



# INSTRUCTOR







# LET'S TALK IT OVER

**M**AY you have a happy and entirely satisfactory new year is the wish of the INSTRUCTOR editorial staff for every reader as we send out this first issue for 1949.

The paper comes to you in a new format of design and type, and it is the plan of the publishers that the first issue of each month of the year shall wear an attractive two-color cover which, coupled with the contents, will point up the fact that the interests of the third angel's message are world-wide, and that Seventh-day Adventist young people of "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people" are sharing their faith, and having a concrete part in its proclamation.

We hope that you will like our new type. The expert printers who selected this pattern for special use in the INSTRUCTOR feel that it is youthful, and that it rates high in readability and attractiveness. Our new heading type is of special interest, since it is a design by the world-famous type artist, Frederic Goudy. The name is Deepdene in honor of the dashing stream that flows by the old mill in New York State which Goudy bought and transformed into a studio-shop—the delight of his heart—and where many of his most outstanding type designs were brought into reality.

In a long and fruitful lifetime Frederic Goudy designed more than a hundred different and distinct fonts of type, each one a masterpiece from the hand of a master artist. His death occurred early in 1948.

Yes, a host of best-ever new-year wishes to you, and you, and you!

What is beyond the doorway that stands open into the future? No one knows. But as they contemplate it, the hearts of many around the wide circle of the world—statesmen, churchmen, educators, and thinking men and women who walk the common ways of life, are filled with foreboding, yes, with stark fear itself. So it is well for us to pause on the threshold for a moment to consider how we can best relate ourselves to the tomorrows that lie ahead. An unknown writer makes these suggestions:

"Another year: the past lies dead behind thee, the future from thy sight is hidden still; but He who walks beside thee knows the ending—be patient, then, my friend, to do His will.

"Another year; to tread life's path, not knowing where it shall lead thee on from day to day; but know, my friend, thy Father is beside thee to guide thee onward in His own best way.

"Another year: to gather sheaves for glory from out the harvest fields so full and white; to find some loving work to do for Jesus, to lead someone from darkness into light.

"Another year: art weary of thy toiling? Art longing to behold thy Saviour's face? O faint not yet! behold, He stands beside thee in all the fullness of His loving grace.

## OUR COVER

PHOTO BY CHARLES CAREY

The Great Second Advent Movement of which we are a part is world-wide in its scope and interests, and our denominational youth's paper is glad to send out its first two-color cover for 1949 as a salute to the gallant Seventh-day Adventist young people of China, who with loyal hearts and high courage are sharing their faith in a soon-coming Saviour even in the midst of war and woe. John and Florence Wong, who appear on the cover, are "born" Seventh-day Adventists, and call the city of Singapore home. The groundwork of their education was laid in our own denominational schools in the Orient. With the close of the war the opportunity came to them to study abroad, and now Florence is an honor graduate of the Royal Academy of Music in London, and John is completing his college work in the United States, preparatory to specializing in dentistry. They definitely are missionary-minded Missionary Volunteers, and the keynote of their thinking as they face the future is well expressed in the words: "Anywhere, any time, any thing for the Son of God and the sons of men."

"Another year: He never will forsake thee, though clouds and darkness gather round thy way. Be strong, for though temptation's power assail thee, His grace shall be sufficient, day by day.

"Another year: O fear, my heart, no longer. Go forward, trusting in thy Saviour's grace, so walking that each day shall find thee nearer that 'better land' where we shall see His face."

How wonderful it is that we do not need to take one step forward into the new year without a Guide beside us. We may not know what lies ahead, but He can

see the end from the beginning, and knows just what experiences are in store for each of us. Furthermore, however trying these may be, He has promised, "My grace is sufficient for thee." And if we keep in mind that "God never leads His children otherwise than they would choose to be led, if they could see the end from the beginning, and discern the glory of the purpose which they are fulfilling as co-workers with Him," we will not fear.

Over and over again as He walked the dusty highways of old Judea, or sailed the blue Galilee with His disciples, or taught the multitudes on some grassy hillside, He bade His hearers to "fear not." And the same reassuring words come echoing down the centuries addressed personally to you and to me. Our heavenly Father is with us every moment of every day. He is the ruler as well as the creator of the universe. Kings, presidents—yes, and dictators too—come on the stage of action and pass out of the picture according to His will. As far as human sight goes the new year seems to offer nothing that is stable as an anchor-ship but God and His promises.

We may know beyond the shadow of a doubt that Jesus never fails; He is "the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever." What a privilege is close personal fellowship with such a Friend!

As you start this new year, friend o' mine, don't forget to take with you the only absolutely true and tested compass for guidance in making life's journey—God's Inspired Word. It will lead you in His way—the only safe way for you to travel.

Seventh-day Adventist young people know that the future holds only one thing that is worth striving for—heaven. And also we know that just before us is "a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation," when Jesus ceases His intercession in the sanctuary in heaven and the great Judge of the universe has decided every case for eternal life or death.

Are you ready to meet such an experience? Are you? This is a question worthy of a bit of serious contemplation and self-examination on the part of each one of us. Think it over today!

*Lora E. Clement*



# NEW YEAR GREETINGS



By J. L. McELHANY

*President of the General Conference of  
Seventh-day Adventists*



EDMONSTON

**S**WIFTLY the days, weeks, and months of the year 1948 have passed, and we find ourselves ushered into a new year. My first desire is to extend to every young person in the Seventh-day Adventist fold my hearty and sincere personal New Year greetings. It would be a joy indeed if I could personally meet and talk with every one of you. If we could gather into one place from all parts of the world every young person connected with or related to this great Second Advent Movement, what a marvelous occasion that would be! But I know of no hall or auditorium anywhere in the world large enough to hold such a gathering.

My next best opportunity for greeting all of you is through the columns of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. I feel deeply grateful to the editor of the *INSTRUCTOR* for giving me this opportunity, especially so, because from my early youth I have been a reader of this journal and have received much help and inspiration from it.

When we speak of the passing of time we are reminded that one year quickly succeeds another. The older we become, the shorter time seems. Before we realize what has happened we find that life's course has run and we have come to the end.

This fact calls for deep and serious meditation. It is a solemn challenge to young people. Youth is the time for preparation and training. Every teacher, trainer, and leader of young people recognizes that one of the things of outstanding importance is to emphasize the shortness, the brevity, of time.

We cannot hope to do all the things we would like to do. There is not time enough. We do not live long enough to follow through on all the things that might appeal to us. Time is short. What we do in helping to fulfill God's purposes for our individual lives and for the finishing of His work in all the earth, we must do quickly.

As we stand facing the new year we also

face new responsibilities and new opportunities. My acquaintance with the young people of this movement confirms my confidence in you. The vast majority of you will, with new consecration, seek to discover your responsibilities to God and to His cause; and with lives fully surrendered to Jesus our Lord, you will embrace every opportunity for preparation and for service.

It is this kind of dedication of your lives to our blessed Master that will make this new year a milestone in your preparation for useful places in His service. Also you thus may lay a broader foundation for your enjoyment of the blessings of God when time gives place to eternity.

I pray that the Lord may richly bless each of you at this New Year season.



# Central Union SENIOR YOUTH and MASTER COMRADE

# CAMP

By G. R. FATTIC

Missionary Volunteer Secretary for the Central Union Conference

FOR a long time the Central Union hoped and planned for a Senior youth's camp, and in August of 1948 it became a reality, at Beulah, Colorado, in the heart of the American Rockies. I have worked with young people for many years and have had many wonderful occasions for Christian fellowship and association, but it seldom has been possible to do anything that merited so many words of appreciation as did the camp for our young people in the Central Union this summer.

We hiked, sang together, listened to music under the stars, sat around the campfire evening after evening, and participated in discussions. We rode horseback, played games, and had a wonderful time together. We even took time out to go up Pikes Peak and visit the Royal Gorge. It was a week of study, recreation, friendship, and fellowship.

This camp was participated in by approximately three hundred youth before it closed. We had young people from all over

the Central Union and a few from outside. The Southwestern Union sent a delegation from Texico, our bordering conference, with their secretary I. V. Stonebrook. W. A. Howe, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Southwestern Union, was present throughout the camp and helped us in our program. L. A. Skinner, of the General Conference, spent the week with us and made an inspiring contribution to the spiritual tone of the camp. Pastor M. V. Campbell, Central Union president, was also an appreciated guest and addressed the group at one of the camp councils. N. C. Petersen, president of the Colorado Conference, was present most of the time. W. C. Loveless, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Colorado Conference, was our manager, and saw to it that we had plenty of good things to eat. He worked closely with the staff in planning for the recreational activities and in other arrangements for enjoyable occasions. In fact, it was he who organized

the trips to Pikes Peak and beautiful Royal Gorge.

The one thing that brought so much joy and happiness to the members of the camp staff was the fact that we had no discipline problems at all. Our young people accepted without question the code of Christian ethics and conduct for themselves. Everybody shared responsibilities and worked together, and the week passed so quickly that we all wished for an extension of the time.

It is our considered opinion that these camps can be made a feature for growth, development, and planning for youth activities both spiritual and recreational that will make for a definite advancement in the ranks of our young people. We shall long remember the friendships, the hours of fellowship and association, and the occasions for study, prayer, and devotion enjoyed at the first Central Union Conference Senior youth and Master Comrade camp.



Upper: Proper Food and Body Nourishment Are Important Daily Requirements Even at a Senior Master Comrade Camp

Lower: Youth at Beulah Camp Grouped Beneath the Pines on the Campus

Upper: On the Trail by Horseback—a Group of Animal and Nature Lovers Explore the Upper Recesses of the Woods

Lower: A Snappy Game of Volleyball Does Much to Enliven Spirits and Incidentally to Work Up Ravenous Appetites

Upper: One of the Many Boys' Prayer Bands Which Met Every Day

Lower: A Craft Class to Train the Hand as Well as the Mind in the Art of Leathercraft. This Was Only One of the Many Crafts the Campers Studied





The Entire Master Comrade Camp Gathered Each Morning for the Observance of the Morning Watch and for Flag-raising Ceremonies

PHOTOS BY CALVIN HARKEY



A Girls' Prayer Band Is Pictured as It Quietly Meets in a Secluded Glen for Morning Devotions



Spiritual Instruction—a Very Necessary Part of One's Needs Is Given by Competent Leaders From the Book of Books



# GOD

## Gave Me Strength

By HOWARD A. MUNSON

**L**IFE in an overcrowded Oriental city brings to view misery, want, and sickness. All these are stamped on the faces of thousands. A missionary wonders how the last warning message of a soon-coming Saviour can be preached to such masses of humanity as these. They live in houses which are little more than scrap lumber and tin, and are crowded wall to wall, block after block. He wonders too about the thousands he sees jamming the already crowded busses, and the throng that overflows the sidewalks and packs the noisy streets.

However, there is another picture that gives the missionary a very different reaction. Come with me into the Manila English church, which is just inside the gate of the compound wall that surrounds the headquarters of the Philippine Union Mission. Here we find a substantial modern house of worship. Two aisles between the pews in the auditorium lead down the gently sloping floor to the raised pulpit. Most of the neatly dressed, brown-skinned people have accepted Christ as their Saviour, and are looking forward to His sec-

ond coming. There is joy in their hearts. Sweet strains of "Jesus Loves Me" are coming from the kindergarten room, where about thirty small children are meeting. In another room the youth are lustily singing "In a Little While We're Going Home."

At a table in the front of the auditorium sits the superintendent of the Sabbath school. She is the wife of a missionary doctor, but the other officers are Filipinos. The pleasant-looking secretary who stands to read her report of the first Sabbath of a new quarter is about five feet tall, slender, and neatly dressed in blue. She has the usual brown skin, black eyes, and black hair of her race. Her features are fine and sensitive; and when she looks straight at the audience, one is impressed that here is a character which has had many difficulties and has stood the test!

In her early years Julita Ibarra was just one girl in an ordinary Filipino family of ten children. She went to church, but was not too much concerned about religion. Her main desire was to get an education. But there was no high school in her town,

and it looked as if she must stop her school-work with the eighth grade. But a Filipino Seventh-day Adventist family who lived in a town where there was a high school, came to the rescue and offered to board her. She thought these people did some strange things, but they treated her well, and she was happy to be with them and to go to school. Gradually she learned that these friends were living the way the Bible taught them was right, and she too decided to become an Adventist. Her baptism gave her more joy than anything else that had come into her life, and her new religion made her want to give herself in service to her fellow countrymen. She decided she must become a nurse, for in no other way could she give so much in physical and spiritual help. For three years she studied and worked, and in 1940 the Manila Sanitarium presented her with a diploma and an invitation to remain on the staff.

The explosion of the bombs at Pearl Harbor in December, 1941, was heard in many other parts of the world. In fact, it reverberated the length of the Philippine Islands. Manila soon trembled under the tread of an invading army whose determination was to stamp out every form of resistance. In January, 1942, enemy soldiers swarmed over the grounds of the Manila Sanitarium and announced that henceforth the institution was theirs. They confiscated the buildings and all their contents, and drove out the staff of doctors and nurses and other workers. But nurses were in demand, and Julita was kept very busy doing special duty in the city of Manila.

Two years later she married one of the former nurses of the Manila Sanitarium and became Mrs. Sellona. Rather than live in Manila under the domination of an unfriendly power, they moved into the interior of one of the provinces, and located in an evacuation center back in the mountains where thousands of their people were gathered. Hundreds had no place to live, and they tried to build a crude shelter from the materials at hand. Others lived in the open forest and slept on the ground.

For safety's sake they constantly moved from place to place, and treated hundreds who came to them for help. For months they worked without pay, with very little food or medical supplies.

Then tragedy struck. Julita's husband was killed. The first knowledge she had of the tragedy was when his body was brought to her. She was alone in a mountain fastness with a small child to rear.

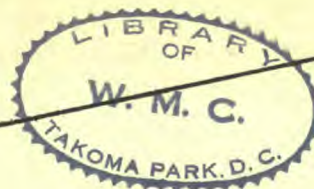
No home! No husband! In her grief she wondered how she could continue, but she remembered her heavenly Father. In this crisis hour she turned to Him, and her strength was renewed. She gave herself fully to those in need, and one day found an enemy soldier who gave her a few medical supplies in exchange for sugar or candy. As she looks back on this experi-

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Ruins of the Philippine Union Mission Office in Manila







# The CALL to ARMS



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THE German armies were on the march. A series of crises had but postponed the dreaded event, and now on the eve of September 3, 1939, the news flashed out from Europe that the Nazi army had defied England's ultimatum and was mercilessly smashing its way across Polish soil.

