

# The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

## Dare to Share Your Faith

By W. A. TOWNEND

ABEL shared his faith—  
and it cost him his life.

NOAH shared his faith—  
and he was laughed at for 120 years.

JOSEPH shared his faith—  
and lost an influential position.

MOSES shared his faith—  
and forfeited his heirship to the  
throne of Egypt.

DANIEL shared his faith—  
and faced the prospects of a tor-  
turous death.

JOHN BAPTIST shared his faith—  
and was beheaded.

PAUL shared his faith—  
and was flogged, and later executed.

JESUS shared His faith—  
and died on a cross.

*Now is the time for YOU to share  
your faith—if you dare.*



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# LET'S TALK IT OVER

IT IS said that Daniel Webster, Secretary of State under the thirteenth President of the United States, Millard Fillmore, was once dining twenty men of high Government degree at the Astor House in New York City. Webster was never a talkative man, but on that occasion he was unusually reticent; and in order to draw him out, one of the guests asked him a rather unusual question: "Mr. Secretary, will you tell me what is the most important thought that ever has occupied your mind?"

Webster passed his hand over his forehead, and said in a low tone to one sitting next to him, "Is there anyone here who does not know me?"

"I believe not," answered his friend.

Then Webster said aloud so that all could hear, "The most important thought that ever occupied my mind is that of my individual responsibility to God." And he proceeded to discourse upon this theme for twenty minutes, after which he rose from the table and retired to his room.

And really, *is* there a more important thought to which any one of us should give attention?

I am thinking of a young sailor lad who is on the high seas with the United States Navy. I shall never forget the first time I saw him, about two years ago, when he attended our church here in Takoma Park one Sabbath. He had such an open, honest face that one was bound to notice him, but also he carried his Bible, and to the very end of a long sermon he looked up every text and paid close attention to every word spoken from the desk.

After the service a friend who had invited me to dinner asked him to join us, and he gladly accepted, for it was his first Sabbath in Washington. Before he returned to the Naval Base at Anacostia that evening we had his story.

He had been carefully reared in a Seventh-day Adventist home, and his educational background included both church school and several years in a denominational academy. But he "got tired of religion," and decided that it was just too much trouble to live in harmony with the Christian standards of the faith of his fathers. So the year before he was eighteen he decided to go out into the world "and have some fun." He told us how his

mother wept when she signed his enlistment papers, but added, "Like Jonah, I decided to get away from God and all things religious, and I wasn't much interested in an education."

Once in Uncle Sam's uniform, however, he began to think. He was in a new world, and while he liked it, he began to see that there are other and more important things in life than having a good time.

At the Great Lakes Naval Training Station he met up with a mate who tried to convert him to his religion. Johnny assured him that he was wrong in his interpretation of the Bible; and in order to prove it to him, he dug down to the bottom of his barracks bag and found the copy of the Inspired Book that his mother had packed with the few personal belongings he had taken with him into the service.

"All the texts I had learned in church school and academy seemed to come back to my mind," he told us, "and it didn't take me long to prove to him in such a way that he could not answer, that the seventh day is the Sabbath, that when people die they just—well, die, and that Christ is coming a second time. In fact, in proving these points to him, I convinced myself that I had tried to throw away the *best* religion in the world, and that I could not get away from the teaching of the Bible no matter how hard I tried."

Johnny had been studying radio at Great Lakes, and when he had finished the training offered there in his line, he had been sent down to Anacostia to continue his course. It did not take him too long to find a church home and loyal new friends not far from the Naval Base here, but every now and then, when he had liberty, he would make the long trip out to Takoma Park and drop into my office for a chat. He studied hard and was an A and B student all through his course.

A bit of trouble about the Sabbath suddenly came up, and he appreciated the help from the Missionary Volunteer secretaries of the Potomac and Columbia Union conferences in working out the problem. Also, he came to realize for the first time that he had made a very real mistake in enlisting. He was advised by all who worked on his problem that the best thing would be to resign, because he was already assigned for sea duty, and

probably more trouble would be in store for him. He was loath to follow this advice, but finally did. I shall never forget the last time I saw him before he left for San Diego and his ship.

"Do you think there will be time for your resignation to be acted upon before you go to sea?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered, "but I know this: If the Lord wants me in the United States Navy, nobody can keep me out; and if the Lord does not want me in the United States Navy, nobody can keep me in."

To everyone's surprise his Sabbath problem was amicably worked out, and he is now on shipboard serving as electrician and radio man on a destroyer which is on a Far Eastern duty assignment. He is so "good" in his technical line that the Navy wants to keep him, but his real business is to share his faith, and that he is doing right courageously.

His letters are full of the talks he has had with his mates about his religious beliefs, and his last letter says that one or two are keeping the Sabbath and that he has a Bible study class of thirty. He wanted enough copies of *Steps to Christ* and *The Bible Made Plain* to supply each one of them, and he should have these books by now. "Pray for my class," he asks.

Also, Johnny has a new vision of his responsibility to God for his own life, and every cent of his pay that he can spare is going into his "college fund." He is not sure whether he will train to be a science teacher or a minister, but reading between the lines I would say the ministry is his preference.

Just remember, friend o' mine, as you consider your own experience, that nothing is more important to think about than your own individual responsibility to God. Have you given all there is of you into His hands for safekeeping? If you have not, then why not do it right now? It is the only safe, satisfying thing to do. If you could talk it over with Johnny personally, he would assure you that the world has nothing to offer young people today; that God has everything!

Lora E. Clement

# STILL SMALL VOICE

By C. R. TEGHTMEYER

**Y**OU had better put that hoe down; today is God's holy Sabbath." Looking around the garden, George was surprised when he could not see anyone. Taking his hoe again, he resumed his task, thinking that perhaps his imagination was working overtime this warm spring morning.

"You had better put that hoe down; today is God's holy Sabbath." The same words, the same low voice, only this time a little louder, a little more emphatic. Again George looked up, expecting to see someone, but he was alone in the garden. This time he realized that it was not his imagination or a neighbor but a voice bringing a message from God.

"George!" a voice he recognized called. "Dinner." This time it was Jenny, his wife, speaking.

Deep in thought, George walked to the tool shed, put the hoe in its place, went on into the kitchen, washed his hands and face, and sat down to a good meal.

"What are you so thoughtful about, George?" queried his wife, seeing that he was not eating much.

"Jenny," George said earnestly, "I think that we should start keeping Saturday for the Sabbath."

"Now, what brought that sudden decision?" Jenny asked, adding, "You know what would happen if we did. We would lose most of our friends. They would think us queer. Why, I doubt whether any of them have even heard of this Seventh-day Adventist Church."

George then told her what had just happened in the garden. "I know now that it's the right thing to do," he said, "and I intend to keep Saturday for the Sabbath from now on."



EWING GALLOWAY

God Speaks in Many Different Ways to Us Human Beings—Through His Inspired Word; Through Prophets, Preachers, and Teachers; and Sometimes to Us Directly

George had always been that way. When he was convinced that he should do a thing he did it. When he was quite young he was converted, and decided to be a minister. After finishing high school he had worked hard and saved his money, intending to go to college. Finally the day came when he was to leave for the theological school at Pella, Iowa. This was a great day for George. He was at the station early; his two well-worn suitcases stood beside him, and he was wearing a new suit. The suit had been made for him by his mother, and he wore it proudly to school where others wore "store" clothes. When the train came he waved good-bye to his family and was off to college.

He matriculated with a full schedule. After classes he did janitor work to help pay his expenses. He also fixed clocks on the side and did all the odd jobs of carpentry that he could get. Then at night, after studying all his lessons, he would take his Bible and study it till very late.

During his college days of Bible study George was convinced that a person should pay tithe. His church did not have a plan for the use of tithe, so he found the address of a Baptist missionary in

India, and for many years corresponded regularly with him and sent him his tithe.

After a year at college George went home for a much-needed rest. The healthful country climate and the change from study were just what he needed. He worked on the farm that summer and then went back to books again, but this time it was easier, for he taught a small country school near home.

One Sunday he was asked to speak at a little church. Before the time for him to speak he met several of the people who attended the church. Among them was Jenny. He was much impressed by this young woman, and when he started his sermon he had a hard time keeping his mind on the subject.

After that George became a regular member of this church and a regular caller at Jenny's home. About a year later he and Jenny were married at a little town about thirty miles from Sioux Falls, South Dakota. He was teaching school at that time, and after school was out they moved to Sioux Falls. Here George and Jenny regularly attended a large Protestant church near their home, and after a time George was made the assistant pastor.

One year he was sent by his church as a representative to a large Baptist conference held at Des Moines, Iowa. He was glad to go, for he would meet ministers who he was sure could answer some of his questions for him. He had studied the books of Daniel and Revelation, and wanted someone to explain the prophecies.

While he was at the conference he asked several of the prominent ministers there about these prophecies, but it seemed that each had a different answer for him. He was about to give up when an old, gray-haired bishop put his arm around his shoulders and told him that if he would read a book titled *Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation*, by Uriah Smith, he would get a true understanding of what these books of prophecy teach.

After the conference George went home and found the book in the city library. He read it through very carefully, and was thrilled with the light that it gave him. When he had finished the volume he read it again, but this time in small portions

to his family at morning worship. George knew that he had found the answer to his questions. He wondered why his minister friends were not familiar with the same truth.

One day on his way home from work George noticed a large tent being erected on a vacant lot. He walked across the street and spoke to one of the men who was working on the job. "Say, what is the tent for?" he asked.

"We are going to hold a series of evangelistic meetings here next week," the man answered with a smile. "I surely hope you can come on our opening night. The meetings will be well worth while to anyone who is interested in the Bible." George liked the looks of this clean-cut man, and accepted his cordial invitation. Because he lived only a few blocks away he was present at the first Sunday evening service, as were Jenny and their two children. They were warmly greeted at the entrance and shown to seats near the front. About ten minutes before the ser-

mon started, songbooks were passed out, and a song service was begun. George loved to sing and was the song leader in his own church. After the song service Pastor Luther Warren gave a stirring sermon. At its close they were bidden good night and invited to "come again" the next evening. George and his family were there and attended regularly. God worked on the hearts of these young people, and they were convinced of the truths that the evangelists presented.

Then came the Saturday morning George had his experience in the garden. "I intend to keep the true Sabbath from now on," George declared.

"Then I will too," Jenny agreed. "After all, even if we do lose some friends, we may be able to show others the same wonderful truths that we have learned." A few minutes later there was a knock on the door. George answered it. It was Pastor Warren, who had come to visit them. When they told him of their de-

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# DECEPTION

By F. S. HARTWELL



**B**ECAUSE we get some things clearer by comparison, we shall compare this word *deception* with the exact opposite, *truth*. *Truth* is correct, reliable, honest—a fact and the eternal principle of right. *Deception* is a fraud, a falsehood, a cheat; it is unreal and misleading. These two are as far apart as faith and presumption.

There are two ways of being deceived. Someone else may deceive us, or we may deceive ourselves.

Jesus warned against deception in Luke 21:8: "Take heed that ye be not deceived." Whichever way we are deceived is most unfortunate, but self-deception is by far the greater danger.

When one deceives himself his religion is vain, and as a rule he does not know it.

In his self-deception he may manifest great confidence and assurance, but when the storm breaks and the test comes, his experience will not stand the strain. For instance, Peter deceived himself into thinking that he had what it took to stand loyal to his Master, but when the trial came he failed terribly. Let us be thankful he learned his lesson.

Then we have that beautiful picture in Acts 27 of a man who was *not* deceived in any way. It could be that he knew he was

going to Rome to be beheaded. If so, it would be an awful thing to anticipate.

At least one thing is sure, he was on a ship and in a storm so terrible that it seemed the ship would sink any moment. The hardened old sailors were so frightened they had not taken food for two weeks; and under those conditions Paul stepped forth and said, "Be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you," and again, "Be of good cheer: for I believe God."

Paul's experience was reliable and honest. Peter's was unreal and misleading. And all because one had deceived himself.

The worst form of self-deception is that which causes one to *believe* that his condition is better than it really is.

I think of the prayer of the Pharisee, as recorded in Luke 18. He told the Lord how good he was, and emphasized some of his extra-special, good qualities, and never knew that he went away *empty*.

Little wonder that Jeremiah said, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?"

The name *Pharisee* is given to the class who persist in deceiving themselves with the idea that their condition is good when

it is not. In a book I read recently, speaking of Pharisees, it said, "There is more hope for the open sinner than for this class." It is not easy to understand how an intelligent person could and would deceive himself to his own destruction.

There is that sad and interesting old story in Numbers 16, telling how almost fifteen thousand people lost their lives because of self-deception. All the while they believed they were righteous, or, as they stated it, all holy, every one of them. But they were actually rebellious, stubborn, bitter, jealous, and were filled with hatred, unbelief, and pride.

We do not think we would have been like them if we had lived back there, and yet we read in that beautiful book *The Desire of Ages*, "Thousands are making the same mistake as did the Pharisees whom Christ reproved."

We are careful to avoid smallpox, diphtheria, and all such diseases; and yet self-deception is much more dangerous.

A Pharisee is somewhat like the dog in the manger; he did not eat the hay and would not let it be eaten by anyone or anything else. So in Matthew 23:13. The Pharisee will not go into the kingdom, and hinders those who would.

After all, a Pharisee *can* be changed, converted, and forgiven, like Simon the leper, whose story is recorded in Matthew 26. And as you read the story you will notice the gentle and diplomatic way in which Jesus showed this man the folly of self-deception.

