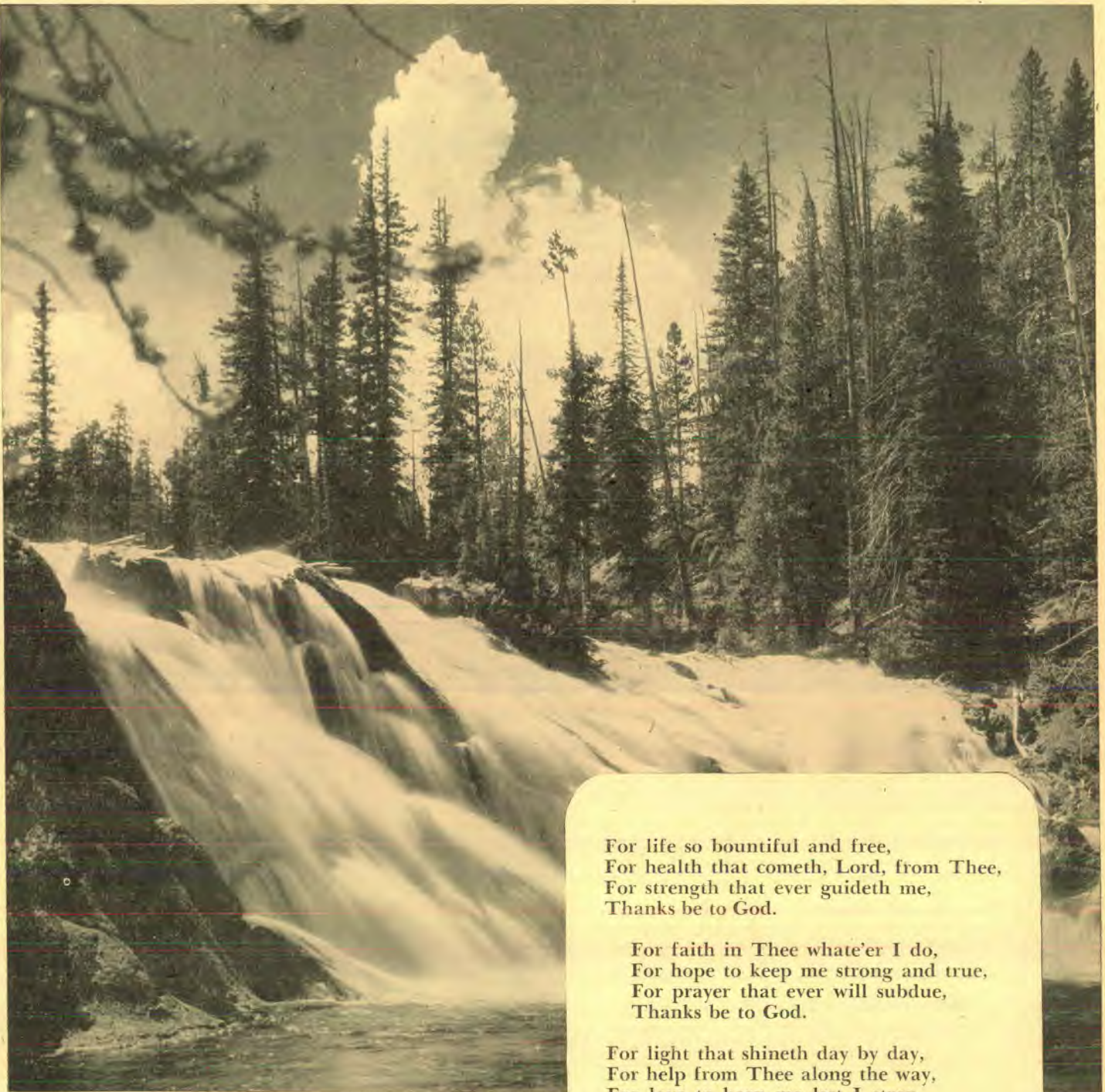


# The Youth's Instructor



J. C. ALLEN AND SON

## Thanks Be to God

By MARYLENE N. HUBERT

For life so bountiful and free,  
For health that cometh, Lord, from Thee,  
For strength that ever guideth me,  
Thanks be to God.

For faith in Thee whate'er I do,  
For hope to keep me strong and true,  
For prayer that ever will subdue,  
Thanks be to God.

For light that shineth day by day,  
For help from Thee along the way,  
For love to keep me lest I stray,  
Thanks be to God.

For Christ who died on Calvary,  
For Thy salvation, pure and free,  
For life throughout eternity,  
Thanks be to God.





# THEY SANG A SONG

## Use a Power Take-off

By A. Mountain

Did you ever watch the sea gulls' graceful motions,  
With languid wing curves that caress the breeze?  
They never struggle with belabored pinions,  
But dive or rise or glide with equal ease.

Why can't we humans, blest with greater wisdom,  
Take our lives, too, in gentle, easy stride?  
Why fight and struggle, fume and fret and worry?  
Why can't we match the sea birds' restful glide?

When a typhoon black comes bearing down upon you,  
Don't meet it with clenched fists and faces white;  
Just spread your wings and let it soar you heavenward,  
Where skies are blue and sun is shining bright.

When troubles like a troop resistless charge you,  
Don't face them with a suicidal force:  
Step to one side and make a flanking movement:  
Deflect the blow, and watch it change its course!

When a mountain slide of failure blocks your pathway,  
Don't try to shove it back with might and main;  
Just start it sliding at another angle,  
And let it for you worthless swamp reclaim.

Life's difficulties, storms, and oppositions  
Are dynamos of pent-up power grand.  
By using just the proper kind of take-off,  
They'll yield their strength to work at your command.

## A Vision

By Esther R. Hirst

The frivolous things of childhood  
Will soon be put away,  
For now my life is dawning  
Upon another day!  
I now see broad horizons,  
Vast lands on every side,  
Whose people are in darkness,  
Their greatest need—a guide.

So, as I see the future,  
There is a work for me.  
I must go spread the message  
In lands beyond the sea.  
With eager hearts they're waiting  
To hear God's love for man.  
They too can soon be workers,  
To help in God's great plan.

## The Unseen Hand

By Gertrude Simpson

'Tis night; in yonder dim and naked wood  
A murmur echoes from the vale below;  
While, with a sudden gust, swirl here and there  
The first faint heralds of the coming snow.

And now, from out the clear soft gray of dawn,  
Bursts forth the sun, with radiant glory bright.  
He kisses high the treetops, robed in snow,  
And bathes the hillside with his golden light.

He dances sparkling on each drooping bough;  
Its mantle to a royal robe transforms;  
While down the glen a glistening fairyland  
Of lifeless reeds to grandeur new conforms.

Such change in one short hour! But for the dull,  
Dead numbness of the heart, a sad birthright,  
Such multiplicity of marvels wrought,  
We stand amazed and humbled at the sight.



## Dawn of the Sabbath—Remember Ye!

By Erwin A. Crawford, M.D.

Dawn of the Sabbath, at set of sun,  
Hallowed by God, sanctified, blest;  
Sign that our Maker's work was done  
Creation finished—His day of rest;  
Declared by Jehovah, given to thee—  
Remember ye! Remember ye!

Dawn of the Sabbath, rest of God,  
Engraved by His finger in tables of stone;  
Sign of the remnant labeled as "odd"  
Who teach that the Judge is on His throne;  
God's word is changeless, despite man's decree—  
Remember ye! Remember ye!

Dawn of the Sabbath, made for man,  
Kept by the faithful all ages through  
Who believe that their Saviour is coming again,  
Kept by the Lord of the Sabbath too;  
Sabbath divine, to heaven a key—  
Remember ye! Remember ye!

Dawn of the Sabbath, and God's Son  
Was taken down from His cross of shame;  
His lips had spoken, "It is done!"  
And we are saved by Jesus' name;  
O'er the grave He triumphed—we are free—  
Remember ye! Remember ye!

Dawn of the Sabbath, but not set of sun,  
For in yonder city there is no night;  
'Tis a glorious morning. Earth's race is run;  
We worship Jehovah, the source of all light.  
Sabbath eternal, ever to be—  
Remember ye! Remember ye!

## Rural Color

By Florence Nata Lie

I spend some very pleasant hours  
Looking at the country flowers,  
As they grow along the roadside,  
Or in the gardens where they hide.

Goldenrod and Spanish nettles,  
Purple thistles shaped like kettles;  
Paintbrush, fresh from Indian paint pots,  
Marigolds in clustered bright spots.

Honeysuckle, morning-glory,  
Flowers famed in song and story;  
Even dandelions yellow,  
Each a gay and cheerful fellow.

Black-eyed Susans, sturdy zinnias,  
Vying with the bright petunias.  
Golden 'mums in showy masses,  
Dahlias nodding as one passes.

Fennel and the purple aster,  
Blue flax tinted by the Master.  
Much of beauty greets the seeker;  
God's a giver, not a keeper.

## He Calls, and I Must Go

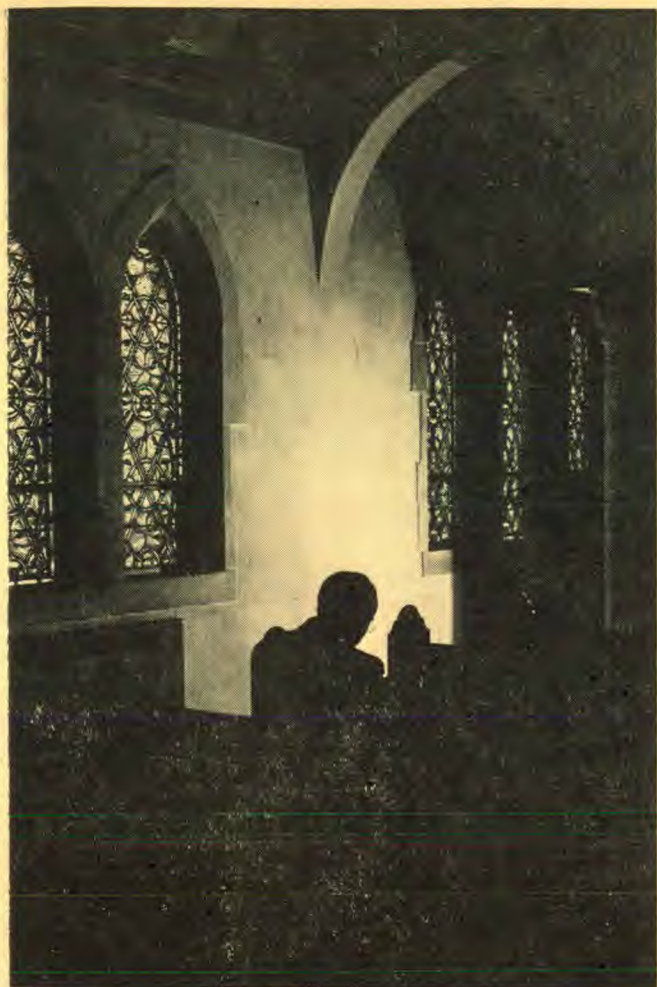
By John W. Boyd

He calls, and I must go. I know  
Not where the path may lead, but though  
The way be tortuous, long, and steep,  
Or some black chasm I must leap,  
I dare not let my footsteps slow.

Behind are friends—I love them so—  
Before, the angry waters flow,  
But I must haste and cross the deep.  
He calls, and I must go.

Beyond may lie the wide world's woe  
Where men surge blindly to and fro,  
And work and sow and sweat and reap,  
While Mis'ry sits with those who weep;  
To this I cannot answer, "No!"  
He calls, and I must go.





H. L. PHILLIPS

"We May Pray in Secret, and He Who Sees in Secret Will Hear, and Will Reward Us Openly"

**A**MID the perils of these last days, the only safety of the youth lies in ever-increasing watchfulness and prayer. The youth who finds his 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 can not 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.

But prayer is not understood as it should be. Our prayers are not to inform God of something He does not know. The Lord is acquainted with the secrets of every soul. Our prayers need not be long and loud. God reads the hidden thought. We may pray in secret, and He who sees in secret will hear, and will reward us openly.

The prayers that are offered to God

# PRAYER

## *Our Stronghold*

By ELLEN GOULD WHITE

to tell Him of all our wretchedness, when we do not feel wretched at all, are the prayers of hypocrisy. It is the contrite prayer that the Lord regards. "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

Prayer is not intended to work any change in God; it brings us into harmony with God. It

does not take the place of duty. Prayer offered ever so often and ever so earnestly will never be accepted by God in the place of our tithe. Prayer will not pay our debts to God. The servants of Christ are to rely upon God as did Daniel in the courts of Babylon. Daniel knew the value of prayer, its aim, and its object; and the prayers which he and his three companions offered to God after being chosen by the king for the courts of Babylon, were answered.

There was another class of captives carried into Babylon. These the Lord permitted to be torn from their homes, and carried into a land of idolaters, because they were themselves continually going into idolatry. The Lord let them have all they desired of the idolatrous practises of Babylon. And the righteous with the unrighteous were taken away into a land where the name of Jehovah would not come to their ears; where songs of praise and thanksgiving to God would not be heard; where prophets with messages of warnings and reproof and counsel would be few and far between.

The youth have an example in Daniel, and if they are true to principle and to duty, they will be instructed as Daniel was. As the wisdom of the world viewed

the matter, Daniel and his three companions had every advantage secured to them in the courts of Babylon, but it was here that their first great test was to come. Their principles were to come into collision with the regulations and appointments of the king.

"And the king appointed them a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank." Three years was this diet to last before their examination should take place, and then they were to be brought in before the king.

Daniel and his three companions did not take the position that because their food and drink were of the king's appointment, it was their duty to partake of it. They prayed over the matter, and studied the Scriptures. Their education had been of such a character that they felt even in their captivity that God was their dependence; and after carefully reasoning from cause to effect, "Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank: therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself."