The world tensely waited at its radios on that September night for England's acceptance of the challenge. At last it came. It was war with Germany! And with it came the empire's call to arms.

Kendall Strong was ready. Barely twenty years of age, he was, nevertheless, a keen student of international affairs, and nearly twelve months had elapsed since he had concluded that war was inevitable. This conclusion reached, he promptly had gone to the barracks and enlisted in the Australian military volunteer forces to prepare for the coming conflict.

Not that he was by any means overly patriotic. But beneath his quiet, unsociable, and godless exterior there burned a determined ambition. Since his father had died while he was but a youth, he had had little to do with his mother, and there had smoldered within him a ruthless determination to rise high in the ranks of his fellow men. Not that he wanted the acclamation of the world particularly, but he lusted for power—power to direct affairs as he thought fit. And his plans were beginning to work out according to pattern; his unusually influential position in the business world augured well for the future.

But all these plans would be impossible of fulfillment in the event of war, and he knew that war was coming. Well, he reasoned, if it must be that way, he would have to adapt himself to circumstances.

He would throw all his energies into the volunteer army; and when the war storm broke and compulsory military training was introduced, he would be well advanced and ready to receive speedy promotion. True enough, it would take a few years to reach the rank of field marshal, but it was worth a few risks; and the absence of a precedent of a thirty-year-old field marshal was no deterrent to Kendall Strong. He was athletic, well educated, and deadly in earnest. While his fellow soldiers were frittering away precious time in the mess, and adding their brains with nicotine and alcohol, he silently worked, studied, and practiced. Efficiency would be certain to receive recognition.

But the army was not quite what he had expected it to be. He soon discovered that influence and sociability often seem to have more appeal to ease-loving commanding officers than efficiency and zeal. And despite all his hard work, twelve month's experience had produced only one stripe, the rank of lance corporal.

But now the hour had struck and the call to arms had rung out! A new spirit gripped His Majesty's forces. The influx of thousands of new recruits and the need of efficient instructors resulted in a meteoric rise for Kendall Strong. At the age of twenty he emerged from an officers' training school with a king's commission, and was gazetted at the head of two long lists of successful candidates. He was recognized as one of His Majesty's youngest and most promising artillery officers.

Plans were now coming to fruition, and young Lieutenant Strong poised himself to fight his way to the top of the ladder. Meticulous in training, hard working, and hard swearing, he would yet realize his ambition for power.

But his ear was not yet attuned to another call to arms that had rung out nineteen hundred years before, and all

unknown to him, he had been summoned to enlist in a greater army than any human regiment. A mightier Captain than ever led an earthly host had chosen this youthful officer and would summon him to renounce his earthly rank and become a private in heaven's army, to fight the battles of Prince Immanuel. And when the fullness of the time was come that call to arms was resounded.

"Five Words That Seal Hitler's Doom!"

"What is this meeting all about, Alec?"

Kendall Strong was standing in the lounge room of his uncle's home, looking down at a red-and-blue printed handbill lying on the table. He had returned to Melbourne on leave and was paying a Saturday-morning visit.

"I don't know much about it," his uncle replied. "I just found it in the letter box last evening and have not really read it."

Kendall was interested. News from the Western Front was disturbing. The Germans' spectacular break through the Maginot Line had been followed by the disastrous evacuation from Dunkirk, and now every edition of the newspapers brought a fresh flood of rumors of the launching of the expected attack on Britain. Thinking people knew within themselves that England was not ready. The isles seemed to be in imminent peril, and Hitler's preparation for Christmas dinner in London seemed to be no idle boast.

"Five words that seal Hitler's doom," Kendall repeated slowly. "Hear this certain prediction expounded in the Majestic Theater on Sunday night. Say, are you going to hear this fellow?" he demanded of his uncle.

"Oh, I'll think about it," came the careless reply.

"If you do, I'll go with you. There's nothing for a soldier to do in this city on



Sunday night anyway," Kendall said and temporarily dismissed the subject from his thoughts.

Sunday night found Lieutenant Strong, his uncle, and his aunt numbered among the sixteen hundred people that filled the Majestic Theater to overflowing as Evangelist J. B. Conley opened a series of evangelistic lectures. The program began with some hymn singing. Kendall fidgeted uneasily and sat in silence. He had not bargained on this sort of thing in a theater. The entrance of the speaker was followed by a prayer. He was distinctly uncomfortable. This was not in his line at all. He had expected a political address; and if it had not been for the presence of his relatives, he would have left immediately.

At long last the speaker began his address, though not before Kendall's prejudice had been thoroughly aroused. Hymn singing and praying were foreign to him. He was an army officer, not a parson's pet. But there was something about that address that was convincing, though he hated to admit it even to himself. During the successive days he could not rid himself of the conviction that the preacher knew what he was talking about, and that what he said was logical. Lieutenant Strong prided himself on his logical thinking.

The passing of a week did not bring the expected relief of mind that the young man had anticipated; rather the conflict of his thoughts was intensified. Did he, a hard-headed army officer have to acknowledge the authority of an antiquated conglomeration of fables and dreams bearing the intolerable stigma of religion? He had always hated and despised religion or anything that savored of it. And yet he could produce no logical argument against anything that had been reasoned from this Bible the preacher had used.

Being now stationed close to Melbourne, Lieutenant Strong made his way alone to the theater the following Sunday night, though this time he was not so foolish as to arrive before the hymns and prayer were done with. He congratulated himself on being astute enough to slip in quietly just before the address began.

For four Sunday nights the same thing happened, and each visit to the theater was followed by a week of mental turmoil. Lieutenant Strong bitterly reproached himself as a fool for getting mixed up with that which was barely fit for old women and little children—religion! And yet there was that *something* against which he could not argue—something convincing that swept aside all his pretentious arguments. At last he decided to settle it once for all and crush this preacher beneath the weight of logical disbelief.

When the crowd had melted into the night Lieutenant Strong approached the well-built man who was standing at the theater door bidding good night to the last few people who had made up his congregation.

"Mr. Conley, I have a number of questions I would like to ask you. I know you must be a busy man, but could I visit your home sometime?"

The appointment was soon made, and the interview concluded.

Week after week those visits continued. No suggestion of a Bible study was ever made. The soldier's part was just questions, questions, questions. One after another they came, till it seemed that there could be nothing left to ask, but still they came. And always the Bible seemed to have a logical answer.

Lieutenant Kendall Strong was a troubled man. Three times he had applied for service overseas. The first time, to his extreme annoyance, his application had gone astray. The second application had been refused because of the temporary shortage



**"What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the soul."**

**—Addison.**

of officers to train the ever-increasing inflow of compulsory trainees. The third application he had withdrawn because of a strange and hitherto unrecognized voice that did not condescend to give a reason, but whose mysterious insistence seemed to court no refusal.

Inside his steaming army tent Lieutenant Strong sat, head in hands, pouring over a cheaply bound Bible. "Calling Lieutenant Strong," Nervously Kendall grabbed an artillery textbook that lay beside his elbow and effectively covered the open Bible a split second before the tent flap was drawn aside and a fellow officer entered. Uneasily he sat obscuring the embarrassing Book until his visitor had departed.

"This can't go on!" he muttered to himself as he resolutely thrust the Bible under his mattress. "Either this Book is a colossal hoax, in which case I'm going crazy about nothing, or it is God's message to the world and I had better do something about it."

Two weeks later Lieutenant Strong stood before the battery captain.

"Are you serious, Strong? Do you mean to say that you, an officer of the Australian Army, refuse to work on Saturday? Why,

don't you know, man, there's a war on? You're in the army now, and this Saturday business is impossible. An officer must be on duty twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week."

"I am sorry, captain," Lieutenant Strong replied, "but it is not without careful consideration that I am forced to the conclusion that the Bible is an inspired book. Night after night have I spent in Melbourne's public library verifying all the historical evidence submitted to me in support of its authenticity, and now I cannot but obey what I am convinced is a commandment of God."

Soon afterward the young lieutenant was facing the brigade major.

"Strong, you have been gazetted as an officer of the royal artillery, and now that the time for active service approaches you decide you have some conscientious qualms about taking life. Why couldn't you have informed us of this squeamishness before we went to the trouble of promoting you?"

Kendall bit his lip. "Sir, my pride, if nothing else, would lead me to prefer to face a hundred enemy cannon than have to defend myself against the charge of cowardice. But I must obey God rather than men."

A few days elapsed before the news of this unexpected development leaked out and came to be whispered from one to another. Lieutenant Dave Cohen laughed outright. "Not Kendall Strong," he scoffed at his would-be informant. "Why, he would eat a whole army before he'd show a yellow streak." And he wheeled off in search of Strong himself to share the joke with him.

Cohen stood aghast as his merriment was abruptly terminated by Strong's quiet assurance that what he had heard was the truth. At last he found his voice.

"Strong, you must be mad," he exploded. "I know you better than that. You're the type who would flay alive the first enemy to set foot on this land. It won't last; it can't last," he confidently prophesied. "I know Ken Strong too well to think that he could remain passive when the fighting really begins. When the first Jap lands, you'll be in it with your ears back."

But it *did* last. Lieutenant Cohen may have known the old Kendall Strong, but he did not know this new man in Christ.

Soon afterward Lieutenant Strong was summoned to appear before the lieutenant colonel. The colonel was sympathetic.

"This is a most unusual circumstance that has arisen, Strong," he said. "From what I can gather it is without precedent in the Australian Army, and though I wish I could make it possible for you to maintain your conscientious scruples, there simply is no provision for such a contingency. We cannot arrange for your transfer to a noncombatant unit while you still hold the rank of officer, and it is impossible for you to drop your rank. An officer is forbidden to resign his commis-

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H. M. LAMBERT

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## Lessons in Crime

By R. E. FINNEY, Jr.

**J**UST before Harry Medos walked "the last mile" he made a final desperate bid for life and liberty. With the aid of some fellow convict he was hidden in a can of garbage, loaded onto a truck that was to take the prison refuse away, and very nearly made his escape. Strangely enough, this not-very-original ruse almost succeeded in gaining liberty for the young killer. Almost, but not quite—and in this case failure meant death, for about two weeks later the province of British Colum-

bia, Canada, exacted the supreme penalty, and he was hanged.

Medos had killed a policeman. He and two companions had evidently planned a bank holdup; a tip was handed to the police who were a bit clumsy in their preparations to capture the group; and, becoming alarmed, the youths attempted to run for it. The police caught up with them, and in the ensuing fight one of the police and one of the boys were killed. And so Medos and a companion, who

lives on in prison, were brought to trial for murder. Harry Medos was nineteen; his companion, still younger.

Just before Harry was led out of his cell on death row he responded to a question about the cause of his trouble by saying that he had learned crime from the movies and the "comics."

No, I am not going to ask you to read a sermon telling you not to read the "comic books." I don't think I need to. Well-trained Seventh-day Adventist young people—and most of them *are* well trained—do not need very much preaching about such a subject as this. But there are some interesting things about these highly colored booklets that might be worth thinking about.

In the first place, as you may have noticed by the title of this article, 60,000,000 "comic books" are spread on the newsstands of the United States every month. Although they are cheap, usually selling for about ten cents, they have produced a golden harvest of profit for their publishers. I well remember an acquaintance of mine, who is an author, finding that a "comic book" publisher would pay him about eight times as much for a story as he usually expected to get for such a production.

Well, when any publication reaches the proportions that are mentioned above, a profound effect must be expected from their consumption. The effect, naturally, will be a result of the kind of publication distributed. Therefore, it might be worth our while to consider the content of these "comic books."

This will not be the first mention you have read of this matter, for both magazines and newspapers have printed the stories of many crimes in the motivation for which "comics" have had a part. Not satisfied, however, with these reports as a basis for any settled conviction on the matter, I have been taking a look at them for myself. Of course, one cannot escape knowing something about the "comics," since almost every newspaper carries a page daily and many pages in its Sunday editions. Whether one reads them or not, they inevitably catch the eye.

But I found that the "comics" in the newspapers, and the "comic books" are quite different. Some attempt at humor is still apparent in the material carried in the newspapers; so far as my investigation revealed, humor is the last consideration in the "comic books."

The bulk of the scores of the paper-covered books on the stands is made up of two classes: crime and pseudoscientific books with a sprinkling of "western" books on the side. These classifications are rough, and the classes overlap. You will find some "scientific" material mixed in the

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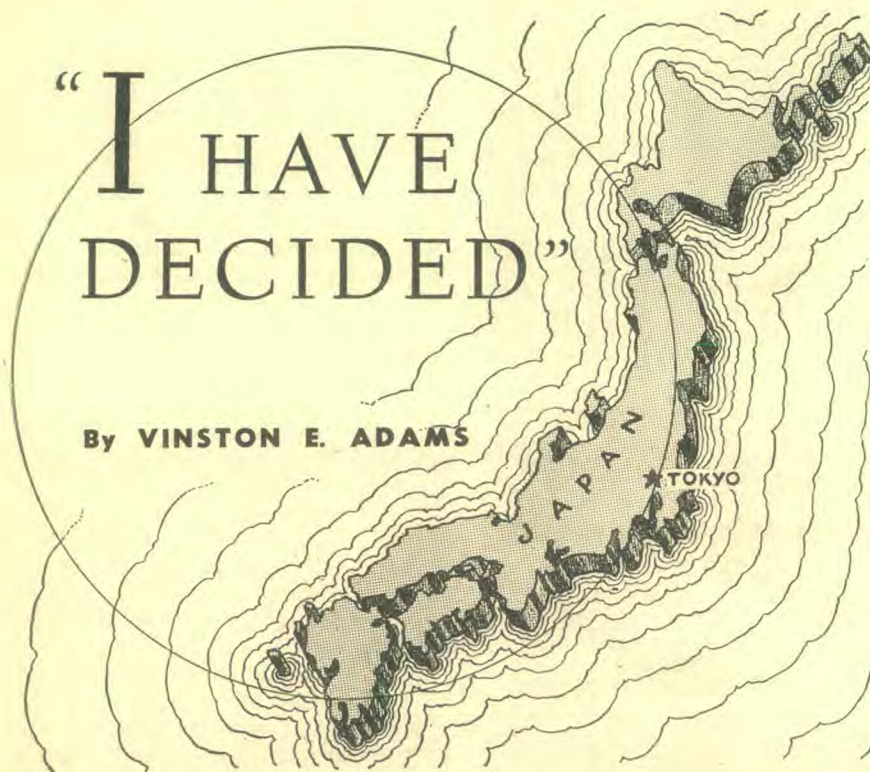


# SHARE YOUR FAITH



## "I HAVE DECIDED"

By VINSTON E. ADAMS



IT WAS a sweltering day in Tokyo. The thermometer registered 96° F. That of itself was bad enough, but it was the humidity that made one sweat, even much more than the heat. I was a newcomer to Japan, and after eating my midday Sabbath meal I had moved out onto the front steps to sit by myself, as I thought. I had moved out there for two reasons: the first was that this was my first Sabbath in the mission field, and I was lonely—lonely because my wife and three boys were seven thousand miles away in the U.S.A.; the second reason was that I wanted to see more of the people I had come so far to serve. They were scattered in small groups around the dusty mission compound, making use of all the shade the pines and cherry trees afforded. Some were cleaning up the remains of their picnic lunch. Others were just visiting. The young and the old were there, but I could not help noticing that most of them were young people.

