

The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

IT WAS nearly time for recess when Elmer's hand was thrust emphatically into the air. It waved with great importance until it received recognition. "Henry says he won't do it and—"

"That will do, Elmer," Miss Irving spoke softly. "I am sure Henry will scrub his desk."

"No, I won't, and you can't make me," came a surly voice from Henry.

Miss Irving stepped quickly down the aisle to Henry's desk. Her heart was pounding. "Lord, help me. Give me wisdom," she prayed. Twenty pair of eyes followed her with awesome expectation.

"Henry," she said, placing her hand firmly on his shoulder, "I'm sorry that anything like this should ever occur in our school. When we break a rule we make it right. When we mark on our desk we clean it off."

The sullen look on Henry's face deepened. He dug his nails into his palms. Miss Irving tightened her hold on his shoulder. The children sat in breathless silence as she spoke in a calm, yet firm voice.

"We cannot allow disobedience here, Henry. I will give you exactly three minutes to make up your mind to obey. I hope you will let Jesus give you the victory. Boys and girls, will you put your heads down on your desks and ask Jesus to help Henry to do what is right? We want him to let Jesus make him a true soldier. While you pray I will pray also."

Down went twenty heads. All was silence. Miss Irving sat at her desk with closed eyes, earnestly claiming the promises of God. A minute ticked away. Henry's face began to soften; tears came to his eyes; then down went his head on the marred desk. Miss Irving stepped to Henry's desk so softly that only one or two eyes peeped out. She placed her hand gently upon his, and whispered, "You will scrub your desk, won't you?"

"Yes," was the choked answer.

Again she stood before the room. "Henry is a victorious soldier. He had a hard fight, but he is conqueror at last. Let us close our eyes again while we thank God that Henry won the fight."

That night Miss Irving reread with deeper understanding and appreciation this promise cherished by every teacher: "When teachers seek with all their heart to bring true principles into the work of education, angels of God will be present



EWING GALLOWAY

Power for the Christian Teacher

By MABEL R. MILLER

to make impressions upon the heart and mind."

How thankful she was that she had chosen as her lifework a profession in which she was a co-worker with God. She could claim His promises of help and success.

Not always are the results immediately seen, but the teacher sows, and God gives the harvest. God is the rearward. He goes behind the humble, sincere teacher, and makes up for her mistakes and lack of wisdom.

The joys and rewards of the Christian teacher are endless. Upon each child she

leaves her influence. It never ends. It is the privilege of teachers to "catch the bright rays of the Sun of Righteousness and reflect these precious beams upon the children and youth whom they are educating."

Have you the gift of teaching? Perhaps it lies hidden. God needs you. Our boys and girls need you. The joys and rewards are great. Much hard work and unceasing prayer are necessary, but remember, *God needs you!* The heavier the cross, the brighter the crown; and the reward is sure, for our Father in heaven has promised.



LET'S TALK IT OVER

SEE that lad just coming through the door?" The speaker was the principal of the academy where I was a week-end visitor.

"Yes," was my answer, "what's special about him, except that he is so handsome?"

"He is Thomas Jackson's son," he told me.

"Here?" I questioned in surprise.

"Yes, here, and when his father came to enter him at the opening of the school year he said, 'I want Tom, Jr., to be in an Adventist school. Even though I am not now connected with the church at all, and he has had all his grammar grades in public school, his mother and I feel that the time has come to place him under Christian influences, yes, Seventh-day Adventist influences. We both want him to be trained as we were, and we hope that he won't lose his way as we did. In fact, we plan to send him on through a Seventh-day Adventist college, and nothing would please us better than for him to join the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Where *we* lost out we hope that *he* will win out. Do your best for him, won't you?'"

"Is he cooperative?" I questioned. "And does he seem to be enjoying it here?"

"We have no more cooperative student in the academy," answered the principal enthusiastically. "And he is one of our toppers too; he is positively brilliant."

"Just last week he was in my office to inquire about when a baptismal class is to be organized," my host added. The boys have chosen him as one of the prayer band leaders, and he is doing a good job at it.

"I have often thought," he went on to say, "that even though Tom, Sr., and Arlene seemed to make a clean breakaway when they left the church and went out into the world, they never have been entirely happy, and never have been able to get completely away from the Advent truths in which they were reared, and which were so much a part of their lives while they were growing up and getting educated. In fact, Thomas told me as much when he brought Tom, Jr., back after Christmas vacation."

Yes, there *is* something about the truths of the third angel's message that grip the hearts of even those who "give up the truth" and go out into the world intent on having a good time (?) or edging in on the wealth and position and prestige they feel it has to offer. They may not tell you

that the pleasures they thought would be so enjoyable are disappointing, and that the position and influence they hoped to gain either have not materialized or have proved empty shells, and brought no measure of satisfaction; but you may be sure that is the way most of them feel if they should be honest enough to confess the unvarnished truth.

"You should have heard Bob last Thanksgiving," the wife of one of these wanderers told me. "We were invited out to dinner, and while we women were cooking and working in the dining room the men got into a discussion of religion. When they came to the table Bob was in the middle of a spirited defense of the seventh-day Sabbath, and I do declare, I think he remembered all the texts he learned in church school so long ago, and was still able to quote them. Nobody could answer his arguments, and finally one of our fellow guests observed, 'Well, Bob, if you really have been telling us the truth, and you believe it, why don't you keep Saturday for Sunday and stop working on that day?' And Bob was real serious for a minute or two, then he looked his questioner in the eye and replied, 'If Grace and I did what we know the Bible teaches, and what deep down in our hearts we believe to be right, we would do just that! It's the way we both were brought up. But I guess we just don't have the nerve to change our way of life now. But what I've been telling you is the truth! And don't any of you forget it!'"

A Seventh-day Adventist evangelist was holding an effort in a great American city. After one of his evening services he received a telephone call at about twelve o'clock at night. "Are you the preacher who conducted a meeting at such and such a place tonight?" came the question over the wire. "Yes," he answered. "I *must* have a talk with you," said the man who was speaking. And an appointment was made for very early the next morning.

When the minister went to keep the appointment—it was before any of the business places were open—he found himself before a large church, one of the largest in the city. He was puzzled, and looked again at the address his telephone friend had given him. Yes, he was right. So he

tried the front door of the church and found it open. He went in, and as he stepped into the auditorium a voice called, "Come right in, preacher." He looked up and saw an open study door, and there sat a fine-looking man behind a desk in a luxurious, book-lined office. He was the pastor of that church!

After he had greeted his visitor and had seen that he was comfortably seated, he said, "It may interest you to know that I used to be a Seventh-day Adventist minister." "Well!" exclaimed the caller in surprise, "what are you doing here?" "Oh," was the answer, "I got interested in other things." And then he went on to talk from the bottom of his heart. They visited for an hour or more. Finally he opened a carefully locked cupboard, and then an inner door, and there on shelves were piled high files of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, *Review and Herald*, and *Signs of the Times*, as well as other of our denominational periodicals. There were rows of our third-angel's-message-filled books in evidence too. "What in the world are you doing with those?" questioned his caller. "Oh," replied the pastor, "I couldn't get on without those! They give me some of my best sermon helps."

Two young men of my acquaintance who have decided to go after all the world has to offer told a mutual friend between puffs on their cigarettes that they are keeping their eyes on fulfilling prophecies and their ears carefully tuned to current events. Thus they hope to "get in under the wire" just before probation closes.

But such a course is not only unsafe, it is entirely foolhardy. God has told us by His inspired messenger that the closing events in this world's history will be rapid ones. The events these friends are expecting at the last minute may not take place in just the way or in just the form they anticipate, and it is entirely possible that they will not recognize them in different guise. The only safe way for any of us is to keep our sins confessed right up to date, and be sure that we are walking in all the light that is illuminating the path to heaven.

Lora E. Clement

WHEN in the early winter of 1943 the call came for me to join the military service of my country, I was holding a responsible administrative position with a large wartime industry in Minnesota. But I was ready to go, for in the plant I had noticed a good deal of foreman favoritism in the matter of deferments, and had determined in my heart that when time came for me to enter the service I would not allow a deferment for me to be requested, although my work was such that I could have been deferred for the duration. In fact, I even wrote to my draft board and asked that they disregard any deferment the firm might seek in my behalf.

My frame of mind, then, was this: As a Seventh-day Adventist enjoying the full and free exercise of all my beliefs, there was more obligation for me to be in the wartime service of my country than for about any other person or group of persons I could think of. That is still my attitude.

The call came, and the draft on that December 14 siphoned nearly fifty other men from my town. Because I had always been in excellent health I knew there was nothing to keep me from general military service, and my business plans were made accordingly. Incidentally, the fact that I did have many personal affairs to attend to at that time was the determining factor in my deciding to take the twenty-one-day furlough offered by the Army instead of the seven-day furlough given by the Navy, although the lure of the sea had always been strong in me.

During the post-induction furlough I moved my wife and five-year-old son to Murray, Kentucky, rented a home for them in the vicinity of friends and relatives—and a hospital (because we were expecting our second child the following July)—then headed back to Fort Snelling to put on Uncle Sam's uniform.

That was January 4, 1944, a Wednesday, I believe. After a maze of duffel bags, bunks, and barracks there were scrubbing the floors and windows, making beds, and putting clothes in order; and I *do* mean order! Veterans call this sort of affair a GI party.

That first Wednesday evening served to condition me to a lot of routine that was to become very familiar in the next few months. I was sent to the mess hall for kitchen police—KP—detail, and there I remained. In fact, for a while I thought perhaps they had forgotten about me. The

NOTE.—The writer of this story, a senior student in theology at Walla Walla College, met his death in a tragic accident last Christmas time. A letter written to our office just a few days before his decease indicates that his heart was in the Far East, where he spent most of his service time with the U.S. armed forces, and that his one desire was to prepare to return there and tell the sweet old story of redeeming love to those who never had heard it. Only God understands why his life was not spared to undertake this labor of love, but we trust that the experiences he tells on the pages of the INSTRUCTOR will be an inspiration and an encouragement to many Seventh-day Adventist young men just now facing military service.

—EDITOR.

JULY 19, 1949

Marching With God



BEGINNING ARMY LIFE

By A. DEAN HICKOK - - - - - Part I

workday began very early, but suppers were also early, so that we were out of the hall by six or seven o'clock. I say suppers because we served each meal twice a day in order to accommodate the nearly five hundred men of two provisional companies.

Late Thursday afternoon I managed to see the first sergeant of my company. A sign on the door instructed, "Knock, Take off Your Cap, and Stand at Attention." To the best of my ability I did everything but salute the sergeant, then smilingly inquired:

"Sergeant, being a Seventh-day Adventist, I have been wondering what arrangements could be made for me to have regular work on Sundays so that I might be excused from work between sundown Fridays and sundown Saturdays in order to enjoy church privileges and other religious activities."

He seemed to search my eyes a moment, then said, "That's easy. All you have to do is report here at five o'clock tomorrow

afternoon and pick up your pass. For your next work detail report to the mail orderly Sunday."

He got a healthy thank you from me, and I left as militarily as possible lest I spoil something. So far the Army was doing all right, and I was hoping and praying that I was doing all right too.

Sixteen days later I was sent—in the Army you say shipped—with fifty other draftees to Camp Grant, near Rockford, Illinois, for basic training.

I was one of those "eager beavers" you hear about in the Army. When I told my wife good-by I said, "I don't know what I'm going to do or where I'm going; but if they put a mop in my hands, it's going to get the most terrific workout possible; and if it's pots and pans that come my way, they'll get one de luxe cleaning."

So I was about the first one of the new trainees to finish my individual area, and when the barracks sergeant roughly ordered, "Ten of you who are finished,

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Thou Art With Me

By **MARIEDA BLEHM**

IF SHE pulls through the first twenty-four hours, she'll be all right." The doubtful words of the surgeon gave only a faint ray of hope to the anxious friends and relatives who stood by Marilyn's hospital bed, fearfully expecting every laborious breath to be her last.

Only a few months before, this young woman had been engrossed in teaching the fundamentals of the three R's as well as the principles of practical religion, to the boys and girls under her charge. She loved her work, but her greatest joy came in leading her children to the foot of the cross, where they made their decisions to follow Christ. She longed to continue her work the following year, but she

realized that her health had become so poor that it would be expedient for her to do something about it. Not knowing the nature of her malady, Marilyn surmised that a rest or a change would be beneficial to her health, and she had laid plans to attend college during the ensuing year and continue her education.

One day in the month of August, while preparing for college, Marilyn accidentally discovered that her pulse was racing at an alarming rate. A physical checkup was imperative, but it was only after much persuasion from her family that she sought medical advice.

"She has a goiter," the doctor, a thyroid specialist, assured Elaine, who had ac-

companied her sister when she came for examination. "The growth is large and very toxic."

"Will it be possible for me to attend college?" Marilyn asked anxiously.

"I am afraid not." The doctor shook his head. "There is evidence of some leakage of the heart. This disability is in the early stages, however, and can probably be checked now if the growth is promptly removed. We can't wait long, though."

"Oh, but I don't want an operation!" Marilyn had always had a horror of surgery, and had hoped that she would never have to undergo such an ordeal.

"I am afraid there is not much else that we can do now," the doctor told her frankly. "However, there is a new tablet for goiter treatment which you might try. It hasn't been proved as yet, but I will write you a prescription for it, and you can see whether it helps you. Remember, though, that you have a serious trouble."

Of course, Marilyn was only too eager to try anything that might offer a possible cure; consequently, she had prescriptions filled for the new tablets, also an iodine solution, and she faithfully followed the directions. She fervently hoped that the medicine would bring the desired results.

