic Russia and Alaska. He was especially impressed when he learned that we were missionaries. He wished to keep in contact with us as we proceeded, but only once again did we hear him faintly.

One of our most gratifying contacts, however, was with a lieutenant colonel in Tokyo. His wife and daughter had just arrived to be with him. He said that he was obtaining a great deal of pleasure from his job of helping to rebuild Japan. They both said they envied us our work as missionaries. Contacts with such people give one real inner satisfaction.

To each of these amateurs will go our QSL card, which confirms our contact, and in the same envelope with it we will send a tract, hoping that the card and our contact will lead to a sympathetic approach to our literature. Our prayers too will go with them.

The last evening of our voyage, before we disembarked at Hong Kong, I was talking to an American Army officer operating in Nanking, China, and casually asked whether he had ever met Pastor Harold Shultz, W1JJH, who is director of the mission with his headquarters in Nanking. He said the mission compound was right behind where he lived, and his wife would run over and call him to the receiver. This she did, and we were able to have a very interesting visit with the pastor. As I had gone to school with him at Madison College in the early years of the war and had not seen him since, we had much to talk over. Pastor Shultz hopes soon to get permission to operate from his home in China.

What our activities will be in our new Celebes home is as yet uncertain. But if we can get permission to operate, State-side "hams" will be hearing W7AVE/PK6 on 28,120 and 28,140 kilocycles beamed on the States before many moons have passed. Needless to say, we shall look forward to hearing from any of our Adventist amateurs on the airways.

Borrowed Tongues

(Continued from page 7)

suggested that they go out to lunch together. Dolores was flattered. Her admiration for Gladys was great.

After lunch Gladys took out a pack of cigarettes and extended it to Dolores.

"Thanks," said she, "I don't smoke."

The deceiver, who stood near them, at once borrowed Gladys' tongue.

"Why, silly, don't you know it's one of the easiest ways of soothing office nerves in a hurry? Just try one; it won't hurt you!"

And Dolores, not recognizing the deceiver's voice, took a cigarette and smoked it. Soon she was addicted to the habit, and was wishing heartily that she had never tried that first puff. But the deceiver grinned with satisfaction.

"One more on my side," he exulted triumphantly.

It is not often that a mother will lend her tongue to the deceiver, but occasionally one does.

Yvonne had just finished church school, but her parents were financially unable to pay her way at a near-by academy. Her heart's desire, therefore, was to go to a more distant Christian school where she could work her way.

The deceiver saw how Yvonne could easily emerge a capable worker for the Lord, so borrowing her mother's tongue he began to undermine the girl's plans.

"Now, Yvonne dear, you *know* you aren't strong enough to work to pay your expenses. You've never done heavy work, and it isn't suitable that you should. You had better go to the high school right here in town, then perhaps later the way will open for you to go to one of our Adventist colleges."

Yvonne thought it was her mother speaking, and followed her advice. Now the mother is greatly worried because Yvonne is attending the roller skating rink, the dance hall, and the movies with her high school friends.

"Oh," the anxious parent said to a friend, "I'm terribly concerned about Yvonne!" Then with tears in her voice she said, "I don't know *what* to do! Oh, what *can* I do for my girl to bring her back into the church?"

Meanwhile, the deceiver is gloating over his success, for this young girl, who once was a most faithful church member, has lost her way. No one would ever have thought that she could possibly go so far astray.

My friend, no matter whose tongue he borrows, beware of the deceiver's lies. Meet them with the mandate Jesus used. Perhaps if it were said aloud, fewer people would allow their tongues to be borrowed. Peter no doubt learned a salutary lesson. But, whether you speak silently or aloud, be sure to answer with decision, "*Get thee behind me, Satan!*"

KEY TO "WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?"