I had been absorbed in watching the merry antics of some small children who were seemingly oblivious to the heat and the humidity, and had not noticed the approach of three young men until they were almost upon me. They bowed low in unison and said, "Konnichiwa." As I struggled to reply in kind, one of them,

sensing my embarrassment at not being able to speak to them in their own language, said in perfect English, and with almost perfect inflection, "Sensei [pronounced *sen-say*], I am very fond of English. Will you teach me more?"

At that time I had no idea what the mission program might be, or what activities would be best for the new missionary to engage in, so I made a rather indefinite answer and hoped he would not ask the question again. He went on his way to the Missionary Volunteer meeting held at that hour, and I thought I would see no more of him that day, but I was wrong. After the meeting was over, he again saw me outside, and came over, and once more asked me to help him with his English. Again I gave him an indefinite answer, but he would not be turned away.

"If you have no time to teach me, will you not give me something to read in English so that my vocabulary will grow?" he asked.

I saw this as a way out of an embarrassing situation, and replied, "Yes, I will lend you a book." So saying, I crossed the compound to the house where I was staying, went to my room to select something to satisfy his thirst for English. Finding nothing more likely, I picked up a copy

of *Acts of the Apostles* by Ellen G. White which I lent him.

Imagine my amazement the next day to see him waiting for me when I left the publishing house to go across the compound for dinner.

"Sensei, I have tried to read the book you gave me, but I cannot understand it. Will you please explain what the words mean?"

And so it came about that I sat down with the truth-hungry young man and laboriously started reading *Acts of the Apostles*. It was slow going. We studied two hours that first night and did not even get over one page. He was so hungry for more of what he read that he came back the next night. Soon he was coming three nights a week for instruction. He was eager for the English all right, but he was much more absorbed in the dealings of God with men as depicted in those first chapters. In less than a month he said to me, "I have decided to keep God's holy Sabbath day." Just how much those three words, *I have decided*, meant I was to find out in the next twelve months.

"Son, I tell you for the last time, *you must go to school Saturdays*. You will not be able to be promoted into the next grade if you are absent on Saturdays. You have not been a faithful son in that you failed to take up with me the matter of your absence from school one day each week for these last two months. The whole family has been scandalized by your actions. I am surely amazed that your teachers permitted this matter to go to such lengths before writing me about it. Your teachers will put up with it no longer, and neither will I, now that I have found out about it."

So saying, the father glared at his sixteen-year-old son who now stood before him. Both serenity and wonderment were written on the round face of the youth as he heard these harsh words from his father—serenity because his course of action was, in the main, already decided in his own mind; wonderment because in all his sixteen years of life he had never been spoken to so sharply by his father.

The boy's head had been bowed as his parent had been speaking, but now he raised it, and in a calm voice replied firmly but respectfully, as any true son of the Orient would:

"Father, I have always tried to be an obedient son. I have followed the precepts



you have given me, but I now have a heavenly Father too. And it is He who said in the long ago, 'Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work.' Father, that means that I cannot engage in any ordinary labor on the Sabbath, which is Saturday; neither can I go to public school on this day. I know that this is a new idea to you, and perhaps I should have taken it up with you before, but I hope that you will not feel that I am a rebellious son if I do what the God of heaven commands."

The father's jaw dropped when he heard the positive rejoinder from his eldest son. What could have come over him? Never before had a son of his refused to obey a direct command. He thought for a brief moment before speaking further, trying to size up the situation. Then, gesturing with his fist for emphasis, he said, "Who is it that has put this crazy notion into your head?"

Replied the son, "Father, I learned about God and the Sabbath at the Seventh-day Adventist church in Amanuma. Mr. Eldridge is the pastor—"

"I am going out there Sunday to see Mr. Eldridge," interrupted the father. "I am going to tell him to tell you to go to school on Saturday. Tell me more definitely where I can find him at that time."

It was with reluctance that Nishiura San told me of this interview with his father. He also told me how his teachers had, when ordinary methods of persuasion had failed, decided as a group to petition his father to be sure that his son was at school every Saturday. He also told me how others in his class in school, seeing that he, one of the leaders in school, was getting away with absence for religious reasons, had decided to be away once a week or more for the purpose of attending ball games or movies, and for other less legitimate reasons. His teachers had not failed to point out to him that his influence was detrimental to the school. He also explained further that one of his classmates was kind enough to write him a letter stating that a certain group of other classmates had boasted that they were determined to seize Nishiura San and flog him at the first favorable opportunity.

Then he looked me full in the face and asked, "Sensei, what can I do about all this?"

As I watched this earnest Japanese boy sitting not three feet away from me, I was puzzled too. Could it be that God had permitted all this opposition and persecution to develop around this young Christian so new in the faith? Could we with God's help find a way out of this triple difficulty?

Nevertheless, I had faith that God, who had touched this boy's heart with His love, would in this time of crisis vindicate Himself, and in a way in which not only

Nishiura San but others as well would see the outworkings of Providence. The problem was to strengthen Nishiura San's faith to the point where he would stand firm under any trial, and lay out a course of action that was consistently Christian and yet not unnecessarily arbitrary or antagonistic to his father, his teachers, and his classmates.

Of course, before we studied this problem further we knelt and earnestly, very earnestly, asked God to give us wisdom, to open our eyes as to what the best course of action might be. When we rose from our knees we sat there considering the problem from all angles. What could he say to his angered father that would not compromise his determination to be true to God and yet not make the breach between him and his parent any wider? What could he say to his teachers to show them that it was only his love for God and His truth that made him stay away from school on Sabbaths? What could he say to irate classmates to point them to Jesus?

These were some of the questions he asked, and it was from this point of view that we considered these matters.

I frankly told him that in his home would lie his greatest problem, for I had learned that his mother, an older sister, and two younger brothers were joining with his father in making life miserable for him. He said that he realized that fact. His teachers he had told previously just why he was absent each Sabbath, and we could not think of anything more to say to them. His classmates were quite a problem. At every opportunity every day they made life difficult for him. Nearly all joined in the jeering about his determination to become a Christian. Some had spat at him. Some had hit him with their fists, and even the smallest boy in his class had slapped his face.

Perhaps you can imagine something of my feelings when he pleadingly inquired, "Just what shall I do when they slap me? What shall I do when they jeer at me and want to argue about Christianity?"

## Are You SHARING Your Faith?

By E. W. DUNBAR

This new department in **THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR** is the spokesman for Adventist youth who are *already speaking for themselves*.

Since the first North American Youth's Congress, held in San Francisco in the fall of 1947, there has been a new light in the eye and a new melody in the heart of Adventist young people. The spirit and objectives of this great meeting have combined to inspire and encourage the Lord's young people the world around. Let us call the roll of a few recent reports.

**CHINA DIVISION.**—"The inspiration from the San Francisco Youth's Congress has reached China, and we would like to capitalize on the idea and get our youth together in China for a great inspirational gathering. We are looking forward to an all-China Youth's Congress."

**INTER-AMERICAN DIVISION.**—"This summer twelve 'Share Your Faith' congresses have ignited the evangelistic flame in the hearts of our young people in Inter-America."

**BRITISH UNION.**—"The thrilling British Union Youth's Congress held at Watford recently is ushering in a new day of evangelism for the young people of Britain."

**SOUTHERN EUROPE.**—"Our great youth gatherings in Portugal, Austria, and on eastern frontiers of Czechoslovakia this summer have brought new inspiration and courage to our great army of Missionary Volunteers."

**EAST NIGERIAN MISSION.**—"In a recent quarter we had 378 baptisms to report. Seventy-five per cent of these were won by the Missionary Volunteers."

**GERMANY.**—"The revival among our young people contributes greatly to the inspiration of the churches."

**CZECHOSLOVAKIA.**—"Over half of our 105 churches have evangelistic services which are being conducted by the young people."

**FINLAND.**—"There is such a revival among our youth, especially along missionary lines, as we have never witnessed before."

**NORTH AMERICAN DIVISION.**—"Taking up the torch that was lighted at the San Francisco Youth's Congress, the seven great union-wide youth's congresses conducted in North America this summer, and the many local conference congresses, have kindled an evangelistic zeal in the hearts of thousands of our young people in the homeland. In literally scores of cities and towns of North America young people's evangelistic efforts have been in progress this year. From Yakima, Washington, to Long Island, New York; and from Goose Creek, Texas, to Wheeler, North Dakota, young men and young women are bringing forth fruit for the kingdom of God."



Frankly, I did not know what to tell him, but I did not dare let him know that I had no ready answer to his problem. So I said, "The best thing I know to do when people abuse you is just to smile and say nothing. Do not argue. Do not retaliate in any way. Let God bring conviction to their hearts that they ought not to do these things."

Then we knelt again, and laid the problem before the Lord. We left the room that night with the firm impression that God would answer our prayer, but we were not prepared fully for the marvelous way He was to bring deliverance about, nor were we prepared for how soon that deliverance would come.

It was on Thursday night that we had discussed and prayed about this matter. When Nishiura San came to church on Sabbath, it was with a serious look on his face. When we had opportunity after the services were over we stepped aside and talked about his problem. That very morning his father had warned him that he must go to school, not to church, that day; and his mother had kindly but earnestly pleaded with him not to bring more

trouble on himself and more disgrace on the family by not going to school. He had told her plainly, however, "I have decided to go to Sabbath school and church."

We prayed some more that afternoon. Again on Sunday night we studied the problem and prayed about it. We studied the promises of God in the Bible and claimed them for ourselves. He left late that evening with a look of quiet determination on his face. I knew he would stand firm, for he had not idly said, "I will be true to God forever."

I did not see him again until late in the week. As soon as I looked in his face and saw the wreath of smiles, I knew that all was well. As we met before Sabbath school, he said, "God has worked for me in a marvelous way. I want to tell you about it after church."

You may be sure that we sought the seclusion of my room as soon as possible when the service was over. Then he said, "You have no idea how God has been working for me this week. My classmates at the school do not jeer at me any more. They do not spit at me or slap me. In fact,

ten of them bought *Jicho* [the Japanese *Signs of the Times*] from me, and are becoming interested in Christianity."

There followed a long recital of how when he went to school on the previous Monday the jeering and persecution had started again. He had refused to be drawn into any argument about Christianity. He had only smiled at their accusations. He had only smiled at the bad names they called him. They tried their best for a while to provoke him to some retaliatory word or action. When none was forthcoming, one by one they left him. After a day or two more the persecution ceased almost entirely.

Then he had a happy thought. Why should he not try to share his faith with those he knew best—his classmates? So he offered to sell them copies of *Jicho*. To his surprise and joy ten bought copies in the next two or three days. They expressed keen interest after reading parts of the magazine. He was very happy that the persecution at school had ceased so abruptly, but he was much more pleased that his classmates were now becoming interested in his new-found religion.

This experience, just related, started a series of events, the full results of which will be known only in eternity. Nishiura San had just found the gospel; and its truths, new and thrilling to his heart, made him naturally very zealous. But when God had so marvelously answered our prayers, he became a veritable firebrand, setting aflame the harvest fields.

The next thing that he did was to begin persuading his classmates, one by one, to go with him to the church services. It was most interesting to see him every Sabbath as he came to Sabbath school and church. He would usually shepherd those he had brought to the front seats, where all could be heard. It was not very long until several of these friends gladly came of their own volition, so great is the power of the gospel. Within four months, Nishiura San told me, he had brought to the services one or more times about fifty different people, forty of whom were his classmates.

One Sabbath he came to me smiling broader than usual.

"What is pleasing you so now?" I asked him.

"One of my friends has started keeping the Sabbath," he replied.

And then almost every week, as I saw him from time to time, he would smilingly report new Sabbathkeepers among his classmates until in all, four were keeping the Sabbath. Then he began enrolling his friends in the Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence School. More than twenty started studying the course.

During his Christmas holiday, he spent most of his time going from the home of one friend to the home of another, giving Bible studies, to both old and young. He spent a whole half day talking to one of his teachers who had briefly professed

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## True Life

By STANLEY COMBRIDGE

We spend our lives like foolish ones intent on pleasing self—  
A fancy here, a pleasure there, a searching after wealth;  
We dream of fame, of fortune fair, of something we may gain;  
And in our haste we travel on nor think our journey vain.  
We grab at this, we grasp at that, and cry aloud for more;  
And frantically we make and pile to reach a certain store.

But there is One who silently, within the shadows dark,  
Our every way doth know and see, our fevered actions mark;  
In love He bends and stops our haste and blights our treasured plans,  
And leaves us broken by the way as He the future scans.  
He stays our hurried, anxious pace lest we go blindly on,  
And then upon our fateful path His own true light is shone.

It is in love He leaves us not to follow our own way,  
Lest we should stumble in the dark and perish in dismay;  
For He who knows the future life of torment or of bliss,  
Wills not that anyone should fail, that none should walk amiss;  
And so He points the soul away to lofty heights above,  
Where self that blinds and separates is swallowed up in love.  
Then with this vision in the heart we seek out those in need,  
And find, by serving other souls, the truest life indeed.





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JAMES SANTO. R.A.

# Lovers of Pleasure

By **ARTHUR J. ESCOBAR**

**T**WO friends were seated on the back seat of a public bus traveling toward the city of Los Angeles. It was two o'clock on one of those cold mornings in the middle of a California winter. Almost every passenger in the bus seemed to be asleep except the two college friends in the rear seat. They had not attended the same college that year. One friend was on his way home from a Christian college; the other, from a professional school of the world. In the discussion which was carried on through the night the two talked of politics, current events, colleges, and history. Finally their conversation turned to religion and Christian conduct. Just before the boys reached their home town, the nonbelieving friend asked a question. "How can you be satisfied with life unless

you get drunk, visit a night spot occasionally, and indulge in a little gambling now and then?" he asked seriously.