This request they did not prefer in a defiant spirit, but as if soliciting a great favor. The appearance of Daniel and his companions was like what every youth's should be. They were courteous, kind, respectful, possessing the grace of meekness and modesty. And the good behavior of these youth obtained favor for them. Of Daniel we read, "God had brought Daniel into favor and tender love with the prince of the eunuchs." And now as Daniel and his fellows were brought to the test, they placed themselves fully on the side of righteousness and truth. They did not move capriciously, but intelligently. They decided that as flesh-meat had not composed their diet in the past, it should not come into their diet in the future, and as wine had been prohibited to all who should engage in the service of God, they determined that they would not partake of it. The fate of the sons of Aaron had been presented before them, and they knew that the use of wine would confuse their senses, that

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EWING GALLOWAY

## How Patriotic Are You?

By JAY SPELLMAN

WE AMERICANS have much for which to be thankful, so much more than had the Pilgrim Fathers who celebrated their American harvest festival during the first autumn they spent in their new home on the newly discovered continent. They were thankful for freedom to worship God as they wished, and for all the gifts their heavenly Father had bestowed upon them.

What can we be thankful for today? Peace is one thing. Even though it is a troubled peace and may be short-lived, still we should be grateful for it, and give thanks that our troubles are comparatively trivial. True, we can see the scars of war in many homes where the light boyish laughter no longer rings through the house, or where a long-looked-for husband did not return home. However, we can be thankful for the millions of soldiers who did

come home and who are still filling their loved ones' hearts with joyous thanksgiving.

We can be thankful for food, for the measure of civil and religious liberty that still prevails, and also for thousands of personal blessings, if we would only take time to count them.

Vast fields of yellow grain are bent with their golden weight; apples are scarlet in the orchards; there is the fragrant aroma of burning leaves; in the beauty of the Indian summer the corn is now turning brown; the gentian's blue fringe curls in the sun; and the vines are overlaid with purple grapes. On every hand riches of nature are evident. Wherever these blessings have been bestowed upon us, we are responsible for improving the opportunity to help others solve their problems and meet their needs. We should not

love they had for their country. The sentiment within hearts that makes men patriots is the conviction that even life itself is of secondary importance to the life of the nation. Nathan Hale had that spirit when he declared just as he faced the end of life, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Men like this express the feelings of true patriots of all lands and of all ages. There are very few of us who would have the patriotism and loyalty in our hearts to do what some of our patriots of yesterday did. We should keep in mind the fact that there is no finer way to show patriotism, or love of country, than by being a good citizen. Patriotism leads men and women to sacrifice leisure time, pleasure, and money to serve their state and their country.

The spirit of patriotism should be cultivated in the hearts of children both at home and in the schoolroom, by parents and teachers who set an example and live by that example. The child who sees his parents or teachers violate the laws of patriotism and good citizenship, is not being encouraged to love his country more than his life. Instructors should find more occasions during classes to discuss patriotism and the feeling everyone should have toward his country. It would also be well to have more programs prepared on the anniversaries of great historic events.

It is a good thing to live where men



fail to improve this opportunity, or to be thankful for it.

Patriotism is not something one can inherit or buy; it is an indefinable something within each heart. Its beginnings cannot be traced, because as far back as we have any historical record, there has been patriotism of some form. Nearly five hundred years before the Christian Era, a noble band of Spartans held the pass at Thermopylae and died to save Greece from Persian despotism. Love of country has never been confined to one people or to one area. Almost every day we hear of some heroic deed that has been done in some part of the world, but think of all the unsung and unrewarded heroic acts that are constantly taking place.

It was not the pomp and pride of kings that made their soldiers great but the

work and play together. It reminds one to set his own little watch now and then by the great clock of humanity, which runs on sun time. But there is more to being a real patriot than this. Ask yourself these questions:

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you? to ignore what you think the world owes you and to think what you owe the world? If you put your rights in the background, your duties in middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground, you will see that your fellow men are just as real as you are. Try to look behind their faces, and you will discover hearts hungering for happiness; you will come to realize that probably the only good reason for your existence is, not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life. Can you close your book

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**W**HENEVER I have thought of the command to honor father and mother, my mind has turned to a very unusual experience I had a few years ago. I rode for some hours in the cab with the engineer on a streamlined train. The first discovery I made—a rather startling one—was that everything looked different from the driver's seat. I had formerly seen the railroad right of way and the countryside in general, only from a seat in the train. As I watched the narrow bands of steel on which the Diesel monster had to run, the sharpness of some of the curves, the grade crossings where derailling collisions might occur, I felt relieved that the engineer had hold of the brake as well as the throttle. I concluded that there is a real difference in viewpoint when you are in the driver's seat.

What we as youth might well remember is that we are not yet in the driver's seat. We are rather comfortably relaxed in a passenger seat with perhaps nothing more significant to do than to make brilliant remarks on how father and mother are steering the family too cautiously along the road of life. It is just possible that they may have learned through the years that some curves can be safely taken only at low speed, and that certain crossings are fraught with special danger. We must never forget that they are taking us over a road they have traveled for years but which we have never traveled. In fact, we do not even know that a sharp curve will confront us down the road a little way.

But there was something more that I learned from that fascinating ride with the railroad engineer. Night came on, and with it a dazzling array of signal lights. They looked very beautiful but quite meaningless to me. My natural desire would have been to drive full speed ahead. Why not see what further beautiful lights might appear along the track? But I noticed that the engineer did not have the same carefree attitude. Sometimes he even applied the brakes. Those lights both warned and guided him.

I thought afterward: How like the journey of life. To us who are young the

# Thou Shalt HONOR

**PART**



**TWO**

By FRANCIS D. NICHOL

bright lights on the highway provide only a reason for hurrying onward in happy-go-lucky style. We are irked by old-fashioned parents who insist that danger lies ahead at times and that we should proceed cautiously. Personally, I am glad that there was an "old-fashioned" engineer on the streamlined train, or I would not be writing these lines today. If we are sensible children who honor our parents, we shall be glad that they are old fashioned enough to keep us on the track.

There is another reason why youth is likely to violate the fifth command. None of us like restraint, particularly in our early years. We want to be free to do as we wish. Our parents stand as an obstacle in the way of obtaining that wish. Hence there is a clash between our desires and their counsel. What we fail to realize is that those who have least parental direction in their youth—who have the greatest freedom to do as they please—are often those who have little or no freedom in later years. Why? Because it is largely from this class that the criminal element is recruited. It is those who are determined to have their own way in everything, irrespective of anyone's counsel, who finally end up by not having their own way in anything. They do only what the jailer commands.

Above the doors of a courthouse in a New England city is this inscription: "Obedience to law is liberty." This is a

simple fact of experience that we are likely to forget when we begin to chafe under parent laws. If we doubt that this is a fact, all we need to do is to watch the traffic on a busy day. It is only by obedience to the traffic laws that any of us have liberty to move safely, if at all, down the highway. And it is only by obedience to the traffic laws on the highway of life that we can hope to make our way to the kingdom without collision or other catastrophe. Traffic officers may not be welcome people when we have violated the law or when we would like to violate it. But in our quiet moments we willingly confess that we would not like to be on the road if there were no officers on duty. The same should be our feeling regarding our parents as we travel the highway of life.

Then there is the feeling of youth that "it's nobody's business but my own what I do with my life." Such a feeling naturally results in opposition to one's parents. We cannot honor our parents when we think it is really none of their business what we do. Yet we say that we believe in the Ten Commandments.

The Bible informs us, and all experience bears witness to the truth, that no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself. Each of us is a strand in a fabric woven by all our ancestors, our relatives, our friends, and our fellow countrymen. Together we make a pattern and create a design for living. One strand by itself creates no beautiful design and possesses no strength to meet the tensions of life. The pattern is spoiled if a strand is missing. This is doubly true of the pattern of the home. God, not man, created the home. That is a fact we must never forget. Remembering it will help many of us who are young to throw out of our minds the lawless idea that it is nobody's business how we order our lives. Such an attitude would destroy the home. And is it a small thing to destroy what God has created? —Please turn to page 19



COURTESY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

As I Watched the Narrow Bands of Steel on Which the Diesel Monster Had to Run, the Sharpness of Some of the Curves, . . . I Felt Relieved That the Engineer Had Hold of the Brake as Well as the Throttle



# Are You a SPECULATOR?

By GORDON DALRYMPLE

OF CONSIDERABLE interest in the field of current events several months ago was the news that many prominent businessmen were speculating in the grain market. Despite the great need of Europe's millions, these men disregarded human misery in order that they might enjoy financial gain. The United States Congress finally asked for a written list of those involved in grain speculation; and when the names were published, a number of public figures were very much embarrassed. Needless to say, they hastily withdrew from the field of speculation and promised that in the future they would stay clear of such dealing. What was it that made these men suddenly decide to withdraw from their profitable trade? It was the sudden exposure of their underhanded dealings, plus the powerful pressure of public opinion.

Speculation did not originate in this present age, nor is it isolated to the business profession. Professed Christians have been tempted to speculate since Biblical days.

When Adam and Eve partook of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, it was speculation that caused their fall. They were speculating on the devil's solemn promise that they would "not surely die" and that by eating of the fruit they would become as wise as God. Instead of profiting by the experience of Adam and Eve, ever since that time mankind has continued to speculate on the false promises and allurements proffered by the devil.

In this century humanity has stood by, appalled while would-be conquerors have twice speculated upon their power to gain control of the earth. The first world war marked one of the most desperate speculative attempts in history, when one nation challenged the world in an effort to gain supremacy. Undaunted by the first failure, a second attempt was made only twenty-five years later, and for a time it seemed as though the venture might prove successful. But Bible prophecy again proved accurate, as always. When it seemed there was no longer any hope, the world witnessed the inexplicable miracle of Dunkirk, which marked the turning of the tide. Strange as it may seem, men still remain unconvinced that speculation against divine prophecies is profitless, and even now there are nations which are

gambling upon gaining universal supremacy.

As a direct result of the terrible war in which the world was so recently engaged, many are speculating on the false promises of spiritualists. Disregarding the definite statement found in Ecclesiastes which tells us that "the dead know not any thing," they are seeking to get in touch with their deceased loved ones. They do not realize that they are being duped by Satan, and they trustingly listen to the voice of one whom they think is their relative, but in reality they are either being tricked or are listening to the voice of an evil spirit. The devil has many snares for the Christian, but one of his most subtle is that of impersonating the dead. It is exceedingly difficult to convince one who thinks he has seen and heard a lost loved one speak that he has been fooled. Spiritualism is but another sure proof that the devil will use every possible means to accomplish his evil purposes.

A number of years ago the sports world was shocked to hear that as a result of speculation a baseball team had purposely lost a world's series. The one encouraging thing about the disgraceful episode was the desperate efforts of the losing team's pitcher to play the game squarely. Pitching for the members of a team whose only desire was to hurl the ball into the bleachers every time they could, the pitcher played almost a one-man game, and by heroic effort forced his team to win two games. In the end, of course, it lost, but the world will always admire the pitcher who refused to be bribed.

It is the devil's intent to cause us to speculate on our own salvation; to sell ourselves before the fight has even started, and then to have us surrender without a struggle.

We are living in an age when men delight in speculating or taking chances.



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Last year a celebrated tight-rope walker tried to get the city authorities of Niagara Falls, New York, to let him cross the Niagara River as a publicity stunt. He stated he would ask no financial returns for his exploit but would be satisfied with the pleasure of giving and receiving a thrill. The city council, much to the man's displeasure, refused him permission, and with good reason.

Back in 1929, before the last great depression, it was freely predicted by a few American businessmen that if the country was to maintain a stable economy, speculation must stop. But times were so prosperous that this good advice was laughed at. Men could not bring themselves to believe that such a prosperous era could come to a close. A few months later the crash came, and those who had failed to heed the advice were bankrupt.

We too, as Christians, have been warned repeatedly that the end of the world is near, and if we fail to heed the warning, we shall be involved in a far more serious crash than were the victims of the stock-market failure. It would be better for us to lose all our material wealth than to lose all eternity by speculating upon our Christian welfare.

Are you speculating? Are you inclined to gamble on eternity by saying, "My Lord

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ANTICIPATION throbbed within the young man's heart as the boat plied its way through the waters of the Atlantic. Only a few days now, and it would dock in a South American port! There he could give vent to what a merchant marine seaman, nineteen years of age, called a good time. God had no place in his thinking.

Those days in port as he purposed to spend them would be filled with excessive indulgences. But while Bill was on deck one day, still living in his "dream world," the unexpected happened. There flashed into his mind the realization that there is a God in heaven. The thought startled him. He decided to investigate. As he searched the old ship for a Bible, his buddies laughed. Bill, of all people, looking for a Bible! Finally a copy of God's Sacred Word was found. And of all places to begin studying, he began at Leviticus 11. That told him what he should eat and not eat. Even a nineteen-year-old lad who had never studied God's Word could understand that certain meats are not fit for food. By the time his ship docked, his entire plans for shore leave were changed.

Soon he was back in the States. For two years he visited different churches and ministers, searching for those who taught all of God's Word, particularly the eleventh chapter of Leviticus. Just a few weeks ago for the first time he came in contact with a Seventh-day Adventist. Today he is a baptized member of the Adventist Church. I wish you might have shared his

One of the most thrilling sessions of the recent North Pacific Union Youth's Congress was that presided over by Pastor Cree Sandefur, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Washington Conference. A number of young people who have been sharing their faith came to the microphone to tell their experiences, and brought with them those they had won, to give their own testimonies. We wish that you might have met these young people personally, but even though this is not possible, we hope you will catch a bit of the thrill of this occasion as it is reported here.—EDITOR.

# Trophies of the Cross

By CREE SANDEFUR

earnestness and joy as he told his experience to Pastor G. W. Chambers and me at the Washington camp meeting. He is a trophy of the cross, no doubt about that!

Even a bakery salesman who goes from store to store, leaving tasty morsels, has opportunity to share his faith. It is true some of these contacts come unexpectedly. One day Jim Hodgkins met a fellow salesman whom he had seen previously in other stores that they both visited. His friend invited him to have a cup of coffee. Jim chose a soft drink instead. Immediately his friend Earl was curious to know why he refused coffee, and conversation turned into other channels. It was not long until Jim had aroused within his friend's mind a desire to know more of what God's wish for him might be. Time and again they would meet in the stores for chats, and then, that they might talk more personally, they would choose to lunch together in the park. Finally arrangements were made whereby Jim visited Earl's home to give systematic Bible studies.

Today both young men are active in the church. Both of them have proved to be strong Missionary Volunteer leaders. If you ask Earl to give all the reasons for becoming interested in Jim, he will be quick to reply that it was nothing definite, just the fact that he knew Jim was a salesman, that he did not belong to the union, did not drink coffee, and that he talked differently from others. By being different Jim made an opportunity to

share his faith, and won a soul who is now actively engaged in sharing his faith with others.