1. A bandoleer is a broad belt. 2. Shorthand dates from 63 B.C. in Rome, Italy. 3. Mount Aconcagua is the highest mountain in South America. 4. More than 32,500 were killed in automobile accidents in 1947. 5. A fiddlehead is the figurine usually placed on the prow of a boat—therefore you would find it on the seven seas. 6. A cow will give more milk if milked three times a day. 7. Cape Horn, South America, is closer to the South Pole. 8. A choreographer designs dances. 9. You would find a phylactery in a Hebrew temple, because it is a part of the accessories worn by Jews during prayer. 10. True (about 44 chemical elements are used in the manufacture of an automobile).

Willie Paye's Faith Pays Off

(Continued from page 10)

were there except the one he had first taken out.

Needless to say, Willie was given the job of trust, with more pay than the usual native received, and also his Sabbaths off. His fellow workers could never understand why Willie Paye stood in such favor with his employer.

Sabbath School Lessons

Senior Youth

V—Abraham and Isaac

(October 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Hebrews 11:17-20.

MEMORY VERSE: Hebrews 11:17.

LESSON HELP: M. L. Andreasen, *The Book of Hebrews*, chap. 11, comments on Hebrews 11:17-20.

1. Why did the Lord not hide His purpose from Abraham? Gen. 18:18, 19.

NOTE.—"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him". Abraham had honored God, and the Lord honored him, taking him into His counsels, and revealing to him His purposes."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 139.

2. What did Abraham do by faith? What is Isaac called? Heb. 11:17.

NOTE.—"It is not easy for us to measure the faith of Abraham as he prepared to follow the command of God to offer his only son. It was forty years or more since God had first promised him the son, and now he was commanded to offer him as a sacrifice. What could God mean by this? If he offered his son, how could God's promise of a seed as numerous as the sands of the seashore ever be fulfilled? There must be some mistake."—M. L. ANDREASEN, *The Book of Hebrews*, p. 496.

3. What instruction did the Lord give Abraham? How was Isaac connected with God's promise to Abraham? Gen. 21:12; Heb. 11:18.

NOTE.—The greatness of Abraham's faith becomes apparent when we consider that the promises of God hinged upon Isaac. If Isaac died, there was no way in which God's word could be fulfilled through Isaac in regard to the seed, for if Isaac died as a young man, there would be no seed. Hence, not only would Abraham's seed, of which God had said so much, come to an end, but God's promises could not be fulfilled.

4. What hope did Abraham cherish concerning Isaac? Heb. 11:19.

5. By what incidents do we learn something of Isaac's spiritual life? Gen. 24:63; 26:13-22.

NOTE.—Abraham did not disappoint God by failing to give Isaac both religious instruction and example. Hence, we find him at even out in the field praying and meditating. His action in regard to the wells shows him to be a man who would go to almost any length to live at peace with his neighbors.

6. What is said of the sons of Isaac? By whom was each most beloved? Gen. 25:27, 28.

7. Under what circumstances did Esau sell his birthright? Gen. 25:29-34.

NOTE.—"Thus Esau despised his birthright." In disposing of it he felt a sense of relief. Now his way was unobstructed; he could do as he liked. For this wild pleasure, mis-called freedom, how many are still selling their birthright to an inheritance pure and undefiled, eternal in the heavens!"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 179.

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8. When Isaac was old, what plans did he make to give Esau the birthright blessing? Who heard what Isaac said? Gen. 27:1-5.

9. What plan was devised that Jacob might have the blessing? What difficulty did Jacob see in the plan? How did his mother meet his objections? Gen. 27:6-17.

NOTE.—Rebekah “assured her son that if he would follow her directions, he might obtain it [the birthright] as God had promised. Jacob did not readily consent to the plan that she proposed. The thought of deceiving his father caused him great distress. He felt that such a sin would bring a curse rather than a blessing. But his scruples were overborne, and he proceeded to carry out his mother’s suggestions. It was not his intention to utter a direct falsehood, but once in the presence of his father he seemed to have gone too far to retreat, and he obtained by fraud the coveted blessing.”—*Ibid.*, p. 180.