That often-asked question indicates that everywhere young people are conscious of a vital need within. Unable to understand that deep vital hunger, the youth of the world attempt to satisfy this hunger by the gratification of self. After finding it impossible to get satisfaction in the pleasures of the world, they sink down into an indifferent sort of living—just plain boredom.

"The continual craving for pleasurable amusements reveals the deep longings of the soul," writes Mrs. E. G. White addressing the young people of today. It was these same "deep longings of the soul" that Jesus discovered in the heart of the woman

The Apostle Paul Writing to Young Timothy Describes Today in These Words: "Men Shall Be Lovers of Their Own Selves, . . . Lovers of Pleasures"

He conversed with long ago at Jacob's well.

To the soul-thirsty Samaritan woman Jesus said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John 4:14. Her response was immediate: "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not." Verse 15. Her boredom and sin gave way to great spiritual satisfaction that day.

Increasingly the soul thirst of men has become more acute with the passing of the centuries, until we have come in our day to the most restless age in world history. Jesus characterizes these days in striking words: "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." Luke 21:26. Men's hearts are filled with fear because they find little enduring satisfaction in living, and "upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity." Verse 25.

Unprecedented efforts have been made to satisfy the "deep longings of the soul" in this twentieth century. It matters not whether one lives in the great city or near a main highway, there may be found the pleasure spots where the pleasure-mad throngs meet in a desperate effort to enjoy life. Literally billions of dollars are spent annually in America in the pursuit of happiness through exciting amusements.

A glance at a list of certified expenditures of the American people on this and that in 1946 reveals an unprecedented effort to quench the soul thirst. They spent for liquor, \$9,500,000,000; for recreation, \$7,942,000,000; for automobiles, \$7,627,000,000; for education, \$4,600,000,000; for tobacco, \$3,410,000,000; for personal care, \$2,321,000,000; and for religious and welfare activities, \$1,525,000,000.

Twenty centuries ago Jesus and His apostles predicted such unprecedented pleasure seeking. These modern trends toward pleasure were declared by the New Testament writers to be the signs of the second coming of Jesus to the world. The apostle Paul, writing to young Timothy, describes our day in these words: "This I know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, . . . lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." 2 Tim. 3:1-4.

When Americans spend \$9,500,000,000 for liquor in one year, plus added billions for a variety of pleasures, and then are willing to give only \$1,525,000,000 toward religious activities, is it any wonder that Americans are so feverishly restless?

Having drunk deeply and expensively of the bitter waters of pleasure and sin, the masses have become bitterly disappointed in their mad quest for inner peace. Only Jesus, the lowly Nazarene, can satisfy the longing deep within the human heart. The

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# The ISLES Have Waited

By E. L. BECKER

**I**F YOU have studied geography from a textbook, as geography was once studied in the old days, your conception of the Pacific Ocean probably runs something like this: California, Honolulu, Manila, China.

If you have adopted the modern method of learning geography from the columns of your daily newspaper, or better still, from the window of a giant air liner, you know that the old method of studying from a textbook is far from adequate in this modern age. Back in the critical days of 1944 and 1945 you will remember reading—either in the newspaper or in one of those anxiously awaited V-mail letters from some GI Joe or Henry, or addressed at a certain APO number—such names as Eniwetok, Peleliu, Saipan, Guam. You know, now, that the sweep of ocean between Honolulu and Manila is not just thousands of miles of sea and sky. There are literally thousands of islands scattered through this vast area—islands big and little, fertile and barren, but with people on them like you and me.

On the morning of May 21, 1948, just as the first light was beginning to tint the eastern sky and sea, the ground personnel at an airfield on one of these islands heard the strong, steady beat of the four engines of one of Pan American's sky liners. It was four o'clock, and the plane from the mainland was just on time. The last leg of the journey from Wake Island had been uneventful, and the giant ship came in for a landing, settled to earth, ran down the strip, and taxied over to the apron near the air terminal.

Already the gangway had been rolled out to the plane by the waiting ground crew; the door of the great sky bird swung open; and the passengers still blinking sleep from their eyes at this early hour, filed down the steps and into the terminal building.

Many of them were simply birds of passage, bound for Manila, Hong Kong, or Calcutta, who would remain for only a short stopover, breakfast in the terminal, and then be on their way again. At least one, however, had reached the end of his journey. A tall, rangy, dark-haired man, with a quiet, assured manner, stepped over to the United States Navy inspector who was busy checking off the arrivals.

Name? Dunton, Robert E. Business? Christian minister. Purpose of visit? To establish a Seventh-day Adventist mission headquarters.

The third angel's message had come to Guam!

Behind the arrival of Pastor Robert Dunton on Guam that Friday morning a few months ago, there lies a story that goes back through the years—how far, we still do not know, for stories of the working of the Spirit of God in that lonely island outpost are still coming in. The tale is not really an unusual one; on the contrary, the fact that it is so typical of what has happened in so many spots on our old earth's surface in days gone by, and of what will continue to happen until the work of God here is done, enhances its interest as a story. As is the case with a good many mission stories, it has cords that

bind it to our work in many places: Mountain View, California, the home of the Pacific Press Publishing Association; a little town in Washington named Walla Walla; Paradise Valley Sanitarium in southern California; the island of Luzon, in the Philippines; Singapore; and Tokyo, Japan.

Ever since the third angel's message was introduced into the Philippine Islands more than forty years ago, the mission-minded Filipinos had looked longingly toward the limitless expanse of ocean to the east of them, and to the island groups lying there. Closely linked to the natives of these islands by ties of blood, our Adventist believers there felt a definite spiritual kinship with them too.

If you have ever experienced the true missionary urge, you know that it is something that cannot be quieted. The Filipino Seventh-day Adventist brethren found it so; and thus it came about that in 1934 one Jose Bautista took his family and left the Philippines to establish his home and a mission headquarters in the Palau Islands, a thousand miles or so from his homeland. In their new location they worked hard and successfully, and though not a great number of converts were made, two companies of believers were organized, and the third angel's message was firmly established in the hearts of these islanders.

As the years went by, the closest Jose Bautista came to preaching on Guam, in the island group some eight hundred miles to the northeast, was the day he learned there was a Baptist pastor, named Joaquin Sablan, living there, and sent him a few copies of the *Signs of the Times*. Once on a trip from Japan to Palau in 1939, he tells us, his ship passed by the island of Guam, close enough for him to see the lighthouse on one of the points, and close enough to stir again that longing in his heart that someday he might preach the gospel there.

This was in the days when Guam was a lone American naval outpost in a sea of Japanese-controlled islands, and many a dark whisper was passed from ear to ear as to what the Americans were doing in that closely guarded stronghold. But then came December, 1941, and almost overnight Guam became a Japanese base, and the Americans were heard from no more. But eventually the tide of war turned; the line of Japanese control began to be pushed back; and by the fall of 1944 the American flag again flew over Guam.

To many of you, the regaining of these lost islands was simply a matter of chang-



Typical Teen-Agers Attending School on the Island of Guam



ing legend on a newspaper map. Actually, it involved the moving of immense numbers of ships, planes, and men. And wherever there are men in any considerable numbers, there are sure to be Seventh-day Adventists.

This brings into our story Henry Metzker, a Seventh-day Adventist pharmacist's

mate in the United States Navy, a one-time resident of Sutherlin, Oregon. He was stationed on Guam, and when the Sabbath came, it was only natural for him to look for others of like faith with whom to worship. As he tramped the dusty roads of the island on a certain Sabbath morning in September, 1944, undoubtedly an angel

of God was leading him, and continued to lead him to the door of a Manuel F. Ulloa. (Pronounced oo-jo.) He knocked at the door, and a neatly dressed woman of middle age answered.

"Pardon me, ma'am, but can you tell me if there's a Seventh-day Adventist church anywhere on the island?"

"No-o-o, I've never heard of one. We're Baptists in this house; everybody on Guam is either Baptist or Catholic. I've never heard of any—what did you say the name was? What sort of religion is it?"

No Seventh-day Adventist could ever let such an opportunity go by. I cannot say whether Henry Metzker conducted that first Sabbath Bible study with Mrs. Ulloa at the door, or whether he was invited inside. He did, I can assure you, tell her all he could about Seventh-day Adventists that day, and he was made welcome in the home thereafter when the Bible studies continued. First the parents, then the children of the family, then the neighbors joined in. These isles had waited long for the law of the Lord, and now it had come, borne by a young man in a white uniform.

The work of Pharmacist's Mate Metzker and other servicemen (who, I suppose, will remain anonymous until we can look them up in the record books of heaven) was not a superficial work—far from it!

From a letter written by one of them early in 1945 we learn that there were at that time more than thirty American soldiers and sailors, plus seventeen people of the island, holding Sabbath services together. The islanders had insisted on paying tithe and having a part in the regular offerings of the church right from the start. At the time this letter was written seventy-one copies of the book *Bible Readings for the Home* had either been given away or sold at cost to interested persons on the island, the purchases being financed by the natives themselves. They were urging at that time that more literature be shipped to them for distribution; as a matter of fact, Seaman Metzker just then was carrying around in his pocket about three hundred good American dollars to send back to one of our publishing houses in the States to purchase such literature. The new believers were inquiring too as to how they could send their children to Seventh-day Adventist schools and colleges. (Mrs. Ulloa herself was a schoolteacher.) They also needed someone to come and baptize them into the faith, and someone to stay with them and lead them as they went out to win new converts for Christ. But a war was being fought and won on these new believers' doorstep; so for the time being

PHOTOS COURTESY OF DAVID MILLS

Top: Two Attractive Girls Demonstrate How Clothes Are Washed on the Island

Center: A Panoramic View of Guam With Its Coral Shore

Lower: A Native of Guam Leading a Water Buffalo Loaded With Several Bunches of Bananas





schools, ministers, and baptisms seemed out of the question.

But the hand of the Lord intervened. In September of 1945, about a year after Henry Metzker's first call on Mrs. Ulloa, two veteran workers of the Far Eastern Division were asked by the United States Army to go to Japan for a few months as civilian interpreters. Both of these men, Dr. A. N. Nelson, now the president of Philippine Union College; and Francis R. Millard, the present superintendent of the Japan Union Mission, had worked in Japan before the war, and had an excellent command of the Japanese language. They were to fly to Japan, and would, of course, have a short refueling stop on the island of Guam en route.

Now God's care for His new children became evident! Pastors Nelson and Millard prayed that their stop in Guam would be extended a few hours, so that they would have time to visit some of the new believers. Undoubtedly the Lord heard, for by the time the plane reached the Guam airfield some mechanical difficulty had developed, and the stopover was not an hour or two long, but *five whole days!* And so Pastor Nelson was able to baptize nine members of the Ulloa family into the fellowship of the remnant church.

For another two years word came from Mrs. Ulloa regularly. As treasurer of the little company, she sent in her remittances of tithes and mission offerings to the division treasurer at Manila, and later at Singapore. Some months the only report of offerings received in the whole Far Eastern Division came from this little isolated island. With every report came a courageous letter, telling of God's wonderful work among the people of Guam, describing the growing interest in the Adventist message and pleading for a worker to be sent to them, if not permanently, at least for a visit. Mrs. Ulloa wrote in one letter:

"There are four Baptist ministers here now. They call us 'orphans' and 'strangers' who have no home,' because we have no pastor and no church. We don't mind their saying these words to us, but we really need a pastor to take care of the little flock."

With rigorous travel restrictions still enforced by the United States Navy, and with our pitifully inadequate staff of workers in the field during the months immediately following the war, it was not until September, 1947, that help was sent to Guam. The man loaned by the Philippine Union Mission, was none other than Pastor Jose Bautista, the same one who, thirteen years previously, had gone as a pioneer missionary to Palau. For four months he devoted his time to restoring the work in Palau and organizing the believers in Guam.

Some interesting anecdotes have come from Pastor Bautista's few weeks in Guam. He tells of meeting a man one Sabbath morning who had just that day found the Seventh-day Adventist group. This native, had left the Catholic Church in 1922, after his study of the Bible convinced him that the doctrines he had been taught were unsound. Since the Baptists were the only Protestant sect on the island, he joined one of their churches.

But his Bible study had also convinced him of the sacredness of God's seventh-day Sabbath, and of the sacredness too of a tithe of his income. So to keep a clear conscience, he rested two days each week for twenty-five years, and paid an honest tithe to the Baptist Church. People thought him a trifle odd, but he was a strong member until recently his insistence on preaching the Sabbath truth put him in conflict with the Baptist authorities. It was purely by accident—if one can call the intervention of Providence an accident—that just at this time he heard of the Seventh-day Adventists. He has since been baptized as

a member of God's own remnant church.

Another man, also a Baptist, was a police guard in the village where Mrs. Ulloa taught school. Because she had formerly been a member of his church, they were on friendly terms. When she passed his little police box each day, going to and from her school, she exchanged friendly greetings with him, and invited him to attend Bible studies at her home. He had been warned against this by his pastor, however, and never accepted her invitation.

One morning Mrs. Ulloa handed the policeman a copy of the *Signs of the Times*, calling his attention to an article on the atomic bomb which she particularly wanted him to read. When she returned that evening she asked him whether he had enjoyed the article.

"I enjoyed it immensely," he assured her. Then he added this surprising remark: "I also read in the paper an article on the seventh-day Sabbath, and from now on you can count on me as a Sabbathkeeper!"

While Pastor Bautista was meeting these interesting people and writing thrilling reports for "the folks back home," the Far Eastern Division committee was not idle. Early in November, 1947, a call was placed with the General Conference in Washington, D.C., for a trained pastor-evangelist to head the work in this island field, which was now to be known as the Far Eastern Island Mission. Pastor Bautista had to return to his own field at the beginning of 1948 as director of the Northeast Luzon Mission in the Philippine Union, but he left the members with the assurance that it would be only a few months until a permanent worker would be in the field.

In Walla Walla, Washington, the General Conference located just the man for the task, Robert E. Dunton. He was appointed in March, made all his prepara-

—Please turn to page 18

A Native of Guam Riding a Carabao, or Water Buffalo—an Animal Which Is Man's First Assistant in the Planting of the Rice Fields

PHOTOS COURTESY OF DAVID MILLS



Young Native Girl on Guam Carrying a Burden on Her Head







H. M. LAMBERT

# JUNIORS

A. DEVANEY



IN THE little village of Luna, near the beautiful city of Prague, Czechoslovakia, lived Josef, the eldest of four children. Usually the village was a quiet one, for the hard-working peasants liked to live a free and happy life. The land was rich, but the country was overpopulated and, as a result, many wars of aggression had been endured by the people; indeed, many bitter battles had been waged in the very valley where Josef lived.