It still takes money to go to school. Elaine Myers decided that colporteur work was the solution to her problem. For three summers God used her in presenting the printed page to others. Of course, there were discouragements! Toward the close of one summer's work things had not gone so successfully as she had hoped. The devil was tempting her with discouragement. And then one day she sold *The Great Controversy* to a housewife. With *The Great Controversy* went a subscription to the *Signs of the Times*. The book was delivered. Its pages were hurriedly scanned, but no one in the home read it seriously. But week after week the *Signs of the Times* made its visit. Finally Jim Erlandson, a son of the housewife, became interested in reading the weekly periodical. With interest aroused through his reading of the *Signs*, his attention once more was directed to the book *The Great Controversy*. For two years the struggle went on. Deep conviction came to his heart. His parents did not join him in his decisions, but at last God brought victory to his heart. A few months ago he was baptized. One month after his baptism he went out and began sharing his faith through the means of the printed page. At our North Pacific Youth's Congress, Jim met Miss Myers personally for the first time. Sincerely he thanked her for leaving *The Great Controversy* in his home. Jim is now looking forward to attendance at Walla Walla College where he will prepare for service.

Sometimes God uses storms and floods or physical happenings to turn hearts toward His message for these last days. Nestled in an Idaho valley was a family that had given no thought to the soon coming of Jesus. As they retired one evening, little did they realize the course of events just before them. During the night they were awakened by the whining of their dog at the front door. Wondering what was wrong, the father finally decided that

Grandfather Loar is a "Share Your Faith" Trophy—a Sharing Practiced by His Seventh-day Adventist Grandson





he should look outside to determine the cause for the disturbance. As he stepped out of bed he found that water had already covered the floor of his home. The dog was swimming around in water outside the house. A dam up the river had broken! The entire area was being flooded. Quickly the family was aroused. They climbed to the attic of their home. The next day a rescue party arrived, and they were taken from the flooded area.

Since he had to support a family, the father decided it was advisable to move to another area. At the new location his intended job was not of long duration. Also because of exposure he soon became ill, and the family found itself in hard circumstances. Little clothing had been saved from the flooded home. Practically no bedding had been rescued. They were living in a dilapidated house, and had practically no food to nourish their bodies.

A Seventh-day Adventist junior girl heard something of their circumstances, and it was reported to the local Seventh-day Adventist church. One of our young men accompanied some of the Dorcas women who went down to visit the family, and after much encouragement finally the

father told of their straitened circumstances. Not only did the church give them needed food and bedding, but Vern Clarambeau began giving them the bread of life. Bible studies were conducted for a few weeks, and just recently this father and mother and three juniors of the family were baptized. Yes, God sometimes moves in mysterious ways to work out His plans for His earth-bound children.

College curriculums are crowded so that young people may be efficiently trained for service in God's cause. But even so some of our Seventh-day Adventist youth find opportunities to share their faith during their college days. Eldon Walter was in attendance at the San Francisco Youth's Congress. There he pledged to share his faith with others. Upon returning to college, he found himself in a predominantly Seventh-day Adventist atmosphere. Even most of the persons in the community were acquainted with the third angel's message. But Eldon had made a pledge. He was determined that others would know of his faith. By walking he regularly visited the nearest town, and began covering two city blocks with *Signs of the*

*Times*. As he was going from home to home, he noticed one woman taking her washing off the line. Determined to put into practice some of the principles of good salesmanship, he began assisting in removing the clothes. This prospect was desirous of having him talk with her husband who was not a Christian.

Bible studies were arranged. Regularly he visited in that home, studying God's Word with the family. The woman decided that the studies were good not only for her non-Christian husband but also for her. The father and mother of this family have already been baptized. Two children are looking forward to baptism.

As a result of the literature that was handed out in these two city blocks not only this family but two other families are receiving Bible studies and are favorably considering the acceptance of the Adventist faith.

Not all young people know how to give Bible studies. Jim White found himself among this group. He went over to visit the union conference Missionary Volunteer secretary to get a little advice on how to proceed. You see, he had determined at the San Francisco Youth's Congress that he would share his faith.

Interest had been aroused as a result of the literature he had distributed. Now he must give Bible studies, and to learn how was a great task. The busy union conference Missionary Volunteer secretary gave him some pointers, but even then Jim did not feel secure. He returned to his home to practice just a bit before going out for the appointed Bible study. Living in his home was an eighty-seven-year-old grandfather, who was not a Seventh-day Adventist. As Jim began his practice study he suggested to grandfather that he sit in with him. Grandfather was interested in the Crusaders' pictures that were thrown on the screen. He was even more interested in what Jim had to say and in the invitation that he gave at the close of the study. Jim continued with his Bible studies as well as with his practicing on grandfather.

Then came camp meeting. The grandson arranged for Grandfather Loar to visit the Oregon campground. The elderly man had not been there long until there came a realization to his heart that something was happening. Thinking that he could get away from this feeling, he took the bus and went home. When Jim missed him he, too, went home and asked grandfather why he had left. Grandfather was frank in admitting his decision that camp meeting was no place for him. The next day Jim was surprised to see his grandfather again on the campground, and upon inquiry as to why, grandfather replied that he had decided that there was something here that he needed. That Sabbath, when the appeal was made, Grandfather Loar, eighty-seven years of

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## The Answered Prayer

By ANN KUTCHER

AUNT CAROLINA sat down on one of the benches in the waiting room of the railway station. She had missed her train, and now she would have to spend the week end in this strange city. What was she going to do? True enough, a niece and a few friends lived there, but she did not know the address of any of them. Aunt Carolina spoke English brokenly, and could not read or write it at all. It would be hard for her to get about alone, and she knew that lodgings were hard to find; also she had very little money. But a few months before this she had found a wonderful Friend, Jesus, and had accepted Him as her Saviour. She was confident that He was mindful of her trouble, and so she lifted her heart to Him in prayer for help.

It was Sabbath afternoon, and Mrs. Smith had just finished the lunch which she had brought with her when she came downtown to church. She lived in the outskirts of the city, and whenever it was possible she stayed for vesper service in the late afternoon. The free hour or two she usually spent walking or reading. Often she walked to a near-by railway station, but this particular Sabbath afternoon she decided to take a longer walk than usual. Perhaps, she would have time to walk to a more distant station, sit down and rest a bit, and still get back to the church for vespers. And this she did. As she sat resting she noticed

a stout, middle-aged woman, with a small suitcase and several packages about her. She appeared to be rather lonely and troubled, so Mrs. Smith, always eager to help a person in need, moved over and sat beside her. They began to talk, and soon the stranger had told in her broken English how she had missed her train and did not know what she was going to do.

"Do you read the Bible?" she asked suddenly, as Mrs. Smith pondered.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I read my Bible every day. I am a Seventh-day Adventist."

"Seventh-day Adventist!" exclaimed the traveler. "I have a niece in this city who is a Seventh-day Adventist, but I don't know her address. Do you know Katherine Derry?"

"Yes, I know her quite well, but I do not know just where she lives. However, perhaps we could find her. I am going to attend a vesper service at sunset, and maybe your niece will be there. Would you like to walk to my church with me?"

Katherine Derry was the only Seventh-day Adventist in her family, and for this reason did not see her relatives very often. She did not dream as she entered the church this late Sabbath afternoon that she would come face to face with her aunt. Later, as the two of them talked over this unusual coincidence, they realized more fully how God answers the prayers of those who put their trust in Him.





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# Loss That Is GAIN

By DICRAN ABRAHAM MAZLUM

**A**BE was having a hard time with his Sabbathkeeping in the public school. From almost the earliest days that his memory could trace he had been attending public schools. Every year he had the same old trouble.

"We are not going to hear this story any longer!" he had often heard the principal warn his mother on registration days. Each time it had appeared that the decision was final, and that there would be positively no exceptions made for Abe any longer. But somehow things had always worked out. Rules and decisions had been set aside, and he had passed from class to class with the passing years.

He was not the only Seventh-day Adventist student in the school. There were two girls struggling through the same Sabbath problem. This school in Constantinople was the only one where they could receive an education in their mother tongue. There were no Adventist schools in the country of Turkey, and because of government restrictions there was not even the hope of opening one. Abe and the others had to do their best in the public school.

This was a miserable situation. A country which flourished so well in the first years of Christianity, where so many of the prominent and active churches were established, and from which the gospel light was to shine forth into other lands

far and near, is now itself a strong fortress against the advance of Christianity. The entire native population of Turkey is Mohammedan, and the few Christian bodies composed of foreigners in Constantinople are required to limit their activities to the regular weekly devotional services. But for the one hundred Seventh-day Adventist church members the restrictions are more stringent. Not being recognized by the government as a regular church, they have been denied the right to have meetings anywhere. At times it has been possible to hold Sabbath school and services in the Protestant church buildings, where they could pass as members of the respective churches. At other times, under cover of family visits and group picnics, they come together in houses or in the quiet of out-of-town fields. Aggressive evangelistic work is out of the question, and the slow increase of membership from year to year has been possible only by patient and earnest labor with people in their homes.

There are a few public schools operated by Christian communities, but these are strictly controlled by the government. It was in one of these educational institutions that Abraham and his friends were struggling hard to remain faithful to the observance of Sabbath, and at the same time to keep up in grades with the rest of the class, even with the disadvantage of

missing six classes on Sabbath.

But there must have been something different about the Sabbathkeeping students. Or maybe it was because of many prayers offered that the kind elderly principal invariably changed his mind after his first reaction whenever the case of Adventist students had been brought to his attention. "What are you, anyway? Jews or Gentiles? Why don't you follow the precepts of the Good Book like all other reasonable Christian churches?" He had never cared to consider seriously just how reasonable everybody was in an understanding of the precepts of the Bible. But the school had a set of rules, and they must be obeyed. "Why should we change rules and regulations, and introduce unnecessary exceptions just for the sake of two or three students among thousands?"

The presence of Adventist students had really caused the faculty some inconvenience. Special

examinations had to be arranged; missed quizzes had to be made up; and in some cases credit had to be given for a course that met only on Saturdays, not even giving the teacher a chance to see his student. All this was very inconvenient for the teachers.

But as we have said, the principal was a kind man. He was so much interested in the welfare of the school that he spared neither his time nor his effort whenever a student needed to be helped through some perplexing problem. But the problem of Abe and his friends could annoy even the best-natured man. It was during such crises that he had sometimes said, "These Adventists! No! No more of that stuff. We admit only students who are ready to come to school every school day."

It was discouraging! At such times a few poorly constructed yet earnest prayers flashed through Abraham's confused mind. Then came the most welcome words of compromise from the tired principal, "Well, you better register him now. But we shall have to do something about it. He must come to school on the Sabbaths of the examination weeks at least!"

Abe had often heard during missions exercises in the Sabbath school stories of children in other mission lands, describing their need of desks and chairs and other essential pieces of furniture in their schools. How happy must they be even



# Poison Pools



By MARJORIE LEWIS LLOYD

There are tainted pools in the desert place  
That lure the trav'ler on  
And cause faint smiles to wreath his face  
As his weary steps renew their pace  
To drink of one.

And just one drink from the poison pool  
Would quench his crazing thirst,  
But death lies in those waters cool.  
Shall he struggle on, or be a fool  
And perish first?

There's a desert here, and a tainted drink  
That tempts with a promised charm—  
A desert made by the thoughts we think,  
And fountains that urge to their gilded brink  
With no alarm.

So up and away from the haunted space  
To the green and wooded hill,  
Where never a thought of the desert place  
Shall lure us away from the Father's face  
And from His will.

under such circumstances! At least they had *their own* schools. They did not have to worry about the problem of staying away from school on the Sabbath or catching up with the rest of the class in the lessons missed on that day. And the examination days! Those boys in Africa and India did not have to take *F* for the tests that came on Sabbath. Why, none of these inconveniences even existed! But instead, they enjoyed the privilege of attending Sabbath school, together with their teachers and school friends. However, this was not meant for Turkey.

Abe was now finishing high school. A few more weeks and then one stage of his education would be over. Because he had always liked engineering, after high school he had decided to go to a technical college and there realize his childhood ambition. He would build roads and draw plans for great bridges. He would be a great man!

The Sabbath problem? It was always there, but God was good. He never had attended any classes on Saturdays, and he did not need to worry about God's care and protection in coming days.

The plans were laid for the graduation day. The examination schedule had come from the state educational department for the final tests, which were to be taken

in the presence of government officials.

With the schedule was also a brief note. "Examinations must be taken by all students on scheduled days," it read. "A second chance will be given only to those who cannot attend examinations because of illness. Such students must submit physical reports signed by two physicians."

Would such a rule affect Abe? He glanced through the program nervously. He was not breathing, and his heart was beating twice as fast as normal. He could never expect any kindness from non-Christian government officials. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—they were all crowded with different examinations. Was there any course left for Saturday?

Geography was scheduled for the day he would not be able to go to school. That was too bad, Abe thought. He did not know just how things would work out. According to the educational system of the country, he would have to repeat the whole year's courses for failure in only one subject. He really could not afford to do that. God would probably do something again about it.

The examination week passed well until Saturday. On Sabbath morning Abe woke up early. He was restless, but managed to keep calm. After breakfast he was ready to go to Sabbath school with his mother and sisters.

It was a beautiful May morning. The green fields were spotted with bright-colored flowers; and looking down from the winding road of the hill, one could see the blue-and-white waters of the Bosphorus giving it the likeness of a marble sea. The Princes Islands in the distance seemed to reflect from the sun only those rays that made a lovely combination of orange and pink. Everything was peaceful. So was Abraham's conscience. He knew he had done the right thing and was sure that God was pleased too. But as yet he could not see why he should have to go through such a hard experience.

On his way home after the service he kept humming the tune of the closing hymn:

"I do not know, why oft 'round me,  
My hopes all shattered seem to be;  
God's perfect plan I cannot see,  
But some day I'll understand."

He too would have to rely on the promise of "some day." There would be no other solution to his shattered hopes.

His school principal and others who had hitherto insisted that he come to school on Sabbaths, regardless of what the Bible has to say about it, now joined him in his efforts to find an entrance to the kind feelings and consideration of government officials. Friends and members of the church joined in prayer to God, asking Him that His will might be done. All efforts failed, but they could still pray.

