



The Youth

INSTRUCTOR



TO BE *P*REPARED

By LAWRENCE E. C. JOERS, M.D.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, the silver-tongued orator, probably ran for the office of President of the United States of America more times than any other candidate. He had many friends and received many votes, yet he was never elected to that high office. The reason was very simple. The majority of voters did not vote for him, and in this case the will of the majority rules.

In spite of this, many of the propositions that Bryan and his followers believed in were accepted, and although this group was in the minority their rights were always protected and their beliefs duly considered.

Every American can thank God that he lives in a land where the desires of the minority are considered and where his beliefs and practices will be protected as long as they are harmless and do not interfere with the rights and privileges of his neighbor.

Now, there are some whose conscience interprets the words "Thou shalt not kill" as a command to them against armed combat in time of war. Because each of these individuals has a consistent conscience, he also interprets the words "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's" as a command to cooperate with his government and his fellow citizens to the best of his ability to defend his nation.

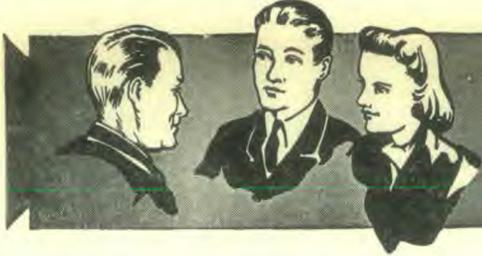
Because they are noncombatant they are called conscientious objectors, and they form a minority group. Even in a land such as America, where the Constitution protects the rights of minorities, the status of noncombatancy is a granted privilege by the representatives of the majority. And for that privilege every one of us should be duly glad and thankful.

Seventh-day Adventists, classified as
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Medical Service Offers the Best Opportunities for Our Conscientious Cooperators, and the Person Who Will Demonstrate That He Is a Consistent Christian Gentleman Will Impress His Superiors That He Is Worthy of Special Considerations

Pinney From Monkmeyer





LET'S TALK IT OVER

PASTOR HENRI EBERHARD, in his book entitled *Parables*, tells the story of a French grandmother who was rearing an orphaned grandchild. He was a jolly little lad and a great comfort to her in many ways, but he had one bad habit. He would steal—anything he wanted—if opportunity offered.

Grandmother tried in every way she knew to break him of this habit, which grew stronger and stronger as the years passed. Finally she decided that something drastic must be done about it.

So one afternoon when he came home from school with bulging pockets she demanded that he empty them. Out came a penknife, a box of pens, rubber bands, jacks, and a rubber ball.

"Where did you get all these things?" grandmother questioned.

No answer was forthcoming, so she put another query: "Who gave them to you?" Still no reply. "Did you find them, Jacques? Tell me, lad!"

So reluctantly the truth came out: "In the schoolboys' pockets and desks."

"Listen," said grandmother sternly, "this simply *must stop!* If ever again you take things out of your pockets and you cannot tell me exactly where you got them, I will do this: I will get a knitting needle, one of those long, pointed ones that I use as I sit under the lamp knitting stockings while you study your lessons in the evening. I will heat it in the fire until it turns red, and leave it there until it turns white. Then I will take your hand, your thieving hand, and I will pierce it with that burning hot needle. Do you understand me, Jacques? And do not forget that I always do what I promise to do."

The unhappy lad understood perfectly. For some time thereafter he came home lighthearted and happy, full of childish talk and plans. But finally his grandmother noticed that his pockets were bulging again when he came from school, though for a while she said nothing. One day, however, Jacques went to pull a handkerchief out of his pocket, and as he did so a knife and two balls rolled to the floor.

Grandmother looked at him sternly and ordered, "Empty your pockets!"

The boy did so, and a number of other articles that she knew were not his fell out.

"Where did you get those things?" she asked.

Jacques did not answer.

"Tell me! Where did you get them?"

Still not a word in reply.

"Unless you answer me, lad, I shall assume that you stole them, and must do what I said I would."

The lad was silent.

So grandmother went after her knitting needle, slipped it into the fire just behind the grate of the open stove. She waited a few moments. The steel reddened, paled, whitened.

"Jacques, give me your hand," she said firmly.

White with fright, the lad held out his hand. His grandmother took it and said: "Listen, so that you may understand the gravity of your wickedness, and never forget it. I do this that you may be cured of stealing, and never again take anything that does not belong to you. Look now!"

Saying this, she loosened the fingers of her grandchild, opened her own hand, and drawing the knitting needle quickly from the fire, plunged it through her own thin palm.

There was a sizzling sound, a slight odor of burning flesh, a thin wisp of smoke. That was all. She drew the needle out again, and showed the little thief her own pierced hand. "Don't take your eyes from it until I give the word," she directed, and for several minutes she kept him close beside her.

Years later the boy, grown to manhood, told the story. "That finished my stealing," he said. "From that day I understood. I realized the seriousness of my offense by what it cost one whom I dearly loved. I saw at a glance the consequence of my act. In the eyes of my grandmother, for a moment overcome with pain which she had borne for me, I discovered that love was needed in self-sacrifice in order to pardon and heal. Never since that day have I touched anything that did not belong to me. Whenever I was tempted I thought instantly of the dear hand pierced for mine, and turned away from the temptation."

"What a barbarous punishment!" someone exclaims. Oh, no, not at all, for wise grandmother fully realized to what an unhappy end even one sin leads. She knew only too well the consequences of moral weakness, such as theft, to allow herself to shrink from applying strong measures

to bring about its eradication. Petty larceny often leads to grave departures from strict honesty. And those who follow this line of action eventually fill our reformatories and prisons. The beginning of such a one's fall may be an insignificant incident, but the end can be terrible disaster.

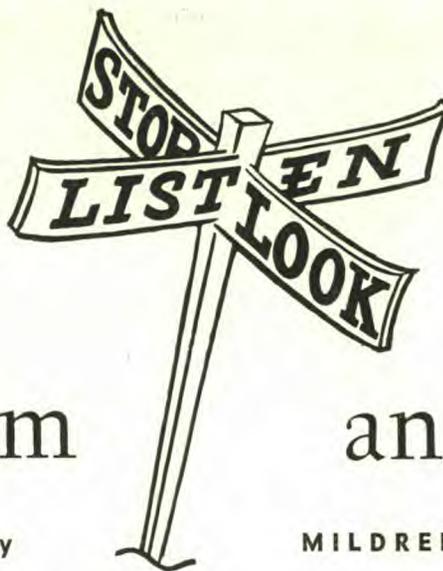
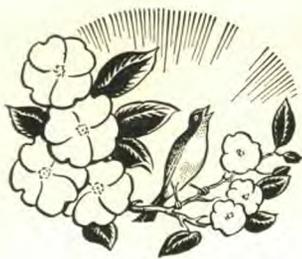
Some years ago a man who had once been a leader in the cause of God and a devoted member of His remnant church became discouraged and gave up the third-angel's-message truth. But as he looks about the tense, troubled world of today and sees prophecies fulfilling on every side, his heart turns to God, and He longs to come back to the way that he knows is the right way of life. To the evangelist to whom he went for help in straightening out some of his perplexing problems he said, "I thought when I took a step away from God and His truth it would be only a step back. I want to tell you that it means *many steps!* But I'm coming back!"

All of us have sinned, and the tragic wages of our sin is death. But, friend o' mine, "there was One who was willing to die" in your stead and mine, that no matter how unworthy we may be we could have hope of eternal life. "And the path to the cross He was willing to tread," that all of our sins might be forgiven and washed away in His precious blood. In other words, He took our sins and died in our stead. The knitting needle that a wise grandmother used to teach a small boy a lesson he never has forgotten is symbolized by Calvary's cross.

A small band of Swiss patriots once marched against an invading force ten times as strong. Confronted in a narrow pass by a solid wall of spears, assault after assault failed. Then they rallied for one more try. Suddenly their leader advanced before them with outstretched arms. He fell dead. But through the breach he had made for his followers they advanced to victory. Just so Christ has made it possible for us to be victorious through His death.

Shall we not accept the wonderful gift that Jesus Christ offers us today? It is ours for the taking. He gave His all for us; can we do less than give our all to Him?

Lora E. Clement



Birding From an Auto

By

MILDRED PRESLEY HOEKSTRA

THE car, with Elizabeth at the wheel, was lazily making its way through the beautiful rolling hills of Maryland. I was fascinated as I watched the changing colorful landscape of fields and woods, for it was spring. Wise in the beauties of nature, Elizabeth would point out views I might have missed.

"Oh, what bird is that?" Elizabeth exclaimed, pulling the car over to the side of the road and coming to a stop so we could better watch the feathered beauty. Almost automatically she reached into the glove compartment for her field glasses. I learned that these were never far away when there was anything interesting in the great out-of-doors that glasses would magnify.

Clearly we could see the yellow gold of the bird's tiny throat, for he was sitting on a telegraph wire bordering the highway, not fifty feet from the car.

"Oh! Oh!" And the excitement in Elizabeth's voice made me strain my eyes to see the little bird better. "It is! It's a horned lark, I do believe! I can see his horns plainly. It is! It is!" she declared firmly as she handed me the field glasses to share her discovery.

"Isn't he beautiful!" Elizabeth continued. "I guessed he was a lark by his build and coloring, but a *horned* lark! That certainly was a surprise. Notice the black markings on his yellow face and the black band above his eyes pointing up in horn-like tufts of feathers. Also see the black V on his breast."

She was excited at the find, and by that time I was too, for the little fellow was showing off from his safe perch high up on the wire. He turned this way and that, and around, to give us a good look at the back of his coat, which was a lovely brown.

Then he began to sing—just a little song, but how his tiny throat vibrated with the thrill of being alive.

Fifteen minutes we sat in the car ad-

miring, learning, and listening as the wee feathered creature delighted his audience with all the aplomb of a veteran entertainer. Then, taking wing, he flew across the road, lighting first on a bush. Then farther and farther he went by flights and runs, our eyes following until he was a mere speck.

"Oh, what a privilege!" we both breathed.

Roger Tory Peterson's *A Field Guide to the Birds* was something else I learned Elizabeth kept in the glove compartment of her car. Out it now came. From it we saw a picture of our lark and read something of his habits.

"I never dreamed one could study birds from the windows of a car. Is it unusual

for a bird watcher to get this close?" I asked.

"No," she said, smiling at my enthusiasm. "Birds do not seem to be afraid of cars, and sometimes I have been able to drive up very close before they became alarmed. Fern Bell, an active member of the Audubon Society, was the first to tell me of the possibilities of birding from a car," Elizabeth explained. "She used to take her mother out birding every time she had an opportunity, and how they both enjoyed it! It was difficult for Mrs. Bell to walk much, but walking was not necessary when the birds could be found along the road simply by watching for them from the car. Many times they invited me to share these good times with them, and I



Courtesy U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey

Over in a Tree Near the Farmhouse the Mourning Dove Sat Facing Us, Its Breast a Soft, Pearly Gray White

found birding from a car as exciting a way of studying birds as any I had tried, and certainly not so tiring.

"It seems that birds are not afraid of cars, but I cannot tell why. However, if you get out of the car, they quickly disappear, even though you do not move about. It is also a delightful and easy way of initiating a newcomer into the pleasures of birding," Elizabeth commented, looking at me with a twinkle in her eye, for she was teaching me to know birds better.

I made many new friends in birdland that day, for Elizabeth delighted in finding different birds for me to see, all from the comfortable seat of a car. It was a wonderful experience for one who had been able to identify only the most common members of the bird family. Elizabeth could recognize the more exclusive cousins of the ones I knew, as well as many I had never known existed.

We drove through small old Maryland towns with quaint names such as Unity, Washington Grove, Triadelphia, and Damascus, the road winding among green fields, meadows, woods, and hurrying streams.

Near Unity, Elizabeth stopped the car with the excited announcement, "A sparrow hawk!" and another reach for her glasses.

The only hawks I had ever seen, principally chicken hawks, were all large birds. I looked closely in the trees and on the fences to see anything that answered my mental picture of a sparrow hawk, but in vain.

"See, right up there," she directed, pointing to the telephone wires at the side of the highway. There sat a bird about eleven inches long—not much bigger than a robin.

"Why, it's a small bird!" I exclaimed, stretching myself for a better look.

"Yes, the sparrow hawk *is* a small bird—but a cruel one. Last summer I surprised one on my balcony finishing up one of the little song sparrows I had been feeding. His beak was still covered with feathers. I have never liked sparrow hawks much since," she stated firmly. "But they are interesting," she conceded. "Their wings are longer and narrower than the robin's, as you will see when this one flies. After we get a good look at him I will get out of the car, and then you can watch him fly.

"Aren't we fortunate to have the sun at our backs, so we can see him clearly? See, his back is a reddish brown, something like the color of the brown thrasher. This bird must be the male, for I believe the female has a duller coat. I wish he would turn around."

As if he could hear her and understand, he obeyed her wish.

"There, see him now!" she exclaimed. "Doesn't his face look like a parrot's?"

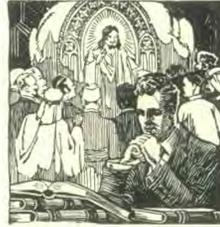
And it did, with the oddest black markings.

"See how his tail jerks as he swings on

the wire. That is why he is known as one of the tail bobbers."

Just then we spied another, and another, on the other side of the road but farther away, and there was one flying, making it unnecessary, after all, to leave the car for a sight of a sparrow hawk in flight motion.

Just at that moment a soft, cooing, rather mournful sound came to our ears.



I Cannot Fail

By MARY GUSTAFSON

I look to Thee, dear Father,
For strength to meet this day,
For power to shun temptation—
To follow in Thy way.

I look to Thee, my Saviour,
For all my hourly need;
Look down on me with pity
And daily manna feed.

I lift my plea to Thee, Lord,
O may it not be vain;
Take all my sinful nature;
Let sweet forgiveness reign.

Teach me, guide, and comfort
Through all the rock-filled trail,
For when you walk beside me
I know I cannot fail.



"Do you know what that is?" Elizabeth asked me.

"It sounds like a mourning dove," I replied, "but I have never seen one—just heard its call in the evening. Where do you suppose it is?"

"Look over in that tree near the farmhouse," she pointed. And there the dove sat facing us, its breast a soft, pearly gray. With its gentle voice, slim body, and graceful small neck it was like an angel of the bird family.

A little farther on, the woods beside the road became alive with the trebles and trills of wordless songs as dozens of warblers called back and forth. How we did

enjoy their music, but we also wanted to see the artists. They must not have been giving a dress performance, however, for they remained hidden behind the curtain of leaves in the tops of the trees. We did discover one member of the party but a few feet away. He must have thought himself well hidden by his camouflaged coat, and remained intently still, watching, watching—not singing a note. As we moved he flew away, but we had already identified him as a myrtle warbler. After about five minutes the woods lost much of its music. The birds had left for another engagement.

Across from the woods in a freshly plowed field a voice took up a loud chant: "Dee, dee, dee, dee." My eyes searched in vain, so well was the owner of the voice camouflaged. But Elizabeth pointed him out, and with the aid of binoculars I saw his attire for the first time.