Upon her return to the clinic for a check the doctor remarked, "I might be fooled by this new medicine!" Marilyn was showing definite improvement. However, on her next visit her condition had reached a more serious stage. It was clearly evident that surgery was the only alternative. With a heavy heart the girl turned homeward on that never-to-be-forgotten day. She still feared the operation, but she began to pray as never before that the Lord might spare her life if it was His will. She had a large circle of relatives and friends, who joined her in the same earnest prayer.

"I know that you will come through this ordeal all right, for the Lord has need of workers in His vineyard." This excerpt from a letter written by the mother of two of Marilyn's students of the previous year was only one of the comforting and encouraging messages which brought a new ray of hope to the sick girl. Gradually the feeling of dread left her, and she entered the hospital with the spirit of submissiveness.

Several days were devoted to preparing her for surgery. As the doctor entered her room one morning Marilyn surprised him by remarking, "When are you going to operate? I'm anxious to get it over."

"I don't know yet. That depends on your condition," he replied. Marilyn had previously requested that the surgery should not be performed on Sabbath, and her request was kindly granted.

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H. A. ROBERTS

Morning Came, and Nearly Three Hours After Marilyn Entered the Operating Room She Was Returned to Her Own Hospital Bed



BLACK STAR

The Home Study Institute Helps Young People With Real Ambition and Keen Intellect to Find Guidance Into Some of Life's Satisfactions

What Was in the CORNERSTONE?

By **W. H. TEESDALE**, President, Home Study Institute

THE lights flash red, and lines of traffic come to a halt. Other lights turn green, and the cross traffic on a four-lane street gets under way. On one of these busy corners workmen prepare to enlarge and improve an already imposing building. They break down one of the walls into great slabs of brick with their tightly clinging mortar.

That gray block of stone bearing a much earlier date and still resting in the wall does not cover a cleverly hidden door beyond which lie unusually precious jewels or a mystifying code for success. It serves an entirely different purpose. Interested and official spectators move close as the cornerstone is reached. The sealing material is carefully removed that no dust fall into the chamber where precious con-

tents lie waiting to answer many questions.

Why did the builders put up just such a structure? Who were these men? What kind of money did they carry in their pockets the day the cornerstone was laid? Did they ride to the ceremony on horses or in automobiles? What style of clothes did the women wear that day? Have the purposes of the founders been realized in the history of the organization? A look inside the cornerstone and another at recent records may provide the answers.

The contents of an ordinary cornerstone vary with the wishes and individualities of the persons responsible for its placement and for the institution represented. Into this one the founders put a copy of the Bible, a current newspaper, a few coins,

a picture of the persons responsible for the undertaking, and the plans for the building.

No light or moisture has penetrated the stone, but time has had an effect. The covers of the Bible are brittle, although its principles stand unchanged as they have through the centuries. The newspaper, discolored from age, dimly shows pictures of life as it was and reports incidents either long forgotten or now recorded in the history books. The coins, though of an early date and tarnished from disuse, are still acceptable for purchases. The photographs, brown from unwashed chemicals, recall fine qualities of men whose work was so important in the early days. The plans, carefully and skillfully drawn, still retain their clarity and beauty. They even provide for the present enlargement of the building.

Forty years ago a small group of leading educators with insight into the expanding endeavors and needs of the church decided to establish an institution that would provide educational opportunities for young people whose schoolwork had been interrupted, but whose ambitions and determinations were strong enough to sustain them toward a delayed goal. These men laid the cornerstone of the Home Study Institute, not in the brick and mortar of a four-story building, but in certain basic and enduring principles and in progressive plans.

Into this symbolic cornerstone the founders placed the Word of God as the standard of excellence and integrity. Its principles were to provide inspiration, guidance, and stability for the plans and work of the institution. Lessons from the past, taught by God through the prophets and apostles, were to strengthen faith for succeeding days. With clarity of vision these men saw thousands of loyal, intrepid youth accepting the challenge of the world's need and preparing themselves for their tasks. The vision of the founders was genuine; their hopes have materialized many times in many ways.

The copy of the newspaper that was found in the cornerstone illustrates the purpose of the founders to keep in touch every day with the world, with the best in its culture, and with events of prophetic significance. The work to be offered by the founders was to be broad in interest and was to have powerful appeal to youth throughout the world. It must represent and utilize the best in modern, improved methods of learning without sacrificing a contact with the past that would be close enough to give stability and permanence of values. And as in the column of the daily weather forecasts, there would appear now and then a little of the prophetic, of looking forward to the needs of tomorrow.

The few coins in the cornerstone where the lines of heavy traffic cross may represent for the Home Study Institute the

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THE will to forget is necessary to sane existence. How kind the Creator was to form the mechanism of the brain so that the synapses, by disuse, become more and more disconnected, and human beings can forget. To forget the hardships and the sorrows of life is an instinctive tendency, and what a fortunate tendency it is!

They who have suffered much know that time is a great healer. Whether this pain be mental or physical, the aftermath is the same. Or if the suffering be inflicted by some individual or circumstance, this too shall pass away and be forgotten. It is said of Lincoln that his heart was as wide as the world, but that there was no room in it for the memory of a wrong.

God also forgets! He forgets the wrong His children have done, as soon as each asks Him to forgive. Some sage has paraphrased thus: "To forgive is human; to forget, divine." Of course, this refers to some injustice one has received at the hands of another person. God forgives *and* forgets.

"I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." He, the great God, has assured His children that He holds nothing against them. His people will not have to face eternity feeling that God still has in His heart the remembrance of some folly, some mistake, some sin that they, wittingly or unwittingly, have committed.

"If the wicked restore the pledge," Ezekiel was inspired to write, "give again that he had robbed, walk in the statutes of life, without committing iniquity; he shall surely live, he shall not die. None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him."

Again, God asserts that He will cast all our sins behind His back, where He cannot see them. He will cast them into the depths of the sea, and remember them no more forever. He will not parade the blunders and sins of His disciples before the universe.

The child of God need have no embarrassment in approaching the Father. The Creator does not see the sin that has been committed, for that has been forgiven. No! God sees the perfected character of His follower and the righteousness which has been imparted to the Christian through Jesus Christ.

Henry Ward Beecher says that God pardons like a mother who kisses away the offense "into everlasting forgetfulness." There is no doubt that forgetting is a blessing, forgetting that which hurts and causes pain to oneself or to another.

"I can forgive," exclaimed a physician to me one day after he had recalled a cir-

The Beauty of Forgetfulness

By MAY COLE KUHN

cumstance which involved an injustice that had apparently been done to him by a friend. It had been a severe blow to the doctor and had meant the loss of his position long years before, when as a young man he had started out in the work of teaching.

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget. However," he added, "I have never retaliated."

Had he really forgiven his debtor? He might have forgiven *and* forgotten! Years afterward I asked the doctor's friend the reason for his course and attitude toward the physician, who was now no longer living.

"I didn't know a thing about it," he declared. "I always had the highest regard for the doctor. He was a Christian gentleman." It had all been a mistake, and such a mistake!

Psychologists say that most forgetting is done within five or six days after a lesson has been learned. From that time on, the forgetting is gradual. Some parts of the lesson are retained indefinitely.

Cervantes insisted that there is no remembrance which time does not obliterate. More truly spoken are the words of the hymn that promises, "Earth has no sorrow which Heaven cannot heal."

God wishes people to forget their blunders, but not the lessons which they have learned from those blunders. It is well to be sorry for one's sins; but the indulgence

of grief, whether for sin or for some sorrow, is just another blunder. "Believe that you are forgiven, and you are forgiven," writes Mrs. E. G. White. A noted English writer sagely advised, "What's gone and what's past help, should be past grief."

Grief and sorrow are permitted for some reason. From experiences such as disappointments and frustrations the fine and the worth while are an outgrowth, if these situations are treated sensibly. There will be heartaches, illness, ill-treatment, injustices, and self-reproach; but every one of these conditions may blossom into something beautiful. Someone has observed: "Wherever a noble thought is born, there has been a Gethsemane."

Many of our most sacred hymns have grown from the author's sorrow, grief, or disappointment. In the expression of this trial they have found relief, and others have learned through such hymns that there is comfort in God. He helps them to forget.

The most potent medicine for sorrow or grief is to help someone else. There are lonely, discouraged hearts all about us. In dealing out a word in season some soul may be saved from utter discouragement; and our trial, the thing we dreaded and feared, may help us to speak that word. In helping that other one our own soul is watered, and we forget ourselves and

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EWING GALLOWAY

Pray for Divine Guidance That You May Know Just How to Speak a Word in Season, for by So Doing You May Save Someone From Discouragement. And Your Trial—the Very Thing You Dreaded and Feared—May Help You to Speak That Word

I HAVE even heard of thee," said King Belshazzar to Daniel, "that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. . . . I have heard of thee, that thou canst . . . dissolve doubts."

This the wise of olden Babylon—the magicians, the astrologers, the Chaldeans, the soothsayers—could not do. Not one of the praisers of the gods "which see not, nor hear, nor know" could "read the writing, or make known to the king the interpretation thereof." In all great Babylon it was given to an outsider, "a man of the captives of Judah," to make clear the message written by "the part of the hand" sent from God.

That man was Daniel. Why? "This Daniel" purposed always that his God should be the "living God." And to that end he lived; "he believed in his God," and Him he served "continually." Thus God could freely give him "an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and shewing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts." Thus Daniel could give understanding to the troubled minds even of great kings. What a wonderful experience!

We, too, may have kindred experiences. Because we believe in God and serve Him, we also are privileged to dissolve our own doubts and often the doubts of others.

Doubt is not confined to the golden age of Babylon. The chapter "What to Do With Doubt," in *Steps to Christ*, shows that God has never removed the possibility of doubt, and that those who wish to doubt will always have that opportunity. But here is the thought. When we *really* desire to know the truth we can find plenty of evidence on which to rest our faith. We can "hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering," without doubting!

Daniel's experience shows us how to do this.

When we are confronted with something difficult to understand—whether it be hard experiences in daily life or "hard sentences" in the Word of life—there is no point in turning to the vain reasonings of the worldly wise. The divers and strange doctrines, the oppositions of science falsely so called, the commandments and traditions of men, the cunningly devised fables, the vain words and foolish questions, the philosophy and vain deceit after the rudiments of the world, and their propagators all come to nought.

The "lying and corrupt words" prepared by the Chaldeans were of no value. We know what happened to Saul for ask-



"I Have Heard of Thee, That Thou Canst . . . Dissolve Doubts." In All Great Babylon It Was Given to "a Man of the Captives of Judah" to Make Clear the Message Written by the Hand of God on Belshazzar's Palace Wall

Dissolving Doubts

By HARVEY HANSEN

ing counsel of one who had a familiar spirit. And we know that even church members who follow false leaders are destroyed. No matter what other knowledge we have, if we do not know God and obey His Word, we do err, and finally death will be our portion.

But we can do better. We, like Daniel, can "desire mercies of the God of heaven." We do well to take heed to the more sure word of prophecy, for faith comes by "hearing" the Word of God. It is the Word of faith.

In it are the commandments, the testimonies, and the precepts by which we get understanding. In it He has written excellent things in counsels and knowledge, that we might know the certainty of the words of truth, and that we might believe on the more excellent name of the Son of God. In it is the wisdom from above that is "without doubtfulness."

The way to have this wisdom is to ask God for it, and to search for it in His Word.

Says James, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God. . . . But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering." Says Paul, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Says Jesus Himself, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have

eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me."

Solomon and Isaiah and Paul show also the *necessity* of diligent, earnest, persevering, prayerful, thorough, regular study of the Inspired Word. Even Daniel's wisdom, to a considerable extent, was due to his following these principles.

And further, Jesus makes it clear that this should be done with respect to *all* the Scripture. Both by precept and example He reveals that man *lives* by "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This, especially, is the life-giving, faith-founding, doubt-dissolving principle.

To illustrate, consider, if you please, a personal experience given in the account of Jonah's visit to Nineveh.

Through His prophet, God said to that wicked city, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." And I had heard it preached that God did not alter what He said. So when I understood that Nineveh was not destroyed at the end of the forty days, I felt something like Jonah. I was perplexed. Doubting, I began to sink, but only until I studied the Bible more thoroughly.

Then I discovered that Jonah's message was not *everything* God said about a place or a people like Nineveh. He also said, "At what instant I shall speak concerning a

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CY LA TOUR AND SON

"Remember That Statement We Read Last Week From *Ministry of Healing* Cautioning Us to Dress Carefully, Modestly, and Neatly?"

wisely. For one thing, she usually pays too much for her clothes, but somehow they never look just right after she has them on."

Mrs. West replied, "But you can make just as good a choice as I can. Look at this dress pictured here. Remember that statement we read last week from the *Ministry of Healing* cautioning us to dress carefully, modestly, and neatly, so that we do not disgust unbelievers by carelessness in our dress."

"But how does that apply to this dress? It looks very smart on this girl, but look at the one to her left. It is very plain, but I don't like it at all."

"I'm glad you noticed that, Sharron. That dress is simple too, but it has none of the little touches of interest on the collar, sleeves, or belt that the other has. The skirt is made on such straight lines that it could hardly fit any figure without revealing every curve and bulge. If you will notice carefully, this simple dress that you *do* like has a scarf neatly draped around the neck and a skirt that flares a little. Otherwise the dresses are practically alike."

"O Mother, I can think of so many ways that I could change that dress, with different accessories, to make it look like several different ones. Could I get one like it in gray?"

