

The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

THE fire in the grate had burned low; only a few dying embers remained, but the room was still cozy and warm. Outside all was white with the fast-falling snow.

As the minister closed the book that he had been reading, he noticed that his wife was not writing but was sitting with folded hands gazing into the fire.

"Meditating, Mom?" he queried.

"Not exactly," she replied, smiling up at him. "I was just thinking about daughters."

"And ours in particular?" he asked, interrupting her.

"Yes, and tonight I've been looking over my jewels—the ones she gave me. I keep them in my treasure box."

"The jewels she gave you? I don't understand." And a puzzled look swept over the minister's face.

"Then I'll have to explain," his wife offered. And opening the leather box that lay in her lap, she took out a small, round paper clip. "I know you haven't forgotten the day when you found her proudly wearing this on her little finger. You called her your little heathen, and showed her pictures of natives all decked out with rings and beads. It was several days before she willingly parted with her precious ornament. I have kept it all these years, and call it her victory ring. And here is the little string of beads that someone gave her. No doubt you remember the day when she came into your study and said, 'Daddy, hide these in your desk drawer so they will not tempt me.' From time to time she would ask for them to put on her doll, but as soon as she was through playing she would return them to you for safe-keeping. One day, after she had gone away to school, I was looking in your desk drawer for something and found these beads. I decided to add them to my treasure box."

"The remainder of my jewels are the things she has written through the years. Here is the little poem she wrote and sent with her picture to the *Little Friend*. It was about the things she loved—her dog, the flowers, and so forth, but the last line said:

"But best of all I love my home,
And from its doors I'll never roam."

She didn't realize then she would grow up and leave us someday.

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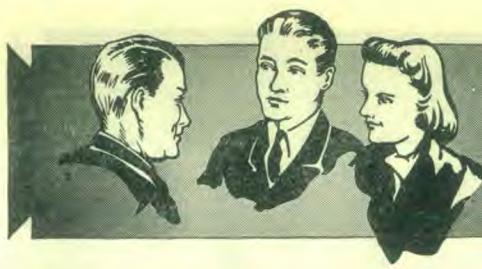
A Mother's

JEWEL BOX

By MRS. MARGARET LATHAM



H. M. LAMBERT
As the Minister Closed the Book That He Had Been Reading, He Noticed That His Wife Had Ceased Writing and Was Sitting Quietly Before the Fire Thinking



LET'S TALK IT OVER

A PERSON who wants to know what his real religion is should ask himself what are the things he would rather die than do."

The young man who made this statement wore the U.S. Army uniform; there were several service stripes on his left sleeve, and also he wore a purple heart, a distinguished service cross, and a silver star.

He had been tried in the furnace of adversity, having been one of the Seventh-day Adventist soldiers who pioneered the way in the early days of World War II, and whose steadfast courage was largely responsible for rulings which later automatically assigned every Seventh-day Adventist boy to the Medical Corps.

He had gone into the armed services with not too definite an idea of just why he believed what he claimed to believe. But he told us how he stood before his commanding officer all alone, his only reference book the small zipper Bible in his pocket, and lifted his heart in prayer to Heaven for help as the "why's" were shot at him thick and fast regarding his observance of the seventh-day Sabbath and his request to be excused from bearing arms. "And was I ever thankful to the church school teacher who put me through Sarah Peck's book *God's Great Plan!*" he exclaimed in closing his talk. "Those memory verses and outlines that had long lain dormant in my mind were quickened to life by the Holy Spirit, and when the interview was finished I was dripping with perspiration, but I had answered every question; and the C.O. rose, reached over his desk, shook hands with me, and said, 'I didn't know there was a young person living who had so much Bible at tongue's end!'"

Before this interview took place the young man had had a really rough time at the hands of lesser officers, but he made up his mind that even if his life were the forfeit he must pay, he would be true to the right.

Have you, friend o' mine, ever stopped to take thoughtful stock of yourself, and determine "what are the things" you "would rather die than do"?

It would be wise for you to consider the matter without delay, for the time is coming—indeed, it is not too far distant—when you will be called upon to decide just that!

One day in Rangoon, Burma, a young Mohammedan dropped into a lecture hall and heard Pastor H. H. Votaw speak on Daniel 2. He listened spellbound, and after the close of the service he came to Pastor Votaw, shook his hand, and said, "Do you mean to tell me that the Christian's Bible has prophecies in it that are being fulfilled today? If that is true, I shall be obliged to accept it as the Inspired Word of God, and become a Christian."

Pastor Votaw made an appointment with him for Bible studies, and in a matter of weeks he said, "Mr. Votaw, I believe. I want to be baptized and become a Christian. But you know it is the boast of the Mohammedans that there are no apostasies from the Prophet, so I do not think I should stay here. It seems to me that it would be much wiser for me to go to India and settle in some village where I am not known, and where they know nothing about me, and there I think I would have a much better chance to live a long Christian life."

Pastor Votaw thought that would be fine, and after a few more weeks the young man called to say, "I've got it! I've got it!" He was referring to his ticket to Calcutta, and he mentioned the date and the steamer on which he was to sail. But now the new convert had a special request. He asked, "Pastor Votaw, will you baptize me in the Royal Lakes at four o'clock on the morning I am to leave?"

"Yes," answered Pastor Votaw, "I shall be glad to do so."

The morning came, and in the darkness Pastor Votaw climbed out of his gharry (a two-wheeled cart in common use in India) in front of the gate to the beautiful gardens which surround the Royal Lakes in the shadow of the old Shwe Dagon Pagoda. As he stepped through the gate a figure detached itself from the shadows and held out its hand. It was the baptismal candidate. The two men greeted each other in whispers, and continued to whisper as they walked toward the lakes. Arrived there, they stepped down into the water; and still whispering, Pastor Votaw baptized the young man "in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

As they came up out of the water there was a slight rustle in the bushes, and a shadow slipped out and ran swiftly up the road. "Someone has spied on me!" exclaimed the young man. "In just a few

minutes now everyone will know that I am a Christian. But my box is packed, and my bedroll is all ready. I do not have to go home again. I can go from here directly to the boat."

The two men shook hands in parting. "Good-by, Pastor Votaw," said the new convert. "Whatever happens, I want you to know that I have been true. Christ died for me; and if need be, I am willing to die for Him."

Pastor Votaw went home, and the young Christian started for the boat. When breakfast time came Pastor Votaw said to his good wife, "I do not think I want any breakfast this morning. I am worried about that young man I baptized. I am going down to the boat and see for myself whether or not he got aboard."

Arrived at the wharves, Pastor Votaw made inquiry of the ship's officer who was checking tickets, and learned that the young man had not come aboard to his knowledge. "But," he said, "his cabin is number 26. You may go down, and see."

Pastor Votaw went to the cabin, but the young man was not there, neither had he been there. He watched beside the gangplank while the last passengers went aboard, but the young man he had baptized was not among the late arrivals.

Several weeks passed, and then a letter came from Calcutta. It said something like this: "The young man you baptized recently wants you to know that he was able to hide out for a while, and now has reached Calcutta and has called at our mission headquarters. He asks us to tell you that as soon as he is settled he will write you."

Thirty years have passed, and Pastor Votaw never has heard from that young man. But it is wonderful to know that there were young people then who were willing to make the supreme sacrifice for the love of Christ, and that there are young people today with the same spirit.

How about you, friend o' mine? Are you willing?

Remember, "A person who wants to know what his real religion is should ask himself what are the things he would rather die than do."

Lora E. Clement

THE minister in closing his sermon said earnestly, "Build all the plans of your life with such consecration, nobility, and unselfishness that you would feel no qualm of conscience in talking them over with Jesus."

While the recessional was being played he stood by the door to greet his congregation. He wondered rather sadly whether his sermon had reached the hearts of these people.

There was Meacham, the tall carpenter, jovially inquiring of Dr. Simpson, the brain surgeon, "How's your brain today, Doc? Found any new bumps of knowledge lately?" Wriggling down the aisle was freckled, stub-nosed Buddy Smith. Buddy always conversed in a stealthy undertone during half of any sermon. Barbara Tanner and Helen Stanwick were whispering starry-eyed secrets just inside the church vestibule. Grandma Wilkins cocked a beady eye in their direction and said as she shook the minister's hand, "Young uns ain't got a grain o' rirvance these days."

But the pastor loved them, these sheep of his pasture, loved them all—the old, the young, the middle-aged, the harassed housewives, such as Minnie Ware. Her mouth always looked like a taut string about to break. And his heart went out in sympathy and understanding to the "young uns." Yes, they were all God's children—and his—but he could not help wondering whether any of them knew the burden of his sermon. Oh, if God would only use it to bless *one* of them, he would truly be heartened.

Late in the evening Dr. Simpson sat by his study fire with a copy of *The Great Controversy* lying before him. He was musing on a plan to purchase a new boat. But suddenly the closing words of the morning sermon came to him: "Build all the plans of your life with such *unselfishness* that you would feel no qualm of conscience in talking them over with Jesus." There was an element of selfishness, he had to admit, where that new boat was concerned. "Better," he said to himself, "send the price of it to help with the mission-boat project down in the Amazon country." The doctor took his checkbook from the desk drawer and began to write.

Minnie Ware was setting bowls of fruit and thick slices of bread on the table for her children's supper. Her face was unusually calm. She was saying to herself, "I must find happiness where I am, or I shall never know happiness. The Lord has given me a work to do for Him, humble as it is, and I must perform it joyfully. I mustn't be so sharp with the children, and neither should I let the household cares weigh me down. God is good to give me a family. We are poor, it is true, but probably our Lord had a home just as plain. Seems to me the pastor said this very morning that one's life should be built so *nobly* that one wouldn't feel ashamed for Jesus to see it. There isn't any

The Sermon

By ELSIE PERRY JONES

reason for me not to live nobly, and, yes, even beautifully." When Mother Ware called the children to supper they were surprised and delighted to see flowers on the table between two lighted candles.

It must be confessed that Buddy Smith had not gone to the window to enjoy the closing minutes of the Sabbath before the rose of the sunset turned to ashes, but to see how close the sun was to the horizon. A mockingbird was whistling from an elderberry bush, and Buddy stood still to listen to it. Standing still gave his mind a chance to slip into gear. "The minister said sumpthin' this morning that sounded kind a pretty too. That part about building our plans nice for Jesus to see. My, I'm glad I'm only ten, and I've got my whole life to make just the way I want it. I guess it's about time for me to start planning with Jesus. The teacher wouldn't

have to keep me in so much after school, and I would be a better help to dad."

Bond Meacham, the carpenter, stood under the sycamore tree in his front lawn. Proudly he looked upon the trim lines of his new home. Through the broad picture window he could see the pale green walls and the thick carpets of the living room. The soft glow of an early lighted lamp fell on his beloved wife, Ann, seated in a deep chintz chair. The children were sprawled on the floor at her feet. He must go in now and have worship with them. "What a lucky man I am—perfect family, perfect house." He had done everything possible to provide a happy home for his family. But now he was thinking, "Somewhere I have heard that we should build the plans for our living with such *consecration* that we would be unashamed to talk those

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H. M. LAMBERT

My Answer Must Be No the Way Things Are Now, for I Am Not Quite the Same Girl That You Have Been Seeing so Often During the Past Six Months

Have You a Sack of Worries?

By DOROTHY M. WILLIAMS

HERE is an ancient legend about a man who was laboriously trudging up a steep mountain trail, stumbling now and then, and sometimes falling beneath the load which he carried on his back—two large sacks, so heavy that he could struggle ahead only a few feet at a time and then was forced to rest.

Finally, this man was met by an angel, who stopped him and asked, "Why, my good friend, are you having such a hard time to climb the trail?"

"Because of my burden—it is very heavy," answered the man, resting his load and sitting down on a rock for a few moments.

"And what, may I ask, do you have in those two sacks that are causing you such trouble?" questioned the angel.

"Oh, they are my worries," the man replied.

"Let me see them," commanded the angel.

The man pulled open one of the sacks, but as he and the angel looked inside they found nothing.

"And what did you have in this load?" the angel queried.

"My worries of yesterday, but it seems they are gone!" replied the man in bewilderment.

"And what is in the other sack?" asked the angel, pointing to the unopened one.

"Why, in here I carry the worries of tomorrow," and the man looked into the second sack. It too was empty! "But it seems they are no longer here."

The angel kindly laid his arm upon the man's shoulder and said to him, "Throw away both your sacks. Yesterday is gone—there is nothing you can do about it. Tomorrow is not here yet. He who carries only the burden of today needs no sack for his worries."

The man left his load behind him and joyfully went his way.

