

The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

WELL, young woman, it's obvious you intend to make something worth while of your life."

With these words my employer accepted my resignation to leave his employ that I might continue my education. Folding his hands behind his neck, he leaned back in his swivel chair and continued speaking in a meditative sort of way.

"I've lived a long time [he was then past his allotted threescore and ten years!], and I wonder whether you could guess what two pieces of equipment I have found most useful all these years?"

Mr. Hart was something of a philosopher, besides being a very brilliant lawyer, and when he posed questions like this I had learned to expect something unusual. Quizzically I replied, "I'm sure whatever they are, you must think that I too could make some use of them."

"Yes, I definitely believe that nobody can build a successful life without them. The first is a good filing system, and the second is a wastebasket. Can you imagine what kind of office this would be without either one? Just as each day there come to us those things that must be kept and filed, so in each waking day life brings to us many good things that we should keep for future reference. Likewise, many things come in during the course of each day which, if kept, would only clutter the file. Consequently, equally important is a wastebasket. I have always felt that an office is as efficient as its filing system. Therefore keep all the debris, such as bad habits, resentments, grudges, unholy thoughts, and suggestions, out of your Good Life file."

I have never forgotten those words. In fact, they are still in my file even after all these years. It seemed to me that Mr. Hart had a very interesting way of telling me that it is quite necessary to learn what is really important in the making of a good life.

Learning how to put first things first is aptly demonstrated by the following familiar story about John Quincy Adams. When he was eighty years old a long-time acquaintance inquired of him, "How is John Quincy Adams?"

The octogenarian smiled and replied, "Well, now, John Quincy Adams himself is very well. However, the house he lives in is sadly dilapidated. The building trembles with every wind, and I think

Interior Decorating

By MILDRED A. WAGNER



Merrim, From Monkmeyer

Those Who Put First Things First and Take God at His Word Soon Realize That Their Heavenly Father Provides for Them All Things Necessary to Successful and Abundant Living

John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it before too long. But he himself is very well."

A radio minister told this story to illustrate his sermon on the importance of good habits. Among the replies from listeners was the following letter, which graphically portrays a life built of those

priceless qualities we are admonished to covet:

"DEAR PASTOR,

"This is an old woman who is writing you. At least the house I live in is eighty-two years old. Considering the age, the
—Please turn to page 17



LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE special program, featuring the reformers of the great Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, had held the almost breathless attention of the audience until the very end and through the singing of Martin Luther's grand old hymn "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." The Raymond young people had come home with enthusiastic reports, and now as they gathered around the piano with mother ready to play and dad sitting nearby with the Bible open on his lap, the Reformation spirit still prevailed, and their choice for a sunset worship song was—

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below—
He follows in His train.

and ending on the high note of the last verse—

"A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain—
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

"What we heard this afternoon and this song we have just sung seem very, very far away and entirely unrelated to our present-day experience," observed Elizabeth. "Of course we should be informed about what happened back in the sixteenth century, but after all there are no martyrs burned at the stake today. Wouldn't a program that would help us meet our present-day experiences have been more to the point?"

"No martyrs today? Must be you haven't read the current magazines, Beth. Believe it or not, there are many countries right now where people do not enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and this very day men and women are dying rather than give up their faith in God."

"Ted is right, Beth," put in father, reaching for the latest issue of a popular news weekly. Right here we read of native Christians as well as missionaries who are refusing to compromise, and as a result they are losing their lives.

"In a troubled part of the world invading soldiers took fifty prisoners, and one by one they were called up for questioning. 'Are you a Christian?' was the first query. 'Yes,' answered one, and he died hooked over the limb of a tree, his arms bound behind his back. Another, who answered yes when he heard the order that he be beaten to death, stooped down and removed his shoes and socks, and when his torturers demanded that he stand straight and stop bending over he said, 'I want to die just as my Lord was at His death,' and in their amazement at his answer he was allowed to complete his preparations.

"Still another who declared that he was a Christian was ordered to pluck out his own beard hair by hair. When this process seemed too slow, his persecutors burned it off, searing his face with a torch. Then he was beaten severely after which he was asked, 'Will you still be a Christian and act as leader of this Christian community?' He answered simply, and without a quaver in his voice, 'As long as I breathe.' The next moment a soldier, obeying a gestured order, shot him through the head.

"Those Christians who were allowed to live were put under 'house arrest.' So closely were they guarded that they were permitted to leave their rooms only twice a day for three-minute periods. Shaving for the men and bathing for both men and women were forbidden. One cup of water for washing and one cup for drinking was their total allotment. The Christians were even forbidden to pray, and one missionary who sat with eyes closed and lips moving was warned that if she did not stop 'praying,' she would be 'hanged up by the thumbs' until she was willing to stop. Thereafter she prayed silently, thus keeping in close touch with Heaven, from which she drew heart comfort, plus physical strength and courage until her head was severed from her body by one blow of a sharp sword."

"Really, Dad, are those things taking place anywhere in the world today?" questioned Margaret, unable to believe her ears, "Really truly, Dad?"

"Yes, really truly, daughter, and on the desk in my study you will find several other reputable current magazines that record some of them."

"Reminds one of what the Inspired Book says in the eleventh verse of the twelfth chapter of Revelation: 'And they loved not their lives unto the death,'" observed Ted.

"Exactly! I'm wondering how we would face up to such a crisis," said Beth thoughtfully.

"Last year one of our denominational leaders visited one of the countries where our Seventh-day Adventist brethren and sisters are having a perplexing time. As he was leaving one such country a leader of the church there said to him: 'Please take a message to our friends in your homeland. Perhaps you are our last contact with the outside world until Jesus comes. But no matter what happens, tell the brethren that we will be true to our trust. We will be faithful to the truths of the Bible, and God's Word shall be the guide of our lives, even if it be 'unto death.'"

"But, Dad, do you really believe that hard times and religious persecutions ever will come to us here in the United States, where we have always had so much freedom?"

"Prophecies so indicate, Margaret. You remember that after probation closes 'there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time.' But right along with that prediction is the promise, 'And at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book.' The very important thing is to make sure that our names are recorded in God's book of life."

"And we can do that," observed Ted, "by living close to the Master day by day, and by doing only those things we are sure are pleasing in His sight. But when the four angels, spoken of by John the revelator, let go the winds of strife and trouble they are holding, we will have trouble aplenty. And we never can hope to stand in our own strength. However, our heavenly Father has promised to give His angels charge over us to keep us every moment of every day, no matter what hard experience comes. What a precious promise that is!"

Lora E. Clement

SINCE the day I was a wee baby on my mother's back, as my little sister is now, I, Kang Ri Bok, have always lived in the village of Ansong. It had always been a peaceful village until the day that brought news of great war in the north. Since then many things have happened which I cannot understand, for I am yet young.

Now my father is very worried. He worries for his rice paddies and for his home, but most of all he worries for life itself. He is a very wise man; he and the other men of the village gather in the clay streets of the village and talk in solemn tones. The talk is about things that one so young as I cannot understand. As they talk we hear sounds as of thunder; but no, the wise old men say, that is not thunder but machines—machines to kill. Fear shows on the faces of the village people. We must flee, take all our valuables and flee for our lives.

"Run, little one. Fly like the leaves before the wind. Run and do not stop. We must not stop," calls my father.

Each family loads its blankets and most valuable possessions into a small cart and starts on the long journey. It is a dark, dreary day, and the streets are filled with people who come from both far and near. As we go slowly along, the creaking of the wagons mingles with the thunder—sounds of war.

We travel on, and it begins to grow dark as the day passes into night. My legs are tired, and the pain is great. My mother struggles along with big bags of rice and my little sister on her back. I wish I could be my little sister—asleep, knowing no pain or fear. I know I cannot go along

much farther. "O Father, please, can't we stop and rest? Just for a little while?" I cry.

My mother stumbles beneath her load, and my father stops. I fall by the side of the road exhausted, and watch the other families pass us by. Sleep soon overtakes me, and fear is shut out. I am awakened later by the sounds of the war machines, nearer this time.

"Come," my father says, "we must leave here quickly. Hurry, little one. Run to the south." But just as we pick up our loads and make ready to undertake our journey again, a deafening crash pierces our ears, and a burst of light, brighter than any lightning my eyes have ever beheld, freezes me to the spot. The earth trembles, and great rocks and clods of mud fly about me. When it is over I look around with terrified eyes and behold a great scar in the earth. Beside me lie my mother and little sister, so cold and silent.

I Do Not Understand

By RITA HIGGINS

They do not move. I am frightened and run to my father's side. His body is crushed and broken, but he tries to crawl along. "Come, little one. We must go on. Walk on to the south." But the effort is too much for his bleeding body, and he falls back, silent.

What shall I do? Mother gone, little sister gone, and now father is gone too. I cannot understand what it means. I am alone, for the other travelers have passed me. Cry? No, that is only for babies. My father said, "Flee to the south." I cannot carry the rice bags; they are too heavy. I take a few handfuls of rice and walk along the road. South, always south. On and on I walk. It has grown very dark now, for it is late. A little sliver of moon shines through the clouds, making shadows on the road around me. But I am too tired now to be frightened. I stumble on blindly, always away from the noise of war. When the noises sound very great and near I run and hide in the ditches until all is silent again.

The road winds on, and I come to a wide field where huge iron monsters lie about with great holes in their sides. Bodies of dead men are lying on the ground, and there is the smell of death in the air. I quicken my step, for I remember the bodies of my parents.

Then comes the day when my shoes are worn through and my feet are bleeding from much traveling. My rice is gone, and my stomach gnaws from hunger. Suddenly from ahead comes a rumble. I must run and hide.

But wait; why hide? Soon I will die anyway, and why not escape misery through a quicker death? Let the war men kill me. The dust rises before me, and through the dust comes a huge cart that runs along with no oxen to pull it. It stops, and a big man with a round metal hat and clothes the color of leaves steps out. There are other men in the motored cart with him. They speak kindly to me, and I am not afraid of them. I do not think they will hurt me. They speak a strange language I do not know. But, yes, I remember it. In school I learned a few words of the tongue. It is the tongue of a

—Please turn to page 19



Official Department of Defense Photo

It is a Dark, Dreary Day, and the Streets Are Filled With People Who Come From Both Far and Near. All Around Is the Sound of War

Gossiper or Gossipee?

By KRAID ASHBAUGH

TWO boxes of rosy, extra-fancy-grade apples! And how spicy they smelled and how tasty they appeared when first placed in the fruit cellar. But, alas, time can cause changes in the best of apples, and as I was choosing some of this prime fruit from my two boxes, I found one apple with a large rotten spot in it.

