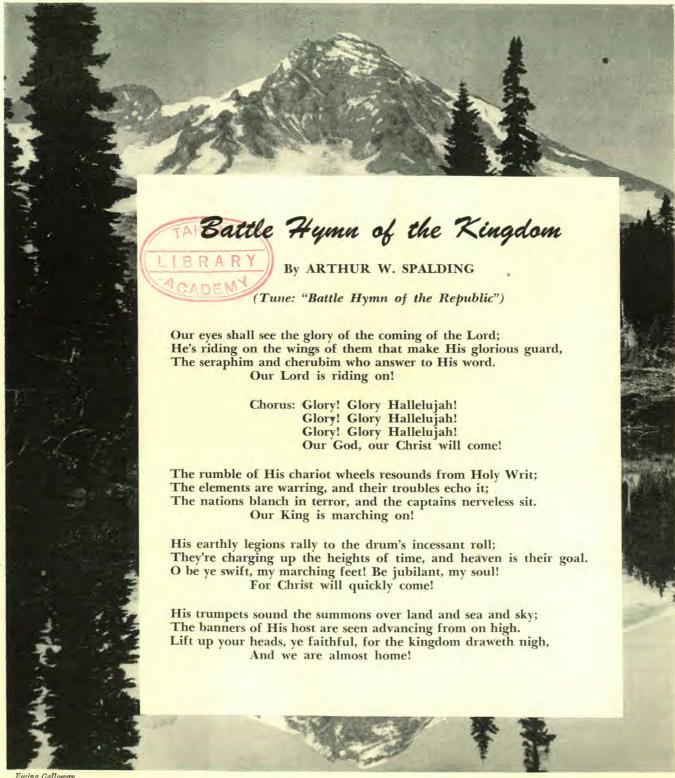
The Youth's NSTRUCTOR



Ewing Galloway



A FRIEND of mine was shopping in a neighborhood store, and found that he lacked 10 cents of having enough to pay his bill. The clerk suggested that it would be all right for him to take his purchases along, and bring the missing dime the next time he came in. When my friend entered the store about a week later he went at once to the counter and laid down the dime. Then he walked about, selecting his purchases for that day. When he had them all assembled he approached the checking counter to have them packaged, and to pay his bill.

"I've never seen such honest people as there are in this community," exclaimed the clerk as he counted out change. "Take for example your bringing that dime in. I didn't expect that. I've clerked in a good many stores in a good many towns, but I've never seen the like of this place for

honesty!"

And my friend said, in telling the story, "It would have been easy to forget that dime. It was such a little thing. Only 10 cents! But you know I'm glad I didn't!"

And indeed honesty—the good, oldfashioned kind—is always worth while whether it be concerned with word or with deed.

"If you are honest and tell the truth," wrote Chinese Gordon to his sister, "you have infinite power supporting you, but if not, you have infinite power against you. The children of kings should be above all deceit, for they have a mighty and jealous Protector. We go to other gods—Baal, for instance—when we lie and cheat, for we rely on others than God. We may for a time seem to deceive men, but never God. It is indeed worldly silliness to be dishonest or deceitful. . . . Oh, be open in all your ways. It is a girdle around your loins, strengthening you in all your wayfarings."

When Abraham Lincoln was a fairly young man and candidate for the Illinois Legislature, he took dinner with a Sangamon County farmer. After the meal the two stood at the barnyard gate talking and whittling. Lincoln's knife needed sharpening, and the Yankee in him prompted him to sharpen it at once. So he went with his host to the barn, borrowed a whetstone from his toolbox, and came back to the gate, where he stood sharpening his knife, and watching the

road. As he sharpened and talked he leaned against a high post. Finally a man came along in a wagon, going in the direction Lincoln wished to travel, so he bade his friend good-by, climbed into the seat, and was off, intent no doubt on winning another vote.

Years afterward when he was President of these United States, a soldier came to call upon Mr. Lincoln at the White House, and at first sight the gaunt chief executive said, "Yes, I remember you. You used to live out on Danville Road, and I took dinner with you one time when I was running for the legislature. Recollect we stood together at the barnyard gate, and I sharpened my knife?"

"Ya-as," drawled the farmer-soldier, "and wherever did you put that whetstone? We 'lowed mebbe you took it along with you."

"No," said Lincoln. "I put it on top of

the gate post-the high one."

"Well!" exclaimed the visitor; "mebbe you did. Couldn't nobody else have put it there, and none of us ever thought to look there for it."

The farmer went home, and one of the first things he did was to climb up on the gate and look for the whetstone. It was there, right where it had lain for fifteen years!

And straitway the farmer wrote his President a letter stating that his reputation as *Honest* Abe had been fully sustained, and apologizing for the thought that had been in his mind that his long-ago guest had walked off with a whetstone that was not his.

A young man remarked to his grand-father, a famous Civil War general, that he aimed to be "middling honest!" "What's this I hear?" thundered the old man. "Middling honest? Never let that word 'middling' pass your lips again, my boy. Strictly honest is the only thing you ought ever to think of being."

To be honest—strictly honest—means a great deal, even more than many of us realize. When I was at home out in the Middle West there was a large furniture store which had an "absolutely honest" reputation. And the owner as well as his employees lived up to this reputation in minute detail. If farmers living miles away on the rolling prairies could drive into "the city" with lumber wagon or truck and

buy a piece of furniture at this particular store, they felt that the wait and the journey had been well worth while. The manager was "someone to bank on," and if he told you a chest of drawers was made of solid walnut, you could be sure that it was walnut through and through; if he said a piece of carpet would "stand up under good, hard wear," it would do just that, and if it did not, the store would make good your loss.

Twas said that when he was a young man, just graduated from a nearby college, he was hunting for a job, living in a room out in the suburbs and having his mail sent to general delivery. One day as he was leaving the call window with his mail an envelope in his hand caught his special attention, and he turned back to get the uncanceled stamp on it canceled.

As he was leaving the post office a man

tapped him on the shoulder.

"I was standing at the window next to general delivery," he said, "and overheard about the stamp. Some folks would have said nothing—just used the stamp on an outgoing letter."

"Some folks might," the young man agreed, "but by my code of living that

wouldn't be honest.

The other nodded agreement and asked, "Where do you work?"

"Nowhere yet, unless there's a job in this batch of mail," was the reply. The man pulled out a card and handed

The man pulled out a card and handed it to him with, "If there isn't, bring this to my office this afternoon and ask for me. I'll be needing men soon, and I'll put you on the payroll, and find something for you to do in the meantime."

"Just a minute!" the young graduate called after him, "you don't know who I am or what I can do."

"You can be honest," was the reply, "and I can find a place for you."

And that was how the manager got his start. First as errand boy, then as clerk, then experience in the bookkeeping department, and finally in charge of the great store.

Oh yes, friend o' mine, honesty pays always and everywhere. It is by far the best policy in *every* activity of life.

Lora E. Clement

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TWO weeks after graduation from college I received notice to appear at my induction center in a week and a half to enter the military service of my country. There was just sufficient time to make the rounds of the home folks and set my affairs straight for the new order of life.

With my little store of essentials in a small bag I met a bus at the county courthouse at six o'clock that appointed morning with twenty-five other young men, who with me provided our county quota for that period. My first real shock in approaching military service came that day as I observed these young men, coming from respectable homes, change the color of their characters, like so many chameleons, to become an uncouth and animallike mob, shamefully embarrassing the young women on the streets and losing respect, seemingly, for any semblance of decency. I thanked God

at that moment for the Christian training I had enjoyed, which served as such an effective bulwark against Satan's delusions then and so many, many times afterward in my military experience.

At the induction center the swirl of activity took hold with an intensity that gave us little time to ponder our lot. Aptitude tests, orientation films, lectures, a thorough physical ex-

amination, arrangements of records, and getting outfitted with uniforms and supplies occupied us well. If we ran out of such scheduled activities, there were always work details needed to pick up papers and cigarette butts around the area or to dig some ditch.

About the third day there I was a little surprised to be paged from my round of activities for a special interview with Lieutenant So-and-So at headquarters. This summons sent a wave of trepidation through me, for I knew of no others being called in separately for any special reason. Gathering together a few documents that might be needed, and with a prayer in my heart, I went to make my appearance.

It was at this moment that I first realized the reward of training in the Medical Cadet Corps. The year-long course I had completed at Union College just a year previous was still fresh in my experience, and stood me in good stead at that very moment, for I approached headquarters knowing precisely the correct military manner of reporting to an officer. This was not ordinarily expected of a fresh recruit, so my bearing and demeanor at the very



Official U.S.M.C. Photo

"So Far as My Being a Coward Is Concerned, Lieutenant," I Said, "I'll Go With You Into the Heat of Battle, You With Your Rifle, I With My Aid Pouch, and I'll Stay By to Assist You Under Fire From the Same Weapons That Inflict Your Wounds"

Equal to Opportunity Because –

By NORMAN L. KROGSTAD

Corps Commander, Medical Cadet Corps, Southern Missionary College

outset made quite a favorable impression.

This impression, however, was temporarily eclipsed by the ensuing word blast that followed my reporting to this lieutenant. He did not attempt to put me at ease in any way but got emphatically to the point.

"I see you have applied for standing as a conscientious objector. Do you really want that O behind your 1A?"

"Yes sir," I replied courteously.

"You yellow-livered

— [a deluge of descriptive adjectives you don't find in the dictionary] coward! Brave young men out there fighting and dying—and you too yellow to get in there and do your part fighting like a man!"

Without abating his speech he continued in this manner, decorated with epithets and dynamics of every shade and dimension for nearly five minutes, though it seemed like so many hours. Surprised by this attack, I felt my heart pounding within my breast at first, but the confidence achieved through my training in the Medical Cadet Corps for just such moments as this one, plus the assurance that my Lord could use me so much more

effectively to bring glory to His name since I had availed myself of that training, helped me to face the lieutenant's angry countenance with unshaken serenity. He must have been disappointed that I did not wince under his barrage, for each new sentence was a crescendo of reproach until he could reach no higher point of emphasis, and was finally disposed to cease firing.

Ascertaining that the time had come for me to speak, I, with God's help, made answer to this man. First I requested his indulgence to hear me out fully without interruption, so that I might leave him perfectly clear on my stand. Then I proceeded about like this:

"Sir, your attitude toward the man you accuse me of being is perfectly understood and well taken. There *are* individuals who seek by way of the *O* classification to avoid hazardous duty, and that is unfortunate for those of us who rightfully request this classification for reasons of conscience.

"I, sir, am a Seventh-day Adventist Christian. My denomination has always held the teaching of nonviolence even in —Please turn to page 19

Meet the Royal Family



By KING HOOPER

AVE you been wondering how best to use those extra hours that you hope to have this summer? I would like to suggest that you get acquainted with a family of busy honeybees. One has no idea how perfectly intriguing these little creatures can be until he has spent a summer with them.

Let us meet the family, so we will all be acquainted as we talk things over. First let me present Her Majesty the Queen Mother. She is indeed a person of royalty, for in her childhood she was privileged to eat at the royal table and feast upon that magic portion the royal jelly. Just see what it has done for her; she is fully twice as large as her sisters, who were not allowed to eat this magic food, and yet she is slender and very trim in appearance.

Now that she is a mature queen, she very seldom goes to the trouble to feed herself. When hungry she finds one of her loyal children who has a load of nectar fresh from the flowers in the meadow; then she extends her tongue and takes a warm meal direct from her daughter's mouth. Her children also see that she is well groomed. They lovingly caress her, comb her, and even bathe her.

However, let us not get the idea that our queen is lazy; indeed, she is not. In the busy summer season she may lay as many as two thousand eggs in a single day, although her average is closer to fifteen hundred. That sounds like a fantastic number, but when one realizes that the queen's family may have as many as fifty to seventy-five thousand

members, the number does not seem quite so large, comparatively speaking. It is interesting to note here that when the queen lays an egg she may determine whether it will hatch out to be a son or a daughter. In spite of all her heavy duties Her Majesty will probably live to be four or

five years old if all goes well.

Next we will meet the daughters, or the workers, as they are usually called. These are the busy little bees we see in the flower garden; they are the ones that gather the nectar from which honey is made. But before we see them on the flowers each worker already has spent approximately one third to one half of her life performing home duties in the hive. Some of them act as nurse bees, to feed and care for larvae. Others station themselves about the hive and fan with their wings. In this way they operate a very efficient ventilating system. On a hot summer day they are able to keep their home at a livable temperature and at the same time prevent the combs from melting down from excess heat.

Also we have the doorkeepers. They are stationed at the entrance of the hive to make sure that no robbers or strangers enter. Everyone entering the home portal must have his passport. Just what this passport is we cannot be certain. It is thought by some that each colony has its own odor, and that by this the guards are able to identify the incoming bees. There are seemingly two exceptions to this passport rule. The drones, or male bees, and the very young workers who are out for their first flight in the sun are permitted to enter any hive they wish. The guards seem to know that these bees mean no harm.

Another task of these young workers is the building of the combs, in which the brood is raised and the honey is stored. When a worker is making wax for the combs she will gorge herself with fresh nectar. At least some portion of this nectar is used by the wax glands of her body to secrete minute wax disks, which protrude from between the rings on the underside of her body. She then takes these tiny flakes of wax and builds them into a most beautiful honeycomb. Have you ever carefully examined a comb? Each individual cell seems so delicate and fragile, and yet the comb as a whole is very strong.