How much more happiness there would be in our lives if we could only learn to live one day at a time, to forget the mistakes and unpleasantness of yesterday, determine to hope for better things tomorrow, and do the very best we can just for today. Or, as someone has aptly put it: "Hope for the best, get ready for the worst, and cheerfully take what comes."

It has been said that there are just two kinds of worries—those we can do something about, and those we cannot do anything about. We should try to remedy the things we can improve and forget the others.

It is easy to become discouraged when we cannot look ahead and lay our plans, but this is the way our Saviour walked through His earthly life. God's special messenger says, "Christ, in His life on earth, made no plans for Himself. He accepted God's plan for Him, and day by day the Father unfolded His plans. So should we depend upon God, that our lives may be the simple outworking of His will. As we commit our ways to Him, He will direct our steps."

Have you ever stopped to consider some of the worries you have had, and then later realized how foolish they were? A certain young man in college who had the worry habit decided that he would have to take himself in hand and overcome it. So he decided to keep a worry diary, in which he would write down the first of the month all the worries he expected in the next four weeks, and then at the end of the month look back to see whether those actual experiences had been as he had anticipated.

At the outset he was worried because he did not have any white trousers to wear to the spring picnic, and he knew he would be the only man without white trousers. On top of that, the dean of men had asked him to take charge of the worship period on the next Tuesday evening, and it frightened him into a panic. What would he say? He was not accustomed to giving speeches, and he knew all the young men would laugh at him. These were two of the entries, but there were still other worries that he put down in his diary.

At the end of the month this young man looked back at his worry diary, and had a good laugh. He remembered that at the

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LIONEL GREEN

"Worry Is Like the Grit That Gets Into the Oil in Your Motorcar; as the Grit Wears the Machinery Out, so Worry Gradually Wears Your Life Out."



THOMAS SHOOB

Besides Bringing One Into Contact With All Sorts of People, I Discovered That Bible Studies Lead the Intern Into All Kinds of Homes

THE ADVENTURES OF A Ministerial Intern

By LAWRENCE MAXWELL - - - - Part II

Early Attempts to Convert Sinners

SAY, boy, get out, can't you? Don't you know it's too late to come knocking around my house at this time of night? I've got to get up in the morning and work. Stop talking to my wife. Do you hear? Don't you know who's boss around this place? Get out!"

So ended one of my earliest attempts at a Bible study.

Bible studies are one of the most important aspects of an intern's work. Certainly they lead him into some of his most interesting experiences.

At the beginning of my internship things were slow. I seemed to have nothing to do. Presently I realized that I was waiting for someone to give out orders for me to follow, and that no one was giving them out.

One month passed in this state of affairs, when I happened to meet an old schoolmate who had been interning two years. I discussed the situation with him in the middle of a local grocery store. He told me to wait for no one. "Launch out on your own; act for yourself," was his counsel. It

was the best piece of advice I had received in a long time.

But where to begin? I set a goal of fifteen Bible studies a week, which I never achieved. I copied out a record form for keeping track of students—it was given me at college—and the registrar at the academy mimeographed it for me free.

There are, I learned, three channels through which one approaches prospects for Bible studies. In the first place, a person may ask you to come and study with him. Then again, someone may request a minister to visit a relative or friend, even though that relative or friend is utterly opposed to the truths Seventh-day Adventists believe. And third, the minister may receive notices from a radio Bible school—the Voice of Prophecy or a local broadcast—stating that so-and-so has finished a certain number of lessons, and should be visited.

The people themselves fit into three categories also. First, there is the type that tell you that they are not interested, do not intend ever to be interested, and that you

are just wasting your time trying to make them interested. This is the type I met that first evening, and the man's reaction was typical of his group.

Then there is the second type. Most people are in this classification. They feel that they ought to be interested in religious things. They give ready assent to practically everything you say. Yes, Jesus is coming again. Yes, it is quite evident that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Bible. Yes, the Bible does say you should pay tithe. Having come this far, the intern tries to press the point home. "Now, sir, since you know all these things are so, won't you start to keep the Sabbath? Won't you begin paying tithe?"

Then come the excuses. One says, "My boss needs me to work on Sabbath. He hasn't any other help." Another says, "You know, I'm afraid it would split the home if I did that, and I believe religion should unite the home," or, "It's so hard for me to do those things—much harder than it would be for people like you, for instance," or they say they will consider these matters when they can move to a better environment, or when they have paid all the bills, or when the wife feels better about it. One, whom I visited again and again, said quite bluntly that he would have joined the church except that I irritated him!

One hardly knows what to do with these people. How often should he go back when the results seem hopeless? And the unfailing clue to this type is that they always want you back. "Oh, yes, do come again, Mr. Maxwell. We are so glad to have you come." Some, I think, feel flattered that a minister should come week after week to call on them. On the other hand, some of them, I am sure, genuinely want to do right, but are unable to break with the past. For one such family I drove

thousands of miles, visiting them repeatedly over a period of eighteen months, but all I can show for the effort is that I still believe sooner or later they will take their stand for what they know is right.

It is for these people that the intern studies and prays. He watches diligently to see whether the Holy Spirit is working on their lives. And when he sees so little progress, perhaps even retrogression, he is tempted to wonder whether the promises of the Bible are really so, whether the power of God really is effective in converting the sinner.

But then there is the third type. These hear what you say, and are glad. They study for themselves in between times. It is a struggle to overcome bad habits, but they win.

The dreamy look you noticed at first is gone. The atmosphere of the home is happiness and contentment where once there

was gloom and quarreling. He who once smoked and drank holds an office in the church. I met only a handful of people like this, but they convinced me that Christianity can change lives.

Besides bringing one into contact with all sorts of people, Bible studies lead the intern, I discovered, into all kinds of homes. Consider the Tomkins' home. The outside is covered with asphalt walling. There is no sidewalk, no garden, just a dwelling set down in a muddy field. The front-room walls are covered with tar paper. There is a sofa with the stuffing protruding. The easy chair has seen better days, as likewise also the scratched-up dresser. There is a wood stove, on which one of the small children has burned himself three inches up the arm. As the family come together for the study I notice that there are two babies, mud all over their legs and arms, clothes in rags, noses run-

ning. No, there are three children. Count slowly, there are four, or maybe it was five, all nearly the same age, all equally ragged and dirty. The mother, out of deference to the event, has cleaned up herself. When I met her early in the afternoon she was as dirty as the children. Of course, there are many nice homes; but it was surprising to me how large a number of people lived in houses like this.

Then, one finds himself in unexpected situations conducting Bible studies. At college we learned that the ideal Bible study would be conducted in one of the more respectable homes of the neighborhood. The students would gather around a table, a short prayer would be said, and then the study would continue according to a definite outline, either one's own or a printed one. (I used the Twentieth Century Bible Course almost exclusively.) At the close there would be discussion, and the students would agree with what had been presented, there would be another short prayer, a copy of the outline would be handed to each one, to be eagerly studied before the next meeting.

I was grateful many times that I learned this in college, for I never once attended a Bible study with an experienced person during my internship. I found that the pattern held true in most cases, but had to be modified frequently.

Consider a typical night at the Paige's home. When I arrived Mrs. Paige was nursing the baby. The two middle-sized children were fondling a scrawny little dog. Mr. Paige, a Type 2 man, welcomed me in effusively. Presently we began the study—a filmstrip, because I realized that they would not understand the open Bible method.

The two middle-sized children, piled up on the old double bed in the corner, slept. Eleven-year-old Sonny watched the filmstrip till he became too tired, then he slept. Mr. Paige grunted assent to every point expressed, but when I snapped the light on at the close it was clear he had been dozing.

The baby, having finished her supper, was asleep in mother's arms. Mrs. Paige looked quite blissfully ignorant of all that had gone on. They agreed with everything that had been said, thought it was wonderful, and "You will come again next week, won't you, Mr. Maxwell?" We had prayer, and I left.

One other big point which keeps one interested in giving Bible studies is the element of the unknown which surrounds them. When starting out to a Bible study I could never be quite sure just what would happen before I returned home. Everything would probably proceed according to plan; and again, it might not.

There was the night I visited the Paige family and discovered that Sonny had run away—bicycling back to his native Oklahoma. That Bible study ended up as a fast drive to a town eighty miles away, where,

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Two Rings and a Half

By BERTHA WAY KING

THERE they lay in the collection plate —two whole rings and the broken piece of a small one. In these rings were stories of childhood, girlhood, and womanhood. The small ring had a gold bunch of grapes with green leaves instead of the usual stone. The important thing, though, to the owner was the words inside, which stated that the ring was made of gold mined in the State of her birth. It was in that same State that her father had homesteaded. For twenty years this ring had been her keepsake.

The second ring was the heaviest of the three. On the outside the letters H.H.S. stood for the high school she had attended. She had paid for the ring with money she had won as first prize in an essay contest on county history.

The third ring in the collection plate was a wedding ring. She had been married more than two years before it ever appeared on her finger. Her husband had been reared a Seventh-day Adventist and did not believe in them. Finally on her birthday he had given this one to her, for she had often begged for one. At that time it seemed proper to her that a wife should have one.

She soon began to attend Sabbath school and church with her husband as his interest in the third angel's message was reawakened. She missed her usual Sunday services, but there was no other

church near their home, and the week seemed empty to her unless she attended some religious meeting. A prayer in her heart for years had been, "Lord, open my eyes that I may see the true way in which to walk." There was an unsatisfied feeling in her heart with the religious teaching she received in her parents' home. It seemed that so many prophecies could not be explained!

Her marriage to a young man reared in the Adventist faith was the beginning of the answer to her prayer. In the seventh year of her married life the seventh-day Sabbath truth opened her eyes so wonderfully that she exclaimed, "Once I was blind; now I see!"

Before her baptism the wedding ring disappeared from her finger into its little box, but not without a battle, because of her intense desire to keep it. One day, with tears and prayers, she fought and won the victory over that desire. Never again did she even try it on her finger "just once more." Her rings gladly went into the Melting Pot Offering indicating her complete victory.

When her mother heard of the offering she frowned and said, "What foolishness!" But this remark did not dampen her daughter's spirit. She only rejoiced the more in her new-found faith and in her peace in the victory gained over "the things of this world."

LOYALTY

By G. W. BOWERS
President, Walla Walla College

TIME after time during the last world war men of the Federal Bureau of Investigation came to my office to question me about certain former students and teachers. Their questions were many and varied, but the point of them all was that of loyalty to the United States Government. The answer to the question of the loyalty of men in responsible positions in the Government must be affirmative, and the FBI left no stones unturned in order to get the answer.

Since the war also we have heard a great deal about loyalty. There have been many loyalty checks. After a trial lasting for several months eleven men were found guilty of conspiracy to overthrow the United States Government by force. They were fined ten thousand dollars each, and practically all were sentenced to prison. Their cases were appealed, and at this writing the appeals are still pending.

What is loyalty? It is a devoted allegiance to a cause. If we are devoted to God, we are loyal to Him. But the natural tendency of the human heart is disloyalty to God. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" David had the answer when he said, "O God, my heart is fixed."

Young people tend to have very pronounced loyalties, because young people like a positive program and enjoy taking risks. These things are an integral part of loyalty. There is active participation which needs no don'ts. I like the call of the Master to His disciples. It was a simple, "Follow me," which leaves no room for, "Don't." Later on the word to Peter was, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Judging by his own words, Peter apparently was the most loyal of all the disciples, but he denied his Lord. When he was converted, however, he was ready to die, and finally did die, for his Lord. Dying for a cause is the acid test of loyalty.

Job was tried to the limit, but remained loyal to God. After he had suffered the loss of his children and all his material possessions, even his wife proved a tool in the hands of Satan when she said, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die."

However, Job answered her, "Thou

speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" In all this Job did not sin with his lips.

Paul was afire with intense loyalties. At first loyal to Judaism, he was arrested on the Damascus road, and he inquired, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Henceforth he is no more Saul but Paul the apostle to the Gentiles, always bearing about in his body "the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Jesus said, "I do always those things that please him," meaning God His Father;

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERMON



STANDARD PUBLISHING CO.

O. STEMLER, ARTIST

Paul, at First Loyal to Judaism, Was Arrested on the Road to Damascus by a Voice From Heaven, and He Humbly Inquired, "Lord, What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?"

and He prayed, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." In all these illustrations we have the philosophy of *doing* and not of negation.

The doctrine of Jesus is one of action. He said, "Go ye into all the world." This is the call to missionary activity. When one is thus engaged there is no place for the negatives of life.

In an early century one of the Caesars sent the Thundering Legion out on conquest bent for mighty Rome. This legion was so named because it had won a mighty victory in a thunderstorm. And in it were forty young men who were Christians.