Did I pick up that apple with a thrill of discovery? Did I smell it, examine it from all angles, take it into the parlor, and put it on display that my neighbors might enjoy the sight of it? Or did I carry it around the neighborhood and whisper to my friends, "Look here. This is what I've discovered in my box of so-called top-grade apples. Here's the latest"? Of course I did not. I disposed of that apple immediately and removed it from sight at once.

In company with a young missionary the late Pastor W. H. Anderson, our veteran missionary to Africa, who gave more than fifty years of his life to that continent before his retirement, was itinerating through the Congo. The younger worker had been irritated by the people. He felt that they were abrupt and rude, thoroughly unlikable. But as he and Pastor Anderson were ferried across a river by a boatman, he noted that this man appeared to be different, more tactful and genteel, it seemed. After reaching the other side of the river and again taking up the journey, Pastor Anderson's companion remarked, "Well, that man wasn't such a bad sort."

Instantly the older worker turned and quoted sternly, "Listen, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'"

That was all he said, but the rebuke was so forcible that the young missionary, who told me the experience while he was on furlough, never forgot it. From that time on he began to look for virtues instead of faults in those people, and found good qualities predominating. How may one keep from hearing and telling "the latest"? By thinking on the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report in that other person's character. "When tempted to complain of what someone has said or done, praise something in that person's life or character."

"Oh, but I never tell tales; I never tell 'the latest,'" says one, "but others tell me these things." If one receives those little rotten apples of gossip, if he handles slime from the gutter, will his hands be clean? "If there were no hearers, there would be no speakers of gossip." And if you listen to someone telling you "the latest," can you be sure that the next "latest" that person reveals will not have you as the principal character? "He who gossips to you will gossip of you," declares the wise Turkish proverb.

"I do not gossip, and I do not listen to gossip, but people are always talking about me and telling lots of things about me that are not true, and it makes me feel bad. What shall I do?" So queried a Christian, young in the faith, close to tears. It seemed useless to point out to this poor dejected gossipee (one gossiped about) that untrue things are said every day about people, yet these same people remain in fairly good mental and physical health

and seem to survive the experience. It seemed but cold comfort to explain that malicious and false things were said about Jesus when He was on earth, and that His followers are promised the very same kind of treatment that He received.

But my advice to this discouraged one was to develop the turn of mind a friend of mine had. He knew people were criticizing him harshly for mistakes he had made, and were even telling untruths about him. Apparently he was not worried. He knew the Lord had forgiven his past sins, and as for the backbiters, he said, without malice, "Let them talk. While they're talking about me, they're giving someone else a rest." He did not have time to concern himself with such a minor problem, feeling, as did the Arabian philosopher who declared, "The dog barks, but the caravan passes on."

That is one attitude for the one talked about, criticized, or backbitten to cultivate. Another wholesome point of view may be seen in the experience through which a young minister in California passed when he was just beginning his work. He was trying to hold an extended evangelistic campaign. However, the territory was hard, the church members did not seem to be cooperating, and the Bible instructor was blaming him for all the difficulties that were manifest. He felt rather disheartened, for he knew these troubles were not *all* his fault. At last, thoroughly depressed in spirit, he journeyed to the conference headquarters to

—Please turn to page 18

If One Receives Those Little Rotten Apples of Gossip, if He Handles Slime From the Gutter, Will His Hands Be Clean?

H. M. Lambert



ANN, come on, get up; we must be on our way. It is a good piece to Mistress Hurd's, and we will do well to get there before noon." It was Father Headworth calling eleven-year-old Nancy Ann. This would be the last time father would call tiny Nancy, or Ann as he called her, from her little bed in the old homestead, for today was her eleventh birthday, and time for her to be farmed out to cross old Mistress Hurd to earn her own living and add a small pittance to the upkeep of the family household.

Nancy Ann Headworth was a little English girl, born in Lestershire, June 19, 1823. In those days the rich in England were very rich, and owned all the land. The poor were as equally poor, and did the hard work for their rich neighbors as share croppers. Nancy's parents were of this class, and were very poor, with a very large family to support. As the children became eleven years of age, they were hired out to these wealthy farmers, and became not much more than slaves. They were furnished board, room, and a small amount of clothing; but their wages, small though they were, were sent to the parents. It was to this kind of life Nancy was now going. She was a small, frail child, and mother had pleaded for her to be left in the home a few years longer, but her father was firm, and besides, he needed the extra money to help feed and clothe the younger children.

And now the dreaded day had come. The little wooden chest that father had made and painted blue was packed with her few clothes and possessions. Mother was trying to get her breakfast, but it was hard to cook and wipe away the tears at the same time. It was also hard to eat and cry too, but at last it was over, and father was at the door with old Peter and the farm wagon. The little blue chest was loaded in; there was one last kiss for the little brothers, and a big one for mother, and Nancy Ann was lifted up to the seat beside her father, and he drove off. She was gone from home forever, and became the property of Mistress Hurd.

But life at the Hurd Mansion was kind to Nancy, for, because she was tiny and frail, it was too hard for her to lift the great pots and pans in the kitchen or wield the broom to sweep the many rooms in the great house. So she was given the task of being her mistress' personal maid, which was not too hard, but rather trying at times, because the great woman was rather cantankerous and hard to please. But Nancy got on rather well, and the days flew past so quickly that it was soon time for the week of vacation she was to have each year.

The years went by one by one, and Nancy became a young woman, and like all young women began to look about her for the prince charming who might ride her way. On the very next estate young John was working. The two would meet occasionally when Nancy was on errands

The Little Blue Chest

By EUPHEMIA WILSON PARRISH

Part I



Cy La Tour

What Lay Beyond Those Miles of Green Water for Our Hopeful Young Couple as They Sailed On to Their New Land of Hope and Opportunity?

for her mistress, and a friendship was formed that was to last for life, for John and Nancy fell in love. But they could not marry until their contracts, or leases, were up. Nancy's time was up before John's, so once more she packed the little blue chest, and because she was of age now, she could choose her own work.

After a visit to her old home she proceeded on to London to work and save money for her wedding, which would take place as soon as John was free to join her.

In due time the wedding was over, the last good-bys were said, and John and Nancy and the little blue chest were on their way to Liverpool. There they had booked passage for America, where they had chosen to make their home. To them it was to be a bit of heaven, but little did they know the experiences that lay ahead.

The boat was tied to the wharf, and the young newlyweds went aboard and

found their stateroom, then went to deck to watch the ship pull away from the dock and away from their native land. But it was a sailing vessel, and there had been no wind for some time. So it was several days more before a breeze came up and the great sail filled and they were off. Slowly their native shores of old England faded beyond the horizon. They caught their last glimpse of the homeland as it seemed to sink into the sea.

What lay beyond those miles of green water for our hopeful young couple as they sailed on to their new land of hope and opportunity? Only God knew of the wonderful experiences and many trials that were ahead of them. One of the trials was just a few days in the future. The wind had never been very strong, and the boat moved very slowly, but one morning when they awoke all was quiet. The great sail hung limply by the mast; the captain and

sailors went about their tasks with grim faces. The hot sun beat down mercilessly on the calm waters. Day after day it was the same, until two weeks had passed. The drinking water had long been used up, and now the food was nearly gone. All that remained was musty sea biscuits to eat and salty sea water to drink. Several aboard died and were buried at sea. John was a strong, stalwart young man, but little Nancy did not fare so well. It was only due to John's careful nursing that she lived. God had a work for her to do, and she was spared a watery grave.

But like all unpleasant experiences, this one too came to an end. One evening a tiny breeze seemed to come from the southeast, the sails began to flap a wee bit against the masts, and the sailors' faces began to look more cheerful. Slowly the wind kept rising, until at last the order to "Hoist the sails!" came from the captain on the bridge. Once more the ship that had drifted about for so many days creaked and groaned, and they were again headed for America.

But all was not well with Nancy. Her frail little body could not stand the sea

biscuits and sea water as well as could the bodies of her stronger companions. She became sicker and weaker as the days passed, until John began to wonder whether she would ever live to reach New York.

After many weary weeks of weakness and seasickness the young couple awoke one morning to the cry of "Land! Land! America is just ahead!" Sure enough, what looked like a bank of dark clouds in the west came nearer and nearer, until they could see the forests and hills of America and the skyline of New York—home was just beyond. How good it would feel to step on the good solid earth again after eight weeks of being on the sea.

At last the ship docked at Ellis Island, and what was John to do? He knew the immigration officers would not let Nancy into America, poor, weak, and ill as she was. She might have some dreaded disease. And to stay aboard ship and sail back to England would be fatal. But he was a bright young man, with a keen mind, and it did not take him long to figure out a plan. He would put on his big ulster (a full English overcoat), and Nancy being so tiny, he could put her under it and hold her with one arm and carry their bag with the other. So carefully he dressed his little wife, and when their turn came to pass the officer, one John Wilson passed inspection and was admitted to this great new land that meant so much to them.

Nancy was taken to a hotel, where with good food and careful nursing, plus plenty of rest, she was soon on her way to health again. John was busy meantime collecting the little blue chest and other baggage, inquiring into and obtaining train tickets for Michigan far to the west. It was there they planned to make their home, not far from where Nancy's brothers Bill and Tom were already established.

Did I say John bought train tickets? He did. But alas he did not know of the fact that you could take a fast passenger train or a slow freight, and his tickets called for passage on the flatcar of a freight train! So John and Nancy and other newcomers going their way loaded their trunks and other baggage on the flatcar in a circle, so they would have some protection, leaving the blue chest for a seat. It was a far cry from the beautiful trains that travel now from Detroit to New York in a few hours. It took a week to make the trip, and Nancy told me many years later that every few miles the train would stop and pick up wood that was piled along the track for the engine fire. One night it rained, and the passengers were soaked to the skin, but the sun came out in the morning, and they were soon dry again. Nancy told John that if that was train riding, she wanted no more of it.

But at last with a snort and a great deal of chugging and grinding the train pulled into the city of Detroit. But what a city! At that time it was only a trading

—Please turn to page 18



Elephantiasis

DISTORTION has become a popular vogue in realistic art. A most hideous example of it was pictured on a huge canvas in the Chicago Museum of Art a few years ago. It portrayed a woman sitting in a chair on a beach, and one of her legs was about four times the size of the other. Apparently the artist had seen someone afflicted with elephantiasis, the tropical disease in which one or both of the lower extremities grow enormous with a thickening and fissuring of the skin. It is understatement to say it was not a beautiful picture.