What makes this state especially serious is the fact that self-deception may cause one to lose *both* worlds. He may give up nine tenths of this world, and lose the ten tenths of the next. That is too expensive. "*Fearful* indeed is the power of self-deception on the human mind."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

**A**FTER the interview with my commanding officer I handed in my application for Officer Candidate School. When I returned to battalion headquarters the executive officer, Lieutenant Scott, whose desk was opposite mine, wanted to know what I had been doing lately. I saw the twinkle in his eye.

"Something I never dreamed I'd be doing, sir," I told him. "And besides, I think you know good and well what I've been doing."

"I'll have to confess to that one, corporal," he smiled. "We'll be rooting for you here, you know."

I was most grateful as I went to work on the finishing touches of the battalion history. Next day was appointed for the O.C.S. screening board at Camp Grant. The future of some ninety men would then be decided. But I became absorbed in the history, and the day ended quickly. Just a few more hours of art work, and the battalion chronicle would be ended too.

About 120 of us began the next morning to await the summons before the screening board composed of three lieutenant colonels. We fell to talking over our chances and asking each other questions about military organization, Army regulations, articles of war, current events, and what have you. We had no idea what questions the board might ask. I felt like a dummy. Frankly, I was registering a blank. Examinations always did panic me anyway.

We were called before the board alphabetically. After a very long while they came to the H's. And finally they got to me. But I cannot say I was happy about it. I opened the door, and as I turned around to close it I knew that every move I made, beginning at that moment, was under close scrutiny. I prayed for presence of mind. I did a perfect about-face at the door, marched resolutely most of the length of a long room, did a by-the-right-flank near a chair in front of the table, took two strides toward the president of the board, halted, and saluted him briskly.

"Be seated, corporal," said the most important of the colonels. I sat. Ostentatiously they went on to discuss the case of the soldier who had just been interviewed. Actually they were using this as a blind to observe my composure. I sat at motionless attention, thankful for the breathing period and opportunity to estimate the situation. And believe me, I breathed as deeply as possible, recalling

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.

AUGUST 16, 1949

# Marching With God



## "KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, CORPORAL"

By A. DEAN HICKOK - - - - - Part IV

my old speech teacher's admonition; and when the questions began two minutes later my heart was almost normal.

They asked me twelve questions, as I remember—half of them on war events and geography, the other half concerning the organization of the medical battalion. Not one concerned religion! I guess I missed half the questions. But I never answered, "I don't know," nor did I do any guessing. When not certain of the exact answer, I would say, "I don't recall that, sir," implying that I had at least been exposed to the matter and simply could not remember. Suddenly they were through, and said so. Another sharp salute, a left flank from halt, a few paces to the exit door—and I was free!

The following morning when I returned to battalion headquarters to finish the history, I found another note from the major on my desk. "Report at once to personnel section's Company D clerk."

When I got there a few minutes later I asked the clerk what was the trouble. "Sign right here," he said, pointing to a little space on my service record.

"What's this for?" I wanted to know.

"You've been accepted for O.C.S.!"

I hurried back to headquarters, trying to be very nonchalant and pragmatic. Lieutenant Scott and Major Kirkley were waiting at the door with broad smiles.

Quothe the first lieutenant, "Hi ya, shavetail!"

Said the major, "Congratulations, Hickok." Similar things were said by the rest of the office contingent. I was thrilled by their good wishes, but was wondering about the next step.

Back at my company I received word the same day that my second child was about to be introduced to his mother. A telegram from her doctor came via Red Cross, recommending that I be given a

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# The MACEDONIAN Call

By R. G. CAMPBELL

**WE READ** in the sixteenth chapter of Acts: "A vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, *Come over into Macedonia, and help us.* And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them." The Macedonian call was never more urgent than it is today. Thousands of honest people who are unfamiliar with the teachings of the Bible are calling for help to understand the meaning of these troubled times. Some of them are reading their Bibles without understanding; some of them are listening to the Voice of Prophecy radio programs, and are charmed by their teaching, but do not know how to make these truths their own.

Recently two women, both daughters of a Protestant minister, who had listened to the Voice of Prophecy for over two years, began praying for light to understand the teachings of the radio minister. They prayed that somehow God would send them instruction, either by a personal visit, a letter, or a book, so that they might understand more fully His plan of salvation for them. One morning the sister who lived in New Orleans, Louisiana, awakened with the impression that she should get on the train and travel more than three hundred miles to visit the sister who lived in Port Arthur, Texas, just two blocks from the Seventh-day Adventist church in that place. When she spoke to her husband he reminded her that they had no money, and suggested that she had better give up the idea of taking such a trip.

But the impression that she should visit her sister continued strong in her mind, so later in the day she telephoned a friend, who lived about fifteen miles away in another section of the city, and told her about the strong urge she had to visit her sister in Texas, but that she had no money. At once her friend offered to lend her the necessary money, and the next day the two sisters were together at the hour of morning prayer in Port Arthur, Texas. They had been reared around a family altar by a good minister father, now dead. As they were about to kneel for

prayer they heard a knock at the door. When they answered it there stood a very shy young lad of about eighteen years with a book still in the original wrapper under his arm.

He had been impressed that morning to take the book and walk down the street two blocks from the church where he and his brother were staying while they worked as student colporteurs. This lad was impressed to walk right down that very street and stop at that *very* house where these two women were praying for light. He spoke to the one who greeted him at the door and said, "I have a book here I thought you might like to see," and handed it to her still wrapped. She invited him in, unwrapped the book, and handed it to her sister. They sat down to look at it, and she said, "Sister, here is the answer to our prayers." So they began telling the boy about the Voice of Prophecy programs they had listened to, and how deeply they had been impressed by what they had heard. When the lad told them that the same people who sponsored the Voice of Prophecy program printed the book, they each bought a copy.

When the New Orleans sister returned

to her home she telephoned the pastor of the New Orleans Seventh-day Adventist church and asked whether he could tell her where she could secure several more copies. The pastor and his wife called upon her, and now there is a rapidly developing interest in the studies they are conducting, and a whole church is extending the Macedonian call for help. Just think of the marvelous way God has of working to bring His truth and truth lovers together. His great time clock never fails. The radio, prayer, the telephone, friends, the train, a student colporteur, a sister, a book, a church pastor, several more good books, a church full of people waiting for the message of salvation—all these were providential.

Can you not hear this Macedonian call, young man, young woman? Will you not respond and help carry the gospel as did that shy colporteur lad who was used of God to answer the sincere prayers of those honest hearts? Yes, God is calling you to help give the third angel's message in your community—to "Share Your Faith."

A new plan has recently been launched  
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✱  
This Young Lad Was Impressed to Walk Right Down That Very Street and Stop at That Very House Where the Two Women Were Praying for Light

EWING GALLOWAY



# Colporteuring in the CARIBOO

By HUBERT G. BAYLISS



PHOTOS SUPPLIED BY THE AUTHOR

Top: The Bayliss Family on the Peace River Highway, North of Prince George, British Columbia

Center: On the Cariboo Road, Heading North  
Lower: At Home on the Road

**T**HIS great territory of the Cariboo in British Columbia was pioneered by gold seekers. Old-timers like to tell of their thrilling experiences. In many a lonely cabin I have had thrilling wild animal stories poured into my ears, and they are very easy to believe. One may see moose, bears, deer, coyotes, and even wolves at times. A few days after I visited one home they counted twenty wolves from the windows. I later saw the pelt of one of these; it was fully six feet long and had only a short tail.

Not far from that home I helped pull a stalled car from a snowbank. The driver warned me to watch for wolves, because they were plentiful. This was hardly necessary, for their tracks were numerous. I saw

the spot where one had been shot only that morning. Another day I scared a mountain lion, or cougar, which gave me quite a thrill. At a distance of only twenty feet he appeared as big as an African lion.

But the colporteur is seeking more than gold or adventure, although soul-stirring experiences are frequent. Here are some events of a typical day.

Today I have been canvassing on the slopes of the Cariboo Mountains, one of British Columbia's lesser ranges. Patches of snow still line the roads, but my heart is warm as I think of the hundreds of

homes where our wonderful third-angel's-message-filled books are highly prized and eagerly read.

This morning I visited the home of a man who had just returned from months in the hospital. Both his children had died, and his wife had left him. There were tears in his eyes when I read some comforting paragraphs to him from that wonderful book *The Desire of Ages*. He said he was quite embarrassed financially at the moment, so I showed him *The Cigarette* and *The Road Back*. "This one is by a British Columbia author," I said, as I handed him *The Road Back*. "R. E. Finney?" he queried. "Did he write *Judy Steps Out*? That was a book I really enjoyed. If I had a dollar, I would buy these two."

I left them with him. He said he would send the dollar as soon as he could. Farther down the road a family possessed three of our good volumes. "These are a real help to us," the wife said. They paid cash for *The Desire of Ages* and ordered

*Bible Readings* for the fall delivery.

Not far away, in another home, the mother had cured her husband of polio with the home treatments described in *Modern Medical Counselor*. These books make thousands of friends for the third angel's message.

"Those are Seventh-day Adventist books," said the woman I met in another home. Her large family crowded around to see the exhibition. "We bought two in Manitoba," she added. I showed them four more, and took her order for the set, one to be delivered each month for four months by mail. They paid a deposit, and the father said, "Send *The Desire of Ages* first, and *Bible Readings* second, please."

This family said that they enjoyed the Voice of Prophecy broadcast each week from Prince George. I gave them a Voice of Prophecy leaflet, and the whole family pressed in to see the picture of Pastor H. M. S. Richards and the King's Heralds quartet.

What a privilege to be a representative of this wonderful message of truth which God has sent to the world in these last days! On every continent hundreds of ambassadors of heaven are calling at home after home with the news of Christ's soon-coming kingdom. These colporteur-evangelists, speaking scores of languages, have soul-stirring experiences every day. At one of last summer's camp meetings Pastor Richards, representing the Voice of Prophecy, said, "The colporteurs are God's commandos. They spearhead the attack." There are many enemies, but a kindly attitude and a smiling face can win the respect of even the most bitter opponent.

If you, dear youthful reader, have been called to this glorious literature work, do not hesitate. God will supply all your needs. My wife and I, with our two children, have proved God time and again.

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# IN THE LILAC BUSH

By XANA J. SCHURENE

THE lilac bush was still and dusty, for very little rain had fallen during the month of June. As I sat sewing a sudden quivering of the leaves just outside my window drew my attention to a pair of birds flitting back and forth. Because I was a member of a nature club which required that each year one must identify a hundred birds, ten songs, and five nests, I was immediately interested in the opportunity for close observation of another species.

These birds were building a nest in the lilac bush, so close that I could have touched it. They had chosen a small crotch of branches, having only a few leaves on the northwest to hide it. Small twigs, pieces of string, a few strands of hair and fine roots, a dried piece of vine, some browned leaves, and scraps of cleansing tissue had been recklessly put together. No soft down or feathers lined the nest when the birds flew away and darkness came on. I was disappointed, for I feared that my watching might have frightened them and that they had gone to find some more secluded spot for a summer home. Pulling the shade over the window, I waited until after the week end before peeking out again.

The birds were a dull gray, but were more slender than a robin. Their underparts and breasts were lighter than their backs, and the whole tops of their heads were black, as were their tail feathers. Under the tail coverts was a deep chestnut patch; their bills and legs were almost black. But one bird had a nearly white feather at the edge of each wing, a distinctive trimming that identified him from others of his species. These were catbirds and belonged to the thrush family, which are noted for their sweet songs. But catbirds also are mockers, often imitating not only other birds but sometimes strange noises.

When Monday morning came and I ventured to peep out at them again, I was just in time to see four deep bluish-green eggs before "Mrs. Tabby" hopped from a near-by branch onto the nest. During the day I adjusted the shade carefully, so that the birds would become accustomed to the motions of my sewing and the noise of the sewing machine. Whenever "Mr. Tom" perched near and caught my eye watching him, he would flutter his wings, spread his tail, and



stretch his neck toward me as much as to say, "Stay where you are; you had better not come too near!"

He came back to the lilac bush every ten or twenty minutes (I timed him by my watch), so that Tabby could have a little exercise and find some food. He usually alighted on a branch lower than the nest at the left, flaunted his wings at me, then hopped to a position at the right. He never sat on the nest, only guarded it. The third move was a little farther away to an outer branch of the lilac, where he sang most beautiful melodies until his mate stealthily arose from the branches below to take up her quiet task again. Sometimes Tom forgot to relieve Tabby at the proper intervals. Then he seemed to bring some choice cherry or an extra fat worm as a sort of "sorry-I-was-late" gift!

As Tabby sat and warmed her eggs she rose slightly at frequent intervals and altered her position on the nest, so that within an hour she had turned completely around. This motion was always toward the sun clockwise. She also rolled the lovely blue-green eggs a little with her beak to warm them evenly, so that her birdlets might develop properly.

Several times when the early afternoon sun shone full on Tabby, Tom came to the closest branch on the south side and sheltered his mate from the hot rays, fanning her by fluttering his wings. The nest had been built so close to the window that the heat of the building was reflected upon the mother bird, causing her to pant.

A bird's lungs are different from an animal's. Because of their rigid skeleton needed for flying, there are many air sacs in the lungs. When the wings are moved each downstroke presses the air forward

into the lungs and out through the mouth and nostrils. Raising the wings then causes the bird to inhale fresh air. When a bird is too warm it cannot perspire through the skin, so Tom's fanning and Tabby's panting were natural movements of their ventilating system. He stayed about two hours, or until the shadows from the leaves took his place.

During the daytime, when the mother bird was nesting, Tom spent much of his time singing. Sometimes he was in the lilac bush or over in a near-by maple tree. He frequently sat on a telephone wire strung to the corner of the house near the bush. His songs and whistled tunes were so varied that often I wondered what peculiar bird or beast was trespassing. "It's too dry for a frog to be out there!" I once exclaimed. Another time I said to myself, "Is someone's cat snapping off branches as she climbs up to my neighbor's nest?" But I read in the bird book that sometimes catbirds can make such very queer sounds.

