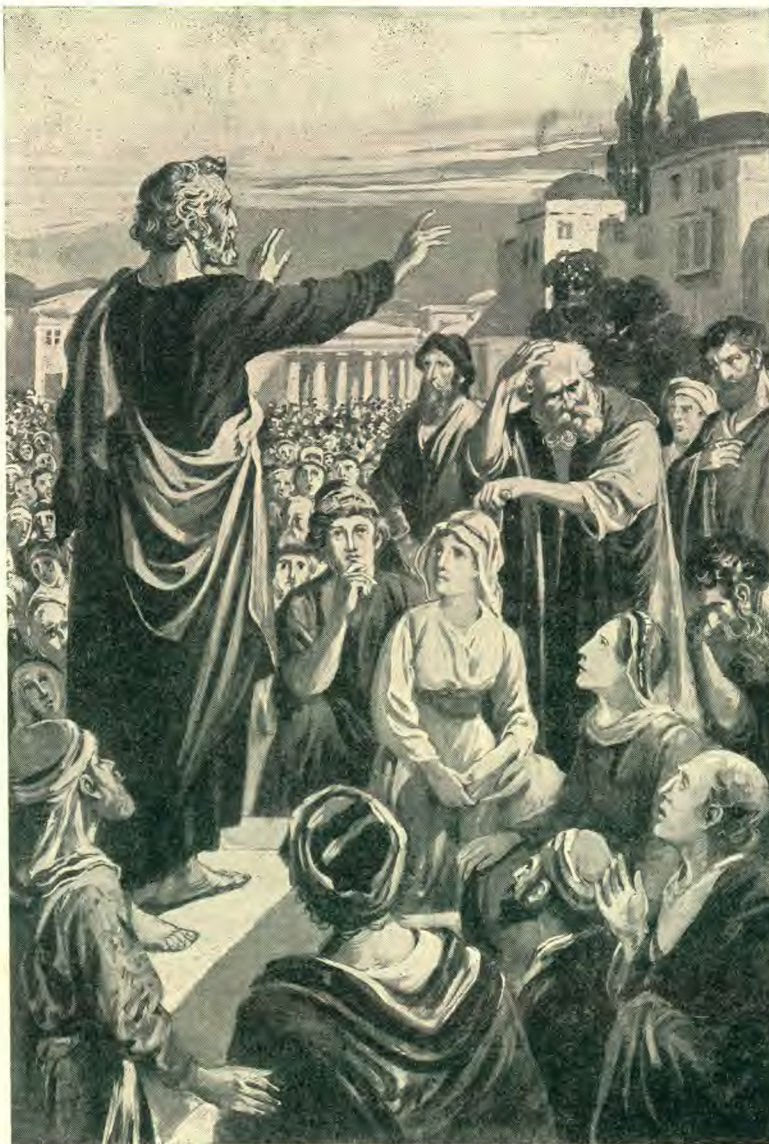


The Youth's **INSTRUCTOR**

Are You an *ANDREW*?

By DOROTHY M. WILLIAMS



Not Many of Us Can Be Peters and Bring Three Thousand Persons to Christ in a Day by Our Persuasive Oratory, but We Can Be on the Side Lines Helping

BECAUSE you cannot be a Peter, are you merely sitting on the side lines doing nothing? There are young folks like that, you know—if they cannot be leaders of the group or the winners of the contest, well, they would rather have no part in any of it!

Andrew, you remember, brought Peter to Jesus, and after that we hear very little of him again. It is mentioned a few times that he merely was there. But the fact of his being there, in faithful attendance with the disciple group, is considerably in his favor. And if he brought Peter to Jesus, is it not logical to suppose that he kept right on interesting others, inviting them to hear Jesus talk, searching out some of the halt and the lame and the blind, and perhaps even assisting them to come to Jesus? And is it not also probable that Andrew might have helped his famous brother Peter with the behind-the-scene activities that would have to be taken care of in a busy evangelist's life? Someone had to take that responsibility to enable Peter to have more time to devote to his larger activities. It might have been Andrew.

History is full of wonderful men like Peter who have left their names and influence behind them. We need them greatly. But even more, we need the Andrews who faithfully stand by, doing all they can to help advance the work of the Peters. Very few of us can be Peters, but all of us can be Andrews.

Andrew is the boy who gets up at 4 A.M. to milk the cows on the college farm, or to start the furnace going. He would probably rather be one of the monitors or assistant deans or readers for the English teachers, but his capabilities do not run along such lines. However, by his faithfulness in these lesser things the others are

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE personnel manager of a large county hospital looked up from his desk where he had been poring over the morning mail, and shook his head in perplexity.

"Applications," he explained, pointing to a pile of blue blanks several inches high. "But most of the young people who indicate their interest in coming into our organization seem to want a position, not a job, and the less work the better! Take these applicants now. We could use a dozen or more of them in our laboratories and another half dozen in our record offices. But first they want to know: What salary will they get? Do we furnish room and board? Will they have to put in much overtime? Will they get time-and-a-half pay for any required? How many days off a week are they allowed? What arrangements do we have about vacations? In all this lot"—he tapped the pile with his pencil—"there is not one inquiry about what we will expect of them in the way of ability and efficiency. Ten chances to one every last mother's son or daughter who has signed one of these blanks will be unprepared to carry responsibility—perhaps I should say unwilling—or to stay by and see a job through if doing so would interfere with his own personal plans."

"You wouldn't be speaking from experience, would you?" asked the friend to whom he had exploded.

"Indeed I would be, and from the depths of it! You'd be surprised at the number of people who are looking for a position that sounds good and a salary—the highest they can get—and the least possible work with no responsibility attached thereto."

"Jim really put my thoughts into words," mused the friend to whom the personnel man had been talking, as he reported to a mutual acquaintance. "Of course, in my work I have to do with placing Seventh-day Adventist young people as they leave school, supposedly trained for a place in the Lord's work. But I find the same tendencies he mentioned plus one more that, to my mind, is the greatest handicap of all—many of them do not feel the need of learning anything more. They have achieved! Placed in a school or any other of our denominational institutions or in the organized work anywhere, they regard the policies of opera-

tion that have been worked out by the trial-and-error method through the years as out of date and old-fashioned, and immediately do their small best to upset the *modus operandi* of practically every procedure, no matter how feasible or sensible or satisfactory it may be, merely for the sake of introducing a change or something new! It is hard for them to see that the best way to bring about a change in any well-established plan is to learn how it is being carried out and why. There usually are good reasons, and the sensible youth comes to recognize them in time. But if he has a better plan, there will come a time when suggestions are in order, and as a usual thing they are welcomed when made in the right spirit."

"But after all, they're pretty fine young people—these Seventh-day Adventist youth who are coming out of our denominational training schools," defended one who was listening in.

"The best in the world," he readily agreed. "And I'm proud of the lot of them, but some of them do have these same tendencies that are characteristic of many of the youth of the world. I think that it must be one of the signs of the times, one of the devil's inventions to try to weaken their effectiveness in service."

"Well, with all their faults and failings I still maintain that our young people are the world's best."

"And again I agree. God needs them, every one of them. There is a great work to do in the world that will take the best there is in all of us before it is finished and before we are ready to meet our Saviour when He comes in the clouds of heaven. I only wish our young people were prepared to give that *best* to the work of God when they finish their training, instead of looking for a position and the highest salary within their reach first, and making the work secondary—oh, so *very secondary*—as they start out on the road called Experience."

Of course, none of these remarks would apply to *you*, friend o' mine. They are merely expressive of a few thoughts picked up by the way from men of wide experience who have climbed to worthy heights of position and influence in the world and in church leadership. But

maybe, if you recognize these characteristics that are real handicaps to some of your fellow travelers, you will be able to help them set their sights on a higher vision of Christian service than is theirs today. It is a good thing for all of us to remember that "even if one is on the right track, he will most surely be run over if he sits there," and that "footprints on the sands of time are not made by sitting down." Work is one of the inescapable laws of gracious, satisfactory living.

Once upon a time not so long ago the owner of an estate wanted the ornamental stone wall that bordered his velvety, green lawns repaired. It was not much of a job, as he saw it, and could easily be done in one day. So he agreed with a workman to do it for the sum of four dollars. At the end of the second day the owner was surprised to find the man still working.

"What, you still here?" he inquired somewhat angrily, thinking he was trying to lengthen the job and collect more pay.

"Yes," the man answered, "because I never leave any job half done. The pay I expect is four dollars, the amount we bargained for. The time I put on it is my own, and it is my custom to do everything I undertake to the very best of my ability."

The owner looked at the workman in surprise, then said: "I have been searching for a man like you. I need you in my business. I shall be glad to have you report at my office tomorrow morning."

"I've been looking for a man like you!"

Not only employers in the world but leaders of church work are looking for such workmen too.

"How much work am I expected to do here?" asked the new boy of the boss.

"All there is and then some," smiled the chief. "It's that 'then some' that determines how long you'll stay and the size of your pay check."

Think that over! "The most for the least," is a disappointing slogan on which to operate the business of life. Try "and then some," and you'll find it much more satisfactory.

Lora E. Clement

THE big white hospital had stood on the sloping hillside for more than a half century. Its spotless walls had witnessed countless struggles between the angels of light and the imps of darkness. "The battles waging between the two armies [captained by Christ and Satan] are as real as those fought by the armies of this world."

To this hospital and sanitarium there came for help a very sick young woman. Because her physicians had been unable to diagnose her malady, neighbors had said, "Go up to that sanitarium on the hill. We hear that the doctors up there can tell what is the matter with folks when no one else can."

So Edna Slater and her parents came to the big white house of healing with bright hope.

Esther White, nurse in training, met Edna in the hydrotherapy department. They were drawn to each other from the first. "I hope you can be my special nurse," confided Edna to Esther during a treatment.

In Esther's heart burned the freshly lighted candle of Christ's constraining love. Edna's heart knew not the Lord.

It was soon evident that surgery was

inevitable, so Edna was taken to the operating room early one morning not long after her arrival. There it was found that the operation would mean almost instant death if an attempt were made to remove the affected organs. Internal hemorrhage was in evidence already, and an infected appendix threatened to rupture.

The situation was grave indeed. "We have no other course than to close the incision," the surgeon told the grief-stricken parents, "and we can give no hope that your daughter will live longer than four days at the most. If you had brought her here a little sooner, we might have saved her," he gently added.

Leaving the operating room, where she had been observing, Esther decided to call

on an elderly friend who lived across the road from the hospital. "Mrs. Benton, I have come to tell you more about Edna. You remember that sweet girl who came here as a patient recently? I am to be on night duty with her. The doctors can't operate. Her folks waited too long to bring her in. Dr. Hughes has given her four days to live. Oh! how can I bear to see one so young, so lovely, die right before my eyes." The young nurse buried her face in her hands and sobbed brokenheartedly.

After composing her emotions somewhat she asked, "Isn't there something we can do, Mrs. Benton? Can't we pray for Edna?"

"Yes, yes, we can pray for her," heartily answered the friend. "I believe I will tell you of a plan for praying for the sick that one of our ministers once suggested to a group of workers. It has just come to my mind, and I wish we could try it.

"Pastor Meade was this minister's name, and he was holding some special meetings for the sanitarium family in a certain city. One of the nurses told him of a very difficult case she had in the hospital. It seems that a young woman from the near-by university had been admitted as a patient because she was suffering from insomnia. She rapidly grew worse, became unable to eat, drink, rest, or control herself. 'In fact, she is now violently insane,' the nurse told him. 'And to think that her plans to go as a missionary to China should end like this makes it sad indeed.'

"In answer to her earnest plea for help Pastor Meade said he read Matthew 18:19 to the nurse, and asked her whether she was willing to claim the promise in the verse with him. She assured him she was. Now this is the plan they followed: Every hour of the day he would pray for the restoration of the patient. Every hour of the night she was to pray the same request. At noon they met to pray together. Their hourly petitions were not long. 'But we put all the faith we had into those intercessions,' the minister said, 'and *always claimed the promise* in the verse. In less than three days that young woman went home well.' Then he added, 'How many such miracles I have seen! I feel sure that the Lord is disappointed because of our

KEYSTONE

Through the Victory Gained by Prayer Esther Had the Joy of Seeing Edna So Fully Recovered That She Obtained Employment as a Typist in the City Where She Lived



lack of real faith in His promises, which limits Him in His desire to bestow much greater blessings upon His people.”

“Isn’t that a marvelous story!” exclaimed Esther. “If Edna were a member of our church, we could try the plan, couldn’t we?”

“I forgot to say that the university student was not a Seventh-day Adventist. But ‘God is no respecter of persons.’ He is the same to all who call upon Him in faith,” assured her friend.

“Well, I am surely willing to try the plan with you, but my faith is not very strong. You know I have not been a Christian long,” answered Esther.

“There is a chapter on ‘The Privilege of Prayer’ in the book *Steps to Christ* that will help and encourage you to have faith when you pray. Oh, I see, you do not have that book. Do accept this copy. I have another.” And Mrs. Benton offered the girl one of the 15-cent editions of the little volume.

“You have no idea how much I needed

the help you have given me. I was so depressed when I left the hospital, but my courage has taken a new lease on life now,” smiled the grateful young woman in appreciation.

“Let’s read the words recorded in Matthew 18:19,” suggested Mrs. Benton. “‘Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.’”