A literary analogy to elephantiasis is found in the English sentence which is overloaded with subordinate elements. Few writers can handle multiple subordinations in a sentence with clarity. Richard Hooker, of the sixteenth century, managed 160-word sentences with admirable ability. Joseph Conrad, of our recent generation, likewise manipulated subordinations with remarkable grace. Emerson represents more nearly the modern form for sentence length, although not many can make their sentences fit their ideas like a glove, as he did in his twenty-word average.

This bulging of style comes quite frequently from the repeating of ideas or from using clauses that could be compressed into a word. Note the following example:

There are many men who are recognized as leaders in industry today who are much more interested in the market reports featured by nearly every newspaper than they are in the general news; so only glancing at the front page and passing by the editorials and sport section, they turn first to the financial page, where their chief interest lies.

Fortunately elephantiasis of sentence structure is more easily cured than the physical disease from which it is named. The cure involves only a bit of rhetorical surgery. The foregoing sixty-word sentence can be put into a twenty-nine word statement like the following without losing a single essential idea:

Many industrial leaders read the financial page of a newspaper before reading the news, the editorials, or the sports section, because their chief interest is in the market reports.

Perhaps the popularity of a number of our current American periodicals like the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Reader's Digest*, and *Time* can partly be accounted for in their average sentence length of eighteen words. Variety of structure is necessary, however, in keeping a succession of shorter sentences from becoming monotonous. The more nearly our writing style approaches our speaking style, the more reader interest it commands.

Note the rhetorical swelling of the following sentence and its suggested abbreviation:

In regard to our correspondence we should make each letter correct, courteous, and efficient, and one that will hurt no one's feelings, that will give all the information that is desired, and that will not have any errors in it.

This labored forty-word sentence is overgrown with weeds. Its thoughts can be adequately stated in sixteen words:

We should make our letters correct in form, courteous in tone, and fully informative in content.

WHEN MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER FORSAKE ME

By MIRIAM HARDINGE

PART SEVEN

Almost Ensnared



NOT long after Moira entered the service of her Master a letter arrived from India saying that her father was about to sail for France, whence he would go to Switzerland to obtain material for a book he was writing. A few weeks later, when a second letter arrived from him, a check fell out for a sum sufficient to cover her traveling expenses to the Continent. How thrilled she and her brother Ernest were as they met at a London station and boarded the boat train. At last they were to see their father! Moira could only dimly remember him, so long had it been since he had left the family. What would he be like? Her heart beat wildly as the clean electric train drew into the lakeside station.

"There he is!"

Ernest recognized him at once. And Moira was not disappointed in the friendly, jovial man who greeted them and put one arm around each.

Moira could not but wonder whether he would talk about her strange beliefs, but the first few days passed without any mention of the subject of religion.

There were boat rides to enjoy on the ever-blue waters of Lake Geneva, long, long walks in the mountains, and quaint towns and villages to explore. Lazy hours were spent out on the lawn while aching muscles recovered after long hours spent walking, and eyes reveled in the sight of majestic mountains and the blue, blue lake. It was such a perfect vacation that it seemed that nothing could come in to spoil it. But as the two weeks drew to an end and the finger of work began to beckon her, Captain Calkins woke to the fact that he must bring up a subject of vital importance before Moira went back.

"Well, Moira, what are you going to do about it?"

"About what, Daddy?"

"About that new religion! Isn't it time you gave up these childish ideas?"

"I don't think so, Daddy; I am more convinced of them than ever. The more I read the Bible, the more the teachings of our church are apparent to me," she testified.

"But how do you know that the Bible is infallible?" questioned Ernest. "There's not a modern teacher in the established church, or most others for that matter, who believes the Bible can be taken literally."

Moira was silent for a few moments.

"But I can't help believing it is true," she said. "Call it faith if you like—it just is true to me."

"You may say that," countered her father, "but I find in the teachings of Buddha as much beauty and truth as in the teachings of the Bible."

"Besides," said Ernest, "it stands to reason that a small sect of comparatively uneducated people cannot be right. If what they teach were true, the bishops and scholars of the church would be teaching it too."

And so the arguments continued till night took the place of day, and again next morning when breakfast was over and they all set out for a walk through the valley. The question was taken up again when dinner was over.

In the train going home Ernest changed his tactics.

"Moira, don't be upset over this. You've just been deluded. Your mother should never have allowed you to go to that dangerous school. Now listen. If you'll just leave those people alone, I'll find you a job on a paper or some place where you'll really enjoy it, and will earn more than twice as much as you are getting now. I'll take you around and introduce you to really interesting people, and you'll have some fine friends."

He spoke in a manner so unusually kind that Moira's resistance broke down.

She looked up.

"You promise?" she asked hesitantly.

"Sure, I'll promise. We'll have some good times together. You'll see."

Moira arrived on the campus on a Friday afternoon. She greeted her friends with less warmth than she usually did after an absence, and she stayed much in her room. After all, she told herself, she would soon be leaving them. She would go to London and get an interesting job and meet nice people, and Ernest would take her around. She kept repeating the formula to herself.

In the morning she did not get up for breakfast until the others in the dormitory had departed for Sabbath school and church. Then she settled down to read a French novel she had brought home with her. But concentration came hard. Strains of familiar hymns reached her ear and began to knock on the door of her heart. How could she leave this life?

"I'm going to London, and Ernest will get me an interesting job and take me around," she told herself again.

"But if I can't base my hope and beliefs on the Bible, what is there?"

"I'm going to London, and Ernest will get me an interesting job and take me around."

She laid down the novel, and her eyes fell on the black covers of her Bible that she had unpacked the previous day but had not read. Almost against her will she rose and picked it up. She opened it at random. Was it an angel hand that caused it to open at Psalms 27, or was it the fact that it had so often been opened at that page?

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Moira knelt beside her bed. She did not speak, but something kept her there.

The next day as she took her place in the office Virginia looked inquiringly at her.

"Hello, Moira! What's wrong? Didn't

you enjoy your vacation? Are you still seasick, or just what?"

Moira had determined that she would not discuss anything with anyone, but she found herself longing to unburden herself to someone.

"So you see," she concluded after she had finished telling Virginia how she had been "deluded." "Adventists are all wrong. Their teachings are too narrow."

Virginia said little.

"Moira, just do one thing, will you? Go and see Pastor Morrison before you leave."

"I don't want to," declared Moira.

Nevertheless, Moira found herself knocking on the door of Pastor Morrison's study that afternoon.

When she emerged an hour later it was with a light heart. She hurried to her room and took two sheets of notepaper and two envelopes. She addressed one to her father and one to Ernest. "I was hasty and foolish

when I made the decision to break away from the Seventh-day Adventist Church," she wrote. "I am staying by it."

Four days later a well-padded envelope came through the mail for her. She extracted twenty pages of closely written arguments against those who are so narrow-minded as to accept the Bible as the Word of God.

"Yes, Christ was a great teacher," Captain Calkins wrote, "but how do you reconcile the teachings of Moses with His words? The Bible contradicts itself. How can it be relied upon?"

Moira took the lengthy screed to Pastor Morrison. That kindly minister of God patiently went through it.

"Moira," he said, "did you ever do a jigsaw puzzle?"

"Why, yes," she said, wondering what a jigsaw puzzle had to do with Bible study.

"What did you do when you picked up

a piece and didn't know where it went? Did you throw it away because you couldn't find a place for it?"

"Of course not. I put it aside, and after a while I'd be sure to find it was just the piece I needed."

"Well, the Bible is like a jigsaw puzzle to us sometimes. We read a verse and can't understand how and where it fits in with the rest. Lay it aside for a while, and presently we see that it exactly fits in somewhere. It may take us a lifetime to complete the puzzle, but every piece fits. We can be sure of that."

Moira carefully composed a letter to her father, but in return came another one—fifteen pages, this time. Again Pastor Morrison helped her smooth out some of the arguments he brought up, but hardly had she mailed this letter, it seemed, than another barrage came through the mail. However, with each succeeding letter

—Please turn to page 18

Take My Yoke

By MARY MILES



FROM remotest times the yoke has been the sign of working together, of being harnessed to another for service.

There is the yoke of sin. King Solomon learned the galling bondage of this yoke when he experimented with the evils of his time. When he finally came to himself as did the prodigal of the parable, he wrote, "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." He knew only too well the meaning of Jeremiah's words: "The yoke of my transgressions is bound by his hand: they are wreathed, and come up upon my neck."

All the wrong traits of character, all the evils inherent, become a strong yoke we wear with the instigator of evil. We follow his behests, for we cannot of ourselves be free. To us, then, in such a condition the yoke is in truth the instrument of slavery, of heart unrest, and of soul misery. We are ready to cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

How quickly the answer comes to one wearing this yoke of sin! I have found a ransom, even Jesus, who came "to give his life a ransom for many."

What amazing mercy! He frees us from this yoke of our own first choice to draw

us into close fellowship with Himself. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." This is rest from the heavy bondage of sin. This is rest from all that frets the heart, because we know that each experience will be of His planning, and that He is close beside, sharing what He has allowed to come to us. Oh, His yoke is easy and His burden is light because He wills it so, and we may be at peace in the love that allows what may come. "And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought . . . and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."

But wearing His yoke means more than freedom from sin's chains. It is being yoked with Him against the powers of evil. It is taking His plan for each day. Blessed are the harnessed—the meek who are gladly wearing His yoke—"for they shall inherit the earth." For the yoke is His instrument of merciful discipline to keep us from wandering into trouble.

When we have truly taken it to become one with Him, we shall not know it as a confining yoke. It will be a sphere of freedom to make large plans for His service.

It will fit so perfectly we shall carry the load without fret or wear. "If with glad-some consent of heart to His gracious call, you come wearing the yoke of Christ,—the yoke of obedience and service,—all your murmurings will be stilled, all your difficulties will be removed, all the perplexing problems that now confront you will be solved," so writes Mrs. E. G. White.

Let us think of specific things in this wearing of His yoke. There is the matter of planning each day with Him. Do we plan each activity to His glory? Would what we expect to do glorify Him before others? If we look at our days through His eyes, we shall have nothing to regret at their close. Then there is the matter of consulting His Guidebook daily before we set out. In journeying long distances by car one consults a map often. No less should we, along the perilous road from earth to a better country, study His road map, the Bible. We should go regularly where it is studied, to learn more of His way and how best to travel it. And having done these things and learned the blessedness of wearing His yoke, we shall gladly urge others to wear it also. We shall share with them the riches of the planned and disciplined life, the rest because His burdens are light. "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."