The Roman governor of Armenia, Agricola, ordered all the legion to sacrifice to the idols. These Christian young men refused respectfully but firmly. The governor, having exhausted the power of persuasion and promises and menaces, devised a new form of torture, which he hoped would be convincing.

It was cold, and midwinter. On a night when freezing wind swept across the countryside these forty young men were exposed, with no clothing, on a high scaffold across which swept the wintry blast. At the side of the scaffold was a room in which were glowing fires, ample clothing, and food, plus a warm bath. Any one of them who would renounce Christ might enter and find comfort and all things needful. But any who would not make this renunciation must suffer the inevitable. The forty young men encour-

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BECAUSE Somebody Prayed

By BERTHA TAYLOR BACKUS

BECAUSE a mother in Israel prayed, and because her perseverance held for over a decade, we have this story of her faithfulness and reward.

If you have friends or relatives who are wanderers from the fold, will you not pray for them with that faith which does not waver, following the example of this mother in Israel?

"Someday this church is going to be my church!" The set of the small chin and the determined expression in her dark eyes showed that Helen meant every word she said. Although she was only fourteen years of age, going to Sabbath school a few times in the little church on the corner had made a deep impression on her young heart.

How little she knew of the future, or dreamed of the devious ways in which a kind heavenly Father would lead her before she realized her purpose. Many years were to pass before her feet were planted upon the Rock of Ages instead of on the shifting sands of worldly pleasure and sin.

One day a new family moved into the neighborhood where Helen lived. They were missionary-minded Seventh-day Adventists, who felt an urge to call upon all the folk in the community, and offer them third-angel's-message-filled reading matter. The parents of Helen made them welcome, and took several of the proffered books. No one in the family seemed interested to read them but Helen; and she found that *Christ's Object Lessons*, *Steps to Christ*, and *Signs of the Times* were wonderful.

A warm friendship sprang up between the girl and the Adventist family. Soon she was going to "Saturday school," as she called it. "We go on Saturday instead of Sunday" was the reason, she explained. Her new friends were faithful in sowing the gospel seed in her heart, and many hours were spent in aiding the seed to take root. Camp meeting was a marvel to Helen. She went with her good friends the Farlands, who did everything possible to make it a real blessing to her. After about

a year of pleasant association the Farlands moved away to another city, and Helen never saw them again, but the blessed seed of truth continued to grow in her heart.

"Would you like to go to Sabbath school with me today, Helen?" There stood a sweet-faced caller at the door whom Helen had seen at the little Seventh-day Adventist church she used to attend with the Farlands.

"Oh! I surely would!" exclaimed the happy girl with a radiant smile that brought out her dimples. "I can be ready in just a little while," and she hurried to dress.

Another year of attendance at church with this new friend followed. Then for some reason, and without explanation, Helen did not see her any more. But more seed sowing had taken place.

Time sped along, bringing school, shows, and parties. Helen seemed to have entirely forgotten Sabbath school and the little church on the corner. Like most girls of the world, she studied, giggled, flirted, and danced her way into young womanhood.

Then she met and married a fine, upstanding young man, who found employment in a town far away from her home. His employer, Benjamin Winston, was a Seventh-day Adventist in whose home lived his widowed aunt, a Mrs. Lansing. Her interest in John and Helen led her to offer to give them Bible studies. Together the young people studied, thoughtfully reading the texts and asking questions. There was a familiar sound to many of the scriptures, but Helen said nothing. In course of time the young people became convinced of the truths of the third angel's message, accepted them, were baptized, and joined the church. What rejoicing this brought to the heart of their friend!

A year of happy church fellowship followed. Then adverse winds blew and beat upon the small craft of the young couple, and soon their spiritual voyage had ended. Drifting from the safe harbor of their church home, they were tossed and driven by storms and winds of temptation and trouble for many years.

Yet through all those years the Lord watched over the precious seeds sown by

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UNITED CHURCH CANVAS

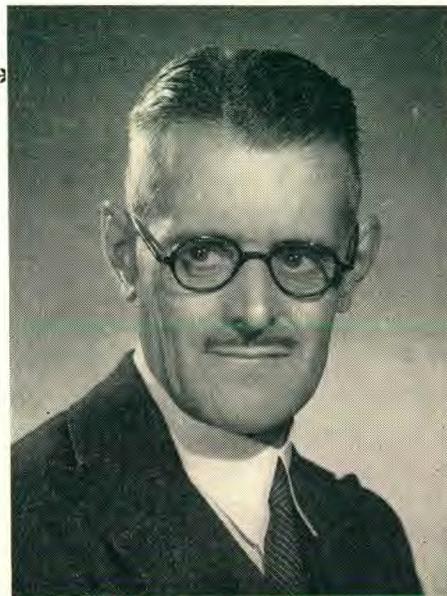
Helen Met and Married a Fine, Upstanding Young Man Who Found Employment in a Town Far From Her Home

Colporteuring for CHRIST

By STANLEY COMBRIDGE

Publishing Department Secretary, South England Conference, British Union

PART THREE



SUN STUDIO LTD.
Publishing Secretary Combridge Keeps in Close Touch With His Colporteurs Throughout the British Isles, Thrills at Their Successes, and Encourages Them When Sales Come Hard

A COLPORTEUR, H. S. Kierstead, late of the Canadian Forces but now a soldier of the cross, is encouraged to hope that his contact with a woman while selling magazines will lead to her acceptance of God's message of truth for today.

He writes: "As I was selling *Good News* I called at the home of a very pleasant woman and presented my papers to her. On being asked who published them I said, 'The Seventh-day Adventists.'

"Oh," she said, "my husband is a doctor in Northern Rhodesia and inspects their clinics and dispensaries and issues medicines. I am returning soon and shall take this paper with me, and show it to my friends and tell them about your work."

Colporteur Kierstead adds, "I am praying that this woman in Africa will come into personal touch with the third angel's message through her contact with an Adventist colporter while in England."

"Not a very thrilling experience," do I hear you say? It may prove to be. Eternity alone will make *that* known.

I like the postscript to a letter I received from this colporter. "God does the work. H. S. K. is only the instrument through which He chooses to work." "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

A little while ago I received a letter from one of my colporteurs, G. Elliott. As a small literature worker who rarely enters a home, most of his sales being made on the doorstep, he discerns many indications of the Lord's leading, and has had many answered prayers, but rarely anything very colorful. Let us hear his story:

"After I became a member of the Adventist church over twenty-five years ago, I felt the urge to distribute our heaven-born literature, which I have proceeded to do far and wide.

"The experience which I shall tell relates not to a book sold but to the gift of a book to a non-Adventist—a best book—the Bible.

"A distant relative in a rural district had to make an urgent visit to one of the

placing of our Seventh-day Adventist literature in the hands of the people.

Quite a little while passed before I received a reply to my letter asking for a word from him. At last it came, and I feel I could do no better than to quote his words. For many years this good brother has consecrated his untiring energies in military camps. Not only has he sold hundreds of our large subscription books to the rank and file, but many titled people, including members of the royal family, possess copies. This is what he writes:

"Most of the well-known dictionaries define the colporter as 'one who travels about vending religious books and pamphlets.' In one sense this is correct, but the Seventh-day Adventist colporter is much more than that. He is a persuader of men and women to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, and further, to keep the commandments of God. All this is contained in our truth-filled volumes, and the books go forth to the world as silent messengers by the hand of the Christian colporter. They are, as it were, 'a living voice.'

"Good books, we are told, are good friends. A man or a woman is usually known by the books kept in the bookcase. Martin Luther was inspired by the writings of John Huss. Dr. Joseph Wolff felt impelled to go forth in his great missionary career because of his study of religious books, and William Carey obtained his idea of missionary work from much the same source.

"God, in His own good way, has called out a people, the Seventh-day Adventists, from the nations of the earth to carry the gospel message of a soon-coming Saviour to the world in a few short years. Many methods are being used to accomplish this purpose, but one of the most rapid, the most economical, and the most effective is the literature ministry. 'The world is to receive the light of the truth through an evangelizing ministry of the Word in our books and periodicals.'

"More than twenty years ago I ap-

proached an ex-military man with the book *Bible Readings for the Home*. I had just sold him a copy when a worker of another denomination rushed into his establishment and said, 'Look out, there is a Seventh-day Adventist running about here. Turn him out when he comes.'

"'Oh,' said my prospect, 'I have known you for many years, but this man has brought me a message which you have not brought.' It is known that ever since he learned the third-angel's-message truth this man has been a faithful member in the South England Conference. Many other experiences could be related, but we shall not know the results of our labors until we reach the home Jesus is preparing for us.

"Collectively, colporteur evangelism has done a great work, but there is yet more to be done if we are to help God to finish His work in the earth. One great thing in our favor in the British field is that a large number of new recruits are taking up the

literature ministry. That is a good sign, and a sign that God is blessing His work."

Surely, my dear young reader, your heart has been thrilled as you have read these "Acts of the Colporteurs." The story is still unfinished. More and perhaps even greater experiences will be added in the future, and not until the heavens receive the faithful servants of God will the story be completed. Many thrilling experiences will never be printed, never told, never read, but everyone will be known when "the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light."

Perhaps, friend, you are not too satisfied with your Christian experiences. I wonder whether you are active enough. Perhaps that is why your mind is filled with doubts.

The story is told that after our Lord had ascended into heaven Thomas was again troubled as to whether Jesus really was the Messiah. He went to the women who had been at the tomb and opened his heart to

them, but though they were sorry for him, they explained that they had so much needlework to do for the poor that they could not give him any more time. He then went to the apostles, but they said that they were sorry but they were just leaving Jerusalem for a region that had not yet heard of Jesus. Suddenly the thought entered the mind of Thomas that perhaps it was because they were so busy working for the Lord that they were not troubled with doubts. So he took ship and carried the gospel to a far-distant land and was never troubled with doubts again. God may not expect you to leave your native shores, but there is that neighbor of yours, that relative, that friend. Why not take up the glorious work of literature distribution? May God help you to make a wise decision which will tell for eternity. His blessing is assured if you go forward in faith.

If life means more to you than merely living
To please yourself by having your own
way;

If you find happiness and joy by freely giving,
Instead of getting all you can each day;
If you search out the need and then supply it,
And trouble not if none know what you've
done;

If you can hurt yourself to not deny it,
And with a smile count such an act as fun.

If, having done thus much, more help is
needed

To reach the souls of those who'll name
you friend;

You rise, for fear the call should go unheeded,
While others on themselves their own
strength spend;

If burdened with a love that knows no
waning

You give the word that will transform the
heart,
And weep and pray until you see them
gaining
A knowledge of the truths which you
impart.

If you will follow this with books that teach
them

The message for the hour in which they
live,

And by this means do all you can to reach
them,

That they, prepared, the message too might
give;

If you can sacrifice your ease and pleasure
To enter homes where ignorance is rife,
And with the printed page give of the treasure
That points the way to everlasting life.

If you would take to them God's final
warning

Contained within the books which give
the light,

And labor faithfully from early morning,
Nor cease your work for gath'ring shades
of night;

If you believe that angels go before you
To soften and subdue the hearts of all,
Your heart will thrill, though others may
ignore you,

As you see souls responding to God's call.
(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

—Please turn to page 22

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



By MURIEL M. HOWARD

Desire

Prayers often guide God's gifts, for He delights to please. How careful, then, we should be to be moderate, humble, wise, submissive, and patient in our asking. We must avoid low thinking, turn aside from the narrowing way of repetitive requests, and earnestly desire the best that God can give.

Take a little time off occasionally to indulge in meditative mood. That exercise pays rich dividends. Allow yourself to drift occasionally upon the cloud of a Heaven-touched imagination forward and upward to that blessed time when you will see Jesus face to face. Just sit and feel how irksome is the screening veil which now hides His face! How tedious the study of even the Word of life without His hand to turn the page and His finger to trace the text. Explain to yourself how long and uninteresting the walk toward the heavenly home would be without the fire-filled converse and guidance of the risen Lord.

Then turn away from that drab and barren earthly view. Take up His Book

and gently open it, and hear His light-filled voice say to you, "Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock."

Do you get the picture—God, unapproachable, and Moses meek, beloved, so greatly in need of upholding power, and almost demanding by his importunity the visible presence of an awful God. Yet that divine voice comes, "Behold, there is a place by me!" O honored man, O honored world, to be the darling of a God like that.

And yet, for all His kindness God is unapproachable. How then can Maker and creature meet? How can shame see glory? How can man, with puny mind, hold converse with the Infinite?

Beside the Creator stands His Son, Jesus, the Rock, crevice for sliding feet, viewpoint from which we see with Heaven-touched eyes the purpose of the journey and the opening gate of our heavenly home.

"Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock!"

LOCKED Doors

By PHYLLIS K. ERNST

ON THE desk before the woman was an ornate plaque carrying the words "Military Permit Office, Allied Forces." The moment had finally arrived! She had waited in outward calm and composure, and her features did not reveal the wild throbbing of her pulse as she stepped up to the desk. With as much daring as she could muster, she calmly made her request for permission to enter Germany. Upon examining her passport the officer's reply came quickly and decisively: "Sorry, but that is impossible."

The whole ordeal was altogether too quick and decisive. There seemed to be no room for discussion or opportunity for a different approach.

"Then my trip has been in vain?" she queried as she pleaded with her voice and eyes.

For just a moment she let her gaze fall to the floor, and in that brief space of time she saw in panorama a whole series of pictures as they stood out clearly and vividly on the walls of her memory.

She stood again at the bedside of her husband. The doctor had just told them that he would live only a few days more. Though they were sad they felt no panic or fear, but rather calm submission to God's will for them. Those few precious days they talked much of tasks accomplished in the past, of dreams unfulfilled, and of the unmeasurable joy which would be theirs when Jesus should come in the clouds of heaven. In that great day they would be reunited, never to part again.

Closing her eyes for a moment, she could clearly see her husband's face, and the indescribably fervent appeal in his eyes as he whispered, "Elizabeth, remember my people in Europe. Do whatever is in your power for them. Do not forget."

She knew how his heart ached, how difficult it was for him to give up the project he had cherished ever since the beginning of World War II, when his loved ones had been driven out of their homes to become refugees. He wanted to leave on the first ship sailing for Europe that

permitted passage for civilians. He planned to travel the length and breadth of his homeland and gather his relatives together, supply them with food and clothing, and—most of all—bring to them the Bread of Life. Surely *now* their hearts would be open to accept the help of an all-powerful God, who could raise their hopeless lives from the destruction and want of a war-ravaged land. Now it seemed that his projected undertaking was only a futile dream.

Thinking of his eagerness, she silently whispered in her heart the same promise she had made to him on his deathbed: "I will; I will do everything, anything. I will go in your place."

And now she was in Bern, Switzerland, seeking permission to enter Germany, with the hope that she might locate those she had set out to find. But was this to be the end? Would she now have no recourse but to return home on the next boat—her effort a failure?

Then a voice spoke clearly, though very, very softly, "How can you doubt when I

have already opened so many doors? Fear not, have faith, and this door will open also."

Indeed, why should she be afraid? Had she not asked the heavenly Father's guidance in this undertaking? Had He not guided her here?

Again her thoughts flew back to the event which had made her presence in this foreign office a reality. She recalled her long-distance telephone conversation with a friend in New York, asking him to go to the steamship lines to apply for a reservation for her. That was the first knock on what seemed to be a closed door. The ticket agent appeared sympathetic as he shook his head negatively in answer to her friend's request.

"You are asking the impossible, sir. Mrs. Ernst will have to wait for at least six months. Passenger lists are filled and overflowing. You might leave her name, and we will notify you when we can supply a reservation."

For two days the young man went from agent to agent. Finally as a last attempt to solve the problem, he walked into a tiny two-by-four booking office on the Jersey side of the Hudson River. Here he asked the same question, hardly expecting to hear the agent say, "Why, yes, we can accommodate you. We are all booked up for many months, but strangely enough a cancellation was phoned in only a few hours ago, and you may have it."

When the friend called the anxious woman over the long-distance telephone to tell her about this unexpected reservation, she calmly said, "Why, do you not know who supplied it? This is the first door the Lord has opened, and I take it to be a direct sign that He is going to open all the



LIONEL GREEN

The Young Man Spent Two Days Going From Agent to Agent. Finally as a Last Resort He Walked Into a Tiny Two-by-Four Booking Office, and Found What He Had Been so Anxiously Looking For

other doors necessary in order to make this trip possible."

With but little effort she could recall the months after the death of her husband. Constant reminders of her mission were the thirteen great packing boxes which stood in the garage and collected a variety of goods day by day. New shoes—113 pairs—to be given out among the families of relatives and to the Adventist church members whom she might find in need were bought for an infinitesimal price from a store which had heard of the project and wanted to make a contribution. And into the boxes also went shirts, dresses, underclothing in all sizes, wool mittens, stockings, caps, sweaters, coats,

suits, and best of all, food—large quantities of rice, sugar, oil, beans, chocolate especially for the children—and so many more such things, along with much prayer that it all would one day reach its destination safely.

The official's cool and somewhat tired voice brought her abruptly back to the present.

"But, madam, you do not understand or realize that no civilian who is not on government business or sent by a recognized organization for a purpose approved by the government is allowed to enter Germany. And a woman going alone—it is inconceivable!"

He shrugged his shoulders very slightly, and when the telephone rang sharply his face showed that he welcomed the chance to turn from the woman's appealing gaze.

Her eyes dropped again as she prayed the Father in heaven to reveal to her the next step in finding the open door she felt in her heart. He had surely prepared for her in this hour of need.

However, the temptation to feel discouraged was strong, and for the moment she wavered as she thought, "Am I just a foolish woman who has ignorantly worked her way into this impossible situation? Perhaps it is not God's will that I take this journey. Oh, I believed that it was, but now I do not know! I just do not know!"

The official completed his telephone conversation and stood behind his desk, nervously bracing his fingers on the glass top.

"I am afraid we can do nothing, as I have told you before, madam. Did you not inquire of the State Department in Washington as to whether you could get permission to enter Germany? Surely they told you it would be quite impossible."

Yes, she had inquired of the State Department, of anyone who knew a thing about passports. Yes, they had told her permission could not be granted; that is, all but one, and he had encouraged her to take a chance in Europe; the officials there might see it her way at the Allied Forces' Military Permit Office.

Now she was finally here, and they said an unequivocal no. This was the last door to open, and it seemed locked.

"I would like to speak to the last man who would have anything to say about this matter. Would it be possible to see him?" This was a request of desperation. She would try to speak to the highest man in charge, difficult as it might prove to be, for now she was determined, despite the surprised and annoyed look on the face of the austere outer-office official.

"Very well, but you will accomplish little, for I have already stated the rulings with which we must comply."

He stepped from behind the desk and left the room to inquire of his superior whether he would personally see an applicant. When he returned he opened the chief's door and indicated that she might enter. As she stepped through the great oak doors at the opposite end of the room, she prayed silently that God would now open the final door that was still locked to her.

The office was impressively large, as was the man behind the desk. Kindly he asked her to be seated, and then listened intently to her appeal. Confidently, yet with a fervent prayer in her heart, she presented her request in as simple language as she could.

"Are these your relatives?" he questioned.

"No, I do not have a relative in Europe that I know of. They are of my husband's family," she replied.

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Supertime

By BERTHA D. MARTIN

When we were little children,
At the end of day,
Our mother at the doorway stood
And called us from our play.
"It's getting late, my dears," she'd say.
"The night will soon begin;
You must clean up; it's supertime.
Children, it's time to come in!"

We'd linger with our playmates there,
Playing skip or ball,
And pretty soon we'd hear again
A more insistent call:
"Your father's home, and supper's on,
We're ready to begin;
We cannot any longer wait;
Children, it's time to come in!"

Time's evening shadows darker grow;
The hour is very late;
Your Father with an anxious face
Is standing at the gate.
So many times His voice has called
From waywardness and sin:
"You must clean up; its supertime.
Children, it's time to come in!"

The day will end in darkness soon,
Its joys no longer seen;
Your home is bright with happiness;
There's love and clothing clean.
Your place is at the table set;
They're waiting to begin.
O children, 'tis the last, last call;
"Children, it's time to come in!"



ADVENT YOUTH IN ACTION



Something Different

Last winter the students at Newbold College, England, decided to do something special on Saturday evenings between early sundown and regular program time at 7:45 P.M., so seven workshops were organized: postermaking, bookbinding, carpentry, leathercraft, needlework, household maintenance, and general hand crafts, specializing in line cuts. There was a keen interest in each workshop; and as the young people and faculty members retired after the entertainment hour which followed, they felt the satisfaction of having had part in a well-spent evening, which had been a refreshing combination of work and play. The program really worked!

"Share Your Faith" News

A young man from Wales recently accepted the third angel's message and attended a youth rally in the Holloway church, London. He gave a convincing testimony and told of his surprise to find so many fine youth in this church of which he has now become a member.

Thirty-five North London youth go down to the East End with literature each Sunday morning. Amid squalor and poverty they work, bringing comfort and hope to a class of human beings whose need is appalling.

Dr. Arthur Kotz, a missionary from Africa, is taking further studies for a period in London. He is a true missionary, and has told us of opportunities for witnessing in London University and of conversations with passengers on the trains. He has secured a supply of truth-filled papers, and leaves on the average of four a day in the carriages.

We Pay Tithe

Heini and Rudi Fuss, of Puebla, Mexico, tell their experience in these words:

"On our birthday we received from our parents five pretty little chickens. With the proper care these chickens soon grew and produced eggs. We decided that of every ten eggs we would give one to the Lord as tithe. He blessed us greatly in this decision. Later on we were offered some more fowls, and with a loan from our parents we made the purchase. To us this debt seemed very great; but thanks to the Lord, it was not long before it was all paid off. Our hen pen has grown a lot, for after one year four hens have hatched a lot of chickens.

"It is a great joy to us to see all these little chicks of different colors. It is a

pleasant occupation, and besides, we learn a great deal about these little creatures. But the greatest joy of all is when we can hand over to the church our tithe, which is the product of our hen coop. Among the chickens we have some that are for tithes and some that are for first-fruit offerings to the Lord."

In Japan

The Missionary Volunteer Society of the headquarters Seventh-day Adventist church in Tokyo, Japan, was holding its regular weekly meeting, and the young people present were giving their testimonies. Says Pastor F. R. Millard:

"One young girl baptized only a few months ago told how she has led her sister into the truth of the third angel's message, has arranged for her brother to enter our school, and now is studying the Bible truths with her parents. A young boy told of his joy in leading his brother, father, and mother into the church. A young woman stood and told how she had come back into the Bible truths after a period of carelessness. With her in the church were a number of friends whom she had brought to the meetings. Finally a boy stood who had been baptized during the service just before the young people's meeting. He told how he had sought to oppose his older brother when the latter took his stand for the third angel's message last spring. However, the quiet influence of this brother, in spite of ridicule and opposition in his home, greatly influenced

the boy, and he too began coming to church. To quote his words: 'Through the godly influence of my brother, whom I have loved in the flesh, I have now accepted Christ and enter into a closer relationship with him as a brother in Christ.' He then went back to his brother, who was sitting several rows of seats behind him, and embraced him, thanking him before the church for having brought him to a knowledge of saving grace. Before the service ended, a large number stood to testify that they had recently come in contact with our Seventh-day Adventist people, but they were grateful to testify to the goodness of God. They expressed their desire to follow on and be with the remnant church.

"We are greatly encouraged over the large number of young people in our baptismal classes. Here we see the force that will rise to finish the work. Already many of these older young people have entered our school in order to study the Bible and to prepare to enter the work."

Something New in Youth Efforts

Missionary Volunteers in the South African Union, under the direction of Missionary Volunteer Secretary P. H. Coetzee, are enjoying unique privileges in "Share Your Faith" endeavor. Pastor Coetzee writes: "Since my return to South Africa the workers have already conducted four youth camps. In order to promote the 'Share Your Faith' idea, we tried out some-

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COURTESY OF JOSEPHINE CLAYBURN

Sunshine Band at the Nokuphila Hospital, South Africa. Student Nurses Are Quite Enthusiastic About This Type of Work. They Visit Old People's Homes in Near-by Johannesburg, Detention Homes for Girls, and Other Institutions. They Also Distribute Signs and Other Literature, and Get Enrollees for the Voice of Prophecy. The Girls in the Picture Are Holding Booklets Which They Made From *Youth's Instructors* and *Little Friends* for Distribution



MONKMEYER

Every Fall It Was the Same: When It Was Time for School to Begin the Young People Did Not Know Whether They Would Be Able to Attend

Providence Guides

By IRMGART ALLEN

WHEN Marie Jackson went to see who could be ringing the doorbell she found a young woman standing there. In her hands she held a can and an Ingathering issue of the *Watchman* magazine. She asked for a small donation while she showed pictures of some of the work that would be done with the money. Marie went to get her purse, and made a donation even though she was not interested in Seventh-day Adventists or their work and had been warned against their interpretation of the Bible.