"Maybe you would like to make one after that pattern in your sewing laboratory at college. Then you could have several

Choosing a College Wardrobe

By BETTY HELM

THE doorbell gave a sharp ring. There stood blue-eyed Lil with a blue skirt flung over one arm and a small sewing basket in her hand. Mrs. West watched the plump blonde bound up the stairs toward the bedroom of her future roommate.

Soon she could be heard exclaiming with ecstasy to Sharron about the beautiful things she had seen "in the stores yesterday." It was not many weeks before school would be starting, so the girls had much to talk about. The morning hours passed quickly, with Lil being too excited to finish hemming her skirt. Sharron West was a quiet girl, and she accomplished a little sorting between her friend's bursts of excited comment.

"I'll get that beige-and-red, coin-spotted blouse regardless of how much it

costs," Lil declared. "If I had had enough money with me yesterday, I could show it to you today. Sharron, why don't we go shopping *together* tomorrow? It would be fun!"

When Mrs. West was consulted she said that she had a meeting the next morning, but her daughter could choose the things she would like; then in the afternoon she would meet the girls and help Sharron in her final selections.

The afternoon was a busy but enjoyable one for Sharron after her friend left, because she made an inventory of the clothes she had and the ones she would need in college.

While looking through a fashion book after supper, she said, "I am so glad you help me choose my clothes, Mother. Lil's mother is too busy to give her any guidance, so she does not always buy

sets of scarves and other accessories to go with it."

The next morning the girls were up in time to be at one of the stores just before the doors were opened.

The first thing that attracted Lil's attention was a red purse with a large gold clasp. This she thought would match the beige and red blouse she would buy, so she bought it without further hesitation. Next she saw a new shade of nylons that she wanted, and would have purchased had the clerk not told her that they did not have her size.

Sharron wanted to see the coats first of all. It was the most expensive article she needed and the one she would wear the most; therefore, she wanted to decide on a coat before choosing the rest of her wardrobe. Lil wanted to go to an exclusive

—Please turn to page 17

VERA MAE looked across the table at her father. He was absorbed in the consumption of the food on his plate and was quite oblivious to her scrutiny. His face was lean and tanned, and his shirt was open at the throat, revealing a strong, bronzed neck. He was eating with gusto, his sleeves rolled up, for they were simple farm people.

And he was eating pork chops. Vera Mae shivered a little at the sight of the pinkish, lean meat, and the pallid, flabby fat which her father conveyed with such gusty enjoyment to his mouth. How *could* he? How *could* he forget?

Vera Mae had just returned from a vacation with her father's mother, who lived in faraway Iowa. And she returned home to find that her smug little routine of life, broken by her vacation, was broken forever.

Up to last May, Vera Mae had seen Grandmother Castle just twice, and then very briefly. This year, when she graduated from the village grade school, grandmother had sent the girl a crisp twenty-dollar bill, with the urgent invitation to "come out and stay all summer." She had gone, full of eager anticipation. Grandma met her at the train with a battered old car, in the back seat of which were two cases of eggs, a crate containing a dozen young chickens, and a bushel basket full of fine leaf lettuce. She was attired in a clean, chocolate-colored, print dress which had an all-over pattern of tiny green leaves. Her face was plump and full of good-natured laugh wrinkles.

"Just you jump in, dearie," she had said to the girl. "I'll put your bags in the trunk. We have to unload these things at the market, get some groceries, and then we'll go right home. I'm just pleased as can be that you've come. We're going to have a wonderful time."

Seated in the car, Vera Mae noted with pride that everyone seemed glad to see her grandmother. It seemed as if she knew almost everyone in town.

One elderly man in a clean, blue wamus came and leaned on the side of the car.

"I hear tell, Miz Castle," he said in a cautious, friendly way, "that you got a young guernsey heifer for sale. It hain't sold yet, is it? My Stella is gettin' married, and Maw and I wanta git her one o' yore perty heifers for a settin' out present."

Grandma turned in her seat. "Yes, Henry, I've got one cow I can spare. She's a real good milker. Just come fresh a month ago. But I ain't as young as I used to be, and my needs is few. Ten cows are too many fer me to see to, old's I am."

"You hain't old, Sary," the old neighbor laughed. "You never fattened up, an' you're spry as when we went to village school together fifty year ago. I allus tell everyone,

SHE DID What She Could

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS

Part I

look at Sary Castle, sixty years old if she's a day, and slim as the runnin' gears of a cricket."

"Quit yer foolishness now, Henry. You won't git no quarter out o' me," laughed grandma. "The heifer's yours for seventy-five dollars. Only don't come git it on Sat'day. You know better'n that." And grandma leaned over, turned on the ignition, and pressed her flat, sensible shoe on the starter.

"Wait a minute, Sary!" Henry interposed hastily. "But I hafta git it on Sat'day! I'm goin' right past your place to the sale over at Converse City, and I can pick her up on the way home. I'll pay you right now, so the heifer'll be mine, and you won't be doin' no business deals on your Sabbath. Can't see what that'd hurt."

Grandma turned off the motor and looked her farmer friend straight in the face without smiling.

"Henry, did you ever know me to go halfway with anything I undertook to do? Now that's the way I am about my religion. It might be I'd know it was your cow you'd be drivin' away from my place Sabbath mornin', but the neighbors wouldn't. Anyhow I wouldn't be home. I'll be at church. I don't beat around the bush at anything. I'd rather never sell the cow than do somethin' I know is not quite on the square with God. He hain't

to be bargained with. He's to be loved and obeyed."

The farmer burst into a laugh. "Won't be budged, will ye, Sary? I'll be over t'day and get her. Whose this young lady? This ain't Clem's girl, is it?"

"Oh, I clean forgot to make you acquainted," grandma said. "Yes, this is his oldest. She's come out to spend the summer with me. Shake hands with Mr. Barnes, Vera Mae."

The farmhouse was a marvel to Vera Mae. It was big and rambling, with deep porches and great sunny rooms.

After they got into the house grandma showed her to her room. It was on the second floor. The wind blew gently in at the open windows and billowed the crisp, white curtains. The bed was dressed in a snow-white, fringed bedspread and immense fat pillows. A big water pitcher, covered with hand-painted roses, presided over the ample washbowl. Towels were hung over "the splasher"; and a flat, oval cake of soap lay in a squat little soap dish, a lineal relative of the bowl and pitcher.

That summer had been a great revelation to Vera Mae. Grandma had not only lived her queer religion, but had talked it to the girl all the time. Vera Mae had never heard of such a thing as a Seventh-day Adventist in all her life.

After grandma had told her of the im-



J. C. ALLEN

Vera Mae Looked Across the Table at Her Father. He Was Absorbed in the Consumption of the Food on His Plate and Was Quite Oblivious to Her Scrutiny

minence of the coming of the Lord, and described it with a drama and emotion that characterized the kind, old woman herself, the girl demanded, "Grandma, does father know all this?"

"Oh, yes, my girl," she answered, sadness clouding her old eyes. "He knows it, but he fights it. I'm praying, though, Vera Mae. God will save that boy of mine yet. I claim His promises every day. The Bible is full of 'em. Now 'twill be better; I've got you to help me pray." Her old eyes narrowed, with the sweet cunning of a mother in Israel. "We'll get him, Vera Mae, and your mommy too."

But Vera Mae was very angry.

"Grandma," she cried, her blue eyes flashing fire, "do you mean to tell me that my father knows that the Saturday Sabbath should be kept, and that Jesus is soon to come, and that the earth is to be destroyed by fire, and never told us? Why,

Grandma, he can't love us so *very* much! Why, he must not care if we *died*! I'd think he'd *want* us to be saved. What I won't tell him when I see him!"

"Steady, my girl," grandma comforted, her own heart rent at seeing the depth of emotion in the child. "Satan glosses these things over. Clem means to turn about—he told me as much—but he thinks there's plenty of time. He doesn't realize that the great God deserves the best in our lives. It's selfish and evil to give our youth and our strength to the devil, and save our weakness and sickness and old age for the blessed Lord of life. It ain't fair, Vera Mae, and I don't want *you* to do it."

"O Grandma, I won't. I'm going to tell people about what you've told me. Why, it's dreadful to think of all the seven last plagues and everything, and the people who don't know. Grandma, you and I have got an *awful big work* to do!"

The older woman's blue eyes twinkled. "That we have, my dear. But we must begin in Jerusalem. I mean, we must begin at home. You can go with me here when I give Bible studies. That'll give you some ideas."

All through that beautiful summer Vera Mae tagged her spry little grandmother. She helped to milk, to work in the garden, to fork hay, and to pick fruit. Then happily the two canned the fruit they had gathered. Vera Mae loved to run her young fingers over the smooth, cool glass of the jars. Grandma had promised her a box of canned fruit to take home with her when she went at the end of the summer.

Two evenings a week she went with grandma to give Bible studies at near-by farmhouses. She fairly burst with pride when grandma seemed to be able to answer every question put to her. And all

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Are Youth IRRESPONSIBLE?

By J. W. COLE



THE moment God created human beings on this earth He also created a responsibility which man must share with his Creator and his fellow men. However, the founder of the first communistic movement against governmental authority, and the author of the first deception, gradually led the minds of God's subjects away from their responsibility, until we now have a complete fulfillment of the picture drawn of the last days by the apostle Timothy: "In the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

Leaders in every phase of life are much concerned over the instability of character and lack of moral integrity revealed in the lives of the youth of today who must be brought into responsible positions. Recently a large corporation in New York City, known throughout the world, began studying this grave problem, and then decided that they might solve it by dismissing all their employees who were not college graduates. They hoped therefore to form an entire staff of well-educated

young men and women upon whom they could place responsibility.

But after carrying out this program of reorganization, they found that they were confronted with more problems of graft and disloyalty than ever before. Today they are earnestly seeking for the reason why modern youth cannot be relied upon. They are even seeking the advice of religious leaders in their endeavor to ascertain the solution to this deplorable problem. Our answer to these executives is that we are living in an age when we must expect to see the fulfillment of Timothy's prophecy. But this is no reason why all youth's sense of responsibility toward God and his fellow men need collapse.

There is a real danger that youth may be deceived through the five senses, and so lose sight of their responsibilities to God and to the world in which they live. In the bar room they often drown their responsibilities in drink; in the frivolous speech and music programs over the air they seek to forget these responsibilities; and saddest of all, in some forms of religion they accept the belief that their responsibility and wrongdoing can be blotted out by the payment of money instead of by humble confession and acceptance of the sacrifice of the Creator. Instead of studying ways and means of improving *themselves*, they waste time in studying ways and means by which the highest wages can be obtained with the

least amount of hard work and sacrifice.

Some Christian youth may answer, "While Timothy's vision of the future is being clearly met, we must not forget that the words which James wrote arraigging inconsiderate employers picture a situation which exists today. Therefore, many are pleading a just cause." It is to be expected that the greed and selfishness on the part of some who control finances has, to a great extent, been responsible for the attitude of the youth of today, and has lowered their sense of responsibility and moral integrity. Yet the admonition of James should be the guide and rule of all, regardless of where we may be employed. "Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

Since it has been my privilege, as General Conference transportation agent in New York City, to be in close touch with many of our missionary appointees, assisting them in the final arrangements for their journey overseas, it has been most interesting to me to study the attitudes, hopes, and aspirations of those who have been called to dedicate their lives to help bring this last warning message to men and women who are without hope in the world. The majority of these youth are facing this task with moral integrity and with a clear sense of their responsibility. Some may have considered their call in the light of the romance and thrill of seeing other lands, but others have left their home shores with sad hearts, grieving for their loved ones and friends, yet feeling sure that they will be generously rewarded for their sacrifice. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." May God place upon each of His servants, both young and old, a sense of our responsibility to Him of moral integrity toward our fellow men, and help us ever to remember that everyone must give an account of himself to God.

A TALL, fur-coated figure knocked at the only door in many miles, stamping the snow from his booted feet, as a large, well-proportioned man opened the door.

"Why no, this not a 'stopping place' but come in, come in. I would not deny anyone shelter on a night like this. The regular stopping place is ten miles down the road, and it is too cold for you to try to make that distance at this time of night."

"But," hesitated the traveler, "my wife and little daughter are with me, and have you shelter and feed to spare for my oxen and cow?"

"Yes, of course," replied the man. "Bring your wife and child right in, and I'll get my coat and help you put up your team. I have only two rooms, but there is plenty of wood, so you can be warm."

"I certainly do thank you, sir," the stranger assured him.

Soon a young woman was unwrapping a little girl to the warmth of the cheerful wood fire. The house was stoutly built of rough, thick lumber. A crude unpainted table, several benches, and a cupboard were in one room. On one wall were heavy spikes on which to hang wraps and a kerosene lamp. It was a typical bachelor cabin.

The door opened, and the two men entered with the lunch kit, which was a well-stocked wash boiler. "There now," said the host, "you can cook your supper. Help yourself to anything you care to use. I'll not go out again if you don't mind, traveler, for I get chilled very easily. You can find your way out to milk your cow, I think." And hanging up his coat and cap, he sat down before the open oven of the cookstove, while the stranger's wife prepared a hot, nourishing soup.

"Canada is a rough country and cold this time of year, with rough roads and hard going. But you have the right kind of ox team for this country—just the thing for your homestead. And wait till summer. These muskegs will blossom with red tiger lilies, and there will be buckets of Saskatoons and raspberries. Oh, Canada is a lovely place in summer, but it doesn't last very long. Your husband knows good soil, and we *do* raise wonderful crops."

By this time the delicious smell of corn soup was filling the little house. As the young woman hastily set the table she glanced toward their host, and nearly dropped the jar of fruit that she was opening. The man's eyes were fixed on the kettle of soup with the hungriest pleading expression that she had ever seen on a human face. It was a wild, almost fierce look.