It was not easy for Abe to study over, for a whole year, the same lessons that he had learned, and over which he had passed examinations successfully. Not that he found any difficulty in learning what he already knew, but one more year of the same class meant that he would be one year late in finishing college. It was just too bad.

Before school was over that year, Abe heard that plans were being laid for an Adventist college to be opened in Lebanon for the training of teachers and ministers. Could it be that all the experience he had gone through was to climax in his attending this new college? He thought the matter over seriously. He had not begun his engineering yet, and his past year's experience had made him wonder whether, after all, he should not plan for his life something more solid than just building. He thought more and more, until one day he actually boarded the train for the new Adventist college in Beirut.

A new life started for him. Association with a group of Adventist friends and schoolmates was an experience he had often visualized, but he had never conceived it as being real and possible. It was so different to have others in the school share with him the same faith and standards that had always caused him so much grievance! He studied in this school for the ministry, and when after several years of training and evangelistic work he

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR





J. C. ALLEN

# Farming, a Profession

By HELEN J. ANDERSON

I KNOW I must have blushed noticeably that Sabbath afternoon when the pastor's wife introduced me to the new conference president's wife. The introduction had proceeded according to etiquette until Mrs. Pastor had said, "Mrs. Anderson taught at — College for several years." Immediately Mrs. Conference President's face lit up with unmistakable pleasure, and her delighted, "Oh?" warmed the atmosphere.

It should have rejoiced my heart, but somehow after our brief hallway conversation I felt like calling out after her, "Come back, Mrs. President! It isn't true! I *did* teach in college once, but why should that make such a difference? I am a farmer's wife now!"

Although I greatly admired both of these intelligent women, who are hard-working daughters of the soil themselves, I was surprised at the attitude they had taken, in common with many others, who consider farmers to be at the bottom of the ladder of human achievement. I was sure, however, that they had no intention of giving the impression that had overwhelmed me. But really, now, *why* should farmers be discounted as a social class?

You will no doubt recall many a good minister's address to a group of wide-eyed, openhearted young people, which sounded the challenge of the hour and told them the need of God's cause for ministers, teachers, doctors, nurses, office workers, colporteurs, and "yes, even farmers!" I agree; it is the "*even farmers*" that irks me.

Andy, a young farmer, was looking eagerly through the alumni review. The particular column he was interested in listed the various positions filled by other graduates of his alma mater. After some time he closed the paper disappointed, for he had found no mention of farmers. Perhaps they were included in the column which ended with "and others."

I remember reading a story long ago of a poor farmer boy who was the only help to his widowed mother. At about the age of fifteen he decided that life held something better for him than the hand-to-mouth existence he then led; and so he left his devoted parent to get along as best she could while he went to the city to try his fortune. After being battered about from one place to another, he finally achieved a measure of success when

he obtained a good position and amassed plenty of money. It all ended happily, to be sure, but I wish he had helped his mother for a few more years on the farm. I think it would have made a better story for children to read.

No doubt you have heard Pastor So-and-So recount, perhaps with tears, some of his experiences, back home on the farm. These illustrations always make such good reading and listening, and we like Pastor So-and-So, but how strange that we especially admire a professional man who still bears some of the marks of his former life on the farm. Yet if he were suddenly to fade out of the public eye and make farming his profession, he would be considered a failure!

George and Edward were two young men who were teaching in one of our Adventist schools. Edward went back to the farm, and a few months later chanced to meet George, who was on his way to take the medical course. Conversation lagged. They *ah'd* and *er'd*, George not wishing to embarrass Edward by making any reference to his present humble station, or the former experiences which they had shared. The weather seemed to be the only safe topic for discussion; but as it was a particularly fine day, it too was soon exhausted, and each felt profoundly relieved when they parted.

I wonder how such an attitude came to be? Why should those in the white-collar professions have any feeling of superiority over those engaged in farming? Why is the poorest city worker, by some strange rule, placed above the farm laborer? "Just a farmer" seems to be almost synonymous with "a nobody," and many think that anyone who cannot be anything else can become a farmer. After all, they conclude, farming requires no special talent.

Such reasoning is tragic, and furthermore, it is false. Farming is becoming more and more mechanized, and therefore requires considerable ability as well as a sincere love for the soil. The farm is no place for a shiftless, lazy man, or for one who is afraid of soiling his hands. True, farm life entails a somewhat slower tempo than city life, but as such it is all the more to be recommended. There is no need to elaborate on the reasoning of "out of the cities" articles that have frequently appeared in various periodicals. There are so many advantages to country living—especially in these uncertain times.

The farm is the very foundation of most of our Western communities. Nearly always the students who "make good" in our denominational colleges are those who have learned to work hard and to carry responsibility on the farm. These young people are not often among those who are a problem to their deans and teachers, but are dependable, earnest seekers after wisdom. Farm young people

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# NORTH PA

Reported



Panel at the North Pacific Congress Discussing Youth Problems. Right to Left: L. A. Skinner, C. L. Bond, F. H. Yost, Cree Sandefur, M. J. Perry, Facing Audience



M. J. Perry and C. L. Bond at the Microphones During a Live Radio Broadcast Over Station KWJJ



C. A. Scriven, President of North Pacific Union Conference, is the Speaker of the Hour



The King's Heralds, Songsters With the Voice of Prophecy, Dispensing Their Beautifully Arranged Hymns

WE'VE a story to tell to the nations!"

The challenging words of our official North Pacific Youth's Congress song were brought to an estimated audience of four thousand people by the lovely voice of Mrs. Mable Tormoehlen at beautiful Gladstone Park on Wednesday evening, July 28. As the talented soloist reached the last chorus, Charles Keymer led the audience as they joined in the prophetic strain:

"For the darkness shall turn to dawning,  
And the dawning to noonday bright,  
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,  
The kingdom of love and light."

"The time is now!" declared Pastor H. M. S. Richards in his straight-from-the-shoulder, right-to-the-heart sermon which was the feature of the evening. Ably seconded by the soul-stirring melodies of the King's Heralds male quartet, Pastor Richards urged that *now* is the time for that preparation of heart which is needed for those who are to be ready to meet the Master when He comes, and that *now* is the time to repeat to others the story of redeeming love.

After the meeting, music floated out over the grounds until ten o'clock, when the strains of "Thank You, Lord" were followed by silence.

"In the morning, I see His face,  
In the evening His form I trace,  
In the darkness His voice I know;  
I see Jesus ev'rywhere I go."

Awakened by the beautiful melody of the preceding chorus, the campers at Gladstone Park began a new day next morning. Thirty minutes of organ music were followed by fifteen minutes devoted to the Morning Watch. A short, stimulating talk by Pastor E. G. Fresk, of Montana, followed by a brief period for personal prayer in the tents, rooms, and cabins, marked this service.

At the morning devotional service Pastor F. H. Yost brought an inspiring message on the subject "In Touch With God."

During the midmorning service Charles Allaway, A. J. Reisig, and C. Lester Bond presented an interesting symposium on service.

H. M. S. Richards and the King's Heralds brought the closing message of the morning under the heading "The Man Nobody Missed," stressing the fact that a failure to engage in active service for the Master would place us under that unde-

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



# IFIC *Union Youth's Congress*

V. CHAMBERS, M. J. PERRY, C. L. BOND, and CHARLES ALLAWAY

sirable classification. A large and appreciative audience was present to hear this timely message in sermon and song.

L. A. Skinner called attention to the fact that "God Speaks to Youth," as he spoke in the first of the two afternoon services Thursday, urging that we hear and heed the voice of our Leader.

In the second of the afternoon services the congregation broke up into three groups. One group remained in the main auditorium for the consideration of colporteur evangelism with Charles Allaway in charge. Another group went to the Senior M.V. pavilion, where A. J. Reisig was in charge of public evangelism. The third group went to the J.M.V. pavilion, where C. Lester Bond presented personal evangelism. A good attendance supported these three meetings. From them came thrilling stories of adventures in Christian service. Young people were the speakers who told of their own experiences. Here was found the real heartbeat of the congress. Other services furnished valuable inspiration and necessary instruction, but here was felt the pulsating power in the lives of those who had acted on similar inspiration and instruction.

The service Thursday night, "Trophies of the Cross," under the able guidance of Cree Sandefur, of the Washington Conference, was something of a preview of that glad day when workers for God will greet the souls who have been won as the result of their efforts. One after another, soul winners stepped to the pulpit and told their story. (See detailed report of this service on pages 7 and 8.)

There was Jim Hodgkins, the bread salesman who passed the bread of life along to Earl Johnson, who in turn is working to win still others. Brother Johnson was with Brother Hodgkins on the rostrum.

Elaine Myers spoke of the book which won a young man to the truth. The young man, James Erlandson, was standing beside her as she spoke. When her story was finished, the young man turned to her and publicly thanked her for bringing the truth to him.

Martha Thompson told how she, her sister, and her mother had prayed for her father for years. That father, standing happily by her side, told how God had spoken to him at the North American Youth's Congress in San Francisco last September, and he had heeded the invitation to surrender.

James White related his experience in

winning his grandfather. When L. W. Loar, the old gentleman in question, was asked how old he was, he said that he was eighty-seven. Hale and hearty, happy in his victory over the powers of darkness, the old man presented a striking picture as he stood by the eighteen-year-old grandson who had invited him to come to the Master.

C. C. Coleman related his experience in introducing Mrs. Virginia McKee to the truth, and she spoke of her appreciation of his efforts.

When, after the interlude of music which followed the meeting, the strains of "Thank You, Lord, for Saving My Soul" ascended to heaven, it must have borne with it sincere prayers of thanksgiving for the blessings God had given His children.

The great North Pacific Union Youth's Congress, held for the youth of the Northwest, brought real inspiration to our young people, particularly in the light of these unprecedented times with ever-increasing fears and unrest among the nations of the earth.

The youth coming to congress manifested a determination to take advantage of every moment of the few days they were privileged to be together, to receive spiritual help and direction which would prepare them for the challenge of sharing their faith with their fellow youth. The program for Friday was indeed heavy laden with thrilling adventures throughout the entire day. We were pleased to have with us J. R. Nelson, union M.V. secretary of the Pacific Union, who admonished us to lay aside every weight, and enter the great battle for God. Yes, if we are to be victorious, we must forget our weaknesses, our burdens, our troubles, and keep our eyes single to the challenge of the hour.

The evangelistic workshops which followed attracted the interest of all, and brought to them the instruction they needed to meet the challenge of soul winning when they get home.

J. A. Buckwalter brought to the congress assemblage during the eleven-o'clock hour the topic "Cornering the Killer," arousing us to the realization of the deadly interests of the forces of evil.

In the afternoon G. W. Bowers, of Walla Walla College, brought inspiration to the thousands of youth, through the musical talent and other interesting demonstrations, and when the "Youth Problems"

hour came, and L. A. Skinner took charge, the auditorium was packed. A large panel was set up, and specific youth's problems were given unbiased consideration. Many complicated situations were discussed as the youth brought their questions to the panel.

The Friday evening program was outstanding in that at seven-thirty the Voice of Adventist Youth, a special youth broadcast, sponsored by M.V. Secretary M. J. Perry and his Idaho Missionary Volunteers, was on the air in a live broadcast over KWJJ at Portland, and at the same time transcribed for later broadcasts over network and local stations throughout the Northwest. The young people of the entire union, including M.V. secretaries of each local union and conference, and representatives of the General Conference, participated in this wide-awake program direct from the congress auditorium through remote-control telephone service. Several recordings were made of this broadcast to be released over various stations. The youth were thrilled to have a part in spreading the gospel to others through the medium of radio.

The evening service which followed brought a real challenge to the delegations as F. H. Yost pointed out to us how we can be secure in Christ Jesus.

The special music throughout the entire day was greatly appreciated by our young people, and many victories were made for Christ, as they pledged their lives anew to their Master.

God is blessing the youth today, and is eager to utilize their talents in bringing hope and courage to a worried, anxious world, dying in sin and shame. Are we doing all we can, through our prayers and associations to challenge the youth, who are destined to have a glorious part in this world-wide "Share Your Faith" crusade, to respond without reservation to these heart-touching appeals, that they may point out to others the glorious hope of eternal life?

Sabbath, July 31, was the high day of the congress, from the prelude of music, which began at 6 A.M. until the close of the postlude of music which ended at 10 P.M. Every moment was one of inspiration and blessing. The Morning Watch call to prayer each morning met a hearty response in the hearts of the thousands of youth who were in attendance.

"All Out for God" was the key thought



presented by Pastor C. A. Scriven, president of the North Pacific Union Conference, at the devotional hour after breakfast. The speaker related a number of thrilling incidents experienced by Christian youth, showing how victory and success in service for God came to them as a result of wholehearted consecration to Him.

Sabbath school followed, under the direction of D. L. Olsen, secretary of the Sabbath school department of the Washington Conference. All who were present will long remember the story of the conversion of Betty Pittman as related by her. Betty was attending public high school and while there was so favorably influenced by the consistent Christian life of a Seventh-day Adventist young man, who also attended the school, that she accepted his faith and united with his church in spite of the strong opposition on the part of her parents.

The mission story was presented in the form of an interview between the superintendent and Miss Gracie Kulukhon, an Eskimo girl from Alaska. Her conversion to Christianity and that of many of her people gave ample proof of the fact that missions surely pay.

In his sermon at the eleven-o'clock hour, L. A. Skinner, associate secretary of the General Conference youth's department, placed a real challenge before the young people as he asked them to place Christ above all else in their lives. At the close of his sermon many hundreds of those in attendance signed foreign mission declaration blanks, thus indicating their willingness to serve anywhere in God's vineyard that they might be called to go.

The convictions of these hundreds of youth were further stimulated in the afternoon when M. J. Perry presented his program "Missions on Parade." During this service approximately two hundred former foreign missionaries, children of missionaries, and youth from other lands who are in the United States to attend school thrilled the delegates and all in attendance with their colorful costumes and the stories they related of mission

advance in many parts of the world.