After reading the Scripture they agreed to pray every waking hour, wherever they were, and once each day to meet and pray together. Their petitions were fervent but simple—that Edna might be healed if it could glorify God, and be for her good.

The first few days were anxious ones, but the fateful fourth passed, and the patient was alive and seemed to be somewhat stronger. A week went by, and her menu included a bit of solid food, which gave cause for cautious rejoicing.

Ten days passed, with steady improve-

ment apparent. It was remarkable to Mrs. Benton the way Miss White kept her part of their prayer vigil, young as she was in the faith.

“Edna seems so well,” Esther told her prayer mate. “I think we can stop praying now.” So they agreed to stop.

The next morning, as soon as she was released from night duty, Esther’s feet seemed to fly over the path to her friend’s house. “O Mrs. Benton!” she gasped, “Edna almost died last night. One of the graduate nurses was with me all the time, and we feared she could not live till morning. I just *had* to come and tell you. What do you think can be the reason?”

“And we thought she was getting along so well,” replied Mrs. Benton. “Could it be we let go of the arm of the Lord too soon?”

“What do you mean by that?” questioned the nurse in training, with a puzzled expression on her face.

“Let’s see,” reflected the friend; “there is a statement in *Early Writings* I was thinking of. It is here on page 73. I will just read it. ‘I asked the angel why there was no more faith and power in Israel. He said, “Ye let go of the arm of the Lord too soon. Press your petitions to the throne and hold on by strong faith. The promises are sure. Believe ye receive the things ye ask for, and ye shall have them.”’”

“I am afraid I have weak faith. It seems we did let go too soon. But Edna is a very sick girl. What can we do now?” The nurse was plainly worried.

“Our only hope is to confess our mistake and keep on praying. God promises, ‘Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,’” Mrs. Benton assured her. “This is a test of our faith. Do you wish to renew our prayer vigil, dear?”

“Oh, yes, by all means,” was the response.

So the hourly praying began again. Edna’s improvement was marked. Soon she was able to be out in a wheel chair. Her appetite was good. Everything seemed to indicate a complete recovery. Therefore the time seemed right to cease the hourly praying once more.

However, when a sudden hemorrhage, so severe that it threatened to snuff out the life of the girl, occurred, Esther and her friend decided to “stay on their knees” until she was dismissed to go home.

With tears they prayed once more for forgiveness and for strength to keep hold of the Almighty arm until the victory was complete. A loving heavenly Father granted these requests. They had the joy of seeing this girl so well that she obtained employment as a typist in the city where she lived.

Truly our God is “a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.”

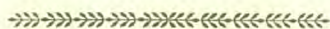
As a result of distributing missionary literature, one of our workers had this

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THE YOUTH’S INSTRUCTOR

The Courage Needed Today

By ERNEST LLOYD



“Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.” Joshua 1:9.

Courage to resist the devil.

Courage to aim for the highest, and hold that aim.

Courage to decide for the right when the right is not quite clear.

Courage to follow principle against the popular tide.

Courage to demonstrate sincerity by sacrifice.

Courage to crystallize good intentions into action.

Courage to be a leader among one’s associates, not a trailer.

Courage to do some good deeds and say nothing about them.

Courage to keep one’s temper when misunderstood or ridiculed.

Courage to fight down all coarser passions of the flesh and be master of the body.

Courage to step out from the crowd and stand with a few in the right, or if need be, to stand alone.

Courage “to overcome one’s personal inclinations, to settle down to long hours of real work, in the honest performance of duty, although it may be distasteful.”

Courage to declare unpopular truths to those who need to hear them.

Courage to “take time to be holy,” to wrest out of a strenuous life certain times for prayer and Bible study.

Courage to “Share Your Faith,” to speak frankly to other youth of their needs and their future.

Courage to “be not afraid” of the faces of men.

Courage to do according to all God’s law, and to “turn not from it.”

Remember today, “Be strong and of a good courage.”

SEVENTH-DAY AD-
VENTISTS have a large
work in the little mountain
kingdom of Ruanda-Urundi
in the upper reaches of the
Congo River basin.

The most important tribe in
Ruanda is the Watootsie.
These are a tall stately people
—many of the men as much
as six feet six inches tall, and
the Watootsie women are pro-
portionately impressive in
stature. They are slender in
build and have a dignified
bearing. They are in striking
contrast to their Pygmy neigh-
bors of the Ituri Forest three
hundred miles to the north.
The socially extrovert, but not
very politically powerful, king
of Ruanda is a Watootsie. These Watoot-
sies are an aristocratic people, and are not
often seen in close personal contact with
hoe or shovel. They seem, however, to
maintain by African comparisons a fairly
high standard of living, thanks to the
willingness of their less-elevated plebeian
neighbors to till their beautiful, nearly
vertical hillside fields for a consideration
apparently agreeable to all concerned. Our
missions in this area are all located on
high eminences overlooking deep but well-
cultivated valleys.

Scattered all through these valleys and
mountains are our Adventist schools and
churches. In this small area, a little larger
than Switzerland, we have more than
thirty thousand believers, and each year
newly interested people are coming in by
the thousands. Perhaps in no place in our
worldwide work do we have a more
rapidly spreading interest than is in this
field of Ruanda. One of the reasons for
this rapid growth may be the strong em-
phasis on evangelism by both our mission-
aries and our native teachers and evange-
lists. They have organized the churches
into strong, aggressive missionary societies,
and each Sabbath these groups go out
under enthusiastic leadership to preach to
attentive native audiences. Their young
people and their schoolteachers are espe-
cially energetic. Many of us in the home
fields could take a tip from the Ruanda



A Seventh-day Adventist
Chief and His Family at the
Ngoma Mission on Lake
Kivu

CLIPPER TRAVEL



Ruanda-Urundi, Congo, Central Africa

By THEODORE R. FLAIZ, M.D.

Christians without adversely affecting our
missionary record.

In driving from the north Congo to the
Ruanda mission we passed again through
a fifty-mile stretch of Albert Park. Though
we had no time to take the interesting side
trips, we did see much of interest. Large
herds of deer or antelope were all about
us. A number of lone elephants were feed-
ing near the road. African buffalo, large,
heavy-horned, black beasts, among the
most dangerous antagonists of the jungle,
were about in considerable numbers. This
park is a hippo paradise. These animals
evidently were early in their appreciation
of hydrotherapy. At one point there are
rather extensive hot springs by a small
river. The hippos, enjoying these hot
springs and mud baths, come to this spa
by the hundreds, and in one particular
place scores of them
may be seen wallowing
in the warm mud. Half-
way through the park
we overtook a Belgian
family whose little Aus-
tin car had chosen this
jungle road for its first
sit-down strike. It is not
difficult to feature the
result to both car and
family should one of the
near-by big bull ele-

phants, strolling down the road, come
upon them. With our emergency rope we
took them easily through the park and on
to the nearest town. We were well re-
warded in the profuse expressions of ap-
preciation showered upon us by the grate-
ful family.

One of the most strenuous bits of driv-
ing of our entire trip was on a fifteen-mile
stretch of newly cut road rising from Lake
Kivu to the Ngoma hospital and mission
station. This mission until three or four
years ago had to be approached by foot-
path. The new road is only the natural
clay, and when wet it becomes especially
hazardous because of the steep drop to the
valley below. Rain had struck a couple of
hours before our arrival, and the road
presented very poor traction. Fortunately,
at the one place where our car refused to
proceed farther, there was a crowd of
cheerful villagers who gave us a helpful
hand onto solid footing. The rest of the
way to the hospital was a challenge to
one's skill and judgment in balancing our
heavily loaded vehicle on the slightly
arched, slippery track.

It is difficult to conceive a setting more
picturesque than the Ngoma Medical Mis-
sion Station. At an elevation of six thou-
sand feet, it overlooks beautiful volcano-
skirted Lake Kivu, fifteen hundred feet
below, and to the east the view is beauti-
ful rugged green hills. Our Ngoma
church, a fine building and a credit to our
work, is situated on the highest promon-
tory of the estate, and may be seen as the

outstanding landmark for many miles. Because of its commanding position it appears on the airway maps of Central Africa as a check point. At the north end of the lake the Ngorongoro Volcano last year spewed out a half-mile-wide stream of lava, which flowed directly into the lake, turning that area into a boiling caldron. Fifteen months after the eruption, at the time of our visit, there were still hot spots in this lava flow. This mountain has been erupting approximately every ten years. The previous flow of 1938, which like the recent one buried large areas of forest under this molten sheet of rock, is already showing a fair stand of vegetation.

With its training school, student village, dispensary, mission headquarters, small printing works, and fine church the Gitwe Mission is one of our most important in all Africa. It is the center from which 130 of our schools are directed. It is from Gitwe

that the missionary-minded teachers and youthful workers are sent out to lead the strong evangelistic work done in this area. Proceeding southward, we went through the busy Belgian lakeside town of Costermansville. Few roads could show the irregularities of course, switchbacks, and curves possessed by the next hundred-mile stretch. We calculated that this first hundred miles of road removed us not more than forty miles in a direct line from our starting point. This roadway led through one of the most beautiful stretches of Congo jungle we had seen.

Toward the close of our second day on this run we came to the ferry that was to take us across the half-mile-wide tributary of the Congo River. As we had to take our turn in the line of waiting vehicles, we were delayed for perhaps three hours. Our schedule called for us to make it to the Songa Mission by Friday evening, necessi-

tating our driving late into this evening. About nine o'clock I observed two pairs of bright eyes in the road a quarter of a mile ahead. I remarked to my traveling companions, "I think we are about to see something interesting." The eyes moved up onto the bank at the side of the road and disappeared in the tall grass. However, at the point the eyes had disappeared we pulled up to the side of the road to find ourselves looking into the faces of a family of lions on the bank not four yards away. I managed cautiously to get my camera flashlight attachment from the back trunk of the car. From the big luggage carrier on top of the car we enjoyed a half hour of observation and attempt at photography. The lions appeared to be fully as interested in us as we were in them. When ready to move on we pelted the beasts with small stones to observe their response.

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A Hundred and Fifty Nurses

By MRS. LOIS M. PARKER

THE lovely evening dresses looked like flowers, so many delicate colors grouped here and there, with smiling escorts pleased to have a share in the girls' fun. For weeks and months the nurses had been in uniform, with few breaks, busily applying themselves to the earnest task of learning to relieve suffering. Now they had an opportunity to put on frills, and were loving it.

Here and there the girls' favorite doctors enjoyed watching their playtime. The junior class was entertaining the seniors before their departure from school into the varied lines of nursing service. All the pleasant ritual of a reception and dinner had been carried out, the evening had been considered a success, and now the girls were reluctantly thinking of their homeward journey.

Time to put away the graceful party clothes and don uniform again! The chattering group sifted through the swinging doors of the hotel, and adjusted wraps to a certain spring briskness of air. A line of taxis waited soberly for them. The first girls already were entering the modern version of Cinderella's coach.

A pair of headlights careened around the corner. As the driver belatedly realized his excess speed, an approaching streetcar labored up the slope in his path.

There was a screech of tires, the car swayed, then with a crash of rending metal and shattered glass, the inevitable collision was over.

Silence followed the hideous sound—a silence of startled, frozen alarm. Every breath in the hospital crowd was held for that moment.

Before the average person could realize what had taken place, one doctor, then another, then six, had reacted with the alacrity of those trained to meet emergencies. Every avenue of mind and muscle was ready for instant service, ready for every eventuality but the one they faced.

It took few seconds to evaluate the damage to the four occupants of the car. One of the doctors stepped carefully back from the tangle. He must step wide to clear the oozing, sticky red stream that crept faster and faster down the slope between splinters of glass. On the other side a similar stream flowed, until it collected in sinister puddles along the gutter.

"Nothing we can do," he murmured to a fellow physician.

The doctors clustered for a whispered consultation, then came back to the silent crowd on the sidewalk. Dark somberness hung over them like a cloud.

"Party is over, girls," one of them said as he patted a near-by shoulder. "You better get on home and try to forget this incident. Nothing we can fix, not even if we had all the nurses in the world, and all the doctors. The police will be here in a minute, and will like a clear place to work. Six doctors should be witnesses enough. They won't need a hundred and fifty nurses!"

The gaiety of the evening was gone forever. Few of the girls could have recalled just what they had done or said during the fun-starred hours.

Next morning one of the nurses spoke to a doctor in the ward office. "What really happened last night, doctor? Why were they going so fast right in the midst of a city?"

A shadow darkened his face.

"All four had been drinking, and I don't mean they were drunk! Just two or three little drinks, not enough—so they thought—to affect them adversely. No, it didn't slow up reaction time much, and it made things seem very bright and gay. But it also cut off the driver's sense of judgment completely. He thought picking up a speed of fifty miles an hour in less than three blocks was a bright idea. If he had had his normal mind, he'd have known that was a foolish thing to do, especially in a city."

The nurse shuddered.

"Right now," she said softly, "I can still hear that dreadful noise, and I don't know whether I ever will want to go to a party again."

The doctor's eyes twinkled a little.

"Oh, yes, you will!" he laughed, then sobered. "But don't ever forget that when you drink any kind of alcoholic liquors, you are throwing away the part of your brain that God gave you to make you different from the animals! When He gave us the powers of reasoning and judgment, a moral sense of right and wrong, that was what made man 'in his image.' Let's stay that way, shall we?"

The nurse fervently agreed.