A full week went by with many of these peculiar performances. Three days later, while my curtain had been drawn, I discovered that the miracle had been performed—two eggs were gone! In their places were two yellow beaks wide open. By late afternoon four ugly heads, having no eyes, only gaping mouths, filled the nest. In the days that followed, the unrelenting task of trying to satiate the appetites of the four babies with insects, spiders, worms, and red berries from the near-by bushes kept the father and mother as busy as the bobbin in my sewing machine.

Once Tom tried to push a whole cherry into the wide-open bill of the smallest babe. When the cherry would not go down, he pulled it out and gave it to the biggest fellow, so bulged with fat worms that he was always pushing himself and his brothers almost out of the nest.

One day a carpenter bee buzzed close by the heads of the sleeping babes. They did not rouse and open their mouths as they did when the parent birds approached. I held my breath for fear that the bee might sting one on his bald pate, but nature evidently cares for its own—the bee flew on its way without molesting the birds.

During a downpour of rain one day I wondered what was happening to the lit-

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# A Thousand Shall Fall BY THY SIDE

By H. A. REIFSNYDER

**A** WELL-KNOWN American general is reported to have said that "the infantry is known as the backbone of the armed forces, the boiled down essence of combat; that the infantryman is the soldier who is always too hot, too cold, too hungry, too scared, but who still plugs ahead toward his unknown destination." The general might have added that the infantry platoon medical-aid man faces all dangers without the protection of a firearm. His only source of protection is a firm trust in God.

A soldier who knew what it was to face an enemy on a battlefield once said, "O Lord my God, in Thee do I put my trust!" Many a soldier has since found these words a source of comfort and protection. When David uttered them he was pleading with his heavenly Father for divine protection from his enemies. How many soldiers during the recent war called upon God for protection while thousands fell on every side!

In 1944, as the second world war moved into France, a young Seventh-day Adventist medical-aid man was assigned to an infantry platoon in the 79th Division. It was his duty to reach his wounded comrades as soon as possible, even though at times it meant placing his own life in peril. Of course, the front line was a place where one wrong move might mean instant death or serious injury. It was a terrifying place to be, for at the front there is no safe place for anyone, especially for a medical-aid man who does not bear arms.

It was in July that this soldier was assigned his hazardous task, and became known from that time on as Medic to the entire platoon. His first adventure into combat was accompanied by many prayers to God for protection, and that he might have the ability to care for any type of casualty that might occur.

It was not long before Medic had been on both day and night patrols, had administered first-aid treatment to many fallen comrades, and had even maneuvered through the enemy's lines to rescue several wounded, helpless, fellow soldiers. As the fighting increased in intensity fewer and fewer of the original number of his platoon were left. The hardships, the thoughts of losing more buddies, and the facing of unknown dangers added to the sadness that already overshadowed those who were left.

After several months of combat Medic was asked by replacements how he managed to stay up front so long without being hit. The answer was not given boastfully; he claimed no cleverness of his own, but gave all praise and honor to God for His wonderful protection in answer to prayer.

Many times he came face to face with experiences that were severe tests of faith, not to say courage, such as the duty to get out of a fairly safe foxhole to administer first aid to some unfortunate soldier when

artillery and mortar shells were landing near by. Subjecting himself to possible death from flying pieces of shrapnel did not bring any sense of high heroism. These short but perilous missions were accomplished only by God's ever-present care, for He always answered Medic's prayers.

One day as the platoon was attacking a town in France, it had to cross an open field. As the men started across, the enemy opened rifle fire and hit one man in the leg. The wounded comrade was in severe pain and unable to walk because the bullet had lodged in his ankle. Medic knew from past experience that if he went to the aid of the wounded man, he would attract enemy fire. But prayer gave him courage to dash out, pick up the victim, and run with him to a small ravine not far away, where he could treat him in spite of the hail of bullets.

During the battle in the forest of Parroy the platoon was cut off from the rest of the company shortly after crossing a road. There being still a few hours before dark, the sergeant suggested that they all make a dash for the road and find a place of safety. But as soon as they started to run,

the enemy fired from several directions. Again Medic prayed for protection, not only for himself, but for the entire platoon. Every man reached the roadside safely, and found a ditch to stay in until another move could be decided upon, though they all knew they had to cross that road in order to rejoin their comrades. It was decided that all would cross at one time. Medic decided to remain in the ditch until all the others were safely over, because he knew that if anyone should be hit, he would have to turn back to care for him. After all had crossed safely he prayed for protection while he dashed to the other side. He made it without mishap even though he ran about thirty-five yards within close range of the enemy fire.

A few days later his platoon was attacking another small village. After a short exchange of rifle and mortar fire they found a weak point in the enemy's line and entered the village. However, it did not afford much protection. Enemy shells pouring into the town sent the American soldiers scurrying for shelter in the nearest buildings. Medic ran into a house and

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It Was His Duty to Reach His Wounded Comrades as Soon as Possible, Even Though at Times It Meant Placing His Own Life in Peril

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO



# Seeds and Stars

By LA VEDA DUNCAN

**W**ILL there be any stars in my crown?" hummed Jean as she set things in order before the office was opened. Jean's humming broke off as she began to ponder the question. Would there really be any stars in her crown? She had distributed literature, taken people to church, and given freely to missions, but not a single seed she knew of had been harvested for the Master. A wave of disappointment swept her heart, and she wondered whether it really did pay, after all, to follow Christ.

Noticing the time, Jean seated herself at the desk for the morning's business. When the door opened slowly a moment later her thoughts were interrupted, and she looked up to see a woman standing just inside, leaning her weight on the doorknob for support. She was thin, her hair was colorless, her skin a pallid gray, and deep furrows and wrinkles proclaimed how much she had suffered and worried. The extreme thinness of her face gave her eyes a sunken appearance.

Not knowing what else to do, Jean put on her best receptionist's smile and asked, "Did you wish to see the doctor?" The woman nodded her head and answered in a pleasant voice that, yes, she would like to see him at once if he was not too busy.

Habit rescued Jean from her confusion. She turned to take a record sheet from the desk and motioned the woman to sit in the chair near by. The usual questions were asked as to her name and age, and other general information was gathered. The patient was very timid, but smiled when she answered.

Jean noticed that the woman's dress seemed as faded and colorless as the wearer, but it was at least neat and clean.

When she asked how many children the patient had, the woman's voice took on a note of pride, and her eyes expressed her deep love for her brood of four.

The last question on the sheet came mechanically: "What is your trouble?" Jean leaned forward and asked the question gently and kindly, but she was not prepared for the expression of unutterable

pain and anguish the woman exhibited. She did not cry, but the great eyes mirrored a sorrow that was too deep for tears and too crushing for weeping. The story was told with dry, heart-racking sobs.

It was a common tale, but one that is always touching because of the suffering and disgrace involved. The husband had become a drunkard; and the social, financial, and religious status of the family had suffered. The loss of any one of these possessions would be a tragedy, but she had seen them all slip one by one from her home.

Only she knew how she had fought the losing battle singlehandedly, and witnessed the want and suffering of those she loved so much. She had valiantly tried to save some shreds of decency for the young ones depending upon her, but human flesh can reach a breaking point under emotional strain; and here she was sitting in a doctor's office asking for help.

Jean's eyes were filled with tears as she gently whispered, "Have you prayed? Prayer changes things, you know."

The woman's eyes beamed with delight. She unsnapped the shabby purse that had lain unnoticed in her lap, took out several pamphlets, and shoved them into Jean's hands. All the time she talked on continuously like water pent up behind a dam that had suddenly broken. The pamphlets were radio logs announcing the Voice of Prophecy broadcasts. Jean's heart skipped a beat, and then pounded with joy at the woman's enthusiasm.

Before the astonished girl could recover her breath the woman was urging her to fill in a Voice of Prophecy radio Bible course application, all the time telling how wonderful the studies were and how they had helped her. So full was the woman's heart of this new-found message that it was hard for Jean to stop her long enough to explain that the Voice of Prophecy was sponsored by the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

At this the woman fairly glowed. Jean asked about her church attendance; and when she learned that she was completely ignorant of Seventh-day Adventists, Jean offered to drive out into the country and bring her and her four children to the little church on the following Sabbath. After the arrangements were made there

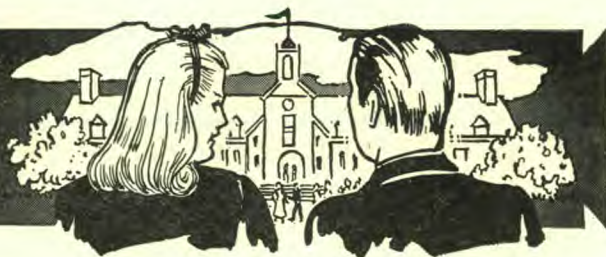
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KEYSTONE

She Did Not Cry, but Her Eyes Mirrored a Sorrow That Was Too Deep for Tears

# CAMPUS GLEANINGS



## THE VOICE OF ADVENTIST YOUTH

Verona Montanye Schnibbe, *Reporting*

"Quiet please. We're on the air!" Everything and everyone in spacious Columbia Auditorium was positively hushed at 8:29 p.m., as a vast assembly of Walla Walla College (College Place, Washington) Missionary Volunteers awaited the creeping movement of the second hand.

Eighty-three sharp. The ether responded, and radio audiences of stations KNEW, Spokane; KWNW, Wenatchee; KWWB and KUJ, Walla Walla, heard the harmonious blend of organ and hundreds of voices in those familiar words, "M. means that we're Missionaries, V. means Volunteers."

Introductions over, with the choral fade-out came the invitation from Pastor M. J. Perry, M.V. secretary of the Upper Columbia Conference, for radioland to listen to The Voice of Adventist Youth and to share the faith, fellowship, and inspiration of the M.V. group.

Musical numbers and background by vocal and instrumental groups were woven through the half-hour program as Pastor Perry; Dr. W. I. Smith, M.V. sponsor for the college organization; and Delbert Calkins, M.V. leader, introduced active suborganizations and speakers.

Happy years of service for others were recalled by leaders of the various M.V. bands. The Sunshine Bands, under the direction of Bud Dopp, were bringing Sabbath music to four particular groups of shut-ins. Half an hour of music was being broadcast to every patient in the Walla Walla General Hospital, over the inter-communication system. On the other hand, the wide-eyed group of responsive, though elderly, folk who congregated at the Odd Fellows home joined in singing themselves, and listened eagerly, not without comments, to a brief, inspirational talk prepared by the students.

Personal visits were being made to occupants of the county farm while some of the sunshiners continued their songs in a group. The fourth division visited shut-ins and invalids of the village.

In his very down-under accent Heath Rowsell, New Zealander, contemplated doubling the output of *Signs of the Times*, with the aid of the flying-fingered mailing band. Progressive, too, were the Literature Band and its leader, Ottis Edwards, who were distributing timely pamphlets, and visiting homes to share their faith.

Hailing from Brazil, W. Schneider was directing a cosmopolitan band of foreign-



"The Voice of Adventist Youth" Radio Broadcast Originating at Walla Walla College. Left to Right Are Lillian Koehler, Dr. W. I. Smith, Delbert Calkins, and Edgar Weaver

mission-minded youth, and arranging programs of interest and educational value. Because the band members include students from South Africa, China, India, Peru, and numerous other far away places, a great variety of information was available on demand, as to conditions, costumes, and habits of the countries represented.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Richard Litke reported that approximately one hundred members of the Master Comrade band were working diligently to receive their insigne in a near-at-hand investiture service. Youth leadership is the great goal of this group.

Minutes flew past in rapid succession, as faith-testing experiences were related by different Walla Walla College students. Near starvation, brutal beatings, and imprisonment were the lot of Irma Dietrich Jones and her father, who, as German nationals in Japan at the time of the recent war, were accused of being spies and of betraying military secrets to the American forces. Irma told how her father, suffering from three "third degrees," was found after her release, in an emaciated condition, on the verge of death. But Providence overruled, and Pastor G. P. Dietrich was spared. Irma expressed her desire to go

back and share her faith with the Japanese.

From Alaska tiny Grace Kulukhon, a native Eskimo, stood on a podium before the microphone and told the world she loved her people, even though they had treated her badly. She is eagerly studying to return and help her native brothers to know the love of Christ. Grace, like many other twentieth-century Daniels, has gone through a series of tragic persecutions in her home country.

Other students gave a glimpse of how they had, in the U.S. Navy, on the railroad, from the printed page, become acquainted with the God whose love reaches out to all humanity.

Keith Argraves, whose spine-chilling war experiences of capture and escape have been published in book form, gave a few glimpses of his adventures as a paratrooper in the European theater. Argraves believes firmly in answered prayer. He knows. The hardened plane crew know. They heard his prayer to God to spare their lives when a crash seemed inevitable. Argraves hopes that they, too, will remember that prayer in the hand of faith is the thing that counts.

The story of his jackknife surgery, a battlefield tracheotomy, was related by

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# Northward

By GRACE E. ROBINSON

THE little white piece of paper in my hands was a Northern Rhodesia telegram. It read, "OWING PRESSING NEED IN EAST AFRICA DIVISION COMMITTEE STRONGLY URGES YOU ACCEPT SPARROW'S CALL FOR GIRLS' WORK STOP PLEASE CONSIDER FAVORABLY STOP WIRE REPLY BY WEDNESDAY IF POSSIBLE."