At three to four weeks of age the workers usually leave the home duties to those yet younger, and go into the field to gather pollen and nectar. I can imagine they look

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[NOTE.—Dr. Hewitt is making a weekly temperance broadcast over station KPOA, Honolulu, and we are happy to have the privilege of passing along some of the material thus given on the air, since it is very much to the point, and is well illustrated by the doctor's own experiences.]

THERE was no premonition of impending disaster that fine July evening. The day's heat had given way to the welcome coolness of the approaching evening, and the working folk of Waialua, in rural Oahu, were chatting on doorsteps or standing alongside the road peacefully discussing the weather, the sugar crop, or the latest gossip of the neighborhood. Seated in a rough circle between a hedgerow and the sidewalk, across from Waialua High School, was a merry group of youth, ranging in age from six to fifteen. There were eight of them, all chattering excitedly when they were not engrossed in eating the ice-cream cone each had in his hand.

But down the highway the grim specter of Death was careening nearer, ever nearer his prospective victims. Let us take a look at the unwelcome intruder by going two miles down Farrington Highway toward Honolulu. Why, there seems to be no sign of that Grim Reaper—only a few cars going about their business. But waitlook at that sedan there as it screeches around that curve, almost teetering over on its side and then regaining its upright position by a miracle. In imagination let us get into the car and see what is going on. Say, what is wrong with the driver? His eyes are as glassy as marbles, and his head is rolling as if it were on a swivel. Can this be Parkinson's disease or a slight touch of palsy? It might be either, but for that smell-that saloon trademark aroma of stale beer. And what are those two individuals in the rear seat doing? They are taking bottles out of a case, and even from here I can see that it is not a soft drink. "Say, back there, do ya think I'm a camel? Let me have a bottle before I wrap you all around a telephone pole!" That is the driver talking. You mean to say he still wants another drink? Why, one more and he will not know whether he is driving a car or a locomotive. What is more, he will not care!



Death Stalks the Highway

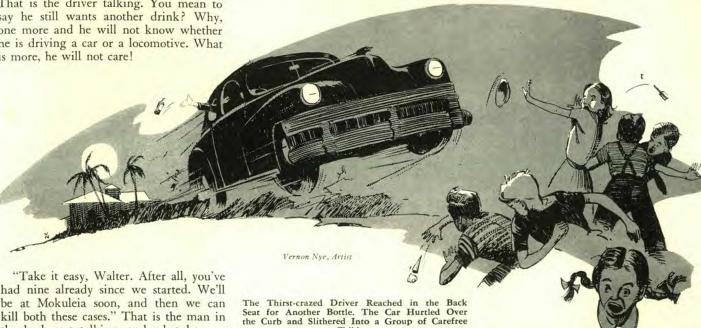
DONALD W. HEWITT, M.D.

President and Medical Director of the Temperance League of Hawaii

makes sense. But Walter is in no mood for free advice. He leans over the back seat, taking his eyes completely off the road, and tries to extract a bottle from the open

"Walter, watch where you're going," shrieks the man in the back seat. "Keep your eyes on the road, and I'llwords are drowned in a ripping, resounding crash. The car leaps the curb and falls with a sickening thud onto its right side, slithers along in this position for about fifty feet, and then becomes motionless. There is a horrified moment of silence, and then the peaceful evening air is torn with shrieks, groans, and sobs. Death has reached its rendezvous opposite Waialua High School. The torn, twisted, mangled bodies of six of the carefree youthful icecream eaters of just a few moments before are strewn around in the grotesque pos-tures of lifeless puppets. The odor of death is everywhere as suddenly the strident voice of a siren cuts the night. It is the ambulance from nearby Waialua Hospital, but prompt though it is and tender and willing though the nurses and doctors are, their aid is too late even now for four of the children and one of the occupants of the car. They have already crossed the great divide from which there is no return. Five lives snuffed out like candles in the twinkling of an eye! Another holocaust of death and destruction caused by alcohol the destroyer! And before many hours pass, two more youthful victims will join the ghastly, macabre procession as the breath of life slowly sighs away from pain-racked lips within the hospital walls.

Imagine, if you can, the searing, almost unbearable burden of grief left to be shared by the parents, brothers, sisters, and friends of these innocent children! Think



kill both these cases." That is the man in the back seat talking, and what he says

of the sobs that must have shaken them and of the hot tears that must have streaked their faces as they gazed on the pitiful, still remains of their loved ones as they lay in their coffins! Imagine the hot resentment and anger they must have felt to learn that their children need not have died but for the fact that three unthinking men had decided that their selfish pleasure came ahead of everything else. You have heard that old argument of the booze traffic, have you not-the one that says every man or woman has the right to drink, and that to deprive him or her of that right is an unwarranted invasion of personal liberty? What would you say to that if you had viewed the broken, blood-soaked children in Waialua Hospital morgue?

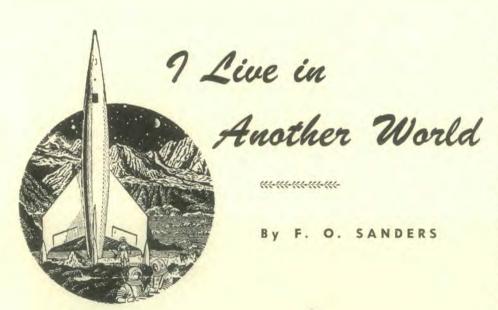
The booze industry keeps on telling us too that "beer is the drink of moderation," that it belongs to the American way of life. It is even possible that the three drunken men in that speeding car had heard and believed that same dangerous statement. It is not at all unlikely that thousands of other potential highway killers are hearing and believing it today.

How much longer are we going to tolerate this alcohol-induced type of murder? Chief of Police Dan Liu, in the Honolulu Police Department's latest report, states that there has been a 129 per cent increase in the last year in drunken driving in the city and county of Honolulu. Each one of these cases is fraught with the potentialities of death, disability, and property damage. Statistics gathered

both here and in America show significantly that fatal highway accidents are recurring with increasing frequency because the driver "had a few drinks." Please note—he was not drunk—he had only had a few drinks in moderation. But that fact did not bring his victims back to life; it did not mend the broken, twisted limbs or pay hospital bills; it did not even pay for the wrecked car or property damage caused!

The only reasonable conclusion one can reach when a community continues to tolerate drunken driving, and add to its incidence by a supine attitude toward liquor control, is that such a community is suffering from alcoholic mass myopia. The myopic observer may affirm, for instance,

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TODAY men dream of traveling by rocket ships into other worlds. Even staid scientific magazines are discussing this possibility and are conjecturing as to what other worlds may be like. Fictitious as such accounts may seem, I must say that I have traveled in other worlds.

You also may live and travel in other worlds, for two people may live in similar circumstances, in the same city, yes, even in the same home, and yet actually live in different worlds.

The shades of night were falling fast as the nose of my car was turned homeward. It had been a busy day; now 150 miles distant was home and rest.

Already the sun was sinking in the western sky, marking the close of another Sabbath with all its attendant blessings. First the wisps of cloud, and then the entire sky, began to take on the colors that only God can use in this sin-cursed world to mark the beginning or the ending of His holy day. The deep yellow, rose,

and purple blended, shifted, and then fled in a harmonious riot of color that left the heavens aglow with a soothing, soft, beautiful light—not an ordinary sunset, but one of those brilliant spectacles that the Creator reserves for special occasions.

Suddenly across the sky there floated tiny specks of black. They grew in size and number as the car neared the swirling mass. Then an eye skilled in bird lore could identify the unmistakable characteristics of red-winged blackbirds. There were thousands, tens of thousands, yes, it seemed almost millions. As far as the eye could see in either direction were more and more redwings. Then beyond, other and still other flocks appeared as the feathered fliers winged their way across the rice fields of northern Arkansas on their way to their summer homes. Their mile-long streamers rose and fell again and again as they were silhouetted against the backdrop of God's brilliant display in that Sabbath sunset.

To the casual observer each was just another flock of blackbirds, but suddenly I was in another world. My mind began to float back in memory to the marshlands around Savannah, Georgia, or to a little lake in northern Indiana. They too had been havens of refuge for the redwings. Their merry notes of bygone days floated through my mind, and memory was vivid, for I was now in another world.

How could a Master Guide be otherwise? There are many other worlds opening before the youth of today. There is that letter in today's mail from a mission field far away. That stamp on the envelope is a new one. Carefully the coloring, the design, and the entire stamp are scrutinized. Then mentally one drifts into another world. "Faraway places with strange sounding names" are as familiar as the town just down the highway. That memory of the final good-by as the ship steamed proudly from the harbor, or that Sabbath when the missionary family spent their last day in the little home churchall this comes back on the wings of that stamp.

Think of the worlds opening before you and beckoning you on. Every tree may be a well-known friend instead of a stranger. Those wild flowers that seem so alike will open their personalities to you when you enter their world. The star-studded sky at night takes on the view of a well-ordered universe as your mind drifts heavenward on a clear and brilliant night. As their world entranced Bible writers in days of old, so it will entrance you if you allow it to do so.

Yes, there are "other worlds" besides those in the realm of nature. Do not for one moment believe that because you as a youth are just now facing the future, there are no new horizons or new worlds for you to conquer. Before you today lie vast uncharted and unexplored areas awaiting your conquering zeal. You too may live in these other worlds!

NE could tell she had been running, because she was panting and excited as she came into the room. It was Friday evening, and the young people had gathered at the home of one of the church members. They were singing, "I would be true, for there are those who trust me," when this woman, who was about fifty-five years old, burst into the room. She had her hands raised high in the air and was gasping as if trying desperately to say something.

Someone ran to the kitchen and brought her a glass of water. By this time the young people had stopped singing and were gathered around this strange visitor, eager to know the cause of her anxiety. After the drink of water she nervously told her

story.

She had been running, about a quarter of a mile down from the hospital, which was on a hill and could be seen from the

valley below.

She lived out in the country about twenty miles and had been washing clothes that morning. In her back yard she was heating water in a tub, which was sitting on four cans, with a fire under it. Her six-year-old grandson, Wayne Cooke, was playing out in the back yard too. She was taking care of him that day while her daughter and son-in-law were away. Wayne had been playing with a rod and reel, pretending that he was fishing in the small pond in the back yard. When he finished he began to roll the string to put it away. As he stepped backward, winding the string, he failed to notice the tub of water that was boiling nearby and fell backward into it. Burned horribly from his neck to his knees, he was immediately rushed to the hospital.

The X-rays showed that even his stomach and kidneys were burned inside. It was impossible for him to eat. The doctor solemnly told the grandmother and the parents that the boy did not have a chance

to live.

As the woman told her story to the Seventh-day Adventist young people, she said, "When the doctor told me that my little grandson was going to die, I asked him whether I could ask the Adventist people to pray and sing for the little boy." She did not know anything about Seventh-day Adventists except that they believed in praying for the sick. The doctor replied, "The boy will die, but they can sing or pray or preach or do anything they wish."

She left the hospital at once and ran down this hill looking for the Adventist church. As she reached the valley below she heard the young people singing, "I would be true, for there are those who trust me," so she rushed into the house, and there found the Missionary Volunteer

group.

They were gathered at the home of one of the church elders, Pablo Romero. An influential man in Catron County, New Mexico, Mr. Romero had been converted and accepted the beliefs held by the Ad-

A Triumph of Prayer



Photo Courtesy of the Author

Wayne Cooke on the Road to Recovery

By JOE ESPINOSA

ventist Church. He was very much interested in young people and had built a beautiful swimming pool on his property for them. Every Friday evening they would gather at his home to sing. Both Mr. and Mrs. Romero were so good to the young people that they made this home the center of their activities.

When Wayne's grandmother had come rushing into the Romero home, the ministerial intern and Mr. Romero had been absent praying with Mr. Romero's critically ill mother. When they returned they were told the tragic story about Wayne's falling into the tub of water.

The church elders—Mr. Romero, Mr. Carmen, and Mr. Garcia—their wives and the intern at once set out for the hospital to pray for Wayne. There they met Wayne's father and mother, who were grasping at the last straw of hope as they silently watched their child's life ebb away.

As the elders and their wives gathered around Wayne's bed, the intern read James 5:13-15. They all knelt beside his bed and prayed fervently that God would answer their prayers. Mrs. Romero and Mrs. Carmen stayed all night with Wayne and the parents to comfort them.

The next day, Sabbath, the intern had the service at the church. Instead of preaching, however, he asked the church members to pray. The church prayed that morning for God to answer the prayer of this grandmother who had so much faith in God's people. They also prayed for Mr. Romero's mother. She was quite old and had a pain that had bothered her for several months. The doctor had given her up to die too, so the people of the church put both cases in the hands of God.

The next day the intern went to see Wayne at the hospital. The boy was still in agony, suffering from the horrible burns. The young preacher started telling him stories from the Bible. It seemed that while he was telling a story Wayne would forget about his burns, but after the story he would cry again and say, "Please tell me another story right away. I hurt."