10. Tell the story of how Jacob obtained the blessing by deception. Gen. 27:18-29.

11. How was Isaac affected when he realized he had been deceived? For what did Esau plead? What did Isaac decide as to the blessing? Gen. 27:30-33, 38-40.

NOTE.—“Trembling with astonishment and distress, the blind old father learned the deception that had been practiced upon him. His long and fondly cherished hopes had been thwarted, and he keenly felt the disappointment that must come upon his elder son. Yet the conviction flashed upon him that it was God’s providence which had defeated his purpose, and brought about the very thing he had determined to prevent.”—*Ibid.*, p. 181.

“Isaac did not intend that Jacob should have the blessing of the first-born. Esau was the older of the twins, and to him rightly would come the paternal blessing. But God meant it otherwise.”—M. L. ANDREASEN, *The Book of Hebrews*, p. 497.

12. In what words was the Abrahamic blessing confirmed to Jacob? Gen. 28:1-4.

13. How did Isaac bless his two sons? Heb. 11:20.

NOTE.—“The act of faith here was simply that which believes that all that God says is true. . . . A blessing was pronounced on each, of a very different nature, but Isaac had no doubt that both would be fulfilled.”—*Barnes’ Notes on Hebrews*, p. 250.

Junior

V—The Faith of Abraham and Isaac

(October 30)

LESSON TEXTS: Hebrews 11:17-20; Genesis 22:1-18; 27:1-17; 28:1-4.

MEMORY VERSE: “By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac; and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son.” Heb. 11:17.

Guiding Thought

“Faith takes God at His word. . . . We are to trust His promises. When we come to Him in faith, we should believe that every petition enters into the heart of Christ. When we have asked for His blessing, we should believe that we receive it, and thank Him that we have it. Then we are to go about our duties, assured that the blessing will be sent when we need it most.”—*Gospel Workers*, p. 261.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts. Read Guiding Thought and practice it this week.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Abraham’s Only-begotten Son

1. After they had waited for twenty-five years for the promised son, who was born to Abraham and Sarah? Gen. 21:3-5. Since Isaac was the only son born to them, what was he called? Heb. 11:17, last line.

2. Although Abraham had other sons by other wives, through which son only did God plan to bless all the nations of the earth? Heb. 11:18. What sure promise was made to Abraham about his children through Isaac? Gen. 17:21; 18:18.

3. What reason is given for thus singling out Abraham and his children? Gen. 18:19.

OCTOBER 19, 1948

NOTE.—Abraham was learning to obey whether he could understand or not. God needed an obedient people through whom He could bless the nations of the earth. He was planning one more supreme test for Abraham.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Abraham’s Supreme Test

4. When Isaac was about twenty-five years of age, what test came to Abraham? Heb. 11:17, first part. When Abraham received God’s command, how quickly did he obey? Gen. 22:3.

5. How great was Abraham’s faith? Heb. 11:19. What did God say which showed He was satisfied with Abraham’s test? Gen. 22:12.

NOTE.—Abraham was human, and very easily could have begun to think up excuses for himself. He could have reminded God that this was the *only* son he had, and the *only* one through whom the promise was made. He could have quoted the sixth commandment, “Thou shalt not kill,” but Abraham *knew* God, and he rose up early and went to the place which God had told him, believing with all his heart, that though he could not understand, God could raise Isaac again from the dead, if He wanted him to be offered as a sacrifice. No wonder Abraham is called “the friend of God,” and the “father of all them that believe.”

ASSIGNMENT 4

Isaac’s Faith

6. In what way during Abraham’s supreme test did Isaac also demonstrate his great faith? Gen. 22:9.

NOTE.—“At the appointed place they built the altar, and laid the wood upon it. Then, with trembling voice, Abraham unfolded to his son the divine message. It was with terror and amazement that Isaac learned his fate; but he offered no resistance. He could have escaped his doom, had he chosen to do so; the grief-stricken old man, exhausted with the struggle of those three terrible days, could not have opposed the will of the vigorous youth. But Isaac had been trained from childhood to ready, trusting obedience, and as the purpose of God was opened before him, he yielded a willing submission. He was a sharer in Abraham’s faith, and he felt that he was honored in being called to give his life as an offering to God. He tenderly seeks to lighten the father’s grief, and encourages his nerveless hands to bind the cords that confine him to the altar.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 152.