I was dumfounded. After graduating from Helderberg College, South Africa, in 1943, I had planned to return there for another year, in order to take some special studies that I felt would be useful in the mission field; but because of the urgent need of help at our Rusangu Training School in Northern Rhodesia, I had worked there for a year. Eagerly I had looked forward to the fulfillment of my cherished hopes, but now this!

I tried to think my problem through, but my mind was too confused. That night I made an earnest plea to the heavenly Father for wisdom and guidance as to what I should do. Needless to say, I accepted the call. And when the mission school closed I went to my parents' home at Chimpempe Mission, between seven and eight hundred miles farther north, to await final arrangements for the trip to Kenya, East Africa.

Because Chimpempe is about 360 miles from the nearest railway, it was necessary to begin the journey by riding on the late afternoon mail truck, which passes the Rusangu Mission each Monday. The native driver was obliging enough to come the half mile from the main road to the house in order to load on my luggage and heavy goods.

My parents came down to the river with me—it is about one and a half miles from the house—and waved good-bye when the pontoon ferry shoved off with our truck aboard. One's feelings at such a time are mixed and difficult to describe, so I will leave to your imagination what that parting meant to each of us.

Soon we were across the river, and the blackness of an African night was upon us. Only the bright lights of the lorry broke that darkness, until over the horizon faint gleams foretold the advent of the rising moon. Soon it swung into the heavens, shedding its golden light over



PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

The Girls Who Were Boarders at Nyanchwa When I Arrived. The Man at the Left Is the One Who Gave Me Such Valuable Assistance and Who Had to Take the Responsibility of the Work When the One in Charge Had to Leave on Furlough, and I Had Not Yet Come. It Is Necessary to Use a Married Man as Assistant in the Girls' Work, Because the Girls Are Not Sufficiently Advanced in Education or Ability to Be Leaders

tall trees, thick scrub bushes, long tropical grass, and the truck and its human cargo as it wound in and out on the ribbon of road.

We traveled each day until we reached a government post; then we would find the home of a friend or a hotel, stay the night, and start off again at dawn. During the day we often stopped to take on or let off passengers and to buy bananas or other food at wayside market places. Once we drove up to a large mission station of another denomination and delivered their mail. At Kasama I had to wait two and a half days for another "bus" going in my direction.

The highway ran through the hills and valleys, and was very good all the way from Rhodesia to Tanganyika Territory. At Tunduma, where we spent the night, we had climbed to an altitude of five thousand feet. In the morning I discovered we were near the top of a mountain, and it was bitterly cold. We could look down on a huge blanket of fog so thick it seemed as if it could be cut with a knife.

This road is the one used to transport

troops to North Africa during the recent war. It is still in excellent condition, and so we were able to travel at a speed of forty-five to fifty miles an hour.

At Mbeya I arranged with the customs official for a truck to take me to visit our Seventh-day Adventist mission, which was located three miles out. The union superintendent, Pastor H. M. Sparrow, had written the W. M. Chases that I might stop off to see them, but two months had passed since they had received that word, so they did not expect me. I had wired them four days previous to my arrival, but they had not received my message. Nevertheless, they greeted me most cordially, and I spent a happy week in the home of these kind people while making arrangements for the remainder of my journey and verifying my bookings.

Mbeya lies nestled among the pine trees, seeming to hug the side of the mountain to keep warm. It is here that one finds native cattle with humps on their backs just like those in Eastern lands. The hill people are some of the most backward, one of their customs being that women

and girls never wash during their entire lifetime. They wear only animal skins. Our workers find them difficult to reach because they spend most of their time working in their gardens. They till the soil on the steep hillsides right up to the topmost peaks.

The market in the town is well supplied seven days of the week with everything including bottles of milk (usually a solution of half milk and half water) and many kinds of fine vegetables and some fruits. One side of the market shed is taken up by a tea stand, which is well patronized. Here also the natives buy snuff, chewing tobacco, and livestock. There is a continuous hubbub as buyers and sellers, each determined to shout down the other, try to dispose of their wares.

On Sunday, the tenth of June, I continued my journey by motor transport, but this time in a more comfortable conveyance run by the Tanganyika railways. Some of the vehicles are completely fitted with seats for passengers, and others are a combination of glorified truck and degraded bus; that is to say, half of the lorry is built to carry luggage and mail as well as natives, and the other part is equipped with seats for European or Indian passengers. I happened to be traveling in the latter type. Those completely filled with seats were not nearly so open, the windows being small and barred. The one I was in traveled ahead, while one of the other type followed about five or ten

minutes behind us. I had four adult, fellow European travelers and two children with me; the others were Indians or natives.

We were to travel only seventy miles that day, so we did not start until three o'clock in the afternoon. For a while the road led along the level, but then gently began to climb up and up, until I wondered how high the top might be. The mountain scenery was unbelievably beautiful, with valleys far below where a rushing river hurried on its way. The other side was covered with a carpet of living green. Most of it consisted of acres and acres of green peas, just coming into bloom. Then as we wound in and out, back and forth, up and down, turning this way and that, we saw herds of cattle lazily feeding on the sloping hillsides, tended by little boys clad only in a smile, minus even the usual string of beads. Where it was too high for cultivation, and nature was still in its wild state, breath-taking sights were ever coming into view. In places wild flowers of yellow, white, and blue dotted the hillsides; and red-hot poker in all their flaming glory stood stiffly at attention.

Chimala, our stopping place for the night, was really a private farm hired by the government to put up travelers. I was given a large comfortable room, and later all of us enjoyed a well-prepared meal, and spent a pleasant evening. I was astounded the next morning to find that

my bill for two excellent meals, a room with a very comfortable bed, and lovely surroundings, was only ten shillings, or about two dollars.

On June 12 as we continued our journey we were privileged to see five duiker, or small antelope. The country had changed so much from the beauty of the day before that it was almost like going from daylight into night. It was all fearfully dry, covered with short grass, which was parched and withered. In places there were a few scrub bushes, but for the most part there were only short, leafless, dead-looking trees.

That afternoon we reached Iringa, another mainly Indian settlement, a little larger than Mbeya, high up on an escarpment. The food and rooms which some of us had here were a distinct contrast to what we had had the night before, but the accommodations were better than nothing. We were thankful, above all, for the chance to have a good bath. Again the evening was spent talking with our fellow travelers, and the next morning, after a rather scanty breakfast, we were on our way again.

The country through which we passed was even drier and more barren than that we had seen before. In places there was no grass at all, and the trees were few. In this part one finds literally hundreds and hundreds of baobab trees from which cream of tartar is obtained. They were a source of never-failing interest to me, with

One Side of the Girls' Compound, Nyanchwa, Kisii. First House on Left Is Kitchen and Also Contains Storerooms and Shower Room. Little House at Side Is Woodshed. Middle House Is Dining Room and Last House Is Dormitory. All Open Space Between Is a Green Carpet of Lawn

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR



their short, stubby branches, and thick, gnarled trunks presenting grotesque appearances at nearly every turn of the road.

That morning we saw two hyenas some distance in front of us. Their characteristically massive shoulders, doglike heads, sloping backs, and small hindquarters, showed plainly what they were. As we drew nearer they started to run up the road, but one soon gave up and darted aside, where he stood gaping at the audacious intruders who dared to threaten his life.

By this time we were doing thirty-five to forty miles an hour, yet the remaining beast refused to turn off the road, and much to our surprise was soon joined by another companion, who gave him moral support. By this time we were all sitting on the edges of our seats, urging the driver to speed up, which he did most obligingly, to at least fifty miles an hour.

One of the hyenas was fat and looked well fed, but the other one was so mangy looking and thin, I still marvel at his speed and the distance he was able to cover. He led as they continued running, and even after his healthier companion had darted out of the way of the truck, he continued up the road. As we drew nearer and still nearer we could actually see him take another hitch, as it were, and lower his head a bit more, until we were almost on top of him. Then with one last, desperate effort, he veered to the left of the oncoming wheel, and crashed headlong into the thick underbrush, just at the side of the road not a fraction of a second too soon.

This show seemed to have been especially staged for us, for hyenas seldom venture into the open, even at nighttime, let alone in broad daylight.

Later on in the day, and at various intervals, we were privileged to see several impala ewes and rams, types of African antelope. One beautiful specimen, a ram, with proud head erect, brownish-red-and-white tail flying, bounded in long, graceful leaps across the road only about fifty yards in front of us. In the middle of the afternoon we saw Mr. and Mrs. Baboon leisurely cross the road. They ambled along on all fours until they reached a fallen tree trunk on the opposite side. There, in a most unconcerned manner, they sat down to marvel at the hurry of the queer beings who rushed by in some monstrous kind of contraption!

We were very glad to reach Dodoma that afternoon. This ended the truck part of my trip, for I boarded the train the next morning. This town is one of the stations on the Dar es Salaam-Kigoma railway, and is about four hundred miles from Mbeya. I was sorry to have to bid my congenial traveling companions farewell at this point, for all of them were taking the train for destinations in the opposite direction.

Along the better part of the way I now took lay country similar to that which we had passed the day before. In the afternoon it began to change, becoming more pleasant because of the rains in this area. For many miles there were no trees of any size to be seen, but the short grass was lovely and green, and there were waving fields of different grains, such as kaffir corn, corn, millet, and some rice.

That evening we reached Tabora, which is a fairly large town, and is the junction for the line that continues on to Kigoma, on Lake Tanganyika, and also branches up to Mwanza at the south end of Lake Victoria, Nyanza. About two miles out

of town the government maintains a large school for the natives.

By the middle of the next day I was in Mwanza. All the way up from Abercorn I had found it necessary to use the Swahili language in speaking to the natives, and was most thankful for a knowledge of this *lingua franca* which is so widely used throughout the central part of Africa. I had learned it as a child in the Congo, but had not used or heard it spoken for nearly ten years. Still, on my arrival at Mwanza I had no trouble directing three of the black horde of would-be porters to conduct me and my luggage to the hotel about half a mile away.

This town is no exception to all East African towns, and fairly bristles with Indians. Still it is beautiful, for nearly all the streets are lined with stately palms or spreading acacias with their refreshing green foliage clasping hands across the streets.

I had to wait two and a half days before I could take the lake steamer and continue the next stage of my journey. On boarding the boat I was pleasantly surprised to find I had a first-class cabin; for though I had been booked to have one, that was no indication it was what I would get. However, at bedtime that night I soon discovered that there was a drawback in the bargain. My cabin was toward the stern on the deck and right next to that part of the boat which was reserved for the steerage class. These passengers, about 350 or 400 in all, were made up of the poorer class of Indians, natives, and *askaris*, the native troops.

My cabin was separated from this milling mob by a mere railing, and a particularly rowdy group had ensconced themselves right on the border of their section, being only about three steps from my door. It was useless to tell them to be quiet, so to the accompaniment of their raucous laughter, loud talking, shouting back and forth to their friends farther along the deck, and intermittent outbursts of song, I had to make the best of it and try to sleep. I partially succeeded after turning wearily from side to side for about two and a half hours. However, it seemed I had barely accomplished this feat when I was awakened about 3 A.M. by the growing din. From then until time to get up I could do no more than doze. Daylight was most welcome.

That morning we pulled into Musoma, a small place nearly halfway up the lake, to unload goods and passengers, and take on others. After leaving that afternoon, I was able to make up a bit of the sleep I had lost. I dreaded the coming night, but to my great joy my accompanists of the previous night had either been drugged, bribed, or threatened into silence, so that I was able to get some peaceful slumber.

The next morning we dropped anchor in the Kavirondo Gulf, a mile or so out of Kisumu, which ended my boat trip.

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The *Sasa Hivi* Coming Into Kendu Bay





EVA LUOMA

A. DEVANEY

**O**UCH! Rastus! Quit!" screamed Mary as she tried to shake off the raccoon that clung to her leg with his sharp claws. She began to walk away, but Rastus held on as he would have to the swaying limb of a tree, and all but grinned his enjoyment. Suddenly Mary kicked her foot, and the raccoon went tumbling pell-mell across the floor.

Instantly his triggerlike temper was aroused, and reverting to the true wild animal he was, he slunk up behind Mary, and with both claws and teeth, clamped onto her leg. Gloved hands had to be resorted to to remove the rascal, but nothing could save Mary's stockings, and he had punctured the skin in several places.

The Martin family had been saying for some time, "We must *do* something about that raccoon," but this time they said it seriously.

That something should be done about this raccoon the entire household had decided the very day Kenneth had come up the path to the house carrying the fretful, hungry baby.

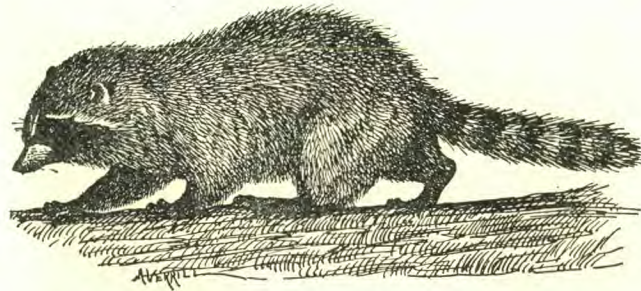
"See what I've found, Mary," he called as he came into the house. Sisterlike, Mary ran to see what discovery her brother had made this time. Usually it was something exciting, and she was not disappointed when she saw the tiny ball of fur with its ringed tail and its mask-like face markings. She took the trembling bit of life from Kenneth, and while she petted it, murmured endearing words that seemed to comfort the forlorn little stranger.

"He's nearly starved, Kenneth. I can feel his ribs. We must feed him something," she declared after the raccoon had become calmer.

The children consulted their mother, who advised them to give the baby animal milk mixed with sugar and water. Rastus, as they agreed to call him, gulped the nourishment from a bottle, and in no time it was gone. Mary put the tired little raccoon in a box, and he seemed to know that after his days of wandering he had at last found a home. Soon he was fast asleep.