Many years later, when her youngest sister was married, Marie went to live with the newlyweds in another city. One night when she was alone in their apartment she went to bed as usual, but was awakened by queer noises in her room. It sounded as if wooden balls were rolling around under her bed. She got up to see what it was, but when she saw nothing she went back to bed. No sooner had she fallen asleep than she heard the noise again. Thinking that perhaps the cat that belonged in the apartment downstairs had come in somehow, she got up to let it out.

But when she looked again in every corner of the room she found nothing. This time she knelt down to pray before she went back to bed. From then on everything was calm and peaceful.

But the next night, just after she had fallen asleep, she awoke with a start. Something heavy was lying on her feet. She felt it creeping up on her. Soon it became very heavy on her stomach and then on her chest. It almost crushed the breath out of her, and the only thing she could do was breathe the name of Jesus. At that she felt the load lift and heard a rushing noise like a strong wind whish past her and out the window. Realizing what it had been, she immediately got up and thanked God for delivering her from the power of the evil one.

This brought Marie and her sister, Anna, closer to God, and they began to attend a Methodist church regularly.

After several children were born to the Johnsons, Anna was too busy to go to church. Besides, she really was not interested any more. But God still watched.

One windy day several years later Mr. Johnson was hurrying along the street

toward home when he saw a small colored card flutter to his feet. Curious to know what it was, he picked it up and found that it was an announcement of religious meetings being held in a large auditorium downtown. He knew that his sister-in-law had not been going to church for several years, and he thought that he would give the card to her.

When he reached home he found Marie washing clothes. He went over to her and said, "You are always so anxious to go places; here is a good place for you to go!" and he handed her the card. The topic advertised was the image of Daniel 2, and the message invited hearers to the meeting the next evening.

Marie had often wondered what Daniel's vision meant, so she persuaded Anna to go to the auditorium with her. Mr. Johnson said he would rather stay at home with the children, so they went alone. While riding on the subway they noticed two fine, clean-cut young men. Each carried a Bible under his arm. Marie and Anna wondered who they might be, and whether they also were going to the meeting. The men got off at the same station they did. Since they did not know the way to the auditorium exactly they decided to follow the men. They led them into a building where they found a seat among a number of other people who were already there.

Soon one of the men they had followed came out onto the platform and led the group in a stirring song service. They enjoyed this very much, for it brought back memories of bygone years. They had once sung in a church choir, and knew most of the hymns.

When the minister—the other young man—began his sermon the sisters listened carefully to every word. The next evening another interesting topic was announced, so night after night they went to the meetings. Mr. Johnson would not go. He said he did not care to listen to such "peculiar" ideas.

Eventually they learned that these were Seventh-day Adventist meetings they were attending. If they had known this at first, they never would have attended the first one, but by now they were too interested in the Bible truths to stop. They were astonished that everything they heard seemed so logical and true.

Anna began taking Bible studies, and every time the Bible instructor came to her house she would tell everything she heard to her sister in the evening when she came home from work. Both women continued going to the meetings, and when the call was made for those who would give their hearts to God to express this decision, they took their stand together. Soon they joined the baptismal class and were baptized. They were happy to know that the minister who had led them into the Advent truth was the minister of the church they attended.

But Mr. Johnson would not go to any
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JUNIORS



HERE-CROW

By INEZ STORIE CARR

AS I stepped out of the back door with a glass jar of granulated fish food in my hand, I called, "Here-Crow." Suddenly black wings were over my head, and an impatient bird sailed around low till the goldfish had their rations. Then I held the jar high, and Here-Crow drove his beak deeply into it. He did not swallow, however. That had been a lesson learned the hard way weeks ago, when he had nearly strangled on the dry grains. He carried his mouthful to the flat top of the trellis, spat them out, then turning his beak sideways shoveled them in carefully—a few at a time. But if it had been a tin can I had held up, he would have driven his beak deep and swallowed fast, getting all he could while the getting was good. This was soft canned dog food, and he knew the difference in the looks of those two containers!

One egg in an old crow's nest in one of the post oaks that lined up and down the hillside was destined to hatch a college crow—a youngster cast in most uncrow-like circumstances. He began with the fifth grade, but in a few weeks' time entered college.

It came about naturally enough, for when the boy that fed the crow went to school Here-Crow went also by way of the air and sailed into the classroom with the greatest of ease. There were always bright-colored pencils to use in various ways and ink bottles to nibble on. Then, since a young crow must keep sleek looking, much time was consumed by sitting on the window sill preening pinfeathers.

Open windows were one of Here-Crow's delights, and that was how he happened to observe study periods at the college library with studious regularity. Here he found things more adapted to a crow in his adolescence, such as erasers, gold-tipped pens, and the librarian—a most understanding

man—who laid peanuts where a little hunt-and-peck system was the sole requirement for a delicious feast.

Hard-shelled pecans, occasional substitutes, were a problem of a different order. They required homework. So out the window dashed Here-Crow with his hard nut to crack, and over the campus and down the street to where his pal lived. If you were given a nut and the giver kept a beady eye on the nut and hopped and fluttered impatiently about, what would you do? Of course! Then back to the library with just a corner of his craw filled went Here-Crow for another nut. This could grow tedious to the cracker, but the eater found five blocks easy sailing for a fat nutty reward.

But youth must have its fun, and Here-Crow certainly had his. He loved children.

If Pat or Spike, neighborhood small children, were playing in their sandbox, with gleaming eye he hopped in with them chuckling in crow language, "Let me play too." He would toss pebbles, pull shiny toy trucks, and hunt in the sand for marbles. Soon someone would be crying, "Mamma come and make Here-Crow let me have my car," for the crow had a way of holding a toy that appealed to him and pecking little toenails to keep the owner from getting it.

Wings seemed to give Here-Crow a feeling of priority over the earth-bound creatures with whom he associated. One Monday morning as the mother of the young man who had captured him was busy in the washhouse, black wings

swooped in the door, and the crow perched on a rafter over her head. "Hello, there," she greeted him, and he answered with his "Hulla" and little clucking sounds he made to those he loved. All went well till Here-Crow spied the glitter of a wrist watch down below. The woman stood in horrified silence as the crow dropped down and picked up the prize she had unwittingly left in plain sight. Perched over the concrete flooring, he watched her with gleaming eyes. The least indication of haste, and he would have been gone. But Mrs. Denman said all the soothing, pretty words she could call to mind while wishing she could wring his neck. Little by little she edged up the ladder toward him and outwitted him by gently rubbing his head as she pulled the watch and bracelet slowly from his beak.

If a group of college students gathered to roller skate at the gymnasium, Here-Crow seemed to be aware of the appointment, and would land in their midst strutting proudly around at their feet. Since he disliked being handled this liberty was not taken by the students who loved to have him trust them. When the crowd left his fun was over, and he left too.

When the owner of Here-Crow went on a vacation the bird picked our street for his daily rations. He went down one side



and up the other, stopping long enough to caw everyone awake and beg for food. If it was not forthcoming, he passed on to the next house, alighting just above the door or on a limb near the kitchen door.

At our house he met Kitty Gray, and at once a battle for supremacy began, with Kitty coming out as the loser, though Here-Crow never risked walking around the yard where Kitty lived again. However, the cat—a ten-pound male—rushed for shelter whenever the crow came to visit, and stayed hidden till he left, so at some time there must have been a good understanding of who was who. Missing tufts of hair and scabs on Kitty's back told the story of what had happened.

As Here-Crow grew older he developed a temper when his plans were frustrated. One day the wife of the college president heard her little son screaming in fear, and rushed to the door to see a most amusing sight. Merlin had the toy the crow wanted. The little fellow was jumping up and down, crying and beating at the crow, and the crow was mocking his actions in a most ridiculous manner, jumping up and down too and squawking right in front of the boy's face.

One day Here-Crow, or Jim Crow as he also was called, flew into the hair of a little girl who was crying. The child became terrified, and the crow became angry. The parents finally disentangled the bird's feet from the long brown curls, and he flew off to a neighboring clothesline and determinedly pulled clothespins, watching the sheet or table linen fall on the wet ground before hopping to the next clothespin and tugging till it came loose. That seemed to be his method of relaxing.

Finally complaints began coming to the owner of Here-Crow, and he was taken for a ride. Good luck, fair sailing, and happy landings, old fellow. You were a great actor and a wise old bird!

If anyone has seen a crow above his door calling for food, please be kind to him, for he is just beginning his crow education.

The Sermon

(Continued from page 3)

plans over with Jesus. Yes, my home is well built, but what about the children themselves? Their minds and souls need building also. They need good books, they need inspiring music, they need to become acquainted with the masters of art. I've neglected those things." Now the children were almost ready for academy, and he felt the urge to augment their religious and cultural training.

"Tomorrow I'll take Ann and the children down to the Book and Bible House, and we'll select more books for those new shelves and arrange to get some sacred and classical recordings. That will at least be a start in the right direction. Then we'll drive out to the beach for the rest of the day. It's been months since I've taken time to spend a day with those youngsters."

On the front porch of the Tanner home Stan Williams was saying, "But Barbara, we've always had great times. You've been a jolly pal, and I just can't see any reason for us not to spend the rest of our lives together."

"No, Stan. My answer can only be no, the way things are now. I am not quite the same girl that you have been seeing so often during the past six months. This morning the pastor said something that didn't exactly register at the time, but it has kept coming back to me all day, until it stands clear as crystal in my mind. Up until now I have thought of nothing much but having a good time and having my needs supplied. But I'm afraid that unless you got the same inspiration this morning you would never approve of my new way of thinking. You and I need to get a new view of life before we consider anything so important as marriage. Remember that the pastor said, 'Build the plans for your life with such consecration, such nobility, and unselfishness that you would feel no qualm of conscience in talking them over with Jesus.'"

The pastor knelt at the open window of his study. Soft light from the full moon glowed on his face and gilded the sprinkling of premature gray at his temples. "Lord," he prayed, "I ask that the sermon today may have touched some heart. Let not Thy word return unto Thee void. Give me wisdom to feed Thy flock through the coming week." His eyes fell on the open Bible before him: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." And the pastor's heart was comforted.

Loyalty

(Continued from page 7)

aged one another through the hours of suffering. Only one of the number failed. In the intensity of his anguish he denied his Lord, plunged into the room and into the bath, and died instantly. One of the heathen attendants was so moved by this, and by the courage and steadfastness of those still outside, that he declared himself a Christian, and divesting himself of his clothing took his place on the scaffold among the freezing disciples. Once more there were forty who were true and steadfast. And there they died, witnessing for their faith.

Polycarp was an early Christian martyr. When the proconsul demanded, "Swear by Caesar's fortune, and I will release thee," Polycarp answered, "Eighty and six years have I served him, . . . and he never did me wrong: how then can I revile my King and my Saviour?" And the crowds at the amphitheater that day shouted as he went to his death.

Yes, it took loyalty to God to be a Christian in those days. He still demands loyalty. And sometimes it requires more steadfastness to live for Christ than to die for Him.

How can we show our loyalty now? There is no particular danger to Chris-

Adventures of Billy the Buck, No. 3 - By Harry Baerg



1. The coyote had hoped to make a good meal of Billy, but the mother came back just in time.



2. As soon as the coyote was chased away, Billy's mother came back to make sure that he was all right.



3. After that she found a better place for Billy to hide. It was on a little island in the stream.



4. Now she had to wade through the water when going and coming, and the scent was washed from her trail.

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tians in these United States in these times. When Moody was asked whether he had a martyr's faith he replied, "No." When asked to explain he said that if the Lord ever wanted him to be a martyr, He would give him a martyr's faith. In a limited way this was demonstrated time and again in the late war. Some young men went into the armed services with no faith, were converted, and were able to witness for Christ while at the battle front. Others went in with little faith, but were given the necessary stamina to witness for the Master under adverse circumstances.

Students were congregated in one of their rooms. Conversation drifted from one topic to another. Gradually the tenor of the conversation was lowered. Who would lift the standard? It required courage to do it, but one young man had sufficient loyalty. In another group of young people some unkind remarks were made about a person not present. Quickly one pointed out that it was unfair to make such remarks when the person involved had no opportunity to explain his side of the story.

Another group of Seventh-day Adventist young people had nothing in particular to do, when one suggested a movie. As a matter of fact, it was further suggested that since they were in a big city no one would see them or know about it. Was there one in the group to stem the tide? Yes there was, and he quickly declared that he would not go, for he had to live with his own conscience—God would know! It takes loyalty and courage to counteract evil.

Loyalty to God is needed today, and may be found in the hearts of thousands of young people. Just as the Federal Bureau of Investigation checks loyalty of American citizens, so the angels of God are visiting our homes, our classrooms, our workshops, and our playgrounds for the purpose of checking on our loyalty to God and confirming us in the faith. How solemn a thought it is that the angels will finally set a mark on those who are completely loyal! And we know not when that hour of sealing will come.