7. During what other important period of life did Isaac show his faith in his father and in God? Gen. 24:4.

NOTE.—“Isaac, trusting to his father’s wisdom and affection, was satisfied to commit the matter [choice of a wife] to him, believing also that God himself would direct in the choice made.”—*Ibid.*, p. 171.

8. What custom did Isaac have that reminds you of the men who walked with God? Gen. 24: 63 (see margin). What was the result of God’s blessing upon Isaac? Gen. 26:13, 14.

ASSIGNMENT 5

Rebekah’s Lack of Faith

9. How many sons were born to Isaac and Rebekah? Gen. 25:27. Name the favorite of each parent. Gen. 25:28.

10. What had God said about the younger before the sons were born? Gen. 25:23, last line.

11. Although Isaac knew God’s plan, to whom did he want to give the blessing of Abraham’s seed? Gen. 27:1-4.

12. How did Rebekah show her lack of faith in God’s ability to fulfill His promises? Gen. 27:5-17. How did Jacob make matters worse and worse, as he tried to help his mother help God? Gen. 27:18-26.

NOTE.—Little did Jacob think that once having started to deceive, he must go deeper and deeper into sin. Three times he told definite lies (verses 19, 20, 24), and twice he acted a lie as he let Isaac feel the goat skins on his hands (verses 21, 22). Besides this, he deceived his father in serving goat meat instead of venison.

ASSIGNMENT 6

Isaac Blesses Jacob and Esau

13. What blessing did Isaac pronounce upon Jacob? Gen. 27:28, 29. What smaller blessing did he give to Esau? Gen. 27:39, 40.

NOTE.—“Trembling with astonishment and distress, the blind old father learned the decep-

tion that had been practiced upon him. . . . Yet the conviction flashed upon him that it was God’s providence which had defeated his purpose, and brought about the very thing he had determined to prevent. He remembered the words of the angel to Rebekah, and notwithstanding the sin of which Jacob was now guilty, he saw in him the one best fitted to accomplish the purposes of God. While the words of blessing were upon his lips, he had felt the Spirit of inspiration upon him; and now, knowing all the circumstances, he ratified the benediction unwittingly pronounced upon Jacob: ‘I have blessed him; yea, and he shall be blessed.’”—*Ibid.*, p. 181.

14. Could not the Lord have accomplished this blessing without the aid of human deception? Isa. 55:8, 9.

15. Because Isaac wholeheartedly blessed Jacob, even though his sympathies were entirely with Esau, how does Paul say Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau? Heb. 11:20, first two words. What words show that Isaac’s blessing to Jacob was a continuation of God’s blessing upon Abraham? Gen. 28:1-4.

ASSIGNMENT 7

God proved to all the world that He could count on faithful Abraham. We must realize that God is counting on us to be faithful children of Abraham.

In *Quiet Talks on Service*, by S. D. Gordon, there is an imaginary conversation between the Master and the angel Gabriel as they walked down the golden streets one day, that goes something like this:

“Master, you died for the whole world down there, did you not?” said Gabriel.

“Yes, for the whole world,” replied the Saviour.

“And do they all know about it?”

“Oh, no! Not yet. Only a few in Palestine know about it so far.”

“Well, Master, what’s your plan? How have you arranged to tell the whole world that you have died for them?”

“Well,” said the Master thoughtfully, “I have told Peter and James and John, . . . and some more of them down there, to make it the business of their lives to tell others, and the others are to tell others, and the others others, and still others, until the last man in the farthest corner of the world has heard the story.”