If he should be turned loose in the woods to shift for himself, we felt certain he would soon be killed by larger

## RASTUS, *the* RACCOON



By HELEN RIEN

animals. Apparently his mother was dead, or he would not have been trying to eat from the calves' trough in the pasture. So Mary and Kenneth begged to keep the raccoon. "We'll take care of him, Mother," they pleaded. No doubt because she felt the same way toward all helpless beings, Mrs. Martin consented. So Rastus became a member of the family.

None of the Martins liked to see animals in cages. They believed that they should know the joy of a free life, so they decided that Rastus should be trained to live in the house, as do some dogs and cats. So it came about that the raccoon never knew the confining walls of a cage. The children's house was his home also, and their yard was his yard. The trees were his to climb too. Yet he was still decidedly a wild animal, and they expected that at almost any time he would decide to leave them and live again among his fellow raccoons. But the children loved him and hoped he would stay, for he made such an interesting playfellow.

One evening Rastus could not be found. Fearfully Mary and Kenneth called for him, but there was no answering "c-c-cuuuu," and no running of little feet down the path toward them. Where *could* he be? Reluctantly they went into the house, fervently wishing they might have been allowed to tie him up. But just as

Kenneth was about to close the door after him, he heard the lawn gate slam shut, and out of the corner of his eye he saw the little raccoon slip into the shrubbery. Rastus had been near the children all the time they were looking for him, and had had a grand time keeping out of their sight. Realizing that the game was ended when the children went into the house, Rastus was ready to come in also.

Another time when the raccoon was thought lost Kenneth discovered him high in a box-elder tree—a tiny ball of quivering fur. His pleading eyes said plainer than words that he was too frightened to venture down. It had been great fun climbing up, he seemed to want to say, but would Kenneth please forgive him and get him down? The boy went up into the tree and brought the repentant raccoon back to safety. Rastus had learned his lesson, for never again did he venture high up into the trees until he had become big enough to climb down again.

As he grew older his coat became more and more beautiful. The rich mixture of gray, black, and brown fur was accentuated by the broad rings of gray and black that encircled his tail. The black, mask-like patches around his eyes gave him an inquisitive appearance. When he sat on his haunches, either resting or begging for food, it always seemed as though he

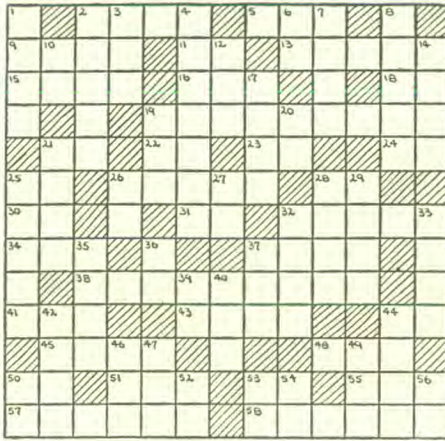
# Crossword Puzzle

## Centurion's Servant Healed

Matthew 8

### ACROSS

- 1 "Verily . . . say unto you" :10
- 2 Auxiliary verb
- 5 "I am . . . worthy" :8
- 9 Halt
- 11 Southwestern State (abbr.)
- 13 ". . . the servant whole" Luke 7:10
- 15 "servant was healed in the selfsame . . ." :13
- 16 Toe (Scot.)
- 18 Hawaiian bird



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- 19 "there came unto him a . . ." :5
- 21 "For . . . loveth our nation" Luke 7:5
- 22 Capital of Moab Num. 21:15
- 23 "and . . . thou hast believed" :13
- 24 Doctor of Entomology (abbr.)
- 25 and 14 down ". . . be it . . . unto thee" :13
- 26 Large
- 28 County Clerk (abbr.)
- 30 Afternoon (abbr.)
- 31 "to my servant, . . . this, and he doeth it" :9
- 32 Belief
- 34 Snakelike fish
- 37 "many shall come from the . . . and west" :11

- 38 "For I am a man under . . ." :9
- 41 Krona (Swed. abbr.)
- 43 One who sues
- 44 Clerk (abbr.)
- 45 Poems
- 48 From
- 50 Nor so
- 51 "when he was now . . . far from the house" Luke 7:6
- 53 "But say . . . a word" Luke 7:7
- 55 The candlenut tree
- 57 Displease
- 58 Jacob
- Our text is 1, 2, 5, 13, 25, 26, 32, 50, 51, 53 and 58 combined.

### Down

- 1 One of the Upanishads
- 2 "returning to the . . ." Luke 7:10
- 3 April (abbr.)
- 4 "when Jesus was . . . into Capernaum" :5
- 6 "weeping and gnashing . . . teeth" :12
- 7 Journey
- 8 Fillet worn around the hair
- 10 "sick, and ready . . . die" Luke 7:2
- 12 "I also am a . . . set under authority" Luke 7:8
- 14 See 25 across
- 17 . . . Major
- 19 Automobile
- 20 "he hath built . . . a synagogue" Luke 7:5
- 21 "my servant lieth at . . . sick" :6
- 25 But . . . the word only" :8
- 26 "I say to this man, . . . , and he goeth" :9
- 27 Army Order (abbr.)
- 28 and 40 down "children of the kingdom shall be . . ."
- 29 Large town
- 32 Unprejudiced
- 33 "I will come and . . . him" :7.
- 35 Ground
- 36 "When Jesus heard . . . , he marvelled" :10
- 37 Before
- 39 High School (abbr.)
- 40 See 28 down
- 42 "that thou shouldst come under my . . ." :8
- 44 "and to another, . . . , and he cometh" :9
- 46 Compass point
- 47 Male child
- 49 Royal Academy of Arts (abbr.)
- 50 Same as 50 across
- 52 Traffic Director (abbr.)
- 53 Number of Psalm beginning, "Why do the heathen rage"
- 54 Nova Scotia (abbr.)
- 56 Aluminum (abbr.)
- "And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour." Matt. 8:13.

—Key on page 22

were contemplating what mischief he could get into next.

Rastus was different from a cat or a dog. He could do many things without being punished, as domestic pets would have been. No one minded the raccoon's crawling into his lap when he was sitting reading or listening to the radio. Rastus especially enjoyed sitting on one's shoulders. With his front paws he would play in his chosen one's hair, biting or pulling it, or just running his paws through it as though he thought it needed combing. If it were Kenneth, he would probe into the pockets of his shirt or overalls, and take out whatever the boy had hidden away.

During the summer the outside door was always open, and Rastus soon learned to push open the screen in order to let himself out of the house. He could also let himself back in by catching the bottom of the door with his front paw, flinging it open, and running into the house before it slammed shut. Unfortunately, he could never be taught not to slam the door.

When it came to food Rastus loved his bottle of milk more than anything else. That is, he did, provided it had a certain amount of sugar added to it. He also enjoyed cookies, and would hold one in his hands, taking bites out of it, just as a

child would. Childlike, too, was his love for candy, and the whole Martin family enjoyed watching him make faces while he chewed caramels.

In keeping with the habits of his kind Rastus washed his hands frequently. Often he washed the food he ate, too, swishing it back and forth in a pan of water until it became a mere pulp. However, he did not do this with all his food, for often he ate it without washing it first.

Rastus' taste for new things to eat became very annoying as he grew older. One day Mother Martin had set several glasses of gooseberry jam on the window sill to cool. In her hurry to be off to town she forgot and left a chair under the window. When everything was quiet in the house Rastus began to look for the source of those delightful odors that were pervading the room.

When Kenneth came into the kitchen later, he found a very sticky raccoon. All that remained of mother's jam by this time was a smear on the floor!

The raccoon was duly punished and bathed—the bath for him really being a second punishment. The floor was scrubbed and the kitchen put in order again, but the family had less jam to eat when wintertime came.

Mother never forgave the raccoon for

that misdeed. It was probably the beginning of her frequent exclamation, "We *must do* something about that animal!" But it was hard to know what to do with a raccoon that was so clever and interesting as Rastus, and even her heart softened toward him.

It seemed as though the raccoon troubled Mother Martin more than anyone else. Perhaps this was because he spent a great deal of time in the house. As sure as she would take the broom to sweep the floor, Rastus immediately appeared from nowhere. He would seat himself on the broom, encircle the handle with his two front paws, and settle himself for an enjoyable ride.

She did not appreciate her broom's being several pounds heavier, but beyond that it was almost impossible to remove the raccoon except by standing the broom against the wall and pretending that the sweeping was finished. Then Rastus would amble down and pad away to find something more interesting.

Sometimes Rastus was left alone in the house. If anyone came up to the front screen door during this time, the caller was always afraid to go beyond the threshold. Rastus, as a true watchman, upon hearing strange footsteps, came out of the corner where he usually slept and met the visitor with growls and bared teeth. No doubt he was only bluffing, for had Mary or Kenneth been there, he would have run to the farthest corner in the house as soon as he heard strange voices or footsteps. However, his growling had the effect desired. Often friends of the Martins told how the raccoon had met them at the door, and had bluffed them into retreating.

As Rastus grew older he lost his cunning baby ways, became surly, and hated to be disturbed during the day. When he would awaken in the evening, he immediately went outside and would return early the next morning, only to sleep again all day.

Teasing the cats was one of Rastus' chief delights. Every evening he would dash up to one of them as though he were going to pounce upon it and devour it on the spot. The cat always seemed thoroughly frightened, and with hair bristling, would crouch close to the ground and await the impending attack. But as quickly as Rastus rushed up to the cat he would scoot away again across the yard. The next time Mary or Kenneth saw him he would be walking back and forth along the roof of the house or barn. While he was thus occupied the cats could relax.

After he had begun to play outside the house he could never be coaxed to drink from his bottle. No doubt he felt he was a grown raccoon now, and he insisted on drinking his milk with the cats from their dish.

When the snow came the Martins could easily see where Rastus had been during the night by following his tracks. Ap-



parently he went farther and farther from home, and Mary and Kenneth knew that sooner or later he would not come back, just as he had at last refused to drink his milk from a bottle.

Then came the morning that no raccoon appeared at the door. The children watched for Rastus all that day.

"Perhaps he will come tonight or tomorrow morning," they consoled themselves.

But he never returned to the Martin home. Perhaps he found another raccoon whom he loved more than he loved the Martin family. Mary and Kenneth chose to believe that he did, for they wanted their pet to be happy even if it did mean losing him. They were glad they had never kept him in a cage so he could adjust himself to living outdoors easily. Now that he was gone, at least the problem had been solved of what to do about Rastus!

### A Stolen Sled

By HARRIET TINKER

**P**LEASE, Mother, can't I stay up a *little* longer?"

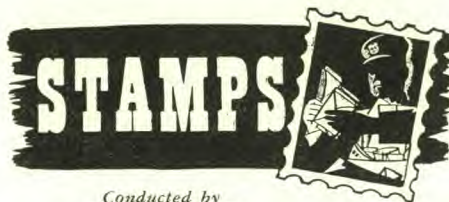
"No, Charlene, go right to bed like a good girl." The firmness in mother's voice sent Charlene reluctantly up the stairs and to her room. Still grumbling, she undressed slowly, taking far more time than usual. All the while she was busy thinking what she could do to get away from what she thought was unnecessary discipline. At last she had a plan. She would run away!

Early the next morning, before the family was up, Charlene awoke, dressed hurriedly, and put on her coat and hat. The house was eerily silent as she tiptoed to the front door. When she opened it an icy breeze struck her. She stood entranced, looking at the snow glistening in the moonlight. Enclosing each leaf and twig was a jacket of ice, and the branches were bowed low under their weight of ice and snow.

Now, Charlene had been longing for snow since winter had begun, and here at last her wish had been fulfilled. Why should she run away after all? she asked herself. Why not take her brother's new sled and go sliding? No, she would not run away! With a thrill of anticipation she walked toward the barn, sinking knee-deep in the wonderful whiteness at each step. Once inside the door she could hardly see, but her eyes soon grew accustomed to the darkness.

There was her own battered sled, but in the corner was a new bright red sled which her brother Bill had received for Christmas. Charlene took Bill's sled and trudged toward the near-by hill. She was quite out of breath when she reached the top, but she flung herself on the sled and whizzed down the hill. What fun it was!

She sped down the steep incline several times; then she began to think how much more thrilling it would be to slide down



Conducted by  
REID SHEPARD

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### Switzerland (Helvetia)

**A** PICTURE of William Tell's son with his father's crossbow is on the stamp here illustrated. I suppose you know something about the ancient story of William Tell, which has become a classic. The crossbow has become the national trademark of Switzerland for marking goods made in that country.

I found that Switzerland is a most interesting country. I will not be able to begin to tell you much about it in this short



article, so I hope that what I do write will cause you to become interested enough to study further.

This uniquely located country is only about one tenth the size of the State of California, and three fifths of its territory is occupied by the rugged Alps; still the

the highest hill near their home. Of course, mother had strictly forbidden her to go there, but it was too great a temptation. Forgetting that at the foot of the steep incline was a deep river covered by thin ice which could not support her weight, Charlene started for the forbidden spot. Having arrived at the top, she did not even wait to catch her breath, but lay down on the sled, gave a push, and went scooting pell-mell down the side of the mountain.

The sun had just climbed over the horizon when Bill awoke, sat up in bed, and glanced out the window at the glorious fairyland of ice and snow. He jumped out of bed excitedly and dressed quickly. What fun it would be to try out his new sled! On his way to the barn he noticed footprints in the snow, and then he discovered that his sled was gone. There were other tracks leading toward the children's

thrift of the 4,540,000 inhabitants has made it a very prosperous country.