"Why, he looks like a little convict with his black-and-white stripes," I thought out loud.

Elizabeth laughed. "The stripes do make his suit look like a convict's," she agreed. "That is a killdeer, but usually you will hear him say more than just 'Dee, dee, dee.' His song is more like 'Kill dee' or 'Kill deeah.'"

A movement in the honeysuckle nearby attracted our attention. How surprised we were to find an orchard oriole swinging on a reed by the side of the road. He is the lovely cousin of the Baltimore oriole with chestnut brown markings where the Baltimore oriole is orange gold. As we watched we were surprised by a whirl of wings, and a Baltimore oriole flew up in front of us to an apple tree on the other side of the road. With him was a little pale-yellow and brown bird. We could hardly believe she was his mate, for she looked so different. However, Peterson's handbook proved to us by picture and description that she also was a Baltimore oriole.

We left the little birds preening their feathers as our car took to the road again. We traveled on slowly, watching intently, especially telephone wires and fence posts ahead.

Soon our road took us over a quaint rustic bridge, and here we found our next prize. Downstream was a sand bar where grasses had sprung up. On it, walking up and down and bobbing ridiculously, a thrushlike bird moved back and forth. But what could it be? Even Elizabeth had never seen one like it before.

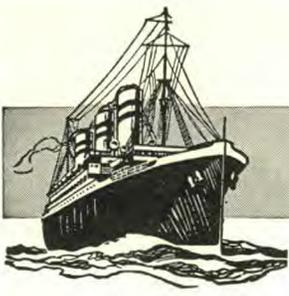
In my ignorance of birds belonging to this locality I exclaimed, "Perhaps it is a Louisiana water thrush!"

"It may be a northern water thrush," Elizabeth pointed out, without telling me outright that I must be mistaken.

But I was persistent. "It looks like the pictures of the Louisiana water thrush in the book."

"Yes, it does," Elizabeth agreed, "but in

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LET'S GO ABROAD!

PART THREE

The Charm of Paris

By LOUISE OLSEN WALTHER

PARIS is the mecca of all travelers going abroad, and its charm becomes more irresistible with every visit. Paris is, by common consent, the capital of all Europe. The tourist who goes abroad usually goes first to Paris, and no one would think of returning without having seen it.

And yet, to the visitor who arrives for the first time Paris may be a disappointment. First, there is the question of language. In London, for instance, in spite of a difference in accent, one feels quite at home because he can read the signs, understand the menus, inquire about directions, and so on. But in Paris one is suddenly plunged into a bewildering sea of strange sounds, signs, and sights. Second, there is the question of directions. Paris is a huge city with many different *quartiers*, which are often confusing to the newcomer. Thus instead of making the most of the opportunity to see the wonders and beauties of the city, one is apt to waste much of his time struggling with the language and trying to find his way around, and never become acquainted with the real Paris or feel its charm. For Paris does have a charm, and those who really know her love her, not as a city, but as something more personal, almost as an individual, a person.

The first time I arrived in Paris was an unforgettable experience. As we pulled into the railway station (there is not one central station but several that form a ring around the city) we heard a great commotion. Porters and officials were shouting and yelling and running about—we wondered whether there was a fire or an accident. Alighting as quickly as we could, we hurried out to investigate. But nothing out of the way had happened. We were merely in France now, and the French have a way of getting excited. They are a vivacious, temperamental people.

After years of living in France I still marvel at the Frenchman's capacity for getting excited when there is nothing in the world to be excited about. But I try to remember, as a French woman once said

to me, that "*les français aiment à s'agiter.*" (French people like to get excited.)

Once you are settled in your hotel or *pension* (a small but respectable place where the prices are usually much lower than in the big hotels), you are ready to set out to enjoy Paris. One of the first things you will probably wish to do is to find our Seventh-day Adventist church and headquarters. But wait a minute—do you have a map? Whatever you do and wherever you go, and even if you have someone to show you around, by all means get a map of Paris and become familiar with it. The best kind is a map with the subway (*métro*) lines on one side and a picture map on the other side. Here you can quickly grasp the location of the important points, and then see how to reach them. The subway in Paris is considered the best in the world, and in the large stations a unique system of maps with tiny multi-colored lights enables you by pressing a button to determine exactly what train to

take and where to change in order to reach your destination.

There are doubtless certain things that you wish to see and do, and you can let your wishes be your guide. But in order to help you get your bearings, here are a few suggestions: The Place de l'Opéra (named for the Opera house there) is considered the geographical center of the city. It is to Paris what Times Square is to New York; and more subways, busses, taxis, and cars cross the Place de l'Opéra than anywhere else in the city. From both sides of the Opera extend the famed boulevards of Paris. Near the Opera one finds a post office, various steamship and travel agencies (including the American Express, which is the tourist's best information booth abroad), and several large department stores, not to mention the famous Café de la Paix, where one can buy a *limonade* and sit all day or night, if he wishes, watching the sidewalk parade. Within this area you will probably be able to transact most of your business, and no matter where you are staying you can always get a subway to the Opera.

And now to see the sights. Leaving the Place de l'Opéra, one joins the crowds leisurely walking down the boulevards—the favorite pastime of the Parisians—toward the Place de la Madeleine, named for the large church by that name. On the way you pass the Rallye, the largest restaurant in Paris, where you can get a good meal à la carte very reasonably almost any hour of the day or night. After a few moments' rest inside the church you turn to the left and arrive at the Place de la Concorde, the huge square formerly called the Place de la Révolution, where stood the guillotine in the days of the French Revolution. Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and hundreds of others were beheaded here. An obelisk which Napoleon brought back from Egypt now stands there instead of the



André Leconte

Place de l'Opéra (Named for the Opera House There) Is Considered the Geographical Center of the City

guillotine. Incidentally, just off this place is the American Consulate.

This Place de la Concorde is another point that is sometimes considered the center of Paris, for it stands in the middle of that wide stretch which extends in a straight line for three or four miles from the Arc de Triomphe down to the Place de la Bastille, and if you become acquainted with all that is in between, you will know a great deal about Paris!

From the Place de la Concorde toward the west extends the Champs Elysées, the most famous of all the streets of Paris, at the end of which stands the Arc de Triomphe, no less famous. On fine Sunday afternoons all Paris turns out to walk up and down this broad tree-lined avenue (250 feet wide and a mile and a half long).

You may wish to do so too, passing some of the famous dressmaking establishments and going up to the Arc de Triomphe on the Place de l'Etoile, rightly named the Place of the Star, since from it there radiate twelve streets and avenues. Under the Arc de Triomphe, built to celebrate the return of Napoleon's victorious armies, burns the undying flame on the tomb of the unknown soldier of France.

Returning to the Place de la Concorde, you go east up the Rue de Rivoli with its interesting arcaded shops on one side and the Tuileries Garden on the other side. Or you can walk through the Tuileries, on paths once trod by royalty but where children now run and play and take donkey rides, or ride the squeaky but beloved old hand-pumped merry-go-round. At the

other end, beyond the little Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, you arrive at the immense and imposing buildings of the Louvre Museum, which you will probably return to visit more than once during your stay in Paris.

The Louvre, formerly a royal palace, is so large and has so many galleries that you are lost in its maze unless you know some definite things you wish to see. Among the best known masterpieces are the *Mona Lisa* painting by Leonardo da Vinci, the *Venus of Milo* statue, and the *Winged Victory of Samothrace*. Whistler's *Mother* is also here. *The Gleaners*, by Millet, together with all the French works of art, is in a separate building. These are but a beginning—there are more artistic treasures gathered in the Louvre than in any other place in the world.

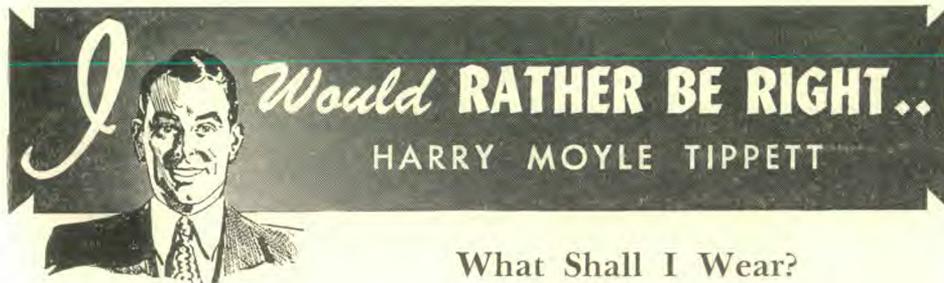
Continuing along the Rue de Rivoli, you pass some large department stores and arrive at a fine old building on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville (Town Hall), where you can turn and cross the Seine River, which winds leisurely through Paris. In the middle of the river is the Ile de la Cité, the original site of the city of Paris, on which is Notre Dame Cathedral. After a stop at this huge edifice (it holds seven thousand people) and a look at its beautiful stained-glass windows and its ugly grinning devils in stone, you can cross over to the left bank of the Seine, where you will surely want to browse awhile in the picturesque old bookstalls along the walk. Then if you wish, you can wander up to the Latin quarter, where the students live along the boulevards St. Michel and St. Germain or in the narrow, twisting back streets. Here also is the renowned Sorbonne University, as well as the lovely Luxembourg Gardens, where the children sail their sailboats on the pond and where there is an exquisite piece of statuary at the Medicis fountain. From there, you could go to the Invalides, where Napoleon is buried and where you will find many of his relics.

Last, but not least, on this suggested tour is the Eiffel Tower. Although the Parisians themselves rarely ascend the tower, most visitors go there first of all for its fine over-all view of the city. I would recommend going there *after* becoming somewhat acquainted with the city, rather than before, for it is more interesting when one can pick out and recognize different points of interest.

Another beautiful view of Paris, especially at night, is from the church of Sacré Coeur in Montmartre. On a hill overlooking the city rise its gleaming white towers, in startling contrast to the gray old houses with countless chimney-pot roofs all around. Picturesque Montmartre, of course, is the artists' quarter of Paris.

I have not yet mentioned the woods in the outskirts of Paris, especially the Bois de Boulogne not far from the Arc de Triomphe, nor have I mentioned the royal palaces in the nearby vicinity. One

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What Shall I Wear?

IN COUNTLESS homes the problem of what to wear is the question uppermost in the minds of people planning for this or that social occasion. There is a feeling of poise and self-assurance in knowing that one is not only conventionally attired for the street, for church, or for business, but that he is by all accepted standards well dressed. Appropriate dressing calls for harmony in the ensemble and suitability to the personality.

We should be equally concerned over how we dress our public speech and conversation. Ignorance of proper forms may be some excuse, but certainly there is no excuse for carelessness. Sometimes we wear something in our dress ensemble so long because it is comfortable that before we know it the fraying and other signs of constant wear are noticeable. Likewise, in speech there are some forms people have used because they find them easy of access, but which, because they are on everybody's tongue, lose their original appeal.

Here are some suggestions as to how worn-out or faded phrases may be remodeled for sharper application to the need in the instances in which they are used:

1. There is a *crying need* for greater government economy.
Why not say *crucial need*? It is not so lachrymal, but it is more exact.
2. *As luck would have it*, his friend was waiting at the depot.
It would sound less provincial to say, "*It was his good fortune to find his friend waiting for him at the depot.*"
3. I assert this *without fear of contradiction*.
It would appear less like whistling in the dark and more persuasive to say, "*It is my well-considered opinion that this matter is as I have stated it.*"
4. These facts are the *unvarnished truth*.
Let us give this tarnished figure a little legal luster, "*These facts are incontestable evidence in the case.*"
5. The *last sad rites* were performed by his pastor.
This phrase is mildewed sentiment. Its frequent substitute, *obsequies*, is a starchy euphemism. Why not say it simply? "*The funeral service was conducted by his pastor*"; or, if you must be different, "*The ritual for the dead was read by Dr. Jones.*"
6. Miss White *rendered* a vocal solo.
It is amusing to know that the original meaning of *render* was to "inflict by requital." We have all been inflicted with soloists now and then, but good news-writing suggests the more simple and exact, "*Miss White sang 'O Promise Me.'*"

Hymns My Grandmother Loved

By ELLA M. ROBINSON

(Granddaughter of Ellen G. White)

ON THE table beside me lies a dear old book, not *the* dear old Book, but one which, in my childhood days, was its constant companion wherever the Advent and Sabbath message was proclaimed. It bears the title *Hymns and Tunes*, and this particular copy is dated 1886. As I take it in hand and reverently leaf through its well-worn pages, voices speak to me out of the dim past.

I hear the choir in the old Battle Creek Tabernacle singing, "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised," or, "Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; . . . make me to walk in the path of thy commandments."

And now again I seem to be in Australia, where my father's family have moved to be with Grandma White. On this particular occasion a group of industrial students and workmen have gathered Sabbath morning in the loft of the sawmill, which is transforming the mighty eucalyptus trees on the Avondale estate into timber for the school buildings. Grandma is the speaker. The chorister has announced hymn number 1279, "Jesus Is Passing." Next we join in singing:

"Crowded is your heart with cares,
Have you no room for Jesus?"

The concluding song is probably one of the old favorites. Perhaps—

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!"

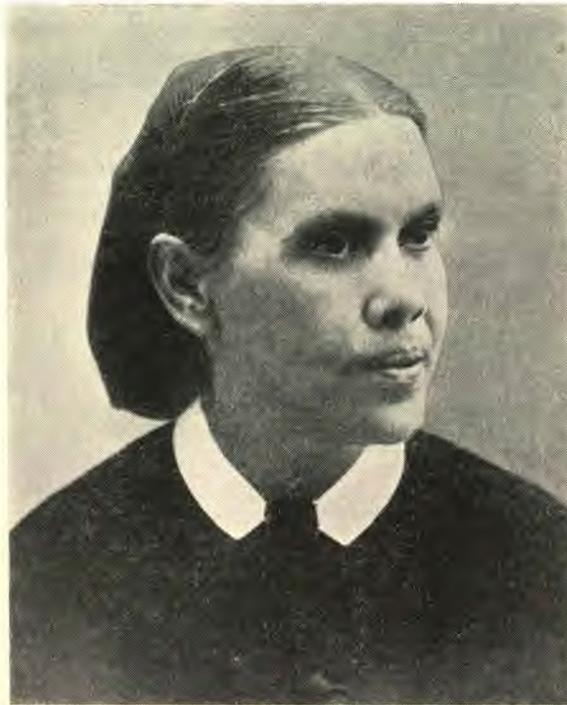
Then, as we wend our various ways along narrow paths, over logs and ditches, to our tents or temporarily constructed homes, we may hear, coming from other groups, the strains:

"We'll live in tents until our feet
Shall reach the land by sin untrod."

And we send back the answer:

"Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love."

We knew most of the hymns in the old book, even though they numbered more than a thousand, for did not we sing one of them every morning and another every



"When the Singing Is Such That Angels Can Unite With the Singers, an Impression Is Made on Minds That Singing From Unsanctified Lips Cannot Make"

evening as a part of the family worship! And for fear of missing something choice, we took them as they came, beginning with "Old Hundred," and ending up with "The Burial of Mrs. Judson."