A Mother's Jewel Box

(Continued from page 1)

"I saved most of her letters during academy days, until the bundles grew too large. It was hard to choose which one to keep for my treasure box, but this one with its warmth of love always shone like a ruby to me. Let me read it to you:

"MY DEAR MOTHER AND DADDY,

"I love you. In fact, I haven't in any of my previous letters told you how much I love you. You have both done so much for me, and I've done so little in return. I don't know how I'll ever be able to repay you for all the love, care, and guidance you've given me.

"On Friday after sundown and on

Sabbath afternoon I get so homesick for you and your stories and the walks and our songs together that sometimes I just don't know what to do about it.

"I don't suppose I will ever fully realize how much you have given up that I might have the nice things in life. You have gone without so much, and I have been so selfish, always thinking about myself and the things I wanted, instead of the things you wanted and needed, but have gone without for my sake.

"I'm truly sorry if I have caused you any worries. God helping me, I'm going to be a better Christian and a better and more devoted daughter.

"Your letter and the package came Saturday night. The candy was delicious. The fur on my gloves is pretty too, and the other things I needed were lovely. Thanks for everything. The lights have blinked, so I will say good night with all my love!"

When the letter was finished the minister too was gazing into the fire and quietly remarked, "She was always such an appreciative little body that it has been a joy to give her things."

"Yes," replied his wife, "and it was the same all through her college days. Do you remember that Christmas vacation when we expected her home, but instead received a telephone call saying she was very ill and could not come, and I took the next bus to the school?"

"We ate our Christmas dinner from a tray in her room. Then from under her pillow she drew out this envelope and said, 'Here is your present, Mother.' And there in this envelope was the money she had earned during her free time. She had saved it to buy me a new dress, for she had heard me say I had always wanted a velvet dress. And tucked in with the money was this little rhyme:

"I did not know the color
Or the style that suits you best,
So right away we'll go to town
And try to find that lovely gown
—A velvet dress.

"I hope you'll like your brand-new dress
And wear it often too,
And every time you slip it on
Remember, I love you."

"There is just one more of my precious jewels I want to read to you tonight. I know you will remember this one. I had been so worried because her weekly letter had not come. You had tried to assure me that there was no need to worry. No doubt there had been some extra assignment or test or something else to take her time. The very next day this letter came. It says:

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I'm up in the ward. Guess I've got the flu, but don't worry, for we have a lovely nurse. She has just fixed me up for the night, but somehow I'm not sleepy, for these lines keep running through my head. I know my English teacher would not ac-

cept them as poetry, but you won't read them through her eyes. Here they are:

"My mother has no cap with border black;
She has no white dress starched and apron
trim,
No long, white, spotless hose or shoes with
rubber soles.

Instead she has a thinning crown of gray,
A house dress—neat, but worn from wear,
And aprons made from hand-me-downs,
Stockings are not always mates, and runners sewed.

Her hands no more are lily white,
Because for us she's toiled and got them
stained—

No time for daily manicures.
Her time is spent in work for dad and me.
And when we're sick those small, stained
hands

Smooth out the wrinkles in the sheets,
Fluff up the pillows, and rub our heads
Until we fall asleep.
These white clad angels that go from bed
to bed are fine,
But not a one can hold a candle to this
little mother of mine."

When the letter was finished the minister's wife placed all her jewels back in the little treasure box, and looking up at her husband, she said, "What a load would be taken from the hearts of mothers if their daughters would show the same loving, thoughtful appreciation that our little girl has manifested all through these years!" The minister reverently replied, "Amen."



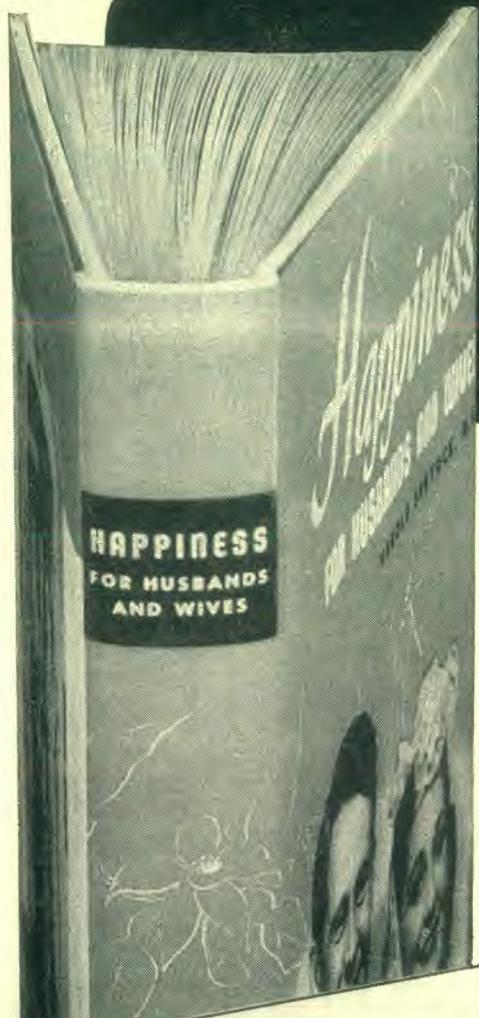
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By ALEX. FRANZ

1. A letter. 2. Alabama (abbreviated). 3. A trick, or mischievous act. 4. An Arab. 5. "There came unto him a woman having an _____ box of very precious ointment." Matt. 26:7. 6. A salt of anisic acid. 7. Variant of catty. 8. Born. 9. A letter.

—Key on page 22



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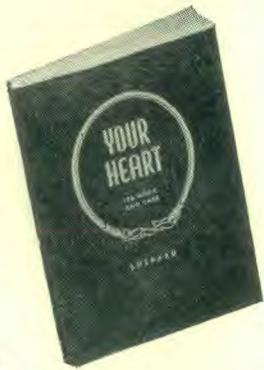
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Stamp News

FOR many years the Stamp Corner has been giving a free packet of stamps to each beginner who requested it. This idea is a fine one, and we are not discontinuing our policy. If you are a beginner or would like to start collecting stamps, write for your free packet now. It is not much, but it is a start which may interest you. Send us your name and address, and enclose one International Reply Coupon or a self-addressed stamped envelope for speedy answer.

MANY stamp clubs will be having exhibitions from now until the close of school. Please write to us and tell us what you are doing in your club, your school, your Missionary Volunteer Society, and your town to keep up your interest in stamps. If you have problems that we might help you solve in regard to stamps, we shall be only too happy to hear from you. Tell us all about yourself and whether you wish to join the stamp exchange. Remember to supply sufficient information so that we shall be able to classify you. Your complete name and address are musts. Next, we need to know about how many stamps are in your collection and how long you have been collecting, in order that we may classify you as a beginner or advanced. Stamp collectors usually prefer to exchange stamps with other collectors who are about as advanced as themselves, since they probably have similar tastes. Be sure to tell us whether you are a junior or a senior collector. To be eligible to have your name in the Stamp Corner's Exchange Column, you should have at least five hundred stamps in your collection plus duplicates for trade.

R. J. CHRISTIAN, who is the circulation manager for the Review and Herald Publishing Association, and incidentally for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, has been touring the United States recently with a World of Stamps Map, which has 169 stamps on it from nearly as many countries. It cost about ten dollars in money, and two days (sixteen man-hours) to accumulate and affix the stamps on the map. Before the summer is over, we trust that many Stamp Corner readers will have an opportunity to see this unique geographical stamp exhibit.

Locked Doors

(Continued from page 12)

Rustling a stack of papers into order as if the interview were about over, he asked, "Well, then, why did he not come?"

Lifting her eyes to his, she answered directly, "That is just it, sir, he could not come; he passed away suddenly last April."

The short silence that followed seemed to take on the air of an unspoken apology. And then she told of the deathbed promise to her husband and her attempt to fulfill it; of the thirteen boxes—a ton of supplies—that were waiting to go into Germany, and which she wished to distribute personally to the needy relatives; of how she and her husband had planned to come together to see Europe, for she had never met his people. And then he had passed away on the very eve of the realization of this hope.

As she finished, the chief said not a word, but drew a circle in the top left corner of a paper she had brought with her and which was lying before him on his desk. Within the circle he placed his initials and the letters "O.K.", then he pushed the paper over to her and said very kindly, "When you are ready to go into Germany bring this paper with you; it will open the way for you."

Just like that! It took a full minute for the significance of his remark to penetrate the maze of pictures that had gathered in her mind, but suddenly she realized that the interview was over.

There it was—the last door had opened! Hardly daring to believe her ears, she thanked the official cordially, and left the office with a feeling that she had actually stepped through a door which had been visibly opened by Supernatural Hands.

She had been granted a privilege that many had told her was absolutely impossible, one for which many another had waited at the border of Germany for months on end, had tried in every way to obtain, and had *not* succeeded. To her it was another revelation that the Lord had definitely taken a hand in opening the way for her to bring help into Germany.

Who is this woman? She is my mother. Her courage in the face of overwhelming obstacles and her faith in the definite leadings of the Lord enabled her to make this trip into Germany under the most trying circumstances.

For seventeen days she gathered the nineteen relatives of daddy's together twice each day, and told them many things about her faith in God and His wonderful last-day message to mankind. When they responded to her appeal that they get ready for the second coming of the Lord, she made arrangements with the conference president to send a Bible instructor to hold studies with them. Of the fourteen adults who promised to take these studies, two already have been baptized, and others are still studying. They have acknowledged

by letter that they also are about to take their stand for the truths of the third angel's message.

Mother and I see clearly now why God chose to open these doors, and we have unwavering confidence in His promise when He says, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Advent Youth in Action

(Continued from page 13)

thing new. During our camps we hired the nearest city hall and conducted meetings every Sunday night. We had an attractive handbill printed, and on Saturday afternoon we went down to the beach, divided the camp into four sections, and conducted open-air meetings. The groups sang choruses, told stories to the children, and gave personal testimonies. As the people gathered, handbills were handed out, and the people were invited to the Sunday night meeting. We handed out more than five thousand handbills. The hall was packed. As a result of this project a number of our societies are conducting meetings on the beach, and they are starting out with Sunday night meetings in their churches. One of our larger societies hired the city hall, and next month I am going down to lead out with the preaching."

Providence Guides

(Continued from page 14)

meeting with them and refused to believe in the seventh-day Sabbath or that Christ's second coming was very near.

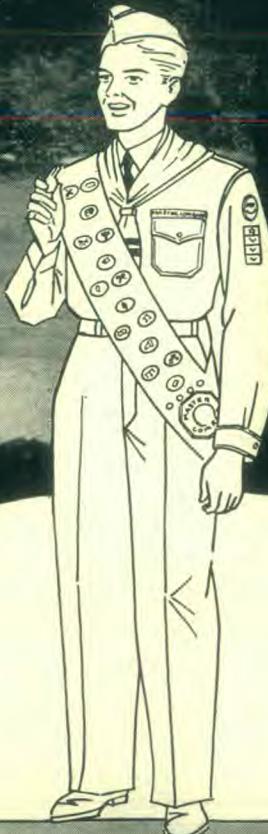
The minister became well acquainted with the family, and the three children learned to love him. As the fall season drew near the minister began talking to Anna about the church school that was not far away. He asked her whether she would like to send her children there. She was willing, but must have her husband's consent before she could do so.

Mr. Johnson did not like the idea, because it would cost too much for tuition and for transportation to and from school by streetcar. At that time he was not earning much money. But the minister was very much concerned about their little ones' obtaining a Christian education, so he promised that the church would look after the tuition, and that he would pay their carfare in the mornings and drive them home in his car in the evening. Mr. Johnson agreed to this kind proposal, so the children went to church school that year.

In the summer the children and their mother had their first experience in Ingathering. They liked this work very much, and were enthusiastic about it in the years following.

Every fall when school was about to begin the children did not know whether

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or not they would be able to go to church school. Each time they prayed about it, and God saw fit to provide a way for them.

Soon Jean went to the academy and worked her way through. She is at present in a Christian college preparing herself for a place in God's work. Emily is now in the academy, and Myrna is in church school.

Anna and Marie are still faithful and true members of God's remnant church, and are earnestly waiting and praying for that day to come when Anna's husband will hear God speaking to his heart, so that he too may be in the "shelter of the fold" when Jesus comes again.

The Adventures of a Ministerial Intern

(Continued from page 6)

the police informed us, the child had been picked up. I came home at two-fifteen in the morning.