"Let me put a bowl on for you, sir? You will have a bite with us?" she invited.

"Oh, no," laughed the host, blushing a little; "I just finished my supper before you drove up. I *couldn't* eat more."

But the longing look did not leave his



"Canada Is a Rough Country and Cold This Time of Year, With Rough Roads and Hard Going"

An Unforgettable EXPERIENCE

By EVANGELINE H. CARR

face for some time, and the grateful guests urged him to join them at the table. However, he continued to decline and conversed about the stock, the country, the great distances for which Canada is famous, and the stopping places along their route.

The travelers placed their spring and mattress on the kitchen floor, and the buggy seat made a good bed for the little girl. "Good night, and I hope you will rest comfortably. Perhaps you will feed the fire several times during the night," the host suggested as he retired to the next room.

"What do you make of *that look*?" whispered the young woman to her husband. "It frightened me; I wonder—"

"I just don't know," he answered sleepily. "I don't think he is dangerous. He seems like a *good sort*; but *that look*—I never saw anything just like it."

The host joined his guests at breakfast, and when the aroma of the warm food filled the room that fierce hungry look

came again to his otherwise pleasant, placid face.

While the young woman washed the dishes and packed up to resume the journey, the kind host told her this story. "I know you noticed the look that always comes to my face when I smell food, that is, since an experience I had a few years ago. It must be a dreadful look, for I notice that it often scares people."

"You see, I nearly lost my life by starvation once, and the hunger I feel when the smell of food first reaches my nostrils is real suffering for a few minutes even yet, although I am well fed and in good flesh—as you see. I just can't help *that look*. I learned to control my appetite; I had to, or die of overeating, but the *look* I can't seem to control at all."

"In the fall of 1906 I had just returned to the British Columbia coast after spending a few years in the gold fields of Alaska. I did well, and came out with enough money to buy a good farm and stock it, or to go into business in Van-

couver. I had just deposited my money in the bank, keeping out enough to see the sights of the city and to go for a little trip somewhere, and was sitting in one of the best restaurants waiting for my order to be filled. The place was quite crowded, so I thought nothing of it when a man coming in glanced around for a table and, seeing the vacant chair opposite me, sat down without waiting for the headwaiter to place him.

"We fell into conversation as men often do, and soon we had each other's story. I stated that I was ready for a nice little trip of some kind in this delightful climate, and it was not long till my new acquaintance suggested a fishing and hunting trip to an island that lay a few miles off the British Columbia coast. I had seen a group of islands in the distance before my ship the *Yukon* had steamed into port, but, of course, I was not close enough to see what they were like. However, my companion seemed to know all about them.

"We talked over what equipment would be needed for such a trip and set out on a shopping tour. I soon realized that I was doing *all* the buying. I had an ample Alaska sleeping bag and three good guns; so we, or rather I bought a stout boat, fishing tackle, a tent, and stock of provisions that would last us at least a month. My companion told me of a streak of bad luck that had left him stranded financially, so I accepted him as a sort of guide companion since he knew the islands so well. All he brought along was a small bedroll and a revolver.

"It took us almost ten hours to reach the first island of the group, each taking turns at the oars. As we neared the island I remarked that it looked very barren to me. 'Yes,' said my companion, 'it does look that way from *this side*, but when you get over those first hills, there are timberlands and a big spring that feeds into a lake; also there is tall grass in the valleys, with all kinds of game.'

"It was hard to reach the island because of the rocky formation that extended far out into the sea. When the water became shallow enough for boots, my companion suggested that I wade ashore and set out to find the best route to the spring. He would pull the boat up and unload the equipment and provisions. I told him that the boat would be very heavy for him to handle alone, but he said he could do it, that he had handled a heavy boat before. So I set out over the hills.

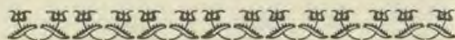
"I had taken nothing with me except what one carries in his trouser pockets, for as I left the boat my companion called out that I would be too warm walking with my coat on, so I threw it back to him. Of course, I wanted to get back as soon as possible to help carry the supplies to camp, and traveling light would help.

"I walked and climbed, but where were the trees and tall grass? I topped the first range of hills, but there was no spring, lake, or timberland, and no valley ap-

peared full of tall grass. There was only another range of higher hills, so I went over the next rise; I thought that perhaps when I had passed them I would find the lovely spring and the lake.

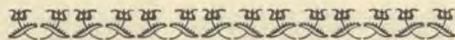
"I kept going until from a height I could see the waters of the blue Pacific beyond and two or three near-by islands that looked even more barren than this one I was on—if that could be. Then it dawned on me that I had been tricked; so I hurried back to the beach, only to find man, boat, equipment, and provisions gone. I shaded my eyes with my hand and could see a dark speck out on the ocean. The cold ocean breeze whipped my face, and I thought of the coat I had thrown back to the man in the boat.

"That night I found a *tiny* spring seeping out from under a rock, so I lay down



**The bigger a man's head, the
easier it is to fill his shoes.**

—John Newton Baker.



a short distance from it to see whether there were any *small* animals. I knew there could be *no large* ones on the island; and I knew that any that were there would have to come to the little seep for a drink, as I had done. When it was almost dark a few field mice came to the spring. *Mice*, then, would be my only source of food until I could hail a passing ship.

"Early next morning I climbed the tallest peak and tied my shirt, which happened to be a white one, to a scraggly, dead tree. As I watched it flutter in the breeze I almost prayed that some lookout on a passing ship would see it and send a lifeboat to investigate. I had never before prayed in my life that I could remember of, but I had tried to be the kind of man that I was sure my mother would want me to be. If she had lived to see me grow up, I might have learned many things; but I was sure that she would not want me to gamble or drink, or even smoke, so I left *all that* out of my Alaska gold hunting.

"My heart sank as I thought of the rocky formation of the island, how could any ship get close enough to see my signal, unless it got clear off its course? There was no reason for any ship to sail near to that barren little island. I covered nearly every foot of it carefully. There was no vegetation and no fresh water except the little spring. The thought of eating mice sickened me, but I grew weaker and hungrier as the days passed.

"I had a few matches left, my pocket-knife, and some string. I built a snare out

of twigs from the small scrubby trees and the string, and caught a mouse now and then. I gathered twigs and roasted the nauseous creatures. Each time I ate a mouse, I was sure I could not do it again, but I did. Having no salt made it worse.

"At night I tried to sleep in a hole I had dug under a ledge of rock, near my signal. I lost track of time as I grew weaker, but each morning I scanned the ocean for ships. Sometimes I saw one coming toward the island, only to watch it turn toward the mainland without seeing, or at least without answering my signal. At last the matches were gone and I had eaten the last mouse I caught *raw*; that was when I think my mind began to slip. At times I knew enough to crawl into the hole to sleep, but sometimes I slept so close to the beach that my clothes got wet.

"I talked to myself. When I became too weak to walk I *crawled* up to the hole near my signal. The sun had just come up, so I knew it must be morning. Suddenly I felt impelled to stand up and move, but I could not make it, then by some power not my own I *did*. I saw a ship! It seemed closer than the rest had come, so I tried to move again. 'Oh!' I cried, 'if they could only see me!' Then I knew no more for some time. The sun was overhead when I heard voices. I had heard men tell that when one is close to death, he hears strange things. With a superhuman effort I opened my eyes to see two sailors bending over me holding a blanket.

"I tried to speak, but they shook their heads in discouragement and put a bottle of water to my lips, I clutched at the bottle for more, but they took it away. It must have been a long time since I had crawled to the spring. The men rolled me in a blanket and carried me to the beach, where their boat was waiting.

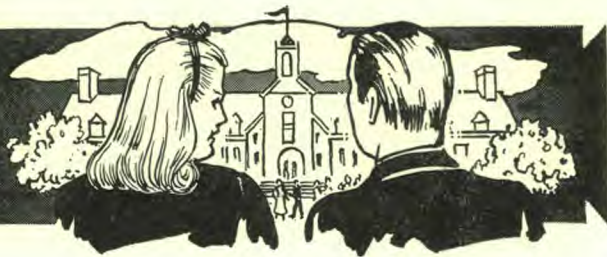
"Once aboard the little boat, they produced a flask of milk and gave me just enough to wet my tongue, it seemed. Oh, how I begged for more, just one big swallow. There never was such a wonderful tasting drink! Even as I begged I fell asleep. When I awoke I was being hoisted over the side of a ship that had been off its course just enough to see my signal and had sent the two sailors to investigate, after one man had insisted that he was sure he saw a man wave his arm.

"I was bathed and put to bed and given a tablespoon of milk or broth at frequent intervals. *How I slept!* When the delicious odors came up from the cook's galley, I begged for more and more food. It must have been *then* that the 'look' came into being, for the nurse at the hospital used to leave the room, and I heard her tell the doctor that she could not stand the look of me when food was being prepared and I smelled the odors.

"For weeks I lay in the hospital, gaining gradually. When I told my story to the nurse and the doctor, they could hardly

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CAMPUS GLEANINGS



WALLA WALLA COLLEGE

College Place, Washington

Henry Thompson, *Reporting*

When the 169 members of the class of 1949 received their degrees at Walla Walla College this spring, the largest single group of Christian young people ever to complete its education at this school entered upon a life of service for God and country. This distinction, however, is likely to be short-lived; for if present conditions are indicative of the future, next year's graduating class at Walla Walla College will surpass it in numbers.

This year's class contains the first graduating students to start their education after the close of the war. The average forty-nine shows it too, for many of the class members are either veterans or wives of veterans. Another noticeable feature of the group is the large number of husbands and wives graduating together. In this category are at least eleven couples. The average age is considerably above the twenty-two-years-old average for prewar

college-graduating classes. Many of the class members have children who are students in the college or in local academies.

One feature common to most groups of Seventh-day Adventist college seniors, and none the less this group, is the cosmopolitan aspect. The officers of the class are a good case in point. The president, Marvin Gottschall, is from the State of Washington; the vice-president, Jacqueline Evans, is from South Carolina; Melvin Tompkins, chaplain, is from Oregon, as is Arthur Spoo, the treasurer; Lorna Kuniyasu, the secretary, is from Hawaii; and Lewis Sommerville, parliamentarian, is from California. This is, of course, a random selection; but it represents fairly accurately the group as a whole. Largely made up of veterans or children of missionaries, the class definitely has a worldwide viewpoint.

A group of such a nature will not be satisfied with service on a limited scale. Various calls have come to the class members from distant points. One graduate, Duncan Eva, will return to his post as

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ATLANTIC UNION COLLEGE

South Lancaster, Massachusetts

Karen Kellogg, *Reporting*

"Every American, and every lover of liberty of whatever nationality, walks on hallowed ground when he enters the Bay State. Plymouth, Salem, Boston, Lexington, Concord!—this ground, these monuments, speak the faith 'that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights.'"

New England is "hallowed ground" not only for its national historical shrines but also for its memorials of the blessings of the Second Advent Movement. And of all New England "the little and ancient town of South Lancaster is a focal point from which the student of Seventh-day Adventist history may look to south, to north, to west, even a bit to the east, to find the footprints of our pioneers."

Here in South Lancaster settled the "prince of pioneers," the "captain of the missionary hosts," Stephen N. Haskell. Here the New England Conference was formed under the ministry of Pastor Haskell; and here in 1882 he, always thinking of the youth of the movement, prayed into existence the South Lancaster Academy, now Atlantic Union College.

Not far away in the little town of Washington, New Hampshire, still stands the first Seventh-day Adventist church, where Frederick Wheeler, John Andrews, James and Ellen White, and many other of our pioneers *worshiped and preached*. New Bedford (Fairhaven), Massachusetts, is the home of Joseph Bates, who, when asked, "What's the news?" startled his friend that memorable day by declaring, "The seventh day is the Sabbath."