At three-forty-five Sabbath afternoon the congress Master Comrade investiture service was conducted by C. Lester Bond, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Upper Columbia Conference. Although only twelve candidates were invested, the service was an impressive one. Addresses were given by C. L. Bond and L. A. Skinner on the topics "Why a Master Comrade" and "Opportunities to Serve." At the close of these a Master Comrade honor guard comprised of thirteen Master Comrades took their places at the back of the stage. The candidates were then presented; and as the name of each was read, he took his place in front of one of the members of the honor guard, leaving a break in the line directly in front of the center member of the guard of honor. After the charge had been given by L. A. Skinner, the candidates, at a given signal, turned about to face the Master Comrades behind them who invested them with the Master Comrade neckerchief and insignia, and also placed in the hand of each an unlighted candle. As the candidates turned again to face the audience, Mrs. Walter Blehm, the center member of the guard of honor, stepped forward with a lighted torch in her hand, and holding it aloft she recited James Edward Hungerford's poem, "The Torchbearer."

"As the days go by,  
Hold your torch up high—  
The torch of spotless name,  
The torch of hope—  
That those who grope  
In the darkness may see its flame!  
The torch of love—  
Hold it high above  
The crowd as you march along.  
So all may know  
The way to go  
And avoid the paths of wrong.  
Let the glowing light  
Of the flame of right  
Guide the footsteps of those in doubt.  
Let your light so shine  
With the Light Divine,  
That nothing can put it out."

Then with reverence the torchbearer lighted the tapers of the candidates at her right and left, and these in turn lighted those of the candidates next to them. With all the candles lighted, the candidates stood with heads bowed while G. W. Chambers, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the North Pacific Union Conference, offered the consecration prayer. And thus another group of Master Comrades was sent forth to aid in saving and training the Junior boys and girls of the church.

The concluding message of the congress was given by Pastor Chambers. He dwelt upon God's challenging question, "Whom Shall I Send?" and appealed to the youth to share their faith with others every day and help in this way to carry the gospel to all the world in this generation. At the close of his address hundreds of the young people signed the "Share Your Faith" pledges, and their earnestness indicated that in the future there is to be new life and greater service for God throughout the entire Northwest.

The first meeting to stress the evangelistic workshops at the great North Pacific Union Youth's Congress held at Gladstone Park, Oregon, was conducted in the main auditorium on Thursday morning, July 29, at nine-forty-five. C. Lester Bond, M.V. secretary of the Upper Columbia Conference, took charge of the personal evangelism; A. J. Reisig, M.V. secretary of the Oregon Conference, took charge of the public evangelism; and Charles Allaway, publishing department secretary of the Montana Conference, took over the colporteur evangelism. At this initial meeting the opening thought was, "The pen is mightier than the sword." In order to convey this thought in a literal sense, Pastor Allaway had on the platform an average-size sword; with this he demonstrated a huge pen, nearly six feet in length, which impressed more

—Please turn to page 20

Left: Charles Allaway and His Daughter Dolores in the Colporteur Workshop

Right: A Close-up View of H. M. S. Richards, Speaker With the Voice of Prophecy Group







RUSSELL HARLAN, ARTIST

# JUNIORS

## TIMMY

By WESLEY E. McNEAL

WHAT is that over there on that barrel? It looks like a baby bird, but could it be, this late in the fall?" June went over to get a better look. "Why it's a hummingbird! And it looks as though it is almost dead. Poor thing! It must have been shut in the building when the rest of its family flew South."

June worked in a factory near our home in central Michigan, and since she had no place to keep the bird she gave him to us. It was early in September, and we were already having freezing temperatures at night. Had the bird been turned outdoors it surely would have frozen to death before morning. This was the beginning of our acquaintance with Timmy, a young male ruby-throated hummingbird.

That night when we put Timmy in a shoe box, we expected him to be dead by morning; but, to our surprise, he was very much alive; and when we got up we found him flying around the kitchen. Of course, our first thought was to give him something to eat. We mixed some honey and water in a tiny cup, but it did not attract him. Later in the morning a neighbor came to see him, and she brought some petunias from her well-protected flower bed. Barely had they come into the house when Timmy was hovering over them, sticking his long bill into each one and sipping the nectar. When we dropped a little honey water into one of the flowers, he drank it greedily. We fed him in this manner for nearly a week. Then we broke the small end from a petunia and set the blossom in the tiny cup of "nectar." Whenever he was hungry he flew to the flower and drank the seemingly never-ending supply which it afforded. In a few days he would drink from the cup without a flower. He fed himself about once every half hour during the day; and if no one was up when he awoke in

the morning, he would hover over my bed, chirping as loudly as he could, for me to get up and get him his breakfast. He liked to have one of us hold the cup while he drank from it.

Timmy would never alight to drink his honey water. He would simply hover over the tiny cup and stick his long, hairlike tongue down into the liquid. He also liked to eat small insects, especially fruit flies. He would dart after them in midair, dodging and turning very quickly. When he caught one he would give a little chirp of victory. We always kept one or two very ripe bananas in the kitchen so he would have plenty of fruit flies. He had very keen eyesight, and could find his cup of nectar wherever we placed it in the room.

Timmy seemed attracted to colorful objects, and he investigated them very closely. He often frightened strangers who came to our home by hovering directly in front of their faces, and if they were wearing bright-colored scarfs or mittens, he inspected those. Visitors often brought him flowers, which he investigated, but he usually passed them up for his artificial nectar, which was much more plentiful and easier to get.

We never saw Timmy light on the floor. When the sun was shining through the window, he would hover about an inch above the rug, darting around in the sunshine. He had a few favorite places where he liked to sit. One of these was on a music stand which was in one corner of the living room, and this was where he slept at night. He also liked to sit on the tops of the curtain rods throughout the house. At night when the



lights were on, he would sit on a chandelier or a lamp shade, facing the light bulbs. He did this because he liked the light and the heat.

Since Timmy had the run of the whole house, he found it fun to fly figure eights through the dining room and the living room which are connected by an arch. He would fly very swiftly, up next to the ceiling, and when he came to the arch, he would dart downward just low enough to miss it. Then once in a while he would dart down through the kitchen door, fly in two or three quick circles through the room and go back to continue his sport. A variation of this game was to fly from one corner of a room to the opposite corner, as fast as he could go. When it seemed he would dash himself against the wall, he would stop suddenly, hover for a few seconds, and fly back only to do it again. He liked this exercise very much, and he never seemed to tire of it.

Our "hummer" was a great acrobat. He could fly forward, backward, straight up, straight down, or sideways. It is surprising how such a tiny body, scarcely two inches long, can generate so much energy. When they migrate, hummingbirds are said to fly over five hundred miles across the Gulf of Mexico in a single night. For short distances they can attain up to 150 miles an hour.

Timmy did not like to be alone. During the day, when mother was working in the kitchen, he spent most of his time there, perched on a curtain near her. In the evening, when the family was gathered



in the living room, he was there amusing us with his antics. He did not seem to be afraid of us, but he did not like to be handled. He would usually keep just out of reach.

There was one thing that was lacking in Timmy's domesticated life. That was his daily bath. When he was wild he bathed in the dew on the leaves in the morning, but in the house this was impossible. One day there was a dishpan of celery in the kitchen sink, covered with water, waiting to be washed. Timmy spied it, and oh, what a bath he had in the wet leaves of that celery! After that we always kept a dish of water with some celery leaves in it on the kitchen window sill so he could take a bath whenever he wished. He al-



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

## L'Arithmetique de la Bible

By Ethel J. Fessler

1. Begin with the number of previous riders of the colt on which Jesus rode (Mark 11:2).

2. Add the number of men chosen to fight at Ai (Joshua 8:3).

3. Add the number of pieces of silver representing the cost of books of magic burned in the public square by new converts (Acts 19:19). About \$10,000.

4. Add the number of oxen sacrificed at the dedication of Solomon's Temple (1 Kings 8:63).

5. Add the number of men whose lives hung on the pronunciation of a word (Judges 12:5, 6).

Result: A special group in latter-day prophecy sealed for eternity.

## See the C's

By Walter V. Brandenburg

Match the word with the definition.

- |                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| 1. Cachinnation. | (a) Transitory, fleeting.                                  |
| 2. Cabochon.     | (b) A colorless, poisonous liquid of offensive odor.       |
| 3. Cachou.       | (c) To wheedle, or coax.                                   |
| 4. Cabuja.       | (d) A beetle.  |
| 5. Cacique.      | (e) A stone cut in convex form, polished, but not faceted. |
| 6. Cacodyl.      | (f) Loud, immoderate laughter.                             |
| 7. Cadastral.    | (g) A carriage.  |
| 8. Cadelle.      | (h) Of or pertaining to landed property.                   |
| 9. Caducous.     | (i) An aromatic pill for breath sweetening.                |
| 10. Caitiff.     | (j) A base, mean, cowardly person.                         |
| 11. Calash.      | (k) A political boss.                                      |
| 12. Cajole.      | (l) The Mauritius hemp.                                    |

—Keys on page 22

ways took one the first thing in the morning, and he usually took two or three more during the day.

Timmy never tried to escape, for he seemed quite contented to stay with us. The first day we had him he flew against the windows, but after he learned that he could not get out he stopped trying. One evening we thought he had flown out. Everyone had left the house, and all the lights were turned off except the porch light and the light in the front hall. The door to the front hall was left open by mistake, and, of course, that is where Timmy went, being attracted by the light. When we returned and opened the front door, we thought we heard the hum of his swiftly beating wings. Surely, it seemed, he had flown out into the darkness. We wondered whether he would know enough to come back. We searched the house thoroughly just in case he had not gone, but it was fruitless. We had visions of poor Timmy freezing to death during the cold night. In about an hour we saw him sitting on a chandelier as if nothing had happened. Another time he disappeared, and again a very thorough search proved futile. But the next morning we found him flying around the house, chirping for something to eat.

About Christmas time Timmy began to lose his pep. We saw he was not so lively as he had been, for he did not dart around in his graceful figure eights so often, and did not go after fruit flies as he had before. Then one day we found him on the floor where he had fallen from the music stand. We picked him up, put him in a cotton-lined box, and mixed some vitamin content in his honey water. He drank it, but it did not seem to help him. Then sometime during the following night he died.

Timmy had made himself a very interesting guest at our house during those four months. He amused children for miles around who came to see him, and amazed the older folk in the community when they saw how he adapted himself to his human surroundings. We shall always remember Timmy as the most unusual pet we have ever had.

## Sally and the Pumpkin Pie

By LOIS OLBEKSON

SALLY, Sally!" called Mrs. Bower. "Yes, Mother, here I am," came the answer from the living room.

"Sally, dear, I must go over and see how Mrs. Green is this evening. She is still unable to be up and around, and I want to take her some hot soup. Do you suppose you can stay alone? I won't be gone very long."

"Certainly I can, Mother," Sally assured her. "I'll finish reading this chapter I started, and then I'll go to bed."

"Well, I shall not be gone more than

an hour," called Mrs. Bower, as she left the house for one of her frequent missionary visits.

After Sally finished her reading she decided to wash the dishes, and surprise her mother, for mother had left them stacked in the kitchen sink. She was nearly eleven years old, and had often helped in the kitchen.

But tonight things went wrong. She put too much soap in the dishwater, and suds scattered all over the floor. She cleaned up that mess and was right in the middle of her task when she heard Topsy, her kitten, crying at the front door to be let in. Now she could see why her mother did not care to be interrupted while she was busy. Sally finished washing and drying the dishes before she let the kitten in. But she left the dishes on the table, so that as soon as her mother came home she would notice that the dishes had been washed.

When Sally was all ready for bed she went back to the kitchen to see about Topsy. The pantry door was open, and there she saw a beautiful pumpkin pie sitting on the shelf. It was her favorite kind! Mother had been busy baking it that afternoon so she would have something grandpa liked when he came tomorrow.

"Mother won't notice if just *one* piece of it is gone, will she?" she asked herself. "If I take just a *little* triangle nobody will care. Besides, grandpa really likes apple pie best. Anyway, mother did say not to eat anything at bedtime, and if I take a *little* piece she will probably think that daddy was hungry and ate it." With these thoughts running through her mind, she cut herself a small wedge of the pie.

"My, but it's good! Isn't mother a good cook!" she said aloud, not realizing that she was only talking to herself. However, she had eaten only one bite when she heard her mother coming up the back-porch stairs.

"Oh, what will I do?" she exclaimed. Then a thought flashed into her mind. Why not shut Topsy in the pantry and let mother think *he* was eating the pie? If Topsy liked pumpkin pie, this plan surely would work. She placed the tin on the floor and shut the kitten in the pantry.

Just as Mrs. Bower entered the kitchen, she heard Sally running up the stairs. She sensed that something was wrong, as all good mothers do, but said nothing. She did not learn what actually had happened until she was putting the dishes away. Then she went into the pantry and discovered the whole foolish little story! Topsy, who was supposed to take the blame, was very glad for his freedom. Mother was once a little girl, too, so she knew just what had happened, but she decided not to give Sally the scolding she deserved.

In the meantime Sally had jumped into bed, hoping to be asleep before her mother



# STAMPS

CONDUCTED BY REID SHEPARD

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.

## George Washington Carver

I HAVE been reading the biography of Dr. Carver by Rackham Holt. We have been hearing of this honored scientist because of this interesting commemorative postage stamp.

I thought that in place of recounting Dr. Carver's achievements I would write



you about a few of the obstacles he overcame to reach his honored position in society—obstacles which did much to develop a character which made possible his achievements.

He was born in 1860 at a time when this country was passing through troublous times. His mother, Mary, was a slave in the home of Moses Carver. She was kidnaped with young George, a babe in arms, from the Carvers' Missouri home by some antislavery bandits. Although Mr. Carver hired a man to recover his property, the mother was never heard of again. George, however, was returned, more dead than alive, to his home.

A sickly child, he grew up spending his boyhood days in company with his older brother, Jim, under the kindly protection of the Carvers. Together they worked in the fields, played in the nearby woods, and fished in the streams. He early learned to love nature under these

circumstances, and was often found remiss in his duties and wasteful of his time because he was communing with nature.

He is described as a studious boy, quiet, and a good listener. He pondered questions which to him were not answerable, such as why some roses were double, why clover and oxalis closed at night, what the bees were doing in the blossoms. He wanted to know the name of every plant and creature.

Denied the privilege of attending day school, he was allowed to attend Sunday school classes. Thus he early learned to associate nature with God and to reverence the Scriptures. His deep devotion to both God and His handiwork followed him through life.