Yoked with Him! Abiding in Him! What stability! What confidence! His plans our plans, His way for us our way. Heaven for us and for those whom we persuade to wear His yoke begins here, to continue until we stand before the Father's throne and serve Him day and night in His temple, still yoked with Christ.

NO ONE can say that we have been bombarded with texts on our journey, but nevertheless there has been one inspired verse hovering persistently in the background of these articles. It has often clamored to be heard, but has been denied that privilege until this moment, when it can be boldly brought into the open and introduced as our mentor for coming days. The text is a classic coming from the pen of the Christian scholar Paul, and in it he gives us this incomparable advice: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; . . . think on these things."

This is the best mental menu that can be chosen by any young Christian—to feed his mind on the true, the honest, the just, the pure, and the lovely until it naturally makes the best its daily diet. And this, we hope you will recognize, has been the tenor of our discussion of Literature, Art, and Music. We have been searching for the best.

But we have already heard, off stage as it were, the murmur of one devastating word—"high-brow"! Any taste that rises above the common level is sure to be roped off by this label, and many a budding interest is nipped to death by the mere sound of this forbidding word. But why should that be? The finest joys in life would all be classified under that heading if the "low-brows" were consistent in their

Quest for BEAUTY

A TREASURE HUNT IN FIVE PARTS

By BERNARD E. SPARROW

Part V—Journey's End

judgments. Careful thought will show that even our beloved Bible is high-brow! It is written in the purest prose, it encourages the loftiest ideals, it tells of the most beautiful Character, and it guides to the land where perfection reigns in all its loveliness. Why, then, should any Christian fight shy of high-brow pleasures? To be in the running for election as a son of God, he should rather be cultivating these higher joys as a preparation for greater ones to come.

If we do not learn to love the simple earth-bound beauties here, how ever shall we enjoy the infinitely more refined ones

of heaven? If we disregard the best that the Lord has given us *this* side of the kingdom, how shall we fare in "the land of far distances" where we shall "see the King in His beauty"? Shall we not have a shock? Will there not even be the possibility that, having failed to appreciate God's gifts on earth, and having even despised them, we shall be unready to appreciate those He has awaiting us in heaven? Perhaps we ought to do more to educate ourselves for eternity!

This long-term preparation will bring us immediate blessings. It will enrich us in the wealth that matters most—the wealth of the spirit. Imperceptibly but surely we shall gain a culture that will endow us with continual joy. We shall never need to twiddle our thumbs; our minds will never be unoccupied; we shall always have mental reserves on which to draw in times of need. It will be true of us as of the gentleman in Coleridge's poem "Kubla Khan":

"For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

This is no impractical doctrine that we are preaching. It has been accepted and practiced by most of life's great men. Edward Wilson, who accompanied Captain Scott to the Antarctic, was a gifted artist and most sensitive to the poetry of life; Lord Grey, statesman of World War I, was an ardent nature lover; Lord Wavell, competent general and recent viceroy of India, can quote yards and yards of poetry; and Winston Churchill, in addition to being one of the greatest of political leaders, is a talented painter and an undisputed master of English prose.

These men recognized one outstanding advantage possessed by mental culture over other forms of amusement—it is portable! A book, a picture, or a piece of music does not take much carrying, even in the hand, and still less in the mind, and it can bring us joy in all kinds of out-of-the-way places. In an African village, where these words are being written, or

—Please turn to page 21



Newtonian

We Think of Jesus, Fresh From Heaven's Perfection, Yet Daily Rubbing Shoulders
With Much That Was Coarse, Ugly, and Sinful

ADVENT YOUTH IN ACTION



Loma Linda Youth Rally
Milton Murray, Reporting

A "standing room only" throng of young and otherwise wedged themselves into the church on the hill, one of two churches on the Loma Linda campus of the College of Medical Evangelists, on a recent Friday evening.

The occasion was a rally, to be followed Sabbath by a Missionary Volunteer officers' institute directed by Pastor Charles Martin, Southeastern California Conference youth leader.

To give color, inspiration, and life to the rally, H. M. S. Richards, Del Delker, Al Avilla, and the King's Heralds participated in the evening's two-hour program. A nine-foot replica of the front page of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* on the right-hand side of the rostrum added to the suspense. Some wondered what it had to do with the rally? They did not have long to wait.

After Miss Delker finished a solo and Al Avilla quietly started "Faith of Our Fathers" on the organ, Pastor Martin stepped to the rostrum and read:

"But wait, let's look back into history, for history in reality is *His story*, the record of God's dealings with His people. The faith of our fathers in the message was complete—to them it meant not just a belief. It was something all-important, so great that every moment, every act, every resource was dedicated to the hastening of the Second Advent, for they knew the gospel had to be preached to all the world for a witness to all nations before the end could come.

"And as we look back to the last half of the nineteenth century, we may first see as symbols of that age an old man leaning heavily on his cane. His devoted wife is at his side, and both are holding aloft the torch—giving the everlasting light to the world. It is because of the passing of time that the pioneers appear old to us. In reality nearly all of them were young men and young women."

As he read this paragraph those he described began walking slowly down the center aisle. Pastor Martin continued:

"Here is Ellen Harmon, just seventeen when she began her work, and even then she knew the struggles of the child and the youth with the powers of darkness, and, more important, she knew a life of victory in Christ. The woman walking down the aisle with her husband symbolizes, in a way, Ellen G. White and her husband James, but these two symbolize

the *spirit* of the early Advent Movement, and include all the earnest persons who labored tirelessly for the Master.

"There was J. N. Andrews, who accepted the Sabbath truth when he was seventeen. That was in 1845, before Mrs. White had received it. Stephen N. Haskell was nineteen when he first heard an Adventist sermon. Pastor Haskell was not paid by the conference. First of all, there was no conference; and second, there was little money among the Advent believers. Workers endured hardship, preached the gospel, and supported themselves and their families by their own trades. You might call them lay preachers today. Well, Stephen Haskell sold home-made soap for a living. William Saxby plied the trade of a tinner for a railroad. Others were blacksmiths.

"John Loughborough was twenty in the year 1852, and he had already been preaching the second coming of Christ for three years.

"The author of the book *Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation* was only twenty when he cast his lot with God's remnant people. Uriah Smith and his sister Annie turned aside from profitable

teaching positions to join the staff of the *Review and Herald* in 1853.

"Joseph Waggoner was thirty-one when he became a tower of strength to the cause of God, a writer, a preacher, and a missionary. There were no automobiles in those days—and no trains as we know them today. One of his converts said that he traveled fifty miles on foot to bring him the message of a soon-coming Saviour.

"There were great leaders then—and great followers. We could not hope to mention all their names tonight. But their deeds are recorded in the books of heaven—and in the hearts of all of us."

"I saw one weary, sad, and torn,

With eager steps press on the way,
Who long the hallowed cross had borne,
Still looking for the promised day.

"And one I saw, with sword and shield,
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,
And fought, unyielding on the field,
To win an everlasting crown.

"Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,
No murmur from his heart arose;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
"O this!" said he—"the blessed hope."



Milton Murray Photos

La Sierra College Students, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richards, Burst Forth From a Nine-Foot Facsimile of *The Youth's Instructor* to Respond to the Need for Bearers of the Flame of Truth in a Loma Linda Church on the Hill Pageant

By this time the pioneers who had come down the aisle were standing next to Pastor Martin and before the eighteen hundred persons who had crowded into the church. Pastor Martin continued:

"For years the pioneers of our work struggled against poverty and manifold hardships in order to place the cause of Bible truth on vantage ground. With meager facilities they labored untiringly, and the Lord blessed their humble efforts. The burden bearers among us are falling in death. Many of those who have been foremost in carrying out the principles held by us as a people are now past the meridian of life.

"It was more than a hundred years ago that the Lord, directing with patient hand, began to lead a faithful group of pioneers into the thrilling experience of knowing that their Saviour was soon to come in the clouds of heaven. They were a courageous band of Christians. They were true, persevering, consecrated, and willing to do anything, just so the cause they loved so much would advance.

"Later, in 1852, a new paper called *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* began publication, to provide a spiritual guide for the youth of that day.

"It grew, it developed, and as we celebrate its centennial this year it still plays an important part in providing the inspiration needed for our young people. How fitting, then, that one hundred years after its founding we pay tribute to *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*—this valuable guide of Seventh-day Adventist youth.

"With deepest concern the question may be asked: Who will fill the places of those who were inspired by the early editions of our youth's paper? To whom are to be committed the vital interests of the church when the present standard-bearers fall?"

With this Al Avilla opened up all organ stops and began playing "The Captain Calls," when a young couple sprang through the nine-foot *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* front page and answered the question by taking the torch of the eternal flame of truth from the weakened and tired hands of the pioneers and holding it high.

Pastor Martin continued:

"We look anxiously upon the youth of today as those who must take these burdens, and upon whom responsibilities will fall. They must take up the work where others leave it. Their course will determine the future of the Advent message. Will we, young men and young women, accept this holy trust at the hands of our fathers? Are we preparing to carry the responsibilities that will soon be laid upon us?"

"Let us take up the torch of the Advent message as symbolized by these two young people. Let us carry it forward in faith, giving the light of the gospel to all nations, kindreds, tongues, and peoples."

And as Pastor Martin invited the audience, "Stand with me as we dedicate our lives anew to Christ," the whole congrega-



Southeastern California Conference Youth Leader Charles Martin (Extreme Left) Calls Adventist Youth to Carry the Eternal Flame of Truth as Did the Pioneers of Yesteryear

tion stood as if one to respond to the Captain's call.

Pastor Richards' pointed and illustrated remarks followed the pageant ceremony. His commendation to hold forth the Word of truth by living a life that emulates Christ's, awakened in each youth who listened a desire to be a 1952 pioneer.

Thus ended another in a series of Southeastern California Conference youth rallies, which are designed to help Seventh-day Adventist young people share their faith.

A Special Week of Prayer Service Clair Smith, Reporting

For the closing service of the Missionary Volunteer Week of Prayer, the Spokane (Washington) Associated Missionary Volunteers met Sabbath afternoon to hear a message of courage by Pastor Don Spillman. Speaking to the youth in the beautiful new Spokane Valley church, Pastor Spillman urged us to be strong in the Lord, so that we might, through the blood of Christ, have courage to meet the trial should we be called upon to face persecution. All present responded to his call for rededication. The Crusaders, a men's chorus under Pastor Spillman's direction, inspired the congregation with numbers before and after the sermon.