Once, having finished a study, I discovered that the gas tank was nearly empty forty-five miles from home. It was only nine-thirty, and gas stations should have been open; but this was the mining town of Jackson, a place of questionable reputation. Inquiry at the local hotel revealed that the taxi drivers could help me. They could, except that, they informed me, there would be a seventy-five-cent service charge. I was led to a gas station where there were possibilities. "Ten gallons, please," said I, "of regular."

"Sorry, I have only the key to the Ethyl." I was forty-five miles from home, and they knew I was at their mercy!

Speaking of Jackson, I considered the trip out there every week a most pleasant one. The roads were well surfaced, there was almost no traffic, and the family at the other end were always friendly. It was a highly enjoyable ride.

But one night I was driving blissfully along, coming home from a study out there, when the front left spring broke and began dragging on the ground. It was almost the only night I had someone with me. He and I got out and looked the situation over. It seemed apparent that the hanging part would have to be tied up. We jacked up the front end of the car—but how to get underneath when we were both garbed in proper ministerial attire? We were standing there discussing the problem when a truck stopped beside us, and the driver asked whether we were having trouble. We explained the difficulty to him. Without a word, he got out of his cab, lay down on the road under my car, and tied up the spring with his own rope.

I felt so grateful to him that thereafter I often stopped for cars that seemed to be having trouble. On at least three occasions the people were drunk!

I arrived at a Bible study one night to

find that the husband was in distress, with his wife laid out on a cot in the front room. Tobacco and liquor had a tremendous grip on her. Other Bible instructors had led her to promise that she would never touch either again, but the habit was too strong. "Please," she kept saying, "one more sip. Please. I've got to have it. Please. One more sip. I've got to have it. Oh, why don't you give it to me?"

As we talked she suddenly became tense. Her hands clenched. Her arms came up rigidly against her body.

I had often seriously thought, while at college, of taking medicine along with the theological course. But that was during the war, and anyone who talked such things was immediately accused of draft dodging. I was criticized enough for what science courses I did take. Here, however, was precisely the situation I had foreseen, except that I did not have the medical background to meet it. I am convinced that if we could have cured that woman's body, her soul would have followed gladly, and so would her husband's. But this was not to be. I could pray, however, and the two of us knelt beside her bed, he praying after me. The woman relaxed at once. Unfortunately too many other duties came in for me to keep in touch with these people.

Then there was the time we went to visit a home in routine response to a radio Bible school card—a study with the longest prelude, the shortest duration, and the most abrupt close of any study I conducted. It should not be confused with the first one mentioned here.

The card said that Mrs. Milly Gonda had studied the Voice of Prophecy lessons, had done very well, had said she was keeping the Sabbath, wanted to be baptized, and lived near a town thirty miles away. A friend and I started out.

Our first difficulty was finding that there were numerous Gondas in that town, and no one knew which one Milly was. Local townspeople gave us advice, but each seemed to send us to a different Gonda. We carefully followed all directions. We traveled along good roads and one-way dirt tracks, we drove over dry river beds, we were beset at one house by three half-wild dogs that chewed the car fenders in their attempt to fight us off. We covered sixty miles, here and there, over three afternoons, and finally found Milly five miles from town.

On the Sabbath afternoon when we discovered her she was in her little brick house in open farm land. The house was wired, but there was no electricity.

We sat, therefore, in the gathering darkness, talking at last to Mrs. Gonda. She had, apparently, studied the lessons well, but so far as we could determine she had not let the message as given in God's Word change her heart. She seemed quite unconverted. Her husband came in during our discussion, and sat in the next room listening.

We talked about cows for a while, for they had a dairy. Then we discussed religion, attending church and being baptized.

She occasionally went to the near-by church, but would have to think longer before being baptized an Adventist. Though she had ostensibly kept the seventh-day Sabbath for more than a year, she had just then finished a big wash—on Sabbath afternoon!

Finally, my friend suggested that we pray before leaving. He knelt. I knelt. She seemed reluctant, but finally knelt too. I prayed. The man in the next room stirred in his chair. I assumed he was kneeling, realizing that prayer was being offered in his home. But I had only assumed.

He stalked over to the door, clomping his feet. Then he started in. "Get the —— out of here. What do you mean by bringing a church into my house? Get the —— —— out of here. —— —— you preachers, always trying to get money. You may be able to rope my wife into something, but you won't get me. Get the —— —— out of here."

I finished the prayer rather more hastily than I had anticipated, and we stood and left, without a word. He followed us out, repeating the same line over and over. Perhaps we should have done something else. But what?

It seemed a shame, after all the trouble to which we had gone to find Milly Gonda, for the Bible study to end like this. But I was learning that this is the way Bible studies are—there are many unexpected! Scores of them follow the same old routine; and then, all of a sudden, one will be different.

So we turned our car homeward. What is home to an unmarried intern? Most of the time I lived very comfortably. But we will go into that next week, in "Bachelor Housekeeping."

(To be continued)

Have You a Sack of Worries?

(Continued from page 4)

spring picnic half the other students had no white trousers, that a storm came up, and all those who had worn them wished they had not. Then he remembered that the night before he was to give his worship talk the dean had called him aside and said they would have a visiting conference official speak the next night, and his talk would be postponed indefinitely. All the other items in his list were just about as easily taken care of.

Perhaps it would do some of the rest of us good to keep such a diary for a month or so. Why not try it?

"Worry is blind," says Ellen G. White, "and can not discern the future; but Jesus sees the end from the beginning. In every difficulty He has His way prepared to bring relief."

Written by an unknown author are these points well worth remembering:

"Worry is like the grit that gets into the oil in your motorcar; as the grit wears the machinery out, so worry gradually wears your life out. Worry is like the rust that slowly eats into some part of the works, until, under some strain, there is a 'snap,' and often a tragedy. Worry has doubtless broken more, crippled more, killed more, than famine, pestilence, and war combined; and history is filled with the havoc wrought by this ghastly trio.

"Worry does not blow a bugle, or beat a drum, or leave rows of dead on the battlefield as does war; it does not scorch fields as does famine; it does not attract public attention as does pestilence; yet as the corn borer silently attacks and destroys corn; as the boll weevil quietly blights and ruins cotton; as the thief with muffled tread it steals into your mind and heart, begins its deadly work—a work of devastation which, unless checked, may end in disease and death."

Shall we not, therefore, throw away our sacks of worries and live each day as it comes?

Colporteuring for Christ

(Continued from page 10)

"The servant of Jesus sees it [the work] in the light shining from the cross. His sacrifices appear small in comparison with those of the blessed Master, and he is glad to follow in His steps. The success of his labor affords him the purest joy, and is the richest recompense for a life of patient toil."

Because Somebody Prayed

(Continued from page 8)

those who loved Him. The small craft kept afloat in spite of the inroads made in its timbers by the "termites" of worldly pleasure and evil habits.

Why was this true? Unknown to John and Helen, the one who had given them the Bible studies was praying that they would return to the fold of the Good Shepherd. All contact with them had been lost for years, yet during this time earnest prayers were being sent up to heaven in their behalf.

"Son, do you remember that young couple who lived on your Uncle's Ben's place and worked for him for a year or two?"

"I do not recall much about them, Mother. You know I was away from home at that time. Why do you ask?"

"Well," continued the frail mother, "I gave them Bible studies, and they were baptized and joined our church here. They were such nice young people—my children in the faith; but they left us not long after

their baptism, and since we heard nothing from them their names finally were dropped from the records. But I believe they will come back to the church yet. I'm praying for them."

"Why, Mother! After so many years have passed you do not expect them to return, do you?"

"It has been a long time ago, but I still believe the promise that is recorded in Isaiah: 'So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' I have prayed for John and Helen ever since they left us. Oh, how I wish I might see them again before I rest—rest till Jesus comes."

That wish was not to be granted in her lifetime. Not long after this conversation between mother and son the faithful worker for God closed her weary eyes in her last, long sleep—until the morning of the resurrection, when Jesus comes.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Helen as she stood before her mirror one Sabbath morning, "Here we are back in Coalville after being gone for so many years. I have planned to go to the little church where I used to attend Sabbath school so long ago. But as sure as I try to get there something or somebody hinders me! Now I wonder who is at the door wanting what."

After the short call was ended Helen muttered under her breath, "But I am going to church today if I have to crawl!" and her determined chin indicated she meant just that.

The Holy Spirit, which had followed her for so many years, gave her the power to overcome the enemy that had held her will for so long. She went to church that day. As her trim little figure, dressed in a modest brown ensemble, stepped inside the door, a great peace flooded her heart, and when the invitation was given for all to rise who wished to reconsecrate their lives to God, Helen eagerly stood with the rest. With tear-filled eyes and a gladness of heart she had not felt for years, she asked whether she might join the church.

"At last this church is *my* church!" And what rejoicing there must have been among the angels!

Bible lessons were given to the family, which by that time were five in number. Today all are members of the remnant church, and eagerly sharing their faith.



Senior Youth Lesson

IX—Our Stewardship in Tithe Paying

(May 27)

MEMORY VERSE: Malachi 3:10.
LESSON HELPS: S. A. Wellman, *Your Stewardship and Mine*, chap. 9; *Testimonies*, vol. 3, pp. 381-408.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1-3, and note.
3. Ques. 4, 5; read the first half of lesson helps.
4. Ques. 6-8, and notes.
5. Ques. 9, 10; read second half of lesson helps.
6. Ques. 11, 12, and notes.
7. Review the entire lesson.

Acknowledging God's Ownership

1. How much in this world belongs to God? Ps. 24:1; 50:10-12.
2. How did Abraham acknowledge his duty in giving God His own? Gen. 14:17-20.
3. What did Jacob promise to do in recognition of God's ownership? Gen. 28:20-22.

NOTE.—Jacob's "vow" was the outflow of a heart filled with gratitude for the assurance of God's love and mercy. Jacob felt that God had claims upon him which he must acknowledge, and that the special tokens of divine favor granted him demanded a return. So does every blessing bestowed upon us call for a response to the Author of all our mercies."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 187.

4. What definite instruction did God give Israel in the wilderness concerning His claim of ownership of the tithe? Lev. 27:30-34.

The Divine Plan

5. For whose support and for what work was the tithe devoted in Israel? Num. 18:21, 24.

NOTE.—"The tithe was to be exclusively devoted to the use of the Levites, the tribe that had been set apart for the service of the sanctuary. But this was by no means the limit of the contributions for religious purposes. The tabernacle, as afterward the temple, was erected wholly by free-will offerings; and to provide for necessary repairs, and other expenses, Moses directed that as often as the people were numbered, each should contribute a half shekel for 'the service of the tabernacle.' In the time of Nehemiah a contribution was made yearly for this purpose. From time to time, sin-offerings and thank-offerings were brought to God. These were presented in great numbers at the annual feasts. And the most liberal provision was made for the poor."—*Ibid.*, p. 526.

6. How does Paul express approval of the principle of support for gospel ministers and laborers? 1 Cor. 9:13, 14.

NOTE.—"The apostle here referred to the Lord's plan for the maintenance of the priests who ministered in the temple. Those who were set apart to this holy office were supported by their brethren, to whom they ministered spiritual blessings."—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 336.

7. In what words did Christ express His approval of tithe paying? Matt. 23:23.

Attitudes Toward Tithing

8. On one occasion when the Israelites had withheld their tithe, what was the result? Neh. 13:10.

NOTE.—The Levites were compelled to take up agriculture for support, owing to the withholding of the tithes of Israel. Whenever the tithe is withheld the ministry must earn a livelihood by other means, thereby forcing a neglect of the teaching of God's Word in the church.

and hindering the advancement of the knowledge of God into all the world.

9. How was this neglect corrected? In what were the Israelites also growing careless? Neh. 13:11, 12, 15-18.

10. Of what did the prophet Malachi say God's people are guilty? Mal. 3:8, 9.

11. What are all urged to do? What is promised those who are faithful stewards? Mal. 3:10-12.

NOTE.—"God has made men His stewards. The property which He has placed in their hands is the means that He has provided for the spread of the gospel. To those who prove themselves faithful stewards He will commit greater trusts. Saith the Lord, 'Them that honor Me, I will honor.' 'God loveth a cheerful giver,' and when His people, with grateful hearts, bring their gifts and offerings to Him, 'not grudgingly, or of necessity,' His blessing will attend them, as He has promised."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 529.

12. In the first angel's message, what is said regarding how His people should recognize God's ownership of all things? Rev. 14:7.

NOTE.—The call of this message is to an acknowledgment of the Creator. It calls upon men to give Him glory, and to fear Him, in preparation for the hour of judgment. This will lead to obedience, to fullness of loyalty and devotion. It will cause every one who accepts the message to acknowledge God's ownership of all, His just claim upon our money, our time, our talents, our bodily health and strength.