His consuming desire was for an education. Inasmuch as the kind Carvers did not seek to hold him, he left them to go to Neosho, eight miles from home, to attend school. Without money or friends, and a stranger, he roamed the streets, at last finding refuge in the home of Mariah Watkins. Here he learned all the household tasks so well that Mariah came to say, "I would rather have 'my George' about the house than I would a girl."

They attended the African Methodist church, whose pastor could not even read his texts. He was a godly man, though, with a great influence with his people. When Carver was nearing eighty, he was still reading from the Bible which Mariah had placed in his hands in those early days.

The colored school of Neosho was just over the fence from the Watkins yard. In this tumble-down cabin fourteen by sixteen feet, Stephen S. Frost imparted his own limited education to the seventy-five children crowded on the hard benches.

When about thirteen, Carver followed a family to Fort Scott, Kansas. Again finding himself in a strange place, he sought employment, and became the "hired girl" of a Mrs. Payne. Here his lessons in cooking were more extended than ever before. As soon as he had earned and saved a small amount of money, he hunted up a school.

Then he became a wanderer, learning a little here, then moving on to a new location, but always with the object of bettering his educational advantages.

After being rejected as a college matriculant, a wanderer again, he returned

to Kansas and took up a homestead. As a handy man, he found friends wherever he went because of his helpfulness. Among other attainments he became a successful laundryman and an expert ironer.

Destiny brought him at last to Simpson College, Iowa, where he went through the usual struggles of the penniless student for an education. Art became his obsession, and he showed much promise. He would have gladly followed this bent, but he gave it up because of his determination to fit himself so that he might become of greater benefit to his own people.

Iowa State College, the best of the agricultural colleges of that time (1891), now became his home. So successful was he in his work in this school that he became an assistant teacher greatly beloved by both teachers and students.

Now, at great sacrifice, he entered into his lifework at the ill-equipped and struggling Tuskegee Institute. From nothing he built up an agriculture department until it received recognition from the United States Secretary of Agriculture. Better yet, it became the center of revolutionizing the agricultural practices of the South and an example to the struggling Negro farmer.

His experimental laboratory, which commanded the attention of the world before his death, began with equipment which he recovered from the institute's dump. Old bottles became his containers, a kerosene lamp his Bunsen burner, old zinc can covers his source of zinc sulphate.

Because the institute had no money for development, Carver used the things at hand. This became a practice which he passed on to his students and to the poor neighboring farmers. The school dump furnished him with the fertilizer which he needed for building up his experimental gardens.

Success finally crowned these painful experiences. Dr. Carver was honored by the leading universities of the country. He was an honored person in the gatherings of the great of both the white and the colored races. His country, which gave him little encouragement in early life, bestowed upon him its highest awards, and now he is honored with our commemorative stamp, which is a continuation of our Famous American Series.

found out what she had done, and came to punish her. But she was amazed and thankful when she heard her mother come upstairs and go to bed without coming into her room. She tried and tried to go to sleep, but the more she tried the wider awake she became. All she could think of was that piece of pie. She knew she had already learned her lesson, but she also knew that she must ask God to forgive her and make things right with mother.

Even the clock seemed to say, "You ate it. You ate it," instead of its regular tick-tock.

After about an hour Sally could stand it no longer. She decided to go and tell mother the whole story. She slipped out of bed and tiptoed softly to her bedroom door. She only hoped mother was still awake, for she surely could not go to sleep with this burden of sin on her mind. She knocked lightly on the door. Mother

called out to her, "Come in, Sally dear."

"O Mother!" sobbed Sally, as she ran into her mother's outstretched arms, "I'll never do that again. I just couldn't sleep! I ate the pie, and—"

"It's all right, dear. I know all about it. We all do things sometimes that we are sorry for. We can be thankful that we have a loving heavenly Father who will forgive us and help us not to make the same mistakes again."





## Magic at Yosemite

By WINIFRED GREENE

WE SPENT three days at Yosemite Valley. What an incomparably beautiful place! Whenever I stepped out of our tent I would look up, up, past the distant tops of the huge stately pines, to gaze with perpetual awe at the towering granite cliffs of the Sierra Nevadas. Turning another way, we could see the majesty of the beautiful Yosemite Falls. And all around us was the continuous sighing and whispering of the wind in the tops

of the huge ponderosa pine, lodgepole pine, white fir, and incense cedar, whose clean, spicy fragrance made us expand our chests and be glad we were alive to enjoy the beautiful creations of God around us.

The wild azaleas along the Merced River added their lovely fragrance, as well as shelter for countless birds. Sitting on a grassy bank, while my little son Bobby waded and played in the sand, I saw five brand-new birds within ten minutes—a black-headed grosbeak, a blue-fronted jay, a spotted towhee, a western tanager (a breath taker for beauty and grace), and an ash-throated flycatcher.

Every night we went to Camp Curry to hear naturalists lecture, and to see the firefall, which comes down over Glacier Point. Many deer were in the meadows, beside and on the roads, and around the tents. At Mirror Lake we saw a wee black bear cub and no mamma!

But it is the big trees, *Sequoia gigantea*, which stun to sudden, awed silence when they are come upon unexpectedly in a grove of pines.

"Yes, Mother. I know I shouldn't have touched the pie, and I have learned my lesson. But how did you know it wasn't Topsy?"

"Well, Sally, I didn't think you had Topsy so well trained that he could eat pie with a spoon!" The two knelt together and asked God to forgive the girl who had done what she wanted to and not what she knew was right to do. "But thank you so much for doing the dishes for me, dear!" said mother as she kissed her daughter good night.

## Have You Seen?

By WILLIAM A. HAYNES

THE roaring waves charging in toward the shore broke in pluming white towers of spray. I cringed a little as I stood out on a rock with the waters swirling about my feet, the wind tugging at my clothing. I was away from the world, and I loved it. God seemed very close to me there on that Maine seacoast.

There have been other places, too, where I have felt His nearness. I remember the carefree days I have spent in the wooded country of New Hampshire. In the autumn the cool breezes sighed through the trees above me as I walked down brilliantly colored lanes. Multicolored leaves on the path were made even more beautiful by the sunlight from above flecking the ground with light. I wondered whether heaven could be more beautiful than this. The same woods in the dead of winter, whitened with drifted snow, was also a scene long to be remembered.

By way of contrast, have you ever visited the Southern States and felt the mood

of the stately live oak trees, the sunlight filtering through their long gray beards of Spanish moss? Perhaps if you have, you also visited Silver Springs in Florida, and had a ride in the glass-bottomed boats. Sixty feet below you were myriad tropical fish, their gay colors enhanced by the delicate underwater vegetation.

Have you ever basked in the sun on the white sandy shore of the Gulf of Mexico? How peaceful and restful it is to lie there watching the clouds float by above the graceful palm fronds, thinking about the goodness of God and the beauties He has given us.

Have you seen the mighty Father of Waters that divides our Eastern States from the Western? Ever since I can remember I had wanted to see the Mississippi River. I had heard my parents talk about it and my sisters and brother tell about crossing it. In school my teachers often mentioned "the second longest river in the world" and extolled its majesties to our wondering ears.

About five years ago when we were living in the East, my father drove out to California, so at last I had my opportunity to see the river system that is only a few miles shorter than the 4,000-mile-long Nile.

On the second day of our journey I caught my first glimpse of its shore line. It was even wider and grander than I had thought it would be. Perhaps it had taken a month or more for all that water to accumulate and travel down from its source. What majestic power it held in its immensity! Could there be anything which would stop its flow? But I was even more impressed by the wonder I saw a few days later.

After driving past rolling hills, miles of

corn and wheat fields, and the almost limitless expanse of the dry Western plains, we came to the edge of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. No language I possess can adequately describe its glory.

We stood speechless on its rim, watching its shades of exquisite color deepen with the sinking of the sun. Surely the Lord lavished an extra amount of beauty upon this portion of the earth, and if you have missed this scene in your travels, by all means put it on your *must see list*!

My home is now in Prescott, Arizona, and I am attending Pacific Union College. How I love its setting! Wherever there are hills I am always happy, and the school certainly has an abundance of them. The mountains across the valley, with their snowcapped peaks in winter, are most beautiful to behold. While on a hike one day I saw them for the first time. I had climbed one of the near-by peaks and had reached the top just before the sun went down. I felt as though all the world had sunk below me, but as I gazed out over range after range of roving hills, I caught sight of a mystic mountain shrouded in a faraway mist. It seemed too far away to be real, and I could easily let my imagination tell me I was looking into the heavenly kingdom.

In the last rosy rays of the sun it pushed its peak up into the deep turquoise blue, leaving the ranges below veiled in obscurity. At last it alone remained in view, as though bidding good night to the world.

How can anyone contemplate such scenes and doubt that our heavenly Father loves and watches over us? The poet George Washington Doane has put these thoughts eloquently into verse:

"Softly now the light of day  
Fades upon our sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, we would commune with  
Thee."

## How Patriotic Are You?

(Continued from page 4)

of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness? Are you willing to stoop to consider the needs and wishes of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of elderly people; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough? Can you keep in mind the things that other people have to bear in their hearts; and do you try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you? Do you trim your lamp so that your shadow will fall behind you and make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden with the gate open for your kindly feelings? Are you willing to do

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these things even for a day? If so, then you are a patriot.

Do you believe that love is the strongest force in the world, stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death itself, and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem is the image and brightness of the eternal love?

If you believe all these things, Adventist youth, live by them, and show your colors in the true spirit of loyalty to all the world!

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## Loss That Is Gain

(Continued from page 10)

went to the United States to study medicine, he seemed to catch up with God's ways and leadings in his life. Now he remembered how once everything had seemed to be going wrong in his life. How happy he is that his confidence in God was not weakened at that time! Clearly the one year's loss made him a worker for God and opened before him the privilege of preparing for a more effective ministry when he returns to his own country.

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## Thou Shalt Honor

(Continued from page 5)

The next time we are tempted by a false idea of freedom to excuse an attitude of dishonor to our parents, we should ask ourselves this question: What would have happened to me in my early childhood if my parents had adopted the view that they had their own lives to live and that they did not wish to be bound down by the wishes of anyone else? The answer is, We might possibly have starved to death or died from cold and exposure. The whole idea of parents speaking that way sounds silly, I agree. But no more silly than for a child to speak that way.

(To be concluded)

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## An Angel in the Storm

By ELVENA CORDIS

NEW YEAR'S DAY is not a very good day for a cloudburst, but nature is no respecter of holidays, and so it happened.

The rain came down in torrents. My father jumped out of bed, hurriedly dressed, and exclaimed to mother, "I'm going to see if grandmother is all right. I think I shall go by the church also and see if the water has flooded the building."

Finding grandmother safe and everything unharmed, my father made his way in the downpour to the church, where

the flooding waters had not risen enough to cause any damage.

His duty completed, he hastened home, for the threatening black clouds and pealing thunder intermingled with flashes of lightning gave evidence that Mother Nature was in an angry mood. Already the flood of waters came gushing down the hillside. Every street drain was overflowing and water spilled over lawns and landscapes. The elements were literally at war with one another, and my father was caught in the middle of the fearful turmoil.

Suddenly a high wall of water came rolling down the mountain, bringing boulders, automobiles, wreckage of houses, and other debris with it. Father knew that he could not withstand the terrible force of the onrush, and seeing a clump of trees near our house, he dashed to the spot and clung to a tree to steady himself and to keep from being washed away and drowned. The water struck the place where he was, and quickly rose to the level of his shoulders, approximately five feet.

In the meantime, our family was in our home, some three hundred yards away, unaware of the plight which had overtaken father. A caller on the telephone made inquiry about our safety, but the wires snapped and communication was suddenly cut off. Power lines, gas pipes, and high pressure water mains were severed, adding their danger and destruction to the calamity.

As we peered out our windows into the darkness, illuminated occasionally by the flashes of lightning, we were apprehensive as to what would happen next. The only thing we could do was pray that the Lord would protect father wherever he might be, and also that the power of His everlasting arm would shield us. Our house was in danger of being washed away, as many of the houses in our neighborhood had been. After praying, we felt more secure, and my brother looked out the window toward the trees, and a flash of lightning revealed what seemed to him to be the form of an angel.

When he called our attention to this strange phenomena, we well knew that this was an answer to our prayer. Later, when the waters had subsided, father staggered breathlessly to the front door, wondering about our condition. He had heard the screams of helpless drowning people and the moans of the injured, and rejoiced to find us safe. He was completely exhausted from the ordeal which he had just experienced.

After he had recuperated from his excitement, he told us how he had been caught by the fast-rolling waters before he could reach the house, how he had made a dash to the clump of trees just in time to keep from being washed away, and how the waters had seemed to divide around the trees, passing him on either

side. Then we realized that probably my brother really had seen an angel whom the Lord had sent to protect father; and we, who had stayed in the house, also realized that the power of the Almighty had saved us from harm.

This experience gave us a fuller understanding of what the psalmist David meant when he wrote in the thirty-fourth Psalm that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

There had been so much wreckage passing our house during the night that it made us wonder whether our little Seventh-day Adventist church had survived the flood. So the next morning we started out to survey the situation, and to our astonishment we saw great boulders where houses had been, also streets replaced by deep, ugly gorges and rubble. Twisted and wrecked furniture, along with household goods of every description, was strewn everywhere. As we reached the church we found that some of the build-



By FREDRIK EDWARDY

How many of the following questions can you answer? If you score around 50, it is an indication that your reading habits are about average; but if you can grade yourself 80 or more, you are undoubtedly a very well-informed person.

1. About how many seeds does the average watermelon have—500, 1,000, or 1,500?
2. Astronomers generally believe it probable that some form of animal or human life exists on the planet Mars. True, or false?
3. Is *hagiolatry* the term used to identify the study of witchcraft, Jewish literature, or the worship of saints?
4. What national disaster took more lives than any other in America—the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, flood in 1889; the Galveston, Texas, tidal wave in 1900; or the Florida hurricane in 1928?
5. More than 1,000,000 Indians in Mexico know no Spanish. How many basic languages are spoken in Mexico—six, twelve, or eighteen?
6. Is a helicon a musical instrument, a sunflower, or a spiraled architectural design?
7. More than 200,000 displaced persons in Europe have been given a home by one country alone. Is this hospitable country England, Australia, or America?
8. It takes  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres of land per person to provide an adequate diet. How many acres per person are actually under cultivation in all the world today—one acre, two acres, or three acres?
9. In what land is it customary to celebrate when an aged person dies—Nigeria, Angola, or Korea?
10. How high has a weather balloon been known to ascend before it burst—fifteen miles, eighteen miles, or twenty-three miles?