It was at school that Josef first learned of America, far across the sea, and in his heart he hoped to go there someday. He had often heard his father talk of visiting the United States in search of work, but one spring day he came home to find that all arrangements had been made and his father was really going. The days after the sailing of the ship were anxious ones. Would father be able to find work and send for the family the next spring? Two years passed before the letter arrived with the tickets and the message for Josef and the little family to go to America.

Soon they boarded a small steamer at a west coast town in Germany. They traveled third class, and the poorest of conveniences were offered them, but nothing could dampen their enthusiasm. Besides, they had long been used to poverty and want. Now at last they had hope of something better.

When a storm arose, many were ill. The lightning frightened Josef, but he tried to be brave and to help his mother comfort his younger brothers and sister.

At last it was announced that land would soon be sighted, and the next few nights were sleepless ones for Josef and the little family, for, oh, how eager they were to see America! They were now in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. As the ship drew near the port the passengers were ordered to gather their belongings and to be ready to go ashore. But no sooner had they prepared to disembark than they were informed that the whole ship must lie in quarantine for a week. This was a rule that the immigration department required of all immigrants.

Josef made the best of his stay at the quarantine station. It was here that he tasted his first watermelon, and in his enthusiasm he ate rind and all! He was amazed at the variety and amount of food

## JOSEF

By LOUIE BISHOP

he saw. It was unbelievable! Here also he saw his first rocking chair. Day after day the children would line up to take turns rocking in it. What fun! Father had not met them at the dock, but while at the quarantine station they received train tickets and word that he would meet them at a small West Coast town.

After being released from quarantine

Josef, his mother, sister, and two brothers boarded the train. They traveled across the broad prairies, over the Rocky Mountains, through the sandy deserts of New Mexico, then over other mountain ridges into the fertile valleys of California. When Josef saw the rich crops he remembered how he and his mother had gleaned in the fields near their home in Luna.

As he became acquainted with the train passengers he learned his first English words, *come* and *hello*; but soon he was learning many other new English words and American ways. He tried hard to master more of the language, because he wanted to become an American. At last the train crawled into the suburbs of the town which was their destination. Mother, with the help of Josef, gathered together their belongings and stepped from the

Josef, After a Long Journey Across the Atlantic Ocean, Was United With His Father Once More. What Joy and Peace!

H. M. LAMBERT





train. Their long journey was over, and they were once more united with their father. What joy and peace!

But in this sad world often the greatest happiness is short-lived. Heartache may come even to little children, and then they, too, must be very brave. Tragedy came all too soon to the little family when both father and mother were taken ill and died suddenly. Josef, his sister, and two brothers were left orphans in a strange land. Josef tried to comfort the little ones, but it was hard, for his own heart ached. He was frightened and bewildered, but his mother had taught him to pray, and he had a vague faith that somehow God would help him. "Father in heaven, please help me to take care of my sister and brothers,"

he prayed over and over each night before he went to sleep.

The children were taken to an orphanage, where there was a very kind housemother. She was interested in Josef and helped him to learn the new language. Here he began to feel secure again, and he learned American games and songs.

One day the housemother had a long talk with Josef. "There are mothers and fathers here in America who would like to have little boys and girls in their homes," she told him, "but they have none. They are very lonely, and they love little children. Just today a kind lady came, and she wants to take your baby brother Louis for her very own little son."

Josef was heartbroken when he learned that his brother was to be taken from him. But the housemother tenderly dried his tears and soothed him. She gradually made him understand that it was for the best. Soon he saw all three of his family taken one by one, and he alone was left. The housemother told Josef that now he too would soon go into a new home and he spent many troubled hours thinking about what his future would be like.

After a few more weeks a pleasant-looking woman came to the orphanage looking for a boy to adopt. The housemother asked Josef, "Would you like to go with her?"

Josef was frightened. "No!" he said timidly, "I would rather stay at the orphanage!"

The housemother again explained kindly, "This woman does not have a boy of her own, and she wants one very much. She has a ranch and needs a son to help her with the chores. She will send you to an American school and you will have a mother like other boys. Wouldn't you like to have a good home?"

Finally Josef decided to go, and in a few days said good-by to the kind housemother.

Josef at last had an American home, and he was very happy again. He enjoyed his work and he loved Mother Bishop. She sent him to a church school, a school that was different from any he had ever attended. Mother Bishop helped him with his lessons, for he had trouble with his reading but stood at the head of his class in arithmetic. He studied the Bible, and although he was somewhat acquainted with it, he learned many new things. He enjoyed the singing period most of all.

When the school day was over, the evening chores finished, and the dinner dishes cleared away, Josef and Mother Bishop would have quiet talks. She gave him sound advice on how to be always helpful, truthful, and honest in everything. At her knee he learned of his personal Saviour, Jesus, who had died for him and watched over him. Before coming to Mother Bishop, he had thought of religion as merely a ritual, something very vague. But Mother Bishop told him interesting stories of Moses, Joseph, David,

and Daniel—stories of real boys who had left their first homes and had disappointments and problems to solve, the same as he had experienced.

At first it was hard for him to understand why Mother Bishop would always take him to church on Saturday instead of Sunday. "Why are customs so different in America?" he asked himself.

Josef decided to find out about it. So when Mother Bishop came to his room to bid him good night, he asked, "Why do you take me to the church on Saturday?" Then she told him the story of creation and how God had made the Sabbath as a memorial of His created works. "God blessed the seventh day," said Mother Bishop, "and He asks us to lay aside our work on that holy day and think of His wonderful works and love for us. He wants us to call the Sabbath a delight."

As the years went by, Josef grew mentally and physically, and he firmly resolved to be of service to mankind. In this way he would give thanks to America. At the death of Mother Bishop, Josef again met sorrow, but this time he could meet it courageously, for now he knew his Saviour. He knew that on the resurrection morn he would meet Mother Bishop and the rest of his real family. He knew there would be a new heaven and a new earth, and that there would be no more sorrow or parting there. The principles stressed by Mother Bishop have always stayed with him; for honesty, truthfulness, and loyalty have ruled his life.

I know, because Josef is my father.



## Useful Articles About a Farm

By G. G. BROWN

We have listed in Column A 10 articles and implements that could have been used in Bible times on the farms. In Column B are the texts in which these words are found, but not in the same order. Match the two columns, drawing lines from the articles in Column A to the text in which they are found in Column B. If a text is found in the list twice, more than one article is mentioned in it. Use your Bible and your dictionary if you need to.

### Column A

1. Ax.
2. Axletree.
3. Brick.
4. Buckets.
5. Bushel.
6. Candlestick.
7. Felloe.
8. File.
9. Hammer.
10. Ink.

### Column B

- a. 1 Kings 7:32.
- b. Num. 24:7.
- c. Matt. 5:15.
- d. 1 Kings 7:33.
- e. Deut. 19:5.
- f. Matt. 5:15.
- g. Ex. 1:14.
- h. 1 Kings 6:7.
- i. Jer. 36:18.
- j. 1 Sam. 13:21.

## Flora, Not Fauna

By NELLIE M. BUTLER

1. This is a large water lily of tropical South America. Its leaves are often over five feet in diameter, with a rim over half a foot high. The name begins with V.
2. A well-known cactus with large fragrant white flowers that open late at night.
3. A tree of Australia with grasslike leaves.
4. This begins with P and ends with A. It is the mildly pungent spice prepared from the bonnet pepper.
5. This begins with P and ends with O. It is the fleshy fruit of the Spanish sweet pepper, used to stuff olives.
6. This begins with P and ends with E. It grows in California. An herb, it has a handsome yellow flower.
7. This begins with W and ends with T. It is one of several plants which have sharp, hooked thorns that catch on the clothing of those passing.

—Keys on page 25

## The Isles Have Waited

(Continued from page 16)

tions; and in May, 1948, leaving his family behind in the United States, he boarded an outgoing plane in San Francisco. Thus we are brought, by a long, devious route, back to the morning of May 21, 1948, and the arrival on Guam of the new director of the very new Far Eastern Island Mission of Seventh-day Adventists.

In the course of events Pastor Dunton called on the naval authorities to get permission to do a number of things: acquire land, build a house and a church, visit in the villages of the natives, and bring his family to the island. It took only a very few minutes for the bottom to drop completely out of all his plans.

"Why, Mr. Dunton," he was told, more firmly than politely, "we can't give you any such privileges. You have to be a resident of Guam for a year before such applications can even be considered, and your permit is good for only ten days; at the end of that time you'll probably be on your way back to the States."

Now, that was a bit of news! It was Pastor Dunton's understanding, until that moment, that his permit was for permanent residence, but on investigation it was



proved that the Navy, as usual, was right. Ten days were all he had!

Although for the moment his plans had collapsed, Dunton proved himself a man of worth by building a new set, on a stronger foundation. In less than a week from his arrival, as had been arranged before his departure from the States, Pastors A. V. Armstrong and C. P. Sorensen, the president and secretary of the Far Eastern Division, met him; and the three men carefully worded and filed an application for his permanent residence. In a few days Pastor Dunton's permanent-residence permit had been granted.

A fine plot of ground for a dwelling and chapel was soon found, and inquiries were made as to its ownership. When the Ulloas were told the name of the owner they shook their heads sadly.

"The property is just what we need," they admitted, "but you'll never be able to lease it from those people. They're pillars of the Baptist Church, you see, and most of them are very much opposed to us, because we all used to belong to their church before we became Seventh-day Adventists. When they find out what you want the property for, you won't have a chance!"

But Pastor Dunton called on the owner, an American, advanced in years, who had spent some forty years on Guam, and had married a native. Their grandchild was with them, a little fellow four or five years old, born to their son and his wife in the United States during the war. He explained his desire to lease a part of their property, and to construct a dwelling for his family. Naturally, he was asked his business, and as he told them that he was a Seventh-day Adventist missionary, he watched their faces closely to see what their reaction would be. He was amazed when the old man's face lit up in a warm smile.

"Seventh-day Adventist! Why, we know about you people. This little fellow," pointing to his grandchild, "was born at Paradise Valley Sanitarium during the war. They let his mother stay in the hospital a full ten days, when all the other mothers with new babies had to leave in four days. We certainly have a warm spot in our hearts for Seventh-day Adventists!"

The lease was signed without delay, but a lawyer engaged to draw up the papers assured them that they could not expect to have the lease approved by the Navy authorities in less than five months. Of course, construction could not begin until the lease was approved. Five months? Well, perhaps four months. No lease had ever been put through in less than three months! These government agencies, you know, and so on.

Pastor Dunton was living in a barracks type of room at the airfield, with planes roaring past his window night and day; his wife and family were thousands of miles away, in America. He did not like the prospect, but did what he could to start the ponderous legal machinery to



CONDUCTED BY REID S. SHEPARD

### *Mrs. F. O. Rathbun's Stamp Collection*

FOR those who were not acquainted with Mrs. Laura Rathbun, I would say that she was in our denominational educational work for more than fifty years, a good part of which was spent in the West Indian



The Proceeds of This Stamp, Issued in 1936, Were to Advance the Progress of Medicine in Ethiopia

mission field. Her pupils are scattered to the four winds, carrying on the ideals that she instilled in their minds, and passing them on to the peoples of the world.

After Mrs. Rathbun passed away, her husband, Prof. F. O. Rathbun, sent her stamp collection on to me to be sold and the returns to be dedicated to an educational project in the mission field. Writing to me, Professor Rathbun said, "Mrs. Rathbun gathered stamps while she was in the mission field, and sold them to the amount of three figures for mission purposes." I thought I would tell you about this collection.

Although I am sure the philatelist would not go into ecstasies over it, to my mind it is an ideal collection. But the stamp collector would give it a second look when he came to the West Indies.

There are four albums of quadrille-ruled sheets in board covers with wire-spring backs which allow the albums to lie flat when opened.

grinding, and trusted his heavenly Father for the rest.

On June 25, 1948, Pastor P. L. Williams, the Far Eastern Division treasurer, on his way home to Singapore from Japan, stopped at the airport on Guam. When Pastor Dunton met him and told him of his problems, Pastor Williams spent the hours of his stopover working out a plan

Album No. 1 contains a goodly representation of United States stamps, arranged in the sequence of the years in which they were issued. True, the more expensive stamps are lacking, yet each set has representative stamps, which go far to give an idea of that particular issue; however, from 1932 onward the collection is nearly complete. Historically commemorative stamps are in evidence on each page.

Album No. 2 continues the American countries. Each country is well represented, with all phases, its interests shown, its heroes, industries, famous buildings, and scenic views.

Album No. 3 is a subject collection. First are famous persons, continued from the second album. These famous-persons stamps are of South America and Europe. It makes a regular picture gallery, very colorful, and, above all, containing the pictures of noted persons both of current and medieval history.

Album No. 3 continues a subject album, covering such subjects as flowers, fruits, and trees. Then follows a subdivision under geographical, which is arranged under Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe, and South America.

Album No. 4 is historical. It is subdivided under the five continents of the world. Aviation also becomes a subject head, and the airplane developments of the continents of the world are vividly shown by their stamps.

Why do I call this an ideal collection? There are many reasons. First of all, it is a creative collection. It has followed no regular arrangement; it is pleasingly original. Second, it is very colorful. Third, the collection is mounted with painstaking care. Neatness is in capitals on every page. There are no smudged or torn stamps.

The collection is made up of stamps not of necessarily high catalog value; in fact, most of them show moderate expenditure. Yet it is not tiresomely so, because scattered through the collection are expensive stamps (which when current were easily obtained at small cost). There has been no straining of the purse to complete a certain set of stamps. High prices for certain stamps would suffer if the collectors of the world would cease to be so energetic about completing issues, for it is demand which makes high prices.

How I wish Missionary Volunteers the world over could see this collection and copy its meritorious features.

for establishing the new mission. An earnest season of prayer heartened the two men for their task.

What a full day it was—visits with the believers, interviews with the attorney, calls on the Navy officials, talks with the local building contractor, cables to be sent, instructions and counsel to be given. And no less than five separate visits to the office



# Check Your



# I.Q.

By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

Here is an easy way to add to your knowledge and score yourself on what you already know. On any question which has more than one part, give yourself full credit if you can answer three or more correctly. A grade of 70 or above is excellent; 60 is good, and 50 is average.