About noon the intern ran out of Bible stories, having talked all morning long. Then he began singing little choruses about Jesus to the small boy. About two o'clock that afternoon he had sung all the choruses he knew, but Wayne was still in agony. Then the intern began telling him about Seventh-day Adventist doctrines in story form.

At four o'clock the doctor came in. He had expected Wayne to die the night before and was shocked to find him still

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Lost FINGERS

By SHIRLEY BISHOP

orwided with people. This particular warm afternoon was slowly passing in a monotonous routine of patients; nothing was eventful—only the general run of worried mothers with tonsillitic children, someone to see his X-ray report, or perhaps an anemic individual wanting a vitamin B and iron "shot." It seemed queer not to have busier office hours, for Dr. Schultz had a large practice. With only an occasional interruption Miss Jordon, the nurse, and I finished our work and found time hanging on our hands while the doctor was busy with a patient.

Idly we stood at the window watching the people on the street two stories below us as they shopped and chatted with one another. We were in the midst of discussing Mrs. Arthur's hairdo when suddenly our attention was drawn to a car screeching to a stop at the curb. A man and a woman jumped out before the motor died into silence. In the woman's arms was a little girl with an arm wrapped in redstained towels. We gasped and flew to open the door as they came running up the stairs. "She caught her hand in an electric motor," the father excitedly explained.

The scene I watched was heartbreaking. The father walked about the floor in circles, with a wretched look upon his face, bemoaning the fact that he had not watched his little daughter more carefully. The mother sat weeping hysterically and clutched the bewildered child in her arms. Tenderly the skillful hands of the nurse removed the towels. For a moment everything stood still—even the beating of my heart ceased—and I turned cold as the child stretched forth her hand to show jagged stumps where once had been soft baby fingers.

The tension eased as we bathed the little hand, sprinkled it with sulfa, applied a splint, and finally bandaged it with alcohol dressings. The parents left with a calmer spirit, for Dr. Schultz assured them that little Wanda's hand would heal nicely and would not appear so ghastly as they imagined.

His words proved true. Each week Wanda returned for a re-dress, and we were delighted with the improvement. Her injured hand did not worry her, for she gaily laughed with us and skipped about to investigate the pretty bottled pills

and other intriguing office equipment. She knew she faced no trying future, for her friends would gladly help her when tasks proved difficult.

O little Wanda, you are indeed fortunate that you lost only the ends of your three little fingers. Life will help you to overcome that handicap. It is only a physical defect you suffer. How often have I met those who are suffering the loss of the fingers from their souls.

Bob was a typical American lad with an abundance of enthusiasm and energy. Both of his parents were employed, so he was left to himself part of each day. Perhaps it was this lack of home life and supervision that prevented his adventuresome nature from being directed into proper channels. Lighthearted and carefree, he found many ways to satisfy his boyish desire for fun.

He grew older, and his wish for excitement progressed also. One night during his late teens his "crowd," with a tremor of daringness, robbed the corner filling station. Their amateur attempt was unsuccessful, but because Bob was found holding the gun at the time of their capture he was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment.

Experience is the best teacher, and Bob learned his lesson well. He had found that the alluring motors of sin cut sharply. While he was barred from activity his sense of guilt stirred within him a plan for a useful life.

Release! Freedom! The words quickened his step and brought a flushed radiance to his eager countenance. But joy was soon shadowed by disappointment, for he was handicapped by his record. Instead of sympathy and guidance, he was met with distrust. Bob, with the loss of his spiritual fingers, realized that he must break down the wall of public sentiment.

Parents regret their neglect in watching their little ones when an accident occurs. There should be as much remorse for those who have wandered into the dangers of sin. Too often they are condemned, and the harsh words "You should have known better" are rudely thrust upon them. No, this is not true in every case. People occasionally deal understandingly with strayed youth and give them the opportunity to redeem themselves. It may be best to observe a few transgressors with scrutiny, even as Wanda's parents guarded her lest her inquisitive nature harm her again.



Photographic Illustrations

My Nursing Future Will Doubtless Be Full of Many Tragic Incidents, God Grant That No One Will Ever Leave My Care a Spiritual Cripple

Frequently someone visits the doctor's office seeking relief from a supposed ailment when faith in God is their only need. Sin's wounds can be healed; however, they do not need a doctor's medical care. The balm of loving Christian sympathy will mend the broken places and set another victim free from the infections of the evil one.

The nursing and medical professions yield many opportunities to soothe those burdened with cares and regrets. A great deal of satisfaction in service can be obtained from seeing injured and sick individuals become well under kindly supervision. And when they walk away on stronger legs, with a strengthened spiritual life as well, there is great rejoicing.

My nursing future will doubtless be full of many tragic incidents. There will be times when I shall be privileged to ease the suffering of a soul as well as a body. May God grant that no one will ever leave my care a spiritual cripple.

EMMANUEL MISSIONARY COLLEGE Conquering a Bad Temper Edna Mac Clark, Reporting

"Hello there! How's your courage?"

I looked up from my letter into the familiar face of Betty Lou. Laughing eyes, friendly smile, an understanding heart, and charming manners—all combined to make her a rare bit of sunshine on a bleak day. Always happy and full of innocent fun, she seemed to be getting the most out of college.

As I responded to her greeting my mind went back to a past experience. After a while I said, "Say, Betty, how is that old besetment?"

She looked at me inquiringly, thought a moment, then said, "Oh, you mean my old temper? Didn't I tell you I left it in the prayer room that day? It's gone forever!"

"That day" had been three years ago! She was visiting in my room one afternoon when she suddenly noticed that it was almost five o'clock. Having an appointment for that hour, she had left hurriedly, promising to return.

Later she explained, "You see, every day at 5 p.m. I have an appointment with my best Friend in the prayer room, and I dare not miss it. To do so would disappoint Him, and I would lose my blessing."

As we had continued our conversation she confided that something was worrying her and thwarting her spiritual progress. That something was her temper. "This week," she declared, "I have asked God to take it out of my life forever. I am meeting with Him at five o'clock every afternoon to claim His promises. I am confident He will not fail me."

"Will you let me know how it works?" I requested, and she promised that she would.

Several days later I met her in the vicinity of the prayer room. That expression of struggle and worry was gone from her face. Looking very happy, she slipped an arm through mine saying, "I have won." And then she told how on that very day she had had a remarkable answer to prayer. It was the last day of the appointed week, and so to the prayer room she had gone, determined not to leave until she was assured of victory. Two hours later when I met her that sweet assurance had just come to her, and she knew the struggle was over.

And her experience is not singular. Many, many victories have been won in this little haven of rest.

This room, which is so important, is

really one of the smallest in E.M.C.'s spacious and modern women's home. In fact, it is only about fourteen by nine feet, and could hardly be said to occupy the most imposing position in this building.

Its entrance is at a front corner of the dormitory chapel. On the door a metal plate bearing the words "Prayer Room" declares its purpose. An air of sanctity pervades it, so that as one approaches the half-open door to look within, he involuntarily pauses on the threshold.

God Answered Their Prayer Edith Thompson, Reporting

Alice opened the door, and without saying a word the three girls entered. Each knelt beside one of the chairs. The only sound heard for a moment was a sob that Mary could not hold back.

Alice slipped her arm gently through Mary's, and then she spoke. "Mary, Mary, you believe God can heal your mother, don't you? If we pray to Him, He has promised to hear us. If it is God's will, your mother can be healed even though the doctor did say her disease is incurable. The only thing we need is faith, so let's pray, girls, and really believe."

The girls knelt a long time. Each knew

that any words she might speak would be of no comfort without the help of God.

They left the little prayer room after making their request, leaving the matter in the hands of the heavenly Father. And in His mercy God saw fit to answer yes. Within a month the mother was told that she was going to live. Her health, the doctor said, was now even better than before.

"A letter from home! I cannot believe it! I got one just yesterday!" Dorothy tore the envelope with unusual haste, because in five minutes her anatomy class would begin. Any news from home, though, was always welcome.

Suddenly a cold chill swept over the girl. She dropped the letter.

Without speaking to any of her friends, she made her way to the prayer room. Kneeling there, alone with God, she poured out her heart before Him. "God, you know my father's business has not been as he had expected," she prayed. "You know the reason I have taken full schoolwork this year and have not left time for work. Now father cannot meet my payments. Somehow, dear God, help me that I may finish this one year, if it be Thy will." Dorothy left the prayer



Wm. H. Hardt

The Prayer Room of Lamson Hall at Emmanuel Missionary College

room and hurried to her anatomy class.

At the end of the week the dean of girls called her into the office. "Dorothy, I have something to tell you," she said. "About ten o'clock this morning I received a long-distance call from another student's father. He wants to do something for Christ, and he feels impressed to help some girl through school. He knows you are carrying a full load and may have to drop out because of financial difficulty, and he wondered—well—anyway, do you mind if he aids you in meeting your expenses?"

"I am sorry, but we have no work available for you in this department," the manager told Donna.

Won't you come in? What's the matter, girl? You have no pep and no color at all. You had better see your doctor the next chance you get."

And then the tears came. As she relaxed in the warmth of the dean's sympathy

Dolores unburdened her heart.

"When I was home last week I did go to the doctor. And he says I must stop working altogether. I can't do that, Miss Christman. My folks can't help me one bit, and I must work my entire way. The doctor said that my condition is bad and that even quitting work may not help. I guess my life is in my own hands, but I don't see any way out. I must work or quit school."

that \$108 is being sent to apply on her statement."

It was but a few minutes until two hearts were raised to a loving heavenly Father in praise and thanks. And the prayer room had another story of victory to tell

Three years ago, when Lamson Hall was nearing completion, Miss Christman wrote to the mother of every girl in the dormitory. She described her dream of a little prayer room, furnished with a desk, lamp, chairs, and a library of helpful books. Because of the expense of the building there were at the time no funds to spend on such a project. So Miss Christman put it into the hands of God-fearing mothers, and they did not fail. From three hundred homes in different parts of the United States came offerings, letters of encouragement, and many prayers backing the plan.

This is only one of the experiences that could be told. Many girls can tell of personal victories won in the little room. Problems have cleared up, studies have become easier, a mother has been healed; and who can tell what other blessings have come and will come from the united prayers of hundreds of mothers joined with the prayers of their daughters in the place both helped to make possible—the mothers, by their means, and the daughters, by their

needs.

The Greatest Weapon

By MARK K. BULLOCK

The greatest weapon in this world is prayer.

Earth's mightiest weapons by its side are small.

So, Christian, in the conflict don't despair;

You have the weapon that can conquer all.

"Ann, maybe I should not have decided to come to college until I had more adequate financial resources," observed Donna to her roommate. "I really need a job if I plan to stay all four years. Perhaps I had better change my mind and go home tomorrow."

Ann did not answer. Donna had recently become a Seventh-day Adventist. She had given up her office job to attend college. Now she was in search of a work

opportunity on the campus.

The little prayer room became Ann and Donna's favorite meeting place. And then one day a message came from an unexpected source. It was a call for Donna to do typing and shorthand for one of the teachers. This opened a way for her to earn her own expenses! How could she wonder that her petition was heard? Bowing her head, she thanked God for the opportunity to come apart from the world and meet Him in His room.

Mothers' Prayers and Daughters' Needs Wanda Johnson, Reporting

It was March—cold and dreary. And Dolores' heart was no more cheerful than the weather. She was having more troubles than one girl ought to have. From a human standpoint her way was blocked by an impassable wall.

"Dolores," called Miss Christman, the dean of women, "I'd like to talk with you.

Both women sat in silence, one in abject despair, the other carefully shaping her words to show her faith in a God she trusts so implicitly.

"Dolores, how much would it take for you to finish out the school year?"

"About one hundred dollars."

"Now listen, how much faith do you have? You are a good student. You worked your entire way through academy, did you not? and through last year? and so far this year? You have done your part. Can you trust God to take care of you from now on? Will you give this problem a week's test with me? Quit your work today and every day this week. Go up to the prayer room and pray as you have never prayed before. I will do the same thing. We'll put this problem in God's hands, and if we trust Him, He will answer."

That was Sunday. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday passed. Each day two fervent prayers ascended to God. Thursday, Friday, and Sabbath were gone, and then came Sunday, the last day of the test. This is what happened that day: The telephone rang.

rang.
"Lamson Hall, Miss Christman speak-

"Miss Christman, this is the business office. Do you have a Dolores —— in the dormitory?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, we have just received a telegram

Singing Our Faith

Durward Wildman, Reporting

"When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride."

Now the choir is humming softly, and the ministers are coming onto the platform—"Demands my life, my soul, my all."

This is the first time the Emmanuel Missionary College Choir has sung this school year. Facing such a large congregation, some of the members are uneasy; but as Melvin Davis, the director, bids the singers stand for the anthem, every eye is attracted to his, and uneasiness vanishes.

Now it seems just like a rehearsal. Mr. Davis is smiling his half-smile, and his hands make exactly the same motions they did in practice hours. Everyone is putting his whole soul into the singing.

This college choir is but one of six choral organizations on the campus at Emmanuel Missionary College. It is adapted to the needs of those who have had little or no experience in choral singing and is preparatory to the a cappella choir.