Some of them we knew by heart, and could sing without the book. Sometimes, while jogging along the country road with horse and carriage, grandma would strike up a familiar tune, and we children would join with her. We would often sing together, "In the glad time of harvest, in the grand millennial year." She loved the joy of this song, and she said that there were strains in it that reminded her of some of the angel songs she had heard in heavenly vision.

There was one quaint old song that she would sometimes sing, and that we would sing with her, although I never memorized it all the way through. It had seven long stanzas, and began:

"I saw a way-worn traveler,
In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain;
It seemed that he was sad;

"His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
He shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

"Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory we shall bear."

The song went on to picture the traveler climbing the mountain in the heat of the day, his eyes dim and heavy. Finally, his journey done, it tells us in stanza five that he lay down, and the blinds were closed around him, there to rest undisturbed until his best Friend should come.

"Hope made for him a pillow,
And faith, a garment rare,
To keep him in his slumbers
Till Jesus should appear."

The part we enjoyed singing best was—

"Then when the light of morning
Broke in his little room,
He rose, and cried, Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!"

Years later, in St. Helena, California, when errands sent us young folks from our house to the Elms-haven home, we would sometimes hear grandma singing as she moved about in her room to rest herself after periods of writing. Softly we would tiptoe down the long hall, and listen at her door to hear the strains of "Jesus, lover of my soul!" or perhaps, "We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,— for Jesus who died, and is now gone above," or, "When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of glory died," or, "Beulah Land."

Her voice was sweet and full of feeling, though sometimes a little plaintive, as she sang:

"When faint and weary toiling,
The sweat-drops on my brow,
I long to rest from labor,
To drop the burden now,—
There comes a gentle chiding,
To quell each mourning sigh:
'Work while the day is shining;
There's resting by-and-by.'"

Or perhaps the old general favorite:

"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,

Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Far out in the desert he heard its cry,—
Fainting and helpless, and ready to die,
Fainting and helpless, and ready
to die."

Usually grandma chose the more cheerful hymns, and of these some of her favorites were:

"There is sunlight on the hilltop,
There is sunlight on the sea;
And the golden beams are sleeping,
On the soft and verdant lea;
But a richer light is filling
All the chambers of my heart;
For thou dwellest there, my Saviour;
And 'tis sunlight where thou art."

"Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of today,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way."

"O the beautiful hills where the saints will
rest,
When the Lord has made all things new;
Where we shall forget, in the smiles of God,
The toils we have journeyed through.
We have seen those hills in their brightness
rise
By the eye of faith below,
And we've felt the thrill of immortal eyes
In the night of our darkest woe."

Other favorites of hers were "Just as I am,
without one plea," and "In the sweet by
and by."

"I will never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake;
I will guide, and save, and keep thee,
For my name and mercy's sake:
Fear no evil, fear no evil,
Only all my counsel take."

When material was being gathered for the book *Hymns and Tunes*, Grandma tried to recall a song that she used to hear sung in girlhood. The tune came to her readily, but for days the words eluded her. Then one morning, upon waking, she sat up in bed and sang without hesitation the six stanzas of the quaint story-song, "Dream of Pilate's Wife." Later she repeated it to her son Edson, who incorporated it in the new hymnal. It appears as number 1394 in the book.

At Elmshaven her family of helpers, including typists, stenographers, and editors, with the bookkeeper and the housekeeper, would gather morning and evening in the large living room. First a hymn was sung; then Mrs. White would read an appropriate selection from the Bible, and lead out in prayer, inviting those who wished to do so to follow. No matter how much important work was piled up, or how hurried the members of the family might be, preparing for guests, there was always time to sing. One evening an important social affair prompted some of the members to try to shorten the evening worship by

omitting the hymn. But when grandma heard the suggestion she looked up with a half-puzzled, half-pained smile, and asked, "Do we not have time tonight to worship the Lord in song?" At the evening hour the hymns were often memorized. The hymn was first sung through. Then one verse at a time was read, and each member of the family would try to repeat it.

One of the favorites in those days was a hymn written by W. H. Hyde just after he had heard Ellen Harmon (White) relate her first vision of the new earth. It was not long after the disappointment of 1844, when many, in the bitterness of their

**"The rung of the ladder
was never meant to rest upon, but
only to hold a man's foot long
enough to enable him to put the
other one higher."**

sorrow, were tempted to wonder whether the Bible was truly a message from the loving Father of all, whether there was a Saviour who was preparing a home for His people and was coming to take them to that home. But after witnessing Mrs. White in vision, and after hearing her describe the glories of the new earth, he was so thrilled that he sat down and wrote:

"We have heard from the bright, the holy
land,
We have heard and our hearts are glad;
For we were a lonely pilgrim band,
And weary, and worn, and sad."

The early Advent hymns grew out of experiences of struggle and triumph, and their singing led to glorious experiences in the daily life. It was a common custom in those days to sing, not only at the worship hour and at church service, but at other times while going about our daily tasks. We sang while walking through the woods and while going to and from meetings and social gatherings. When on outings in the country we often sang one or two songs after the dinner, which was spread on the ground, before beginning the afternoon recreations. We sang everywhere and at all times. We woke up with, "Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear my voice ascending high" and went to sleep with, "Sweet hour of prayer," two other of grandma's favorites.

We had to provide our own music in those days, and we chose the heavenly songs. There were no radios to interrupt with cheap, meaningless, and vulgar jazz. How often I have heard grandma say,

"Children, we must learn to sing the songs of Zion here if we would join the angel choir yonder."

There were few professionally trained singers among Seventh-day Adventists in those days. It always tried grandma's soul to witness any exhibition of theatrical vocalizing, which is so often accompanied by self-conscious mannerisms and dress display. She held that the classroom rather than the church was the proper place for the exercise of vocal talent; yet she welcomed as a fitting part of divine worship sweet, melodious songs well sung by those whose hearts were touched with the love of God.

Here before me is a letter that grandma wrote to a Sabbath school superintendent regarding a Christmas program given by his Sabbath school. After expressing her pleasure over the beautiful setting of a lighthouse and ship at sea, she suggested ways by which the exercises might have been improved. She questioned the value of two poetical recitations given on the program. Then she said: "The singing was after the order we would expect it to be in any theatrical performance, but not one word to be distinguished. . . . If the precious hymns had been sung 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee,' and 'Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly, while the billows near me roll, while the tempest still is high!' Whose souls were inspired with new and fresh zeal for the Master in those songs sung?"

From another letter I quote, "When the singing is such that angels can unite with the singers, an impression is made on minds that singing from unsanctified lips cannot make."

Lifting from the library shelf volume 1 of *Testimonies for the Church*, I read: "The nearer the people of God can approach to correct, harmonious singing, the more is He glorified, the church benefited, and unbelievers favorably affected."

"I have been shown the order, the perfect order, of heaven, and have been enraptured as I listened to the perfect music there. After coming out of vision, the singing here has sounded very harsh and discordant. I have seen companies of angels, who stood in a hollow square, everyone having a harp of gold. At the end of the harp was an instrument to turn to set the harp or change the tunes. Their fingers did not sweep over the strings carelessly, but they touched different strings to produce different sounds. There is one angel who always leads, who first touches the harp and strikes the note, then all join in the rich, perfect music of heaven. It cannot be described. It is melody, heavenly, divine, while from every countenance beams the image of Jesus, shining with glory unspeakable."

The sweet influence of Zion's songs is like a breath of heaven in the home. Slowly, imperceptibly, such music works

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D.P. Means Delayed Pilgrim

By PAUL K. FREIWIRTH

MY DEAR sister, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit."

It was a high day for the New York German church recently when twelve persons followed their Lord in the sacred rite of baptism. While the congregation was singing "Just as I am, without one plea" another sister was stepping out of the watery grave to walk in the new life of Christ. But did I say "another sister"? She was that, to be sure, but the story of how she found the Saviour and this precious Bible truth is not just *another* interesting experience. It is a thrilling account of God's overruling providence.

Born in a little village in Central Europe, this daughter was the only child who came to brighten the home of an orthodox Jewish family. Since she was reared according to the strictest traditions

of her ancestors, she had been taught from earliest childhood to regard the Christians' Jesus as the cause of all the troubles her people had suffered during the centuries following the Diaspora (dispersion) of 70 A.D. after the destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem by Titus.

At an early age Sara married and went to live in another village where her husband owned a store, and she kept house. They were soon blessed by the arrival of two girls and a boy. Their life would have been considered primitive by many, but they were able to satisfy all known material wants.

In that part of Europe many Jews lived in the traditional ghettos, and thus had almost no dealings with those not of their faith. The chances that one of these people would learn the truth of their Messiah were very slim, even if somehow the desire found its way into their hearts, for the wrath of their elders had not decreased since the days of Pilate.

Shortly before the outbreak of World War II a Ukrainian traveling salesman, a Baptist, skillfully led a business conversation to what he believed was his most important business—sharing his Saviour with those who knew Him not. He

failed to pierce the wall of prejudice that had been built up for years in the heart of his listener, and went away disappointed. He could not have known, however, that his few but well-chosen words kept returning to the mind of Sara.

"There must be something behind this man's zeal," she told herself many times. She almost felt a desire to find out more about this Jesus, but fear of her elders and the cares of this life slowly killed the little interest that had been aroused.

With the fall of 1939 World War II came, and the first occupation of her town, and things continued almost as they were before, until a fateful day in June, 1941. On this day the tide of war turned. A hysterical panic was the first reaction in the Jewish quarters. The local authorities calmed the people with the assurance that there would be no retreat, and a short period of normalcy set in once more.

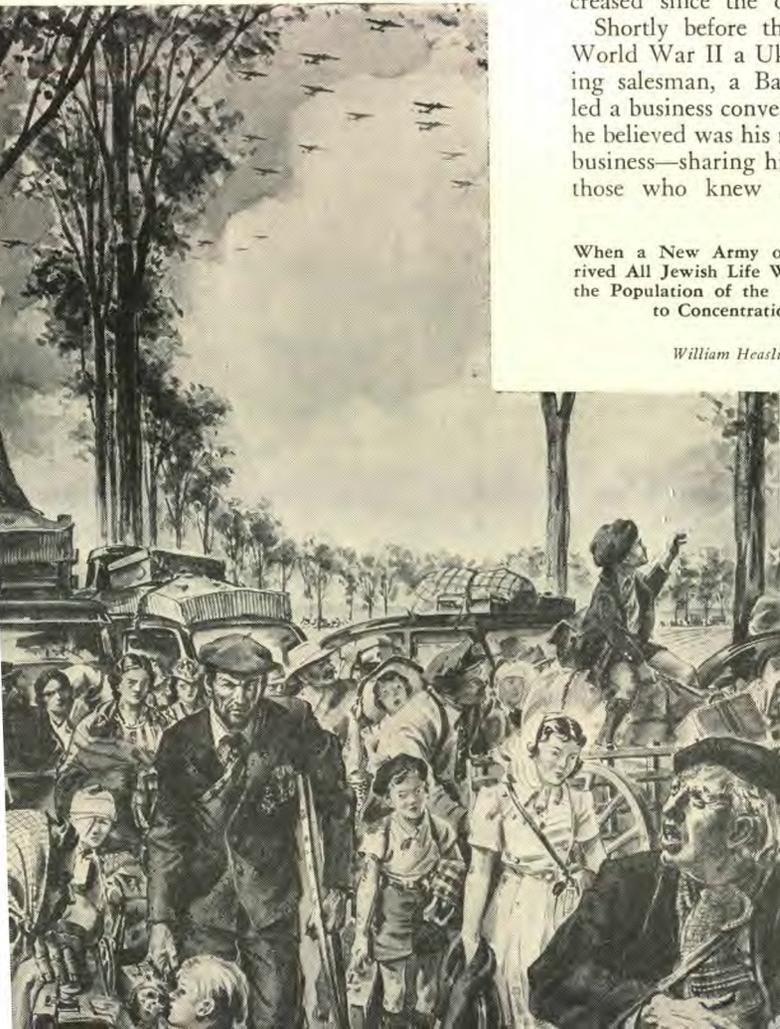
However, it was only the calm before the storm. On July 1 the army occupying that area retreated, and three days later the new enemy army of occupation arrived. All Jewish life was immediately disrupted, and the population of the ghetto was sent to concentration camps.

The next four years were a veritable nightmare for Sara. Her husband and son were torn from her, never to be heard from again. For a short period she and her two girls existed on the insufficient diet of thirty grams of bread and one-half liter of thin, half-cooked soup daily. Deaths in the camp due to malnutrition, and diseases caused by it, ran into the hundreds every week, and the harvest of the grim reaper was augmented by the physical brutality of the military. Soon the two daughters succumbed, and the grief of this bereaved mother was indescribable. Looking back on these harrowing days, she knows that only the watchcare of a loving heavenly Father sustained the life in her pitifully emaciated body.

Miraculously she was able to escape. Nine long and bitterly cold months she spent in the forests and fields hiding from the sadistic devices of her people's ruthless persecutors. Many times she escaped detection by seconds, and she had to hide in the most despicable places. The wild growths of the forest somehow sustained her life. At one time she was given a little dry bread by a peasant woman, but the price was several of her gold teeth.

When a New Army of Occupation Arrived All Jewish Life Was Disrupted and the Population of the Ghettos Was Sent to Concentration Camps

William Heaslip, Artist



Her wanderings brought her one day to two young shepherd girls who spent their spare time preaching the Christian religion in the surrounding villages. They also held Bible studies and prayer meetings, which this lost sheep from the house of Israel attended and found peace and a new hope, although she did not yet confess Jesus. She grew to love and trust these two youthful evangelists, and was on the verge of coming to the Lord, when a bitter disappointment hardened her heart again. She had asked the two girls to hide some of the few belongings she had been able to rescue, and when she wanted them back they denied having ever received anything. Old suspicions about Gentiles, or Christians (the Jews do not distinguish between the two), revived, and the Messiah they professed

to believe in lost His loveliness to her.

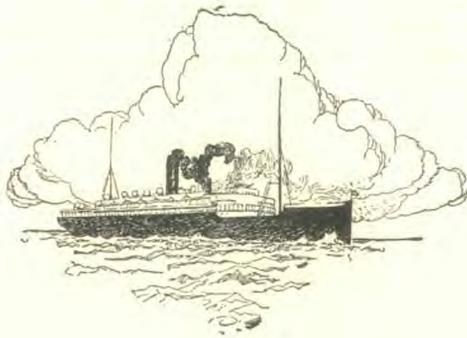
But when one of His instruments fails God has others ready. A kindly Christian farmer's wife gave Sara shelter for a while, and presented Jesus not only with her words but also through her life. A heavenly joy filled Sara's heart as she finally listened to the Saviour's pleadings, as well as she knew how.

The next great problem was the rapid shift in the battle line. It was well known that both sides disregarded the welfare of civilians caught in the cross fire. The promise of the Word of God was fulfilled in her life: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall

the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God."