—Key on page 22



ing had been washed away, but the wall on which the Ten Commandments hung, had been left—a silent testimony to the endurance and permanence of God's holy law. The ten precepts were unharmed, and there was not so much as a splatter of mud on them.

A few months later, when a new church was erected, those very same Ten Commandments, which had been saved by the power of God, were put in the new house of worship. When we go to church and see the Ten Commandments, they remind us of the wonderful, loving watchcare that the Lord has over those who are faithful to Him.

This experience and others that have happened since have demonstrated conclusively to me that it does pay to love, fear, and trust the Lord.

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## Are You a Speculator?

(Continued from page 6)

delayeth His coming," and by indulging in those things you know are not right? Is there a tendency on your part to become so engrossed in worldly pleasures that you are likely to neglect those things which are spiritual? Do you excuse yourself for wrongdoing by saying, "It will be only this once"? Like the unworthy servant who was discovered in his wickedness, we cannot afford to say, "My Lord delayeth His coming," and then continue in our evil ways. The price is far too great! The odds do not warrant it, and such speculation will never pay.

Instead, it behooves us as true Christians, to be absolutely sure of our beliefs and convictions, to be positive in our own hearts that we are ready to meet the King of kings. Surely the risk is far too great for any speculation on our part! Let us so live that when He comes in the clouds of heaven He will find us, not speculating on the time of His arrival, but earnestly working in His vineyard.

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## Prayer Our Stronghold

(Continued from page 3)

the indulgence of appetite would becloud their powers of discernment. These particulars were placed on record in the history of the children of Israel as a warning to every youth to avoid all customs and practises and indulgences that would in any way dishonor God.

Daniel and his companions knew not what would be the result of their decision; they knew not but that it would cost them their lives; but they determined to keep the straight path of strict temperance even when in the courts of licentious Babylon. They rested their case in the hands of God, and the Lord co-operated with

them. He took charge of these youths because they prayed to Him, and sought His guidance in regard to the course they should pursue.

The strength acquired in prayer to God will prepare us for our daily duties. The temptations to which we are daily exposed make prayer a necessity. In order that we may be kept by the power of God through faith, the desires of the mind should be continually ascending in silent prayer. When we are surrounded by influences calculated to lead us away from God, our petitions for help and strength must be unwearied. Unless this is so, we shall never be successful in breaking down pride and overcoming the power of temptation to sinful indulgences which keep us from the Saviour. The light of truth, sanctifying the life, will discover to the receiver the sinful passions of his heart which are striving for the mastery, and which make it necessary for him to stretch every nerve and exert all his powers to resist Satan that he may conquer through the merits of Christ.—*The Youth's Instructor*, Aug. 18, 1898.

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## Farming, a Profession

(Continued from page 11)

are made of good, solid material. How unfortunate that they often receive the impression that they ought to better themselves. There is nothing better than sterling Christian character, no matter in what walk of life it may manifest itself.

Let no one think that there is no opportunity for missionary work on the farm. We know our business friends and neighbors much more personally than we ever could in the city, and they soon come to know us equally well. A man's everyday life counts for much. And the reward is the same for those who enter actively some phase of the Lord's work as for those who faithfully "stay by the stuff," supporting their brethren with their prayers and means. All will share alike when heaven's record books are tallied.

Today was Sabbath, and our isolated Sabbath school met in our home. Last week we met at Pat's, and the week before, at mother's. This quarter I am trying to take care of the kindergarten class. My little Clinton is perhaps the biggest problem, or rather, the smallest one.

That brings me to another point in this farming business. It does not affect me personally very much, but if time should last, I want Clinton to grow up liking the farm, respecting its wholesomeness, and honoring its ruggedness. And if he should inwardly desire to do so, I should like him to make farming his profession without being considered a failure. Then when the Lord brings the earth back to a state of perfection, he will feel right at home

and perfectly content with his vineyard, for the Scripture says, "They shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. . . . And Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands."

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## Trophies of the Cross

(Continued from page 8)

age, took his stand for Jesus. The Sabbath before our youth's congress he was baptized.

Did he have anything to give up? Yes. After seventy-three years of using tobacco and some liquor, he found it no easy task, at his age, to forget some of these things which are so habit forming. It was thrilling to hear him tell how, while sitting in meeting, the great desire came for tobacco. He walked a mile or two down to the little village, but all the way he was praying. He prayed all the way there and back, and God gave him victory over the great desire. Again, about three o'clock one morning he awakened with a passionate desire for tobacco. He and Jim were sleeping together. But grandfather now knew even a stronger friend than Jim. He went out and talked it over with God, and when he came back, once more the desire had departed.

It was thrilling to hear him tell how he believed the young people could do more than anyone else to finish the great task which is before the church of giving the gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

Yes, Grandfather Loar is a trophy of the cross—the cross which was presented to him by his "practicing" grandson.

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## North Pacific Union Youth's Congress

(Continued from page 14)

clearly upon everyone's mind the full meaning of his opening statement. He then showed, by the use of an immense book, how God down through the ages has used this method to promote the gospel, though this was often done through sacrifice and self-denial. Some of the earlier colporteurs, such as the Waldenses, watered the seed with their own blood. God, today, is using this method in a greater way than ever before to promote the gospel. This is the great challenge to the youth to "go without the camp and bear the reproach of the Master."

In the second workshop hour six young people who had already caught the vision of colporteur evangelism, actually demonstrated the worth of this type of soul-winning work. Each one related thrilling experiences of joy in this important work. It was evident that some of these young

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people had caught the vision of this great method of evangelism from the Youth's Congress held in San Francisco in September, 1947.

The third workshop hour was opened in an unusual way. A folder of colporteur songs which had been prepared by Pastor Allaway was passed out to each one present. The tunes were familiar ones taken from *Christ in Song*, and words familiar only to colporteurs were substituted. The book men and women sang with zeal and earnestness, for they alone knew from experience the meaning of these songs. During this hour M. V. Tucker, publishing department secretary of the North Pacific Union, gave the opening remarks and stressed the importance of literature work in God's program. He brought out the idea that we are organized to train young people to do this work. To make this point more vivid, he had several colporteurs on the platform who actually demonstrated exactly how it is done in the home.

This third angel's message is going to be finished largely through the work of our colporteur evangelists. Being converted to this message means also to be converted to the spreading of it through the printed page, because the special messenger of the Lord has said, "In a large degree through our publishing houses is to be accomplished the work of that other angel who comes down from heaven with great power, and who lightens the earth with his glory." Therefore, may the Lord impress upon the hearts of many of our young people the thought that His work may be finished soon and His return hastened.

## Smoke!

By A. H. FIELD

OUR train was making good time as the engineer hurtled us through the precipitous canyons of the Andean mountains. Back and forth we swayed; in and out, out and in; always downward at a sickening rate. Our ears felt heavy, and our heads light as we dropped deeper and deeper into the heavier atmospheric pressure of the lowlands. Many of the passengers had succumbed to acute attacks of retching, caused not only by the swift gyrations of the train, but also by the heavy blue air within the coach. Cigarette smoke, thick enough to cut, made the haze in an old-time barbershop rendezvous seem clear and sweet by comparison. This, combined with our merry-go-round ride and the sour smell of the vomited food in the car, gave us a bad case of nausea and nostalgia.

On many similar occasions I have proudly informed passengers that we have a special smokers' coach on trains in the United States. I meant well, but upon returning to my native land I find that what I meant for honest truth was hardly

more than another "Yankee prevarication." Nearly every coach on our trains is a special coach for smoke. From every side the nonsmoker is enveloped by clouds issuing from the mouths and nostrils of men, young and old, women, young and old, until his vision is blurred, his head aches, and he wonders why he must be forced to silently suffocate in the second-hand smoke.

As I rode on one of the modern trains of North America, with the familiar blue-gray haze billowing up around me, I looked cynically at the sign over the door, which read, "No Smoking," and called it to the attention of the brakeman. He smiled. "You can tell the men to quit, and they take it O.K.," he said; then, pointing to an elderly woman enjoying her cigarette, he continued, "but don't try to tell one of *them*, or you'll get put in your place!"

On several occasions in American overland busses I have become violently ill from tobacco smoke. Smokers evidently do not believe in signs, especially those that restrict their pleasure to the "three back rows of seats." It seems they do not realize that we who do not choose to indulge are subjected to the same nausea and headache from their smoke that they experienced when they were learning the art.

Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! *Everyone* smokes! Actually, there are no nonsmokers! By force of circumstances men, women, children, and even babies must inhale the smoke-polluted air about them in hotel lobbies, in trains, in busses, in streetcars, and in almost every public place. How pleasant it could be if smokers were a little more considerate of others!

Of course, no tobacco user plans to be rude; it is simply thoughtlessness on his part. There are those among refined people who on occasion like to eat garlic, but they are careful to do it when they will not offend others by their breath. There are, however, beautifully immaculate women who are careful to the extreme about the little details that count for feminine daintiness; yet their breath reeks with tobacco halitosis which few mouthwashes can kill.

It seems to those who prefer to breathe God's free air that the "smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever," for Americans smoke enough cigarettes annually to bridge the Pacific! Is it not possible to stretch ourselves in some way and rear our heads above the nicotine fog to catch a breath of pure, unadulterated oxygen in public places?

GENIUS is talent set on fire by courage. Fidelity is simply daring to be true in small things as well as great. Courage is the standing army of the soul which keeps it from conquest, pillage and slavery.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

## KEY TO "L'ARITHMETIQUE DE LA BIBLE"

144,000 (Rev. 7:4).

## KEY TO "SEE THE C's"

1, f, 2, e, 3, i, 4, l, 5, k, 6, b, 7, h, 8, d, 9, a, 10, j, 11, g, 12, c.

## KEY TO "WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?"

1. A watermelon has about 500 seeds. 2. False (astronomers believe that no form of animal life exists on Mars). 3. Hagiolatry is the worship of saints. 4. The Galveston tidal wave took 6,000 lives. 5. Twelve basic languages are spoken in Mexico. 6. A helicon is a tuba, a musical instrument. 7. England has admitted more refugees than all other countries combined. 8. About two acres per person. 9. In Nigeria it is customary to celebrate the death of elderly persons and mourn for youth who die. 10. A weather balloon sent up at White Sands, New Mexico, reached a height of 120,000 feet, or nearly twenty-three miles.

## Sabbath School Lessons

### Senior Youth

#### VIII—The Passover; the Exodus, and the Fall of Jericho

(November 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Hebrews 11:27-31.

MEMORY VERSE: Exodus 14:13, first part.

LESSON HELP: M. L. Andreasen, *The Book of Hebrews*, chap. 11, comments on Hebrews 11:27-31.

1. What sustained Moses in leading the children of Israel from Egypt? Heb. 11:27.

NOTE.—"When Moses first fled to the land of Midian it is expressly said that he went because he did fear the anger of Pharaoh for his having killed an Egyptian, Ex. 2:14, 15. He was at that time in fear of his life; but when he left Egypt at the head of the Hebrew people, he had no such apprehensions. God conducted him out with 'an high hand,' and, throughout all the events connected with that remarkable deliverance, he manifested no dread of Pharaoh, and had no apprehension from what he could do. He went forth, indeed, at the head of his people when all the power of the king was exerted to destroy them, but he went confiding in God; and this is the faith referred to here." —Barnes' *Notes on Hebrews*, pp. 254, 255.

2. What plague struck terror to the hearts of all in Egypt and caused Pharaoh to let Israel go? Ex. 12:12, 29-33.

NOTE.—The last great plague struck terror to the hearts of all Egypt. But in God's plan, Israel, whom He called His first-born son, must be allowed to leave Egypt that He might give them the truths of His holy law, so that they in turn might teach them to all other nations.

3. In commemoration of their deliverance, what feast was instituted at this time? Ex. 12:1-3, 11, 27; Heb. 11:28, first part.

NOTE.—"The Passover was to be both commemorative and typical, not only pointing back to the deliverance from Egypt, but forward to the greater deliverance which Christ was to accomplish in freeing His people from the bondage of sin. . . . It was not enough that the paschal lamb be slain; its blood must be sprinkled upon the door-posts; so the merits of Christ's blood must be applied to the soul. We must believe, not only that He died for the world, but that He died for us individually. We must appropriate to ourselves the virtue of the atoning sacrifice." —*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 277.

4. What was to be done with the blood of the slain lamb? Ex. 12:6, 7; Heb. 11:28, second part.

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NOTE.—“God promised that He would spare the first-born when the angel saw the blood sprinkled on the doorposts. This sprinkling was purely a matter of faith, for all knew that there was no virtue in the blood of a dead lamb. Such virtue as there was would lie in obedience, and in what the lamb represented. The sprinkling of the blood was a matter of faith, and lifted it from a carnal ordinance to one of faith in the Lamb of God.”—M. L. ANDREASEN, *The Book of Hebrews*, p. 500.

5. What further instruction was given to Moses regarding the Passover? Ex. 12:8-15.

6. How was Pharaoh affected when he heard Israel had departed? What did he do? Ex. 14:5-9.

7. How did the children of Israel complain to Moses when they saw they were pursued? How did Moses show his faith? Verses 10-14.

8. How was Israel delivered? When the Egyptians attempted to use the path through the sea, what was the result? Ex. 14:21-31; Heb. 11:29.

NOTE.—The Red Sea which the Israelites crossed was the arm of the sea now called the Gulf of Suez. Authorities say that it probably reached at least thirty miles farther north than now, and that the sea must have been twelve miles wide where they crossed.

9. How was the city of Jericho taken? Heb. 11:30.

NOTE.—“Jericho was one of the principal seats of idol worship, being especially devoted to Ashtaroth, the goddess of the moon. Here centered all that was vilest and most degrading in the religion of the Canaanites. . . . To reduce Jericho was seen by Joshua to be the first step in the conquest of Canaan.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 487.