Besides singing in the college church periodically, the a cappella choir makes appearances at other churches, giving both sacred and secular concerts. To carry on such a program, the members must spend much time in practice. And choir

-Please turn to page 18

EDWARD was ever at the side of the missionary, faithfully and tirelessly assisting him. It was the constant aim of Judson James to impress upon the ready mind and heart of his assistant the principles of the third angel's message, and to train him to be a teacher and leader of his people in the days that were to come. So closely were the lives of the missionary and this young man knit together in the work of soul winning that to Judson, Edward was as a second Timothy, and to Edward, Judson was a second Paul-his father in the Lord.

Together Judson James and Edward united in another series of evangelistic meetings. As a result, sixteen persons decided to take their stand in baptism and become members of the true church. Of this number half the candidates were women. It takes a great deal of courage for the women and girls of India to lay off their jewelry and join the Seventh-day Adventist Church, often against the wishes of their parents and relatives, for they are brought up from babyhood to regard their fathers and brothers and husbands as the lords of creation; and in communities where education has had but little influence it is a common thing for a man to feel free to beat his wife and daughters for any act on their part, no matter how trifling it may be, that is contrary to his wishes.

It is the custom of the Tamil women and girls to be literally weighted down with jewelry. While they are still babies the mothers pierce the ears of their little girls, and begin a process of stretching the lobes into large loops that sometimes hang down to the shoulders. These loops are crowded with all sorts of ornaments, more or less costly, according to the financial standing of the family. Sometimes a series of holes is pierced around the upper rims of the ears and a gold chain is laced or



ELIZABETH BRIDGES DUNN

ornaments are hung there. Each arm is covered with bracelets, or bangles, and bangles that make a tinkling sound as they walk are also worn on their legs. Holes are pierced on each side of the nose, and jewels are worn there, as well as rings on the fingers and toes, and necklaces of gold and precious stones around their necks.

These ornaments are worn by the Indian woman day and night, and are the center of her pride. To many Indian women there is a sentiment connected with the wearing of jewelry that is dearer to them than life itself. They will endure any sacrifice and deny themselves and their families needed food and clothing in order to adorn themselves with ornaments. As soon as a little girl is born into the family the parents begin to sacrifice in order to buy their daughter as many jewels as possible, so that they will be able to marry her well, for the jewelry forms a large part of the dowries given by the bride's parents to the parents of the groom.

If the daughter does not have a sufficient amount of jewels to induce a man to marry her by the time she reaches a certain age, she becomes greatly disgraced in the eyes of the public. There is only one time that an Indian woman must part

with her jewelry, and that is when she becomes a widow. Then it is taken away and her head is shaved. This leaves those empty loops of flesh dangling at the sides of her head as a sign to all who see her that she is either a widow or a prostitute, and probably both.

As soon as Judson began to teach the prospective baptismal candidates that they would have to lay off their ornaments, he found himself facing a real problem. Not only did the young girls have to bear the humiliation of putting aside their jewels, which they were convinced was right to do, but their ears were left in a deformed condition and the girls were advertised in a way which was most humiliating. Judson and Minnie, who were both trained nurses, talked the matter over and decided that they could perform a minor operation on the girls' ears and remove their unsightly loops. But now the problem was to find someone who would be willing to lead out in this experiment. They had to bribe two girls to have the first operation, and as soon as others saw that it was a success they were willing to have their ears cut and remodeled.

Among the candidates of the second baptism was a young girl by the name of Sellammal, who had attended all the meetings and had shown a true spirit of conversion. Like all the other Tamil girls, she too wore a large amount of jewelry; but she courageously and gladly removed it all in harmony with Bible instruction, and volunteered to have her ears remodeled. Her parents and relatives bitterly opposed her, but Sellammal remained firm to her conviction. Even while she was walking to the lake to be baptized some of her friends tried to talk to her against baptism. "No one will ever want to marry you now with no jewelry," they told her. 'You look like a widow.'

"But," the young girl answered, "I must follow my Lord; and if no one marries me, I will remain as I am." Edward overheard the earnest testimony of this young girl, who was stepping out for the right against the wishes of her parents and friends and relatives, and he admired her courage. In his heart he made a vow at that moment that he would never marry until Sellammal was married.

Sellammal was assisting the missionaries as a teacher in the recently organ--Please turn to page 21



Photo Courtesy of the Author

Seated, Left to Right: Mrs. R. S. Fernando, Daughter of Pastor Thomas; Pastor E. D. Thomas; Mrs. Thomas, or Sellammal in the Story. Standing: R. S. Fernando, Secretary-Treasurer of Ceylon Union, Merle and Noel (Twins), and Emil Fernando

NE evening a group of seniors from the College of Medical Evangelists was gathered in President George T. Harding's home. Each student was asked to relate a little of his life's history for what it might be worth as entertainment or inspiration for the others present. Usually the stories included some of the early life, how the person became an Adventist, and what influence or circumstances led him or her to study medicine at C.M.E. A doctor's wife who happened to be in the group that night heard my story, and felt that it should be repeated for the benefit of young people throughout the country. I do this humbly, for I personally feel that I am no different from any of my classmates who have struggled to obtain a medical education. My sole purpose in telling my experience is to show how God has worked in my behalf to open doors to difficulties and trials, and has given me strength to walk through them.

I was born in Alberta, Canada, in 1924, and was the only child of my parents. When I was two years old my people moved to Canadian Union College, then Canadian Junior College at College Heights, Alberta, where my father obtained employment. He worked as a trucker, did some farming, and drilled wells for the government. Everything went along smoothly, and we were a

happy family.

When I was three years of age I became very ill, and it was discovered that I had inflammatory rheumatism. The doctors gave me the well-known treatment of a tonsillectomy and hoped I would recover. I suffered quite a bit from this illness. Each day my joints would be so stiff and sore that it was necessary for me to spend the entire morning in the house, where it was warm. When the sun was bright at noon I would be able to play outside until the middle of the afternoon. This went on for more than a year. Gradually, however, the trouble seemed to clear up, and I played as any normal child.

Since we were living in an Adventist community, I was able to attend church school, and enjoyed it very much. I can remember well that as a youngster I had the usual desire of small lads to be a cowboy, but down deep in my heart I really wanted most of all to be a doctor. I am sure now that I received this inspiration from my mother. She read Mrs. E. G. White's writings to me about health reform, and she lived out the principles in her own life in such a sensible way that I was impressed even as a child. She taught me that I could be of great service to God and humanity if I would learn to be a physician.

My church school teacher knew of this desire, and told me often about our denominational medical school in Loma Linda and the difficulties of being accepted there as a student. She tried to inspire me to study harder by saying that I should not be satisfied with grades of 90 per cent, but

E LEAI



Courtesy of "March of C.M.E.

My Classwork and Laboratory Work at Lona Linda Were Made Especially Difficult Because

GLENN C

As told to

should aim to do even better. Many times she said to me, "Glenn, how would you like to be treated by a doctor who only knew 90 per cent of his business? Her counsel must have helped, for I did try to make acceptable grades and be a worthy candidate for medicine.

When I was eight my left knee began to swell. My parents took me to a physician who pronounced it housemaid's knee, but did nothing special about it then. My knee was very stiff and sore most of the time and caused me a great deal of pain.

Canada's cold winters offered plenty of winter sports, and one of my ambitions was to be a hockey player. I took part in this game whenever I had an opportunity

and learned to be a fair player. In fact, I played many times when my leg was so sore that I could hardly move about, but I found that after I had played a while it would limber up.

I continued in school until I was twelve. At that time I had surgery to remove the fluid from my knee, which had continued to bother me. I spent about a month in the hospital. This operation seemed to help, and I got along quite well until I was fifteen years of age. By this time I had completed church school and was attending the academy.

In the academy I still fostered the idea of becoming a doctor, and took Latin. which was required of premeds in Canada.



rippled Condition. There Were Many Hours of Pain. But Somehow I Managed to Pass

WICK, M.D.

1. Woolley

While there I entered into as many school activities as possible, but the spring of 1941 was the last time I was able to skate or play hockey. By this time my knee was badly crippled, and my joints were getting stiffer.

Mother died in 1941, and I quit school shortly after that. The winter of 1942 was so cold that I could scarcely get around. By this time I was suffering intensely from rheumatoid arthritis and was in constant pain. The doctor warned my father that if I kept going downhill as fast as I was, I would not last until spring. Dad was naturally very upset and worried, but was a good Christian and prayed earnestly that somehow I would get better. I am certain that the blow was harder for him to bear without mother by his side to share it. In some ways, perhaps, he was grateful that she did not have to know of my condition, because she herself had been ill for quite a while.

In the spring of 1942 I went to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. The doctors were very good to me, and I picked up quite a bit healthwise. They gave me hope and encouragement and said that probably in a short time my condition would improve. They taught me how to take care of myself and suggested that I take a series of gold injections for the arthritis from which I was suffering. However, because of a toxic reaction, I was unable to take this treatment, and so returned home. In December of 1943 we left Canada and went to Los Angeles.

One of our purposes in going south was to visit a woman whom my father later married and who became a great inspiration to both of us. We were also hoping that I might obtain help physically. I spent about two weeks in the hospital and then started back to Canada. On the way home I stopped in Seattle for a time. During my stay there my father, who was still in Los Angeles, was waiting one day for some repairs on his car. He fell into conversation with a man who told of having had arthritis similar to mine and of how a certain doctor had helped him. Grasping at any straw available, father sent word to me in Seattle, and I returned to Los Angeles to begin these treatments.

Living near the White Memorial Hospital was a laboratory technician whom I had known in Canada. He offered me the privilege of sharing his room. I was very grateful for this, because I felt that it would be convenient for further treat-

We had not been there very long when the family from whom we rented the room decided they needed the extra space and asked us to move. I still harbored the idea of going back to school, and decided there was no time like the present. I would go to La Sierra College and take as much work as I was able to handle. What if my premedical course did take longer than usual? At least I would be getting somewhere nearer my ultimate goal.

I started out with only half work, and was able to keep up fairly well. In the meantime I drove to Los Angeles twice a week for treatments. That fall I was fortunate in getting a roommate by the name of Dick Balkins, who has been a wonderful friend to me all through medicine. We were finally privileged to graduate together also. But that comes later.

In the fall of 1944 my father sold out in Canada and moved to Los Angeles. By this time my health had seemed to improve gradually, and I began taking full

During January, 1946, I applied at the College of Medical Evangelists, with fiftytwo semester hours of college work completed. I wrote to C. C. Fink, the registrar, to inquire if there were any subjects which I must have that I had not yet completed or was not taking. He informed me that I needed both French and physics. I immediately began a futile search to find some school in Los Angeles that was offering both of those subjects during the summer. Of course I prayed that somehow I would be able to finish up my work so that I could enter medicine in the fall. My prayer was singularly answered, for it happened that La Sierra, for the first time in history so far as I know, offered both-French and physics that summer. Thus I was able to finish all my required subjects.

On my application to C.M.E. I had put

down that I was afflicted with rheumatoid arthritis. Dr. Shryock, knowing the nature of this disease, its crippling effect, and constant discomfort, immediately wrote inquiring as to the extent of my disability. Since the school was only twenty miles away I decided that it would be better for me to talk with him personally than to write a letter. When I did interview him he suggested that I should go to see Dr. G. Mosser Taylor, an orthopedist, and promised that if I could get an O.K. from him, my application would be considered.

As soon as I was able to go to Los Angeles I visited Dr. Taylor and asked him to send Dr. Shryock a report. He wrote Dr. Shryock suggesting that I be allowed to take only half work. Obviously this was impractical, for the medical college does not teach by semesters. Certain subjects run throughout most of the year. After reading this the committee felt that I ought to try for some related line of work, such as laboratory technique, and recommended that if I felt better the next year I should apply again.

This was a keen disappointment, and almost more than I could stand. Just when I had high hopes that things would work out all right and felt that God was leading, the road seemed blocked. I knew that the second world war was nearing its close and that the boys would be coming back from overseas. Applications would stack up for consideration, and mine would be at the bottom of the pile. I was sure that

if I waited any longer, I would never make it. This was the time or never. Fervently I prayed for strength and courage, and went once more to see Dr. Shryock.

Timidly I broached the subject again and asked how long I would have to get an O.K. from Dr. Taylor. I had, of course, planned to visit the good doctor again and try to persuade him to change his opinion. Dr. Shryock told me that I would have until June to get Dr. Taylor's consent for me to take full work. I am sure that he felt safe in giving this leeway, because he was quite certain that Dr. Taylor would not consent to my taking full work.

For a short time I was treated by another doctor who was positive he had found a cure for me in the then-new drug called penicillin. This did not particularly help me, but I was gradually feeling better all the time anyway and decided to wait no longer. In talking to Dr. Taylor I explained my situation and told him that I knew if I did not get into medical school now, I would never have the chance. It was my life's ambition, my childhood dream, and I did not want to have to give in to my illness. I also impressed upon him the fact that I knew the school would rest entirely upon his decision. Although he was kind and considerate during our interview, he did not tell me anything to reassure me, and I left with a heavy heart.

Not long after this interview another letter came from Dr. Shryock, not with any assurance of acceptance. It was a

kindly inquiry as to what my plans were for the summer. I went again to see him personally, not trusting to letters, and told him I was in summer school and would be ready for the class of 1946. On a memorable day in August of 1946 I received my acceptance! Needless to say, I was completely overjoyed. I was extremely grateful for this decision.