When V-E day finally rolled around Sara was one of the few to survive the fate of most of her people. She found the uncomfortable life of the Displaced Persons camp almost enjoyable in comparison with the experience of the last few years. There she met and married a man who, under circumstances similar to the ones she had experienced, had lost his wife and two children. He did not share her faith, but laid no obstacles in her way, and she slowly grew in grace and knowledge.

In the early spring of 1949 the newlyweds started for America. The rough ocean voyage proved a hard ordeal for Sara, and she spent all the time, except the last day,
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Sea Hymns

PART TWO

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

By NANCY GILDERSLEEVE

SHALL we tie up here at the Campbell River boat basin for the night?" queried my husband as we were passing near this little coastal town. "Or shall we go on? There are still three hours of daylight left."

It was December 22. We were returning from colportearing along a more northern part of the British Columbia coast, and we were eager to be home for Christmas. Three hours more of travel would bring us to Comox harbor and much closer to our home port.

It would be dusk when we reached the Comox bar, a treacherous stretch of shoaly water that we never before had navigated. But after consulting our chart we decided it should not be too hard. All we would have to do would be to pass Cape Lazo Lighthouse, line up the light buoy with the lower shore beacons, then head straight across.

The sea was calm, so we decided to go on.

What we had not reckoned on was a sudden storm that arose when we were still halfway from our destination. This retarded us greatly. We had to slow down

the engine so as not to pound our little craft too hard in the waves. Night came on, dark and moonless.

"We'll take it easy, and we'll make it yet," assured my husband. "See, there is Cape Lazo Light now," he added as we rounded a headland.

In spite of high seas and our slow pace, we finally crawled past the lighthouse. We now were in position to line up the light and set a course across the bar. Then we would be safe in calm waters.

But it just seemed that we could not get into the right position to see those lights. We examined our chart, read the compass, peered into the darkness. One light we saw bravely blinking, but we had to see two of them before we could angle across the bar on the one and only safe course.

It was quite terrifying to be out there in the darkness with high seas breaking all around and our little craft being tossed and rolled about. We felt small and puny! We were glad to be able to call on an all-powerful heavenly Father, who could calm the storm or take us safely through, according to His will.

After wallowing around in the boisterous waves, vainly trying to discover the right passage, we began to realize by the position of the Cape Lazo Light that we were drifting inshore toward the shoals and breakers. My husband felt impressed that the best thing to do was to turn around and go back to Campbell River.

It was a great relief to be sailing with the storm. Our boat rode it nicely. The big waves pushed us from behind, hurrying us on our way.

Several hours later we tied up in the quiet boat basin at Campbell River, picked up an assorted collection of our things from the floor, mopped up the salt water that had pounded through the hatches, and with a prayer of thankfulness sank wearily into our bunks.

Later from the navigation news we learned that one of the lights across the Comox bar had been out for the best part of a week. One of the "lower lights" had not been burning! How the lesson struck home to my heart! Into my mind flashed the words of the well-known hymn written by P. P. Bliss:

"Brightly beams our Father's mercy,
From His lighthouse evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore."

God has called us to be His "lower lights." What a privilege! What a responsibility!

There had been Cape Lazo Lighthouse, steady and sure, throwing its warning beams afar into the darkness, but we could not make the quiet harbor that night because one of the "lower lights" had not been burning.

Will some storm-tossed sailor be lost because I fail to keep my light burning? Will your light be out when it is most needed? O friend—

"Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling
seaman
You may rescue, you may save."

ADVENT YOUTH IN ACTION



Union College

Arnold V. Wallenkampf, Reporting

Union College, the college of the golden cords, on the broad Midwestern plains, welcomed Pastor E. W. Dunbar, world leader of Advent youth, as the director of its spiritual activities during its recent spring devotional week. Pastor Dunbar presented themes on Christian faith, and integrated these with varied life activities and conditions illustrated by experiences of fellow youth whom he had met in his travels at home and abroad.

His youthful audience was challenged to greater achievements of Christian living. As opportunity was offered, the audience renewed its consecration to God and to the completion of the unfinished task. Well-nigh the entire body of youth came up to the microphone to testify to its determination to stand for and live for the Captain of their salvation until the sojourn here on earth is gloriously climaxed by the coming King.

While at Union College, Pastor Dunbar also met the two Central Union Conference delegates to the coming Paris Youth's Congress: Mrs. Del Jean Wolfe, of Topeka, Kansas, representing the Central Union, and Mr. Bobby Roberts, junior theological student of Union College, representing the college.

Congress Enthusiasm in Northern Europe

E. L. Minchin, Reporting

They are coming from Iceland, the Arctic Circle, the fjords of Norway, beautiful Finland, Sweden, Denmark, the land of the wooden shoes, the highlands of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, England, colorful and ancient Ethiopia, and tropical West Africa—thousands of them to join their fellow Missionary Volunteers from a score of other countries in Southern Europe and to clasp the hands of hundreds of earnest youth from Germany in Central Europe. Many more will join them from North America and other more distant lands.

To what place are they coming? To Paris, of course, from July 24 to 29. To the greatest gathering of Advent youth in the history of our work in Europe.

Everywhere enthusiasm is growing. Everyone, old and young, is talking congress. Our parting words everywhere are, "I'll see you in Paris." They are coming by boat, bus, train, car, plane, and bicycle. Our previous estimates of the possible attendance have been too low. How small our faith was! Reports from Germany

alone tell us that whereas originally five hundred were expected from that division, now more than eleven hundred hope to be there. Nothing can quench the fire alight in the hearts of God's youth. They are on the march. Pray for them and their leaders as they meet in congress to lay plans and gather inspiration to go out to old Europe and strike heavy blows for God.

And so, dear friends, "We'll see you too—in Paris!"

Fulton Missionary College

Leslie S. Wood, Reporting

As an integral part in the finishing of the work in the Central Pacific Union Mission, the Fulton Missionary College was established in Fiji at the beginning of 1949. The name Fulton is in memory of Pastor J. E. Fulton, who some thirty years ago pioneered the Advent message in the islands of Fiji.

It is the object of the Fulton Missionary College to train the future national workers of the Central Pacific Union Mission. Situated as it is on the most central and largest of the islands of the Central Pacific Union Mission territory, it possesses geographical advantages. Fiji is an important

port of call on transpacific sea and air routes, and with regular services in operation travel is comparatively easy. It is planned that when young men and women have completed their education in the schools of the island missions included in this union, they will proceed to the Fulton Missionary College to gain a higher education, and finally to go out as ministers, teachers, and other workers, both to their home islands and to new territory.

At the present time there is a total enrollment of almost three hundred pupils in the elementary, intermediate, and training sections. There are two elementary schools, one for Fiji-Indian children and the other for mixed Pacific races. These are taught by experienced national teachers, and besides acting as soul-winning agencies to the residents of the surrounding area, they also serve as laboratories for the teachers in training. The teaching begins in the vernacular, but the pupils are trained to speak in the English language so that when they reach the upper levels of the college they may have access to a broader field of knowledge. At about fourteen years of age the pupils transfer

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Photo Courtesy Arnold V. Wallenkampf

From Left to Right: Pastor E. W. Dunbar With Mrs. Del Jean Wolfe and Mr. Roberts, Central Union and Union College Representatives to the Coming Paris Youth's Congress

BEHIND PR

By G. W.



Paul Parker, New York "Times Magazine"

Later Bob wrote, "I Have Been Seriously Thinking of What You Told Me About Going to a Christian College"

WHAT do you want?" The big guard at the gate of the State penitentiary was almost gruff as he asked the question. Standing by Pastor H. D. Strever's automobile in the pouring rain, he looked searchingly at the minister and the two other occupants of the car, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Slaybaugh.

"We would like to visit the penitentiary," replied Pastor Strever pleasantly.

"Yes, we would like to visit two of the boys you have here," quickly added Mrs. Slaybaugh.

"They don't want visitors in there. The warden doesn't want to be bothered."

With that the guard turned and went back into the small house that sheltered him from the storm.

"Pastor Strever, he can't do that to us!"

Rose Slaybaugh was a woman of courage and determination. For a long time she and her husband had tried to get in touch with the two young men who had almost killed Mr. Slaybaugh in a terrible automobile wreck. Now that she had come to the very gate of the penitentiary where the young men were imprisoned, she was not to be turned back so easily.

"I'll see what I can do," stated Pastor Strever as he opened the door of the car. "I have my ministerial card. It gives me certain privileges."

Pastor Strever entered the guard's shelter house. The Slaybaughs waited hopefully. Soon both men came out. Pastor Strever was smiling.

"We can visit the penitentiary or the boys, but we cannot do both," he announced as he stepped into the car.

"Just so we get into the place," agreed Mrs. Slaybaugh. "The Lord will take care of the rest for us."

By this time the guard had opened the gate leading into the penitentiary yard. As they drove in the visitors noticed signs

that warned, "Lock your car!"

Carefully locking the car, they walked up the cement steps leading into the building. Opening the front doors, they entered a large reception room. They felt very much alone as they looked around. The first door to the right was open. On it they saw a sign which read, "Warden. Superintendent. Private. Keep out."

Looking in through the open door, they saw a fine-looking man seated behind his desk. It was George Alexander, the warden. He was busy talking to a man for a few minutes. When the man left he came out to greet the visitors.

"What can I do for you?" he asked pleasantly.

"We would like to see the penitentiary and also to visit two of the boys here," answered Pastor Strever.

"I think that can be arranged," responded the warden. "Who is it that you want to visit?"

"We would like to see the Smith boys," said Mrs. Slaybaugh.

"Lady, we have many Smiths here. Which ones do you mean?" inquired Mr. Alexander.

"We would like to visit Jack and Bob Smith."

"Jack and Bob Smith? What in the world do you want to see *them* for?"

"Why not?"

"Those men do not receive visitors! They have caused us more trouble than any other prisoners we have ever had in this place. They had been in here six months when the younger one with four other young men escaped. No, I should say not! They do not receive visitors. They don't get out of their cells."

"Please, Mr. Warden!" Rose Slaybaugh was desperate. She just *had* to see those boys! "Couldn't we visit them for just a few minutes? We want to see them."

"My answer is still no! They do not receive visitors." The warden's tone was courteous, yet firm. "If you want to visit our place, we will be glad to show you through."

Mr. Alexander turned and went back to his desk. Unnoticed by him, Mrs. Slaybaugh followed close behind. As she entered the room behind the warden, she

heard her husband say, "We had better wait and catch her as she comes out!"

Seating himself at his desk, the warden looked up in surprise to see Mrs. Slaybaugh standing before him. His glance seemed to say, "I thought I had got rid of you!"

"Mr. Warden, do you know who we are?"

"No. Am I supposed to know?"

"You are going to know us before you get rid of us!"

Pastor Strever and Mr. Slaybaugh had followed her into the warden's office. Pointing to the scars on her husband's face, Mrs. Slaybaugh asked, "Do you see this man? Do you see those scars?"

"Yes, I noticed that he has been terribly injured."

"He is the reason for those boys' being here."

Mr. Alexander pushed back his chair and walked over to Mr. Slaybaugh. Carefully he looked at the scars.

"I don't understand," he said.

"Do you remember an incident that happened about three and a half years ago at Gold Beach? Two boys locked up the sheriff there, and in their escape they crashed into a man and almost killed him. Here is the man they almost killed!"

"I begin to understand," replied the warden looking at Mr. Slaybaugh. "Now I suppose you want to go back in there and finish them off!"

"I don't want to finish anyone off," answered Mr. Slaybaugh, "but I want to visit those boys and leave some religious books with them. We brought two little books, *Steps to Christ* and *Seeing It Through With God*."

"Religious literature?" The warden was surprised. "We have tried everything else on them. We haven't tried religion. Maybe you have something. On second thought, I don't know what their reaction would be in front of a woman."

"Warden, I am a mother and an old woman," Mrs. Slaybaugh spoke earnestly. "Anything they would say or do wouldn't have any effect on me. Please, Mr. Warden, just a few minutes!"

Mr. Alexander turned and walked into a room where the records were kept. Thumbing through the files, he pulled out two long records. At the top were pictures of the young men. He walked back to Mr. Slaybaugh.

SON BARS

AMBERS

"Are these the boys you want to see?"

"I don't know. I never got to see the boys who ran into me."

"Yes, Mr. Warden, those are the boys we want to see." It was Mrs. Slaybaugh who spoke as she opened her purse. "See? I have the same picture you have."

"Where did you get that picture?"

"We cut it out of the *Oregonian* and had it rephotographed."

"I believe that you are sincere. I believe that you really do want to see those boys. I have never seen people try so hard to get into this place when everybody else is trying to get out! Well, do you want to visit the penitentiary?"

"Yes, we would like to see everything," responded Mrs. Slaybaugh.

"I'll call a guard and have him take you through."

Soon a guard in uniform appeared and was introduced to the group.

"Show these people through the penitentiary, Mr. Hayes. Show them everything," instructed the warden. "While you are gone I will decide whether it will be wise to let those boys out."

Beginning with the dining room, Mr. Hayes showed the group through the institution. Through block after block of cells they traveled. At last they stood before the death chamber. Here the guard was most serious as he spoke.

"It takes five men to help with the execution. As the time comes for criminals to be placed in the gas chamber, it takes all a man has to listen to them crying, screaming, and begging for their very lives as they are dragged in. Thirteen have died here so far."

The young man was thoughtful as he continued, "What brings them here? Broken homes; children left to roam the streets! Motion pictures, comic books, and blood-and-thunder stories over the radio!

"When these men are facing execution I have had them ask me, 'What is death going to be like? What can I expect after I am dead?' I believe in the Bible. I believe in God, but I don't know very much about the teachings of the Bible. I wish I knew something about death."

"Will you read something on that subject if I send it to you?" asked Mrs. Slaybaugh.

"I'll read anything!" replied the guard.

Next the group came to a large room with a long table dividing it in half. A long bulletproof glass, about eighteen inches high, extended the full length of the table. Above the glass was heavy screen wire extending to the ceiling. There were chairs on either side of the table.

"Now we are in the visiting room," Mr. Hayes informed them. Glancing at the men on the other side of the glass, he added, "Yes, I see that the warden has your boys here."

Mrs. Slaybaugh looked at the young men on the other side of the table.

"Which ones are they?" she asked.

Pointing to two young men, nineteen and twenty-three years of age, the guard asked, "Do you see those two men?"

Looking at the two who had been pointed out, Mrs. Slaybaugh saw two fine-appearing young men. Their hands were folded on the table in front of them. Behind them stood an armed guard. There were no guards behind the others!

"What do we do now?"

"Just walk down there and sit in the chairs opposite them."

"How much time do we have?"

"We will start with fifteen minutes."

Walking to chairs opposite the two young men, the three visitors sat down. The young men on the other side of the glass wondered what was happening. This was the first time in their three and one-half years' imprisonment that they had received visitors!

"This is Pastor Strever," announced Mrs. Slaybaugh, "and this is my husband, Roy Slaybaugh."

The young men listened courteously but without recognition.

"This is the man you ran into just before you were sent here."

At that the young men became a trifle pale. Amazement and a trace of fear showed on their faces. They thought that they had killed the man they had run into! What could these people want?