Jubilee Camp-Cum-Congress Mrs. E. E. White, Reporting

Two hundred and fifty young people, the greatest number of Adventist youth ever gathered together in the Trans-Commonwealth Union, met for a week of inspiration and fellowship twenty miles

south of Tasmania's lovely capital city of Hobart. They came from Victoria, South Australia, South New South Wales, West Australia, and, of course, Tasmania; moreover, America, England, India, and New Guinea were also represented there. We have attended many youth camps in different parts of the world, but we felt that a special spirit of earnestness pervaded this group of young people.

The campsite was ideally situated overlooking the estuary of the Derwent, and our hosts and hostesses, Pastor and Mrs. H. W. Hollingsworth and Pastor and Mrs. L. H. Hay, certainly extended a very friendly welcome to the youth and their leaders, making us all feel that we were at home away from home.

Pastor and Mrs. A. P. Dyason, the much-loved leaders of the Trans-Commonwealth Union young people's department, were the ideal mother and father at South Arm in caring for all the youth and the many problems of accommodation, and it was a real thrill to see Pastor Dyason's father, who has been known to the youth of Australia and New Zealand for many years. The young people were happy to meet him, and the home churches will know the sweet songs that this veteran composed specially for the youth camp. Such words as—

"Arise! O youth! take the Sacred Book and study its pages through,
And show each day as you move along you are led by the power of God.
Arise! O youth! tell a dying world that Christ is the living Word:
Then know your faith,
And live your faith,

—Please turn to page 21

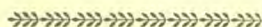
BUT, captain," the alarmed airplane stewardess was speaking, "this plane will never reach Bogotá, not with all these Protestants on board!"

The pilot, who unbeknown to the stewardess was also a Protestant, tried to calm her fears as best as he could and keep the plane steadily on the course to its destination.

It was when most of the young folks on board the plane had started singing hymns and choruses, the kind that are sung the world over by Missionary Volunteers, that the stewardess had suddenly realized what type of cargo the plane was carrying. She was right in concluding that an overwhelmingly large number of the passengers on that flight from Medellín to the capital city were Protestants, because twenty-four of the twenty-six passengers were Missionary Volunteers on their way to the first youth congress to be held for the youth of the Colombia-Venezuela Union.

What a thrill it was as Miss Mercedes England and I, who had arrived in Bogotá ahead of the delegates in order to help in the preparations for the congress, watched the groups of delegates arrive! Besides the group from Medellín, another plane load came up from Barranquilla, a delegation arrived from the Curaçao Mission, and three chartered busses bringing seventy-four from Cali stopped in front of the mission property! These busses had traveled two days, making an overnight stop at a town midway. The rest of the delegates arrived in smaller groups.

On the first night of the four-day congress the church auditorium, the vestries, and the balcony were filled, until not one



YOUTH F

By JUNE NIC

Photo

empty seat could be found, and the late-comers were obliged to stand. Beautifully and very fittingly, during the opening exercises the flags of Colombia, Venezuela, and Curaçao were brought in one by one and placed on the platform as the bugle sounded and the national anthem of each country was played. The fourth flag to appear was one that we all could claim—our own Missionary Volunteer flag.

Silence prevailed throughout the auditorium as Pastor E. W. Dunbar, world youth leader, began to speak. The youth who had gathered at this congress had been waiting a long time to hear him. Now they could not afford to miss any of his inspiring message. An item of great interest that he introduced that first night was the famous torch that played an important role in the Paris Youth Congress.

Because of unexpected difficulties at the border, the delegations from the two Venezuelan missions did not arrive until midafternoon on Friday, having missed almost one day of the congress. You can imagine the royal welcome they received



The Venezuelan Delegates Boarding th

when they appeared on the church grounds.

The devotional services, sermons, workshops on personal, public, and colporteur evangelism, and round-table and panel discussions were not only interesting but inspirational and helpful. Pastor V. E. Berry, MV secretary of the Inter-American Division, contributed much to the success of the congress.

Two rather unusual personages came to this congress. They came not as regular delegates, however, for there are no Seventh-day Adventists among their tribe. They were the chief and a subchief of the Arguajo Indians. During the past three years Alonzo Abduhl, formerly a Buddhist but now a Seventh-day Adventist minister, has been visiting this tribe, teaching them how to live more healthfully and telling them of the soon return of Jesus. For some time now they have been asking that a teacher be sent to them. Foremost among those making this petition were not only the chief but also, strange as it may seem, their own government-paid Indian teacher.



Youth Delegates Leaving the Bogotá Church After the Close of a Meeting of the Colombia-Venezuela Youth Congress

R CHRIST

FREDERICKSON

ollins



Return to Their Homeland After the Congress

The latter was so eager for our mission to take charge of their school that several months ago he resigned his job in order to open the way for the mission teacher to come in and take over.

Fortunately the story does not end here. When the chief was asked at the congress to tell the congregation why he wanted a teacher sent to his tribe, he made a wonderful appeal. Then the question was asked the youth sitting in the audience, "Is there anyone here who would be willing to respond to such a call?" The appeal had evidently impressed their hearts, for many hands went up. Then Marcos Quiñones and his wife, Irene, stood and slowly walked to the platform, where they were introduced to the chief and his associate. This was not, of course, a decision of the moment, for several weeks before, the young couple had received the call from the mission and had answered that they would be willing to go. From the congress they were going directly to the high mountain retreat where this tribe lives, to make their home and start work among them.

Those who attended the Sabbath afternoon meeting listed on the program as "Triumphant Missionary Volunteers" will long remember the occasion, for many young people who had been witnessing for Christ came forward to tell their stories. A full report of that meeting cannot be given here—just some of the high lights.

Eddie de Yongh, a lad from the Dutch island of Curaçao, reported that he, with the aid of other young people from two MV Societies, has been holding open-air meetings in different sections of the city where he lives. The attendance has been about one hundred.

Ramón Maury, of Barranquilla, Colombia, was called to the platform. When Pastor David Baasch, the interviewer, remarked to Ramón that he must not be over seventeen years of age, Ramón's quick reply was, "You are wrong. I am eighteen-and-one-fourth."

When asked how it was that he had got the idea of holding public evangelistic meetings on his own, Ramón said that it

was by reading of some young people in California who had done that. He secured a place to hold his meetings and then ran a full series for eight weeks.

Ester Izquierda, of Cali, Colombia, has been giving Bible studies and enrolling interested persons in the Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence Course. During the past year three persons have been won to Christ as a result of her work.

Two brothers came to the platform. Eduardo had won his brother, who had been a heavy drinker. About three years before Eduardo had been won by still another brother.

A young woman presented a friend, a girl about the same age, to whom she had given Bible studies and who is now a baptized member of the church. The two girls had worked at the same place, and the Adventist girl began sharing her faith by reading the Bible to her companion when they were unoccupied. The girl was interested but frightened at the beginning, for the Bible is a forbidden book to many in Colombia. In some sections the people are even taught that they will go blind if they look at the Bible or that it will burn them if they touch it.

Then three young men of three generations came to the platform, that is, spiritual generations, for the first one had won the second, and the second in turn had won the third. The second, Lino Corso, is at the present time holding cottage meetings in an effort to bring more to Christ. When asked how he conducted his cottage meetings, whether he used a projector or some other help, he said, "I just use this sword," and held the Bible high.



South American Seventh-day Adventist Youth Accept the Challenge of the Torch, Pledging Their Willingness to Share Their Faith in Their Respective Homelands



The Taller of the Two Indians Is the Chief of the Arguajo Tribe in Colombia.
The Shorter One Is the Subchief

Ismael Rojas presented his friend Antonio Torres. About five years ago Ismael, while canvassing, went into a carpenter shop to try to sell his books. He succeeded in taking only one order, and that was from Antonio Torres, one of the workmen in the shop. But when the delivery date arrived Antonio was financially unable to take the book he had ordered. About a year later Ismael met Antonio in a hotel in another city. Instead of feeling offended because Antonio had not taken his book, he tried to strike up a friendship with him and took him to one of our meetings. Antonio became more and more interested in the meetings, and it was not long until he decided to join God's remnant people. Then he remembered a friend of his, Efraín Alferes. He was a good boy, and Antonio, thinking he would be interested in learning of his new-found faith, invited him to a Sabbath service. From the very start Efraín drank in the message. Antonio says that he believes Efraín began

keeping the Sabbath from that very first day he took him to church. To date Antonio has had the joy of seeing two others accept Bible truth as a result of his efforts.

"Pastor Baasch, may I call to the platform another whom I have won?" Ismael was speaking again.

"Certainly," was the immediate reply.

At his beckon Hernando López came forward, another fine-looking young man, full of zeal for the cause he had learned to love. Hernando, like Antonio, had not been satisfied to keep the good news to himself, and had immediately started telling others of God's wonderful love. Two young men whom Hernando had led to Christ were also attending the congress, and they came forward to stand beside Hernando.

It was a wonderful thrill to see so many who had just recently accepted the gospel standing beside those who had had the great joy of bringing God's message to them, but I often think of the thousands

and thousands who are still in darkness in old Colombia. One noon, as we were leaving the church grounds where the congress was being held, I saw several people standing out by the gate curiously looking in.

"It must be a *temple*," as Protestant churches are commonly called here, said one very well-dressed woman to another, and they walked on.

Then my eye caught a poor little woman carrying a large basket, who was accompanied by her little girl. They also were peering in through the gate. "Oh, it is a Protestant church," she told the child, then added in a hoarse undertone, "They would *kill* us if we should go in there!"

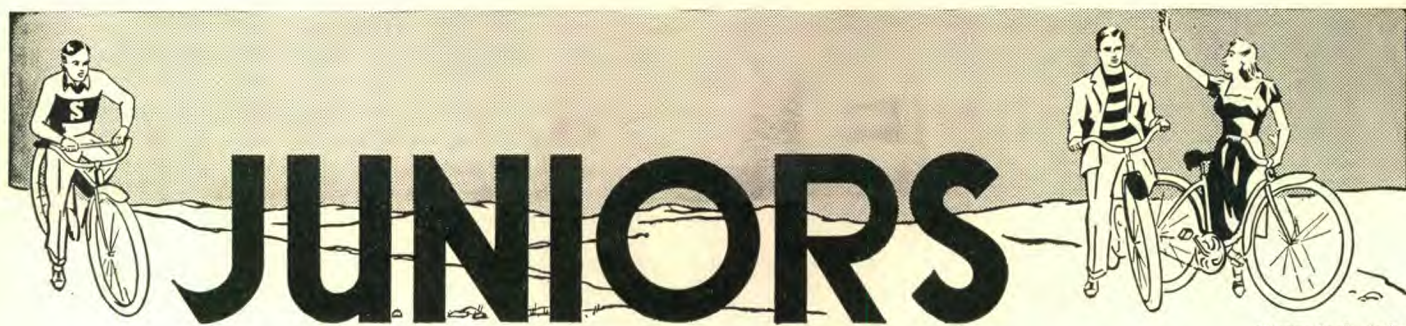
Near the close of the congress a service was held to pay special tribute to all who had died as martyrs in Colombia and Venezuela. A young intern, Juan Suárez, gave a brief sketch of the work done by Rafael López Miranda, who was killed in Venezuela about thirty years ago while spreading the gospel by selling the printed page. He added that a summer or two ago, while canvassing in his native land of Venezuela, he met a man by the name of León, who asked him if he belonged to the same group that Rafael López Miranda had. When Juan replied that he did, Señor León recommended his book to all his employees; and then turning to Juan, with tears in his eyes, he said that he had never met a better man than Rafael López Miranda, that he had warned him not to continue with his work, because he would be killed. Thirty years, and the influence of the life of a martyr still lives!