Switzerland is an industrial wonderland. Swiss-made Diesels power the ocean leviathans. Her electric engines run the railway trains of the world. We have her inventors to thank for DDT, cellophane, the zipper, canned milk, soup tablets, and the first wrist watch, to mention but a few of her many inventions.

This enchanting country is the most nearly electrified nation in the world. Her six thousand power stations are run by their "white coal" (water power). Her telephone system is so mechanized that one is able to dial any number in the entire country. The highest fee is but forty cents for a three-minute conversation to any part of the country. Swiss watches and Swiss fabrics are known and prized in all parts of the world.

Inasmuch as education is compulsory, illiteracy is little known. The country has nine hundred thousand radio sets. Each owner pays a listening fee, so there are no commercials. The people are healthy, with an infant mortality of only thirty-six for a thousand.

French, German, Romansh, and Italian are the official languages of the country. All official documents are printed in three languages.

The people greatly enjoy sports. Bicycling is almost universal, for as many as sixty thousand persons will spend their vacations in a *tour de Suisse*. Their soccer teams are world famous. Skiing is enjoyed by whole families. Children of but three years of age go skimming over the ski runs.

Switzerland has a bicameral government patterned after that of the United States, with a constitution which gives extraordinary individual rights to her citizens. Above all, this wonderful country has continued to enjoy peace though encompassed by two world wars.

favorite sliding spot. He followed them to the slope, but there was no one in sight. Then he noticed that the tracks led toward the high hill where they were forbidden to go. Bill started to follow them.

Suddenly a cry for help pierced the still morning air. Swiftly he ran through the snow in the direction from which the screams had come. "Help! help!" came the call again. Bill recognized the voice of his sister far below him, and soon reached a spot where he could see her at the foot of the hill. She had plunged into the rapid current in the icy river and was holding on to the edge of the ice. Several times Charlene went under, but succeeded in coming up each time.

Bill half ran, half slid, down to the river, yelling reassurance to his sister that he was coming. Charlene struggled to grasp the edge of the thin ice while he found a long branch which he could hold out to

her. Summoning all her strength, she grabbed the end of the limb, and was soon dragged out of the icy river.

Half numb and dripping wet, Charlene rushed home. Mother quickly helped her into dry clothing and made her a steaming hot drink. Then Charlene told the family how she had taken the sled, had gone sliding down the forbidden hill, and had been catapulted into the river.

Suddenly she thought of the sled. What had happened to it? Father went down and found the place where Charlene had fallen in. Only a few yards away he found the sled caught in some brush that hemmed the edge of the river.

How thankful Charlene was that Bill's sled was not lost, but most important of all, she determined never again to disobey.

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### *The Macedonian Call*

*(Continued from page 6)*

which should result in great success in soul winning through the Magazine Combination Plan. It has never been tried before. You have read about it in your union paper. Why not write your local conference publishing department secretary or Book and Bible House manager for information about this wonderful literature soul-saving plan? Yes, why not write today?

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### *Still, Small Voice*

*(Continued from page 4)*

cision he was very happy, and confessed that he had been praying for them. His prayers had been answered.

That night it was a happy family who sat in their regular seats at the meeting. When a call was made for those who would like to give their hearts to God and follow Him, keeping all His commandments, George and Jenny were the first to make their way to the front.

God speaks in many ways to human beings—through the Bible; through prophets, ministers, and teachers; and sometimes to them directly.

Listen, friend! Perhaps He is speaking to you.

---

### *In the Lilac Bush*

*(Continued from page 8)*

the ones in the nest. The scanty lilac leaves were not large enough to shed rain. When I looked I felt like holding an umbrella over the poor things! The father and the mother stood on opposite edges of the nest with their wings spread wide above the birdlings, trying to protect them from getting wet. Sometimes the parents shaded the fledglings from the hot sun in the same way.



### *Buried in a Dungeon*

By HORACE C. GATES

**H**IDDEN deep in the soil, buried in a dark and gloomy dungeon, cold, wet, and unbeautiful, roots are shut forever from the light of day, the stars of night, the blue of heaven, and the moon's soft glow. Above them tower many forest giants whose crowns play with the passing clouds, whose leaves shelter the sweet-voiced warblers and their young; trees that laugh at the storm and, clothed in the beauty of springtime or summer, draw forth the admiration of the passer-by.

I am glad that roots are not invested with human reasoning. I fear they would soon become discouraged with their lot. They do a work so unnoticed, so unappreciated, and live in dull obscurity.

Is their work useless? Never! Who, after a storm, has not gone out to the near-by woodland, or had occasion to walk or ride through some vast forest, and there seen some tree whose roots gave up their work? A tree once fair, upright, and beautiful now lies prostrate, her leaves wilted, her beauty gone, ruined.

Fortunate is the tree whose roots remain forever buried in the dark, damp soil. For only then can the leaves remain green; and the tree, upright. Useless wood buried in the ground, is that what roots are? Never let it be said! Rather, let us say that they are stanch and sturdy anchors sunk deep into the fountain of the green earth's life.

Are you discouraged? Do you feel that you are forever hidden from the applause of the world? Friend, draw a lesson from the root. You and thousands of men and women like you are the anchors of society, the life-giving channels of nations. Fill well your lot, humble though it may be!

---

Occasionally a sparrow or a robin lingered on the tip of a lilac branch to spill his song. Those moments were short and few, however, for a sudden dash from Tom Catbird restored the privacy of his dooryard. When a dog came too near to their domain a good imitation of a meow would be heard, loudly at first, then less in tones until the faintest meow had led him away. At other times all the birds in the neighborhood combined their scolding voices to frighten a real cat away. They would swoop down furiously, almost strik-

ing the animal with their beating wings, until that part of the yard was clear and free for songsters and their families.

As the pinfeathers of the fledglings grew larger and filled out, I pondered how long before the nest would not be able to hold the maturing youngsters. About the seventh day their opened eyes beheld their first human being, and what a frightened look they gave me. Mother Tabby allayed their fears by setting close to them while I backed slowly away from the window.

On the morning of their tenth day my neighbor's home was vacant! I became worried over what had happened to the little birds, and I went out to search for them beneath the bushes. I found one birdling who must have broken his neck when he fell; two others were hidden among the dense leaves on other branches; but I could hear them begging for their breakfast. The fourth one I could not find. Surely he was the eldest, and able to fly into the maple tree where I saw and heard Tom scolding.

My interest in finding new nests has exceeded the requirements of the "Hundred-Ten-Five Club." It had been thrilling to watch a family grow up in little more than two weeks. My catbird family were my close neighbors only twenty days from the first quivering of the lilac leaves until the nest was empty.

---

### *Great Is Your Reward*

By HARVEY HANSEN

**I**N THIS life our labors are many. It is ours to prepare our hearts and to put iniquity far away. It is ours to labor in the Lord's vineyard and carry His message to "every kindred, and tongue, and people." It is ours to "strive for masteries," to resist the adversary steadfastly. It is ours to "war a good warfare" and "fight the good fight of faith."

And as fellow soldiers, as "labourers together with God," we may even have to be "in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings." For His sake, it may mean trouble on every side, perplexity, hunger, thirst, nakedness, buffeting, no certain dwelling place, revilement, persecution, and defaming.

But afterward—after the fiery trial, after the labor, after the struggle, after the warfare—come the rest, the victory, and the peace!

The rest *He* gives is glorious. It is more refreshing than any we have ever known. He, the Sun of Righteousness, rises with healing in His wings, and He gives us, His servants, light. He, the Lamb and the Good Shepherd, feeds us and leads us unto living fountains of waters; and God will wipe away all tears from our eyes.

Never again do we walk in darkness. No more do we say I am sick. We never

go hungry or thirsty again. We know no crying, no sorrow, no sighing, no pain, no curse, no want, no death any more. Those among us who here are blind, deaf, dumb, and lame, there will see, hear, sing, and leap. No more do any weary, for in us who have chosen to enter into His rest strength is renewed.

It is a rest from temptation, from affliction, from anguish, from grief—a rest forever free from *all* the things that hurt. Unto God's people is given "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified."

The victory He gives is so great that it is even over death and the devil. And it brings "spoils" that exceed anything we can now desire or imagine.

We who endure temptation to the last, we who are faithful unto death, we whose names are found written in the Lamb's book of life, we who love Him, are given crowns of glory, crowns of life, incorruptible crowns of righteousness that fade not away. We also receive the harps of God and are clothed with the garments of salvation and covered with the robes of righteousness. And to us it is given to eat of the tree of life in Paradise.

His holy mountain is our inheritance; the land, our possession; the New Jerusalem, our city. The land is the earth made new, made so fertile and so flourishing that even the desert blossoms as the rose and the parched ground becomes a pool. The city is the one made without hands—"a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." It is holy and beautiful, enclosed with a wall "great and high," 1,500 miles in circumference, set on twelve foundations garnished with all manner of precious stones. It is entered by twelve gates, each a pearl, opening upon streets of gold. It is all so wonderful and so beyond all expectations that Paul says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

The peace *He* gives is permanent. It is the work of righteousness; so it shall be quietness and assurance forever, with peaceable habitation, sure dwellings, and quiet resting places for His people.

Nothing hurts or destroys in all God's holy mountain. There the former things are not remembered, nor do they come to mind. Oppression is far away and terror cannot come near. Even the little children lead not only the cattle but also such animals as the wolf, the leopard, the lion, and the bear. We do not labor in vain or bring forth for calamity. But we build houses and inhabit them; we plant and eat the fruit. We take our rest in safety and are secure.

Crowned with joy that no man can take away, we walk safely on the highway of holiness and err not. From Sabbath to Sabbath and from new moon to new moon

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## Sunset

By DON WARREN

**The day is near its close, and the sun  
Leaves off its toilsome trek on high  
To seek the shelter of a cloud  
While nature breathes a silent sigh.**

**It fringes clouds in lace of gold;  
And as a shimmering saffron ball  
It reappears to say good night  
Below the hiding curtain wall.**

**The sun a breathless instant hangs  
Suspended on the hill's dark crest,  
And melts in purple nothingness  
In the velvet shadows of the west.**

**The sky and clouds reflect the glow  
While pastel shades fade one by one.  
And then the first brave star appears;  
The sun has set—the day is done.**

**Though artists strive in vain to tint  
The beauty of the sun's last rays,  
Only the Master's brush can paint  
A benediction to the days.**

---

we joyfully worship before God. The Father loves us; the Son manifests Himself to us. We see His face; and His name, the name above every name, is written upon our foreheads. Shining forth as the sun, we, as the Lord's own, serve Him and reign with Him forever and ever. "My people shall be satisfied with My goodness, saith the Lord."

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

For truly, "great is your reward in heaven!"

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## Northward

(Continued from page 14)

Here is the headquarters of our East African Union, which consists of Tanganyika Territory, Kenya, and Uganda. We docked early, but had to wait until the customs officials came on board. I was able to fulfill all that the law demanded, and after breakfast took a taxi to the house of Missionary and Mrs. C. T. Bannister. He is the union secretary-treasurer. Here also I found Pastor Sparrow. I surprised them, for earlier in the morning Mr. Bannister had been down to the boat to meet me, but had been informed that I was not on board. I was given a most hearty welcome, however, and spent the remainder of that day and night at the home of Pastor and Mrs. Sparrow. Both of them had known my parents before I was born.

I was to take charge of the boarding school for girls of the Kisii tribe at Nyanchwa, the mission just outside the government post of Kisii. Therefore, the last two stages of my long journey still had to be completed the next day by two other modes of travel.

It is possible to leave Kisumu by truck

transport and reach Kisii, a distance of seventy to eighty miles, or to take the shorter and more commonly used method of boarding the *Sasa Hivi*, which is a small motorboat ferrying people across the Kavirondo Gulf to Kendu Bay, only about twenty miles distant. From there it is possible to go by truck or private car the remaining twenty-eight miles to Kisii.

Into the *Sasa Hivi* were piled Indians of diverse castes, African natives of several tribes, and white people of various nationalities, all with their belongings. These possessions might range from the latest, beautifully streamlined air luggage to livestock, bundles of many sizes and shapes, and even fish or meat in different stages of freshness. It is indeed an education to travel thus, for it is a true case of "the survival of the fittest," with every man, woman, and child for himself.

On arrival at Kendu Bay, nearly three hours later, I was met by C. J. Hyde, who was the director of Nyanchwa at the time, and who took me the remaining lap of the journey by motorcar. As we swung up into the yard of the mission premises the road was lined with forty girls, my charges to be. They had turned out en masse to greet the new *mem-sahib* (miss) with hearty *jambos* (good mornings), smiling faces, and curious looks.

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## Seeds and Stars

(Continued from page 10)

was not much to see the doctor about, and the consultation was soon ended.

In the days that followed, Jean was not so sure how the members of the little church she attended would receive this shabby, thin woman. But the eventful Sabbath dawned, and she drove her car into the country and finally drew up in front of a small house. The woman and her four children were all ready and somehow were tucked into the little car.

The eyebrows of a few church members went up a bit when the troop came filing in; but Jean, smiling and radiant, as any good Samaritan should be, introduced her guest with all the grace due a queen.

After an especially enjoyable Sabbath school and church service, Jean took the family home with her for lunch. Afterward she took them back to their home again, and the good-by's said that evening as the sunset hues colored the sky were full of emotion. The presence of angels could be felt as they rejoiced over the scene.

The Sabbaths that followed were all very much the same, until finally the time came for baptism. As Jean watched this woman, who had become a sister, take her stand on the Master's side, joy filled her heart.

Another day Jean was doing the early morning chores, and again she hummed the refrain, "Will there be any stars in my crown?" This time she smiled when

she remembered how discouraged she had once been, and that morning when the sick, frustrated woman had come into the office. She thought of how healthy and happy she now was with her industrious, sober husband and their four merry children on their prosperous California ranch, where they were all enjoying the miracle of changed lives.