Palmyra, Maine, is the birthplace of James White; and Gorham, Maine, that of Ellen Harmon White. New Ipswich, New Hampshire, was once the center of Seventh-day Adventist influence in the days of Leonard Hastings, who so earnestly believed in the 1844 movement that he declared, "No, I'm going to let that field of potatoes preach my faith in the Lord's soon coming." Among the many others who began their work in this section are Stephen Belden, Frederick Wheeler, Annie and Uriah Smith, and George W. Holt, of

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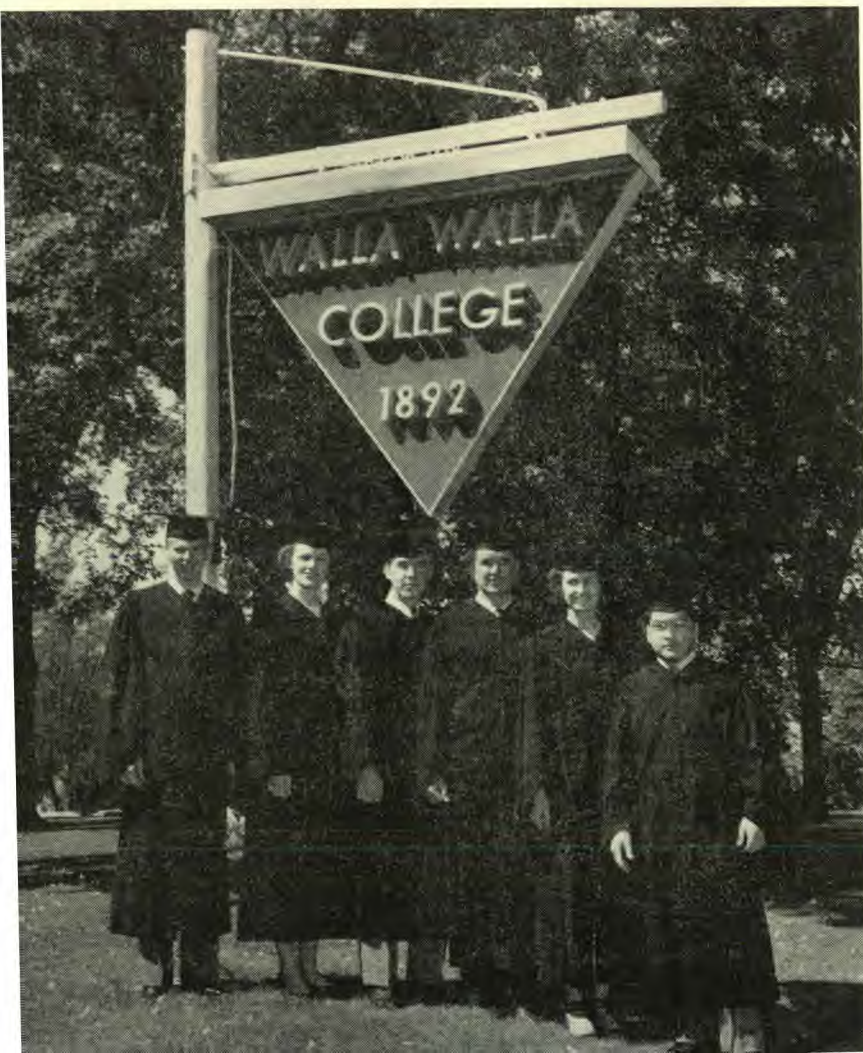


PHOTO SUPPLIED BY THE AUTHOR

Six of the 169 Seniors in the Graduating Class of 1949 at Walla Walla College: Left to Right: Bill Loveless, Genevieve Gyes, Delbert Calkins, Edwin McGhee, Glennis Lindsey, and Hiromu Morikone



Paul Burdick, President of the 1949 Senior Class of the Little Creek Academy, Concord, Tennessee, Receives a College Scholarship Awarded for Outstanding Scholastic Performance and Leadership, From President Kenneth A. Wright, of Southern Missionary College. On the Platform From Left to Right: Prof. Harold A. Miller; Ruth Rissetter, College Senior; Prof. H. S. Hanson, Educational Secretary of the Southern Union (Partly Obscured); Betty Hardy, Member of the Southern Missionary College Student Senate; President Wright; Dean F. O. Rittenhouse, and Pastor L. M. Nelson, M.V. Secretary of the Southern Union. The Occasion Was College Day, on Which 320 Academy and High School Seniors From the Southern States Visited the Collegedale Campus



New England; and the great leaders Hiram Edson, J. N. Loughborough, William Miller, and John Byington, of near-by New York State.

Pastor A. W. Spalding says, "The thoughtful student, conscious of his opportunities in the day's activities, and gathering to himself the substance and the implements of his chosen service, walks with reverent steps through the silent but eloquent aisles of his fathers, on to the tilled and harvest-laden fields of future service." The Missionary Volunteer Society presented a program in the South Lancaster church by just such a group as this—the Ministerial Forum of Atlantic Union College. In a striking manner, long to be remembered by the students of the college, this group presented brief impersonations of these pioneers of the third angel's message.

Their program, "The Active Advent Ministry From Its Earliest Stages Until the Present Time," began with William Miller presenting the parable of the ten virgins. They visualized the masterful Joseph Bates bringing the ray of light to weary listeners after the stress of the disappointment of 1844. Moving to Knox, Maine, we saw Pastor Samuel White and Pastor Chalmers call up James White to address

the assembled believers regarding the 2300-day prophecy, and heard the "old-time" choir sing the beautiful Advent hymn "How Sweet Are the Tidings."

Back in South Lancaster our hearts were

deeply moved as we witnessed the beginning of the publishing work portrayed in a scene of council given by Ellen G. White to James White in the presence of Joseph Bates and E. J. Waggoner. In this very beginning of the *Present Truth* the counsel was, "Write and walk out by faith."

We felt ourselves bidding Godspeed to Pastor J. N. Andrews on September 15, 1874, when he left South Lancaster to go to Switzerland as the first Seventh-day Adventist missionary. While the choir sang "The Blessed Hope," our thoughts joined with those of Pastors A. T. Jones and Waggoner as they discussed the Minneapolis Conference of 1888 and the message from Ellen G. White urging the needed revival of true godliness to arouse us from the prevalent spiritual indifference by believing in righteousness by faith.

As we saw these witnesses from the past our minds turned to the present. From New England to the west, to Europe, Asia, Africa, China, and the islands of the sea this message of the soon-coming King has spread from pole to pole through the medical, educational, and publishing work, but now through the radio with even greater results. We realized this while listening to a broadcast of the Voice of Prophecy with Pastor H. M. S. Richards' story of the "Man Who Tried Again" and the quartet's selection, "Only a Contrite Sinner."

Yes, with the never-failing example of these witnesses of the past before us, we students at Atlantic Union College most certainly look forward to our service in the Master's vineyard, with a greater faith in God and in His blessings on our endeavors, even as they were on the pioneers of our faith.



PHOTO SUPPLIED BY THE AUTHOR

Portrayal of Early Advent History Given by Atlantic Union College Students



IT WAS late afternoon of a beautiful October day when Mrs. Snider's voice rang out on the air: "Ver-non, Vel-ma, you better go for the cows now."

Vernon shrugged his shoulders and asked, "Right now? We are having so much fun looking at these bugs through the magnifying glass. Just come and see them, Mother. They have bronze bodies and green wings."

"I will sometime, but I am very busy right now," replied mother.

"May we take the magnifying glass with us when we go for the cows, Mother?" asked Velma. "We might find some bugs along the way we would like to look at. We are searching for a new specimen to take to class tomorrow. Miss Ross asked us to see who could bring a really new specimen and a story telling how it was obtained."

"You may take the glass," said mother, "but be careful of it and don't loiter too long. You know the days are shorter than they were a month ago, and it gets dark much earlier."

"We won't spend too much time, Mother, but we do hope to have a thrilling story to tell tomorrow. Anyway, we're not afraid of the dark. Jack will go with us," they promised.

"Bye-bye, Mother," they called out as they started.

Mother's sweet voice was wafted to them in response, "Good-by, I'll be expecting you back before dark."

Velma carried the magnifying-reading glass, a large powerful one that had been grandfather's. Vernon carried his slingshot and tried his skill many times as they walked. Jack bounded along, his ears erect and his short tail wagging from side to side. He was ever on the alert to see something to chase—rabbits, squirrels, gophers, field mice, anything that would run.

Vernon had become a good marksman; he took aim at a knot on a tree, a hole in a stub, a black spot on a stump, anything that required skill to hit. When he came wide of the mark he chided himself, saying, "No good. You'll have to do better than that."



They Found the Cows at Last and With Jack's Help Rounded Up the Herd and Got Them Started Down the Path Toward Home

DANGER LURKING

By SUE M. COLE

They saw dozens of bugs and insects as they strolled along, but none different from the ones they already had in their collection at school.

They found the cows at last, and with Jack's help rounded the herd and got them started down the path toward home.

"It's early yet," suggested Vernon. "Let's go on farther down along the edge of the swamp. I think we would be more likely to find a new bug or moth there."

"Do you think mother will care?" asked Velma.

"We will not stay long, and we can tell a better story about something we get in the swamp. We can say how we started the cows, then went on down to the swamp; the swamp was dark and we got

our feet wet, but we found this beautiful bug."

"O Vernon," said Velma, "you sound just like a story. Come on; let's hurry."

Vernon pushed his slingshot into his jacket pocket so he could devote his time to searching for the coveted prize bug or insect.

It was some little distance to the swamp, which was wet underfoot and looked dark and uninviting. They saw several beautiful new moths. But though they tried hard for some time they could not catch even one.

"Vernon, let's go home," said Velma. "I don't like it down here. I'm afraid."

"It does seem rather scary, but I guess there is nothing to be afraid of."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

She Did What She Could

(Continued from page 10)

the while the girl was learning, learning, and learning, till the love of the blessed third angel's message fairly took possession of her. She was surprised and saddened when the joyous, enthusiastic letters she sent home received a cold response from her parents. And when only a reluctant consent was given for her baptism, she wept so bitterly that grandma had to comfort her.

"There, there, my little dove," she had crooned, hugging the girl tight to her ample bosom. "Don't take on so. I count it a right good sign, Vera Mae, really I do. If your father had acted any other way, I'd be sure been surprised. And it'll set 'em to thinkin', and don't you forget it. Good'll come of this yet. You'll see."

She had had to go home in August, only a week after her baptism. Grandma kissed her at the station.

"Don't preach, Vera Mae," she had warned her kindly. "Live the life. Play the game. Don't compromise, even once. And pray, pray, pray! You may be sure I'll be praying too."

"O Grandma, I will; I will."

But that first morning, as she watched her father sopping up his pork chops with such relish, she found silence difficult. But she followed grandma's advice and did not say a word. Her cup of coffee was untouched, and she poured herself a glass of milk. That, with bread and butter and a sauce dish of peaches, was her breakfast. Her father looked at her plate several times, opened his mouth to say something, then closed it again.

(Concluded next week)

Choosing a College Wardrobe

(Continued from page 8)

dress shop. Because this dress shop was closer than any of the four shops Sharron wanted to visit, Lil won the debate.

She immediately decided on a rough, black crepe dress that was heavily adorned with colored nailheads and sequins. When she tried it on she said, "Black is supposed to be slenderizing, Sharron, but this isn't. Why?"

While the clerk stepped away Sharron whispered to Lil, "That dress attracts attention to your body and distracts from your lovely hair and sparkling eyes. It reminds me of several statements from *Ministry of Healing*. Ellen G. White, God's special messenger to His remnant church, says that clothes are supposed to be a background. Attention should not be attracted to your clothes but to your personality. Just recently I read a similar statement made by a famous fashion expert. Clothes are to be chosen for self-expression, he said, and for emphasizing the

natural beauty of the wearer rather than for display. Why don't you try a very plain black dress, one that has real style in its simplicity?"

"I guess you are right, Sharron. I am so excited about all the lovely new colors that I have not thought about attracting attention to myself. I must be careful not to be a bad example to the academy girls. I remember how we used to follow the dress styles worn by college girls."

The clerk was cooperative, but the store did not seem to have in stock just the kind of dress Lil was looking for.

At this exclusive shop Sharron noticed that most of the high-priced dresses were very simple in style, but they were made of lovely materials and were well finished in every respect.

From there the girls went to a number of shops to look at coats. Sharron saw several beige and gray ones that could be worn with almost any color dress.

After lunch the two met Mrs. West at the appointed time, and Sharron took her mother to look at the coats she liked. Mrs. West thought that one was too light a shade to be practical for college wear. She remembered an article by Morton, a mod-

ern designer, saying that good standards of dress require clothes suited to the occasion, the time of year, the climate, the weather, and the particular activities. This was almost identical with Ellen White's opinion.

After purchasing a neutral beige coat for her daughter, Mrs. West suggested looking for shoes, gloves, and a purse to match the coat. This was not too difficult, because the coat was a neutral shade that was easy to match.

With brown leather shoes, beige gloves, a beige felt hat and a small brown purse Sharron's wardrobe was almost complete.

While Lil looked for a silk dress Sharron looked for a skirt to wear to classes, and finally chose one of medium brown that fitted her perfectly. While she was taking it off Mrs. West noticed a dark green flared skirt that she liked. Sharron loved the feel of the soft wool crepe material. It made her slender body seem several pounds heavier.

After purchasing the two skirts they found Lil trying on some high-priced dresses that were on sale. "Don't you like this dress on me except that it is too short?" she asked enthusiastically.

Sharron replied, "I think it has too



An Answering Call

By HORACE C. GATES

SWEAT beaded and rolled down the canvasser's brow as he slowly pedaled his bicycle along the dusty road. Now and then he would turn off to visit the few scattered houses in the hope that he might arouse someone's interest in Adventist books. The going was hard in the hot midsummer sun, but on and on he pumped and pushed. It was a relief when one of the few lazy clouds that gave pleasing contrast to the blue sky slowly drifted across the sun and gave momentary shade to the earth.

As the noon hour neared, the young salesman looked for a suitable place to rest and eat. Soon he came to a narrow, unused road that was made the narrower by the encroaching underbrush. One could hardly consider it more than a trail. However, it was a most inviting spot to one tired of the heat and dust of the road, for maples and alders spread cool shade beneath them. The traveler turned from

the sultry highway to follow the shaded trail. But soon riding became impossible, and he left his bicycle and went a little way on foot to a spot that seemed to offer a desirable resting place.

Rest and lunch are always refreshing. But something still better was in store. In the distance a thrush called and received an off-pitch answer. Closer and closer the bird came with each mimicked call. Then it seemed that the near-by woods became alive with sounds, for other birds had joined in the little game. Nearer and nearer they came. At last a shy bird in brown with a speckled breast and a little smaller than a robin flicked from branch to branch until it came into full view of its imitator. It was a russet-backed thrush.

But the others—where were they? Tap, tap, tap, "Here I am!" Not ten feet away a little downy woodpecker was making his presence known. And hardly had he finished announcing his arrival than a tiny friend who introduced himself very plainly as "Chic-a-dee-dee-dee." Not satisfied with the conventional manner of viewing me, he made a fancy little flip that brought him into a head-down position with his feet firmly gasping the twig above him and his head in an out-of-joint position. In such a contorted pose he gave a couple of half disgusted "dee-dees" and flew off in a flash.