"No drinking! I'm not making that promise to you, doctor; I'm making it to all those for whom I'll ever be responsible, patients, family, friends, and myself—and to Him who gives me the ability to keep my promises!"

The DIKE WILL HOLD!

By MRS. A. R. HOLT



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Within Fifteen Minutes the Whole City Was Submerged in Fourteen Feet of Water, Even Though the Radio Announced, "No Danger Ahead—All Is Safe; the Dike Will Hold!"

NO IMMEDIATE danger! Everything is absolutely safe! The dike will hold!" came the confident voice over the air on that thirtieth day of May in 1948, a day long to be remembered in the Pacific Northwest. A Memorial Day indeed! The overinhabited town of Vanport had been a busy place during the war. In fact, it had been born and reached full growth during those five terrible years. And it was home to eighteen thousand people who were contentedly engaged in their own occupations now that peace had come. Memorial Day had crept upon them without any particularly eventful news aside from the current flood along the river, and even that was not news, since it had already been flooded for a week. As was the usual holiday custom, many of the residents had splurged a little too much and were lazily sleeping the afternoon away while the children played together in the not-far-distant park and convenient playground.

There were many who were not even listening as the radio announcer regularly

broadcast reports concerning the near-by river's rise. They were aware that it was dangerously high and well past flood stage, but they slept on. Had they not been told that there was no need for alarm? In a half stupor fear is not usually present, and those who had not drunk themselves to this stage were in it because of their drowsiness from holiday relaxation. It was mid-afternoon, and no one wished to be disturbed. But those who heard that shocking report, "The dike *has* broken," need no reminding of what happened in Vanport on that May day of 1948. Within fifteen minutes the whole city was submerged in fourteen feet of water. What happened to all those unsuspecting people? Well, there was little time for escape, and many could not get around the dense traffic jam which had formed from inquisitive sight-seers. And what about those hundreds of children on the playground? Only one answer—they were swallowed up by the angry waters of the Columbia as it surged in upon them and carried them to the sea. No one will ever know exactly how many lives

were lost in the Vanport flood, but this we do know—today it is much like Babylon or Sodom and Gomorrah, not a trace of the once thriving city can be seen. How deceptive were the repetitious words, "No danger ahead—all is safe; the dike will hold!"

Like many modern teachers of today were those radio announcer's misleading words. The people have been told even by so-called preachers of the gospel that the world is getting better and that we have nothing to fear for the future. Even with the ushering in of the Atomic Age we hear surprisingly little about the dangers ahead, and especially from the spiritual leaders who should be sounding the warning. So the world sleeps on in its lethargic state with a feeling of security, when actually the dike is about to break and let in the flood of terrible judgments of God and death for all who are unprepared.

An ex-minister of a certain denomination came to my door several years ago selling accident insurance. He was quite persistent, and came back more than once. The last time he called we entered into a religious discussion. He boastfully told me of his ten years of Hebrew and Greek and of the books he had written about the law of God and the Sabbath question. I felt my inability to converse with such a learned scholar, but my confidence was soon restored when he spoke of the end of time and of Christ's second coming. He scoffingly asserted that time might go on for one thousand years before Christ will come and that we have not the faintest idea when He will come. Many texts came into my mind, and I was able to show him from the Bible why I believe in the nearness of His coming. After further discussion he admitted that he felt he could do more to help humanity by selling insurance than he could in the ministry! I could not help agreeing. He is typical of those who are telling the world to sleep on; the dike will not break—no need to prepare for the end. With the scoffers they are saying, "The Lord delayeth His coming."

It is true that some escaped the Vanport flood, and some will escape in these last days also. But once there was a flood after people had been warned for 120 years before it came, and yet only eight souls were saved. They refused to believe the warning of Noah, and failed to make preparation. They might as well have been told there was no danger of a flood, nothing.

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Lillian Starr's Revenge

By H. G. WOODWARD

MANY people expressed amazement that a man of the ability of Dr. Starr should offer himself for medical mission service in North India. And they said that it would be unwise for him to take his wife with him. "If he is willing to take the risk on his own behalf, that is his affair. But at least he should not expect his wife to accompany him!" Such were the words expressed by many, and after all, there was much in what they said. Because for a man to go to that wild part of India meant that he must take his life in his hands. And what would become of the doctor's wife if he were killed? Some good folk used another argument. "Dr. Starr is an outstanding surgeon, far too good a man to waste his talents in behalf of a people who seem to have little appreciation of any sacrifice made for them."

Such arguments seemed forceful enough to those who did not understand. But Dr. Starr had heard a voice telling him to go, and he felt that any ability he had as a surgeon was little enough to dedicate to the One who had given all for him.

As to the wisdom of allowing his wife to accompany him, Lillian Starr had something to say about that. "I count it an honor to go with my husband, and absolutely refuse to remain behind," she declared. So there they were, established in a mission hospital right up on the Afghan frontier.

From the first they had to make the most of their association together, for apart from the hospital staff there were few who were willing to be friendly. Fortunately Mrs. Starr was a graduate nurse; she was therefore able to assist her husband in his work.

Pierce warriors they were, those Afridi, who seemed never to be happy unless engaged in some deed of bloodshed. But as the good doctor used to say, "That all goes to prove how much they stand in need of the gospel."

Lillian Starr was quite distressed when on one occasion a poor woman was brought into the hospital minus her nose. Her husband showed no sorrow for his cruel act, though it was he who had cut off the nose. His wife had displeased him, and he considered that he had only administered a just punishment. When his anger was abated he realized that he had disfigured his own property. So he brought his wife to the hospital that his error of judgment might be counteracted.

"Dr. Sahib, could you make a new nose for my wife?" he questioned. "Yes, I think we can manage that," responded the surgeon, "if you are willing to give one of your fingers, which we can graft onto the base of your wife's nose."

"What! do you expect me to give a finger? How should I then be able to handle a gun properly?"

"Well," continued the doctor, "we could use one of your wife's fingers." Such a suggestion was preposterous! "What would my wife be worth with one finger missing? How would she be able to cook my food?" The Afridi made himself very clear upon that subject. "Well, there is just one other thing we could do. I could get you an artificial nose from England. It would cost you thirty rupees." The doctor waited to hear the response.

"Thirty rupees!" ejaculated the Afridi husband. "Why, I could get a new wife for that!"

In spite of such manifestations of selfishness and ingratitude, Dr. and Mrs. Starr labored on month after month, conscious that they were following in the steps of the Great Healer.

Quite a proportion of their patients were those suffering from gunshot wounds, for there was a constant vendetta between the various tribes on the frontier, and an Afridi was never without a gun in his hands.

One such case had just been discharged. The man was seriously wounded when he was admitted into the hospital, and the doctor had grave doubts as to his recovery. But the patient made an extraordinary comeback, and was up and about in an exceptionally short time. He was glad to be on his way home, for he said, "I know the man who

H. A. ROBERTS

Dr. and Mrs. Starr Labored on Month After Month, Conscious That in Spite of All Difficulties They Were Following in the Steps of the Great Healer

shot me; he is to be my first target." But that was no new story.

The discharged patient was a leading man in his community, and a crack shot. Therefore, when those of the opposing clan heard the news of his recovery and return, they were much concerned. It may seem strange to us, but the ways of the Afridi are beyond our comprehension. They blamed the foreign doctor for the recovery of their enemy, and it was the doctor, therefore, whom they marked as their next victim. Such are Afridi ethics.

Darkness had fallen, and all were in the shelter of their own homes—all except a band of Afridi who stole silently toward

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A DESERTED, discarded wife! Valerie had always felt a subtle scorn for women who could not hold their husbands. Now she felt disgraced. She sat hour after hour, the events of the past two days revolving in her benumbed mind. She almost telephoned Harriett, but an overpowering sense of shame arrested her. Then too she thought, "She was expecting company; they may be there even now." The truth was, Harriett's brother, Fred, had, with his family, intended to spend the week end with his sister, but on account of his wife's not being as well as usual, he had been compelled to break the appointment.

Carrie came and went, totally ignorant of the state of affairs.

"She do act right droopy, but when she get over missing her man she'll be her own cheerful self again," she said to herself.

Three days dragged by. Friday night finally came, and as dusk was settling over the town Harriett tripped along the front walk and into the hall humming:

"Have Thine own way, Lord! have Thine own way!

Thou art the Potter; I am the clay.

Mold me and make me after Thy will,

While I am waiting, yielded and still."

Valerie thought she had achieved a stoic calm, but the sight of this close friend stirred her wounded heart. Too, the words of the familiar song recurred to her, and before she realized what she was doing, she had flung her arms around Harriett's neck, buried her aching head on her shoulder, and burst into wrenching sobs.

It was some time before she could compose herself sufficiently to explain her trouble. "And now, what shall I do?" she asked as she concluded her narrative.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee," Harriett advised. "Ralph will change his mind, I feel sure. Just give him a little time. Remember, these truths are new to him, and in our haste we have probably overfed him. Now he has a case of spiritual indigestion."

"But what do you think I had better do?"

"I believe it would be well for you to write him a note, and assure him that you aren't angry with him and that you love him just the same as ever. That will leave the way wide open for a reconciliation."

"All right, I will!" agreed Valerie. The blond head bent over the note paper, and white fingers flew. "There! That's done!" she presently announced.

Harriet realized that her friend was in



H. A. ROBERTS

A Missionary Adventure

By E. LORENA LOSEY - - - Part XII

no state of mind to study, so she thrust that out of her thoughts. Valerie put her letter out, ready for the postman's morning call. The cool night breeze fanned her cheeks; a sleepy bird twittered. "Come on out here, Harriett," she invited. "It's lovely this evening." So presently they were comfortably seated on the screened porch. The conversation returned to Ralph. Harriett was able to give a measure of comfort to the stricken one. She was so sure everything would come out right; and talking with her, Valerie grew hopeful too. Quietly they talked until the meeting across the way was ended, and the young worshipers had gone home. Then the hush of night settled down. Harriett rose to go.

"O Harriett," implored Valerie, "don't leave me! Please, don't leave me!"

Harriett looked at her mischievously. "Then I'll surely have to take you along with me. Get your pajamas, little one, and

your best dress and shoes. You're going home with me for a few days. Tomorrow we'll come to church together if all goes well."

"But, Carrie——"

"I'll write a note for her while you get your things together and close up the house. You're going to see now how the other half lives!"

A ten-minute ride in Harriett's little car brought the two young women into a very different environment. Here was a home that was simple, almost to the point of austerity. But it was exquisitely clean and neat, and Valerie loved it right from the first.

They spent a few minutes studying the Sabbath school lesson for the morrow; then in a very short time the blond head and the brown one were pillowed side by side. A delicious sense of comfort and well-being enveloped Valerie, and soon she was asleep.

And now, Harriett and Valerie had arrived at church.

Many times in anticipation Valerie had entered the simple white edifice. Now she was really experiencing what previously had been only imaginings. Here was something different from what she had known, a religion less formal, a love and sympathy that completely unified the group. "Keeping the seventh-day Sabbath sets them apart from the world. The sacrifice it entails makes them all brethren," she said to herself.

The pastor took his text from the third chapter of 1 Peter: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Valerie's thoughts followed the speaker as he elaborated upon this theme. He spoke of the folly of wearing jewelry, of the time wasted on an elaborate hair-do, of expensive raiment, and then of that most beautiful ornament, "a meek and quiet spirit." To the young woman who was listening with rapt attention it was difficult indeed to wait until she should be less conspicuously situated to remove her necklace, earrings, and finger rings. But when the minister read and commented on the first two verses of the chapter, she could scarcely control her emotions. A husband who obeyed not the Word might without the Word be won by his wife's faultless behavior, she gathered as she listened with pathetic eagerness to the kind-voiced man in the pulpit. With a supreme effort she held back the tears, until, the service over, she and Harriett were safely in the car and on their way.

"Harriett," she said, "did you notice what the minister said, that a wife might be the means of winning her unbelieving husband, just because of the beauty of her Spirit-filled life? Oh, would that I might so win Ralph!"

She had removed her jewelry and dropped it into her purse, and now her hand went to her curly hair.

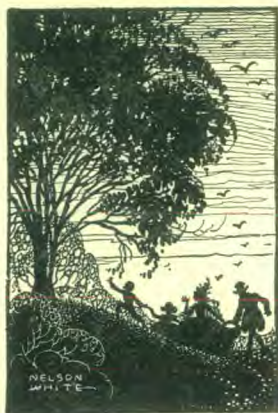
"I wish I had smooth, straight hair like yours," she said. "It's just beautiful! Mine is bound to curl, no matter what I do. Is it wrong for me to wear curls, Harriett?"

"No, indeed; wear it just as the Creator planned for it to be," advised Harriett.

"But do you think it is wrong to have a permanent? Tell me truly. I noticed many of the ladies wore their hair that way."

"Yes, I know they do. I'm no criterion for anyone else. I try to keep Harriett O'Brien going reasonably straight, and as for the others, their conscience must be their guide."

"Harriett O'Brien, you're a darling!" observed Valerie, with charming emphasis. And after a moment she added, "There was one announcement that particularly



Restoration

By ESTHER KALDAHL GUYOT

Once there was a maple tree,
Tall and very old.
Every autumn it became
Bright with living gold.

Every year its bursting buds
Heralded the spring.
When its new green leaves appeared
'Twas a lovely thing.

With the summer came the birds
In its arms to nest.
Mankind from the heat of sun
In its shade found rest.