10. In what remarkable way was the city to be taken? Joshua 6:1-5.

11. What did Joshua command the people not to do? Verse 10.

12. At the proper time, what did the people do? With what result? Verse 20.

NOTE.—“Israel had no military might to cast down the massive walls of Jericho. It was a matter of faith for them to believe that anything could be accomplished by the means which God commanded to use. . . . They simply did as they were told, and when that happened which they had been told would happen, they naively believed that God had done it for them. Some might call this ignorance. God calls it faith.”—M. L. ANDREASEN, *The Book of Hebrews*, p. 501.

13. Who only of the people living in Jericho were saved alive? Why was this exception made? Why was the city destroyed? Verses 22-25; Heb. 11:31.

## Junior

### VIII—The Faith of the Israelites

(November 20)

LESSON TEXTS: Hebrews 11:27-31; Exodus 12:13-13; 14:5-31; Joshua 6:1-25.

MEMORY VERSE: “Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.” Ex. 14:13.

#### Guiding Thought

“Faith is needed in the smaller no less than in the greater affairs of life. In all our daily interests and occupations the sustaining strength of God becomes real to us through an abiding trust. . . . Only the sense of God’s presence can banish the fear that, for the timid child, would make life a burden. Let him fix in his memory the promise, ‘The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.’”—*Education*, p. 255.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought. Locate Goshen, Red Sea, and Jericho.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

##### From Fear to Faith

1. Why did Moses leave Egypt when he went to the land of Midian the first time? Ex. 2:14, 15. Was it fear that actuated Moses when he led the children of Israel out of Egypt? Heb. 11:27, first part.

2. Of what does Paul distinctly say Moses was not afraid? Heb. 11:27, second part. What enabled him to overcome this fear? Heb. 11:27, last part.

3. What great act of God opened the way for the Israelites to leave Egypt? Ex. 12:29-33.

NOTE.—God, through Moses, tried in nine different ways to get Pharaoh to allow the Israelites to leave Egypt. Pharaoh said he would, but each time he changed his mind. Then God sent one last, terrible experience to Pharaoh and his people. Pharaoh and his princes and all the people wakened one night to find that the eldest child in each home had died. Now Pharaoh chased the Israelites out of Egypt, not even waiting for them to pack their things properly. Every one of the ten plagues built up and strengthened the faith of the Israelites; and though their faith was not yet perfect, the going out of Egypt was a very definite act of faith.

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

##### Through Faith He Kept the Passover

4. Just before the tenth plague was sent upon Egypt, what special sacrifice were the Israelites to prepare? Ex. 12:3-6. What was to be done with the blood? Ex. 12:7.

5. How were the Israelites to be dressed while they ate the lamb? Ex. 12:11, first part. What was the name given to this special sacrifice? Ex. 12:11, last part.

6. Why was it called the Passover? Ex. 12:12, 13. What did it take for the children of Israel to do this? Heb. 11:28.

NOTE.—Paul still laid emphasis on the “sprinkling of blood” 1,555 years after the Exodus. It was not enough to slay only the Passover lamb, and to eat it while they were all dressed ready for their journey; the blood had to be sprinkled on the doorposts also. Even so we must realize that it is not enough to believe that Christ died for the sins of the world. We must sprinkle the blood of Jesus upon the doorposts of our hearts by confessing our sins, and being forgiven, and thus showing that we believe that Jesus died for our sins.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

##### By Faith They Passed Through the Red Sea

7. After they had left Egypt, where did God plan to give them the next great test of faith? Ex. 14:2-4. When Pharaoh’s host pursued them, what did those of little faith say? Ex. 14:10-12.

8. How did Moses encourage the people? Ex. 14:13, 14. What command did God give to the Israelites? Ex. 14:15.

9. When they obeyed and went forward, what did God do for them? Ex. 14:21, 22, 26-28. Of what was the obedience of Israel a sign? Heb. 11:29.

NOTE.—Often the Christian life is beset with danger and difficulties, but the voice of God speaks clearly, saying, “Go forward.” We should obey, even though we may not be able to see the way clearly before us. The obstacles that hinder our progress will never disappear before a hesitating, doubtful spirit. If you wait for all difficulties to disappear before you obey, you will never obey. Faith looks beyond the difficulties and clasps the hand of Christ in every emergency. (See *Gospel Workers*, p. 262.)

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

##### By Faith the Walls of Jericho Fell Down

10. After forty years of wandering in the desert, to what city did Joshua send two spies? Joshua 2:1, first part. What was the name of the innkeeper in whose house they lodged? Joshua 2:1, last part.

11. What strange plans did God make for the capture of Jericho? Joshua 6:3-5. How strictly did the Israelites obey? Joshua 6:12-15, 20.

12. Why did the walls of Jericho fall? Heb. 11:30.

NOTE.—“By faith the walls of Jericho fell down.” The Captain of the Lord’s host communicated only with Joshua; He did not reveal Himself to all the congregation, and it rested with them to believe or doubt the words of Joshua, to obey the commands given by him in the name of the Lord, or to deny his authority. They could not see the host of angels who attended them under the leadership of the Son of God. They might have reasoned: ‘What unmeaning movements are these, and how ridiculous the performance of marching daily around the walls of the city, blowing trumpets of rams’ horns. This can have no effect upon those tow-

ering fortifications.’ But the very plan of continuing this ceremony through so long a time prior to the final overthrow of the walls, afforded opportunity for the development of faith among the Israelites. It was to be impressed upon their minds that their strength was not in the wisdom of man, nor in his might, but only in the God of their salvation. They were thus to become accustomed to relying wholly upon their divine Leader.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 493.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

##### By Faith Rahab Perished Not

13. What did Rahab do that showed her faith? Joshua 2:2-4, 15. What did Rahab say that showed her faith? Joshua 2:9-11.

14. What was the sign of her faith during the siege of Jericho? Joshua 2:18. What was the reward of her faith? Joshua 6:17; Heb. 11:31.

NOTE.—Though Rahab was a heathen woman living in a wicked city, she had great faith. When she heard of the mighty works by which God had brought up the Israelites out of Egypt, she believed, and said, “The Lord your God, He is God in heaven above, and in earth beneath.”

“The knowledge of Jehovah that had thus come to her, proved her salvation. By faith ‘Rahab perished not with them that believed not.’ And her conversion was not an isolated case of God’s mercy toward idolaters who acknowledged His divine authority.”—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 369.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

Fill in the blanks with *fear* or *faith* and see what lesson this paragraph teaches us:

There are two things that are opposed to each other. One is \_\_\_\_\_; the other is \_\_\_\_\_. \_\_\_\_\_ can overcome \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_ can overcome \_\_\_\_\_. But we can choose which one we will have, \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_. The first time Moses went out of Egypt he had \_\_\_\_\_, but little by little his \_\_\_\_\_ began to increase, until he had great \_\_\_\_\_. Some of the Israelites had great \_\_\_\_\_ and very little \_\_\_\_\_; others had very little \_\_\_\_\_ and great \_\_\_\_\_. Those who had great \_\_\_\_\_ and little \_\_\_\_\_ grumbled and complained; but for those who had great \_\_\_\_\_ and showed their \_\_\_\_\_ by obedience, God opened the Red Sea, slew the Egyptian host, and made the walls of Jericho fall down. The wicked people in Jericho had great \_\_\_\_\_; Rahab had great \_\_\_\_\_. She showed her \_\_\_\_\_ by her words and her actions. It seems to me that people who have great \_\_\_\_\_ and little \_\_\_\_\_ show it by trustful obedience, and the people who have great \_\_\_\_\_ and little \_\_\_\_\_ just do nothing but tremble and grumble. I want to have great \_\_\_\_\_ and little \_\_\_\_\_, so I will try my best to believe and trust and obey.

## The Youth's Instructor

Issued by

Review and Herald Publishing Association  
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

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# The Listening Post

✱ **TIGERS** usually fight alone because they prefer to hunt by themselves, but lions are gang fighters.

✱ **METHYL** violet, a chemical dye which is a relative of the explosive TNT, is believed to be responsible for the disastrous blasts that recently wrecked the I. G. Farben factory in Ludwigshafen, Germany.

✱ **SUNDIALS** in Thule, Greenland, register both midday and midnight, since during the summer months the sun stays continually above the horizon. Thule is only 800 nautical miles from the geographic North Pole.

✱ **ON** November 19, 1948, special ceremonies will mark the eighty-fifth anniversary of the delivery of President Lincoln's famous Gettysburg Address, when national and State figures will take part in a program to be held on the battlefield at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

✱ **A** ROCK garden being built around the World War II Memorial at Aldershot, the great military camp near London, is made up entirely of bits of masonry from bombed buildings. Blitzed towns all over Britain have been asked to contribute samples of their debris.

✱ **NAVAJO** Indian children, who are 80 per cent illiterate in the States of Arizona and New Mexico, are to benefit by a \$25,000 educational-aid program adopted by the Save the Children Federation. The project is an extension of the school program for 41,000 children in 1,063 schools and is sponsored by 562 individuals and 299 organizations.

✱ **WILF WALTERS**, one of England's crack amateur cyclists, has had to refuse two silver awards won recently in a Birmingham race because his trophies were taking up more room in the home of his parents than his family could afford. He said that they were already filling tables, mantelpieces, and crowding wardrobes out of the upstairs closets!

✱ **ACTUAL** insanity is something that usually happens to somebody else, for it touches only a few Americans—less than three-quarters of a million are in mental hospitals. However, there are about 8,000,000 who suffer some form of mental sickness, and it is estimated that there are at least 10,000,000 now living who will spend some part of their lives in a mental hospital.

✱ **A** UNIQUE congress composed of professional men who are concerned about mental health and human relations has been called to meet in London. About 2,000 delegates from fifty countries, who are psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers, political economists, and theologians, are in hopes of preventing future wars by studying the differences between nations. Russia is not represented.

✱ **WHAT** is believed to be the longest painting ever made is nearly 16,000 feet in length and was exhibited by being passed between two revolving cylinders on the stage of a large auditorium. It depicts the panorama of the Mississippi River between its source and the city of New Orleans, or an area 1,200 miles long. It required about two hours to see the painting in its entirety and earned some \$200,000 for the artist John Banvard.

✱ **A** 1,000-TON meteorite has fallen in Siberia, according to more than 300 eyewitnesses interviewed by members of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. The "shooting star" is said to have landed February 12, 1947, on a ridge north of Vladivostok, and all who saw it say the tail of the meteorite was brighter than the sun which shone in a cloudless sky on that day. The roar could be heard 125 miles away, and its speed was estimated at twelve miles a second. The thirty-square-mile area where the meteorite fell has been proclaimed a national reserve.

✱ **NERVOUS** tension is causing more people to chew gum these days. Last year Americans chewed up a record 19,000,000 sticks of gum—or enough to wrap around the world thirty-four and a half times at the equator without stretching. According to sales records of the industry, gum chewers will probably wad up enough to girdle the globe three and a half more times this year than they did in 1947.

✱ **PLANTS** are the only living things which can use energy directly from the sun and combine it with raw materials from the earth.

✱ **AN** ant has the largest brain, in proportion to its size, of any living thing on earth.

✱ **AMERICAN** women apparently believe in seeing that their opportunities for telephone conversation are preserved. At any rate, 390,000 of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's 737,000 stockholders are women!

✱ **THE** Lithuanian amber industry was all but wiped out during the war, but efforts are now being made to revive it. However, the magazine *Ogenok* points out that this is a difficult task, since out of the 100 principal amber workers whose families have carried on this industry for generations, only four have been found alive.

✱ **PRONGHORN** antelopes are the speediest of all hoofed animals—and perhaps the fastest on four feet, according to Arthur S. Einarsen, leader of the Oregon Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit. He has had the animals race him in his car and had them pass him while he was driving sixty miles an hour. He also declares he clocked a pronghorn doe that was "doing seventy!"



**O**VER on one of the French West Indian islands lives a man who has been in contact with the leading spirits on the island for over thirty years. In fact, spiritism was his profession, and people all through his island feared him, for they knew of the power he had over the bodies and minds of men whenever he set himself to work against them. Some of his experiences really were fantastic.

On one occasion a hunter was lost in the woods, and his family became much concerned over his disappearance. Several searching parties were sent out, but to no avail. Finally the spiritist was called into consultation. He was asked whether he could tell where this lost man was. After communicating with his spirits, he said, "I know where he is, and he is all right, but he is sick and very weak." He also said that it was impossible for a searching party to find him, because he was in a faraway place. He was then asked whether he could return the man to his family, and again he consulted his spirits, then reported that it would be possible to do this and that in an hour the man would be presented to his family. At the given time the lost man suddenly appeared and joined the family circle, having been brought there by one of the spirits. Pastor Wesley Amundsen, who gives us this experience, says, "The truth of this story has been attested to by one of our own church members who is now a deacon in his local church, and who was present when the hunter was brought back. The man who was lost is now dead, but his daughter still lives, and she

too verifies the truthfulness of what has been told."

But the "spirit man" became dissatisfied with his close association and work with the spirits, and one day he demanded that they present to him the greatest of all spirits. The spirits replied that this was something which was very difficult, so he retorted, "You have been deceiving me all through these years; now I know that you have been lying to me! I must come in contact with the greatest of all the spirits."

That night while he lay upon his bed thinking about the greatest of all spirits he prayed, "Oh, great spirit of all, come and manifest thyself unto me that I might know you also, as I know these other spirits." Then as though a voice came out of heaven and spoke, he heard the words: "If you would pray unto the greatest of all spirits, you should kneel on your knees." The next moment the "spirit man" was kneeling, repeating his request for the revelation of the greatest of all spirits.

A few days later he was walking down the street when he heard singing which attracted his attention. He drew closer and looked through the door into a hall where a meeting was just starting, and finally entered. At the close of the service he interviewed the speaker, and Bible studies were arranged with him. Gradually he turned away from the evil spirits, and a year from the first time he prayed upon his knees he, together with others, went down to the seashore to be baptized. He brought with him his books of the black arts, placed them in a great pile, and burned them to ashes. It is said that over a thousand of his fellow townsmen witnessed the fire and the baptism.

Recently, concludes Pastor Amundsen, we asked him whether the evil spirits bothered him, and he replied, "No; sometimes I see them as though they are afar off, looking at me, but then I see something else—I see a cordon of angels around me, protecting me from these spirits who no doubt desire to destroy me."

Surely God can and will save to the uttermost those who call upon Him.