"You might be everything else, but you are not murderers," Mrs. Slaybaugh continued. "Do you have Bibles?"

"No," came the reply.

"Do you have access to a Bible?"

"Yes."

"As soon as you get back to your cells ask for a Bible. Turn to the book of James and read verses fourteen and fifteen of the fifth chapter. Read them, and then read them again. Then you will know why you didn't kill Mr. Slaybaugh, and why he didn't die."



A Great Interest in Bible Study Was Aroused Among the Prisoners as Both Bob and Jack Talked of Their Interest in Religious Subjects

The young men looked at the scars on Mr. Slaybaugh's face, grim reminders of the terrible accident that had preceded their arrest. It was very evident that the man had been seriously injured.

Mrs. Slaybaugh continued to speak. From a heart that yearned to help the young men who had so grievously wronged her husband, she poured out the simple story of the plan of salvation in the few minutes she had with them. Her evident sincerity and the power of the gospel story melted through the icy composure they had held through the years. Their hearts were strangely warmed. Tears trickled down their cheeks as they listened to the appeal of the Saviour's love for them.

"Nobody cares for us! We have no parents, and our relatives have no use for us."

"We care for you! We want you to call us Aunt Rose and Uncle Roy."

"Do you really mean it?" They were eager, anxious, as they spoke. "Please don't say that unless you mean it!"

"We never meant anything more in our lives! Would you like to have us come and visit you once in a while?"

"Would you, please?"

"Would you like to have us write you a letter?"

"Please do!"

"Will you write to us if you are permitted to do so?"

"We surely will!"

"We have brought you two little books. They are being censored now. If you would like to have more of this kind of literature, we will send it to you. We will also send you new Bibles."

Gone were their reserve and their resentment of the years of confinement as the young men talked with their new-found friends. The chill gloom of prison life was warmed and lighted by this contact with what they concluded were sincere Christians trying to help them. On and on they talked. Fifteen minutes, a half hour, almost an hour passed. Suddenly a bell sounded. The prisoners were brought back to the reality of prison life as the guard behind them touched Bob on the shoulder.

"It's dinnertime. You'll have to leave now."

Hastily they bade good-by to their new-found friends. Hope had been born in their hearts, and a new light gleamed in their eyes as they were marched away. The door to happiness had been opened to them! Their brief glance inside made them long for more of what they had seen.

Happiness filled the hearts of the visitors also as they were escorted from the visiting room. Again they had found that the more happiness one makes available to others, the more he has for himself.

As they returned to the reception room the warden entered. He shook hands with each of them.

"Visit the boys again, won't you?" he urged. "Send all the literature you want to send. I'll see that it gets to them. We've

tried everything else on them, and we may as well try religion."

Ushering them into his office, Mr. Alexander gave his personal card to Mrs. Slaybaugh.

"This will be a passport when I am not in," he stated. "Take good care of it. I don't give my card to very many people. This is the third one I have given away this year."

"May I have a card too?" asked Pastor Strever.

"Are you a minister?"

"Yes, I am a minister of the Seventh-day Adventist church in Albany, Oregon."



"A task without a vision is drudgery; a vision without a task is a dream; a task with a vision is victory."



"Then you may have a card also," said the warden as he handed one to the minister.

As the visitors started toward the door Mr. Alexander renewed his invitation for them to return.

"Be sure to come back whenever you are in Salem," he urged.

That was on December 17, 1948.

When they reached home they sent a Christmas card to the boys. They also mailed a copy of the booklet *When a Man Dies* to Eddie Hayes, the friendly guard who had shown them through the penitentiary.

Later they went to Phoenix, Arizona, where they were to tell the story of the miracle that raised Mr. Slaybaugh from the bed where he lay dying. There, as at the many other places in the United States where they had told their thrilling story, the large crowd listened spellbound as they heard the recital of God's healing power.

It was several weeks later when they reached home. As they looked over their mail they saw a letter from the penitentiary. Hastily they opened it. Tears of joy flowed freely down their cheeks as they read:

"January 2, 1949.

"DEAR AUNT ROSE AND UNCLE ROY:

"You asked us to use this title, and that is why I'm taking the liberty of heading this letter as I have. Jack and I received your Christmas cards and are extremely grateful to you for sending them to us. Because we have no parents, we haven't had any letters or cards for some time. You can surmise how much your visit and

Christmas cards meant to us and how we will appreciate any future letters from you.

"I can't quite summon the right words or phraseology to try to convey to you how sorry we were that Uncle Roy was hurt so badly in that wreck, and how glad we are that he has recovered. I'm afraid that our tongue-tiedness when you were here to see us might have left some doubt as to our feelings toward this matter. But taking into consideration that you were the only people to visit us in so long, and also that you had not held any grudge or bad feelings toward us for the great wrong we did, you can see why we were slightly befuddled, to say the least. I'm running short of things to say, so will close for now hoping to hear from you soon.

"Sincerely yours,

BOB SMITH."

Happily they mailed their reply, along with more literature and two new Bibles. All the literature, including the Bibles, had to be censored before it was passed on to the boys.

Some weeks later they made another visit to the penitentiary. Before leaving they purchased some cake and candy, which could be given to the boys at once. Soon after their visit they received a note of thanks.

"April 17, 1949. We received the cake and candy you sent in to us, and I may as well confess, I got a stomach-ache for being such a glutton! It was a kind of pleasant stomach-ache, though. I want to send a million thanks for the cake and candy. Jack and I are waiting expectantly for your next visit. We always look forward anxiously to seeing you again."

Not only did the boys enjoy the visits of their friends, but they also read the literature and their Bibles. The Slaybaughs urged them to finish their education in a Christian college. Later Bob wrote:

"July 3, 1949. I have been seriously thinking of what you told me about going to a Christian college. The more I think of the idea, the more I like it. It would give me a chance to make something out of myself, something I could be sincerely proud of. It would also give me a chance to delve further into the subject of Biblical prophecy. The further I dig into the subject, the more astounded and intrigued I become at the accuracy of the ancient prophecies, and the more certain I become that no mere human mind could comprehend and so accurately predict forthcoming history without the guidance of some heavenly being."

More literature followed, including the book *Daniel and the Revelation*. Bob enrolled in the Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence School. Jack also enrolled. A letter from Bob stated:

"The more I study these fine lessons and the Bible, the more I realize how small and insignificant we really are and how Christ gave His life to save us from eternal

—Please turn to page 19

Juniors

RONNIE stood at the window watching the snow as it fell softly on the already glistening ground. In less than half an hour his pals would be coming by with their sleds on their way to the big hill. They would be expecting him to join their party, but Ronnie would not be ready. His mother had said no to his request. He could picture in his mind the fun they would be having, and the thought of his not being able to join in this fun was almost more than he could bear.

Of course, Ronnie could not see any real reason for his mother's objection to his going on the sledding party, but there really was a very good one. When Ronnie was two years old he had loved knives more than anything else. Every knife that he could lay his hands on, he waved about in every direction. One day he had taken his father's jackknife from the table beside the bed in his parents' room. He managed to open it after a time and was so pleased with his success that he wanted to show it to his mother. On his way to the sewing room he had tripped and fallen, and the sharp point of the knife had pierced his left eye. That was seven years ago, and since then he had been able to see only with his right eye. His mother thought the falling snow would make it harder than usual for Ronnie to see distinctly.

Mr. and Mrs. Jester had planned to spend the afternoon at the home of another young married couple, and they were about ready to leave now. Mrs. Jester turned and once more reminded Ronnie that he was not to join his friends outside. She patted his head and left the solemn little boy. "What do they expect me to do with myself all afternoon?" Ronnie said aloud after they had gone. Then he returned to the window to watch the snow as it drifted slowly to earth. He sat silently for what seemed hours but was actually about five minutes. Then in the distance he could see a small group of boys coming down the street. They were at the front door, ringing the bell before he moved at all, and even then his movements were automatic as he went to let them in.

"Hey, Ronnie, what's the idea?" began Jimmie Saunders, who was slightly younger than the other boys. "Don't you know what time it is?" he asked.



H. M. Lambert

Ronnie Knew When the First Group Began the Flight Down the Hill, and He Heard Their Shouts as They Stopped at the Bottom

Paying for Disobedience

By **HALEN STEWART**

"I guess you'll have to go without me," said Ronnie with a husky voice. "Mom and dad are gone, and mom said I had to stay inside. When it started to snow this afternoon she said she didn't think I'd better go sliding."

"Did you say that your folks are gone?" asked Bob Matthews. "Who's here to stop you then? Come along anyway."

Ronnie pondered a moment; then he

answered, "No, I think I'd better stay. Maybe I can go tomorrow after school."

The boys turned away, and Ronnie took his seat by the window. He heard their laughter as they hurried to Carson Street. As long as anyone could remember, this hill had been used by all the children and young people in town as a sliding place. No one drove his car on it, and it was considered a fairly safe place to slide. At

the bottom of the hill there was an intersection, but no one ever used that street either in the wintertime, and very seldom at any other time of the year.

Ronnie knew when the first group began the flight down the hill, and he heard their shouts as they stopped at the bottom. He longed for a chance to try his sled on that beautiful snow. Bob's words returned to him again and again—"Who's here to stop you then? Who's here to stop you then?" Suddenly he jumped to his feet and ran to the closet where his coat and rubber boots were. Driving the caution of his mother's voice from his mind, he threw on his heavy coat, grabbed a pair of mittens, and ran to the garage for his sled. He came to Carson Street just as the boys were climbing up the hill after their last slide.

"There's Ronnie!" shouted Jimmie. "Did your folks come back and tell you that you could come out?"

Ronnie didn't answer but started to run toward the hill, yelling as he ran, "Race you to the bottom!" The snow flew as they began their downward trip again, and soon they forgot that Ronnie had not come with them in the first place.

Nearly an hour passed, and the boys were getting a little slower on their return journeys up the hill. "Let's all take one last ride down, and then I think I'd better go home," said Ronnie. "You go ahead of me, because I want to really speed down this time." He waited until they had all started down the hill, and then he nearly flew over the snow. The rest of the group had already reached the foot of the hill and had turned to watch him. He was nearly to the bottom and had his body pressed flat against the sled when he heard the sudden burst of shouts from the lads. Thinking they were cheering him on, he looked up for a second and sped toward them. Just before he crossed the intersection he looked up again in time to see a car almost directly on top of him. He threw himself from the sled immediately,

but he was not quite fast enough, and the car struck him.

The driver stopped the car and ran out to the poor, broken little body. The boys crowded around with horror-stricken eyes. The man sent Bob to a nearby house to call for an ambulance while he tried the best he could to make Ronnie comfortable. "Does he live near here? Do you know where I can find his parents?" were his anxious questions.

"His folks aren't home," Jimmie informed him. "He wasn't s'posed to come sliding with us, but he did anyway." Then he was silenced as he heard the whine of the ambulance as it came speeding up the street. Ronnie was taken to the hospital, and the boys directed the man to the Jesters' home. Just as he drew up in front of the house Mr. and Mrs. Jester were climbing out of their car.

The troubled man could find no words to break the news of the accident to the boy's parents. He stammered as he began, "A group of boys were sliding across the street that—that I was traveling on. I didn't see them until it was too late, and one little boy was hit. I'm quite sure he is your son." Mrs. Jester turned pale, and her husband placed his arm gently around her shoulders.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"He has been taken to the hospital; I'll take you there in my car."

Without further explanation they hurried to the hospital and discovered that Ronnie was still in the operating room. Restlessly they waited for word from the doctor, and finally, when a still form was wheeled from the operating room to a small hospital room, they hurried to his side.

"How is he?" they asked the doctor in unison.

"He has a broken shoulder, and his arm is fractured in two places. He will be awake in a few moments now," he told them.

They sat by his side for a while longer,

and then he slowly opened his eyes. "I'm sorry, Mom," said Ronnie. "I just couldn't stay in that lonely house any longer, and I didn't think you would care so much. I intended to be back before you came."

"Yes, Ronald, and now I do believe you have learned your lesson, and you know it does not pay to do the things I tell you not to do. This has been very hard for all of us, but you'll be home again soon. I'm afraid there won't be any more sledding for you during the rest of this winter, though. You had better rest now. We'll stay by you for a while—until you fall asleep anyway—and we'll come back early tomorrow morning." After listening to his mother say this, he closed his eyes and fell sound asleep. So much sorrow had resulted because he had disobeyed his mother and yielded to temptation.

Maybelle's Skates

By MARIE LARSEN

BECAUSE she was soon to be nine years old, Maybelle could not remember to mind her father and mother. She thought that now it was not important.

Each morning she had to be told and told, and sometimes she was scolded before she remembered to get into her fresh school dress or brush her golden braids.

When she was reminded to come home quickly after school, she sometimes lingered at the playground or in a playmate's yard. And when she was asked why she did not obey she would reply—

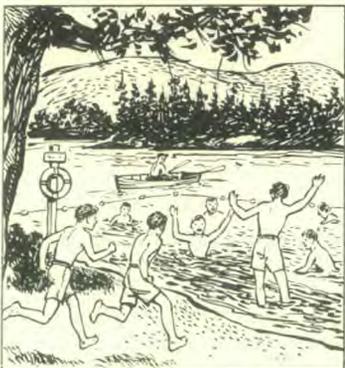
"I just *can't* remember!"

Strange—Maybelle could remember what day would be her birthday. And when it came she remembered to thank her parents so graciously for the new roller skates they gave her. But when her mother warned that she knew little about roller skating, and told her not to wear them to school, Maybelle could not remember to mind.

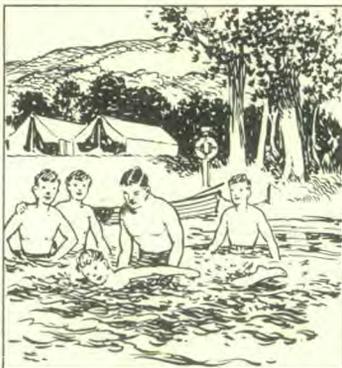
Of course she really had not intended to

Camping With JMV's, No. 8 - By Herbert Rudeen

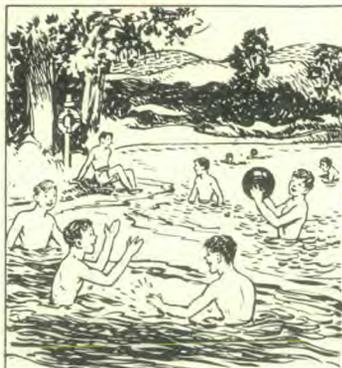
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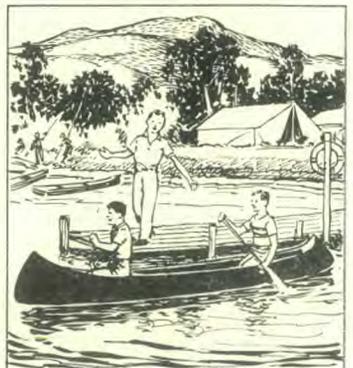
1. Swimming at camp is so much fun! Safety is assured by the "Buddy System" (two swimmers always keep together), handy life belts, safe-area floats, and also a watchful boat patrol.