In the winter, stripped and bare,
It defied the cold,
Lived to bloom again in spring,
Turn in fall to gold.



interested me. Your pastor said, 'There will be a baptism next Sabbath afternoon out at Blue Lake.' Apparently you baptize by immersion. Just what is the reason for that?"

"Baptism by immersion commemorates Christ's death, burial, and resurrection. Just as He died and was hidden in the tomb, and rose again by the power of an endless life, so the old man of sin must be crucified and buried. Out of the watery grave emerges a new man in Christ Jesus."

Valerie's face was shining. "O Harriett, I want to be baptized into your church. What must I do before I may have that privilege?"

"There are two more subjects I would like to study with you before you offer yourself for baptism. After we have cov-

ered them we'll go over and ask the pastor to examine you. If he finds that you understand and are in harmony with our beliefs, he will be glad to baptize you. No doubt you could be baptized next Sabbath, if that is your desire."

"I'd like that immensely," Valerie responded at once.

Sunday evening had arrived. Their simple dinner enjoyed, the two friends washed the dishes and put things to rights. Now Harriett said, "The evening is open; how would you prefer to spend it?"

"By all means let's study that subject 'The Spirit of Prophecy.'"

Harriett's pleased smile proved her willingness to acquiesce. Valerie picked up her Bible.

"You won't have need of your Bible tonight," said Harriett, "for the facts I am about to disclose have happened almost within the last century.

"Let us think first of the remnant church—the last true church before the end of time. This church had its beginnings in the 1840's; it had espoused a rest day that made it unpopular with the masses; it had given to it the most important message any church ever bore; and the assignment was 'to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.' When the message has been faithfully proclaimed to all, 'then,' said Christ, 'shall the end come.' Truly this last-day church has an important work. Do you suppose the Lord would forget it even for a moment? Do you suppose He would leave undone anything that would help in the organization of this mighty undertaking? Indeed, no! He cannot, will not, forget us, for we are graven on the palms of His hands.

"In every hour of special need the Lord has sent a prophet to warn, to reprove, to encourage His people. Noah, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, John the Baptist, and many others have in the past strengthened the Lord's work in the earth at crucial times. And as the three angels' messages began to sound, the Lord placed a burden upon a young man whom He had chosen to be His special instrument. He revealed to this man, Hazen Foss, the scorn and abuse he would suffer at the hands of those who rejected his message. Foss's soul shrank from the ordeal. 'Go,' the Lord said, by His Spirit, 'reveal to others what I have made known to you.' But he would not obey. Then he was told that the burden would be taken from him and placed upon the weakest of the weak. And sure enough a seventeen-year-old girl, frail in health, was next chosen. She was not 'disobedient unto the heavenly vision' but placed herself in the hand of God, to be used as He willed. Many times when she rose to relate a vision that had been given her, she was so weak she could speak only in a whisper, but as she spoke strength would be given, so that the message might be delivered in

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WE were surprised and delighted when we swung onto the new modern highway at Parksville, Vancouver Island, heading for Port Alberni. It was a little past one o'clock on Friday afternoon, November 25. In an hour we anticipated the end of a happy trip pulling our trailer home from Sidney up the Island Highway via the Mill Bay ferry.

We allowed a freight truck ahead of us to keep safe distance until grades slowed up the heavily loaded vehicle. As we pulled by it we seemed to notice a slowing up of our speed. Not long afterward serious mechanical trouble made me pull to the side of the road. The truck driver kindly stopped to see what the trouble was. We decided that a wrecker was necessary, so I accepted his offer of a lift to Alberni. Kathleen and the children were left to take care of the trailer.

The highway skirts lovely Cameron Lake, where big fish abound, then enters MacMillan Park, known far and wide as Cathedral Grove. For many years its stand of gigantic trees has been a major attraction to sight-seers. In 1944 H. R. MacMillan, O.B.E., generously donated the tract to the Province of British Columbia with the hope that its immense firs (*Pseudotsuga taxifolia*) and cedars (*Thuja plicata*) might be preserved for posterity. In recognition of his gift this area was named MacMillan Park. Shortly after we left the park the new pavement ended. Bulldozers were working on a new section on the banks of the Cameron River. The truck driver really worked as he shifted gears up the long grades of the old mountain road. He was hauling six tons of gas and oil. Blasting operations were moving mountains of rock through a gorge which will give the Twin Cities a fast, easy thoroughfare to the Trans-Canada Highway.

While the wrecker was being filled with gasoline I reached by telephone two of my colporteur associates who happened to be home in Alberni. They drove out to our trailer and arrived at the same time that the mechanic and I came in the wrecker. These two friends had a trailer hitch on the powerful little truck, and offered to pull our trailer over the mountain; but we thought that without trailer brake connections there was possibility of danger in our going down the other side. However, they kindly pulled our trailer into Cathedral Grove, where a portion of the old road allowed us to park off the highway. Then they left us, promising to bring our car back as soon as it was ready. Near by, a clear mountain stream provided us with lovely water.

It was soon time for Sabbath vespers, and amid these towering giants we sang the songs beloved by those to whom the Advent hope is dear in all the world.

BRITISH COLUMBIA FOREST SERVICE

The Highway Skirts Lovely Cameron Lake, Where Big Fish Abound, Then Enters MacMillan Park, Known Far and Wide as Cathedral Grove

STORMBOUND

in Cathedral Grove

By H. G. BAYLISS

During the night we became conscious of heavy winds. With loud thuds seed cones dropped on the metal roof. Heavy rains lashed our little home on wheels, but we were warm and dry inside.

After breakfast we prepared for our Sabbath school. Each of us chose a hymn, and while the rage of the storm almost drowned out the songs of Zion, our hearts were cheered and our thoughts were

raised to the gates of that city above, about which no storms ever beat. On our knees we asked our heavenly Father to protect us, for did He not uphold every one of these massive trees by the word of His power, and was not the wind under His control? True, sometimes He allows the forces of nature to test us, even as Job was tested. But not a hair of any of our

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AM SO happy to get these papers!" The elderly little woman who stood in the doorway smiled as she took the paper handed to her by Laura White, a loyal member of Central's Literature Band. Although the liquid sunshine of Portland, Oregon, was falling quite steadily that Sabbath afternoon, the spirits of Central's young people were not dampened. Under the enthusiastic leadership of Al White, the Literature Band was carrying truth-filled papers and tracts from door to door.

"Do you know what I do with these papers?" The seeker for truth spoke earnestly. "I spread them out on the bed. Then I kneel down and ask God to guide me as I read. After I have read them I pass them on to my friends."

Laura's heart was thrilled as she left her territory that day. Perhaps such an earnest person might be brought into the truth of the third angel's message.

The winter months sped by. Faithfully Laura delivered her papers. With high hopes she saw the little woman begin attending Sabbath school and church. Then she went to the Oregon camp meeting.

At last there came the glad day when Laura saw the full fruitage of her labors. With eyes that were dimmed by tears of joy, she saw the honest woman who had been praying for light lowered into the watery grave of baptism. Now, as she meets this dear friend from time to time, she feels a warm glow of satisfaction in knowing that *she* had an important part in bringing Bible truth to her.

Concerning other "Share Your Faith" activities in the Oregon Conference, Pastor A. J. Reisig, Missionary Volunteer secretary for that field, writes as follows:

"Eddyville, a small community near Toledo, Oregon, last summer heard of the soon coming of Jesus. A small group of Missionary Volunteers from Toledo have been holding Sunday evening evangelistic meetings in Eddyville. They are happy that one family is preparing for baptism. This same group held an effort in Siletz the previous summer. They caught the vision of 'Share Your Faith' as they saw loved ones and relatives find in Jesus a personal Saviour, and now they sing, 'We have heard a joyful sound, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.'"

"Off the coast of Oregon we see a shining new boat. We check its name—double check to be sure—it's the *Missionary of Estacada*. The skipper is Warren R. Haase, a consecrated young man. He found Christ anew in an evangelistic effort conducted by Pastor Reisig. Now he is fishing for souls. Listen to his enthusiastic testimony: 'Just a few lines to tell you that the *Missionary of Estacada* is fishing for men as well as for the finny tribe. On Sabbath, August 20, we pulled into Eureka, California, and passed out 190 pieces of literature along the waterfront. We have several fishermen interested and are giving them Bible studies. Our dream

THEY & SHARE

By G. W.

Missionary Volunteer Secretary f



J. A. HOLTON

Yes, They Share Their Faith, These Loyal Youth of the Great Northwest, and Are Catching the Vision of Service to Others, Thus Blazing a New and Beautiful Trail to the Earth Made New

has at last come true, and we pray God that we can continue."

"Further in his letter he says that his group of fishermen are giving away copies of *Steps to Christ*, *Present Truth*, *Prediction Series*, *Signs of the Times*, *Youth's Instructor*, and *Liberty*.

"Harold Johnson, partner with Mr. Haase in the boat *Missionary of Estacada*, three months ago did not know Christ. Listen to this: 'Harold wants to be baptized. If you can, please go there [to Estacada, where Mr. Johnson was convalescing from sickness] and see him and prepare him for baptism. . . . I want him to join us soon.'"

"We are entering the Multnomah County fair at Gresham, Oregon. One of the first booths we see is a 9' x 7' tent with a large arched sign, 'Missionary Volunteers.' We see that the tent is neatly and tastefully decorated with blue and yellow

crepe and lined with white inside. We meet Mrs. Agnes Brown, the Gresham Missionary Volunteer leader. She says, 'We had this space donated to us. Jack Lange, associated Missionary Volunteer president of Portland, loaned us the tent.' She points to a rack filled with Little Giant books and *Bedtime Stories*. On a shelf we notice the magazines *Signs of the Times*, *Youth's Instructor*, *Little Friend*, *Liberty*, *Listen, Life and Health*, and *Good News* tracts. There is a stack of 'Share Your Faith' tracts too, and *Voice of Prophecy* and *Builders of Faith* correspondence school enrollment cards.

"Listen now to Mrs. Brown: 'A great many people were interested and surprised to find such a place at the fair. We of the Gresham Missionary Volunteer Society feel that it was a week well spent.'"

"What *can* we do?" Eagerly the Juniors

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

THEIR FAITH!

HAMBERS

the North Pacific Union Conference



"Do you really mean business?" asked Mr. Martin. "Will you stay by the job if I help you get started?"

"Yes!" they chorused.

"All right, I'll help you," promised the young man.

Happy in the prospect of doing something to carry to others the good news of the returning Saviour, these Juniors waited almost impatiently for the first day of service to arrive. At last it came. They could hardly contain their enthusiasm through the Sabbath school and church services. That afternoon their great soul-winning adventure began.

Going from door to door in and around the small towns of Concrete and Marble, these tireless Juniors blazed a trail of light. Faithfully they stuck by the task. Week after week, sunshine, rain, and even snow, found them visiting the homes of the people. James Martin and his wife were most

to those who seemed interested, was placed in the homes of that area.

Now came the real test. What had been accomplished by their activities?

Almost fearfully the Martins called on those who had maintained their interest in the literature. To their joy they found that in the first five homes they visited—they did not have time to call at more than that on that particular Sabbath afternoon—four of the families interviewed wanted Bible studies and one wanted more literature!

In other spots in the Washington Conference the fires of "Share Your Faith" are burning brightly. A letter from Mr. and Mrs. Dale Havens to Pastor Cree Sandefur, Missionary Volunteer Secretary of the Washington Conference, tells of the activity of our Missionary Volunteers at Puyallup.

"This young people's group were of the opinion that they must do something for the Lord. Last July they started to hand out literature in the small town of Carbonado, which has a population of four or five hundred people.

"The very first Sabbath a young woman, not of our faith, joined them and handed out literature. However, she took off her make-up and jewels before going out. This was her first Sabbath in a Seventh-day Adventist church.

"She continued to attend until her family moved away. The next Sabbath we had a young Catholic lad in our midst. We discussed plans for an evangelistic effort. He took a definite part in making plans. God works in mysterious ways as the seed of truth is sown, to bring it to fruitage. At least our Missionary Volunteers planted the seed in the hearts of these two young people.

"On camp meeting Sabbaths the work was continued, for the literature was given out after church, and the young folk were back in time for their afternoon meeting.

"The Community Hall at Carbonado was secured, and the first evangelistic service was held October 9. Merlin Loop, a student from Auburn Academy, gave 'The Book to Live By.' The following week Jack Osborn answered the question, 'What Will Happen to This World, Peace or Chaos?' On a recent Sunday night Baird Vermillia delivered a fine speech on 'Is There a Real Devil?' Pastor H. A. Peckham has been doing a wonderful work in training these young folks. Prof. H. W. Mitzelfelt has been generous in sending us talented musicians. We appreciate this very much. Our group of ten or twelve young people in Puyallup have given freely of their talents in the musical field and helped otherwise wherever duty called.

"The first evening we had an attendance of eight adults and five children; the second evening, eight adults and nine children; and the third Sunday night, six adults and four children. There had not

REMEMBER

"SHARE YOUR FAITH"

HEAR DAVY THOMAS TONIGHT

"GOD'S CONSTITUTION"


"What Standard Governs The Life Of One Who Is a Candidate For Citizenship In Heaven?"

ADVENTIST YOUTH AUDITORIUM

Corner of Spokane and Okanogan

"Everybody Sing"—

Special Music—



—At 7:30

—By Young People

YOUTH CRUSADE FOR CHRIST

REMEMBER

of the Mount Vernon, Washington, church crowded around James Martin. "We want to do something!"