"Yes," Jean mused, "it *does* pay to sow seed and to look for stars!"

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### Marching With God

(Continued from page 5)

furlough. This time no one mentioned keeping my shirt on.

When I got down to Murray, Kentucky, on a late Wednesday evening, after more than four hundred miles on train and bus, my second-born son was already twenty-four hours this side of the momentous event. In ten hours I was on my way back to Rockford, Illinois, for they had told me when I left that I must be back early Friday in order to make the O.C.S. shipment. No definite time had been given me, for at that time all shipments of personnel were strictly confidential. Providentially I got back to camp just an hour before the departure of my group to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. We left at five o'clock Friday morning, July 20, 1944.

The following afternoon our train stopped at a military installation. It was Sabbath, and nearly five hours before sundown.

(To be concluded)

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### Colporting in the Cariboo

(Continued from page 7)

We gave up our business and home to go into the neediest section of this vast province, and God has taken care of us every day. Once a forestry official stopped his car and warned us that we were camped right on a rattlesnake den. "A number of people have been struck right where your trailer is parked," he said. "We used to have a sign here, but some misguided person must have thrown it into the river." But not a single snake did we see in that spot.

For months at a time we do not see one Adventist fellow believer as we travel along the highways and byways of central and northern British Columbia. But we are not out of touch with this great Second Advent Movement. The *Review* and THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR keep us posted continually.

The time is short. God's clock is soon to strike the last hour of earth's history. There are still souls waiting to be gathered in. Everyone can help in some way to bring the light to others. May our lamps be burning bright amid the gathering gloom and darkness of this dying world.

### Be Punctual

By OLIVE KRUM HAGMANN

THE whole universe emphasizes the great importance of punctuality. When the Creator spoke into existence the sun, moon, and stars, He laid out their orbits, and started them on their endless journeys. So prompt are their movements that for six thousand years they have sped over their respective courses without the loss of a second. So accurate are their movements that years in advance astronomers can determine to the second the rising and setting of the sun and moon and the exact time of eclipses that are to occur. Thus we see that punctuality forms the very foundation upon which the work of God rests.

The same rule of punctuality must be observed by human beings who wish to attain true greatness. No matter what one wishes to make his lifework, punctuality is a necessity. The individual who lacks this virtue can never be a success, however lofty and noble his aim.

The great whose names we find in history all possessed this trait of character. They were men to whom five minutes were five minutes, not seven or eight. When they made an appointment for a certain time, they made it their business to be there on time.

Punctuality is a necessity not only to great men; the office boy or clerk who is promoted is the one who is habitually on time. Even the farmer, although many may think he is exempt from this rule, must be punctual. He has an important work to do, for the world is dependent upon the foods he raises. He must plow, plant, and harvest when nature demands. If he is not prompt, failure is the result.

Newspaper reporters furnish another example of the importance of punctuality. The keen competition between publishers compels them to employ the most prompt and punctual men and women as reporters. They want those who will brave all kinds of weather and personal danger in order to be first on the scene of news, be it crime or accident or general happening. The one who meets this requirement is the one who has his or her salary raised while the laggard loses out.

Horace Greeley was one of the hardest-working men of his century. Even though he was editor of a daily and also a weekly newspaper, he traveled extensively in America and abroad. Meanwhile he kept his work up to the minute. He could do this only by being methodical and punctual. He is said to have been always on time.

History is full of misfortunes occasioned by lack of punctuality. Fourteen lives were lost in a wreck when the second section of a heavily loaded train overtook the first section and crashed into it. The engineer applied the brakes one minute too late. A fast express ran into an open switch and then into a freight train, causing the loss of many lives and much money, be-

cause a brakeman was thirty seconds late in closing the switch.

A great commercial firm had long struggled against bankruptcy. It had large assets and expected a remittance on a certain day. If it came, all would be well. The steamer bringing the mail arrived, but the money did not come. The next ship brought the all-important letter, but it was too late!

A man had been condemned to death. He had committed murder, but under such circumstances that public sympathy was in his favor. Petitions had been circulated, and a pardon from the governor was expected. The day of execution arrived. The condemned man was led forth from prison to the gallows, but the execution was delayed to the last minute. However, the good word did not come, and the unfortunate man was "hanged by the neck until dead." Just then a horseman came galloping up with the reprieve—a life lost because the rider had been five minutes behind time!

These are only a few of the many disasters resulting from lack of punctuality. Hundreds, yes, thousands could be added to these. Every day that passes lengthens the list.

It is evident that many sad and tragic events would be averted if everyone would be punctual. Therefore, form that very important habit in your youth and make it a practice to be on time *always*.

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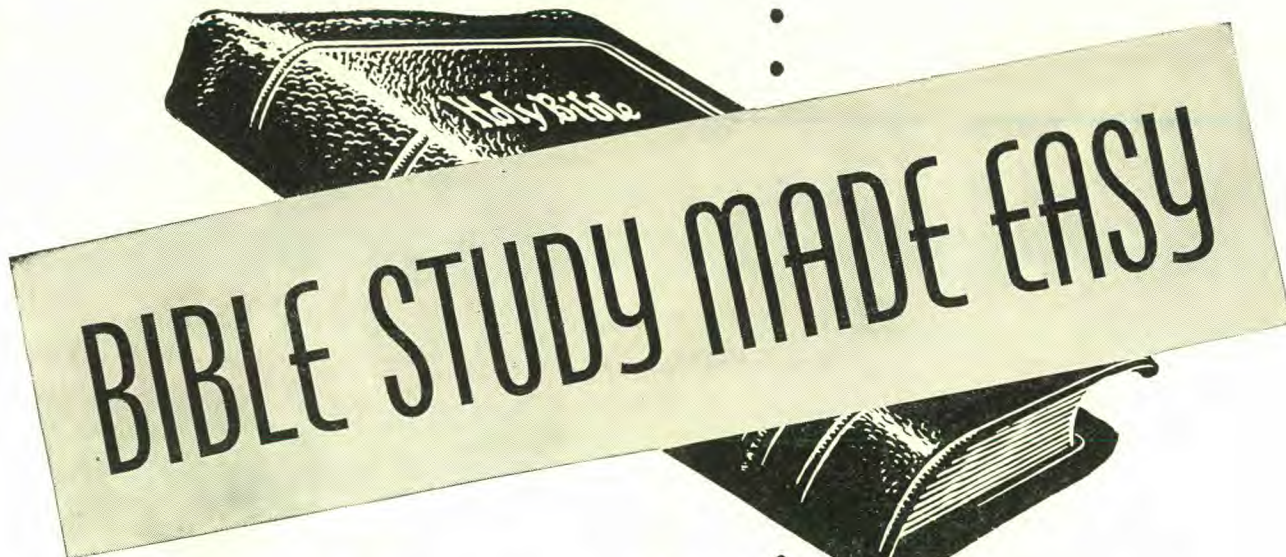
### A Thousand Shall Fall by Thy Side

(Continued from page 9)

met two enemy soldiers, holding rifles. There was only time for "God help me," but God heard that prayer too.

Mumbling, "*Kamerad*" to an unarmed medic, the soldiers put down their guns and pointed to another soldier lying on the floor with one foot nearly cut away by a shell explosion. After treating the wounded man Medic called several infantrymen, and all three enemy soldiers were taken prisoners.

Later, when the platoon was attacking another area, progress came to a halt because of the heavy artillery fire in front of them. During the bombardment and confusion some of the men were wounded, but the flanking platoons were able to continue into the woods and break the enemy's line of defense. In doing so the line of battle became very irregular. After treating the wounded Medic left them to catch up with his own men, who had already gone on ahead. While hiding in the trees he felt fairly safe, but when he came to a path he was afraid he might be seen by the enemy. As he stood looking each way for a less-exposed place to cross, he saw two armed enemy soldiers standing about thirty yards away. But they did not shoot; they simply turned and walked in



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HELP thyself, and God will help thee.—HERBERT.

DON'T make excuses! Make good.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

THE only way to have a friend is to be one.—EMERSON.

"NOT to be DISsatisfied but forever to be UNSatisfied is the secret of successful living."

the other direction. Perhaps they respected his Red Cross armband, but Medic was sure that they really felt the Lord's protective power over him.

The fighting continued for nearly five months. During that time Medic bandaged many wounded men, carried some to safety, and at times worked twenty-four hours a day. A few little experiences will seem to magnify God's care for him. One day a bullet hit his shoe, but it only cut into his legging strap. Another time a piece of shrapnel whizzed past his face, but hit him on the hand, damaging only his glove. Still another time he was saved when his platoon was "dug in." Something impressed him to move to another place, and just after he had done so a shell from an enemy mortar landed exactly where he had been.

The division was in the southern section of the western front when the well-known Battle of the Bulge began. His platoon was assigned the task of crossing an open field and taking a village on its farthest edge, about a mile from the Black Forest. The enemy was stubbornly resisting the Allied advance, but the order had been given to attack across the field. All ran. Each soldier, including Medic, realized that in similar sorties whole platoons had been killed, but everyone reached an old vacant building about a hundred yards from the village. A skirmish line was formed, and the attack began. Again the Lord answered Medic's prayer, for he and his platoon all reached the village safely, despite the heavy artillery fire. Later the engineers tested the field for mines, and found them literally everywhere.

At last they reached a town where necessary preparations should be made to attack fortifications in the woods, which were a part of the Siegfried Line. In the morning the platoon was to move into the woods and advance as far as possible, and still keep contact with the flanks.

As the platoon advanced the enemy fired a barrage of heavy artillery shells into their midst, and the few abandoned fox-

holes in the area were soon filled with riflemen. The rest of the men had to "hit the ground" and hope for the best. Medic again prayed for the Lord's protection while shells landed nearer and nearer. Finally one landed about seven feet from him, and he was hit by flying fragments when the concussion lifted him into the air. For a short while he lay stunned. After regaining consciousness he saw that his helmet had been blown about twelve feet from him. He was numb from his hips down, and breathing was very difficult. Later it was found that both his legs had been badly torn and cut. One was broken at several places below the hip. A piece of shrapnel had entered his neck, passed through his esophagus, and lodged on the opposite side of his neck. The flow of blood nearly choked him, but he prayed for the Lord to stop the bleeding. Before he finished praying his plea was answered, and his breathing became normal. He was taken on a litter to an aid station, and from there farther to the rear to an evacuation hospital for surgery, where the steel fragments were removed from his neck and legs. He was put in a plaster cast, which covered his body except his arms and shoulders. The following morning he awoke from the anesthetic in terrible pain. But did he complain? Did he now feel as though the Lord had forgotten him? Of course not. He felt that this experience capped all the wonderful providences of God. His life had been spared!

Medic healed very slowly, and it was four months before he was well enough to be transferred to the United States. After spending ten months in various Army hospitals, he was discharged from the service of his country.

He still cannot seem to mention frequently enough God's wonderful care and healing power. Those experiences will never be forgotten; I know, because I am Medic, and am now attending a Christian college, hoping, if time lasts, to be able to do something to help in the finishing of God's work on this earth. But come what may and when it may, I shall *always* put my trust in God!

### Campus Gleanings

(Continued from page 11)

Duane Kinman. Duane, whose medical training consisted of the Army course for medical technicians, felt at a loss when he found an infantryman near Louvigny shot through the throat. As the man was gasping for breath and quickly turning cyanotic, the idea struck Duane to slit the throat with a penknife. A difficult incision to make, but the third attempt on the struggling soldier was successful, and the victim's own fountain pen cap was inserted in the windpipe to prevent its collapse. Shortly afterward the patient who had been so near the valley of the shadow

walked by himself from the rescue tank to the aid station. A life saved—by what? Said Duane, "When later I learned from surgeons that it was a most delicate operation and that few patients ever lived through it, I realized that Someone had been guiding my hand."

As the second hand of the clock swept toward closing time, Pastor Perry urged, "Have faith, dear friend, in God!" and again the walls rang in response as Prof. C. W. Dortch raised his hand and directed the choir and audience in singing, "I'm on My Way Home to Heaven."

### KEY TO "CROSSWORD PUZZLE"

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

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### Senior Youth Lesson

### IX—The Seven Seals of Prophecy (Concluded)

(August 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 6:9-17; 8:1.  
MEMORY VERSE: Isaiah 25:9.  
LESSON HELPS: Daniel and the Revelation, pp. 432-451, 473; The Story of the Seer of Patmos, pp. 117-126, 142, 144.

1. With the opening of the fifth seal, what was seen? Rev. 6:9.

NOTE.—"What did John see? There, under the altar, he saw 'them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.' These were the victims who under the rule of the papacy had sacrificed their lives rather than dishonor and disobey God or give up their loyalty to His word."—SARAH E. PECK, *God's Great Plan*, p. 394.

2. What cry came forth from the martyrs? Verse 10.

3. What did the prophet see done for each of the martyrs? Verse 11.

NOTE.—The answer to the cry of the martyrs in verse 10 is found in verse 11. "Although the Reformation had begun, the work of persecution did not at once cease. Rome added hundreds of thousands to her already vast throng of victims. But the wicked work at last stopped, and the 'little season' came to an end. Since that time all these martyrs have worn 'white robes,' in the praises that Christians have sung; and in

'a little season' they with all others who may still be called to suffer for the word of God, will receive their final reward."—*Ibid.*

**4. With what events did the sixth seal open? Verse 12.**

NOTE.—"The great earthquake of November 1, 1755, is the first event of the sixth seal. It is called the Lisbon earthquake, because it began at the city of Lisbon, Portugal, and here its destruction was the greatest, 90,000 people being destroyed and the entire city reduced to ruin. . . . Other earthquakes may have been as severe in certain places, but no other has ever been felt on this earth that was so severe and at the same time so extensive."—*Ibid.*, p. 395.