Gabriel, who knows us folk down here pretty well and knows the kind of stuff that is in us, is supposed to have answered, . . . “Yes—but suppose Peter fails. Suppose after a while John simply *does not* tell others. Suppose their converts and their converts’ converts away off in the twentieth century, get so busy that they *do not* tell others—*what then?*”

And back came the quiet voice of Jesus, “Gabriel, I haven’t made any other plans—I’m counting on them.”—Abbreviated and adapted.

The Youth’s Instructor

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The Listening Post

★ Dogs hate postmen because they seem to realize that most visitors who knock are admitted, but postmen never are, therefore they must be enemies. At least, that is the reasoning presented by the late G. K. Chesterton, well-known English journalist.

★ WOMEN's shoes which have a metal compartment in the sole to hold thermite have been introduced in Germany. When a bit of this aluminum oxide substance is inserted and moistened, its chemical reaction produces enough heat to keep milady's feet warm on a cold day!

★ TEEN-AGERS of Hackensack, New Jersey, believe that parents have a good deal to learn about their children, and are conducting a clinic for fathers and mothers at which the young people will attempt to impart their ideas on the subjects of dating, allowances, use of the family car, rights and privileges in the home, and "free speech."

★ BETTY, one of the New York Bronx zoo's three platypuses, has died due to lack of Louisiana crayfish, of which she was fond. The duck-billed animal had been on display for sixteen months, and was seen by 250,000 people. Cecil and Penelope, the other two members of her family still hale and hearty, have learned to subsist on a diet of earthworms instead of the hard-to-get crayfish.

★ CAPE YORK Peninsula on the top right-hand corner of the continent of Australia is known as one of the "last outposts of science." Plans have now been made for Australian and American expeditions to explore it thoroughly, working inward from its tropical, rain-drenched forests to its open plains. It is known only as a land of old rocks, sandstone tablelands, and "wet deserts." William Jansz, master of a Dutch sailing vessel, and the first known white man to gaze on Australia, discovered it when he erroneously described Cape York as a portion of New Guinea.

★ BECAUSE an honest New York cab driver turned in a wallet containing \$5,335 in cash and negotiable checks which was left in his cab, his twenty-one-year-old son is to be sent to Columbia University as an award by the grateful owner. When asked why he did not keep it, the "cabby" replied, "It was because of the pious training I received from my father." He could have used the money to good advantage, for the 54-year-old driver was in straitened circumstances and operated an old cab with more than 150,000 miles on the speedometer. He is more than happy now that he is a conscientious man.

★ So many of the English have purchased barges and ex-Navy craft for living purposes that it has become difficult to find a permanent mooring place for them on the Thames near London. One artist and his family live on a landing craft used on the Normandy beaches. It measures 105 feet long and 20 feet broad and has a living room 18 feet square. The gangway is the same one the troops used. A musician who bought a Dutch barge lives aboard with his 30 musical instruments—including a grand piano. He likes the quietness, he says, but is often seasick from the rolling caused by passing steamers.

★ Hindu women in India are gaining their civil rights. If a new code that has just been proposed is adopted, a woman will be given many hitherto unknown recognitions. Her husband will not be able to take another wife while she is living; if she has grounds, she may obtain separate maintenance from her husband; her dowry will be regarded as her own property; marriages may be performed between all castes; and the new law will recognize both "sacramental" and "civil," or "registered," marriages.

★ HONG KONG has just removed from the bed of her harbor the last of 140 wrecked freighters, tankers, junks, tugs and launches which were sunk mostly by Allied bombing during the war. Most of the wrecks have been converted into steel rods and used to rebuild the city. During the past eight months one factory has converted 7,000 tons of scrap each month.



In the parable [of the lost sheep] the shepherd goes out to search for one sheep,—the very least that can be numbered. So if there had been but one lost soul, Christ would have died for that one. The sheep that has strayed from the fold is the most helpless of all creatures. It must be sought for by the shepherd, for it can not find its way back. So with the soul that has wandered away from God; he is as helpless as the lost sheep, and unless divine love had come to his rescue, he could never find his way to God.