1. Which State is divided into parishes instead of counties?

Massachusetts	South Carolina
Alabama	Louisiana

2. If statistics on longevity are any criterion, in which country would you live the longest?

United States	Sweden
New Zealand	Switzerland

3. What would be your life expectancy if you lived in Rome, Italy, in the days of Augustus Caesar?

16 years	28 years
22 years	40 years

4. In the language of the law of what is one guilty who has been convicted of mayhem?

Slander	Maiming someone
Indecency	Blackmail

5. Here are four places you can find a bed—but none are the kind you sleep in. Can you name them?

In a garden	Under a highway
In a furnace	Beneath a stream

6. Where would you be more likely to find a bellwort?

Drugstore	Church steeple
Flower garden	Bell foundry

7. Which is a wind instrument?

Conch	Clavicle
Creel	Clavichord

8. Everyone knows that canaries are fond of cuttlebone, but do you know where it comes from?

Marine mollusks	Chalk
Squid's shell	Plant stalk

9. In what country was Arabic once widely spoken?

France	South Africa
Spain	Ethiopia

10. Each of these terms suggests the name of a different kind of American monkey. Can you name them?

An insect	A tree rodent
A bird	Wailing of a wolf

—Key on page 25

ily now; they soon will join him in their island home. His new dwelling, he says, is "nearly ready."

Of course, there will be new problems—many of them. New problems keep us young, "on our toes," and they strengthen our faith in God. "He will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness," not on Guam only, but in all the world.

The story of Guam is typical. All around this great globe the third angel's message is going, sounded by evangelists and ministers, by the printed page, by the consecrated workers in our schools and sanitariums and publishing houses and conference offices, and by lay members quietly living their Christianity before the world. What difference does it make whether you preach a sermon or punch a typewriter; whether you conduct an effort or bind a book; whether you give a Bible study, or teach a multiplication table?

Goodspeed's translation of Paul's message to the Corinthians reads: "Endowments vary, but the Spirit is the same, and forms of service vary, but it is the same Lord who is served, and activities vary, but God who produces them all in us all is the same. Each one is given his spiritual illumination for the common good."

The question is not, then, "What are you doing?" but "How are you doing it?" Your talents, whatever they be, are given you in trust for God; and whether you are a bookkeeper in Berrien Springs, a teacher in Topeka, or an evangelist in Ethiopia, God can and will bless your labor.

"This One Thing I Do" is an excellent motto, but let all that we undertake be done as unto the Lord.

## The Call to Arms

(Continued from page 8)

sion during wartime, and you have done nothing to justify us in stripping you of your insignia. A king's commission comes from the king; it can be withdrawn only by him. This matter must go before the Australian War Council for their decision. In the meantime you will have to waive your conscientious objections while we do our best to accommodate you."

The situation was complex, to say the least, and the correct decision was hard to make. But though the high-ranking officers showed sympathetic consideration, principle was principle with Kendall Strong, and he tactfully made it plain that there could be no compromise.

As the days went by the situation became increasingly perplexing for both parties. The army officers were exasperated with an officer who refused to perform certain assignments and be on duty on certain days, and yet who could not be transferred or expelled. It was intolerable.

"Be reasonable, Strong," Captain Little snapped in desperation one day. "We are

doing our best to relieve you of your responsibilities, but we are obliged to wait a decision from higher up. Frankly, the fact is we will be relieved to get rid of you. I've been all through the first world war, and what there has been of this one, and I've never met anything like this. You are a positive headache to us."

At length the situation became quite unbearable to this unit commander. "Give Lieutenant Strong temporary leave of absence without pay. We can't have a king's officer undermining the discipline and morale of the troops," he telephoned through the C.O. to the battery captain on receipt of a memo from the latter complaining of the dilemma in which he was placed.

The young lieutenant was hastily called and acquainted with the decision by the vexed officer. "Consider yourself on indefinite leave pending a final decision on the case. In the meantime you are liable to have to report back to this unit within twenty-four hours of notification," he said. Kendall Strong saluted smartly and left.

It seemed strange to be home again. And it was not a little perplexing to know what step should be taken next. Knowing the red tape of officialdom that usually retards such decisions, Lieutenant Strong suspected that there might be a wearying delay before finality was reached.

It was April, 1941. He thought and prayed much. He had heard a great deal about Avondale. It was six hundred miles from Melbourne, and there would be risks involved in traveling so far from southern command headquarters. But this new call to arms was sounding louder and louder in his soul.

He rose from his knees one night with his decision made. Three days later the Sydney express roared into the night with Kendall Strong peacefully slumbering in a corner seat.

Nine o'clock the next night found him standing in the lonely Dora Creek railway station, three miles from Avondale. "No bus till 9 A.M. tomorrow," the porter announced unconcernedly as he disappeared into the dimly lit ticket room.

A railway seat is not much different from a dingy dugout to a good soldier, and Kendall Strong was soon sound asleep. The next night he lay down to rest as a duly enrolled student of the Australasian Missionary College. A late arrival and a full college presented a problem, but Providence provided a home with the Bible teacher for the rest of the college year.

Two years after enrolling at college Lieutenant Kendall Strong received a brief note from army headquarters: "This is to notify you that the acceptance of your resignation has been gazetted." Kendall Strong reread the brief note and quietly folded it away as he set out for his next class. He knew not how His Majesty's government had managed to surmount the apparently insuperable difficulties to

where the final signatures were to be affixed to that lease. How it was done nobody really knows to this day, but when five o'clock came that evening, the lease was in Pastor Dunton's hand, "signed, sealed, and delivered." Had it taken five months? No. Three months? Of course not! Just *three weeks* to the day!

A cable came to the division office just a few days ago from Guam, signed "Dunton." He has the entry permit for his fam-



enable him to be released from the army. But that was of no consequence. The response to the heavenly call to arms had become the great objective of his life, and the triumphs of the cross had to be borne to earth's remotest bounds. In this he must have a part.

Today, as an enthusiastic evangelist, Kendall Strong is wielding the sword of the Spirit in another land, pressing the battle to the gates of the enemy.

Young people, reinforcements are urgently needed, and the call to arms is ringing out. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew Himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him." "And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

### *Lovers of Pleasure*

*(Continued from page 13)*

water of life which brought contentment and peace to the woman at the well in ancient times suffices to quench the thirst of the millions. It is in this time of great human need, a time of little interest in religious truth, that the Saviour makes His appearance.

Paul further describes the pleasure seeker thus: "Whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, . . . who mind earthly things." Phil. 3:19. The vast majority in these closing days of history are paralleled by the Saviour with the great masses in the closing days of the antediluvian world. Jesus said, "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all. . . . Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed." Luke 17:26-30.

But men in these last days would not be satisfied with mere pleasures in the effort to quench the basic soul thirst. The apostle James predicted a great amassing of wealth and fortune. Obviously men cling to money in a desire to find satisfaction. But these modern rich men are addressed thus by James: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you." James 5:1. Even though there is today a larger collection of multimillionaires than in any preceding generation, yet men cry out for inner peace and happiness. Riches have been an introduction to misery rather than the much sought-after inner satisfaction of heart and soul.

The impossibility of finding soul satisfaction in riches is further described by the same inspired writer quoted above: "Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a

witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." Verses 2, 3.

It can readily be seen that our pleasure-mad, get-rich-quick generation is that closing generation of history spoken of by Jesus and the New Testament writers.

It is time for the youth to drink deeply of the living water of life, and therein find peace, happiness, and inner satisfaction for the soul thirst which craves for the Divine.

It is time "when these things begin to come to pass," to "look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Luke 21:28.

We are rapidly approaching the very advent of the kingdom of God. Jesus speaks words of assurance to the youth of this generation. "So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand. Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass away, till all be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away: but My words shall not pass away." Verses 31-33.

He throws out a final warning: "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." Verse 34. Let the soul thirst be quenched at the fountain of living water. "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22:17.

### *God Gave Me Strength*

*(Continued from page 6)*

ence she declares, "My religion gave me strength to go on."

She and her people now watched for the day of liberation. American planes were coming over more frequently and in larger and still larger numbers. The thunder of big guns from American battle-ships could be heard for miles, and soon motorized units of the American Army were roaring over the roads around Manila. When the radio announced that the enemy had been driven out, she returned to a shattered city. The homes of hundreds of her people were now only charred ruins, and modern buildings were but tangled masses of steel girders and concrete.

But there were many sick men and women on every side, and Julita soon found her place of service with the liberators. She then received regular pay and could have her child with her once more. Thus she continued working until her medical unit was disbanded in 1946. Today she is an active church member, and as Sabbath school secretary, reports:

"The regular classes of the Manila English church Sabbath school for the third quarter of 1948 started last Sabbath. Sixty-nine students registered, but only fifty-two were able to attend the first class period. Fifty-two students were faithful in study-

ing their lessons daily, and 43.92 pesos were entered into the treasurer's book as gifts to missions.

"The course offered this quarter covers thirteen class periods, for which credit will be given in the great book—the book of life—in which the notations will be made by recording angels.

"Registration requirements are simple. There is no age limit, and the mental development or the physical or spiritual condition will not bar anyone from entrance to this school. The doors stand wide open for all who wish to join, and there is no tuition charge.

"The course for this quarter is on the 'Bulwarks of Faith.' The textbook, which all who read must own, is the greatest Book ever published. Its authors are holy men of God who wrote as they were moved by His Spirit. As we study and apply the principles taught, great changes will take place within us.

"Although there are no required written examinations, there will be an examination day. It may come at the close of this quarter's study, and it may be given at any time. It is wise, therefore, for all who are students in this school to be in readiness for the test at all times, for a day of reckoning surely will come. All who are successful in learning the lessons of this school will one day participate in a graduation exercise of those whose lives have conformed to the teachings of the school. Others will be dropped, and across the record of their lives will be written, 'Failure.'

"All must pass a test that to some may seem a bit strange. It may include a test of hardship, suffering, disappointment, and trial; but every student is privileged to go directly to the Headmaster for aid. He is always approachable; the door of His office always stands ajar. Not only does He ever stand ready to help, but He has vast numbers of special assistants, ten thousand times ten thousand of beings of great power and might who will be sent to aid us when the lesson assigned is difficult to learn.

"Only the Headmaster knows when the graduation exercises of this school will take place, but when that day does come, the exercises will be held on a crystal sea of glass. If you are there, your diploma will be presented by the Great Teacher Himself, and His name will be inscribed, not on parchment or paper, but on your forehead.

"Today we are again matriculating in the Sabbath school where all of us are classmates together. It is our desire that all who are here will successfully complete this course and on that great graduation day when the roll is called up yonder we will be there."

Years ago somebody in America or Europe gave an offering to missions. Somebody else responded to a call to go to this land afar and sow the gospel seed. It found entrance into hearts; and now, years later, the truths of the third angel's mes-



sage are still being spread by men and women who, like Julita, have consecrated their lives to the service of their heavenly Master. Let us not forget the privilege we all have, in every land of earth, of being workers together with God.

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## 720,000,000 Lessons in Crime

(Continued from page 9)

crime books, and you will find crime figuring in almost all the "scientific" books. From a literary standpoint both classes are on a deplorably low level, and one with any literary taste at all would certainly find them deadly dull fare. Even the so-called classics, when made into "comic" material, come out badly, for the violence alluded to in them is always played up and accentuated.

In fact, villainy, violence, and sex are the staple attractions that keep the "comic" business going. Someone may say that because every newspaper we pick up has stories of crime and violence in it, the "comics" are no worse than the daily papers. But only a little reasoning and experience make us aware of the fact that a well-written, factual account of a crime can never carry the horror impact that a highly colored picture of the happening has. The people who draw the "comics" are not interested in playing down the horrible side of crime. You see the victim with the dagger protruding from between his shoulders. You see the murderer with the bludgeon poised above the head of his sleeping victim. You see the man who has just been shot clutching at his throat as he struggles for breath, falling to the floor. And if you do not think that juveniles absorb this sort of thing just watch the next game of "cops and robbers" in your neighborhood.

It is not only that these publications portray a world that is entirely unreal and unrelated to decent civilized life; their harm lies in the emphasis that they put on the wrong things.

One of these books that I recently looked into has a statement in it to the effect that the publishers have engaged the services of a child psychiatrist to pass on all the material they publish, to make sure that nothing harmful is sold to children. Yet the dominant figure on the cover is that of a partially clad girl, and throughout the book, aside from crime and violence, no opportunity was neglected in which the female figure could be exploited.

Publishers of these books have even gone beyond the ordinary run of their products in exhibiting poor taste and lax moral judgment. Not long ago I picked up a well-printed series of these books which purported to contain the story of the Bible, and I found the same emphasis there. No discriminating Christian would want any

more to do with the Bible so pictured than with any of the other "comics."

Let us remember that a part of Christian living is the education of the conscience and judgment. Just as moving pictures are not wrong because they move, so pictures in a book are not wrong because they are pictures. I confess to some speculation as to the value of looking at pictures compared with reading good solid material, and it is said that schoolteachers have to bar the "comics" in order to get their pupils to read, but this is not a factor that we are concerned with just now. What we must do, first of all, is to educate our conscience and our judgment to the point where it will not be necessary for us to await a pronouncement from the church or from the ministry to know when "a think" is unwholesome. There are good pictured stories of the Bible and, as I have already mentioned, there are bad pictured stories of it; therefore, not the subject matter alone but the handling of it will set the standard as good or bad.

As I think of these "comics" and their evil results, I wonder what kind of men publish them. They must be irresponsible—to put it most kindly. Certainly they are *not* publishing them for the good of the public, no matter what they claim. It would seem that the only great interest they have is in making money. Just as the producers of most of the moving pictures seem to produce moving pictures just as bad as the law will let them, so the publishers of the "comic books" have allowed them to degenerate steadily until in some areas the law is stepping in.

If the distiller who produces whisky which causes traffic deaths can ultimately be held accountable for murder, so the publisher of the "comic books" that Harry Medos read can also be logically held accountable.

And as I think of these things I think of the fact that we are living near the end of time when as Paul writes in his second letter to Timothy, "Men shall be lovers of their own selves, . . . despisers of those that are good." Surely the men who are behind the production of the "comics" are helping to fulfill this and like prophecies.

Often as I travel across the country by train, and particularly on the homeward journey, I fall to wondering how much farther it is to my destination. Along some of the railroads that I travel are numbered mileposts, and as I look out occasionally at these posts I note with satisfaction that the numbers are steadily decreasing in size.

All of us are journeying toward the end, toward a better world, if we have related ourselves rightly to God. Though we cannot look with satisfaction at many of the signs and mileposts along the way because of their intrinsic character, we can be assured by them that the thread of time is spinning itself out, and Jesus is soon to come.