These boys and girls were on fire with zeal to have a part in "Share Your Faith" activity.

loyal in directing the group. At last more than two hundred dollars' worth of literature, including subscriptions for the *Signs*

been any church services in Carbonado for three years, even in the community church, until the night we held our first meeting.

"One of the board members of the town council has been very kind to us. He has built the fire every Sunday night. One young lad of eight years has been there every night to help set up the chairs. Our young folks are having the time of their lives all working together for the advancement and finishing of God's plans. They are of good courage and of good spirits. Pray for them."

"Good morning! Is this Mrs. ———? I understand that one of your neighbor boys, Hal Hardin, has been giving you Bible studies." The speaker was Pastor A. J. Werner, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Idaho Conference. We had called at the country home of one of Hal Hardin's neighbors to get the reaction of those with whom twelve-year-old Hal had been studying.

"Why, yes, he did come over and show some pictures on the Bible," responded the woman. "Won't you come in?"

We learned that Hal had given all of the twenty-eight studies in the Missionary Volunteer Crusader series. The results? The elderly mother of this housewife who had admitted us had manifested a real interest. She had attended Sabbath school once. She is still interested. Hal is still taking papers to her.

"That boy surely can put up a good argument on the Bible," commented the man of the house as we visited with him out at the barn.

We do not know what the results of these Bible studies will be. But we do know that the gospel seed has been sown. We also know that Hal Hardin has set a noble example for his fellow Juniors in his "Share Your Faith" activity.

The young people of Gem State Academy are on the march. Encouraged by their principal, Prof. G. L. Beane, and led by their capable sponsor, Lynn Callender, they launched into a full-fledged evangelistic effort last fall. They also put on a supporting radio program. It was my privilege to listen to both of these programs one Sunday night. It was thrilling to see and hear those young people as they presented the third angel's message in sermon and song.

Concerning other "Share Your Faith" experiences, Pastor Werner writes: "I learned in midsummer that Lillian Wageman, of the Gooding church, has been inviting a friend, a Catholic girl, to her church. The girl and her mother, as a result, have become very much interested, so much so that the mother wishes her daughter to attend Gem State Academy.

"The leader of the Senior Missionary Volunteer Society in Boise told me recently that their project, which was initiated three months ago, is to hold Sunday meet-

ings for the soldiers in the veterans hospital. I was present at the first meeting. The attendance was rather small; but because of the high quality of meetings and the interest that these young people have taken, the attendance has improved every week until now they have about twice as many as they had at first.

"One Missionary Volunteer has been taking the telephone book on Sabbath afternoon and running down the list alphabetically to call the attention of the people to the Voice of Prophecy program, which can be heard the next day on two stations. Last week thirty telephone calls were made, and out of that number three said they were listening, twenty-six expressed sincere thanks, and one person with rather a reservation in his voice said, 'Oh, it's a religious program.' And the reply was, 'Yes, it's one of the best on the air.'"

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**Have patience. All things  
are difficult before they become  
easy. —Saadi.**

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From the inland empire of the Upper Columbia Conference, M. J. Perry sends the story of the advance of youth in "Share Your Faith." Backed by his conference president, Pastor C. Lester Bond, veteran worker for youth, Pastor Perry begins his recital of youth activity with the story of an evangelistic effort at Wenatchee, Washington.

"The young people planned it right from the start. With George Chalker as their youth pastor, they were able to do a good job in organizing their forces for the effort. I met with them at first to start the ball rolling. From then on I worked by remote control. Their committees were organized for publicity, transportation, ushering, visiting, music, and general direction of the program! They used the telephone, radio, and press to announce their meetings. And when 6:30 P.M. came around several were already at the Adventist Youth Auditorium to be sure not to miss anything.

"The Missionary Volunteer leader, Virgil Cumbo, worked faithfully with his group to make these services successful. During the course of their meetings their greatest problem was how to keep up with the interest. Between twenty-five and thirty persons began attending Sabbath school and church services, and the young people had trouble finding time to visit them.

"I spoke at their opening meeting through their invitation, and it was likewise my privilege to close the effort by being their guest speaker for the last meeting, and pull in the net. Many took their stand for Bible truth. Some have already

been baptized, and others are in preparation. Eternity alone will reveal the results of this great endeavor for God.

"James Andres, another of our youth evangelists, conducted a series of meetings with his young people in Opportunity, Washington. They also had an active 'Share Your Faith' quartet as did the Wenatchee group. They carried on a good system of personal visiting, and a number of their converts have already been baptized.

"The Spokane Missionary Volunteers have conducted three district projects recently for the 'Share Your Faith' crusade. Their literature distribution had taken on large proportions, when thousands upon thousands of pieces of literature were systematically distributed throughout the city in a genuine seed-sowing endeavor. They are now combining their efforts to conduct an active evangelistic effort for the city. But while they were scattering their literature they undertook a project at Green Bluff under the direction of youth evangelist William Clements, who marshaled the youth forces in a profitable venture.

"They faithfully carried on for a number of months to bring a message of hope to that area, culminating in visible results of those who have found the Advent message way, and now are attending the Spokane church. A second group, under the direction of George Gibson, undertook another project in the southern area of Spokane, carrying on faithfully until camp meeting, at which time they were forced to conclude their meetings.

"The youth of Upper Columbia are catching the vision. A group of leaders from Stateline requested my help in starting them on a Junior youth effort early last fall. In fact, they wanted to start it already during the summer months. They had conducted a senior effort, using the college young people as principal speakers. The Milton Missionary Volunteers have also conducted a similar effort, using the college talent.

"The Upper Columbia Academy, with A. H. Warner, conducted a youth effort in the near-by town of Rosalia on Sunday nights. Their attendance was good, and the results were promising."

In the broad stretches of the Montana Conference, Missionary Volunteer Secretary Joe Leeper is leading his young people onward in "Share Your Faith" activity. Distributing literature, conducting Bible studies, and holding evangelistic meetings, they are marching with their fellow youth of the North Pacific Union in telling others of the soon-coming Saviour.

Yes, they share their faith, these loyal youth of the great Northwest. Even as the hardy pioneers of yesteryear blazed a trail to a new and beautiful country, these young people of today are blazing a trail to a new and beautiful world, the earth made new.



JUNIORS



H. D. WHEELER

FRISKY Our Problem Child

By MARIAN H. PHILLIPS

FRISKY came to us just as the monsoons were beginning to break in central Burma. His mother must have miscalculated when she fastened her home to the limb of the great locust tree overhanging our veranda. At any rate, a terrific monsoon gust of wind dislodged it one day, and deposited it unharmed on our front porch. Within were two sleek gray squirrels. One of the little animals was given the name of Frisky, and became the bad boy of our household. He tyrannized the entire family, especially our Burmese cook, who at one moment was ready to exterminate him, and in the next was convulsed with laughter over his antics.

Frisky followed a well-balanced program of rest and vigorous action. He would lie for an hour or two at full length on a cement ledge close to the ceiling of the house. There he could watch the doings of the family, and there he doubtless conceived much of the mischief that alternately delighted and vexed us.

Odors from the kitchen were the signal for our pet squirrel to be up and doing. His entrance into the cookhouse followed a regular pattern. From a papaya tree outside he would spring to the kitchen window; from the window he executed another graceful curve to the food safe inside. If the cook was making bread or pastry, he would land on her shoulder

and, using her arm as a runway, would seize a wad of dough from the worktable and make off with it to the top of the safe. After eating this he would prepare for a second landing, wagging his roguish head from side to side as he did so. Sometimes the cook would hand him a piece of dough, hoping thus to rid herself of the troublesome pest. At other times his bold piracy brought a shower of blows in his direction, all of which he eluded with skillful precision.

Our pet appeared regularly at the dining table for his meals. While using my shoulder as a perch, he would feed on bits of cottage cheese, bananas, nuts, tangerines, cookies, or cake. Strawberry juice was a delicacy which he lapped noisily.

On one of Frisky's excursions about the house he chanced upon a basket of peanuts just brought in from the bazaar. It was apparent that he thought he had made a wonderful discovery. Back and forth he went from the pantry to various parts of the house, his cheeks crammed with nuts. Every crack and cranny contained a nut. Several days were spent at this task.

Although our squirrel was usually a vegetarian he sometimes varied his diet. At a certain season of the year a beautiful beetle of iridescent green and gold appeared in the locust trees in our compound. My son liked to play with these beetles; and while he was busy with a collection of them one day, I saw Frisky peering from the ledge above with avarice gleaming in his beady eyes. I warned the boy of the squirrel's interest in his beetles, and told him not to leave them. However, he soon hurried off to the kitchen for something, and when he returned Frisky was sitting upright on the ledge above daintily eating the decapitated beetles from their shells as one would eat an egg from an egg cup!

Beside our house grew a group of beautiful neem trees, which were Frisky's private sanctuary. He guarded them jealously. I stepped out of the house one day to find him pursuing a chameleon which had just arrived in his quarters. The lizard was beating a jerky but stubborn retreat. As he did so he glared back at his antagonist with jaws agape. Frisky followed cautiously, snapping at his foe's

tail. The battle gathered speed. Up and down, over and under the branches they went. At last the chameleon hit the ground with a plop, and blinking and gulping, wriggled off into the grass. Frisky's satisfaction with himself was complete.

Our servants had told me that the squirrel was the sworn enemy of the myna birds nesting under the eaves. Frequent commotion among them made it evident that he was trying to steal their eggs. Of the genuineness of this feud I had remarkable evidence one day.

We were seated at the dinner table wondering where our little star boarder was when all of a sudden he rushed in the front door with tail in full bloom. His ego was in full retreat, however, for in hot pursuit were two irate myna birds. At the sight of us the pair stopped short, darted up, and perched on the open door, where they remained for several minutes, their eyes ablaze with righteous wrath. Seeing that he was no longer in danger, our cheerful little extrovert forgot his embarrassment, and came over to see what the dinner table offered a latecomer.

Anything strange or unusual was sure to excite our pet's curiosity. While my husband prepared for a shave one morning the lather on his face caught Frisky's

attention. He sprang to my husband's shoulder and began licking at the white foam. The more he licked the more intriguing the stuff became. Twice he was driven away, and twice he returned. Finally his exasperated host shut him out of the bathroom so that he could finish his shaving in peace.

Of all the provoking pranks played upon us by our little protégé of the wilds, none made us so furious as his ambitious nest building. The first item of clothing we missed was our boy's bright-red wool swimming suit. The next was a belt tipped with a shining buckle. Then one morning I came upon him in the bedroom chewing on one of my wool blankets.

"We must get rid of that squirrel!" I cried, seizing a bamboo broom and hurling it after him, knowing full well as I did so that my missile would fall far short of its mark. There was little need for further concern, however, for those bits of soft wool were the finishing touches to his nest. But Frisky's zealous attention to the smallest details of nest building failed to win him a bride from the wilds. The empty nest was finally taken down from the ledge with a bamboo pole. The red swimming suit had been chewed into downy softness, but there was the belt

with its shining buckle, together with an indiscriminate mass of wool threads.

Along with his limitless capacity for mischief, our squirrel had many endearing ways. I shall never forget his playful nips at my ear and hair as he sat upon my shoulder, or how his eyes sparkled with roguish fun as he played tag on the mosquito net draped over the bed.

Our pet was accidentally killed during the summer while we were away in the mountains trying to escape the fierce heat of the plains. We mourned sincerely the loss of our little friend, and we still love to linger upon the memory of his soft, furry form cuddled in our hands.

The Dike Will Hold!

(Continued from page 7)

ing to fear. It seems that history is repeating itself, and in comparison there will not be any more who are ready now than were ready in Noah's day. Jesus has told us, "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man."

Just ten years before the flood of Vanport I witnessed an unexpected flood in the State of California. Still recuperating from a recent operation, I dreaded seeing my husband leave for work that March morning. Rain had come down in torrents all night long and had continued throughout the day. My mother, who was with me, remarked that if there were not a flood after so much rain, she would be very much surprised. By late that night reports were being frantically broadcast of floods all over the southern part of the State. When midnight arrived and my husband had not returned home, you can imagine my feelings of anxiety. With each hour the anxiety steadily increased as the radio announcers warned, "Another bridge out; the fourth car has just been sighted going down the river; no report of how many people have gone down with the cars." No sleep came for me as I listened desperately all night long to intervals of music and flood reports.