2. Learning to swim is easy under the guidance of skilled instructors. They are always glad to help beginners and to aid advanced swimmers in perfecting their techniques and strokes.



3. Campers learn to play all kinds of fascinating water games. These teach the benefits of teamwork and good sportsmanship, develop healthy bodies, strengthen muscles, quicken reflexes.



4. Not many people ever learn how to handle a canoe properly. However, campers who want to master the art are given carefully supervised instruction by competent, willing counselors.

disobey. She carried the skates over her shoulder right up to the time she saw Sylva. This day Sylva was sitting on the sidewalk, putting on her own flashing skates.

Sylva was not in Maybelle's class. Sylva was older. And, too, Sylva was the best skater in the entire school. Maybelle was happy and excited because a girl like Sylva would stop her to talk to her. So when Sylva said, "Put on your skates, Maybelle; I always skate to school from here; it's great fun, and we can skate together," Maybelle did not want to remember that her mother had asked her not to skate on her way to school.

Crossing intersections on roller skates can be very dangerous. But Maybelle did not think about that. She could only think, "Sylva, the best skater in school, wants to skate with me!"

Maybelle sat down on the pavement and put on her own skates. And she was so afraid of keeping Sylva waiting that she did not even tighten the skates as they should have been. When she stood up she felt wobbly, and so she held her legs very stiff. She could not skate very well, but she must never let Sylva know!

Away they sailed, Sylva leading with her skates whirring. Maybelle's skates made only a scraping sound, but her heart raced with excitement when she found that she could keep almost at Sylva's heels.

At the end of the block Sylva did not hesitate. Straight across the intersection she whirred. And Maybelle followed.

A huge truck turned into the side street. Maybelle heard its screeching brakes even before she had time to look up. Her eyes widened with fear. She screamed and tried to turn the rolling wheels of the skates. The skates did not obey her frantic effort. Maybelle's feet flew out from under her. One skate came off and rolled on out into the street.

Lying face down, Maybelle saw the huge tires roll by—so near—so near!

And then Sylva was at her side. "Look! The truck ran over your skate!" she cried.

Maybelle sat up. She stared at the skate. Its rollers were bent crazily to one side. One of them flopped loosely. Her new skates!

"It was the truck driver's fault," Sylva kept saying. "He could have turned out for the skate. It was his fault."

Maybelle looked at the battered skate again. She shook her head.

She could remember many things now. She could remember how terrible the sound of the brakes was. She could remember the coldness of the air upon her face as the truck sped by her. She could remember now about not wanting to take time to fasten that skate securely. And, too, she could remember that she had been asked not to skate along the pavement and across the streets.

She shook her head again and stooped to unfasten the good skate. "It was my fault," she said. "I shouldn't have been

wearing my skates, not until I reached the school grounds." Her eyes fell upon the twisted, ruined skate. She couldn't use it again. But she was going to keep it. Maybe if she looked at it often, she could remember how much a girl could lose by forgetting to obey.



Original puzzles, acrostics, anagrams, cryptograms, word transformations, quizzes, short lists of unusual questions—anything that will add interest to this feature corner—will be considered for publication. Subjects limited to Bible, denominational history, nature, and geography. All material must be typewritten. Address Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park 12, D.C.

Missing Letters

By MAY CARR HANLEY

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Sarah's handmaid. | ...AGA... |
| 2. The son of Seth. | ...NO... |
| 3. He deserted Paul. | ...EMA... |
| 4. The brother of James. | ...UD... |
| 5. A church, one of seven. | ...ARDI... |
| 6. A city Jesus visited. | ...AN... |
| 7. He and his brother were sinners. | ...ADA... |
| 8. One of the minor prophets. | ...OSE... |
| 9. A heathen god. | ...AA... |
| 10. Received signs from God. | ...IDEO... |

—Key on page 23

Advent Youth in Action

(Continued from page 11)

to the intermediate school, where the teaching is entirely in the English language. Many of these young people are not Seventh-day Adventists when they come to college, but at the end of every year a score or more are baptized.

There is a very hopeful number in the training section. It is the training section that serves particularly those who come from the various island groups. The island missions that are served with workers trained at Fulton include the following: Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, New Hebrides, Tahiti, Cook, Pitcairn, Gilbert, and Ellice. At the present time we have students enrolled from half of these groups, with prospects of others joining in the near future. The peoples of the Pacific Isles, although so long ago Christianized by the gallant efforts of such men as John Williams, John Paton, William Baker, and others, still "wait for his law." The message of Jesus' soon return and the claims of the divine command to preach the gospel grip the hearts of the present generation of youth, and in spite of material hindrances many

are determined to give their lives to the cause of God to help in finishing His work.

Newbold "Share Your Faith" Bands Shirley Laws, Reporting

Most of the students at Newbold Missionary College, England, join either the Ambassadors' Band or the Foreign Missions Band. The prayer circle, which is known as the "Power House" of the MV Society is one of which all are invited to become members. Our fourth band, the Crusaders' Band, is restricted to the new students. Immediately after they enter the college they become active members of a band that meets for half an hour every other Friday night.

Who are these people who call themselves Ambassadors, and just what kind of work do they do? Here, for example, are some of their activities. Eight of the group have formed a singing band accompanied by a clarinetist, and every other week they visit the Wokingham hospital. As the people there listen to the words of truth in the gospel songs, their hearts are deeply stirred. How eagerly they await our arrival to sing, and how pleased they are when three or four students go around telling them more of God's wonderful love.

There are several of the band who visit the orphanage in Bracknell. Every other Tuesday evening they conduct the MV classwork. We hope a number of these junior orphans will be ready for investiture shortly. Every other Saturday the older children are taken for a nature ramble. How they long for Saturdays and Tuesdays to come! They learn to tie knots, do the memory work, and identify birds, trees, and flowers. We are more than repaid for our efforts by seeing these children love the Lord Jesus more and more. You can imagine our joy when we presented the older children with a Bible each. They treasure them like gold.

In order to keep the missionary spirit in our school the Foreign Missions Band was organized. All who are interested in the mission fields and would like one day to become missionaries to a foreign field, join this group. They learn the ways and customs of the natives, and are inspired when a visiting missionary tells of all his strange and adventurous experiences.

Medical Cadets at Oshawa

L. E. Smart, Reporting

The first Canadian Medical Cadet Officers' Training Corps was organized on the campus of Oshawa Missionary College on February 1. The training program consisted of three full weeks of training. Dr. Everett Dick, of the North American field headquarters, acted as commanding officer. He was ably assisted by Sergeant Frank Buchanan, of Oshawa, Ontario, and Corporal Lloyd Ellison, of North Battleford, Saskatchewan. Sergeant Buchanan and Corporal Ellison were able to give invaluable

able help in the organization and training of the cadets because of their long period of service in the Canadian Army.

Thirty young men from all parts of Canada registered for the officers' training. The medical phase of the program was conducted personally by an official of the Canadian Red Cross Society. The entire training program included 150 hours of drill and instruction of which 50 were devoted to first aid.

Every province in Canada was represented, with the exception of Newfoundland. These young men have returned to their homes, and many are already conducting Medical Cadet Corps and first-aid classes for the members of their respective churches and schools.

Definite plans are being made for conducting two medical cadet training camps next summer, one for the eastern part of Canada and one for the western section.

Hymns My Grandmother Loved

(Continued from page 8)

to elevate and refine our tastes, to banish that which is cheap, meaningless, and foolish, and to prepare us for a place in the celestial choir. Even though now we may be able only to make melody in our hearts, let us be assured that every one of us, if faithful to the end, will, under angel teachers, be able to sing both with heart and voice the praises of our Creator and Redeemer, as our fingers sweep the harp strings.

Is Your Mind Rusty?

By ANNA-MODINE MORAN

TOOLS have to be kept in good condition to be usable. If they are not used or given care, they rust and get dull. You cannot cut anything with a dull ax, a blunt knife, or a rusty saw.

Are you using your brain? Or have you let your mind get rusty, lazy, inactive, by becoming idle and indifferent? If that is its state, you are what the Bible calls a sluggard. A sluggard is slothful, and *slothful* means lazy and idle.

If you do not exercise your mind by studying, trying to gain some new knowledge every day, it will become blunt and rusty. Your thinking faculty will become dull and feeble.

Put your mind to work! Exercise it! Oil the rusty, unused implement with the oil of diligent application, sharpen it with mental awareness, so it will be able to cut through the intellectual logs of knowledge, wisdom, logic, and understanding.

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Birding From an Auto

(Continued from page 4)

this locality I hardly believe it is one. It could be a northern water thrush, though."

We did not settle the question quite to my satisfaction at that time, but I am hoping to see another bird just like him for a better introduction to the little bobbing clown, for this one flew away too soon.

The sharp curve on Big Woods Road brought us the greatest thrill of the day. Brilliant blues, yellows, blacks, and reds rose up in a cloud of feathered beauty. Dozens of goldfinches, indigo buntings, and cardinals were among the birds. Never have I seen so many of the birds together. The car was traveling slowly, or we might have hurt some of them.

The birds did not seem unduly frightened and came to rest in the grass at the side of the road as soon as our car stopped. Out came our bird binoculars for a better look at these gems. Hearing other songsters, we looked around, and were astonished to find many other birds. It looked as if it might be a birds' country club with special features. Elizabeth introduced me to the kingbird sitting on a fence post close by. At first I saw just his dark coat with the white band on the tail feathers, but then he turned around. I exclaimed, "He looks like a miniature penguin with his long white waistcoat." Then I saw another and another.

"They also belong to the family of tail bobbers. Notice how they rock back and forth on their fence seats," Elizabeth suggested. "Have you also noticed that our talking does not seem to disturb the birds? Ordinary noises, just as long as you stay in the car, seem to be permissible."

We had to search more carefully to discover the owner of the meadow lark song. His back was toward us, but when he turned around, his yellow vest with the black patch could easily be seen. The name "phoebe" came distinctly to our ears, but from far away. Hearing the sound of battle, we turned to find two blue jays quarreling. However, their dispute was soon settled.

The little goldfinches were still flitting about, but search as we might, we could no longer find the indigo buntings.

"We should be getting back, for it is now after five o'clock," Elizabeth's voice broke into our charmed hour. But it was plain from her tone that she hated to leave this place that so many birds found attractive.

We had gone on but a few hundred feet when again she stopped the car, for the call of the meadow lark rang across the fields. We could see several of these energetic birds walking about close by, their heads bobbing as they foraged. The field glasses brought the birds up close, and we could see their yellow breasts with the

V markings just under their throats. Again and again their lovely trilled songs thrilled us. Other bird calls could be heard, including the easily identified songs of the phoebe and killdeer.

It was hard to leave our bird paradise, but we promised to go back—and we will.

Since that day of surprises I have found adventure unlimited on the highways and down byways as we hunt for birds with a car and binoculars. I am especially eager to pass on this method of birding to those who find it difficult to take long walks or to families with small children, also to those less-energetic young people who might enjoy birding the easy way. The prizes to be won are as satisfying as those bought by long tramps through wet, cold grass and bushes at early dawn, and fully as great. The jovous glow that follows the finding of a ruby-crowned kinglet, a scarlet tanager, a yellow-bellied sapsucker, a redstart, or a pair of bluebirds, as I have, is just as great regardless of the method used to find the birds.

Of course, we often get out of the car and walk along country lanes in our search for birds, yes, and flowers and trees, in fact, anything that presents interest or beauty, but most of our *finds* among the birds have been from the inside of a car.

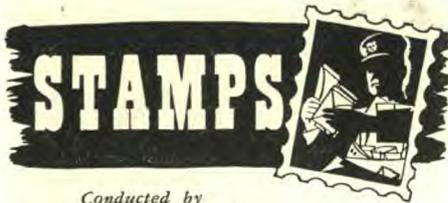
How thankful I have been for a friend not only wise in birdlore but equally wise in initiating a newcomer into an easy way of studying birds.

Let's Go Abroad!

(Continued from page 6)

should not leave Paris without visiting at least one of these. The Palace of Versailles, the largest and also the nearest (fifteen miles), is easily accessible by bus. You should reserve a day for Versailles if possible, for there is not only the palace itself but several little palaces, as well as the marvelous gardens with their hundreds of fountains and statue-bordered walks. The other palace, Fontainebleau, is farther from Paris, about forty miles, but some (myself included) prefer it to Versailles. One sees the throne of Napoleon and many magnificent works of art and architecture. The Forest of Fontainebleau, which extends for miles around, is a beautiful, fairylike woods with lovely roads and walks. Not far from here is our French publishing house, at Dammarie-les-Lys.

There is much more to see and do in Paris, so much more than I have space to mention. If you have a free evening, you will surely enjoy the *Fetes de Nuit* (Night Festivals) held this year on the grounds of the Louvre on Saturday and Sunday nights. There are numerous other palaces and cathedrals and historical buildings (Paris is celebrating her two thousandth anniversary this year!) and many wonderful museums such as the Grévin Museum of waxworks, where you cannot always



Conducted by
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

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

Stamp News

FOR this year United States Postmaster General Jesse M. Donaldson recently announced the commemorative stamp program.

He stated that in view of present-day conditions and the necessity for conserving material and manpower, the number of commemorative stamps to be issued has been reduced to the minimum to meet only previous commitments and to commemorate the anniversary of States not previously recognized.

The program for the year 1951 includes only four stamps. They are as follows:

Final Encampment of United Confederate Veterans.

One Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Nevada.

Anniversary of Statehood of Colorado.

Anniversary of American Chemical Society.

The descriptions, places, and dates of first-day sales will be announced later.

Thanks again to our readers who have taken an interest in helping others begin their stamp collections. By sending your unwanted duplicates to the Stamp Corner you have made it possible for us to give a

free packet of worldwide stamps to every one who has requested them.

Mrs. Emily Bowe, Keene, New Hampshire.
A. W. N. Druitt, Kingston, Jamaica.
Leonard Fairchild, Spokane, Washington.
Edward H. Franklin, Takoma Park, Maryland.
A friend in Indio, California.
Stephen Hayes, Greenwood, South Carolina.
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Mrs. Harriet Quigley, Keene, New Hampshire.
Elizabeth Rogers, Monroe, Washington.
H. Talman, Victoria, Seychelles.
F. S. Watanabe, Mountain View, California.

At the present time our supply of United States, Great Britain, and Union of South Africa regular issues for our beginners' packets is adequate. We would appreciate any surplus or otherwise common stamps to use in starting beginners. We can always use commemoratives and pictorials from most countries. What may seem common to you is probably of interest to our beginners. Send them along to Roland Franklin, in care of the Stamp Corner. Oh, yes! Thanks ever so much for soaking them free from paper before you send them. It really helps a lot.

It was not very long ago, perhaps a few years, when stamp albums and even stamps were obtainable at a discount when purchased provided that the required number of box tops or bottle caps were presented. Today the special offers are not so plentiful, and prices are higher as well. Whenever there is a trend of increased prices there are multiplied advertisements to lure the unwary collectors. Take it from those who know, "something for nothing" is a bad policy to follow. Many established and reputable stamp dealers sell stamps at a reasonable market without too much of the "bargain" idea. Those dealers who claim to give you so much really want to start you coming their way and in the end take more than the honest stamp shops will.