There is real danger that the sinfulness of sin ceases to be apparent to us, and there is a danger just as real that the great significance of some of the signs that prophecy is fulfilling may not be fully realized. So I think it is worth while, as we travel along toward the end, that we occasionally look out the windows of our everyday existence and take notice of the numbers on the mileposts.

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## "I Have Decided"

(Continued from page 12)

Christianity about twenty-five years previously. He said that the teacher was going to study his Bible again. He even made a trip of sixty miles into the shadow of Mount Fuji to study the Bible with one who requested help. He seemed to be indefatigable in his efforts to tell others about Christianity.

One day toward the end of his winter vacation he came to me smiling broadly, and I realized that he was going to give me a bit of information more interesting than usual.

"Sensei," he said, "I am going to be baptized a week from Sabbath."

Then it was my turn to help with the smiling.

Vacation over, back to school he went. Yes, it was the same school he had attended the previous autumn, but his class was not the same. Now each week at least five of the boys were absent every Saturday because they went to church. Nishiura San had made many friends among his classmates, but he had made some bitter enemies too. Chief among his avowed enemies was one who tried his best on many occasions to argue about Christianity with Nishiura San, but without success.

And so things went on for three months. Nishiura San kept bringing his friends to the services. Each month he sold more and more *jicho* to those in the school.

On a day in February he announced to me, "Do you know what? I am trying to start a Bible class at the school. I would like to have Pastor Eldridge and others come over once a week and teach Bible."

He was not quite able to get a Bible class in the school, but he did organize a Bible class that met in the home of one of our church members whose house is across the street from the school. The class started with only three or four in attendance, but more soon came, until near the end of the school year about fourteen were going regularly.

On April 2, 1948, school opened at Japan Junior College at Naraha, a small country town located about forty-five miles from Tokyo. Nishiura San wanted very much to attend school there and finish his education in a Christian school, but his parents were adamant and would not let him go.



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Nishiura San was especially distressed at not being able to attend, because three of his classmates had already enrolled, and he very much wanted to be with those whom he had helped into a knowledge of the truth as taught in the Inspired Word of God. After the initial disappointment had worn off, he philosophically said to me, "Perhaps God has more work for me to do at my school. I will do my best and study hard."

The Lord blessed his friends who were studying at Naraha, for before the school year was over, all three of them were buried with their Lord in baptism.

Nishiura San studied hard. It took concerted effort to maintain his place in his class and miss school one day a week. As the time for his final examinations drew near, he spoke of his concern about those that were scheduled for Sabbath. There were three due that day. We prayed about the matter; and I assured him that God, who had carefully nurtured him so far in the Christian pathway, would carry him through this crisis too. As examination week began, he was a bit apprehensive. There was no solution yet, but as the week progressed God's plan became evident. One of the examinations scheduled for Saturday was postponed until the following Monday. The two other teachers concerned kindly allowed him to take those examinations at a special time. Thus God worked for him.

School at Naraha opened this autumn on Wednesday, the twenty-second of September. Nishiura San had gone back to his old school a few days before the opening of school at Naraha, but he suddenly received the conviction that he should be at Naraha this year. Following this conviction, he went home one night from school and said to his parents, "I have decided to go to school at Naraha when it opens on September 22. I feel that that is where God wants me to be."

Perhaps they had had too much experience in futile opposition the past year, or perhaps it was the Spirit of God working on their hearts; but at any rate, they did not oppose him. They did not definitely say that he could, nor did they say he could not. So that is where he is today. He is in that Christian school training to be a worker for God.

In the brief span of one year's time, Nishiura San became acquainted with the truth of God for this time, and he himself has won four others who have been baptized. What this modern young apostle will do for others in the years to come only God can see. But the thing that touches my heart the deepest is one statement he made to me a few weeks ago.

"Sensei, it might be that I would never have known about God if *you* had not come to Japan."

"METHOD is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one."

## What Is Your Name Worth?

By NELLIA BURMAN GARBER

COME with me to visit an African school for the roll call. The first thing you will notice that is different is that the roll is not called until one-half hour after school has begun. Is that not a grand idea? It would be fine to be able to sleep an extra half hour each morning and still not be late for school! The reason for this half-hour leeway is that the African children do not have clocks to tell them what time it is. They must tell the hour by the sun, so allowance is made in case of error in judgment.

You would be as amused as I at some of the names written in the teacher's register. You see, an African child has several names. First of all, he must take his father's name. That becomes his surname. Then his mother gives him another, which he often discards when he is older, using one of his own choice. (I think that is a good idea. I am sure you have often wished you could change your name. I have wished I could change mine.)

But if you were at the kraal school, you would hear names like this in the first grade: Nyooka (snake), Pula (rain), Si-anga (crocodile), Mubita (stranger), Ntombi (big girl), Katazza (nuisance), or Endaba (trouble). There are many, many others just as interesting. Each was chosen because of some experience in the life of either the small child or his parents.

In a higher grade you would find that the children have chosen other names—usually from some contact with the white man. Common names of this kind are Six Pence (a coin valued at 10 cents), Bysom Whisky, So Much, Sister (a boy's name), Towel, Lemon, Miekles (the name of a big store), Dutch, Time, Rubbish, Melody, Penny, and Cupboard.

But when the African is converted and baptized, he usually chooses a new name. It is either from the Bible or is the designation of some characteristic which he longs to possess. Then they read like this: Rejoice, Elijah, Tabitha, Elizabeth, Signs, Amos, John, James, Peter, Tidings, or any name of the prophets. Only occasionally do we hear titles like Edith, Richard, Marjorie, and Robert. Usually the person whose name they choose represents to the new converts the very things which are their aim in life. And it is often evident that they are trying to live over again the life of their great namesake.

One Sabbath when my husband and I were yet in college, we were invited by a certain returned missionary to accompany him to a small church. It was a trip of several miles, and our conversation touched many topics. Among other things, we discussed our homes and our parents, a discussion which led to some comments on ancestry. I can still recall that man's words, almost as he said them.

"I come from a long line of great peo-

ple," he began. "My father is the grandson of a very famous general of my own name. My wife is English, the granddaughter of Lady ———." And so on for mile after weary mile. Before we reached our destination we were so steeped in ancestors that we were actually physically tired.

It brought to my mind what my dear old grandma once said, "Well, dearie, I don't think much of a man who harps on his ancestors. I wanted to know a bit about mine, but gave it up. You see, while I could trace back to a president on one side, I could also trace to a traitor to my country on the other. A man is as good as he is, *no more*."

So what is your name worth? Do you depend upon your fine inheritance to help you get on in the world? If you do, you will fail. What *your* name is worth depends entirely upon you. No one else can determine that. What your grandparents did, is finished and gone; what you are, is still in your power to determine. But remember that life is like a ball of clay. Today can be molded into whatever fashion you desire, but time hardens the life even as it hardens the clay. Once the clay has become hardened, it must be *broken* to be remolded. So, today make your name what you want it to be throughout eternity.



## Senior Youth Lesson

### III—No Other Gods

(January 15)

MEMORY VERSE: Psalms 95:6.

LESSON HELP: TAYLOR G. BUNCH, *The Ten Commandments*, pp. 23-34.

1. What does God declare in the first commandment? What does He demand of His followers? Ex. 20:1-3; 23:13, second part.

2. Who is associated with God as one to be worshiped? Why is He worthy of worship? Heb. 1:6; Phil. 2:6; John 1:1-3.

3. What does God say as to how He is to be worshiped? Matt. 22:37, 38.

4. What did many persons who knew God fail to do? What did they finally worship? Rom. 1:21, 22, 25.

NOTE.—The apostle here indicates that those of whom he speaks have once had the privilege of knowing God. These have chosen to follow their own ways, glorying in their own accomplishments, and, engrossed in self-seeking, they have lost sight of their Creator. How true is this picture of the great majority in every age! In our own time, as in the past, many who have enjoyed an experience in the things of God, who have even taught others how to find Him, have lost sight of Him through pride, through vain imaginations, till, in place of humbly acknowledging the source of all their strength, they choose the phantom of personal vanity to the loss of all touch with God.

5. Of what kind of creature worship were many guilty in ancient times? Deut. 4:15, 19; Rom. 1:23; Col. 2:18.



NOTE.—“In their supposed wisdom they became fools. They clothed the creatures—man and bird and beast and insect,—themselves, corruptible, mortal, with the glory of the incorruptible God. Consequently man became like the things he worshiped. He had chosen his gods in the muck and mire of the earth, and the great patient God could do nothing else than let him have his own way; ‘He gave them up.’ To force men’s will would not make worshipers. God asks loving service, and love cannot be coerced.”—M. C. WILCOX, *Studies in Romans*, p. 25.

6. What else has man worshiped? 1 Tim. 6:10; Phil. 3:19.

NOTE.—“The apostle’s words of warning... are applicable to all time, and are especially adapted to our day. By idolatry he meant not only the worship of idols, but self-serving, love of ease, the gratification of appetite and passion.”—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 317.

“How few are aware that they have darling idols, that they have cherished sins!”—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 543.

7. What did Paul say of the objects which the Galatians worshiped? Gal. 4:8, last part.

NOTE.—The meaning of this is “that they really had no pretensions to divinity. Many of them were imaginary beings; many were the objects of creation, as the sun, and winds, and streams; and many were departed heroes that had been exalted to be objects of worship. Yet the *servitude* was real. It fettered their faculties; controlled their powers; bound their imagination; commanded their time and property, and made them slaves. Idolatry is always slavery.”—*Barnes’ Notes on Hebrews*, p. 332.

8. How is the worthlessness of false gods shown? Isa. 41:23, first part; 2 Chron. 25:15, last part.

NOTE.—“God calls upon the idols to produce evidence that they can predict future events. Have they anything to show that in the past they have foretold the future, and that the events really came to pass? Have they, in fact, done anything at all, good or evil? The idols in reality are nothing.”—M. L. ANDREASEN, *Isaiah, the Gospel Prophet*, vol. 2, p. 16.

9. What will become of false gods and those who worship them? Jer. 10:11, 15; Rev. 22:15.

10. What forms will false worship take before Christ’s second coming? 2 Tim. 3:4, last part; 2 Peter 3:3; 1 Tim. 4:1.

11. By what message does God seek to bring mankind to worship Him? Rev. 14:6, 7.

12. What are we counseled to do if we wish to inherit eternal life? 1 Cor. 10:14; 1 John 5:21.

NOTE.—“As the worshipers of the true and living God, we should bear fruit corresponding to the light and privileges we enjoy. Many are worshipping idols instead of the Lord of Heaven and earth. Anything that men love and trust in instead of loving the Lord and trusting wholly in Him, becomes an idol, and is thus registered in the books of Heaven.”—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 250.

13. To what extent will God be worshiped in the new earth? Ps. 66:4; Rev. 15:4.

## Junior Lesson

### III—No Other Gods Before Me

(January 15)

LESSON TEXTS: Exodus 20:1-11; Deuteronomy 4:16-19; 1 Kings 18:19-40; Joshua 24:15.

MEMORY VERSE: “Come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.” Ps. 95:6.

#### Guiding Thought

There is only one true God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth, “the Lord our maker.” If man had always kept His commandments, and worshiped Him, there would never have been any false gods, any idolatry, or any sorrow, fear, or unhappiness. God wants us to be happy. He wants our joy to be full, so He says, “Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.”

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Repeat the first commandment. Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought.

JANUARY 4, 1949

## ASSIGNMENT 2

### The Only True God

1. When God spoke the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai, how did He identify Himself? Ex. 20:2. What power did God mention right in the middle of the commandments, to prove that He was the true God and had the right to give commandments and laws to His subjects? Ex. 20:11.

2. How does David identify the true God? Ps. 95:6. What additional reason does David give for worshipping and praising the true God? Ps. 107:8.

NOTE.—“The duty to worship God is based upon the fact that He is the Creator, and that to Him all other beings owe their existence. And wherever, in the Bible, His claim to reverence and worship, above the gods of the heathen, is presented, there is cited the evidence of His creative power.”—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 436, 437.

## ASSIGNMENT 3

### The Worship of Created Things

3. What happened to men’s hearts when they did not give God the glory and thanks that were due Him? Rom. 1:21. When their hearts were darkened, what did they begin to worship instead of the Creator? Rom. 1:25.

4. Name some of the created things that the heathen worshiped, and about which God warned Israel. Deut. 4:16-18.

NOTE.—One of the first created things to be worshiped after the Flood was the sun, and many of the pagan customs connected with sun worship have been brought into the popular Christian churches. In Egypt the river Nile was worshiped; in India, the river Ganges; in different countries it is common to find fire, mountains, trees, cows, crocodiles, beetles, and cats worshiped.

5. What great false god was worshiped by Israel in the days of wicked King Ahab? 1 Kings 16:31-33. What great test did Elijah make between Baal and the true God? 1 Kings 18:19-40.

## ASSIGNMENT 4

### Other False Gods

6. Name one of the greatest false gods throughout the history of the world. 1 Tim. 6:10. Name some well-known Bible characters who worshiped the god “money.” Matt. 19:21, 22; Luke 12:16-20; 2 Kings 5:20-27.

7. Name another very common false god. Phil. 3:19. Name a well-known Old Testament character who made a god of his stomach. Gen. 25:30-34.

8. Name another popular false god in these last days. 2 Tim. 3:4. What generation similar to ours made a god of pleasure? Matt. 24:38.

NOTE.—“Whatever we cherish that tends to lessen our love for God or to interfere with the service due Him, of that we make a god.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 305. “No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.” Matt. 6:24.

## ASSIGNMENT 5

### The Result of Worshipping False Gods

NOTE.—“It is a law of the human mind that by beholding we become changed. Man will rise no higher than his conceptions of truth, purity, and holiness. If the mind is never exalted above the level of humanity, if it is not uplifted by faith to contemplate infinite wisdom and love, the man will be constantly sinking lower and lower. The worshipers of false gods clothed their deities with human attributes and passions, and thus their standard of character was degraded to the likeness of sinful humanity. They were defiled in consequence.”—*Ibid.*, p. 91.

9. When men began to worship animals and things that God had created rather than God the Creator, what terrible change came to them? Rom. 1:28-32.

10. Where will idolaters and unclean persons never be able to enter? Eph. 5:5. Where did John in vision see these people when he saw the commandment keepers going through the gates into the city? Rev. 22:15.

11. For this reason how does John plead with us? 1 John 5:21.

## ASSIGNMENT 6

### The Results of Worshipping the True God

12. Does the law of “by beholding we become changed” apply to those who worship the true God also? 2 Cor. 3:18. How does John say that

we who love God will appear when Jesus comes? 1 John 3:3.