And so the parade of feathers continued until nine different kinds of birds, ranging in size from wrens to robins, had paid their visits. The noon hour was ended. Bicycle wheels once again began to turn, and a rested and happy lad returned to an important duty.

many frills to suit your type." And with a chuckle added, "That short skirt reminds me of Alexander Pope's saying that one should not be the 'first by whom the new' is tried, 'nor yet the last to lay the old aside.' He wasn't referring to dresses though."

"Isn't that the same thought Mrs. White gives us when she says that extremes of any kind are not the best to follow?" suggested Lil.

"That's right," agreed Mrs. West. "Mrs. White's writings have always been a reliable guide in helping me select clothes for myself and the family."

"Mother said I would make better choices in my clothes if I studied more of her writings," confessed Lil, "but somehow I haven't done so. Since you have studied them carefully, would you help me choose a dress today, Mrs. West?"

"I shall be glad to help you Lil, especially since Sharron and I are through so early. I know of a shop that specializes in clothes for plump people. Their things are not above the average price either."

Mrs. West chose for her daughter's friend a blue dress of fine silk crepe with slenderizing lines. To go with Lil's dress, she chose black suede shoes with one-and-a-half-inch heels, a medium-sized black purse, blue fabric gloves, and a small black hat with a blue veil on the back.

As Lil waved good-bye that night to Mrs. West and Sharron, she beamed with joy. She was sure that the clothes she had just purchased would be exactly right when she appeared in them on the campus.

Thou Art With Me

(Continued from page 4)

On a Thursday evening the doctor seemed to be making an especially careful check, and he had not proceeded far before Marilyn asked, "Am I going to have my surgery tomorrow morning?"

"We don't usually tell our patients just when we are going to perform surgery," he answered.

"But you tell them the night before, don't you?"

"We don't tell our goiter patients."

"But you can tell me, doctor. I don't dread it now. I'm anxious to have it out of the way."

"Yes, we plan to operate tomorrow morning if your condition permits," he told her. Then he left with a cheery, "Have a good night's rest!"

Marilyn turned to the Friend of friends and sought anew strength and courage. She maintained her composure, for she felt the assurance that God had heard her sincere petitions, and that everything would be all right. Elaine spent a few moments with her sister that evening; as she left she assured Marilyn, "I'll pray for you, and I am sure that all will be well."

Morning came, and nearly three hours after Marilyn entered the operating room she was returned to her own hospital bed. Terror was written on Elaine's face when she beheld her sister. Could this be Marilyn? What was causing her slow and difficult breathing? Why the long delay between breaths? She was alarmed, and immediately consulted the surgeon.

"Doctor, is she all right? Is there any danger? I want to call home and tell our parents the outcome. What shall I say?" Elaine whispered.

"Yes, there is danger; but if she pulls through the first twenty-four hours, she will recover," the doctor replied gravely. With Elaine's consent he made arrangements for a special nurse to be on duty with Marilyn during the first night.

The tension became more marked. Dr. Kilpatrick, who usually returned to his office in the city after surgery, was slow to leave the hospital that morning. Occasionally he stepped into Marilyn's room to note her reactions and to check her weak pulse. A friend sat by Elaine's side and tried to encourage her. Many were the petitions that ascended to God's throne in behalf of the sick girl that morning.

The minutes that passed seemed like hours, but at noon the tension had somewhat abated when Marilyn aroused from the anesthetic. "I'm thirsty," were the first words she said. After her desire for a drink was partially satisfied, she asked what was causing such pressure on her throat, and was permitted to touch the taut bandage.

Although a special nurse tried to make her comfortable, the first night was a restless one for Marilyn. The intense pain prevented her from getting much sleep, but at last a new day dawned. She was greatly relieved to have the tight bandage removed. Elaine followed the doctor into the hall as he left Marilyn's room, and soon returned with the news, "I'm going to call home, and tell everyone that you are out of danger now."

"Out of danger?" Marilyn asked in surprise. Then Elaine told her of the great anxiety they had felt for her during the previous day and night. Marilyn realized as never before how the Great Physician had been tenderly and lovingly watching over her, and her heart overflowed with gratitude to God for sparing her life.

Her eyes would not permit her to read, but Elaine very gladly read portions of Scripture to her. How real the twenty-third psalm became that morning, for surely she had experienced the "walk through the valley of the shadow of death," and could claim, "Thou art with me!" The hand of God had intervened, and continued to do so in the days that followed. Nurses, friends, and relatives all marveled at Marilyn's rapid and remarkable recovery. The heart leakage had disappeared, and on the fifth day after surgery she walked out of the hospital. The nurses declared that they had never

seen anything like it before, and one exclaimed, "The day of miracles is not past!"

That experience is still vivid in Marilyn's memory. She believes that God had a purpose in sparing her life, and that He still has a work for her to do. As this is written she is enjoying her work at one of our Seventh-day Adventist colleges, where she is preparing for more efficient service in the Master's vineyard.

What Was in the Cornerstone?

(Continued from page 5)

substantial values received by students in increased personal efficiency and in enlarged learning and earning capacities, which are always acceptable legal tender in any land in any age. They represent treasures that might otherwise have been lost to the church in its worldwide endeavor.

Moreover, these coins, then of relatively little value, stand for the confidence the founders had in the enterprise, small at its beginning but with immense potentialities. The risk, more than matched by the vision, the faith, and the skills of the founders, has been justified by results. Again, the coins may represent the readiness of a staff of teachers to contribute much effort beyond their inadequate remuneration. They symbolize the material support necessary for operating such an institution and for improving facilities and the quality of instruction.

Photographs are helpful to reveal growth and progress. They show people and buildings as they were. For schools the pictures may well include comparisons of numbers of students and teachers and financial statements revealing increased strength and reserves. A backward glance to the founding of the Home Study Institute shows a steady climb to an encouraging position of recognized service. Having survived economic and social changes of unprecedented influence, the institution faces the future with courage, and pledges the youth of the church an educational service commensurate with its increased resources and their present needs.

Among the founding fathers were Frederick Griggs, W. E. Howell, and C. C. Lewis—all men of vision, of devotion, of integrity, of experience, and of skill. They set patterns and gave inspiration for work that has grown throughout the past decades. For a little more than half the total period of its history M. E. Olsen served as president. His preparation and experience as a teacher, and his ability as a promoter account in large measure for the expansion of the school. Always sharing in the honors and achievements of the school have been a group of self-sacrificing teachers who contributed generously of their energies, training, and time to the

success of the organization and its students.

Plans put into the cornerstone forty years ago concerned more than blueprints and the strength of steel beams. This educational organization was designed for comprehensive uses. It was to fit the youth of the church for worthy endeavor, for an increasingly effective personal ministry. At this point especially the founders exercised strength of faith and clarity of foresight. They would fashion instruction to the needs of those temporarily unable to attend a campus school. They would match and even surpass instruction offered in other schools of similar methods. They would help youth to think for themselves and by themselves, as all great thinkers do.

In harmony with the ideals and plans of its founders the Home Study Institute continues to improve its offerings and its techniques of instruction and evaluation. Furthermore, its plans help youth of real ambition and keen intellect to find guidance into some of life's satisfactions as well as instruction in courses that fit into academy and college curriculums. Many such courses are now offered in the areas of Bible, business, education, English, history, language, mathematics, and others. As a matter of fact, a course is offered for almost every need. The retarded and isolated as well as the accelerated and privileged youth may find inspiration for great deeds, a strengthening confidence in the Word, and an enlightened zeal for tasks helpful to finishing the gospel work in all the world.

Marching With God

(Continued from page 3)

come to *this* end of the squad room," I was among them.

This next detail ought to be a snap, I was saying to myself on that lovely Thursday afternoon, my third Thursday in Uncle Sam's Army. But it did not turn out that way at all. We were sent to the mess hall! When we got through about nine o'clock that evening, the mess sergeant profanely ordered us to report for work at five the next morning. The next day was Friday, remember.

Up to that time I had not said anything to anyone about Sabbath, and about the middle of the afternoon I was beginning to feel the need of a great deal of courage, which I did not have in my possession just then; so I asked the mess sergeant for a ten-minute break to go to the barracks. He gave me the break, and over at my barracks beside my bunk I asked God for courage and tact to ask for Sabbath privileges, and for strength and power to live a consistent Christian life before the 250 men of my company.

When I walked through the side doorway of the mess hall, a tall, soldierly master sergeant awaited me with a few papers

fastened to a clipboard. "This boy looks very official," I thought. "What do you suppose I'm in for now?"

"Your name Hickok?" he asked with astonishing politeness—for the Army, that is.

"That's right, sergeant." And I was just as polite.

"You're a Seventh-day Adventist, aren't you?" he inquired, looking at his clipboard list.

"I am; yes. I was wanting to see you about that too, sergeant."

"I think you won't need to, Hickok. You are to report to the orderly room at five o'clock. The company commander

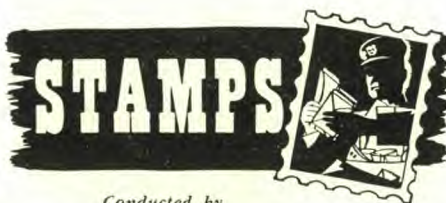
wishes to inform you concerning your Sabbath privileges during your stay here at Camp Grant."

(The orderly room is the administrative office of the company, you know.)

Then the master sergeant raised his voice and called to the mess sergeant, who heard and came quickly. "Say, this Army really works," I was thinking by then.

Said the master sergeant to the mess sergeant, "Sergeant White, see that this man is excused from work so that he can dress and present himself to the C.O. by seventeen hundred hours."

Said the mess sergeant to the master sergeant, "O.K., sarge."



Conducted by
REID SHEPARD

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

Stamp Exchange

Yvonne Cox, 223 Broadway Avenue, Fort Edward, New York (junior, beginner), wishes to exchange worldwide for worldwide stamps.

Kenneth S. Crofoot, East Jamaica Conference of S.D.A., 176 Orange Street, Kingston, Jamaica (senior, 8,000 stamps), wishes to exchange Cayman Island Silver Jubilee stamps for similar issues of other British colonies.

Robert Hartin, Regents Park Post Office, Box 110, Regents Park, Ontario, Canada (junior, 1,000 stamps), would like to exchange with worldwide traders.

William C. Hinton, 152 South Lexington Parkway, Saint Paul, Minnesota (senior, 2,000 stamps), offers stamps from France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Germany, for those from Australia and all British colonies.

Paul S. Hung, Boite Postale 453, Saigon, Indo-China (senior, 3,000 stamps), has many stamps chiefly of the Indo-Chinese variety, for which he wishes stamps from any other country. Mr. Hung is pastor of the Chinese church of the Indo-China Mission of S.D.A.

Billy Miller, Worton, Maryland (junior, 900 stamps), has stamps from Hungary for which he desires those from New Zealand and China.

Economy in Stamp Collecting— United States Stamps

THE purchase of United States stamps differs somewhat from that of other countries. Mixtures of United States stamps are of little value to the American collector unless he desires many duplicates of common stamps. Off-center, heavily

canceled, and soiled stamps are likely to be found in mixtures.

Many of the older United States stamps were poorly centered, and many have become soiled and torn; hence, the collectable item is scarce.

The wise collector of United States stamps is very particular as to quality. Naturally any collector wants the very best specimen he can get. Only the more expensive United States stamps have any value unless they are of fine quality.

Current United States stamps are the easiest to procure. A well-centered mint three-cent United States stamp is a real bargain for any collector if purchased at face value. It will always be worth three cents, and perhaps, sometime, more. Usually as soon as a mint stamp becomes obsolete (so called when it can no longer be purchased at the post office or philatelic agency) it sells for at least five cents.

A well-centered mint block of United States stamps is a real investment, on which you simply cannot lose. Such blocks are always in demand.

It is good to add well-centered, lightly canceled current United States stamps to your collection. Such stamps are not hard to procure at small cost.

The secret of economy in United States collecting is to keep up to date. Collect current stamps; do not fail to procure each one as it comes out.

Your next step is to begin collecting backwards. Age, with some exceptions, governs the value of the United States stamp. Sometimes the quantity printed affects the value. But in recent times stamps have been printed in very large quantities. When you begin to purchase stamps from dealers you should carefully study price lists.

Select a reputable stamp dealer, preferably one who has been long in business. He should be a collector as well as a dealer.

Never overlook the fact that the condition means everything when the time comes for you to sell your stamps. Work slowly and carefully, and spend much time in study.

Sure enough, I was doing pots and pans just then, but there was a song in my heart and a prayer of thanksgiving on my lips for the wonderful doings of God that day.

(To be continued)

An Unforgettable Experience

(Continued from page 12)

credit it. I begged them to go to the bank and see whether my money was still there, but they insisted that this errand could wait until I was able to go myself. So the first place I went after being released from the hospital was to the bank.

"The teller took me into a room and bade me be seated; there I told my story again. The clerk who had opened my account was called, he looked at me long and earnestly, and asked me to write my name several times. 'There,' said the teller, 'it never pays to believe the first story you hear.' Then he told me, 'A man came in and told the story of a fishing trip to us; only you fell overboard and were drowned. He owned all the equipment and the boat, and was your sole heir, he said. But he had lost all the papers except the bank deposit book. We told him that we could not give him anything until he produced your body or a valid coroner's report of your death.'

"I breathed a sigh of relief; my savings were safe. I could pay my hospital bill and reward the sailors who had rescued me from the island. The doctor told me that I would not have much endurance. He was right; I cannot take hard knocks, even though I look well and strong. But I am thankful to be alive, and glad to do good whenever I can. Yes, lady, I *know* there is a God! No one else could have saved me from death on that desolate island. Thank you; I will be glad to read that paper."