The first thing I did was telephone dad. He too shared my joy. This was what he wanted for me more than anything else in the world. He felt that this would be the one thing I could do to make me independent of others, and he realized too how much this meant to my personal happiness.

Shortly after my acceptance I received word that my father had been killed in an automobile accident on his way back to Canada. Were the doors never going to quit closing on me? I felt his loss keenly, and the experience necessitated my losing two weeks of summer school. But God was good, and in spite of my grief I finished up my work successfully, and on September 19 I registered in the College of Medical Evangelists with my class

During the process of registration each student had a private interview with Dr. Shryock. He looked at me kindly and asked me what I wanted to do. I told him that now, more than ever, I just had to continue, because there would be no one else to care for me.

I would not say there were not times when I became discouraged. Often I had difficulty doing my work because of my crippled condition, and there were hours of pain. But somehow I managed to pass each subject and do my laboratory work satisfactorily.

During my first year at Loma Linda I met Sheila Burns, a pretty dark-haired young girl who was taking the nurses' course. I was attracted by her genuine friendliness and charming smile. We became very good friends, and in the spring made plans for a summer wedding. On July 20, 1947, we were married in Portland, Oregon, and went to Canada on our honeymoon.

Sheila graduated from nurses' training in 1948 at the same time that I finished my sophomore year. We then moved to the city to complete my training.

By this time the money that my father had left me was gone, and I did not know where my living and tuition were coming from for the next two years. One day a friend of mine told me about the P.T.A. loans, and I was able to get a loan to complete my schooling. A doctor friend of mine gave Sheila a very good job in his office, and we have managed quite nicely.

Up until the first of March of 1949 Sheila worked to help me, and then Judy was born on April 6, 1949. She has been a great deal of fun for both of us, and we are thankful for a lovely child.

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ALL the little boys and girls in my room in school were happy and well dressed. The girls all wore pretty dresses, nice shoes, and dainty hair ribbons-all except Katie Brown. She was thin, her complexion had a sort of bluish cast, there were dark shadows under her eyes and dark spots on her arms, and her dress? Well, I remember thinking that Katie Brown's mother certainly did not know how to iron clothes.

I do not remember having ever seen Katie wear but one dress. It may have been pretty when it was new, but that was long since past. In addition Katie was somewhat deaf. This made her appear a little odd.

None of the boys and girls liked Katie. She was never asked to join in any of their games, but she was a good sport. She stood around the edge of the group and clapped her hands and laughed at the right time and always seemed happy. We never knew what was in her heart.

One day I said to my mother, "I'll have to have a new pencil."
"A new pencil? What have you done

with the one I just bought you?

"Oh, I guess I lost it," I answered.
"Well," she said, "I'll get you one more, and that will have to last the rest of the term.

That set me thinking. I resolved to be very careful with that pencil.

In our school there was a rule that before recess or at noon or night, at the first tap of the bell, we each cleared off our desk, put our pencils in our pencil box, and put the box in our desk behind our books for greater safety. At the second tap we turned in our seats, at the third we stood, and at the fourth we marched out.

This particular recess I was eager to get out to the playground, so I sat impatiently with my eyes fixed on the teacher waiting to hear the bell. At the first tap I cleared off my desk in no time, at the second I turned, at the third I stood, and at the fourth I started to march, when, oh, I remembered that I had left my new pencil on the desk. I reached back frantically, but could not quite touch it. The others were pushing me on. But I thought that as soon as we were all out I would come right back after that pencil.

BRO

GRACE C. MATTESON

There were several rows beyond me, so it was some time before the way was clear. I hurried back to my desk. The pencil was gone!

"My pencil is gone. I'd just like to

know who took my pencil?"

Now Katie Brown sat two seats behind me in the same row, and a little girl named Jenny sat one seat behind me in the next row. We did not have to march out if we did not want to, and neither Katie nor Jenny had marched out.

Jenny spoke up and said, "I think I know who took your pencil.'

I said, "Who?"

"I think Katie Brown took your pencil. She is always taking things. All the girls

This was the first time I had heard this, but of course at once I knew. "Katie Brown," I said, "you give me my pencil this minute."

"I haven't got your pencil, and I don't take things.

"You do. All the girls say so, and if you don't give me my pencil right now, I'll tell the teacher.'

"I haven't got your pencil," Katie said, and there was the look of a hunted animal in her eyes. "You can tell the teacher if



Fourteen-year-old Julia Denlinger, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Has Stored Away in Her Memory All the Sabbath School Memory Verses for the Years 1949 and 1950. Her Junior Division Class-mates and Teachers Are Proud of Her and Congratulate Her on This Fine Achievement

you want to, but I don't take things, and I haven't got your pencil."

I went right up to the teacher's desk. "Miss Spencer," I said, "Katie Brown has my pencil, and I want you to make her give it back right now."

"What makes you think Katie Brown has your pencil? Did you leave it on

your desk?"

"Ye-es," I answered.

"Why did you leave it on your desk?"

"I forgot," I said lamely.

"Well, then," Miss Spencer said, "I don't think you have any right to say that Katie Brown took your pencil. I have never known Katie to tell an untruth or to take anything not belonging to her, and since you left your pencil on your desk it is your own fault if it is gone." There was nothing more I could do, so I slowly left the room, but I gave Katie Brown a look as I left.

When I reached the playground Jenny had told all the girls that Katie Brown had taken Grace Harwood's pencil. "She is always taking things, you know." Oh, yes, of course, they knew, and from then on began a hard time for poor Katie. The girls would draw their skirts aside when passing as though she were poison, and they would make in her hearing such remarks as, "Better take care of your pencils and erasers. Some folks take things." Poor Katie. She did not stay near where they were playing any more. She just stood with her back to the building and looked sad, but we were so hardhearted we did not care.

One day as I entered the schoolroom there were a group of girls talking eagerly. I hurried up to them and said, "What is it? What's the matter?"

"It's Katie Brown." Oh, yes, I knew. Probably Katie Brown had been stealing again, and this time she had been caught. Maybe Miss Spencer would believe me next time.

"What about Katie?" I asked.

"Well, you know her father and mother get drunk, and Katie doesn't have enough to eat and most of the time no fire. She has to wash her clothes in cold water and iron them with a cold iron."

Now I knew why her clothes looked so wrinkled. The girls told me that her parents locked Katie in the house at night and went to the saloon and got drunk. Then they came home and beat her. That was why Katie was deaf.

"Last night they were beating Katie," one of the girls said, "when a policeman came by. He broke open the door and took them to jail. They have taken Katie away from them, and a rich woman is going to adopt her. She thinks Katie is so nice, and now Katie is a rich girl."

I was just snobbish enough to feel worried because Katie might not notice me now that she was a rich girl. "Will Katie come to school today?" I asked.

"Of course not. She is too bruised. Besides, her new mother wants to make her some pretty dresses to wear to school."

I was glad she was not coming. There was a hurt in my heart. In a few days Katie came to school again. I stood at the edge of the crowd of girls around her, for Katie was a rich little girl now, and all the girls liked her, but Katie reached out her hand and drew me into the circle.

Soon after this Katie's new mother gave a party for her, and we were all invited. There was going to be ice cream, coconut and chocolate cake, oranges and bananas, and all the goodies that children like so much. There would be games and music. Katie especially invited me.

"It wouldn't be a party without you,

Grace," she said.

I think my parents would have let me go to the party, but someway I did not want to go. I was ashamed of the way I had acted.

Katie was disappointed that I was not there. "O Grace," she said, "why didn't you come? It wasn't a party without you there."

Not too long after this, on another morning, again a group of girls were gathered in the corner of the schoolroom, and again I hurried up to them to see what was the matter.

"It's Katie Brown."

"What about Katie Brown?" I asked.

"She's sick."

"She will get well, won't she?"

"No," they said, "she won't get well."
"Why not? Doesn't she have a doctor?"

"Of course, two or three of them."
"Then why won't she get well?"

"Because the doctor says she has been starved and beaten and has suffered from the cold so long that she hasn't the strength

to get well."

"Oh, what if Katie should die?" I thought. Katie did die, and her new mother sent word to our teacher asking her to please let school out on the afternoon of the funeral and bring all the children in Katie's room to the funeral services, because they had all been so good to Katie, and Katie loved them all so much. I did not see Katie in her last little bed. A friend of my mother's put out her hand and drew me into her pew beside her and kept me there, but I knew just how she looked, because the girls told me. I never told my mother of the hurt in my hearta hurt I had put there myself. I bore the ache all alone, but of one thing I am sure: If I am among the redeemed, I want to seek out Katie Brown and thank her for returning kindness for rudeness, love for

Talking Leaves

By INEZ BRASIER

SEQUOYAH laid his hammer across his anvil and limped down the road to the home of a white friend.

"Please write my name on a talking

leaf [a piece of paper]."

All the way back to his blacksmith shop Sequoyah studied the form of his written name. He laid aside the hoe he was forging into shape. All afternoon he worked. When the last rays of the sun tangled in the prairie grasses, he stood in the door of

Camping With JMV's, No. 4 - By Herbert Rudeen



1. All are soundly sleeping when the bugle sounds reveille at 6:30. "O-o-o-b-h, no! It's too early," some protest. But they all rise, rested and happy, to begin the day.



2. Quickly dressed, they meet at the flagpole. A few moments of public prayer, and then in several small prayer bands petitions are offered for one another and for personal victory.



3. Back again they stand in formation around the flagpole while a group designated as the color guard raises the colors. All salute and repeat the pledge of allegiance.

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4. A clean tent makes a clear camp, so everyone hastens to tidy up, both inside and outside his tent. Beds are made, lockers tidled floors swept, and the premises cleaned

his shop turning the finished die over and

All the skill he had learned as a boy, when he had drawn pictures of animals on dried bark with charcoal, all he had learned as a youth, when he had fashioned bracelets of silver for the people of his tribe, went into the making of this die. It was good. Sequoyah smiled proudly.

A Cherokee neighbor walked up. "Make me a rake. Make me more hoes!

"Tomorrow I begin," Sequoyah promised.

Days passed while his hammer rang on the anvil in his blacksmith shop. Always before he plunged the softened metal of the tools he made into cold water to harden them, he stamped them with the mark of good workmanship, his name on the die.

As Sequoyah worked at his forge on tools that aided his tribesmen he thought of what it would mean for them to read as the white man did.

"I must know the secret of the white man's talking leaves!"

Over and over the words sang through his mind to the accompaniment of his hammer strokes on the anvil. The desire better to serve his Cherokee nation obsessed him. He left his shop and forge, though he had a wife and several children depending upon him. He gathered birchbark strips, which he worked into thin sheets. Then, with a dye he had made from plants, he painted pictures on these bark sheets. He found his picture writing was too slow and complicated. There must be a better way than this.

Again he went to his white friends. "I want some of your talking leaves!"

For days he studied the strange forms of the words and letters. He went back to his friends.

"I need some of your paper without talking words on it."

At home he made a booklet of his treasured paper. For days and months, even years, he experimented. At last he had a Cherokee alphabet with eighty-five characters. Now his people could learn the secrets of the talking leaves.

They laughed. Who could learn the meaning of such strange marks?

Sequoyah knew that his alphabet was good. Slowly and carefully he explained the letters to his little girl six years old. In a very short time she learned to read.

He called the Cherokees together to listen to her reading.

"Ah! What is this we hear? The leaves talk for us as well as for the white man!"

They found it easy to learn Sequoyah's alphabet and easy to learn to read.

The Cherokee Indians were progressive. It was not long before they wanted newspapers. Their first one was the Cherokee Phoenix, edited by Elias Boudinot. This was in 1828. Hymns, tracts, schoolbooks, and the New Testament were soon published.

The same year Sequoyah went to Washington, D.C., as the representative of the

Crossword Puzzle

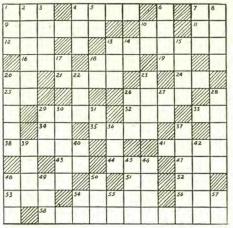
Joseph's Brethren Sell Him to the Ishmeelites

Genesis 37

Across



Our text is 4, 16, 18, 19, 29, 32, 43, 44, and 58 combined. Down Help
"see what will become of his . . . " :20
"For I will go . . . into the grave unto my son mourning" :35
Canadian Expeditionary Force (abbr.)
Word marking an alternative
"What seekest . . " :15
"What profit is it if we slay . . . brother" :26
"took him, and . . . him into a pit" :24
Oleum (abbr.)
This (Fr.)



@ W. A. Wilde Co.

14 Old Testament (abbr.) Consumed District of Columbia (abbr.) Sixth tone in the scale
"for twenty . . . s of silver" :28
Unctuous liquid substance
"Behold Behold, . . . dreamer cometh" :19 "Behold, . . . dreamer cometh" :19
Bashful
Printers' measure
"And they sat down to eat . . . " :25
"we will . . . , Some evil beast hath devoured him" :20
"and the pit was . . . " :24
London Docks (abbr.)
Skill "they . . . Joseph out of his coat" :23
Portion of an ocean extending into the land Same as 43 across
Female water sprite
"they . . d him, and could not speak peaceably" :4
"son's coat; an . . . beast hath devoured him"
;33 46 Joseph was the eleventh . . . of Jacob A servant of Solomon Ezra 2:57 Total Territory of Hawaii (abbr.)
Topographical Engineer (abbr.)
Transport and Supply (abbr.) -Key on page 22

Western tribes. His invention of the Cherokee alphabet was recognized by the United States Congress. His dream was accomplished. Today his statue looks from its niche in Statuary Hall of the Capitol, a tribute to devoted service.