13. What great appeal is found in the first angel’s message? Rev. 14:6, 7. What historic decision of Joshua is still being made by boys and girls and men and women today? Joshua 24:15.

NOTE.—Any pleasure, any habit, any object, which we permit to come before God, is in His eyes an idol. God must come first, and those who are wise will make God first at any cost or sacrifice. If we permit the love of money, or pleasure, or self to keep us from family worship, or Sabbath school and public worship, we shall at last be numbered with idolaters; but if we put God and His commandments first, we will still have all the pleasure and joy anyone could ever have, and in addition we will have a place with Christ in His kingdom forever.

## ASSIGNMENT 7

Seeing that the law “by beholding we become changed” is true—

1. What would you expect a boy who preferred our Missionary Volunteer Reading Course books above all other books and magazines to be—(a) a Christian gentleman, (b) a politician, or (c) a criminal?

2. How would you expect a boy to speak who spent all his time reading the comics (a) respectfully, (b) kindly, or (c) roughly, with plenty of slang?

3. How would you expect a girl to act who spent most of her thoughts on her dress, her face, her hair, and her skin—(a) patiently, (b) helpfully, or (c) selfishly?

4. What kind of people would you expect boys and girls who are faithful in family worship, in attending Sabbath school and church services, to become—(a) Christians, (b) pagans, or (c) heathen?

## KEY TO “USEFUL ARTICLES ABOUT A FARM”

(1) e. (2) a. (3) g. (4) b. (5) c. (6) f. (7) d. (8) j. (9) h. (10) i.

## KEY TO “FLORA, NOT FAUNA”

(1) *Victoria regia*. (2) Night-blooming cereus. (3) Grass tree. (4) Paprika. (5) Pimiento. (6) Prettyface. (7) Wait-a-bit.

## KEY TO “CHECK YOUR I.Q.”

(1) Louisiana. (2) New Zealand. (3) Twenty-two years. (4) Maiming someone. (5) Flower bed, bed of coals, road bed, river bed. (6) Flower garden. (7) Conch. (8) Marine mollusks. (9) Spain. (10) Spider monkey, owl monkey, squirrel monkey, and howling monkey.



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# THE LISTENING POST ★

★ Two hundred and eighty canaries were flown recently from Tokyo, Japan, to New York City in a specially equipped Pan American clipper, at a cost of \$1 each. Most of the birds were burnt orange in color, but the shipment also included a few deep-blue ones, which are the closest breeders have been able to develop a black canary.

★ Did you ever wonder why we have the tradition of raising our right hand when we take an oath in court? In olden days it was the custom to brand the letter *F* on the palm of the hand of a person who had been convicted of a felony. Such persons were barred from acting as a witness, so everyone was required to show his hand before taking the stand.

★ WHEN Mrs. Peggy Palmer, of Croyden, England, fed her pet dog the liver from a frozen rabbit which had been shipped in from Australia, she noticed that there was something in it he did not like. She picked up what looked like a piece of glass that the dog had discarded, and discovered it was a perfectly cut white sapphire. A jeweler appraised its value at £50.

★ COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY in New York has the most powerful magnet in the world, although its diameter is twenty inches less than the 184-inch cyclotron of the University of California. The direct-current generator, which energizes the magnet with 2,000 volts, is so powerful that it will even attract a sheet of aluminum. The total weight of the cyclotron is 2,300 tons and rests on large blocks of reinforced concrete set on bedrock deep in the earth.

★ IZVESTIA, a Soviet newspaper, has announced the death of one of the country's leading medical surgeons, Prof. A. Vishnevsky. The doctor was famous for transplanting nerves from human bodies soon after death to living men who have had a considerable portion of their main motor nerves destroyed in their arms or legs. Dr. Vishnevsky discovered that such nerves, when properly treated, can be kept indefinitely, and wherever used take root and restore normal activity.

★ COLORS tend to play tricks on the eyes when viewed over television. Bright blue photographs black; therefore, men's evening wear must be of a flashy hue. Women's gowns must be pale blue to photograph an attractive shade of off-white, and purple turns an intense black. Jewelry is taboo because it detracts and appears as miniature klieg lights, as do patent-leather shoes and satin dresses. Red clothing is not permitted, for under the spell of television's magic the shade simply disappears!

★ AN average potato is about 15 per cent starch.

★ THE ninth verse in the eighth chapter of the book of Esther is the longest verse in the Bible; it contains ninety words.

★ A DENTAL supplier in Sydney, Australia, decided that gravel was too expensive and paved his driveway with several hundred thousand false teeth!

★ A UNITED STATES Government-financed project called the Rand Corporation (abbreviating the words *research and development*) is reported by reliable sources to have plans for actually sending a rocket to the moon within the next three years.

★ THE Peruvian Government will soon open one of the most spectacular highways in the world—one that climbs a sheer mountain wall on its final stretch to Machu Picchu, the ancient Inca stronghold that was almost unknown forty years ago, but today is thought to be the cradle of the Incas.

★ A BRITISH manufacturing firm is now incorporating radio sets in its tractors, claiming that lively marches, military and other pace-inspiring tunes will speed up the work done by the farmers.

★ MONKEYS in the wilds of Sierra Leone on the west coast of Africa have become such a nuisance that the population has declared open season on the animals. Hunters are reported to have killed no fewer than 11,720 of them in four days.

★ AUSTRALIA is suffering one of the worst droughts the country has ever known, and more than 5,000,000 head of sheep and cattle have perished. Parts of the rich grazing land of West Queensland and the Northern Territory have been without adequate rain for the last three years.

★ KATHLEEN HART, thirty-one-year-old artist of Byron, Ontario, produces paintings described as "one of the artistic miracles of our age," yet she was born without hands or legs! Kathleen paints by holding the brush between the stubs of her arms while standing on her artificial legs. She works about five hours a day, and recently exhibited an impressive collection of thirty-two oils of Canadian flowers and still-life sketches.

★ ALTHOUGH ten of the eleven Central American and Caribbean countries speak the same language, they divide their money into five different units. Pesos are used in Mexico, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and Colombia; Panama honors its discoverer with a balboa; Haiti's 20-cent unit is a gourde; Guatemala's dollar is a quetzal; and the lempira of Honduras takes its name from that of a native chieftan who organized Indian resistance to the conquistadors.

★ BLACKIE, a pet crow belonging to fourteen-year-old William Slavik of Little Ferry, New Jersey, proved himself such a nuisance that police had to order the bird's owner to "jail" him. The crow enjoyed tying up traffic while he ambled leisurely across intersections, was always flying into church windows and mocking the choir, raised havoc at school by pecking at the windowpanes and jeering at the schoolteachers, but it was his most horrible habit that led to his downfall. Blackie refused to stop yanking clothespins off people's washlines and letting clean sheets, shirts, and other clothing fall to the ground. He also delighted in decorating neighborhood treetops with socks, handkerchiefs, and towels. Blackie now sits peering sadly from behind the bars of his escapeproof coop, while his young owner hopes this lack of freedom "won't damage the bird's spirit."

## To the Advent Youth of the World

### Greetings!

It rejoiceth my heart to extend this word of greeting in this the first color number of **THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR** sent to the Advent youth of all the world.

We are very happy here in the home office of both our official church paper, the *Review and Herald*, and **THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR** to cooperate not only with the editor of our splendid youth's paper but also with the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department in making available this special world edition of **THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR**. It will be with intense eagerness that I will personally turn to these monthly editions and read of the adventures of Advent youth throughout the world.

We live in a most crucial hour. We live in the hours that are to witness most momentous events. It is the hope and the prayer of each one of us here in the publishing house that this special monthly edition of **THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR** will bring a real blessing to the Advent youth of the world. Let us unite our time and talents in the sharing of our faith that our Lord's coming may be hastened.

R. J. Christian,  
Manager, Periodical Department,  
Review and Herald Publishing Association



# COLLEGES



The Seventh-day Adventist colleges and advanced schools presented on this page invite your careful consideration as you plan your education in a Christian school.



## Atlantic Union College

*"NEW ENGLAND FOR THE STUDENT"*

SOUTH LANCASTER, MASSACHUSETTS



## Pacific Union College

*"WHERE NATURE AND REVELATION UNITE IN EDUCATION"*

ANGWIN, CALIFORNIA



## Canadian Union College

*"THE SCHOOL OF CHARACTER"*

COLLEGE HEIGHTS, ALBERTA, CANADA



## Southern Missionary College

*"THE SCHOOL OF STANDARDS"*

COLLEGEDALE, TENNESSEE



## Emmanuel Missionary College

*"FIRST THINGS FIRST"*

BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICHIGAN



## Southwestern Junior College

*"WHERE STUDENTS LEARN TO LIVE"*

KEENE, TEXAS



## La Sierra College

*"WHERE GOD IS REVERENCED AND MEN ARE TRAINED"*

ARLINGTON, CALIFORNIA



## Union College

*"UNION—THE COLLEGE OF THE GOLDEN CORDS"*

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA



## Oakwood College

*"A GUIDING LIGHT TO A LIFE OF SERVICE"*

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA



## Walla Walla College

*"THE SCHOOL THAT EDUCATES FOR LIFE"*

COLLEGE PLACE, WASHINGTON



## Oshawa Missionary College

*"SERVICE NOT FAME"*

OSHAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA



## Washington Missionary College

*"THE GATEWAY TO SERVICE"*

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON 12, D.C.



## Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary

*"WE SERVE OUR WORKERS IN ALL THE WORLD"*

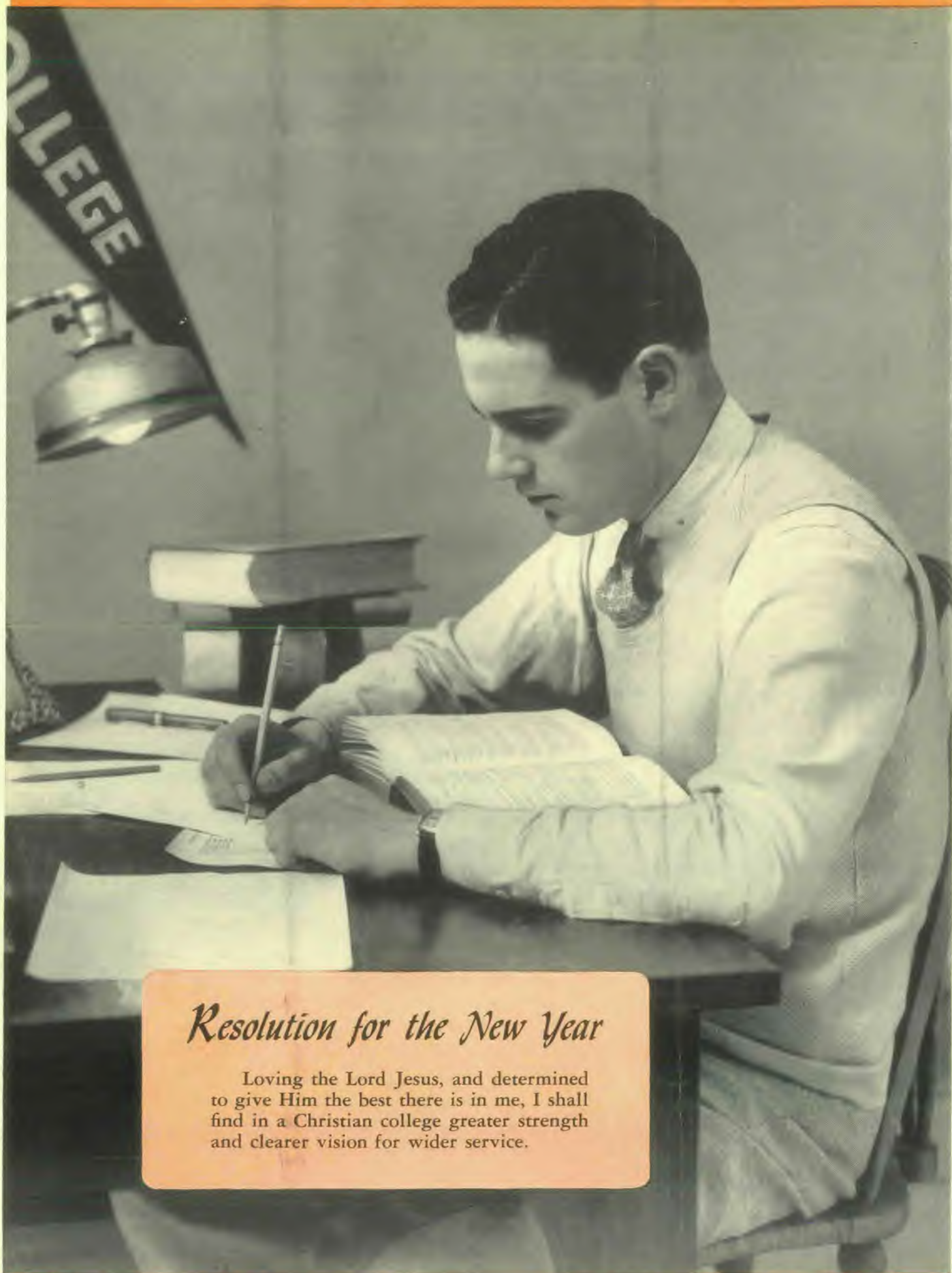
TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON 12, D.C.

## Overseas Advanced Schools

Antillian Junior College, Santa Clara, Cuba  
Australasian Missionary College,  
Cooranbong, New South Wales, Australia  
Brazil College, Sao Paulo, Brazil, South America  
Caribbean Training College,  
Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies  
Chile College, Chillan, Chile, South America  
China Training Institute, Chiaotoutseng, Kiangsu, China  
French Adventist Seminary, Collonges-sous-Saleve, France  
Helderberg College,  
Somerset West, Cape Province, South Africa

Inca Union College, Lima, Peru, South America  
Middle East College, Beirut, Lebanon  
Newbold Missionary College, Bracknell, Berks., England  
Philippine Union College,  
Rizal, Manila, Philippine Islands  
River Plate College, Entre Rios, Argentina, South America  
Spicer Missionary College, Kirkee, Poona, India  
Vincent Hill College, Mussoorie, United Provinces, India  
West Indian Training College,  
Mandeville, Jamaica, British West Indies





## *Resolution for the New Year*

Loving the Lord Jesus, and determined to give Him the best there is in me, I shall find in a Christian college greater strength and clearer vision for wider service.