A short time after he finished the tale the travelers resumed their journey. And often in the years that have passed we have wondered how our kind host was faring, for you see my husband and I were the travelers to whom he extended hospitality, and it was to me that he told his story.

Dissolving Doubts

(Continued from page 7)

nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up, and to pull down, and to destroy it; if that nation, against whom I have pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them." "Again, when I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; if he turn from his sin, and do that which is lawful and right; if the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in

the statutes of life, without committing iniquity; he shall surely live, he shall not die. . . . He hath done that which is lawful and right; he shall surely live."

Here was something more. Here were the principles that governed cases like Nineveh. These in turn were found to be supported by the fact that God is a God of both justice and mercy. And underlying all this was the great truth that God is love. God had not changed. It was Nineveh that did the changing.

So we find, generally speaking, that a difficult Bible incident has elsewhere in the Book a principle which supports it, which comprehends it, which clarifies it. And the principle, in turn, often rests upon a larger, deeper, still more comprehensive principle located in still another part of the Bible. But when we search them all out how gratifying are the results!

Like the foundation of God's Holy City, the truths of His Holy Word stand firmly, beautifully, one upon the other. And He Himself is the solid footing which upholds them all. He is the foundation which is anchored steadfast and sure. He is the rock, the chief cornerstone, elect, precious, the same yesterday, and today, and forever.

He that hears and does His sayings shall be like the rock-founded house which fell not. He that searches out these truths and takes them to heart, like them, shall be changeless too. He that will trust Him and His Word, and will stay the mind on Him shall be kept in perfect peace. He that will pray and study and live Daniel-like need not be driven and tossed; he shall be enabled to walk upon the waters of life without sinking, without doubting.

"Commit thy works unto the Lord," said Solomon, "and thy thoughts shall be established."

Campus Gleanings

Walla Walla College

(Continued from page 13)

director of the Northern Rhodesian Mission after a brief stay at the Seminary in Washington, D.C. Delbert Calkins will soon sail for India, where he is to be secretary-treasurer of the Southwestern Union Mission. Some are going to the North Pacific Union's own mission field in Alaska. As time progresses more calls are anticipated which will place members of the class of '49 in many of the far-flung mission fields.

In the home field many calls have been accepted. Several are to intern as ministers in the North Pacific Union; a number have accepted positions as teachers in the colleges or senior academies; many have been chosen to be principals or instructors in the junior academies or elementary schools at home and abroad; and a large number will connect with our sanitariums in administrative or nursing capacities.

On the other hand, perhaps the highest percentage of any graduating class up to this time is planning to continue formal education prior to entering upon their lifework. Seventeen of the class of '49 will enter the College of Medical Evangelists in Loma Linda this fall, and a number of others have tentative acceptances for the next year. Some plan to continue their education at Walla Walla College toward a Master of Arts degree; others plan to broaden the education already gained here by availing themselves of courses missed during their regular four years of college. Several are planning to attend the Theological Seminary, and a number will enter graduate schools in other chosen fields.

But regardless of what the individual members may have in mind for the future, the general attitude is one of seriousness and a realization of the responsibilities that rest upon educated Adventist youth. The members of the class are in general accord with their aim, "To Exalt His Name," and motto, "Nobility Through Service." It is with these thoughts uppermost in mind that the Walla Walla College graduating class of 1949 looks to the future.

WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE

Takoma Park, Maryland

Don Roth, Reporting

Students of Washington Missionary College, 650 strong, went out recently in the annual Ingathering campaign, and in record time raised a record total of \$8,105.56.

Under the capable leadership of Pastor Andrew J. Robbins, associate professor of religion at the college, the student body was organized into twenty bands with a student leader at the head and two faculty members assisting. This huge army of workers went to designated sections of Washington, D.C., and vicinity to gather funds for the cause of God. After four nights and three days the goal of \$250 per band was reached and surpassed.

Not content with just the goal, many students continued to work; and with the totals gathered by the college industries and the bands of the Takoma Academy, the total for the campus exceeded last year's by \$536.56.

"Work God's Mine in '49" was the theme proclaimed by Campaign Director Robbins at the outset of the drive. A covered wagon device for each band was used in the college assembly hall to show the progress from day to day. Much enthusiasm and a high percentage of student participation characterized the short, but effective, campaign. A marked advantage was noted as the result of newspaper articles in the Washington dailies telling of the drive and its purpose.

Extensive planning, active promotional work, student leadership, and a zeal to work showed their results in this outstand-



AN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Do ducks ever build nests in trees?

What migrating bird always sets sentries when the flock stops to feed?

How does the grouse produce a drumming sound?

What kind of food does the bear like after his long winter sleep?

Why are a frog's eyes on the top of his head?

These and countless other questions about wild life are answered by Neil Wayne Northey, our forest guide, in a beautiful series. Here is a wonderful fund of information about scores of birds and animals woven into stories featuring the different classes of wild folk.

The Bluebirds and Their Neighbors.

The story unfolds on the Old Homestead where the Bluebirds come back to live during the summer. In an intensely interesting manner the other feathered and furry friends of the forest are introduced into the narrative.

Regular price, \$2.00; camp meeting price, \$1.80

The Mallards and Their Neighbors.

Mr. Mallard was shot in the wing on the way north, so he and Mrs. Mallard spent the summer on the Old Homestead. Everything would have been peaceful there among their friends at the duck pond if Lutra the Otter, Trailer the Mink, Billy Coon, Snoopy the Weasel, and other furry enemies had stayed away.

Regular price, \$2.00; camp meeting price, \$1.80

Paddletail the Beaver and His Neighbors.

The story of the timid and distrustful wild creatures on the Old Homestead, who lived in the Black Forest. It is the story of Paddletail the Beaver, and of the little wild creatures who lived near him. The enchantment of the forest and the thrill of the wild is a part of this intriguing volume.

Regular price, \$2.00; camp meeting price, \$1.80

Wild Creatures in Winter.

Do you know where Growler the Bear, Tiny the Meadow Mouse, and Sticker the Porcupine live when the snow is deep? How do you suppose Paddletail the Beaver finds anything to eat when his pond is covered with ice? Here the secrets of the wild creatures in winter are revealed.

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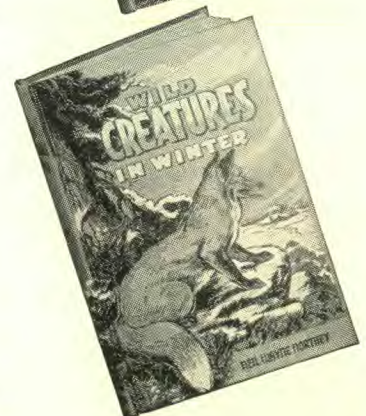
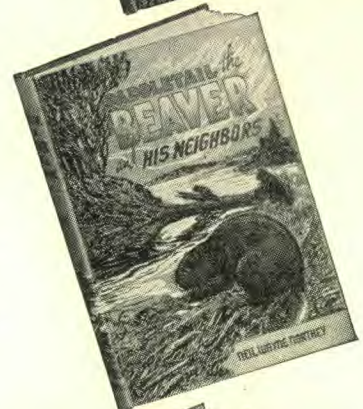
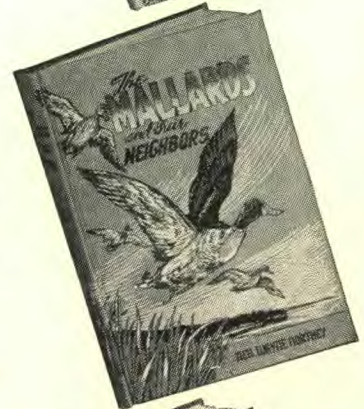
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ing record for Washington Missionary College.

Nearly two hundred Academy seniors of the Columbia Union were guests at Washington Missionary College at the annual College Day. Arriving by bus, car, and train, the excited seniors found a program without a lapse in their thirty-six-hour stay.

Highlighting the visit was the presentation of college scholarships to worthy students in the several academies. Other activities included a campus tour under the direction of Mr. Richard Fearing, Students' Association president, and a police-escorted fifty-car motorcade to the many points of interest in the capital of the U.S.A. An outstanding freshman class of 1950 is expected by the college administration.

The spring Week of Prayer was conducted this year by Pastor W. R. French, head of the Bible department. In plain,

Look Up

By FRANCES SMITH

'Twas in the morn of springtime
I happened down a road;
I felt the breezes tugging
As they tried to lift my load.

My heart was sad and lonely
Heavy as a leaden sky;
Then I felt the breath of heaven
Sweeping down from God on high.

I gazed upon the oak trees;
Their limbs were bare and brown;
They lifted up their arms to God,
And pleaded for a gown.

'Twas then I dropped my load of care
And lifted, with the trees,
My arms in supplication
To the Sender of the breeze.

simple language he outlined the plan of salvation to his hearers twice a day, and as a result two baptismal classes were organized. At the close of the week a real re-consecration was made by the majority of the students, and everyone felt that this was a time never to be forgotten in their college experience.

The college radio department was the scene of a recent radio broadcasters' workshop conducted by the General Conference Radio Department. W. F. Tarr, head of the speech and radio department, figured prominently in the discussion of topics relative to religious broadcasting.

The Beauty of Forgetfulness

(Continued from page 6)

our sadness in giving a ray of hope to our fellow human being.

So, the power to forget is a blessing. To remember the goodness of God, to think of the joy of redemption, to look forward to heaven—these are the essentials with which to fill the memory.

A Thought for You

✓ He that overcomes by force, hath overcome but half his foe.—MILTON.

I GROW old, learning something every day.—SOLON.

I WAS born to love and not to hate.—SOPHOCLES.

THE question is not, What can you do, but, What can you and God together do?—LYMAN ABBOTT.

CONCEIT may puff a man up, but it will not prop him up.—RUSKIN.

A CHURCH should be a power-house, where sluggish spirits can get recharged and reanimated.—SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

IN religion two things should happen—something should happen *in* us, and something should happen *through* us.—JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

It is just like an organ, there are white keys and black keys; and both are needed to produce great harmonies and wonderful music. So it is with the races of mankind; all are needed, and God has a place for every man, no matter what color his skin may be.—JAMES AGGREY.

WHO from crimes would pardoned be,
In mercy should set others free.
—SHAKESPEARE.

HELP me to be grateful for anything and everything that may prove to others the presence of the eternal God.—*Light for Today*.

WE live in the present, we dream of the future, but we learn eternal truths from the past.—MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

TEN men banded together in love can do what ten thousand separately would fail in.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

A SIGN hung in a college Y.M.C.A. room reads: "Be careful how you live; you may be the only Bible some people will ever read."

KEY TO "BIBLE RIDDLES"

(1) Hormah. (2) Bethany. (3) Mahanaim. (4) Hannah.

KEY TO "A WORD TRIANGLE"

B A N A N A
A M I G O
N I N E
A G E
N O
A



Senior Youth Lesson

V—Christ's Message to Sardis and Philadelphia

(July 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 3:1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: Revelation 3:5.

LESSON HELPS: *Daniel and the Revelation*, pp. 383-390; *The Story of the Seer of Patmos*, pp. 70-86.

1. How did the Lord address Himself to Sardis? Rev. 3:1, first part.

NOTE.—The period covered by the church of Sardis began about 1798. The word *Sardis* means "prince or song of joy," or "that which remains."

2. What reproof did He give the church? Verse 1, last part.

NOTE.—"The great fault found with Sardis is that it has a name to live, but is dead. What a high position, in a worldly point of view, has the nominal church occupied during this period! Look at her high-sounding titles, and her favor with the world. But how pride and popularity have grown apace, until spirituality is destroyed, the line of distinction between the church and the world is obliterated, and the different popular bodies are churches of Christ only in name!"—*Daniel and the Revelation*, p. 383.

3. What exhortation was given? Verse 2.

NOTE.—"One great cause of spiritual death to a church or to an individual is the neglect of Bible study. . . . The word of God is the bread of life, the spiritual food, and the church was literally starving to death,—'ready to die.'"—SARAH E. PECK, *God's Great Plan*, p. 363.

4. What were the believers counseled to remember? Verse 3, first part.

5. Against what were they warned? Verse 3, last part.

NOTE.—The latter part of this verse "implies that the doctrine of the advent would be proclaimed, and the duty of watching would be enjoined upon the church. The coming spoken of is unconditional; the manner only in which it would come upon them is conditional. Their not watching would not prevent the coming of the Lord; but by watching they could avoid being overtaken as by a thief. It is only to those who are in this condition that the day of the Lord comes unawares."—*Daniel and the Revelation*, pp. 383, 384.

6. What assurance was given the true followers of Christ? Verse 4.

NOTE.—"There were at this time a few great men 'even in Sardis' who most nobly and bravely stood for God and His word. And these 'few names' have been enrolled in the record books both in heaven and on earth, 'for they are worthy.'"—*God's Great Plan*, p. 364.

7. What threefold promise was made to the overcomers in Sardis? Verse 5.

8. By what terms does Jesus reveal Himself to the church in Philadelphia? Verse 7.

NOTE.—"The word 'Philadelphia' signifies 'brotherly love,' and expresses the position and spirit of those who received the Advent message up to the autumn of 1844. The great religious awakening in the early part of the nineteenth century which resulted from a study of the prophecies, culminated in this advent movement. Men from all denominations were convinced that the coming of Christ was near."—*Daniel and the Revelation*, p. 386.