The Fifth Freedom

(Continued from page 6)

that cases such as I have already outlined are rare exceptions, yet the horrendous truth is that they have become so frequent and commonplace that we accept them as inevitable consequences of our daily lives. One who clips from the daily newspapers the accounts of tragedies caused by the effect of booze on innocent victims and the imbibers alike, or one who looks at jail, prison, and insane asylum records, will find abundant evidence of growing alcoholic destruction. Of many defenders or myopic neglectors of the plain facts of liquor damage and misery and death, it can only be said, "Having eyes, they see not.

That smashed machine by your roadside, with anxious crowds gathering and with the hospital ambulance shrieking as it races for the injured, is not an isolated example. It is part of a long procession of disaster, and the procession too often reaches its dreadful climax with a hearse.

It is only reasonable to assume—and the facts confirm the assumption-that drinking tends to become more reckless and uncontrolled as the wee small hours approach. It is after midnight that Death reaps his richest harvest on the highways, although of course he never overlooks a chance at any hour to find someone foolish enough to mix gasoline and alcohol. But it is after midnight, when the all-night bottle-clubs, the 2:00 A.M. closing taverns, honky-tonks, bars, and just plain saloons begin to spew forth their drunken patrons, that things really begin to happen.

The busses have stopped running by then, and the majority of these drinkers get behind the steering wheels of their own cars and race off into the night, rendered supremely confident by the alcohol they have already consumed and believing that they are individually and collectively the world's best drivers. This is the insidious, deadly factor about alcohol that the booze dealers soft-pedal and the unthinking disregard—the ability of alcohol to create a satisfaction with poor performance, to impair judgment while it creates the impression that it has improved it, and thus to make the driver take unnecessary split-moment chances he would never take while sober.

Right here I would like to explain that it is not necessary that large amounts of alcohol be consumed to bring about the impaired judgment and satisfaction with poor performance that goes with it. I had the privilege as a medical student in having as a teacher the world-famed Dr. Aaron Rosanoff, eminent psychiatrist and author whose textbooks on psychiatry are considered authoritative on the subject everywhere today. Dr. Rosanoff conducted a simple experiment that graphically illustrates the adverse effect of even a small amount of alcohol on the human brain. First he had a selected group of students add up a series of three figures within a specified period of time. The results were checked and carefully tabulated. Next he gave the same students a bottle of beer apiece, and then after a short interval had them add up the same figures given in slightly different sequence. As before, the results were again carefully checked and tabulated. Without one exception the results of the second attempt were inferior to the first, ranging from 5 to 30 per cent less successful, yet when questioned as to the group in which they thought they had done the best, the students all declared in favor of the second, or inferior, one!

The truth of the matter is of course that anyone who drinks even in so-called moderation is impairing his critical faculties and his judgment and is ultimately releasing the brakes on self-control and giving free rein to the pent-up emotions and inhibitions, which are often the cause of later embarrassment. Almost everyone who drinks-whether socially or with the avowed intention of getting drunk-sooner or later does something he would just as soon forget about when he is sober.

He Leadeth Me

(Continued from page 14)

Besides my schoolwork I have done some work at night, taking laboratory calls and special nursing. This enabled us to add a few extra dollars to the family budget and did not seem to interfere too much with my education.

My desire to go to Portland, Oregon, to intern was discouraged by some because of the climate. However, because I hoped to settle in that part of the country I thought I could find no better way of knowing whether I could stand the climate than by spending a year there. I finally succeeded in persuading those concerned that it would be all right. Although quite a number applied, I was one of eight accepted, and felt that this was another indication that God knew and cared about my small problems.

Graduation was a momentous occasion for both of us. Sheila has been a constant source of encouragement and happiness to me, and I felt she deserved a diploma as well as I. My stepmother too was always helpful through the years, and I have appreciated her kindness. I could not help being saddened that neither my father nor my mother could witness my achievement, but I feel that someday they will be privileged to know of my

My plan now is to study further in the field of radiology, and I believe that though obstacles may arise, they can as easily be swept aside in the future by an understanding Father as they have been in the past.

Campus Gleanings

(Continued from page 10)

rehearsal is often more interesting than the performance itself.

At the beginning of each rehearsal a member of the choir asks the blessing of the Lord on the work of the hour. Mr. Davis signals the singers to rise by first lowering and then raising his hands. As

In that place of His Where He hath put and keepeth you, God had no other thing to do. -John Greenleaf Whittier.

the choir sings everyone leans forward, so that he is gripping the floor with his toes. His shoulders are straight and his chest high. And now all watch their leader. There is that half-smile and a do-your-best look in his eyes.

At a signal the pianist begins to play. "Holy" softly begin the sopranos and altos as they recognize their cue. "Holy" echo the tenors and basses. "Holy! Lord God," comes forth as all parts blend into an ensemble. The clapping of our leader's hands brings abrupt silence. Sometimes he will drill one part on certain measures, or help it to come in correctly at the beginning of a phrase. He checks the pitch for a section that is flatting and prompts someone who is not paying strict attention.

In this way the students of Emmanuel Missionary College learn one more method of spreading the third angel's message.

War on the Liquor Traffic Oscar Havnes, Reporting

The house lights dimmed, the stage lights beamed, and a fanfare of trumpets introduced individually the finalists in Emmanuel Missionary College's annual temperance oratorical contest. The event is sponsored by the college chapter of the American Temperance Society. Mr. Horace Shaw is the faculty adviser.

The auditorium was crowded. It usually is for this event, because the students of this college are interested in the cause of temperance. Students and faculty alike have witnessed the devastation wrought by this evil, even in the surrounding countryside. Liquor is on a rampage here as furiously as it is elsewhere, and we feel morally obligated to help check it. We may, by precept and example, do our part in spreading knowledge of the fact that "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Permeated with these convictions, each orator in his turn was allowed to attack the demon alcohol. All were agreed that there is no compromise. The human race must choose between total abstinence or

total destruction.

"Alcohol for recreation? Never! Alcohol wrecks creation," exclaimed the first orator. Another resorted to poetry as an effective weapon.

"We talk of the man behind the gun And the deadly work that he has done; But a much more deadly work by far Is done by the man behind the bar."

In the course of the evening the problem was attacked from a physical, mental, moral, spiritual, and financial angle. We were reminded that drink has already cost more lives than all the wars that have ever been fought since Joshua stood beyond Jericho, and than all the pestilence that has wasted humanity since God sent the plagues into Egypt. "Live, fight, preach, and teach for temperance" was the themeof the hour.

It is the desire of all here at Emmanuel Missionary College that after our names may be recorded the word satisfactory as pertains to our part in one of the most important of all missionary endeavors-

temperance.

We look forward to this special event each year. We hope it will become even larger and better. As always, there are several who plan to do their part in helping make our college chapter a shining example in the American Temperance Society.

Meet the Royal Family

(Continued from page 4)

forward to this time when they can be out in the sunshine among the flowers rather than in the hive to perform the somewhat less romantic tasks. Even so, this graduation from home duties is what hastens the end of a worker's life, because, in most instances, the wings of a honeybee wear out in four or five weeks of heavy flight. The average life of a worker is from six to eight weeks. These daughters of the hive give us one of the truest examples of unselfish service to be found anywhere; for, because of their short life, most of those who work the hardest to store up a large supply of the sweet, which is the life of the colony, never live to reap the benefits of their labor. They work that others may live.

Now we must meet the men of the house, or the drones. We must admit they do not carry out the traditions of the hive very well, yet they are a jolly, carefree group which cannot be ignored. They make no effort to help with any of the duties of the hive; rather they spend their time buzzing about in the sunshine and eating the honey which their sisters have stored in the combs. They make a great deal of noise as they fly around the hive, but they are perfectly harmless, since they do not have a sting as do the rest of the family.

The life of the lazy ones may be gay while it lasts, but it does not last too long for our friends the drones. As soon as the cool fall weather approaches, or sooner, if the supply of nectar runs low, the now-unhappy, lazy big brothers are shoved out in the cold to die. So even the honeybees carry out the Biblical instructions of the apostle Paul that if any will not work, neither shall he eat.

Now that you have met the family, how would you like to have a hive of your own, so that you could study them for yourself? Or are you afraid that you might be stung? Perhaps you have been stung a time or two. Many of us have, but in the majority of cases there have been no lasting ill effects. You can handle most bees without being stung if you go about it in the proper way at the proper time. Never disturb them early in the morning or late in the afternoon, and certainly not on a cold, a windy, or a rainy day. If you choose the middle part of a warm, balmy day to do your work in the hive, and move about gently while you have it open, you will seldom, if ever, be stung. It is well to wear a bee veil over your face, however, at least until you become accustomed to your new pets, because a sting about the face can be very unpleasant.

Beekeeping can be a profitable enterprise, but for now let us start with one colony merely for enjoyment. Of course, very likely in the fall there will be a surplus of honey, which the bees will not need during the coming winter, and they will gladly share it with you. What is better than fresh honey from your own beehive?

You do not have to live on a farm to have a hive of bees, although you may find the open fields there to be advantageous. Where the houses were not too crowded, many people have kept a colony of bees on top of a woodshed or a garage in town. Of course you must use discretion in this, because you would surely not want any trouble with your neighbors.

The first step you should take toward becoming a beekeeper is to develop an acquaintance with your local bee inspector. You may get in touch with him through your local department of agriculture office. He will be able to give you many helpful

suggestions. Also he can advise you as to the beekeeping laws in your locality. This is important.

If you know someone who has had experience with bees, have a good talk with him. One who has found the thrill of working with these little creatures usually loves to talk about it. In addition to this, be sure to purchase a good book on beekeeping. One of the most complete works is ABC and XYZ of Bee Culture, published by the A. I. Root Company, of Medina, Ohio.

It will not take too great an outlay of cash to purchase the needed equipment and supplies for one colony of bees. Possibly someone nearby will sell you a hive with bees already in it, or you may obtain a new hive and buy package bees and put them in it yourself.

After you have your new family settled in their new home take time to watch them and study their habits. Enjoy, as I have, the pleasant relaxation of finding a comfortable spot a little away from the hive, and there settle down and watch the



Know Your Church

No Seventh-day Adventist youth need fear for the future if he recognizes how God has led His people in the past,

By F. DONALD YOST

Publish Glad Tidings

Read chapter 11 (pages 171-187) of Captains of the Host, by A. W. Spalding. Then see whether you can answer these questions. The numerals represent the page and paragraph where the answer can be found.

- 1. By what means was Ellen White healed when she fell seriously ill shortly after her marriage in 1846? (171:2.)
- 2. What experience convinced James and Ellen White that they must travel when and where the Lord called them? (173:3.)
- 3. Where was the first of a series of six "Sabbath conferences" held? (175:3.)
- 4. By what means were errors among the believers corrected? (176:4.)
- 5. Did James White respond immediately to the Lord's call to publish a paper? (178:3; 179:1.)
- 6. What was the name of the first paper published by James White? (180:4.)
- 7. Although Joseph Bates at first did not approve the publishing of a paper, how did he effectively use the *Review and Herald* in his ministry? (182:1.)
- 8. How did the name of the present official church paper of Seventh-day Adventists originate? (184:1.)
- 9. What two periodicals have resulted from James White's desire to win the youth and children to Christ? (185:1; 186:1.)
- 10. How many periodicals are published by Seventh-day Adventists today? (186:3.)

heavy-laden workers drop to the alighting board, touch noses with a guard, and then scurry inside to deposit their loads of nectar. Then some warm evening, after the bees have had a good day in the field, suppose you slip quietly up behind the hive and listen. You will hear a song of real contentment that will make you want to hum right along with them.

Equal to Opportunity Because-

(Continued from page 3)

time of war, for Christ clearly maintained that position while here on earth, as recorded in the Holy Scriptures, and enjoined us to follow His example. We seek to do His will in all events, even when it conflicts with man's.

"However, we do not take a stand against war. We seek, rather, to aid our country by doing work in the military organizations to save life instead of to take it, and for that reason we like to be called conscientious cooperators. To show you that I am not just talking, I have here a certificate showing my completion of an intensive course in Medical Cadet Corps drills and techniques set up and sponsored by the Seventh-day Adventist denomination especially to train its young men in a field of service for our country on the battlefield, where real efficiency and devotion to duty are sorely needed."

The lieutenant studied the certificate carefully and considered the subjects covered in the course and the time spent on each, and his expression betrayed surprise—he was obviously with me.

"So far as being a yellow-livered coward is concerned, lieutenant," I continued, "I'll go with you into the heat of battle, you with your rifle, I with my aid pouch, and I'll stay by to assist you under fire from the same weapons that inflict your wounds. You may rely on your weapon for protection—I will rely on God."

"Do you really mean all you've said?" came the question.

"The records of many young men of my faith already in service provide the best testimonials," I said, "and they make me proud to be a Seventh-day Adventist conscientious cooperator."