If you are prone to purchase stamps for yourself occasionally, *do go shopping* first. You may save a nickel or a crown on the same set of pretty stamps. Those who purchase by mail would do well to secure several catalogs and compare prices all around. Be especially cautious of mail-order shops that are not well known to you or your close friends.

If the stamps are really beautiful, that is fine! Look them up in the catalog to be sure you are buying stamps instead of pretty stickers. Find out all the catalog has to say about them. Avoid reprints and facsimile reproductions.

Higher prices do not always necessarily indicate unscrupulous dealings. A dealer may purchase stock before a fall in the market and have to sustain his cost price to keep from going too far in the red. Stamp shops that have been in business many years are sometimes able to absorb such a loss, but some dealers prefer not to lose if they can help it.

Occasionally you may happen to discover a shop that seems to specialize in "pretty good" stamps. Anything but the best is second rate! Money spent for straight edges and only slightly mused up stamps seldom returns to its source.

On occasion we hear from a reader who has written to names listed in the exchange and has a sad story. Perhaps one of five or one out of ten was courteous enough to reply. If your name is listed in the exchange and someone writes to you because of it, please be kind enough to reply at least once stating that you are not able to trade further. One or two requests in excess of what you wish to trade will require envelopes. If you are swamped with replies after your duplicates are gone, post cards will suffice.

distinguish the real people from the wax people. At the door, for instance, a uniformed guard gives you a ticket, and inside the door another uniformed guard stands ready to receive your ticket—until you look up and realize he is of wax! You will probably learn more French history from an afternoon in the lower floor of this museum than from a year's study in school.

Such are a few of the sights of Paris. Of course, you cannot see them all in one day! But I hope that these remarks will arouse your interest so that you will want to become acquainted with Paris and see some of its beauties for yourself. Just one bit of advice in parting: Do not spend all your time in strenuous sight-seeing. If you feel in the mood, forget you are a tourist and just go strolling down its boulevards or sit at one of its sidewalk cafes and sip a *jus de fruit* while you watch the others go

strolling by. For that is a part of the charm of Paris. Although it is on the one hand a busy, noisy city with its rushing subways and eternally honking taxis, it is on the other hand a city of gracious and leisurely living, a place where one learns to love and appreciate a rich artistic and cultural past, which has been preserved for our enjoyment.

Behind Prison Bars

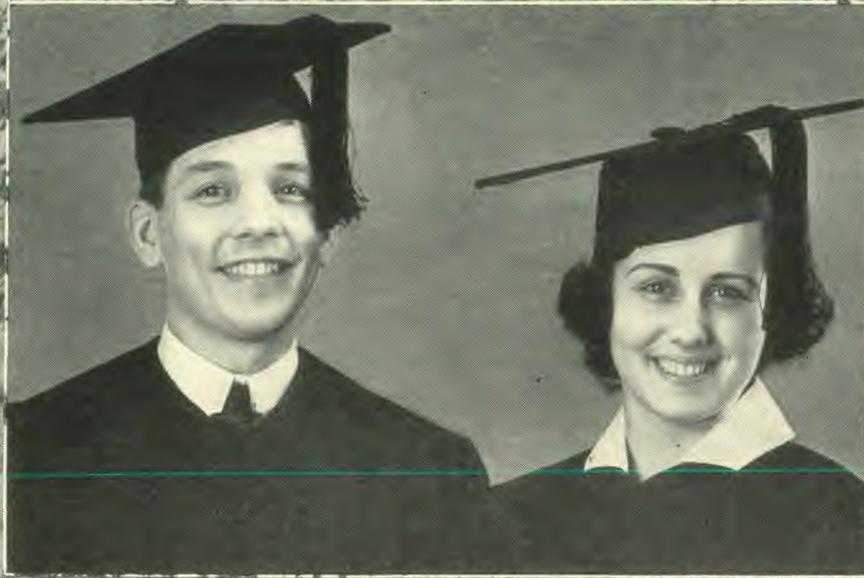
(Continued from page 14)

death. I can also say that these lessons helped me win a debate (*debate* is a sophisticated word used instead of *argument*). Another fellow and I were talking about sin and its punishment. He claimed that we are punished for our sins here on earth, and I contended that we are punished after death and the resurrection of the dead."

A great interest in Bible study was aroused among the prisoners as both Bob and Jack talked of their studies of religious subjects. At the request of the boys the Slaybaughs sent twenty-five subscriptions for *Our Times* to the men in the prison. They also mailed three extra copies of *Daniel and the Revelation*. Then Bob wrote:

"September 25, 1949. The fellows really appreciate your sending three extra copies of *Daniel and the Revelation*. I have so many requests to read the book I don't know whom I should lend it to first. I lend it on the basis of first come first served. I have passed around all the little booklets you sent me; they are in constant circulation. I find that the most interesting one on the standpoint of requests is the one about the battle of Armageddon. Several of the fellows are writing to the Voice of Prophecy to take the lessons since I

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spoke of them. There is one fellow in particular who is partially blind and is sincerely interested in receiving these wonderful lessons, so I'm writing a letter for him as soon as I finish this one to you. I read in the paper of Russia's exploding two atomic bombs. The Second Advent [of Christ] seems to be approaching fast, as you told me several times. You wanted a list of the fellows who would like to have a copy of *Daniel and the Revelation*. Following is a list of names. . . . There are more, and I will send them in my next letter. These books will help a number of the above persons to clear thinking toward religion. I find that a lot of people have wrong impressions and misinterpret the meanings of the Bible to such an extent that they become discouraged and turn to other things to find the comfort they need."

Still other letters tell of the growth in grace experienced by these young men.

"December 17, 1949. One year ago I met you personally for the first time. Since then I have eagerly looked forward to your visits and letters. What I want to thank you for, more than your visits and letters, is introducing me to Christ. This above all else is the most priceless gift anyone can give to another. I completed the Voice of Prophecy lessons last week and signed for their course on Daniel and the Revelation. I have interested several others in taking this course, and those who have already received their first lessons are as enthusiastic as I was to receive them. The fellows you sent the copies of *Daniel and the Revelation* to have received them and want me to thank you and all responsible for them. We have long-winded talks about the prophecies and their fulfillment. Most of the people I talk to are amazed at the changing of the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday by the Catholic Church."

"January 8, 1950. I was sincerely happy to hear you liked the letter I wrote you. I really couldn't command the right words to express clearly the thoughts I wanted to, but I did the best with what I had at the time. I only wish I could have put down all the little things which your friendship has meant to me in the past year and what a wonderful change in my life the influence of Christ has brought about."

"February 26, 1950. I see from your last few cards that you have had quite a few speaking engagements in colleges throughout the South. Are all these colleges under the direction of the Seventh-day Adventist Church? If so, they certainly must have a widespread system of education throughout the country. I was reading in the paper [*Signs of the Times*] the other day where many student prayer bands are holding prayer meetings all over the country. Surely this is another indication that the people are becoming aware of the fact that this world's history is nearly at an end. If only everyone would realize this fact—but I guess that is impossible. I have shown your last letters to some of the

other fellows. Most of them just can't believe that Uncle Roy was healed in such a short time. Of course, they are thinking in terms of modern medicine and not of the powers of our heavenly Physician, who not only can heal human ailments but loved men so much that He gave His life that they might live. I am sure if those who disbelieve would only read the Bible with an open heart, they too would reap the benefits of His wonderful love, and there would be no doubt in their minds that such a miracle could happen."

Today both Bob and Jack Smith are baptized members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, happy in their hope of a home in a better world because someone visited them when they were behind prison bars.

D.P. Means Delayed Pilgrim

(Continued from page 10)

in bed. On this last day she walked around the deck. To her happy surprise she found some peasant women who were sitting in a group singing Christian songs and studying the Scriptures in the Ukrainian language. At first the group was very suspicious when they heard the story this new-



WASHINGTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE, CHURCH

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

The Young West

Read chapters 13 and 14 (pp. 212-238) 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. What is the "blessed hope"? (213:2.)
2. There are twenty doctrines mentioned that are stones for the building of the remnant church of God. How many can you name? (214-221.)
3. Who was the Millerite pioneer in Ohio? (224:3.)
4. Who was the pioneer Sabbathkeeping Adventist in the West? (225:2.)
5. What blacksmith became a mainstay in the early work in Michigan? (227:2.)
6. With what result did Joseph Bates visit the home of the most honest man in Battle Creek? (229:2; 230:3.)
7. What was the "shut-door" theory? (230:4.)
8. What part of America became the center of Seventh-day Adventist activities during the last half of the nineteenth century? (237:2.)

comer was telling them, and only after having thoroughly probed the almost incredible tale did they let her join their group.

At first Sara thought they were like the other Christians she had previously come in contact with, and she talked as she had when previously among them. Soon she discovered that these women held what seemed to her very peculiar beliefs, strangely akin in some respects to the faith of her ancestors. She became interested and was happy to receive the address of the New York Russian Seventh-day Adventist church. She went there upon her arrival in the New World, but also attended a Jewish mission sponsored by another denomination. Pastor Edward Magi, of our Seventh-day Adventist church, advised her tactfully to attend the Bronx Community Temple, New York's Jewish Seventh-day Adventist church instead.

Still hungry for a better knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, Sara went there. To her great sorrow the service was in English, and she received no benefit from it. But she was given a warm welcome by this little group, and was rather reluctantly counseled to attend the German New York church.

No pen can describe the joy radiating in her face after she found a group whose message she recognized as God's truth and whose language she could understand. Immediately she enrolled in the Bible correspondence course, and very soon expressed her desire for baptism.

The enemy of souls had been watching all this, and was not willing to let things run so smoothly as she had hoped. At her place of employment pressure began to be put on the workers to come in on Saturday. For a few weeks she was able to manage on five days a week, but one fateful day she was confronted by the choice of either working six days or being dismissed. Between the persistence of her boss and the fear of facing her husband jobless, she yielded and absented herself from meeting with God's people for several weeks.

A more despondent person could not have been found in all New York than Sara during those weeks in the late winter of 1950. Her spiritual struggle, as the Spirit of God was pleading with her, equaled the anguish endured during the days of the war and, if anything, exceeded it. The minister who visited her during these critical days has never before or since seen a person so deeply under conviction. She tried to rationalize from every possible angle, but the Spirit of God did not permit her to convince herself in any way. When she went to work Sabbaths she became so nervous that she kept getting off at the wrong subway stations. She did not dare look anyone in the eye on that day, for all seemed to condemn her disobedience. That half day on Saturday she spent working tired her more than one ordinary full day. She tried to find peace through fasting. Finally she became violently ill one day

while on the way to work and had to be sent home. She remained in bed for several days.

Meanwhile her place of work closed down, and she could not find suitable employment for quite some time. She improved the days by devoting herself to the study of God's Word and in preparing for her approaching baptism. Her neighbors ostracized her; her husband, though not opposed to his wife's faith, laughed about some of the changes that were taking place in her life, but she kept on the way that leads to life everlasting. Soon she was able to find work with Sabbaths off.

She is now rejoicing in her Lord. Her only sorrow is that her husband does not see the light of God's truth. Occasionally he has accompanied her to the subway on her way to church, and even asked her to pray for him, but he has always gone to his synagogue. May God grant that soon, before Israel's Messiah returns in the clouds of heaven, the cup of this dear woman's joy may be filled, and it may be said of her home as it was of Zacchaeus' of old, "This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham."

To Be Prepared

(Continued from page 1)

conscientious objectors, have something more to consider than simply noncombatancy. An awakened and consistent conscience calls them to "remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy," and reminds them, as each week rolls past, that "the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." As they attempt to walk in the footsteps of the Man of Galilee they remember how jealously He guarded the sacredness of the birthday of the world, how careful He was not to trample upon the holy fringes of the memorial of God's creative power. They are determined, because of their love for God, that they will not do their own pleasures, nor do work that is unnecessary on holy time, and this is entirely as it should be.

Because of these peculiar circumstances Seventh-day Adventists spend much time and effort in providing ways and means by which they can best serve their country without interfering with their service to God.

They are confronted by two main issues. One is the privilege of serving their country without bearing arms. The other is the observance of the seventh-day Sabbath of the Creator from sunset Friday until sunset Saturday. Both these issues, unless properly prepared for and consistently met, can be the cause of great confusion and misunderstanding to representatives of the armed forces. They can also be the cause of real distress to the objecting person.

The individual must be prepared to meet these issues with Christlike humility, yet with unwavering fidelity to God. He

must be prepared to give answer for his hope and for his faith. He must know that his faith in God and his love for his Master will always keep him in the way of the commandments of his Creator. And he who thus walks with God will not waver before either threats or temptation.

The issue of noncombatancy can also be met by previous preparation. The individual who knows that he is going into the armed services in a I-A-O classification should be so well prepared to serve in that status that it would be a waste of talents to put him in any other.

This is where the Medical Cadet Corps becomes a real necessity. Every Seventh-day Adventist who expects to become a member of the armed forces should exert every effort to receive this important training. Not only will it help him to know how to meet some of the peculiar situations that will arise, but it will give him a basic medical and military training that will help fit him for a proper non-combatant assignment.

Our general and local conferences, at great expense and with much effort on the part of many workers, have made medical cadet training available for practically every Seventh-day Adventist who cares to take it. I am convinced from personal observation that every one of our young men should go "all out" to get all this training possible before he is called into the armed services.

To be more certain of acceptable Sabbath assignments, our men, when drafted, should make every effort to get into the Medical Corps. If they are made cooks and bakers or placed in clerical work, they are likely to face real difficulties in obtaining Sabbath assignments that are not objectionable. We must always remember that the armed services are not conducted on a schedule convenient to our religious ideas or practices. Our Sabbath is not considered holy by the majority; therefore no consideration is given to its sacredness. In military life it is just another day, and the routine must go on. For this reason the Medical Corps is the only branch where Sabbath duty, kept at a minimum, could be considered by Seventh-day Adventists as necessary work. In this department one would be least likely to be asked to bear arms. In short, medical service offers the best opportunities for our conscientious cooperators.

Problems and perplexities begin for the so-called conscientious objector from the day his draft board calls him. Therefore, he should register his classification carefully and then stick to it consistently. As problems arise he will have to request special considerations. At these times it will be a help to him if he can show that he has put in real effort to prepare himself to serve his country. At such times the individual who will demonstrate that he is a consistent Christian gentleman will impress his superiors that he is worthy of special considerations.



Senior Youth Lesson

IX—The Great Revival and the Final Reformatory Movement

(June 2)

MEMORY VERSE: Hosea 14:4.
LESSON HELPS: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 461-478 (new ed., pp. 527-543); *While It Is Day*, chapter 9.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1, 2, and notes; study memory verse.
3. Ques. 3-5; read *While It Is Day*, chapter 9.
4. Ques. 6, 7, and notes; review memory verse.
5. Ques. 8, 9, and note; read *The Great Controversy*, pp. 461-478.
6. Ques. 10, 11, and note.
7. Review the entire lesson.