9. What did Christ say He had set before them? Verse 8, first part.

NOTE.—There was a belief among the Adventists that the cleansing of the sanctuary at the end of the 2300 prophetic years referred to the Second Advent. After the great disappointment of October 22, God's true children

"learned that in the autumn of 1844, Jesus, instead of coming to cleanse this earth, finished His work in the holy place of the heavenly sanctuary, and went into the most holy place to begin the work of cleansing the heavenly sanctuary from the sins recorded in the books. It was then that 'the door' into the holy place was shut, and 'the door' into the most holy place was opened."—*God's Great Plan*, p. 374.

10. How did He commend the church? Verse 8, last part.

11. What strife was predicted between the church and the synagogue of Satan? Verse 9.

NOTE.—"Verse 9 probably applies to those who do not keep pace with the advancing light of truth, and who oppose Christians who do. Such shall yet be made to feel and confess that God loves those who obey His word, and follow in the knowledge of His truth."—*Daniel and the Revelation*, p. 388.

12. What special assurance is given to the Philadelphia church? Verse 10.

13. What hope and admonition is given to all? Verse 11.

14. What promise is made to the overcomer? Verse 12.

Junior Lesson

V—Christ's Letters to Sardis and Philadelphia

(July 30)

LESSON TEXT: Revelation 3:1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life." Revelation 3:5.

Guiding Thought

These two letters are written to Protestants. The dark periods of persecution are over for the time being. Those who worship God according to His Word are rejoicing in their freedom, but so much do they boast of how they overcame the darkness that they forget to press forward and grow in both faith and works, so Christ appears to those of Sardis as the one who gives the life-giving Spirit. Only a few heed the warning, however, and these become the Philadelphians, the church of brotherly love, who study the Bible and learn present truth, and who sacrifice everything that those who do not know should learn, and the light of the gospel be spread.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

The Church That Almost Died

1. How is Christ pictured as He gives His message to the church at Sardis? Rev. 3:1, first part.

NOTE.—Christ is seen here offering the seven Spirits (the fullness of the Spirit) to a church in which life is nearly extinct. Sardis is the name of a very precious stone, and is an appropriate title for the church that emerged from the persecution of the Dark Ages. Beginning with the Reformation, the church was full of promise and rejoicing, but the promise it showed at first was not fulfilled.

2. In what few words is the state of this church described? Verse 1, last part.

NOTE.—Sardis was once a beautiful and proud city, the capital of the province of Lydia, and the dwelling of Croesus, a king famed for his great wealth. Recently archaeologists have excavated the site of Sardis and found its ruins mere pitiable relics of a glory departed. The Christian church in Sardis started out as a flourishing company, and it looked as though a wonderful church would bear witness there, but it soon dwindled away. So too the Reformation period started out glorying in the wonderful new light, but they failed because they depended on faith, and did not work to give evidence of their faith. We may become like Sardis if we start out with high ambitions and good intentions, then while still pretending to have these qualities become lazy and forget to work.

3. In this state what is Christ's warning to Sardis? Verses 2, 3.

NOTE.—The city of Sardis was built on a high

plateau. Only one entrance to the city was believed possible, and that was up a steep and narrow passage. Because it was so easy to guard the city, the watchmen often became careless, and the people boasted of their security. Their carelessness cost them dear, however, for one dark night a soldier in Cyrus's army made up his mind to scale the almost perpendicular walls at a place where there were no guards. His fellow soldiers thought it impossible, but he made a way. Others followed, and the city was taken by surprise.

Christ's warning word "Watch," comes to us now. We must not think that because we belong to the church we can stop still and cease to watch for the enemy. "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Matt. 24:42.

ASSIGNMENT 3

The Faithful Few

4. What words did Christ speak to the faithful few in Sardis? Verse 4.

NOTE.—The people of Sardis were passionately devoted to the worship of Cybele, known as "the mother of the gods." At the annual festival honoring this goddess, multitudes are said to have joined in an obstacle race through brambles, thickets, mud, and slime, so that their feast-day garments became tattered and spattered. True Christians took no part in such wild pagan orgies, but kept themselves "unspotted from the world."

5. What good things are promised to the overcomer? Verse 5.

NOTE.—The "white raiment," or fine linen, is "the righteousness of saints." (See Rev. 19:8; *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 311 [new ed., p. 318].)

This text also reminds us of the time of judgment when the book of life will be opened. Then either names or sins will be blotted out. To each one Christ says, "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out."

ASSIGNMENT 4

Philadelphia, the Church of Brotherly Love

6. How is Christ pictured as He addresses the church of Philadelphia? Verse 7.

NOTE.—The meaning of the name Philadelphia is "brotherly love," and this meaning very well fits the spirit of those who accept the Advent message during the preaching of the first angel's message. Men from all the denominations were convinced that the coming of Christ was near. "As they came out of the various churches, they left sectarian names and feelings behind, and every heart beat in unison as all joined to give the alarm to the churches and to the world, and pointed to the coming of the Son of man as the believers' true hope."—*Daniel and the Revelation*, p. 386.

7. What was set before this church? Verse 8, first part.

NOTE.—Jesus, our High Priest, ministers in the heavenly sanctuary. In the earthly sanctuary the priest ministered each day throughout the year in the holy place until the last day of the sacred year. Then the door into the most holy place was opened, and his ministry took place for that day only in that apartment. So, when the 2300 days of Daniel 8:14, which ended in 1844, were over, Christ our High Priest opened the door to the most holy place to do the work of the day of atonement, of cleansing from sin.

8. What good things had this church done? Verse 8, last part.

ASSIGNMENT 5

Philadelphia and the Time of the End

9. What struggle was prophesied to take place between God's people and Satan's followers (the synagogue of Satan)? What was to be the outcome of this struggle? Verse 9.

NOTE.—Like the church of Smyrna, Philadelphia was given no reproof. Both were opposed to "the synagogue of Satan," "which say they are Jews" (Rev. 2:9), and both were promised final victory. Both suffered—Smyrna at the hand of the Roman Empire, Philadelphia at the hand of large numbers of professed Christians who were bitter against those who preached Christ's return.

10. What does Christ promise to do for those

who patiently endure the trials of the time of the end? Verse 10.

NOTE.—It is clear that this promise also applies to those who must go through the time of trouble. If we keep God's Word and law, Christ will keep us.

11. What warning is given to those who are looking for Christ's coming? Verse 11.

ASSIGNMENT 6

Promises to the Overcomer

12. List the promises made to the overcomer. Verse 12.

NOTE.—a. "A pillar in the temple." The city of Philadelphia had many temples, and therefore many pillars, some of which remain to this day. But to the overcomer Christ promises something infinitely better than a crumbling, moss-covered column, for the victor is to become a pillar in God's eternal living temple.

b. "He shall go no more out." Philadelphia had many violent earthquakes, and these drove the citizens from their homes into the country. The victorious Christian is told that he will not have to flee any more for safety and security when he is in the city of many mansions.

c. "I will write upon him the name of My God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem." The overcomers are ready for the last part of the journey home. To make sure that every traveler reaches his journey's end safely, Christ, who Himself is the Way, writes the name of the One to whom the traveler belongs (God the Father) and the place to which he is to go (New Jerusalem). Thus labeled, and cared for by their heavenly conductor, all will reach the journey's end safely.

d. "My new name." The traveler is marked with the name of the city and also with the new name that expresses the changed character of the overcomer.

ASSIGNMENT 7

Sort These Out—

Some of these words belong to the promise to Sardis, some to Philadelphia. Take a pencil and a pen, or pencils of two different colors, and use one to connect the words belonging to the promise to Sardis with the name Sardis, and the other color to connect the words that belong to the promise to Philadelphia with the word Philadelphia below:

SARDIS
PILLAR BLOT WHITE NAME NAME
CITY BOOK ANGEL TEMPLE NEW JE-
RUSALEM WRITE CONFESS HEAVEN
PHILADELPHIA



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THE LISTENING POST

★ THE British Navy is developing a life jacket that will turn an unconscious man over in the water and hold him so that his mouth and nose are free to take in air.

★ THERE are 38,000 fewer freight cars available to the railroads of the United States than there were on V-J day, due to the scrapping of old cars and the failure to build new ones.

★ FALCON ISLAND, in the Pacific Ocean, which is located near Tonga, behaves in a strange way. It alternately rises above the surface of the water and then disappears beneath it. Volcanic action is thought to be the cause of its fluctuations.

★ AND now it is recommended by the American Veterinary Medical Association that cows see a dentist twice a year! The president of the association, Dr. L. M. Hurt, says if this attention is given bossy, the return profit on the investment in better milk yield will be more than worth while.

★ YOUR piano stays in tune in direct proportion to the humidity in your living room. The effect of humidity is most noticeable when the piano is played with other instruments that are not similarly affected by moisture in the air. The recommendation is that pianos should be tuned with each change of the season.

★ MORE than 1,900,000 bathtubs were produced in the United States last year, and most of them went into American homes, as reported by the Tile Council of America. It adds that each tub will be used by an average of three persons. But there are still 12,000,000 bathroom homes in America, and 8,000,000 without running water.

★ IRELAND recently became a "sovereign independent state" in its own right, free from the British Commonwealth of Nations. Approximately four tons of fireworks celebrated this independence, and it was noted that posters, printed in English in Dublin, urged the Irish people to cultivate the Gaelic tongue and discontinue the use of English as a national medium of speech.

★ WORLD time accurate to a tenth of a thousandth of a second a day now is the objective of astronomers. At present it is suspected that there may be an error of as much as a thousandth of a second in 24 hours. Even when the new atomic clock recently developed by the U.S. Bureau of Standards is used, there will still be trouble in keeping absolutely accurate star time. A major difficulty is the shift of position of the poles, as much as 30 feet in one direction or another in a year. It cannot be predicted precisely for any given instant.

★ ROSE fever, hay fever, and several other kinds of fevers which are accompanied by smarting eyes and running nose are with us again. Scientists say that these are the results of allergies, but be that as it may, they mean intense discomfort to their unfortunate victims.

★ FROM Managua, Nicaragua, comes the word that hereafter buggies and their attendant horses are to be banished from the streets. The government of the country is refusing to license such vehicles for future operation.

★ ALTHOUGH the mean distance from the earth to the moon is 238,857 miles, the maximum distance may reach 252,710 miles, and the closest the moon can approach the earth is 221,463 miles.

Minute Meditations

God stands toward His people in the relation of a father, and He has a father's claim to our faithful service. Consider the life of Christ. Standing at the head of humanity, serving His Father, He is an example of what every son should and may be. The obedience that Christ rendered, God requires from human beings today. He served His Father with love, in willingness and freedom. "I delight to do Thy will, O My God," He declared; "yea, Thy law is within My heart." Christ counted no sacrifice too great, no toil too hard, in order to accomplish the work which He came to do. At the age of twelve He said, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" He had heard the call, and had taken up the work. "My meat," He said, "is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work."

Thus we are to serve God. He only serves who acts up to the highest standard of obedience. All who would be sons and daughters of God must prove themselves co-workers with God and Christ and the heavenly angels. This is the test for every soul. Of those who faithfully serve Him the Lord says, "They shall be Mine . . . in that day when I make up My jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

God's great object in the working out of His providences is to try men, to give them opportunity to develop character. Thus He proves whether they are obedient or disobedient to His commands. Good works do not purchase the love of God, but they reveal that we possess that love. If we surrender the will to God, we shall not work in order to earn God's love. His love as a free gift will be received into the soul, and from love to Him we shall delight to obey His commandments.

—Ellen Gould White.

★ TWENTY-THREE years ago Samuel Stewart, of Syracuse, New York, reported to the police that his watch had been stolen. It was found in the salesroom of a loan company in the same city recently, where it had been pawned.

★ OFFICIAL information has been sent out to the effect that the name Trans-Jordan is incorrect for the little country that has been so known. The proper name is Hashemite Jordan Kingdom. This name harmonizes with its constitution.

★ By crossing the Japanese tangerine with the ordinary grapefruit a Soviet specialist on subtropical agriculture has developed a hybrid that tastes like an orange, has only a trace of familiar grapefruit bitterness, and can be grown in northerly climes. The scientist is now working on a frost-resistant lemon.

★ At the present time 2,159 women are enrolled in 77 United States medical colleges. They make up 9.5 per cent of the student body, having almost doubled their representation in the past four years. Of last season's 5,543 medical graduates, 392, or 7 per cent, were women. In view of the great need for more doctors in the armed forces of the United States and shortages in different parts of the world, there should be plenty of work for all of them.

★ DEER, so appealing in the woodlands, can be real pests in gardens. In some parts of the United States farmers are allowed to shoot these light-footed robbers. Other States pay for the damage done. Records show that in 1947 Maine paid \$16,000 cash on nearly 1,000 claims; in 1948 costs came close to \$2,000,000. But there is help in the offing. Recently the B. F. Goodrich Chemical Company announced test results of a spray which would keep deer away from crops. It can be applied to plants and trees early in the season, and does not injure human beings even if eaten, for their salivary glands are different from those of deer, which get an annoying but harmless sore throat when they intrude, and go back to forest food.

★ FINGERING his lute lovingly, a southern mountaineer recently sat down at a microphone in the U.S. Library of Congress' Music Division. Before him lay jumbled papers on which were the words he would sing, but he hardly glanced at them. He just closed his eyes, leaned back, and sang for seven days, taking only enough time off to eat and sleep. Ballads, hymns, and fiddle tunes from the Smoky Mountains he sang, and when he had finished 330 of them had been recorded for the Library's Archive of American Folksong. That made him the largest contributor in its 21-year history. The library's collection now numbers over 10,000 records, more than 40,000 songs. Of these about 300, judged most representative of types or regions, have been selected for public sale.