A couple of feeble and unsuccessful attempts further to confuse me and find a loophole in the stand I presented left the lieutenant without a foot to stand on.

"You've put me straight on a few things, soldier," he said, "and accept my apologies for my unfair words." His tone was deeply sincere.

"Forget it, sir," I tossed back pleasantly, "except for this—"

"Yes?"

"There will be more Seventh-day Adventists coming through here. You'll find them all, with but few exceptions, red-blooded Americans, devoted to the service of God and their country. You may be

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assured that any who have taken the Medical Cadet Corps training have the best interests of their country in mind, for they have prepared at their own expense to do above-average service in this needful field, where they can work with a clear conscience. Would you see them securely into their proper assignments with a minimum of difficulty and embarrassment?"

"Why, seeing things as I do now," the lieutenant concluded, "I'll be anxious to." "Thank you, sir," and with a smart

"Thank you, sir," and with a smart salute I did an about-face and left the officer, with a trace of pleasant bewilderment on his face.

Pioneering

(Continued from page 11)

ized mission school. In his work with the missionaries Edward came in contact with her daily, but it is against all rules of Indian etiquette for a young man to speak to a young unmarried girl in a social way or for her to speak to him. Edward was reaching the age when he felt that he should be getting married; and since his parents had disinherited him and his mar-

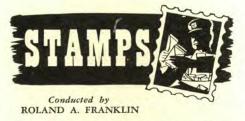
riage could not be arranged according to the custom, he took the situation in hand.

In his very best handwriting he copied the first part of Hosea 2:19 from the Bible: "I will betroth thee unto me for ever." He folded the slip of paper and placed it on Sellammal's desk. As she read the Bible text she quickly understood his intentions, and was so embarrassed, that she did not come back to work for three days. By this time she had been able to think the matter over, and decided the idea was a good one.

Gradually, as the months went by after his baptism, Edward had been able to make some reconciliation with his parents. They never allowed him to come home to live, but they did permit him to visit them at times. He told them of his plans to be married. This was another great blow to them, for from his babyhood they had planned to marry him to a girl of their choice. This caused a new storm of disapproval, especially from his mother, and his parents refused to attend the wedding. To an Indian couple this is a great disappointment and disgrace, because it is a belief that the parents add their blessing on these occasions.

As the time for the wedding came Edward's mother was more reconciled, and at the last moment she decided to attend. Edward arranged for a bullock cart to take his parents to the wedding. Even though his mother had agreed to go, still she was very much disappointed in her son; and as they rode that twenty miles over rough roads, going about two miles an hour in the bullock cart, she heaped curses upon his head. He listened, but he went forward, realizing that God was with him, and yet in his heart he was greatly troubled.

As their bullock cart jogged along over the rough roads, suddenly, as it often happens in the tropics, a rain started to come down in torrents. The downpour did not stop his mother's curses, but she screamed them out even louder, to make her voice heard above the noise of the rain. Then, just as suddenly as the rainstorm had begun, a streak of lightning flashed from the sky, followed by a loud crash of thunder; and the streak of lightning came right toward the bullock cart, barely missing it. The mother became terribly frightened. She was conscience stricken, and the conviction came to her that the God of heaven



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

Stamp News

STAMP collecting has the greatest following of all hobbies. Coin collecting ranks second in popularity.

During the Northern New England Conference Missionary Volunteer rally at Portland, Maine, last February the stamp displays of the Stamp Corner were viewed by youth from four States. Many packets for beginners and special stamps to advanced collectors were distributed.

The stamps issued in 1950 in the United States have been subjected to popularity polls, with the result that the three-cent blue, Freedom issue of the Washington, D.C., sesquicentennial group is considered the most beautiful. On the other end of the line the Casey Jones stamp received the lowest bid for beauty.

When you write to the Stamp Corner and wish a reply, please remember that residents of the United States and possessions are requested to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Others cannot use stamps of their country, so are requested to purchase International Reply

Coupons from the post office and enclose them with the self-addressed envelope. Rates are currently as follows: Regular reply anywhere in the world costs one coupon. Air-mail reply from Washington, D.C., to anywhere in the Western Hemisphere except Canada and Mexico costs two coupons. Air-mail reply to Europe from the Stamp Corner costs three coupons, and to all other continents and islands the rate is five coupons. International Reply Coupons are ideal for the use of stamp collectors, since they will pay postage anywhere. They are redeemable by post offices in countries belonging to the Universal Postal Union, hence, unless you are reading the Instructor in some remote locality like Tibet or Siberia, even your post office can furnish you with International Reply Coupons.

Most of last year's United States issues were produced in quantities of more than one hundred million copies each. The Indiana Territory issue was the lowest, being issued in only a fifty-million quantity. Ten years from now this stamp will probably retail for twice as much as any of the other stamps printed during 1950 in the United States.

Readers who desire to join the Stamp Exchange list published from time to time are requested to note the following: Please print all important data, so there will be no unfortunate mistakes. Abbreviate as little as possible, preferably not at all. To be eligible for insertion, you should have at least five hundred all different stamps in your collection plus duplicates for trade. It is nice to have at least three or four hundred duplicates so that your

trading will not become limited soon after your name appears in the exchange. It is customary to classify exchange names as to junior or senior collectors to enable correspondents to contact collectors with similar interests. It has been proved that this is the most satisfactory method of trading. Juniors, ages under 15; seniors, age 15 and over. So when you want to join the Stamp Corner's Exchange column give us your specifications thus, printed, if you please!

Name:

Address:

Age: (junior or senior)

Number of all different stamps in your collection: (round numbers)

What stamps or items you have for trade:

What stamps you desire:

We have noticed a few advances in the cost of International Reply Coupons during recent months: United States from 9 to 11 cents; Great Britain from 6 to 8 pence; Australia from 7 pence to one shilling; Union of South Africa from 5 to 9 pence; New Zealand from 7 to 8 pence. These handy little coupons still remain the only practical way of sending "small change" from one country to another so that the recipient can prepay the proper postage on his letter to you. We know of one international stamp club that even collects its dues from members by means of International Reply Coupons. No money orders or banking problems for them. They collect stamps; why should they not use the simplest postal trading system?

was disapproving of her cursing her son. She knew that he deserved blessing, and for the remainder of the way she pro-

nounced blessings upon him.

When they reached the place of the wedding Edward's mother was quite put out to discover that there was no betel nut provided for the guests to chew, for "whoever heard of a wedding without plenty of betel for the guests?" And she made her disapproval known in no uncertain tones. But in spite of it all, Edward was glad to have his parents present at his wedding, and their attendance meant a great deal to him.

The experiences narrated in this story took place more than forty years ago, and since that time of the humble beginning of God's work among the Tamil-speaking people of South India, the third angel's message has made real progress. Today there are 275 Sabbath schools in South India, with a membership of 7,422 and a

church membership of 4,358.

All the persons mentioned in this story are still living and are actively engaged in the Lord's work. Edward has long been an ordained minister, known to all as Pastor E. D. Thomas. Through his ministry many, many persons have been led into the light of the third angel's message. He is greatly loved and respected by all. He holds a responsible office in the Southern Asia Division headquarters in Poona, India. At this writing he is secretary of the Sabbath school and home missionary departments and field secretary for the Southern Asia Division. He is traveling most of the time, and has attended two General Conference sessions as a delegate.

Pastor and Mrs. Thomas have five children-all consecrated Seventh-day Ad-

Before the death of Pastor Thomas' parents they became completely reconciled to their son's religion and were proud of him and of the high esteem in which he has been held by our organization. His brothers and sister now accord him the traditional place of the first-born of the family, and one of his brothers has accepted

KEY TO "CROSSWORD PUZZLE"

A	D	D		C	0	M	E		T		0	C
1	R	0	N	E	R			0	Н		U	A
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the third angel's message and is a practicing medical worker in Southern India.

The story would not be complete without a word of tribute to Pastor and Mrs. J. S. James, who so courageously and untiringly pioneered the work among the Tamil-speaking people of South India. They now live near Southern Missionary College in Collegedale, Tennessee. They served twenty-three years as missionaries in India, and though they have permanently returned to America, their hearts remain inseparably tied to India, the land of their adoption. Their eldest son, W. S. James, has served at home and abroad in our denominational educational work for many years. After the youngest son, Russell B. James, M.D., was forced to return home from India because of his wife's health, he went into private practice in California.

Dear young people, there is still a great work to be done in India. God has need of strong, consecrated young men and women who are willing to dedicate their lives to the finishing of the task that was begun by our bravehearted pioneers. The great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel," is still a challenge to all who will respond by saying, "Here am I; send me.'

A Triumph of Prayer

(Continued from page 7)

alive. As soon as he saw the doctor, Wayne began to ask for food. The doctor knew that it was impossible for the boy to digest his regular food, because his stomach was burned inside, so he ordered some baby food. But Wayne insisted on something else. Finally, feeling sure that the boy would die anyway, the doctor consented, and he was given what he wanted. At five o'clock the nurse came in to re-dress his left leg. As she took the bandage off she discovered that the leg had healed. She thought that perhaps the other leg was much worse, but it was healed also. Monday, Wayne's stomach was X-rayed, and it seemed to be normal again. On Tuesday the boy left the hospital, apparently well.

On Tuesday Mr. Romero's mother also seemed to be well. The pain had left, and all her sons and daughters who had come to be with her the last few hours of her life began packing their suitcases, preparing to return to their homes and to their jobs.

When the intern returned to the Romero home a month later, he found the townspeople much stirred by these events. Wayne's mother, father, and grandmother were studying the Bible with Mr. Romero, and Wayne was playing as if nothing had ever happened. Like the woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment and was healed, Wayne's grandmother had placed her entire confidence in God's power and in His people, and she was not disappointed.



Senior Youth Lesson

V-The Gospel Message for Today (May 5)

Memory Verse: Revelation 14:6-12. Lesson Helps: The Great Controversy, pp. 355, 356, 381-390, 409-432 (new ed., pp. 407. 408, 434-445, 467-493); While It Is Day, chap-

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.

2. Ques. 1-3, and notes; study memory verse.
3. Ques. 4, 5, and note; read While It Is Day, chapter 5.

- Day, chapter 5.
 4. Ques. 6-8, and notes.
 5. Ques. 9, 10, and notes; read The Great Controversy, pp. 355, 356, 381-390.
 6. Ques. 11, 12; read The Great Contro-
- versy, pp. 409-432.

The First Angel's Message

The First Angel's Message

1. What was shown to John the revelator regarding the proclamation of a message in the last days? Rev. 14:6.

Note.—"To prepare a people to stand in the day of God, a great work of reform was to be accomplished. God saw that many of His professed people were not building for eternity, and in His mercy He was about to send a message of warning to arouse them from their stupor, and lead them to make ready for the coming of the Lord.

"This warning is brought to view in Revelation 14. Here is a threefold message represented as proclaimed by heavenly beings, and immediately followed by the coming of the Son of man to reap the harvest of the earth." The first of these warnings announces the approaching Judgment."—The Great Controversy, p. 311.

2. What admonition does the angel give first?

What admonition does the angel give first?
 What reason is given for this admonition? Rev. 14:7, first part.

14:7, first part.

Note.—Men are exhorted to "fear God, and give glory to him." We live in an age when the exaltation of state leaders is placed before the exaltation of God. Mankind needs to humble itself in the presence of God, but it is the manifestation of the love of Christ that brings "glory to God."

"The message of salvation has been preached in all ages; but this message is a part of the gospel which could be proclaimed only in the last days, for only then would it be true that the hour of judgment had come."—Ibid., p. 356.

356.
3. What reason is given for worshiping God?
Rev. 14:7, last part.

Note.—"So long as the fact that He is our Creator continues to be a reason why we should worship Him, so long the Sabbath will continue as its sign and memorial. Had the Sabbath been universally kept, man's thoughts and affections would have been led to the Creator as the object of reverence and worship, and there would never have been an idolator, an atheist, or an infidel."—Ibid., p. 438.

The Second Angel's Message

4. What message is given by the second angel? Rev. 14:8, first part.

Rev. 14:8, first part.

5. By what name was the first kingdom called? Because its people built a tower to reach to heaven, what did the Lord bring upon them? Of what did He accuse the people? Gen. 10:9, 10: 11:8, 9; Jer. 51:6, 7.

Note.—The margin of Gen. 10:10 gives "Babylon" for Babel. "The beginning of Nimrod's kingdom was Babel, or Babylon. The place was called Babylon, meaning 'confusion,' because God there confounded the language of the builders of the tower."—Daniel and the Revelation, p. 643. Revelation, p. 643.

6. How is latter day Babylon represented? What statements identify this power as papal Rome? Rev. 17:1-6, 15, 18.

Note.—"Ancient Babylonian religion had immoral features, but modern Babylon commits

spiritual fornication, polluting the church with false doctrines and pagan practices, and having illicit connection with the secular powers to enforce her teachings; and like her ancient namesake, Roman Babylon has made many nations drink impure wine from her cup."—Bible Readings for the Home (1949 ed.), p. 251.

7. Of what is Babylon the mother? Rev. 17:5.

Note.—"Babylon is said to be 'the mother of harlots." By her daughters must be symbolized churches that cling to her doctrines and traditions, and follow her example of sacrificing the truth and the approval of God, in order to form an unlawful alliance with the world."—The Great Controversy, pp. 382, 383.