The Great Spiritual Revival

1. What has been the call of God to the people of earth through all ages? Isa. 55:6, 7; Matt. 3:1, 2; Rev. 3:19.

NOTE.—"The Bible does not teach that the sinner must repent before he can heed the invitation of Christ, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' It is the virtue that goes forth from Christ, that leads to genuine repentance. . . . We can no more repent without the Spirit of Christ to awaken the conscience than we can be pardoned without Christ.

"Christ is the source of every right impulse. He is the only one that can implant in the heart enmity against sin. Every desire for truth and purity, every conviction of our own sinfulness, is an evidence that His Spirit is moving upon our hearts."—Steps to Christ, p. 30.

2. When the children of Israel had backslidden and forsaken God, how did King Josiah endeavor to bring them to repentance? 2 Kings 22:2, 13, 19; 23:1-3.

NOTE.—When God was about to pronounce judgments upon His people because of their backsliding, Josiah "proposed that those highest in authority unite with the people in solemnly covenanting before God to cooperate with one another in an effort to institute decided changes.

. . . In the reformation that followed, the king turned his attention to the destruction of every vestige of idolatry that remained. So long had the inhabitants of the land followed the customs of the surrounding nations in bowing down to images of wood and stone, that it seemed almost beyond the power of man to remove every trace of these evils. But Josiah persevered in his effort to cleanse the land." "But the zeal of Josiah, acceptable though it was to God, could not atone for the sins of past generations; nor could the piety displayed by the king's followers effect a change of heart in many who stubbornly refused to turn from idolatry to the worship of the true God."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 400, 401, 405.

3. How did God often appeal to His people through the prophets? 2 Chron. 7:14; Joel 1:14, 15.

4. In what definite words did God urge Israel to turn to Him? Jer. 3:12-14; Hosea 14:1, 2.

5. What will God do for all who repent of their sins? Micah 7:18, 19; Hosea 14:4.

The Final Reformatory Movement

6. What will be the experience of one who has sincerely accepted the Lord? 2 Cor. 7:9-11; Col. 1:9-11.

NOTE.—"When the heart yields to the influence of the Spirit of God, the conscience will be quickened, and the sinner will discern something of the depth and sacredness of God's holy law, the foundation of His government in heaven and on earth. The 'Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' illumines the secret chambers of the soul, and the hidden things of darkness are made manifest.

Conviction takes hold upon the mind and heart. The sinner has a sense of the righteousness of Jehovah, and feels the terror of appearing, in his own guilt and uncleanness, before the Searcher of hearts."—*Steps to Christ*, pp. 27, 28.

7. What reform directed by Ezra and Nehemiah are suggestive of our experience in these last days? Neh. 8:2, 7, 8; 13:10-12, 17-22.

NOTE.—"The work of restoration and reform carried on by the returned exiles, under the leadership of Zerubbabel, Ezra, and Nehemiah, presents a picture of a work of spiritual restoration that is to be wrought in the closing days of this earth's history."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 677.

8. What firm determination made by Nehemiah must be characteristic of God's people today? Neh. 6:3.

9. What blessings accompany Sabbath reform? Isa. 58:12-14.

NOTE.—"This prophecy also applies in our time. The breach was made in the law of God when the Sabbath was changed by the Roman power. But the time has come for that divine institution to be restored. The breach is to be repaired, and the foundation of many generations to be raised up."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 453.

10. What counsel is given concerning our physical well-being? 3 John 2; 1 Cor. 10:31; 6:19, 20.

11. How complete is to be the work of reformation in the lives of God's people? 1 Thess. 5:23, 24; Rev. 14:1, 5.

NOTE.—"The sanctification set forth in the Scriptures embraces the entire being,—spirit, soul, and body. . . . Christians are bidden to present their bodies, 'a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.' In order to do this, all their powers must be preserved in the best possible condition. Every practice that weakens physical or mental strength unfits man for the service of his Creator."—*Ibid.*, p. 473.

Junior Lesson

IX—A Modern Reformation

(June 2)

LESSON TEXTS: Isaiah 55:6-8; Matthew 3:2; 1 Thessalonians 5:23.

MEMORY VERSE: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him." Isaiah 55:6, 7.

Guiding Thought

The message which John saw the angels carrying to the earth in the last days is a message of reform. Throughout earth's centuries, when God's mercy was in danger of being withdrawn from His children because of their persistence in sinning against Him, God has raised up those who would preach a message of reform, calling on men and women to look to their habits of living and of worship, and make them conform to God's pattern.

"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."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 311.

Assignment 1

Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought.

Assignment 2

Our Father's Plea

1. What has been our heavenly Father's plea to all people in all ages? Isa. 55:6, 7.

2. What has been the keynote of the messages of the prophets?

Answer.—The heart of the message of Jeremiah was, "Return, thou backsliding Israel." Jer. 3:12.

Hosea's call was, "Return unto the Lord thy God." Hosea 14:1.

Zephaniah urges, "Seek ye the Lord." Zeph. 2:3.

John the Baptist preached in the wilderness, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Matt. 3:2.

Through John, the last prophet of Bible

times, Christ wrote to warn and inspire Christians in the last days, "Be zealous therefore, and repent." Rev. 3:19.

3. What does God promise to do if His children repent? Joel 2:12-14.

NOTE.—Another prophet writes of the pardoning God: "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Micah 7:18, 19.

Assignment 3

The King Who Led His Nation to Reform

4. Name the king who, despite a wicked father and grandfather, early dedicated his life to God and to leading his subjects in true worship. 2 Kings 22:1, 2.

NOTE.—"Born of a wicked king, beset with temptations to follow in his father's steps, and with few counselors to encourage him in the right way, Josiah nevertheless was true to the God of Israel. Warned by the errors of past generations, he chose to do right, instead of descending to the low level of sin and degradation to which his father and his grandfather had fallen."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 384.

5. What inspired his work of reformation? Verses 8, 10-13.

NOTE.—When Hilkiah discovered the long-lost book of the law and gave it to Shaphan to read to the king, "Josiah was deeply stirred as he heard read for the first time the exhortations and warnings recorded in this ancient manuscript. Never before had he realized so fully the plainness with which God had set before Israel 'life and death, blessing and cursing.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 393.

6. How did the reading of the book of the law influence the king and his subjects, and what evils were destroyed as a result of the reformation? 2 Kings 23:1-4.

Assignment 4

The Reformation in Jerusalem

7. What influenced the captives who were led back from Babylon to Jerusalem by Ezra and Nehemiah to reform? Neh. 8:2, 7, 8.

NOTE.—When the walls of Jerusalem had been built up and some repairs made to the city, those who had taken part in the return were called to celebrate the Feast of Trumpets. Ezra stood on a platform of wood and read from the Book. To make certain that all understood, priests and Levites explained the Scriptures, for among those present were many who had disobeyed God by marrying outside the Jewish nation. They had used other languages and had forgotten the pure Hebrew of their fathers. "They listened, intent and reverent, to the words of the Most High. As the law was explained, they were convinced of their guilt, and they mourned because of their transgressions. . . . As the people prostrated themselves before the Lord, confessing their sins and pleading for pardon, their leaders encouraged them to believe that God, according to His promise, heard their prayers. They must not only mourn and weep, and repent, but they must believe that God pardoned them."—*Ibid.*, pp. 662-666.

8. On what points were reforms brought about? Neh. 13:10-12, 17-22.

NOTE.—Nehemiah found that those connected with the Temple services were living in poverty and forced to work in the fields to the neglect of the Temple and its work, so he urged the people to pay a faithful tithe and to give offerings liberally. He also had to take firm measures to keep away the merchants who came to the gates tempting the Israelites to buy and sell on the Sabbath and to break God's holy law.

Assignment 5

Reformation in the Last Days

9. What call to reform comes in the last days of the church? Joel 1:14, 15.

10. How fully are all called upon to rededicate themselves to God and prepare for Christ's Advent? 1 Thess. 5:23.

NOTE.—"So sanctified must we be that we are found, in Paul's words, 'bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.'" 2 Cor. 10:5.

11. What does this complete sanctification include? 1 Cor. 6:19, 20.

NOTE.—This means, as Paul writes in an-

other part of this epistle, "whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31. "The health reform is an important part of the third angel's message."—*Counsels on Health*, p. 49.

Assignment 6

Blessings That Result From Reform

12. To what feelings does the godly sorrow of repentance give rise in one who brings about reforms in his life? 2 Cor. 7:11.

NOTE.—"Paul, in his letter to the Colossians, sets forth the rich blessings granted to the children of God. He says: 'We do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.'"—*The Great Controversy*, p. 476.

13. Name some other blessings that come from changing to the new habits of Christian living? Mal. 3:10, 11; Isa. 58:13, 14.

14. What blessings does Isaiah prophesy will come to the people and the church that reform? Isa. 58:6-8.

NOTE.—"We are told that in the last days those who have reformed their lives and dedicated themselves to be servants of God, 'with their faces lighted up and shining with holy consecration, will hasten from place to place to proclaim the message from heaven. By thousands of voices, all over the earth, the warning will be given. Miracles will be wrought, the sick will be healed, and signs and wonders will follow the believers.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 612.

Assignment 7

FILL IN THE NAMES

The king who led a reform in Israel. _____

The cupbearer who united his efforts with the scribe, to lead a reformation. _____

Who preached repentance to prepare the way for Christ? _____

Who wrote a message of reformation for the last church? _____

Name at least six reforms which distinguished the members of the last-day church from the world.

KEY TO "MISSING LETTERS"

(1) Hagar. (2) Enos. (3) Demas. (4) Jude. (5) Sardis. (6) Cana. (7) Nadab. (8) Hosea. (9) Baal. (10) Gideon.



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THE LISTENING POST

✦ It is reported that milk ranks first as a mealtime beverage for enlisted men in the U.S. Army.

✦ CANADA's prime minister Louis St. Laurent has announced that a new steel five-cent piece is to be minted for the Dominion. The reason: a shortage of nickel.

✦ THE Hilton hotels have announced plans to expand operations across Europe, including Rome and Istanbul, Turkey, at a cost of approximately \$50,000,000. The E.C.A. will help to finance the building program.

✦ FROM Halifax, Nova Scotia, comes word that a tiny radio transmitter, not much bigger than a dory compass, is being used to help dory fishermen, lost in fog or storm, make contact with their master schooners. It has a range of four miles.

✦ SEVERAL Italian communities are offering prizes to authors who display outstanding literary ability. An annual Literary Competition Prize of 2,000,000 lire (\$3,200) has been established by the city of Valdarno for the best narrative. Other awards are the Venice 1951 Literary Prize and the Turin Award.

✦ KANSAS salt, if mined and spread over the surface of the State, "would cover the ground to a depth of 35 feet; or it would build a wall two miles wide and 1,000 feet high entirely around the State," says the magazine *To the Stars*. What comforting assurance to know that there is at least one commodity which is not in danger of being in short supply to the luckless civilian in the United States.

✦ NEW YORK UNIVERSITY's Hall of Fame for distinguished Americans has six new additions, one of whom is Susan B. Anthony, the great leader of the women's suffrage movement. The other names are Presidents Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt; Dr. William C. Gorgas, who rid the Canal Zone of yellow fever; Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone; and Josiah Willard Gibbs, Yale University's pioneer in mathematical physics. These six were chosen from a field of 186.

✦ THE first television university in the United States has opened in Philadelphia under the auspices of Station WFIL-TV. Nineteen colleges and universities are co-operating with the station to make college available to millions of viewers. The general manager of the station says that it "has facilities to present the programs as an invaluable public service to the people of the city and many neighboring communities," and he is "convinced that the programs will serve as models for similar undertakings elsewhere."

✦ PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN has allocated \$881,000 from his special funds for the construction of an ultra-modern A-bomb shelter on the east side of the White House in Washington, D.C. This building is undergoing extensive remodeling, and it is understood that the new retreat will protect the president and his staff against radioactive particles as well as an A-bomb blast.

✦ DECORATIVE earrings with tiny electric lights in their centers are promised in an invention on which the U.S. Government has issued a patent. Lights may be illuminated only when desired. The entire device includes a small battery hidden in the hair and a comb to hold it in place.

✦ THE Travelers News Bureau says that last year 35,000 Americans were killed in traffic accidents, and 1,799,800 injured. Male drivers were involved in more than 90 per cent of all U.S. automobile accidents.

✦ THERE are more than 8,000,000 cats safely at home in America today. The remainder of the 20,000,000 cat population find what haven they can in barns, factories, garages, and streets.

✦ VERSATILE Poet Edgar Guest joined the staff of the *Detroit Free Press* in 1895, and has been there ever since—56 years! Now he is taking on a new side line—television!

✦ THE national flag of the Republic of India is a horizontal tricolor with saffron, white, and dark green bands of equal size.

✦ SEVENTY per cent of right-handed persons have dominant strength in their right eyes, a recent survey showed.

✦ CALIFORNIA has more than 350,000 acres of vineyards.

✦ POPULAR brands of U.S. cigarettes now cost 40 cents a package in Peru.

✦ DURING a recent month more than 11,000 persons visited Monticello, the Virginia home of Thomas Jefferson.

✦ IT is reliably reported that Soviet Russia has now brought 40 per cent of the earth's 2,000,000,000 people under her control.

✦ THE first large-scale commercial plant designed for making gasoline from coal will soon be built in South Africa, according to recent reports.

✦ BECAUSE of a 440 per cent price jump New York State is trying to stretch its supply of rubber bands. When the present supply is exhausted the State offices will use string fasteners.

✦ DAVID O. MCKAY has been chosen to succeed George Albert Smith as president of the Latter-day Saints Church in Salt Lake City, Utah. He is a former Salt Lake schoolteacher, and his age is 77. Mr. Smith died last April 4.

✦ JACQUELINE COCHRAN, famed woman pilot, has set a new speed record for propeller-driven aircraft over an open course of better than 469 miles an hour. She flew her P-31 Mustang, and the news of her accomplishment comes from Indio, California.

✦ THE *New York Times* says that travelers around Murphy, North Carolina, have no trouble remembering the Ten Commandments. On the side of a mountain near the town the commandments are laid out in huge white stones. Each letter is taller than a man.

✦ SOME weeks ago loud-speakers were installed in the U.S. Supreme Court, Washington, D.C., so that the decisions of the justices' would be more audible. The plan worked beautifully until the whispered remarks of the justices to each other echoed throughout the hearing room. Then the microphones were promptly discarded.

✦ CZECHOSLOVAKIAN artisans are now able to produce bridal wreaths made of tiny wax flowers of such a composition that they do not soften even in tropical climates. The Czechs have been making artificial flowers for many years, but are continually perfecting their art, until it is hard to distinguish the artificials their clever artisans produce from the real.

✦ WHEN pilots of the Royal Canadian Air Force flew to Baffin Island and dropped 1,000 one-pound cans of dog food to relieve a partial canine famine there, the Eskimos thought the canned meat was intended to supplement their own meager diet. Later when they learned their mistake they apologized to the proper parties, explaining that they had no idea the white man put up food for his dogs in such fancy cans.

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