Junior Lesson

IX—Our Responsibility to Support the Work of God

(May 27)

LESSON TEXTS: Deuteronomy 8:18; Leviticus 27:30; Numbers 18:21; Malachi 3:8-12.

MEMORY VERSE: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Mal. 3:10.

Guiding Thought

"It is God who gives men power to get wealth. As an acknowledgment that all things came from him, the Lord directed that a portion of his bounty should be returned to him in gifts and offerings to sustain his worship."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 525.

"The gold and 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, intrusting him with means, not to be hoarded, but to be used in benefiting others. . . . God planned the system of beneficence, in order that man might become like his Creator, benevolent and unselfish in character, and finally be a partaker with him of the eternal, glorious reward."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 473.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

The Owner of All Wealth

1. To whom does the earth and everything it contains belong? Ps. 24:1.

2. To whom does the earth's silver and gold belong? Haggai 2:8.

3. What enables us to get wealth? Deut. 8:18.

NOTE.—"It is God who gives men power to get wealth, and He has bestowed this ability, not as a means of gratifying self, but as a means of returning to God His own. With this object it is not a sin to acquire means. Money is to be earned by labor. Every youth should be trained to habits of industry. The Bible condemns no man for being rich, if he has acquired his riches honestly. It is the selfish love of money wrongfully employed that is the root of all evil. Wealth will prove a blessing if we regard it as the Lord's to be received with thankfulness, and with thankfulness returned to the Giver."—*Ibid.*, vol. 6, pp. 452, 453.

ASSIGNMENT 3

God Claims His Portion

4. In order that we shall be reminded of God's ownership of the earth, what are we asked to return to God? Lev. 27:30.

NOTE.—Dictionaries explain *tithe* as "a tenth of anything." As God has given us seven days of time, but asks us to reserve the seventh day for Him, so He has given us the power to get wealth, and has asked us to return a portion of that wealth to Him. "The system of tithes and offerings was intended to impress the minds of men with a great truth,—that God is the source of every blessing to his creatures, and that to him man's gratitude is due for the good gifts of his providence."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 525.

5. What else is required of God's children? Ex. 23:19, first part.

NOTE.—"Not only should they [God's children] render the Lord the portion that belongs to Him, but they should bring also to His treasury, as a gratitude-offering, a liberal tribute. With joyful hearts, they should dedicate to the Creator the first-fruits of their bounties,—their choicest possessions, their best and holiest service. Thus they will gain rich blessings."—*Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 339, 340.

ASSIGNMENT 4

How God Spends the Tithe

6. What is God's plan for using the tithe His children bring back to Him? Numbers 18:21.

NOTE.—The children of Levi included all who ministered in the tabernacle and temple—priests, Levites, and singers.

7. Did Christ believe in tithe paying? Matt. 23:23.

NOTE.—"Tithe of mint, anise, and cummin could have amounted to only a very little sum. We doubt that even today there are any that would use more than a dollar's worth a year. The tithe of this sum would be so small that Christ would seem to be justified in saying, 'Ye pay tithe of these small things. They do not count. There are much weightier matters about which you ought to concern yourselves. Leave the smaller things alone. Attend to the more important matters.' Instead of this, He says, 'These ought ye to have done.' If Christ says that we ought to do certain things, we would not consider it safe to teach that we ought not to do them. Therefore when He, our Pattern, says that we ought to pay tithe and to be careful even in the smallest amount, we agree and teach likewise."—M. L. ANDREASEN in *Youth's Instructor*, Nov. 10, 1942.

8. What is the divine plan for the support of present-day missionaries and servants of the gospel? 1 Cor. 9:13, 14.

NOTE.—"It is not God's purpose that Christians, whose privileges far exceed those of the Jewish nation, shall give less freely than they gave. 'Unto whomsoever much is given,' the Saviour declared, 'of him shall be much required.' . . . In the hands of His followers, Christ has placed the treasures of the gospel, and upon them He has laid the responsibility of giving the glad tidings of salvation to the world. Surely our obligations are much greater than were those of ancient Israel."—*Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 337, 338.

ASSIGNMENT 5

When Tithe Paying Is Neglected

9. What sad state of affairs did Nehemiah find existing among the Temple servants when the people neglected to return God's tithe? Neh. 13:10.

NOTE.—"The treasures of the Lord's house were poorly supplied; many of the singers and others employed in the temple service, not receiving sufficient support, had left the work of God to labor elsewhere."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 670.

10. What terrible accusation is made against those who fail to pay tithe? Mal. 3:8, 9.

ASSIGNMENT 6

The Need for Paying Tithe Today

11. What great task faces us today? Matt. 28:19, 20; Rev. 14:6.

NOTE.—"Very precious to God is His work in the earth. Christ and heavenly angels are watching it every moment. As we draw near to the coming of Christ, more and still more of

missionary work will engage our efforts. The message of the renewing power of God's grace will be carried to every country and clime, until the truth shall belt the world."—*Counsels to Parents, Teachers, and Students*, p. 532.

This worldwide task calls for faithfulness in tithes and offerings.

12. What would result if all the children of God paid a faithful tithe?

Answer.—"If our churches will take their stand upon the Lord's word, and be faithful in paying their tithe into His treasury, more laborers will be encouraged to take up ministerial work. More men would give themselves to the ministry were they not told of the depleted treasury. There should be an abundant supply in the Lord's treasury, and there would be if selfish hearts and hands had not withheld the tithes, or made use of them to support other lines of work."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 249.

13. What blessing is promised the faithful tithpayer? Mal. 3:10-12.

ASSIGNMENT 7

The Field Was Spared

Down in the Argentine Republic a new convert had been proclaiming the faith far and wide. God had blessed his testimony, and it was not long before he sent word to headquarters asking that a minister should go to baptize twenty-six souls who had been won. Meanwhile he went farther afield seeking others who might be won for Christ.

He found it was possible to rent a small farm and settled down to live the Christian life before the people to whom he had chosen to minister.

Weeks passed. He had sown his wheat, and under the warmth of the Argentine sun it had grown until now the tender blades were the height of his palm. He could look forward with hope to the time of the harvest.

But one day a glittering cloud appeared and soon the sun was darkened by hosts of locusts—a mighty army, hungry for fresh green food.

In Argentina locusts signify ruin—and the new farmer viewed this cloud with terror as he thought of his crop. But then he remembered the promise of God to those who have been faithful to Him. He ran to his field and among the wheat fell on his knees in earnest supplication.

"Oh Señor," he pleaded, "I have been faithful to Thee, I pay my tithe; now fulfil Thy promise and reprove this devourer."

A simple prayer—but the God of heaven heard and answered His servant.

For leagues around the locusts ate all. But in the field of this faithful-hearted Christian not one plant was hurt.

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THE LISTENING POST *

★ THE total area of the national parks and monuments in the United States is 22,400,000 square miles.

★ THE American Medical Association announces that its new directory will list 201,278 doctors in the continental United States—one for every 750 people in an estimated population of 151,000,000.

★ FOR smokers one cigarette is about like another. No brand of these little coffin nails soothes the throat, helps digestion, or relieves fatigue, according to the findings of the U.S. Federal Trade Commission. All cigarettes contain some poison, and one brand is no less irritating or more harmful than the next.

★ FOR years the manufacture of toothpicks has been a flourishing industry in Penacova, Lavorao, and Coimbra, in Portugal, with Argentina and Brazil the chief purchasers. But now it seems that toothpicks are going out of style in South America, and as orders fall off about 9,000 Portuguese workers face loss of their jobs.

★ THE Japanese patriarch who gave Washington, D.C., its famed cherry trees, symbolic of Japanese and American friendship, is visiting the United States this spring. He is Yukio Ozaki, aged 91. He sent the trees while mayor of Tokyo to express Japan's gratitude for President Theodore Roosevelt's mediation in the Russo-Japanese War of 1905.

★ A THREE-YEAR study of the food content of plants indigenous to six Central American countries has uncovered what is described in a special dispatch to the *New York Times* as "a vast untapped food reserve." The report was made at the annual spring meeting of the American Chemical Society. The survey was made by the nutritional biochemistry laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, under the direction of Dr. Hazel E. Munsell, a research associate at the laboratories.

★ WORKING slowly and with great care, skilled Egyptian workmen have uncovered the well-preserved bodies of four men and two women buried 5,000 years ago. King Farouk financed the excavation in which workers specially selected for their delicate touch used shaving brushes to clear the last grains of sand from the coffins of grass. Young Archaeologist Zaki Saad headed the expedition, which found the burial site dating from the First Dynasty, in Helwan, Egypt, fifteen miles south of Cairo. The old dry grass disintegrated at the slightest touch as the coffins were removed, and the bodies began to be visible for the first time since approximately 3000 B.C. One of the male bodies showed clear signs of having had a leg fracture, and the bone was removed carefully for examination by medical experts.

★ A SMALL nucleus of the most unusual deer in the United States is hanging on to a precarious existence in a group of subtropical Keys between Key West and the mainland of Florida, according to the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. Close to extinction, 30 or 40 of the attractive little Key deer—all that remain of a once-large population—show unusual ruggedness as they swim from island to island in search of fresh water and elude year-round illegal hunters who burn off the Keys to concentrate the deer and run them to exhaustion with dogs. The deer appear to be a diminutive form of the white-tailed deer which also occupy some of the Keys. Many naturalists, however, believe the Key deer to be a unique species. The average adult Key deer measures 38 inches from nose to tail. It is 26 to 29 inches tall and weighs about 50 pounds.

★ A FALLEN American fighting man of World War II, who now rests among the unidentified dead overseas, will be secretly chosen to be enshrined next year in Arlington National Cemetery. This unknown American, a symbol of the 311,000 American servicemen who lost their lives in the conflict, will be entombed near the unknown American soldier of World War I. Elaborate plans have been drafted by the Defense Department for obscuring for all time the identity of the armed forces member who will be chosen as the Unknown. No person will even know in what theater of war he died.

★ A NEW type of deep-water telephone cable equipped with automatic repeater devices that will magnify the sound of the voice at intervals as the electric signals speed along the ocean floor, is being installed between Key West, Florida, and Havana, Cuba. The new cable represents seventeen years of research at the Bell Telephone Laboratories. It is the first deep-water cable of its kind to be installed anywhere.

★ A NURSE in every home in Australia is the ambitious aim of the Saint John Ambulance Association. In cooperation with the Australian Red Cross the association hopes to train one member, preferably a woman, in every family to care for the sick. The program is designed to relieve overcrowding in hospitals.

★ THE bugle that sounded the last charge of Union forces in the Civil War was presented to the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, on the recent 85th anniversary of the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee at Appomattox.

★ It is reported that the U.S. Navy has developed new high-powered radio transmitters that can reach not only ships far out at sea but submarines miles under water.

★ "It may be said that 25 to 28 per cent of all crime may be attributed to alcohol," says Dr. E. M. Jellinek, of Yale University.

★ URUGUAY has an estimated surplus of 100 tons of honey made from wild-flower nectar.

★ SAGEBRUSH of American semidesert Western areas provides beautiful wood for ornamental carving.

★ JAPAN and Europe now are vying for the United States trade in artificial flowers. More than \$1,000,000 worth were imported last year.

★ ACCORDING to the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the American people are spending over a million dollars an hour—\$1,004,566—for alcoholic drinks of one kind or another.

★ It is announced by the United Press that Dr. Erwin Mueller, 39-year-old physicist at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Physical Chemistry, has developed a microscope that permits man to see a single molecule for the first time. He has been working on this project since 1937.

★ RADIO signals traveling completely around the world in slightly more than one tenth of a second have been recorded by the U.S. Bureau of Standards, working with the Navy. The tests were conducted throughout the winter under the direction of Jack N. Brown, of the bureau, who says that the greatest signal strength was during the period of sunset.

★ THE 600 crownless princelings of India together draw from the Indian exchequer an annual privy purse of \$9,600,000, according to a recent statement of States Minister Sirdar Vallabhbhai Patel. According to the minister, before the integration the princes had been drawing from their respective states' treasuries an aggregate of \$40,200,000. The privy purses had been guaranteed only during the lifetime of the princes, Mr. Patel said, adding that for subsequent generations it would be considerably less.

★ THE first attempt by science to eradicate venereal diseases from an entire nation began the latter part of April in the island republic of Haiti. The entire native population of 3,500,000 is to receive penicillin injections in a program that is expected to take two years. In the process the indigenous disease of yaws afflicting 85 per cent of the population also is expected to be eradicated. The plan is said to be the first of its kind in world history, and will be conducted under the joint auspices of the World Health Organization of the United Nations, the Government of Haiti, and the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. With \$750,000 allocated by the children's fund, the initial purchase of the billions of units of penicillin that will be required was made.