Tribute was also paid to Luis Murcia, the first martyr in Colombia, who died in 1934, having worked only three months after he graduated from the ministerial course in our Central American Vocational College in Costa Rica.

Loving mention was made of the two most recent martyrs in Colombia—Alfredo Navarro, a worker who was assassinated on his way home from the union meeting in December, 1950, and Daniel Villamizar, a newly baptized member, whose zeal for the cause aroused the ire of the enemy and who met the same fate on January 11, 1952.

At the last meeting of the congress the famous torch was lighted, a flaming symbol of the light of truth that must be carried to all parts of the world.

But all good things must come to an end. After spending Monday in sight-seeing around that ancient city and expressing our thanks to Pastor David Baasch for the wonderful congress he had so ably organized and sponsored, we bade farewell to our many friends, and each went his separate way, grateful for the privilege of a few days' companionship with outstanding young people of these sister republics and hoping that the cause of God would be furthered by our having met together.



Charles Cook, Artist

AUDREY and I never answered the evil-looking man in the motorboat a word, just took to our heels. We knew better than to accept an offer to ride with a strange man. "Let's try the swings," Audrey proposed. Many other children were at the playground, but I am sure that none of them were from the campgrounds. We did not like their language, so soon left.

"I can climb higher than you," challenged Audrey, starting up the acting bars.

"Supposing we fall?" But soon I was following her all over the irons and bars.

"I must give these peanuts to the monkeys," she said. Then we ran to the animal cages, forgetful of the passage of time. Finally I asked a woman the time, and was astonished and shocked to learn we had been gone from the campground two hours. Of course we had missed our meeting.

I was afraid and said, "Audrey, we must run as fast as we can and get to our tents before our parents miss us."

"Mona, don't be a baby. How will they ever know we came down here instead of attending that tiresome old meeting? My mamma thinks I'm such a perfect child she never is suspicious of me," she boasted with a cunning smile.

"My mother trusts me, never dreaming I could deceive her or be a sneak. I'm ashamed of myself. Never again will you catch me running away from the good meetings. Daddy has brought us 150 miles so that we can get the blessings God has for us." I meant every word I said.

Audrey left me at my tent door, promising to come and go with us to the evening service. When mamma asked whether we had had a good meeting, I mumbled something and avoided looking at her. I feared she would ask about the sermon, but in the hurry to get supper she did not.

At the evening meeting I felt that the minister was talking right at me. During worship father asked that God would bless his children and make them grow up to be honest and true Christians. I felt sorry for my sins, and as I knelt by my bed I asked forgiveness, promising never to skip meetings again. I did not confess to mom and daddy.

The following day I faithfully attended every meeting, even taking Ross and

THE *Mc* GUIRES

Take a Trip

By FRANCES TAYLOR PART FOUR



Kenny to their meetings, to give mother a little rest. In the evening I wore my pretty white lawn dress with the red sash and ribbons to match. I rubbed my new patent-leather slippers until they shone, and admired the tiny bows on the toes.

Audrey came tripping up in her pink silk dress and new slippers, her long braids tied with pink ribbons. We sat with my family, and I believe even she enjoyed the sermon, although she read a letter and played with pictures while the minister was still talking. She tried to whisper sometimes, but I pretended not to hear, not just because we were with mamma, but I truly wanted to do right.

I went to bed, feeling that I was a real follower of Christ. I awoke and helped mother with the work, determined never to do wrong again. All the family went to the services, and I did too that forenoon.

In the afternoon, after everybody had gone, Audrey came gaily up to our tent, thrust in her head, and said, "Ready, Mona?" I wondered why she was smiling so happily.

She grabbed my hand when she had convinced herself that I was alone and whispered, "I've got some food for the swans. Let's run down to the park for just a minute—plenty of time before our meeting begins. I'm just dying to see that little baby monkey I heard came last night."

I just adore monkeys; I had never seen a baby one. So away we ran as fast as we could the minute we were out of sight of the campgrounds. Soon she was feeding the swans, and it was such fun to see them eat. Then it was more exciting to watch the greedy old monkey try to grab all the peanuts from his little wife. I could hardly keep my hands off the baby monkey, although we were not supposed to touch any of them.

I guess time always flies when children have their eyes on the antics of monkeys. Anyway, I simply forgot all about my promise to return to the children's meetings, and I let her lead me to the merry-go-round.

As I drank in the exciting music of the

steam calliope, I longed for some money. Then to my astonishment Audrey marched right up to the ticket man and bought two tickets and called for me to climb on a horse when the machine stopped.

We climbed into the side saddles on two pretty prancing spotted horses. "Girl, where did you get your money for the tickets?" I wanted to know.

She merely smiled slyly, hesitated, then said, "Daddy gave me money to give to missions. I didn't hand it in, thinking maybe we would need some."

My cheeks burned with shame for her dishonesty, yet I dared not try to preach to her. Then it occurred to me that I was little better than she, for my good, trusting parents thought I was in meeting right now. But with the music in my ears and the joy of riding the pretty horse, I soon forgot that I was bad.

I wanted to ride the merry-go-round forever, but since it took money, and I had none, we climbed off our ponies. "Now we will ride the Ferris wheel, Mona. Come on, it's right over here," said my friend. But I refused to do more than stand and watch the great wheel go round.

Then while I was standing there I saw a sight that almost took my breath away. Sitting on that Ferris wheel was my big brother Clarence and a strange girl. I clutched the arm of Audrey and pointed.

"Sure! Lots of children and young people spend half the time down here at this amusement park. Now aren't you glad you came? If your noble brother can run away from meetings, surely a little ten-year-old girl should have the same privilege. So don't ever worry your head again," she said.

I did not know whether to run away or to stand there and let my brother know I saw him. While I tried to decide the question Clarence turned in his car and stared directly at Audrey and me. Of course it was no use to run then, so I stood there, wondering what he would say.

When he and the girl got off the wheel he came over to us. "Well, if my little sister isn't playing hooky and seeing the sights of the fashionable park," he said jauntily. "How would you like for me to tell your mamma?"

"About the same way you would like for me to tell your papa," I spit out, looking the girl over.

"Bess, this is my little sister," explained Clarence breezily. "So you are daring me to tell on you? Don't forget that I'm a man and have a man's privileges; you are only a very small child."

Maybe he was only trying to impress the girl, but I didn't like his talk, so retorted, "Yeah? Just try tattlin' if you dare!" With that Audrey and I flitted our skirts importantly and marched off.

It made me so ashamed to think that both my big brother and I had failed dear father and mother. They could not trust either of us. "Audrey, I'm going right back to the camp. Are you coming?"

The rest of the day my good resolution held, and Audrey and I went to meeting with my parents, but Clarence was not to be seen. I wondered whether he and that girl were sitting together some place in the tent, or if they were off at the park. My brother never had gone out with girls before, except me. I wondered what daddy would say.

The next morning while mom and daddy were at morning meeting Clarence pretended to go too, then came back to talk to me. "Sis, have you told dad yet?" he asked.

"You mean about your having a girl down in the park?" I asked, yet knowing what he meant.

"Of course. I didn't tattle on you. You are as deep in the mire as I am in the mud," he said. I promised not to tell, but told him I had vowed never to set my foot in that old park again, unless I went with father and mom. He just laughed wisely, knowing the weakness of human nature better than I did.

But I did keep my vow, never going to

the park again. That night in meeting Clarence sat with the family. When the call came for all who wanted to step out for Christ, I prayed that I might be forgiven for my sins and that Clarence would do the same.

When I knelt by my bed that night I again asked God to help me resist temptation, and to convert Clarence before we left the campground. I was sorry I had not been seeking the Lord all this time for myself and for my big brother. I did not know, but I felt sure that both daddy and mother were praying too for brother. They perhaps thought I was a good little girl, never dreaming how sneaking I could be.

As the days sped by I prayed harder for Clarence, hoping he would be baptized before we went home. As the ministers said, he was at the parting of the ways right then. I wondered if he was still gallivanting about at the amusement park with that girl. But he did come to the evening meetings and sit with us.

Then when another call came I saw how pale Clarence looked, and prayed more than ever. They sang song after song, and he just sat there, looking so very serious. Dad and mother sat with bowed heads, and that meant that they too were praying—I knew for big brother.

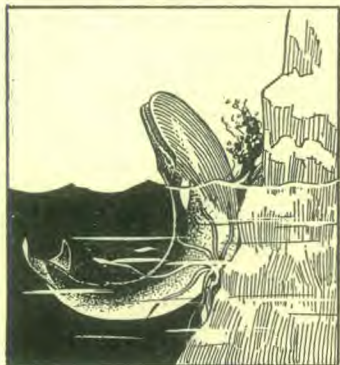
Finally Clarence rose from his seat and walked forward. I just could not keep from crying, and mother wiped her eyes too. Even father acted as though he were shedding a tear or two. I leaned over and whispered to mom, "Can I go forward too? I want to be baptized with Clarence."

She put her arm around me and said, "Darling, you had better wait, for ten-year-old children are a bit too young. But you can serve the Lord just the same."

I was so happy inside. I did not know how I ever could wait to grow up and become a full-sized Christian. I determined to be a foreign missionary, yet could not make up my mind whether I wanted to go to China, Africa, South America, or work for the little widows of India. Some of those widows are not so

Blower, the Blue Whale, No. 8 — By Harry Baerg

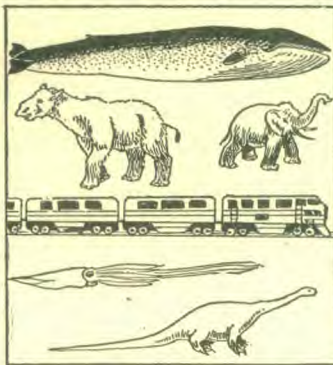
COPYRIGHT, 1952, BY REVIEW AND HERALD (ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)



1. Blower happened to come up near an iceberg. In his frenzy he dashed his underside against the solid mass, killing the squid. Then its arms let go.