Morning came, and the rain had slackened its intensity against the windowpanes so that we were able to look out of our second-story apartment to the flooded streets below. Not a sign of an automobile was seen on the street as I hopelessly swallowed the lump in my throat. At 9 A.M. the phone rang, and it was the call I had been waiting for from my husband, saying he was safe. He had been among the hundreds of other men drafted to help prevent disaster to the flooded districts and to warn the people to evacuate their homes. This was another flood that had come without warning, and it demonstrates to us how we should be prepared for such sudden calamities. The Bible tells us that "when they shall say, Peace and safety; then cometh sudden destruction upon them." We must be

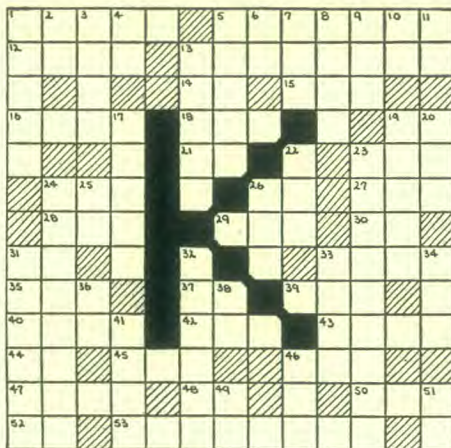
Crossword Puzzle

Korah and Others Destroyed

Numbers 16

Across

- 1 Korah, Dathan, Abiram and On rebelled against . . .
- 5 Two hundred and fifty . . . rebelled also
- 12 "and the earth . . . her mouth" :30
- 13 "they . . . themselves together against Moses" :3
- 14 Lira (abbr.)
- 15 Remunerate
- 16 Carry
- 18 Rowing implement
- 19 Newspaper item
- 21 Registered Nurse (abbr.)
- 23 Crafty
- 24 By
- 26 Protestant Episcopal (abbr.)
- 27 Succeed
- 28 Rodent
- 29 "lest ye be consumed in all their . . . s" :26
- 30 Average (abbr.)
- 31 and 26 down "and they . . . down quick into the . . ." :30
- 33 "all Israel that were round about them . . ." :34
- 35 Royal Victorian Order (abbr.)



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- 37 "Get you . . . from about the tabernacle of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram" :24
- 39 Sesame
- 40 Flow slowly
- 42 Hastened
- 43 "And they . . . up before Moses" :2
- 44 United Kingdom (abbr.)
- 45 Unit of electrical resistance
- 46 "if the Lord make a . . . thing" :30
- 47 Netherlands (abbr.)
- 48 "Lest the earth swallow . . . up also" :34
- 50 "as he had made an . . . of speaking all these words" :31
- 52 Doctor of Divinity (abbr.)
- 53 "and they . . . from among the congregation" :33

Down

- 1 "And the earth opened her . . ." :32
- 2 Observation post (abbr.)
- 3 "Hereby ye shall know that the Lord hath . . . me" :28
- 4 Half an em
- 5 Wilderness on the south and southwest of Palestine Gen. 21:21
- 6 Right (abbr.)
- 7 Indicated horsepower (abbr.)
- 8 "whom he hath chosen will he cause to come . . . unto him" :5
- 9 "led at the . . . of them" :34
- 10 Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
- 11 Northern State (abbr.)
- 13 "the . . . of the Lord appeared unto all the congregation" :19
- 17 "and the . . . closed upon them" :33
- 19 "went down . . . into the pit" :33
- 20 Dynamics (abbr.)
- 22 "consumed the two hundred and fifty . . ." :35
- 23 "opened her mouth, and . . . them up" :32
- 24 "ye shall understand that these men have . . . the Lord" :30
- 25 Each (abbr.)
- 26 See 31 across
- 31 "the . . . clave asunder that was under them" :31
- 32 "what is Aaron, that ye . . . against him" :11
- 33 "And there came out a . . . from the Lord, and consumed" :35
- 34 "If these men . . . the common death of all men" :29
- 36 Ounce (abbr.)
- 38 Father
- 41 Except as otherwise herein provided (abbr.)
- 46 One of the prophets (abbr.)
- 49 Sandwich Islands (abbr.)
- 51 "the Lord hath sent me to . . . all these works" :28

"But if the Lord make a new thing, and the earth open her mouth, and swallow them up, with all that appertain unto them, and they go down quick into the pit; then ye shall understand that these men have provoked the Lord." Num. 16:30.

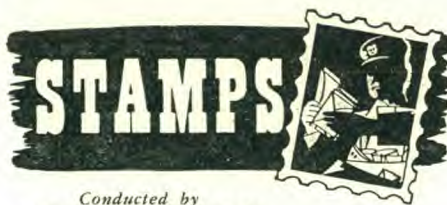
—Key on page 23

ready at all times, for it will be too late after the dike breaks and the flood of destruction strikes.

Some twenty years ago the San Francisco dam was erected in the Santa Clara Valley of California. It was constructed of concrete; then as the rains slowly swelled the river the dam began to fill with water. No doubt had been expressed by anyone that the dam might not hold. But as the pressure became more and more strenuous against the huge wall, a weak place in the construction began to give way; and suddenly, in the middle of the night, the whole dam crumbled beneath its load, and millions of tons of water poured mercilessly down the canyon onto the once beautiful Santa Clara Valley. Most everyone was asleep on that fateful night, and since there was not much time to warn the people there were hundreds of lives lost. Some fled to the nearest hills and were saved, but the rest were swept before the tumultuous waters into the Pacific Ocean. The warning came too late. It is dangerous to wait until the dike breaks, and then try to flee, for you may be sleeping too soundly, just like many of those who lived below the dam.

How satisfying it can be to know that you are ready for any unexpected catastrophe, and even more satisfying to be ready for that greatest of all events, the coming of Jesus! As the Christmas season drew on this year I was impressed with the way one city made ready for it. Santa Claus was to be brought down from the North Pole in an airplane and encircle the town, then land on the nearest airfield, and be escorted to a platform around which thousands of people had gathered. I happened to be waiting for a bus at the very moment he was due to fly over. At the first hum of the plane motor all eyes were fixed heavenward, and everyone stood motionless, as if in a trance, while the plane drew nearer. Just as it flew directly above us Santa waved from the open window, and a shout went up from the crowds, "There he is!"

All the time I had been thinking of the company who will be gathered together waiting and watching for the Son of man to come in the heavens. They will have their gaze fixed upon a cloud about the size of a man's hand, and as it draws nearer and nearer they will stand motionless and spellbound; then when it is close enough to see Jesus Himself a shout of victory will arise. With this in mind I could not help feeling a thrill of joy when the crowd cheered and waved at Santa. Just the thought of seeing that One who gave His life for the redemption of the world thrilled me and strengthened my resolve to be ready to meet Him. Let us not be like those who were unprepared when the dike broke, but may we be looking for Jesus as intently as those who were watching for Santa, and be ready to cry out, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us."



Conducted by
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

Address all correspondence to the Stamp Corner, Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope or International Reply Coupon, which can be secured at any post office in any country, for reply. Please use commemorative stamps on all your Stamp Corner correspondence whenever possible.

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For collection purposes, until March 31, 1950, only, two of each of the coins struck at each of the mints (3) are available at face value plus postage and registration fee from the Treasurer of the United States Cash Division, Washington 25, D.C. Only one set of two to a person and no less than this amount can be secured. Anyone desiring these new coins may have them upon immediate application and money order (no checks) for \$5.45—to the above address only.

Lincoln

By REID SHEPARD

THE first United States stamp bearing the portrait of Abraham Lincoln appeared June 17, 1866. Because the stamp was printed in black and appeared less than a year after his death, it is considered by some as a mourning stamp. Since that time his portrait has appeared almost constantly on United States stamps. Because of this, a specialty collection of Lincoln in philately is a good theme for those who admire the man.

Stories of Lincoln as the postmaster of New Salem (Illinois), using his tall stove-pipe hat as his post office and personally

delivering letters to his patrons, are perennially told. Postmasters were political appointees; and Lincoln, always in the political limelight, was not left out.

For your Lincoln collection you will naturally wish to include as many of the Lincoln stamps as you can acquire. The stamp issued in 1909 commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of his birth is a fine stamp to acquire.

A Lincoln collection may include many "patriotic covers" of the days of the War Between the States. Lincoln, log cabins, and rail fences were favorite subjects for these covers, and in the trying days of the war such covers became popular. Antislavery covers may also be included, for Lincoln has become a symbol of the emancipation of the American colored man. The emancipation monument was placed on a commemorative stamp in 1940. Election campaign covers should not be left out; they too featured Lincoln and Douglas and their favorite slogans.

Do not overlook the lowly postal card. Lincoln has been pictured on seven different ones. (Postal cards are always collected entire—never as cutouts.) Newspaper wrappers also featured the Lincoln portrait. Stamped envelopes in various dies likewise used Lincoln as their subject.

Newspaper stamps in their first and second issue used Lincoln on the 25-cent values. These stamps, as you may know, were used for the prepayment of postage on bulk shipments of newspapers and periodicals. The stamps were affixed to memorandum of mailing, canceled, and retained by the post office.

All the departmental stamps used Lincoln on the six-cent values where portraits were used. United States revenue stamps likewise have Lincoln's portrait, so you will wish to include these.

Some foreign countries have used Lincoln on their stamps. These, with the United States Lincoln stamps, make a large field from which to choose. Lincoln's Memorial on the one-dollar stamp of the 1922-25 issue is not a hard stamp to obtain. The Gettysburg Address stamp of 1948 brings our Lincoln stamps up to date, but you may be sure that the subject of Lincoln is far from completed; he will be remembered and commemorated as long as time shall last.





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A Missionary Adventure

(Continued from page 10)

a clear tone of voice. Through her the work of this denomination has been directed. Our system of medical, educational, and evangelical work was outlined according to the counsel given her from the Lord. She was a prolific writer, and through the printed page she still gives the church direction, although she has been at rest for a number of years.

"During her lifetime many tests were made to learn whether or not her visions were genuine. She always passed the tests. As a denomination we are satisfied that she was a true prophet, fulfilling the description of the remnant church, in Revelation 12:17, which, in addition to keeping 'the commandments of God,' was to 'have the testimony of Jesus,' the Spirit of prophecy. (Rev. 19:10.) You have already read one of her books, *The Desire of Ages*. Here on the shelves of this bookcase are many others from her pen. Here too is a book, *His Messenger*, which tells of her work in detail. Tomorrow morning, while I am gone, I'd be glad for you to read it through."

"Indeed I will," assured Valerie, "but it isn't hard for me to believe what you say about her. It seems to me perfectly logical that the Lord would send a prophet, in view of the size and importance of the task given to this last church."

"Here is one of Mrs. White's most valuable gifts to us," observed Harriett, taking *Steps to Christ* from its place and offering it to her friend. "It would be helpful to you to read it."

"My, I won't have any time to be lonely, will I! The evening is still young; I hope you won't mind if I start on *His Messenger* tonight." The eager student made herself comfortable in an easy chair, and was soon deeply absorbed in the volume.

(To be continued)

Stormbound in Cathedral Grove

(Continued from page 11)

heads may be touched without His will.

Our lesson warned us of the "strange act" of God when wrath without mercy will fall on those who reject the sealing message. We could well visualize what great hailstones will do in that last great storm, for although large branches were falling around our frail home only twigs and cones were permitted to touch our abode.

During the afternoon we put the children to bed, and in childlike trust they were soon asleep. The fury of the storm increased, until the noise was tremendous. On every side we heard the crash of the giants as the wind knocked them down like matchsticks. All traffic had ceased on the highway, so we concluded that

trees must be across the road too. A crackling noise near by drew our attention just in time for us to see a forest giant meet its doom and smash down lesser trees as it fell.

The urge to get out and feel the storm in all its fury proved too great, so after prayer for the safety of our lives and our home we dressed in our warmest clothes, wishing we could trade these garments purchased to keep out northern cold for rainproof slickers more suitable for this type of weather.

We quickly hurried to the beautiful and massive hand-wrought sign "Mac-Millan Park." How insignificant we felt! What terrible and destructive forces were raging around us! We ran down to see the near-by rivulet, but it was now deep and swift, plunging from rock to rock in its race to the sea.

What was keeping any of the trees standing we could not understand. We shouted our amazement. I estimated that they were swaying at least forty feet at the top, but there was scarcely any movement at the base.

Embedded in the bark of one was a sign which I copied bending over my notebook beside the big trunk:

"THIS TREE IS A DOUGLAS FIR"

"Merchantable Height 200 feet.

Merchantable Content 10,000 feet.

Diameter, Breast Height 70 inches.

B. C. Forest Service."

Another sign near by announced. "This Acre Contains"—and then listed Douglas fir, cedar, and hemlock, a total of 139,093 feet.

Here and there tree after tree gave up the struggle with a booming crash. Not far down the road a large one had fallen across the highway, knocking down another pride of the forest as it fell.

Only yesterday we had remarked how strong and permanent this great stand of timber appeared to be. A familiar text came to mind. "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." What a small area the roots of these giants appeared to cover!

Soon loggers appeared with a large chain saw, which made short work of those fallen monarchs of the woods.

But we were wet, so turned back, wondering how our trailer home, sweet home had fared. Yes, it was still there, snug and warm. After changing into dry clothes we thanked our loving Father for His protection as we closed an eventful Sabbath day.

While we sat at our evening meal, traffic began to stream by on the highway. Soon our faithful friends appeared with the car and truck. This was the most unpleasant weather for a hook-up job I had ever experienced. May the Lord richly bless these two colporteurs braving such weather for our sakes.

At the end of the pavement the river

was cutting through the new fill. Logs lay across the road. The little truck pushed them out of the way. Then we gave her the gas and soon were across. Shortly after that the road was closed. The next day we learned that Cathedral Grove was under two feet of water, so we were glad to be on safe ground. Although newspapers say that in the East lack of precipitation is a major problem, British Columbia, in far Western North America, spends millions recovering from the onslaughts of floods. Truly the earth grows old as a garment.

It took all the power our car had to pull the trailer up the long and tortuous mountain road. We appreciated the fact that our friends ahead knew the road as we followed them around dangerous curves and over new fills in the torrent of rain. How happy the Christian can be not only for the help of our fellow believers but also for the fact that our Saviour has gone before and knows the road. He is prepared to lead us through the last stretch and until we see the lights of that heavenly city, our eternal home, sweet home.