The shepherd who discovers that one of his sheep is missing, does not look carelessly upon the flock that is safely housed, and say, "I have ninety and nine, and it will cost me too much trouble to go in search of the straying one. Let him come back, and I will open the door of the sheepfold, and let him in." No; no sooner does the sheep go astray than the shepherd is filled with grief and anxiety. He counts and recounts the flock. When he is sure that one sheep is lost, he slumbers not. He leaves the ninety and nine within the fold, and goes in search of the straying sheep. The darker and more tempestuous the night, and the more perilous the way, the greater is the shepherd's anxiety, and the more earnest his search. He makes every effort to find that one lost sheep.

With what relief he hears in the distance its first faint cry. Following the sound, he climbs the steepest heights, he goes to the very edge of the precipice, at the risk of his own life. Thus he searches, while the cry, growing fainter, tells him that his sheep is ready to die. At last his effort is rewarded; the lost is found. . . . With gratitude that his search has not been in vain, he bears it back to the fold. . . . The parable does not speak of failure, but of success, and joy in the recovery. Here is the divine guarantee that not even one of the straying sheep of God's fold is overlooked, not one is left unsuccored. Every one that will submit to be ransomed, Christ will rescue from the pit of corruption, and from the briars of sin.

—Ellen Gould White.

★ THE United States Treasury Department uses 1,600 tons of ink in an average year.

★ It is estimated that on the average it costs 1.7 cents a mile to operate a motor car on paved roads and 2.9 cents on dirt roads.

★ BOY SCOUTS in Park Ridge, Illinois, recently made pancakes for a crowd of 30,000 by mixing the batter in a full-sized concrete mixer and frying the pancakes on a 4-by-6-foot griddle.

★ ELIZABETH, as a proper name, has more variant forms of spelling than any other known name. Of the fifty-odd ways of forming it, the most common in the English language are Elsie, Eliza, Beth, Betty, Betsy, Bess, Lisa, and Lizzie.

★ MORE than 1,000,000 cases of alleged longevity of persons beyond the century mark have been investigated and found without substantiation. Only 30 have been found who actually reached that age, although some have claimed a life span of as much as 185 years.

★ GREAT BRITAIN plans to mobilize and train an army of fighting men from among her African colonies to offset the loss of her 2,000,000 troops in India. It is estimated that 17,000,000 Africans are available for military duty. More than 200,000 of these saw service in World War II.

★ JAMES W. MONTEE, of Santa Monica, California, is probably the oldest licensed pilot in the world. He has been flying for the past twenty-five years. At eighty-six he has 3,063 hours and eleven minutes of soloing to his credit. Mr. Montee's pet ambition is to take up a jet plane, "But," he says, "the army, which owns all the jets, won't let me join!"

★ BIGWIG is a term originating in the times when custom regulated the type of wig a man might wear. Only judges, bishops, and the nobility were permitted the full-length style still worn by members of the High Court of England. Ordinary persons wore little wigs. Hence, persons of high estate soon became known as "bigwigs," an expression still in American colloquial usage.

★ THE Bell Telephone Company has revealed that it took more than 45 years for it to install its first 10,000,000 phones, almost 20 years for the second 10,000,000, but less than six and a half years for the third 10,000,000. An American veteran in Marshalltown, Iowa, recently had the 30,000,000th telephone installed in his home. It was the 8,200,000th phone to be put in operation since V-J day.

★ KOREAN women are now for the first time mingling socially with men of their own country as well as of foreign countries. The United Nations Temporary Commission on Korea indirectly played a part recently in shattering the age-old tradition of women's restricted position when the entertainment committee planned a party and suggested that prominent Korean women serve as hostesses. Educational opportunities have also expanded, and many women are seeking higher learning in universities abroad; and at home they are becoming more and more active in the professions and in politics.