2. At three years of age, when Blower was fully grown, he was a hundred feet long and weighed a hundred and thirty tons. He was now absolutely fearless.



3. The blue whale, largest animal that ever lived, is as long as three train cars—larger even than an extinct baluchitherium or a prehistoric diplodocus.



4. But while young Blower was swimming one day he realized that, big as he was, something very powerful was attacking him from below.

old as I, yet they are slaves to their families.

One of the happiest days of my life was when we all went to the river and saw Clarence and the others buried with the Lord in the watery grave. I was sure that I never wanted to do another wrong act in my life.

It had been such a relief when Clarence and I had gone to daddy and mother the night he had made his start, and confessed our wrongs. We both cried, and so did mother and father. It made us as happy as could be when they forgave us, saying they were proud to know that we had repented.

Do you know that the educational man talked to Clarence and dad and mom, and now my big brother is going away to a Seventh-day Adventist academy? Yes, sir, he is starting to one of our schools in September instead of riding Pinto into town to high school. Oh, I wish I were old enough to go with him! I just cannot wait until I grow up. It will be such a long time.

Let me see, it will be four more years until I am through grammar school and can go away to the academy. But by that time brother will be in college. Yet the academy is on the same campus, the educational man told mother.

And do you know that Clarence was so happy because he became a Christian that he got a number of tracts and missionary papers to hand out on our way home. He simply had to tell others about the third angel's message. I am going to help him too on the ferryboat and everywhere we find people. I wish I knew the name of the man who tied up Polly, for I would mail him a tract.

Then camp meeting was over. The tent was taken down, everything packed in the wagon, and I was crying as I kissed Audrey good-by, promising to write to her just as soon as I reached home. We also agreed to be friends again the next year at camp meeting.

I climbed back into the wagon on the bed to watch the tent city go down and people pile their belongings into their covered wagons. I knew I never had spent as delightful a ten days in all my life.

On the way home Clarence did not forget his resolution, and scattered literature like the autumn leaves. Sometimes Ross and I ran hand in hand to the houses where we camped and handed out the good literature. But we found the most people on the ferryboat, and we did not miss one.

Except for a hard rain one day, which made the roads very muddy, our return trip was just as enjoyable as was the one going. We almost dreaded for the trip to end, yet we were eager to get home and see everything again.

Maybe we were like Farmer John in the poem. He said the best part of going away was the coming home again. Home never had looked so good. I thought of school



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.

A Word Square

By CLYDE ROSSER

. . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

1. Flame.
2. A common metal.
3. A way for vehicles to travel.
4. Terminal points.

—Key on page 23

that would soon open. I would be in the fifth grade, and Ross would be starting.

But the big interest in our home was the preparation for Clarence to take the train and go away off to the academy. Father bought him a new blue serge suit and some new celluloid collars, and mother made him five new white shirts. I'm going to miss him, but I shall look forward to his vacation next summer when we all go to camp meeting together again.

Interior Decorating

(Continued from page 1)

house is in fairly good repair, though I don't think it looks quite so good as it did fifty years ago. I have neglected to keep it painted as so many of this generation do. To tell the truth, I have been spending my time on interior decorating. The windows I look out of are fairly clear, and I am glad to tell you that I have a reliable tenant in the upper story."

The apostle Paul, in his letter to the Philippians, has a fine prescription for clear windows and reliable tenants in the upper story. Here it is: "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." This instruction should keep one's files in good order, and the wastebasket well filled with the flotsam and jetsam that are washed down the stream of life each day. Passing years will have little effect on those who give attention to the interior decorating of their houses, even though the structures may be trembly. Jesus referred to

those with these inner resources as "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world."

If the interior of your house is to be harmoniously decorated, it is necessary to learn what is really important in life, and the earlier you find what constitutes true greatness, the better. It is unfortunate that some people do not realize that they have filled their lives with all the wrong things until they are too old. Others, taking God at His Word, have tried to seek first the kingdom of God, realizing that all things necessary to successful and abundant living would then be added thereto. There are also those who learn the wisdom of this course the hard way. Such was Madge's experience.

She was a talented young woman—handsome, high spirited, and well educated. Things came pretty much her own way, including a respected position as a feature writer for a newspaper syndicate. Her disposition was not conducive to winning friends and influencing people, and though her fellow workers admired her, there were none who liked her. Last spring a plum of an assignment fell right into her lap, and she was delegated to bring back a very confidential report on an incident occurring on the other side of the world. However, a month later she was brought back on a stretcher, the victim of a plane crash.

Emergency surgery was immediately performed, but the doctors held little hope that Madge would ever walk again. But because her will was strong and the surgeons were skillful and God was gracious, she did walk again. She was obliged to take things easier, and so, to eliminate the necessity of climbing stairs and to make her household duties lighter, she gave up her elegant apartment and moved to a smaller suite of rooms. When she was finally settled in her new home she invited some friends from the office in for tea. They expected to find her bitter, cynical, and resentful. But instead she looked strangely sweet and calm as she sat behind a very delicate tea service—one of her precious collections of art. As she picked up the lovely teapot to pour, the spout broke off and dropped down among the fragile cups, nicking several of them. Looking at the ruins, she remarked simply and to the complete amazement of her guests, "The pot must have been cracked in moving." Without another word she carried the tray to the kitchen and brought back another.

"But, Madge," exclaimed one of the girls, "that service must have cost you a fortune! Don't you care?"

"Of course, I care," Madge replied. "I hate to see anything destroyed that is lovely. However, I'm not going to mourn over it. After all, it's only a lifeless object, and I can't take it with me."

"You know, when I was told that I might never walk again, I did a great deal of thinking. I began appraising things,

and now I know that I saw things in a way I had never seen them before. It was then I learned that the only things that are priceless are the things that you can take with you."

Yes, it is a good thing to have a good filing system and a sturdy wastebasket. No doubt the little woman who lived in the eighty-two-year-old house meant that too when she said she had clear windows and a good tenant in the upper story.

Could it be that the Man from Galilee was talking about our interior decorations when He said, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"?

When My Father and My Mother Forsake Me

(Continued from page 8)

Moira was growing more able to defend her faith, and with a little help from Pastor Morrison she learned just how to meet error with truth.

Finally a thinner-than-usual letter arrived.

"I see that it is no use continuing this," wrote Captain Calkins. "Ernest and I promised to assist you if you gave up these notions, you may remember. Now that you stubbornly refuse I must do what I warned you when you were over here. We will see how sincere you are in desiring to work for the Adventists. From now on my allowance to you will stop."

He had dealt his last blow, and it was a hard one.

Moira had learned that her heavenly Father was able to care for her in almost every way. He had found her a school where she was taught the true principles of living. He had led her along the path of truth, had found friends for her when she needed them, and had restored her to health when she was sick unto death. Would He sustain her in this crisis?

Fathers were providers too. Again Moira found help as she read in the psalms the words of David, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

All through her school years her fees had been fully paid as her godmother, Madame Gerner, had promised, and her spending allowance from her father had never failed. Now she was earning money. However, she had never been independent of her father. As the need arose he had sent her checks for music lessons, for vacations, for clothes, for medical bills. But now because of her stand for truth this source of supply was to be cut off. Could she manage?

Moira found that the bills and coins that came once a week in her pay envelope *could* be stretched much further than she had realized. She could return an honest tithe, pay for her room and board, and still have something left.

Not long after her father's ultimatum she was to see how bountifully God deals with those who acknowledge Him as their father and provider. When she opened her pay envelope there were some extra coins in it. Her salary had been increased.

There was one thing that she dreaded having to economize in, however. She feared that she might have to give up taking the music lessons that gave her so much happiness.

Walking down the road one day, she met Mrs. Smart.

"Moira, I believe you are just the person!"

"For what?" laughed Moira, "to teach a Sabbath school class? to scrub a floor? or just what?"

"To give music lessons to Joan and Teddy. You know, Miss Winter has been teaching them, and they have enjoyed their lessons so much. How would you like to take them on? They know and love you."

"Well, I've never taught before, but if you don't object to their being sort of guinea pigs, I'd be thrilled to try."

"How much would you charge?"

"Charge? Oh, nothing. I'll just be learning as I teach them."

But Mrs. Smart insisted on a fee.

Later that day Moira reflected that it would meet half the fees for her own lessons. If only the other half could be forthcoming somehow. But how?

Then her teacher made the announcement: "I'm doing something new. I am offering a scholarship to the student who makes the most progress this summer."

What an incentive to practice!

Moira did not get the full scholarship, but she did get half. She and another student shared it, and with her earnings from teaching Joan and Teddy she paid for her lessons.

How bountifully her heavenly Father had provided for her.

Her own mother and father had forsaken her, but how much the Lord had taken her up!

As the years went by, Moira discovered that God has a thousand ways to substitute for our lacks and losses. The unhappy home of her childhood has been replaced by a happy home of her own. Her own father and mother neglected her, but her father- and mother-in-law have treated her like their own daughter.

Moira has spent many years helping in different ways to proclaim the gospel and prepare others for the kingdom of Christ. With every passing year she is more certain of a heavenly Father's watchfulness and care. As she meets other young people she sees how much God cares for those who claim Him as Father. Earthly parents may fail, and do fail many times, but there is One above who is always ready to take up the orphaned, the neglected, and the unloved. To them He is the unfailing, the everlasting Father.

Gossiper or Gossipee?

(Continued from page 4)

pour out his heart burden to the conference president.

The fatherly church leader heard his tale of woe clear through, then he counseled: "All right, we'll grant that you are being unjustly blamed for some things that are not your fault at all. But remember this, there have been a lot of things you've done in your past life that you've never paid up for when you should have. Now remember, I am not acquainted at all with your life in the past, but I am just speaking from experience, because it is true of everyone. There must be a lot of wrongs, a number of mistakes you've made, that you haven't been blamed for at all, so why not accept the blame you may be getting now, even though it is unjust, to make up the average for the things you haven't been blamed for and should have been?"

That young minister took the good advice, went back to his district, and complained no more. He was constrained to admit that the things he had not been blamed for and should have been far outweighed the few things for which he was not blameworthy but for which he was being censured.