**5. Just when are we told to look for the sign of the darkening of the sun and the moon? Mark 13:24.**

NOTE.—The "days" mentioned are evidently the days of tribulation mentioned by Matthew chapter 24, verses 21, 22 that refer to that long period of papal domination spoken of in Daniel 7:25, and by John in Revelation 12:14, 6 during which many saints suffered death for their faith. With the middle of the eighteenth century, the violent persecution of Protestants abated; by the year 1773 religious toleration was granted by the leading nations of Europe; and the "days" of papal supremacy extended to the termination of the 1260-year period in 1798, at which time the pope of Rome was taken into captivity. In this way the Dark Day is identified, occurring "in those days," yet "after that tribulation," or between 1773 and 1798.

**6. How did the sun and moon testify to the fulfillment of prophecy?**

ANSWER.—The historical Dark Day of May 19, 1780, occurred "in those days" yet "after the tribulation," or between 1773 and 1798. Although other dark days have been recorded, none fulfilled the time specifications as this notable one.

**7. What sign was to follow the darkening of the sun and the moon? How did John describe this meteoric shower? Rev. 6:13.**

NOTE.—"This sign occurred November 13, 1833. It was the most extensive and magnificent shower of shooting stars known. . . . For three hours the whole firmament over all North America was in fiery commotion."—*Ibid.*, p. 397.

**8. What did the prophet behold as the next great event to take place? Verse 14.**

**9. With the opening of the seventh seal, what occurs in heaven? What work of the angels is the cause of this? Rev. 8:1; Matt. 24:31; 25:31.**

**10. How did the prophet Isaiah describe the complete destruction of the earth? Isa. 24:19, 20.**

**11. In that day, what will the mighty men of earth do and say? Rev. 6:15-17.**

**12. In contrast to the sad lament of the wicked, what will the redeemed say at Christ's coming? Isa. 25:9.**

**Junior Lesson**

**IX—The Seven-sealed Picture Book—Part II**

(August 27)

LESSON TEXT: Revelation 6:9-17; 8:1.

MEMORY VERSE: "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation." Isaiah 25:9.

**Guiding Thought**

The picture scroll continues to be unrolled as Christ breaks open one by one the last three seals. Thrilling as were the scenes showing the history of the church in the first four pictures, John is even more awed as he sees first the martyrs of the ages of persecution, whose blood has been offered on the altar of sacrifice for the truth, and then in the following picture the terrifying and bewildering phenomena taking place on the earth and in the heavens that herald the appearing of Christ. But most of all he is awed at the tremendous silence that takes place in heaven—the place where unceasing praises sound to the glory of God, and at the earth in upheaval with the wicked wild with fear of what the wrath of God will do. But no scene can compare with the final one, the one in which we all hope to have a part, when the saved will greet their

Saviour with the words, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him."

**ASSIGNMENT 1**

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought.

**ASSIGNMENT 2**

**The Christian Martyrs**

**1. As the fifth seal is broken and a new scene on the scroll unrolled, what picture is presented to John? Rev. 6:9.**

NOTE.—An altar is a place where sacrifices are made. Beneath the altar in the scene John saw those "that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held." These people are representatives of those who had sacrificed their lives to keep God's truth, rather than accept the practices of the powerful Roman Catholic Church.

**2. What cry did John hear ascending to the Father? Verse 10.**

NOTE.—The period of persecution was to be long; many were to be slain for Christ's sake, and John heard the cry of the martyrs ascending to God. This picture given in the fifth seal strengthened many a martyr during the Dark Ages.

**3. What comforting answer comes back to the martyrs? Verse 11.**

**ASSIGNMENT 3**

**Signs of Christ's Return**

**4. What scene of catastrophe came to view as the sixth seal was broken? Verse 12, first half.**

NOTE.—The age of persecution is over, but a new horror strikes the world. On November 1, 1755, there occurred an earthquake in Lisbon, Portugal, the effects of which, though most severe in the city of Lisbon itself, were felt in practically the whole world. At twenty to ten that morning Lisbon stood firm and secure on its beautiful site. Six minutes later the city lay in ruins and 60,000 inhabitants had perished. People were filled with indescribable terror. Some ran to the churches, but as mass was being said the walls collapsed on priests and people. A large crowd gathered on the quay at the waterfront, thinking they would be safe there, but suddenly the entire quay sank with all the people on it. The bodies of victims were never recovered.

For months afterward people all over the world lived in terror lest there should be a repetition of this terrible earthquake.

**5. What other unnatural occurrences were pictured as taking place during this time? Verse 12.**

NOTE.—On May 19, 1780, twenty-five years after the great earthquake, the sun, for a reason no scientist or philosopher has ever been able to fathom, ceased to shine, and the midday became like blackest midnight. This strange darkness was felt all over the New England States. Farmers left their fields, unable to see to work. Candles were lighted in houses, birds ceased to sing, and the fowls retired to roost. The creatures of the night came out and their songs made the darkness even more eerie.

**6. How were the stars also to witness of the time? Verse 13.**

NOTE.—On the night of November 13, 1833, there was seen in the United States a most wonderful sight of thousands of stars being shot from the sky, like the grandest display of fireworks that could be imagined. They fell as thick as snowflakes in a storm. Reporters wrote in the papers of that time that they seemed to come from one spot in the heavens as if a giant tree had been shaken by a mighty wind and its unripe fruit cast to the ground—just the words of the Scriptures.

**ASSIGNMENT 4**

**Christ Foretold These Events**

**7. What had Christ during His lifetime said about these wonderful events that were to occur? Matt. 24:7, 29.**

**8. What great event did Christ tell His disciples would take place after these signs? Matt. 24:30, 31.**

NOTE.—We recognize that these signs in the heavens took place during the time of the churches of Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea. The prophecy of the churches showed conditions within the church; the prophecy of the sixth seal showed conditions outside the church.

We are now living in the time of the sixth

seal, and between the events of verses thirteen and fourteen of this chapter. The final scenes of earth will crowd one upon another in rapid succession. May the Spirit of God impress us each with the unparalleled solemnity and the import of this hour.

**ASSIGNMENT 5**

**The Great Silence**

**9. What took place in heaven as Christ broke open the seventh seal? Rev. 8:1.**

**10. What causes this silence? Matt. 24:31; 25:31.**

**ASSIGNMENT 6**

**The Two Companies**

**11. In what condition will the earth be during the last days? Rev. 6:14.**

**12. What will the wicked people of all ranks do and pray in their fright? Verses 15-17.**

**13. In contrast to this what will the faithful children of God be found saying? Isa. 25:8, 9.**

**ASSIGNMENT 7**

**MAP STUDY:**

Locate the scene of the great earthquake. Locate the area covered by the Dark Day.

**POEM:**

One of the great American poets of this time described the Dark Day in these words:

"'Twas on a May-day of the far old year  
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell  
Over the bloom and the sweet life of the  
Spring,

Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,  
A horror of great darkness, like the night  
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—  
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky  
Was black with ominous clouds, save where  
its rim

Was fringed with dull glow, like that which  
climbs

The crater's sides from the red hell below.  
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard  
fowls

Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars  
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leath-  
ern wings

Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;  
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew  
sharp

To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter  
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ  
Might look from the rent clouds, not as He  
looked

A loving guest at Bethany, but stern  
As Justice and inexorable Law."

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



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# THE LISTENING POST

❖ **PLATINUM** was called unripe gold and thrown back into the streams to "ripen" by early-day Indians in South America.

❖ **AMERICAN** aid under the European Recovery Program averages \$31 a person for the next year, or "roughly \$113 for an average American family."

❖ **THE** late Ignace Paderewski, Poland's famous pianist-statesman, left \$650,000 to Polish universities, according to his will, which recently was opened. The University of Cracow will receive the major share of the bequest.

❖ **A** BABY atom smasher with a 9,000,000-electron-volt punch has been built at the famous Philips Research Laboratories in Holland. It is so light and easy to handle that it will be taken to the job instead of moving the job to it.

❖ **SCIENCE NEWS LETTER** says that a tiny neon glow lamp, thought to be the world's longest-burning electric light, will produce a small amount of light for about three years and consume only one twenty-fifth of a watt of electric current. It is designed for electrical household and other appliances to indicate that the current is on or off.

❖ **UNION** veterans of the U.S. Civil War are to hold their last encampment in Indianapolis, Indiana, the last week in August, in harmony with the vote taken by the aging veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic last year. Lieutenant Governor John A. Watkins, of Indiana, who is general chairman of arrangements, expects that possibly five of the few survivors of the Union armies may attend.

❖ **THE** Treasurer of the United States, W. A. Julian, whose signature appears on practically all the paper money of the country, was killed in an automobile accident recently, while driving near Bethesda, Maryland. He had held the high office of Treasurer for sixteen years, and "his public record will long serve as a chart for those who follow him in this important office," said John W. Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury, in his statement of appreciation and regard for his colleague.

❖ **THE** United States Coast Guard is watching the operation of a new lighthouse on the breakwater of Los Angeles Harbor (off the California coast) from a station four miles away. The lighthouse has the familiar flashing light, a foghorn, and a radio beacon that ships may follow by radio direction finders. The installation is automatic, so that it requires attention only about once a month. The three-story structure is designed to withstand earthquakes, winds, and waves. Its thirty-six-inch airway beacon-type lantern, of 140,000 candlepower, flashes every five seconds.

❖ **FOR** 62 years Christ's Mission, located on lower Fifth Avenue, New York City, has been helping Roman Catholic priests who leave their church in America to readjust themselves to civilian life. The mission has no official church connection, and reports that \$100,000 which it spends each year in helping about 100 ex-priests adjust to a non-Catholic life comes partly from subscriptions to the mission's well-edited monthly, *The Converted Catholic*, and partly from small contributions sent in by well-wishers. Most ex-priests remain at the mission only long enough to study for a business, teaching, or Protestant ministerial life. Also most of them marry and enter a normal, healthy family life.

❖ **HOPE** that man might be able to make rain fall when and where he wants it, by dropping dry-ice pellets into moisture-laden clouds has been blasted by United States Weather Bureau tests. After nine months of experiment at an Ohio testing ground the bureau's findings are: "Not enough rain can be produced to have any significance; very little rain was produced unless it was raining naturally within thirty miles, and no rain at all except when rain was falling within forty to sixty miles of the test area."

❖ **GREAT BRITAIN** is making aeronautical history by training scores of women as parachutists to serve with highly mobile medical units. The Royal Air Force is conducting this regular course for "para-medical nurses" at its parachute and glider school in Upper Heyforth, Oxfordshire. Those taking the course are all volunteers.

❖ **AN** enterprising Texas grocer has installed an automatic washing machine in the basement of his store for the use of the clerks. When business is slack they slip downstairs and do their family laundry. The report is that this arrangement contributes much to the efficiency and contentment of his personnel.

❖ **PRINCESS MARGARET**, of the British Empire, recently christened the London Missionary Society's newest ship, *John Williams VI*. It was named after the famous pioneer missionary to the New Hebrides Islands, John Williams.

❖ **THE** American Bible Society has sent to Japan more than 1,000,000 New Testaments and 120,000 whole Bibles, but there still seems to be an unsatisfied longing for more and more copies of the Inspired Book.

❖ **IT** is forecast that the number of used-car dealers in the United States will be reduced from around 40,000, the postwar high number, to somewhere around 19,000, their prewar number, within a year.

❖ **IF** you want to go on a real treasure hunt, look for uranium and not gold. Scientists say there is about a thousand times more uranium than gold in the earth's crust.

❖ **ROBERT L. RIPLEY**, of "Believe It or Not" fame, died recently in New York City at the age of 55.

❖ **RAYS** of the sun are so intense that, focused by the lens of the eye, they can burn a hole in the retina in ten seconds.

❖ **BE** careful about staring at any source of bright light—you might scorch your retina with serious impairment of vision. Damage to the macula, the fine point of keenest vision in the eye, has resulted from reflections from water, sand, or snow, or prolonged looking at an eclipse or strong electric lights or flames in a furnace.

❖ **NORTH ATLANTIC** weather stations on the vessels of six nations will remain in operation for a new three-year period in compliance with an agreement recently signed in London by member states of the International Civil Aviation Organization. Ten stations stretching from the Western Hemisphere to the coast of Norway will continue to make weather observations and send in radio weather reports at frequent intervals for the benefit of transoceanic air and steamer traffic. A total of 25 ships will be used. These will cooperate with land-based stations in Canada, Greenland, and Iceland.

❖ **UNDER** United States law every bridge across a navigable waterway has to be approved in advance by the Army Engineers, who have supervision over the nation's rivers and harbors. As long ago as 1926 the engineers said "no" to a proposed bridge across the Narrows—the entrance, between Brooklyn and Staten Island, to New York's Upper Bay. And several times since the engineers have repeated that "no" more and more forcefully. Their reason was that possible destruction by enemy bombing might completely block the harbor, including the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Last July the city once more submitted plans for a Narrows' bridge, and as the decision was delayed hope grew that this time it might be approved. It was! The Army had decided that the probability of the channel's being blocked for a long time was remote enough to be outweighed by the bridge's advantages. The Narrows Bridge will have the longest suspension span in the world—4,620 feet. That is 420 feet longer than San Francisco's Golden Gate, 1,120 longer than the George Washington Bridge, and three times as long as the Brooklyn Bridge. The estimated cost is \$78,000,000, and floating the bond issue necessary to raise the money probably will not be undertaken until after completion of the Brooklyn-Battery tunnel in 1950.