Are You an Andrew?

(Continued from page 1)

helped to do better work. Perhaps ten years from now you will read about his mission station in the interior of Africa or South America. He will not be a conference president, but in God's sight will his work not be just as important?

Andrew is the girl who cleans the halls and lobby of West Hall. She could not be at college at all if she did not work long hours to make it possible. She also worked all summer in the colporteur field to help with her expenses. But along with her work program and studies, she is faithful in attendance at literature band, and hardly a week goes by that she does not have some experience to tell of a helpful spiritual conversation while distributing literature in the town close by the school. She personally bears the members of her prayer band on her heart, encouraging them in their problems, praying with them, never giving up until she knows each one has fully surrendered to God. Years from now, when you are looking over some West Hall pictures, she may be forgotten completely, but you will not have forgotten Janice. Remember her? Always popular, and having a finger in the pie of almost everything that went on. She finally married Jim Blake, and they are somewhere in one of the southern conferences, where Jim is secretary-treasurer. But our Andrew girl can remember the struggles she had with Janice, the time she almost left college in her junior year to marry one of her home-town friends who was not a Seventh-day Adventist. Janice had the real stuff in her, but many of us need the encouragement and prayers

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of a true friend at turning points in our lives. An Andrew is always sure to be there!

And remember little Miss Barton, who drilled our French verbs into our minds? Perhaps you did not know of some of her younger aspirations and dreams. Before hearing the third angel's message and accepting it, she had great promise of eventually becoming a concert singer—you would never dream it, seeing her now, would you? But instead of having her name emblazoned in bright lights, she chose rather to have a bright crown of stars—students she has helped to win to Christ. True, she taught French to earn a living, but surely many of you have been invited to her cozy little home on Faculty Hill on week ends, and have been encouraged and inspired by her chats and music, along with those delicious sugar cookies and hot chocolate (with just a touch of nutmeg and vanilla—remember?) and the cheer of a blazing fire. The influence of a godly teacher has gone far in helping some of the Peters succeed.

And how about good old dad? Would you not call him an Andrew too? Dad never had the chance to go to college that many of us have; in fact, he never finished the eighth grade. His mother had been left a widow with five growing boys and girls. He had to go to work to help keep the little family together. But all through the years he has studied and always been deeply interested in your school activities. He determined that his son and daughter would have a college education if he had to work his fingers to the bone. Outside of the immediate family and friends, probably no one ever will hear of dad. But the influence of his life has helped you to choose the right; and so, steady, true, and courageous as he is, surely dad can be called an Andrew too.

No, not many of us can be Peters, and bring three thousand to Christ in a day by our persuasive oratory, but we can all be on the side lines helping, and the more we help, the greater and more far reaching will be Peter's work. And our reward will be no less in the kingdom of God—what more could any of us receive than eternal life?

They Prayed

(Continued from page 4)

experience. At one home where she called, a woman, with her head all bundled up as though she were ill, answered the door. The visitor stepped in and sympathetically remarked, "You seem to be in need of help. Can I do something for you?"

The woman burst into tears and said in not too good English, "Yes, I am verra, verra seek, verra troubled, and no one to help me." The worker said, "There is one Friend who can help us in any trouble or any sorrow."

To her surprise the woman said, "Yes, I know that, but I have had so much hurt from friends that I have lost my faith, and I am so seek."

"Will you let me ask our dear Father in heaven to help you to trust Him, and also to restore your health if He sees best?" our worker offered.

"Oh, if you only will, I would be so verra pleased," the woman fervently replied. As both knelt the visitor prayed while the woman made the sign of the cross upon herself and took out her beads.

When our worker left, the woman smiled and said, "You have halped me more than I can ever tell you. I tink my God has sent my good angel to help me. I have a daughter living on other side of here. She read good. I no read English. Call on her please."

In response to the request our worker visited the daughter, who was willing to see the filmstrip pictures illustrating Bible topics, which she had with her.

"At one of our studies I noticed that Mrs. Lewis, the daughter, seemed depressed, and finally acknowledged she could not keep her mind on the pictures," the worker said.

"Is there anything I can do to help you, Mrs. Lewis?" she asked. "I can see something is troubling you."

"Yes, I believe I shall tell you, because I want you to help me with someone who is very dear to me. It is my cousin who was taken to the insane asylum this morning. She was raving, and her six little children are left motherless. Her husband is all broken up over it, and we are all in mourning because of the sudden tragedy." Mrs. Lewis could not restrain her emotions, but wept aloud.

Our worker tried to speak words of comfort, but it was not easy, for the promises were *her* stay, whereas the sorrowing young woman did not understand the Scriptures as we believe them. In telling the experience she said, "I was so inexperienced with her religion that I did not know what would be best to say under the circumstances."

"You can help us, Mrs. Harvey," she said when she regained control of herself, "by praying for my cousin to get well."

Then she looked intently and expectantly at the caller who asked, "If I do, Mrs. Lewis, are you willing to join me?" She readily agreed.

Then Mrs. Harvey outlined the prayer-vigil plan, and the two women began their purposeful praying. They lived six miles apart and could pray together only once a week, but they agreed to meet in spirit at the noon hour every day, and pray on the hour all the rest of the time.

Two weeks went by, then three, and one day when Mrs. Harvey went to town for their study, Mrs. Lewis met her at the door all smiles and said, "Oh, how glad I am to see you today. Come with me. I have company you must meet," and she drew her into the kitchen and introduced

the cousin to "our friend, Mrs. Harvey, who has prayed for you to get well."

"There stood a beautiful young woman before me," Mrs. Harvey related. "Her soft dark eyes were suffused with unshed tears; and as she held out her hand and took mine and pressed it to her bosom, she said in a humble sweet voice, 'My dear, wonderful friend. I never can thank you enough for the living death from which you have saved me.'" Mrs. Harvey told her that only God can restore, and that He was the One to thank for her restoration. Then they all knelt and praised Him together.

"God will soon do great things for us, if we lie humble and believing at his feet."

Ruanda-Urundi, Congo, Central Africa

(Continued from page 6)

which was merely to growl a little as they crouched lower in the grass and backed off a few yards. As we started to drive away we were a bit embarrassed to discover that our left rear tire nearest the lions was almost flat, the only tire trouble we had on the eight-thousand-mile trip! While my wife held the big flashlight on the lions, Mrs. Bringle wielded a smaller one, enabling Dr. Bringle and me to change the tire, which we did in record time. Early the following morning a few miles farther on, we came to a place where a herd of elephants had followed along the course of the road for a distance, pulling up the white guard posts and strewing them about, much as a bunch of mischievous boys would carry out a prank. They had fortunately moved into the jungle before we passed.

We appreciated the privilege of spending Sabbath at our Songa hospital and mission station, where we found Dr. O. Rouhe snowed under with heavy hospital and training work. Sabbath morning there were perhaps a hundred visitors from the hospital and villagers in attendance at a well-conducted Sabbath school. These non-Christian visitors, many from distant places in the Congo, were put into one large class and taught the Ten Commandments. When we assembled back in the main Sabbath school again, one of these visiting women stood and repeated the second commandment and explained its meaning. An energetic evangelistic work is being carried on by the staff of the hospital. As these hundreds of villagers return to their homes scattered about the Congo, carrying with them the impressions and the gospel stories picked up at the hospital, we have every reason to believe that many will thus be led to a fuller knowledge of the law of God.

Two days' travel farther south brought us to Elisabethville, the mining and commercial metropolis of Central Africa. It was here that our party was broken up,

Dr. Bringle and I taking the train to Angola, and Mrs. Bringle and Mrs. Flaiz driving the car another thousand miles for delivery to the new owner at Bulawayo in Rhodesia.

At our Bongo Mission Station in Angola we have one of our finest mission hospitals. Dr. Roy Parsons has spent many years building up this station under great handicaps. Although the Portuguese authorities, under papal pressure, have made it abundantly clear that they would not be adverse to the doctor's having an early and permanent furlough to his home country, the local Portuguese citizens are, for the most part, enthusiastically friendly to our work. Most of them have been in our hospital and feel that the doctor is a close personal friend. A sizable Portuguese Adventist church membership has been built up in this place, largely the work of the missionary-minded and consecrated hospital staff.

The Portuguese are probably the oldest

colonizers in Africa. Their earliest settlements antedate our own Colonial beginnings in America. They control the fortunes and misfortunes of Angola in West Africa and Mozambique in East Africa. By treaty agreement these territories are open to missionary endeavor by any recognized missionary organization, Protestant or Catholic. In actual practice the encouragement and aid to the implementation of the agreement by the Catholic-controlled government leads one to wonder whether the church after all is really anxious to see our Protestant missionary work succeed. Possibly not, and if not, they are pursuing a course accomplishing the very result they so much hope to avoid. Persecution is the surest agency for purifying and strengthening any religious group. Perhaps in no place do we see more clearly illustrated than in these parts and in Portuguese East Africa the truth of the assurance: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper."

Lillian Starr's Revenge

(Continued from page 8)

the bungalow of the mission doctor. Arriving there, they made their presence known. The doctor was awakened from his slumber. This was nothing unusual, and he surmised that he was needed for an emergency call.

Hurriedly throwing on a dressing gown, he unlocked the bungalow door. There was a loud report, and Dr. Starr fell to the floor shot through the heart. Before there was an opportunity for identification the assailants fled.

The noise and confusion brought Lillian hurrying to the spot. She was stunned to see her husband lying prostrate on the floor in a pool of blood. Instinctively her hand reached to feel his pulse, and her ear listened for his heartbeat. Alas! he was dead! With the aid of some of the hospital staff who were now streaming into the bungalow, the prone body was laid on a couch. And then Lillian Starr collapsed.

She never saw her husband again, for in India bodies have to be buried without delay. By the time she had recovered the funeral was over. Indeed, it was a question for some time whether or not she would recover, for the shock had been

severe. However, she was unable to continue her work in the hospital, and was hurried back home to England.

The sympathy of loving friends and the tender ministry of her Christian parents were a solace to her in her hour of deep sorrow and helped her in time to rise above circumstances. The day came when she began to think of her future. She had but one desire. In answer to her prayers God had helped her to put away all feelings of bitterness toward those who had done her so great a wrong. Now her only thought was to return to the same hospital where her husband had laid down his life, there to minister to the very ones who had so grievously wronged her. She would take her dead husband's place!

But first she must have medical training, so arrangements were made, and she entered the same college from which her husband had been graduated. Those who observed her noted that there was ever with her a sense of serious compulsion, for she had before her the great objective of returning to India, there to take up the work in which her husband had been engaged.

Knowing of her ambition, well-meaning friends sought to divert her interest into another channel. Some were aghast at the very thought of her return, and felt convinced that she would never be able to stand up against the terrible strain. To all she had but one answer, "Even if I knew that I should meet the same fate that befell my beloved husband, I still would go. This is the way in which I am going to have my revenge."

So back to the mission hospital she went. And when those rough and rugged Afridi heard of her return their amazed comment was, "There must be something in her religion."

Look up! and not down;

Out! and not in;

Forward! and not back;

And lend a hand.

—E. E. Hale.



Senior Youth Lesson

I—The Creator and Upholder of All

(April 1)

MEMORY VERSE: John 1:1-3.
LESSON HELPS: S. A. Wellman, *Your Stewardship and Mine*, chap. 1; *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 44-51.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1-3, and note.
3. Ques. 4-6; read first half of lesson helps.
4. Ques. 7-9.
5. Ques. 10, 11, and notes.
6. Ques. 12, 13, and second half of lesson helps.
7. Review entire lesson.

God's Ownership and Power

1. How does the psalmist express God's ownership of the earth and its inhabitants? Upon what basis does He claim these as His? Ps. 24:1, 2.

2. How was the earth brought into existence? Ps. 33:6, 9.

NOTE.—"In the creation of the earth, God was not indebted to pre-existing matter. 'He spake, and it was; . . . He commanded, and it stood fast.' All things, material or spiritual, stood up before the Lord Jehovah at His voice, and were created for His own purpose. The heavens and all the host of them, the earth and all things therein, came into existence by the breath of His mouth."—*Ministry of Healing*, pp. 414, 415.

3. Because of His creative and sustaining power, to what extent does God claim ownership? Ps. 50:10-12.

4. What is said of the gold and silver? Haggai 2:8.

5. How did David acknowledge God's ownership in a prayer of thanksgiving because of Israel's liberality? 1 Chron. 29:10-14.

Christ and Creation

6. Who was associated with God in the work of creation? Col. 1:13-16.

NOTE.—"The Father wrought by His Son in the creation of all heavenly beings. 'By Him were all things created, . . . whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers. All things were created by Him, and for Him.' Angels are God's ministers, radiant with the light ever flowing from His presence, and speeding on rapid wing to execute His will. But the Son, the anointed of God, the 'express image of His person,' 'the brightness of His glory,' 'upholding all things by the word of His power,' holds supremacy over them all."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 34.

"It was Christ that spread the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth. It was His hand that hung the worlds in space, and fashioned the flowers of the field. . . . It was He that filled the earth with beauty, and the air with song. And upon all things in earth, and air, and sky, He wrote the message of the Father's love."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 20.