8. What reason is given for the fall of Babylon? Rev. 14:8, last part.

The Third Angel's Message

9. Against what worship is the third angel's message directed? By what can this power be identified? Rev. 14:9-11; 13:1-10.

Note.—"The third message warns all against

NOTE.—"The third message warns all against receiving the mark of the beast. So this movement makes it the burden of its work to show what the mark of the beast is, and to warn against its reception."—Daniel and the Revelation, p. 669.

The beast of Revelation 14:9-11 is the same

The beast of Revelation 14:9-11 is the same beast so fully identified in Revelation 13:1-10. It is none other than the papal power.

"The mark of the beast is an institution which has been arrayed in Christian garb, and insidiously introduced into the Christian church in such a way as to nullify the authority of Jehovah and enthrone that of the beast. Stripped of all disguises, it is simply setting up a counterfeit sabbath of its own on the first day of the week in place of the Sabbath of the Lord on week, in place of the Sabbath of the Lord on the seventh day."—Ibid., p. 669.

10. Where did the prophet John see another beast coming up? What is the image to this beast? Rev. 13:11-15.

Note.—"An image to the beast" would be another union of church and state, with the church in the ascendancy. "In the very act of enforcing a religious duty by secular power, the churches would themselves form an image to the beast; hence the enforcement of Sunday-keeping in the United States would be an enforcement of the worship of the beast and his image."—The Great Controversy, p. 449.

11. What does this two-horned beast cause all to receive? Rev. 13:16, 17.

12. What threat will be made against those who do not worship the beast and his image? Rev. 14:12.

Junior Lesson

V-Missionaries of the Advent Period

(May 5)

Lesson Text: Revelation 14:6-12.

Memory Verse: "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Revelation 14:12.

Guiding Thought

The Dark Ages are over. Once more the Scriptures can be read freely, and men can preach from the Word without fear of persecution. Societies have been formed for printing and distributing the Bible. Great missionary movements have arisen. Livingstone, Carey, Morrison, Judson, and others have stormed the strongholds of heathenism, and have carried high the torch of truth to light the way for others who to this day are piercing the darkness with the to this day are piercing the darkness with the light of the world. In this way has been fulfilled the prophecy given in picture form to the prophet John when he saw three angels flying swiftly through the heavens with messages for the last through the heavens with messages for the last days, calling on men to worship the true God in the one and only way, to beware of false and confusing teaching, and to prepare for the judgment, which is now in progress. While missionaries were preparing the way in heathen countries, in the United States men who loved truth and wanted to worship God were searching the Scriptures to understand the time and God's will. Foremost among these was William Miller, who studied the prophecies given to Daniel, and Miller concluded that the world would come to an end in 1844 Although world would come to an end in 1844. Although right in the date he worked out, he did not understand the event. Later light was given to

show that this date was for the beginning of the great time of judgment for the world.

Assignment 1

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought.

Assignment 2

The First Angel's Message

1. As John the prophet watched the panorama of scenes in the history of God's church on earth, whom did he see? Rev. 14:6.

Note.—"A great religious awakening under the proclamation of Christ's soon coming, is foretold in the prophecy of the first angel's message of Revelation 14."—The Great Controversy, p. 355.

2. What was the message of this angel? Verse 7. first section.

3. What made the message so urgent? Verse 7. middle section.

Assignment 3

Preaching the Judgment Message

4. When was the hour of judgment of the earth to come? Dan. 8:14.

Note.—Daniel was given a vision in which he heard saints talking to one another and sayhe heard saints talking to one another and saying, "Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." Dan. 8:14. Daniel was familiar with the annual service of the cleansing of the sanctuary of the Temple, in which the record of sins confessed was moved from the sanctuary; but neither he nor any other prophet of Bible times understood this prophery which was set for a understood this prophecy, which was set for a period so far in the future. Not till this period came to an end in 1844, was an interest aroused in the mysterious wording of this prophecy. Then William Miller and others with a similar earnestness, studied the Scriptures side by side with history, and they found that the date was right at hand. They understood by the cleansing of the sanctuary that Christ would come to cleanse the earth, however; and it was not until after the day so hopefully anticipated had passed and left them bitterly disappointed, that light came to them, and they were made aware that the cleansing of the sanctuary referred to the judgment of the earth. It is this judgment that is now going on. It is this judgment that the angels want all the world to know about, that all may be prepared, with sins confessed and records clear, ready for Jesus when He comes.

5. What appeal did the angel make to those who heard his message? Rev. 14:7, last part.

Assignment 4

The Second Angel and His Message

6. What scene was next unfolded to John?

7. To what did the angel refer when he announced that Babylon was fallen?

Answer.—After the Flood many were afraid of God, and feared that He might again visit the earth with judgment. They did not believe the beautiful promise that He made and confirmed with the rainbow. (Gen. 9:13-15.) They thought they would find their own way to safety so they erected an enormous tower called the tower of Babel for their own safety. God confused the language of the builders, however, so that they could not understand one another. Babylon comes from the word Babel, and means "confusion." So Babylon in Scriptural language stands for confusion. Those who depart from the stands for confusion. Those who depart from the plain teachings and promises of God's Word and mix ideas and thoughts of many people into a religion are classed with Babylon.
"In the professedly Christian world, many turn away from the plain teachings of the Bible, and build up a creed from human speculations and placing fables, and they critical

lations and pleasing fables; and they point to their tower as a way to climb up to heaven. The existing confusion of conflicting creeds and sects is fitly represented by the term 'Babylon,' which prophecy applies to the world-loving churches of the last days."—Patriarchs and Prophets, p. 124.

Assignment 5

The Third Angel Gives a Warning

What solemn warning did the third angel give? Rev. 14:9-11.

9. To what did he refer when he warned everyone to beware of receiving the "mark of the beast?"

Answer.—"The sign, or seal, of God is revealed in the observance of the seventh-day Sabbath, the Lord's memorial of creation. 'The

Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak thou also unto the children of Israel, saying, Verily My Sabbaths ye shall keep; for it is a sign between Me and you throughout your generations: that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you.' Ex. 31:12, 13. Here the Sabbath is clearly designated as a sign between God and His people.

"The mark of the beast is the opposite of this,—the observance of the first day of the week. This mark distinguishes those who acknowledge the supremacy of the papal authority from those who acknowledge the authority of God."-Testimonies, vol. 8, p. 117.

Assignment 6

Those Who Heed the Warnings

10. When the angels with their messages had vanished from sight, what group of people did John see? Verse 14.

11. What reward will be given to these people who prepare for the judgment, keeping the commandments and worshiping Him in truth and in spirit? Rev. 22:14.

Note.—"John was called to behold a people distinct from those who worship the beast or his image by keeping the first day of the week. The observance of this day is the mark of the beast. John declares, 'Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus.'

"'And the dragon was wroth with the

woman, and went to make war with the rem-nant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.' We are plainly shown that two parties will exist at the appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, In which party do we wish to be found? . . . Should we not all wish to be among that

number who have right to the tree of life, and who enter through the gates into the city?

—Testimonies to Ministers, p. 133.

Assignment 7

Set these words or phrases under the heading to which each belongs:

mark Fear God image is fallen wine of the wrath of God of His indignation everlasting gospel fountains of waters wine Babylon of the wrath of her fornication sea judgment beast that great city.

1st Angel's 2d Angel's 3d Angel's Message Message Message



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HE LISTENING POST *

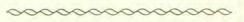
- ☼ Last year hungry American newspaper presses consumed nearly 6,000,000 tons of newsprint, and even so there were shortages.
- More than 97 per cent of the men wounded in World War II survived. Blood plasma is declared to have played a major part in this lifesaving miracle.
- Academy of Engineering Science has been presented to Dr. Gideon Sundback, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, who originated the idea of the zipper.
- O THE world's most expensive picture, Raphael's *Alba Madonna*, which was purchased by the late Andrew W. Mellon in 1931 from the Soviet Government, is now in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.
- To For the first time since World War II, German merchant ships are again flying their national flag. West German Transportation Minister Christoph Seebohm presided at ceremonies that placed the black, red, and gold of the flag of the West German Republic at the foremasts of German merchant vessels.
- THE first countryside postal system in America was a private enterprise set up in 1692. It lost money. Later the U.S. Government took it over, and the first postmaster general after Independence was Benjamin Franklin. The mails have lost money with fair consistency ever since. In the fiscal year beginning next July the prospective loss is \$521,000,000. With this in view serious consideration is being given to increasing rates.
- THE world's first known farmers' bulletin has just been found by an archaeological expedition of the University of Chicago Oriental Institute and the University Museum of Philadelphia. Written in cuneiform script in the Sumerian language on a clay tablet, the instructions to farmers are believed to be 3,700 years old, according to announcement made by Dr. Donald E. McCown, field director of the expedition. The remarkable find was made in Iraq.
- To be of greater service to the community, and at the same time enable young people to go to college who might otherwise be unable to afford it, Rockford College, Illinois, is inaugurating a unique earn-as-you-learn educational system which will get under way this summer. The Rockford plan is unusual in that it is to be a split week, and the students will go to school three days a week and work the other three days. Arrangements have been worked out with Rockford businessmen to employ the college girls on this work-study basis. It will take the girls four and a half years, working and studying during summer sessions as well as the regular semesters, to complete their college programs.

- O DURING its annual cleaning beautiful Morning Glory Pool in Yellowstone National Park was made to eject an amazing collection of objects thrown into it by visitors, and slowly choking it. After the eruption, the park superintendent recently reported, 110 types of objects were collected from the debris. Among them were enough tax tokens to fill a five-pound jar, \$97.34 in coins, several odd pocket pieces, wearing apparel, two Ingersoll watches, pocket knives and combs, whistles, and sunglasses. The eruption of Morning Glory was effected by the use of 12 lines of garden hose, run from the interior of the pool down to Firehole River. The relatively cooler surface water was siphoned off through the hose, and more was removed with scoop shovels. Continued siphoning and bailing brought hotter waters to the surface from still greater depth. Continued release of pressure at the surface caused steam bursts to occur in the superheated waters. These caused the basin to overflow in great volume. Morning Glory Pool is only one of the pools, springs, and geyser vents that require cleaning after the close of the tourist season.
- A Sydney, Australia, scientific equipment store does a good business in Geiger counters these days—each sells for £54 (\$131.20) to persons who hunt for uranium on holidays. The commonwealth government pays a reward to anyone who finds commercial deposits of radioactive minerals, according to a Canadian Press report from Sydney. The Geiger counter is packed in a canvas bag and is carried on the shoulder. It weighs 5 pounds and measures 8½ inches by 3¼ inches.
- THE American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers in St. Louis says that cheaper methods of mining coal and more efficient methods of using the product are two great needs in the U.S. coal industry.

NATIONAL MEDICAL CADET CORPS CAMPS

- * for officer training
 - ★ for basic training
- Area East of the Rocky Mountains
 Grand Ledge, Michigan
 June 5-19, 1951
- Area West of the Rocky Mountains Monterey, California June 24-July 8

LAY PLANS NOW TO ATTEND!



- Scientists are developing a dried mixture of milk and honey as a valuable food.
- ☼ THE 11,600 locker-freeze plants throughout the United States have an estimated 80,000,000 cubic feet of gross storage space for perishable food.
- **©** THE 206-car coal train that hauled 15,000 tons of black diamonds from Ohio and West Virginia into Toledo, Ohio, last September was pulled by two locomotives and was nearly two miles long.
- PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN has signed a bill authorizing a great expansion of the U.S. Navy, including 173 new warships and the modernization of 291 others. One of the new ships in the \$2,000,000,000 program is a 57,000 ton carrier capable of launching bombers for carrying the atomic bomb.
- ② A HOME sewing machine, said to stitch twice as fast as other similar machines and perform other tasks without special attachments, has been invented in Norway, according to the Norwegian Information Service. Besides doing ordinary sewing, it is said, the machine can zigzag, overstitch, buttonhole, and sew on buttons. It is suitable for any type of material and will be put into mass production when arrangements can be made.
- O "Cur out just one sugary item that you customarily eat quite regularly, and you may very well cut down the number of cavities that might develop in your teeth." This is the advice of Dr. Herman Becks, of the University of California College of Dentistry. In a ten-year study he found that tooth decay was sufficiently less when patients abandoned a single high-sugar food, like candy, jam, or ice cream, that they had been accustomed to eating frequently.
- ONE morning a few weeks ago a British jet bomber took off from Ireland to race the sun to America. The ship flashed eight miles into the sky and leveled off at a 500-mile-anhour speed. But storms and head winds slowed the great mechanical bird slightly, and the sun won by an hour and 10 minutes. However, the British bomber had crossed the Atlantic from east to west faster than man ever before had made the trip, and now is being given further tests by the U.S. Air Force.
- THE New York *Times* says that women invariably excel men in spelling according to Norman Lewis, supervisor of reading courses given by City College's School of General Studies. Mr. Lewis has pitted men against women in spelling contests for the past five years, and he has found that "the women are better spellers." Female superiority in spelling, he says, can be explained by two factors: "They store away details more readily than men, and they are more conscious of the appearance of words, as well as clothing and furniture."