7. How fully was Christ associated with God in creating all things? John 1:1-3, 14.

Man's Dominion and Responsibility

8. After man was created, over what did he have dominion? Gen. 1:28; Ps. 8:6-8.

9. What work was given to Adam in the Garden of Eden? Gen. 2:15.

NOTE.—"To Adam and Eve was committed the care of the garden, 'to dress it and to keep it.' Though rich in all that the Owner of the

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

universe could supply, they were not to be idle. Useful occupation was appointed them as a blessing, to strengthen the body, to expand the mind, and to develop the character."—*Education*, p. 21.

10. What limitation was placed upon man? Gen. 2:16, 17.

NOTE.—"While they remained true to God, Adam and his companion were to bear rule over the earth. Unlimited control was given them over every living thing. The lion and the lamb sported peacefully around them, or lay down together at their feet. The happy birds flitted about without fear; and as their glad songs ascended to the praise of their Creator, Adam and Eve united with them in thanksgiving to the Father and the Son. . . . God had made them the recipients of rich blessings; but should they disregard His will, He who spared not the angels that sinned, could not spare them; transgression would forfeit His gifts, and bring upon them misery and ruin."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 50-53.

11. How did Jesus show man's relationship to Him? Luke 19:12-15.

NOTE.—God's children on earth are constantly referred to in the Scriptures as His servants, His stewards, His witnesses in this world. They are here to occupy till He comes, when an accounting will have to be made to their Lord.

12. What is required of stewards of God? 1 Cor. 4:2.

13. Considering God's goodness to us, how should we serve Him? What should we always bear in mind? 1 Sam. 12:24.

NOTE.—"It is the faithfulness, the loyalty to God, the loving service, that wins the divine approval. Every impulse of the Holy Spirit leading men to goodness and to God, is noted in the books of heaven, and in the day of God the workers through whom He has wrought will be commended."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 361.

Junior Lesson

I—"Servants of God"

(April 1)

LESSON TEXTS: John 1:1-3, 14; Psalms 24:1, 2; Luke 19:12, 13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you." 1 Sam. 12:24.

Guiding Thought

God, with Christ as His agent, created the earth by the power of His word. He did not, however, merely create it, and set in operation laws that would keep it going. He maintains and watches over it constantly. His hand keeps the stars in their courses. His power causes the seed to grow into fruitful plants. All power, all science, and all creatures are His. "Every good thing of earth was placed here by the bountiful hand of God as an expression of His love to man. The poor are His, and the cause of religion is His. The gold and the silver are the Lord's; and He could rain them from heaven if He chose. But instead of this He has made man His steward, entrusting him with means, not to be hoarded, but to be used in benefiting others."—*Counsels on Stewardship*, p. 15.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

God Created the Earth

1. Who is the owner of the earth? Ps. 24:1.

2. Why can God claim to be the owner of the earth? Verse 2.

3. What brought the worlds into existence? Ps. 33:6, 9.

NOTE.—When at earth's beginning God, with Christ as His agent, created all things, this creation was accomplished, not through some long period of years, but instantly at His spoken word. And to this day the evidence of the power of this word is before us, for "God created the seed, as He created the earth, by His word. By His word He gave it power to grow and multiply. . . . Every seed that sends up its green blade to the sunlight declares the wonder-

working power of that word uttered by Him who 'spoke and it was,' who 'commanded, and it stood fast.'—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 80, 81.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Christ Worked With God

4. Who had a part with the Father in creating the earth? John 1:1-3, 14.

5. How closely did the Father and Son work together in creating the earth? Heb. 1:2.

NOTE.—"In the beginning, God was revealed in all the works of creation. It was Christ that spread the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth. It was His hand that hung the worlds in space, and fashioned the flowers of the field. . . . It was He that filled the earth with beauty, and the air with song. And upon all things in earth, and air, and sky, He wrote the message of the Father's love."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 20.

ASSIGNMENT 4

God Maintains the Earth

6. What keeps the earth going? Heb. 1:3.

NOTE.—"It is not by inherent power that year by year the earth yields its bounties, and continues its march around the sun. The hand of the Infinite One is perpetually at work, guiding this planet. It is God's power continually exercised that keeps the earth in position in its rotation. It is God who causes the sun to rise in the heavens. He opens the windows of heaven and gives rain. . . . It is by His power that vegetation is caused to flourish, that every leaf appears, every flower blooms, every fruit develops.

"The mechanism of the human body can not be fully understood; it presents mysteries that baffle the most intelligent. It is not as the result of a mechanism, which, once set in motion, continues its work, that the pulse beats, and breath follows breath. In God we live and move and have our being. The beating heart, the throbbing pulse, every nerve and muscle in the living organism, is kept in order and activity by the power of an ever-present God."—*Ministry of Healing*, pp. 416, 417.

7. How dependent are all upon God? Ps. 145: 15, 16.

NOTE.—"Nature and revelation alike testify of God's love. Our Father in heaven is the source of life, of wisdom, and of joy. Look at the wonderful and beautiful things of nature. Think of their marvelous adaptation to the needs and happiness, not only of man, but of all living creatures. The sunshine and the rain, that gladden and refresh the earth, the hills and seas and plains, all speak to us of the Creator's love. It is God who supplies the daily needs of all His creatures."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 9.

ASSIGNMENT 5

God Places Responsibility Upon Man

8. Who owns all the animals and birds on the earth? Ps. 50:10-12. Who owns all the silver and gold? Hagga 2:8.

9. What responsibility has God given man in the care of these things? Gen. 1:28; Ps. 8:6-8.

NOTE.—"He [man] was placed, as God's representative, over the lower orders of being. They cannot understand or acknowledge the sovereignty of God, yet they were made capable of loving and serving man."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 45.

10. What special work was entrusted to Adam? Gen. 2:15.

NOTE.—"To the dwellers in Eden was committed the care of the garden, 'to dress it and to keep it.' Their occupation was not wearisome, but pleasant and invigorating. God appointed labor as a blessing to man, to occupy his mind, to strengthen his body, and to develop his faculties. In mental and physical activity, Adam found one of the highest pleasures of his holy existence. And when, as the result of his disobedience, he was driven from his beautiful home, and forced to struggle with a stubborn soil to gain his daily bread, that very labor, although widely different from his pleasant occupation in the garden, was a safeguard against temptation, and a source of happiness."—*Ibid.*, p. 50.

ASSIGNMENT 6

Man Is God's Steward

11. Since all things are God's, what is man's relationship to his Creator? Luke 19:12, 13.

NOTE.—Man is God's servant, carrying out his Master's wishes. A servant who is responsible for his Master's property and business is called a steward. So man is God's steward; he cares for that which his Master trusts to him. He is God's true witness, speaking to men the truth of Jesus Christ his Lord.

12. What quality is required in a steward? 1 Cor. 4:2.

13. What words will be addressed to the faithful steward when Christ shall take account of His servants? Matt. 25:21.

ASSIGNMENT 7

Word Study

What is a STEWARD?

What is meant by having DOMINION over anything?

BIBLE SEARCH:

Three chapters in the book of Job tell us a great deal about God's power and His care for His creatures.

Can you find in CHAPTER 37 anything about lightning, snow, rain, frost, clouds?

Can you find in CHAPTER 38 any mention of well-known heavenly bodies?

In CHAPTER 39 how many animals and other creatures are mentioned?

KEY TO "CROSSWORD PUZZLE"

M	O	S	E	S	P	R	I	N	C	E	S
O	P	E	N	G	A	T	H	E	R	E	D
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THE LISTENING POST ★

★ THE State of Wyoming has about 20,000 square miles of coal deposits.

★ THERE is no scientific information to back up the popular belief that one catches a cold by sitting in a draft, getting the feet wet, overexerting, or losing sleep.

★ THE average hours worked a week in seven European industrial countries ranges between 44 and 48, according to a study recently made public by the National Industrial Conference Board. The United Kingdom, France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Switzerland, and Czechoslovakia were the countries observed.

★ THE Pennsylvania State Superior Court has ruled that Mohammedan children may not be excused from public school on Friday to observe the Mohammedan Sabbath. The court stated that parents have the right to place their children in private schools if they wish to do so. But if they send them to the public schools, they must abide by the State laws of attendance.

★ THE United States flag is to have a new look—nylon. Government experts have decided that Old Glory will wave longer and more attractively if made of the new man-made substitute for silk. As soon as the shift can be made new nylon flags will fly over most Federal buildings in the country. This decision is the result of six months of testing, which has shown that nylon flags will last up to three times as long as cotton or wool ones. Though John Q. Public may not realize it, cotton or wool flags have to be repaired or replaced every thirty days.

★ INVESTIGATORS for the Milbank Memorial Fund in New York report that almost half—40 per cent to be exact—of the women in *Who's Who in America* are unmarried. They live in every State in the Union, these so-called bachelor girls, but there are more of them in Northeastern United States, Washington, D.C., Illinois, and California than elsewhere. Their median age is 57 years. Nearly 23 per cent are college presidents, deans, professors, and other teachers. Almost the same proportion are authors; artists make up 7 per cent; editors, reporters and columnists, 6 per cent; and public officials, 6 per cent. Club women constitute another 6 per cent; actresses and dancers, 5 per cent; musicians and singers, 4 per cent; and professional welfare workers, 4 per cent. Three per cent of them are in politics, 3 per cent are in business, 2 per cent are deans and library science experts, and another 2 per cent are religious workers. Women in miscellaneous occupations make up the remaining 8 per cent. The total number of women listed in *Who's Who* is 2,409.

★ EMPLOYERS in England, it seems, according to letters to the editor, recently appearing in the London *Daily Telegraph*, are complaining of the time the British institution of "tea" takes from their employees' work. It appears that ten minutes in the morning and ten minutes in the afternoon for "tea-breaks" add up to about two hours in a five-and-a-half-day week. At say three shillings an hour a firm employing 100 men will lose £1,500 in a year in this way, the equivalent of nearly two-and-a-half weeks' extra holiday per man. Of course, 10 minutes is merely approximate; and the time for each "jolly session" would total at least half an hour, which makes their real cost to employers anybody's guess.

★ A TREATY that will eliminate official red tape and accelerate international motor travel for 21 nations is likely to be approved by the United States Government before the summer touring season begins. Formulated under auspices of the United Nations, the agreement would facilitate and promote international touring and contribute to convenience and safety of motorists traveling in foreign countries. The treaty will go into effect with all the signatory countries as soon as it is ratified.

★ THE century-old Waltham Watch Company, oldest watchmaking firm in the United States, has closed its plant at Waltham, Massachusetts, and its 1,200 employees are looking elsewhere for employment. "A flood of watches coming into the United States from overseas and selling at prices far below the cost of American production" is held responsible for the catastrophe.

★ THE longest-lived eel in the world died recently in Britain at the age of 56 years, according to the London *Daily Express*. It was caught in 1895 in a river in England to which it had come after a long swim from the Sargasso Sea. If it had been left to go its own way, it probably would have returned to its starting point, and died before it was fifteen.

★ THE new government of India has decided to start immediate research into the methods of spread and control of poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) at the Haffkin Institute in Bombay. The World Health Organization has dispatched five iron lungs for use in the country.

★ Two weeks after Kansas voted wet a few months ago police found that arrests for drunkenness had increased 70 per cent during daylight hours and 30 to 40 per cent after dark.

★ THE third largest industry in the United States is—guess again—the business carried on in beauty shops scattered throughout the country.

★ PROF. ALFRED WHITNEY GRISWOLD, 43 years, recently became the sixteenth president of Yale University.

★ ONE mile north of ancient Athens in Greece is the Grove of Academus. There Plato taught school, and thus gave us the word *academy*.

★ SCIENCE SERVICE tells of an electrically heated paint scraper, just patented, which softens paint, varnish, or other finish, and makes removal easier. It is a lightweight device, operated with one hand grasping a flatironlike handle.

★ AT any given moment there are 1,800 thunderstorms in progress all around the earth. This number is necessary, says Dr. Robert E. Holzer, professor of Geophysics at the University of California, to recharge the earth's electrical field and keep it healthfully "negative." He pictures a tremendous electrical system thus: The sun is the giant generator, thunderstorms are the king-sized batteries, and the earth and ionosphere are a colossal condenser. He believes that further investigation of thunderstorms and their effect upon the earth's negative charge will be valuable in weather forecasting, air navigation, and radio communications.

★ A NEW type of telescope, the first of its kind ever built, designed to penetrate farther than ever before into the vastnesses of the Milky Way with its hundred billion stars, was recently sent from Glenbrook, Connecticut, by its makers to representatives of three nations that will collaborate in its use in South Africa. It will be owned and jointly operated by Harvard Observatory, Armagh Observatory of Northern Ireland, and the SunSink Observatory of the Republic of Ireland. Astronomers of each observatory will work on separate sections of the Milky Way at the Boyden Station of the Harvard Observatory in Bloemfontein, Orange Free State South Africa. This wonder telescope is of the Baker-Schmidt type, and will enable astronomers to photograph areas in the Milky Way 30,000 light-years, or 180 quadrillion miles away. It will produce star images of near-perfect quality over an area of the sky equal to almost a hundred times the area covered by the full moon. Its penetration into space will be three times greater than present instruments of similar design, which limit detailed exploration of the Milky Way to a distance of 10,000 light-years. The telescope, which will be shipped to South Africa in parts, will be set up at a point of 30° south latitude, where the center of the Milky Way passes directly overhead every night. It is expected that this research will take at least one year.