If one looks for the wholesome characteristics in his associates, and speaks and thinks of them, he will not, cannot, speak evil of any. But if he learns that stories are being circulated about him that are unflattering or even malicious, he can either feel that they are too insignificant to be concerned about, or that if he is being condemned unjustly, it merely evens up the score for times that he should have been censured and was not.

And since Jesus was lied about and harshly condemned, we may also realize that this is just what He has promised us as followers of Him, who said, "Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you"; and from this we may take courage to face such hardships, knowing we are sharers with Him in His sufferings.

In other words, don't be a gossiper; but if you're a gossipee, be willing to accept it, and go on your way undisturbed.

The Little Blue Chest

(Continued from page 6)

post, with a few muddy streets and a hundred or more houses and shops. Here the men (another young couple had joined them in New York, for they were going to Michigan too) bought oxcarts and two yoke of oxen, some furniture, food, bedding, and other supplies for the long trek across the State. The women were supposed to ride, but Nancy said those spring-

less carts over that rough bumpy trail made walking preferable.

Many days it took to make the journey through the woods over a chopped-out trail. Often a tree had fallen across the road and had to be cleared out of the way before they could pass. Fires had to be kept burning at night to frighten the bears and wolves away. Often an Indian could be seen skulking among the trees. It was then that Nancy became homesick and longed for England; but John was courageous, and often had to reassure his little wife that all would be well once they reached their destination.

At last after several weeks of walking, and of pushing and urging the slow-moving oxen along, they arrived at the place that was to be their home. It was in a great forest on the beautiful Grand River, about where the city of Lowell now stands. Soon a building site was chosen and a claim staked out, just a mile down the river from the homes of the brothers Bill and Tom. The trees were cut and hewn, and Nancy's first home in the New World was soon erected. True, it was built of logs, with no floor, with skins for windows and a huge fireplace on one end for heat and

cooking. What a time she had learning to cook on that fireplace! But after a while that too was managed very well. The few pieces of furniture bought in Detroit were set in place, the little blue chest was placed at the foot of the bed, and the new home was ready for the new family, their first since their marriage in England several months before.

It was a beautiful spot, and the cabin was comfortable, but all so strange to poor Nancy. She often longed for the green fields and pretty cottages of old England, but she was a brave and true pioneer, even though she was afraid of the forest with the bear, the wolves, and the Indians. John found work with a farmer who lived a few miles away, and each morning he would leave her with the admonition to keep the door fastened tight and not to go outside until he returned in the evening.

Perhaps you have guessed by now that Nancy and John were my own grandparents, and I am telling the story as grandmother told it to me when I used to sit by her knee as a little girl. They were real pioneers, and helped settle the great country of the United States. True, they

are not mentioned in history, but the work they were to do for God will be written in the records of heaven.

(To be concluded)

I Do Not Understand

(Continued from page 3)

people in a land far away across the sea—a land called America.

The big man picks me up and puts me beside him in the motored cart. I go with the men. They smile at me. We go to the south, to Pusan, where many of my people find refuge. We stop at a place where there are many houses, brown, like the clay of our village streets. They take me to a house where water comes down from the top like rain. They give me clean white soap with which to bathe. I have never seen such soap before.

My new friend tells me his name is Joe-San. He takes me many places in the motored cart called a Jeepu. I take him into my heart. I see many beggar children on the streets who look at me with envy. I feel lucky for myself. My friend Joe-San is always busy. I wish to help him, so I learn to polish his shoes and keep his cot very neat.

One day a package comes with clothes and shiny black shoes for me. There are bars of chocolate for me to eat. A friend of Joe-San's in the land called the United States has sent them for "the little Korean one." Joe-San smiles at me, and tells me to put on the clothes. I am very happy. Now how the children will look at me!

The months fly by quickly, happy months; Joe-San and I are very close friends. He does not call me Kang, but Johnnie, and says I am his little brother. He laughs much and makes me very happy to see him feel so good.

But then one day Joe-San comes to me. His face looks very sad. He tells me that he must leave me now. He says he has been a long time in the war, fighting for mystical letters "U.N.," and now his mother and father are waiting for him to come home to them, to the country called the United States. He says it will make him sorry to leave me here, but he will be very happy to see his parents again and to be home once more. Then he says, "Don't be sad, Johnnie. I have a very kind friend who wants to take you as a little brother. He lives at a great mission on the island of Cheju-do, and he will teach you many things. He is a very good man." I look up at Joe-San. I will not cry; men never do. If Joe-San wants me to go to his friend, I will go to him.

His friend takes me by the hand and speaks very kindly to me. When we reach the island of Cheju-do we find many, many children. Like me, they have gone through much. But the kind people are caring for them, and they play games, and some even learn to laugh again. My new



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.

A Miniature Atlas

MOST of us have been so accustomed to collecting "map stamps" and calling them that alone that in many cases our map stamps have become one of those dusty sections just like the maps in an old schoolroom—looked at to be sure but not really appreciated.

Let us start this idea anew. Entitle the section "A Miniature Atlas" or "The Philatelic Travel Guide" or any other unique name you can think of. Then arrange the maps (which are all on stamps of course) according to some distinct plan. Follow the system of a real atlas, or make your own system. A helter-skelter plan does not work nicely as do definite plans. For example, put all the maps of the same continent together. Whatever you do, do it neatly and well. You may arrange them chronologically or geographically, it does not matter. What matters most is that in some way your plan is logical, easy to follow, and interesting.

Now a word to those who may not be particularly interested in the collecting of stamps portraying maps. Whatever your interest may be, apply these same principles of being neat, systematic, and unique, and you will find that many new horizons will open to you in philately.

Occasionally we hear from some reader who chanced upon an article on some particular type of stamp. He wants to know whether these stamps have value; and if they do, how he can get money for them. In the hope that we may answer a question in the minds of many we reply as best we can. Yes, stamps do have value. However, in most cases it is unlikely that a few stamps will have enough value to merit trying to sell them. The right stamps at the right time and the right place will bring quite a sum of money. The average stamps are not the gems of philately. If you have a question, find out for sure, but do not raise your hopes too high. They may take a great fall.



Some of the Various Types of Stamps Featuring Maps, Left to Right: A Greek Stamp Showing the Growth of the Country Over a One-Hundred-Year Period. An Australian Stamp Which Features a General Map of the Two Hemispheres. An Argentine Stamp Showing the Relative Position of Argentina in South America

Know Anyone in Trouble?

Do you know anyone who does not have his troubles now and then? We all seem to have some clouds mixed in with the days of sunshine. There may be death in the family, sickness, reverses, trials, troubles, discouragements.

LIFE'S DETOURS has been prepared to use in encouraging those in trouble, to help them to know the sun is shining back behind the clouds, that God loves us and cares for us, even when we are passing through the "deep waters."

You will use many copies of this inexpensive booklet in your missionary work. *Keep a supply handy* for mailing or for handing to those who may need encouragement. Each book is in a gift envelope ready for mailing.

FIVE FOR A DOLLAR.



KEYSTONE



Add sales tax where necessary. Prices 10 per cent higher in Canada.

Stories That Win

Stories of the message which you will welcome for missionary use. Two of them are new. *Marked Bible* is an old stand-by in a new form.

THE MARKED BIBLE, by C. L. Taylor

This best seller in the field of true religious stories has a fascinating setting on shipboard. The experiences center around a young seaman who possesses a Bible marked for him by his Christian mother. The climax is exciting and will hold the reader to the last page.

GREATER LOVE, by Frank Steunenberg

This is the true story of a former governor of Idaho and of the man who assassinated him. The love of God working in the lives of two men at opposite ends of the social strata and the forgiving spirit of a wife and mother are vividly portrayed. The story is by one of Governor Steunenberg's sons.

CONFLICT ON THE CAMPUS, by R. E. Finney, Jr.

An exciting story of youth in a modern world caught between faith and doubt. The conflict between evolution and the Bible is clearly set forth in a way that convinces the reader of the inspiration of the Scriptures. A volume that young people will sincerely enjoy.

Price each, paper, \$.50; de luxe, boxed, \$1.25.

Order from your BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, California

friend looks down at me smiling. Then I smile too.

We go to school and learn from books as we learned in the lower school in the village on Ansong. They also tell us of a God-man. His name is Jesus, and He does not like war and killing. Someday He is coming to bring peace to our country. This I do not understand, but they are teaching me patiently day by day, and someday I will understand.

Quest for Beauty

(Continued from page 9)

on the London underground (subway), or on the New York elevated—anywhere on earth we can reap a rich harvest from seeds sown in bygone days.

We are never limited to what our hands can carry, for the Creator has given us a better luggage case. Memory will hold unlimited treasure without adding material baggage. "God gave us memory," said Sir James Barrie, "that we might have roses in December." God gave us memory, that we might continue to extract sweetness from past pleasures, to give them life after their temporal death. Precious are the emotions recollected in tranquillity, often more precious than at the time of their birth. To use only one illustration: Some find that while listening to a live performance of music they are subconsciously storing their minds with its various beauties, its power, its gentleness, its harmonies, its finer nuances, so that these may be ready for recall when needed. While listening they are gathering mental and spiritual sheaves for substance when dark, musicless days draw nigh.

But a word of warning! In pursuing our quest we shall keep company not only with delight but also with sorrow. This, as a little thought will show, is inevitable, for no one can sensitize his soul without receiving shocks as well as joys. Life is not all beauty, and its uglier aspects will jar and even wound the one who is on beauty bent. But such shocks need not deflect us from our course. We can think of Jesus, fresh from heaven's perfection, yet daily rubbing shoulders with much that was coarse, ugly, and sinful. Each day He must have suffered infinite mental pain, yet He retained His perfect ideals; never for a moment did He lower His standards. And never need we lower ours.

And there is a danger we must face. The devil has no objection to our quest as long as we divorce it from spiritual issues. Here we must be on our guard, for, as that wise old monk, Thomas à Kempis, says, "not everything which is high, is holy; nor everything that is sweet, good; nor every desire, pure; nor everything we love, dear to God." We must learn, therefore, to apply moral tests to our discoveries to make sure that they will not only add

to our treasure chest but will also help us along the heavenward road.

Beauty seeking is not an end in itself; it is rather a training in the art of appreciation, a preparatory course for better things to come. There are high-brows, thousands and thousands of them, who never lend an ear or a thought to the poetry, the pictures, and the harmonies of heaven; they never expect to gaze into the loveliest of faces, nor to explore the wonderful mind of Christ; but there is no need for us to imitate their deaf and blind ways! We can enjoy all the *good* that they enjoy, and much more besides.

All along the road we should, with uplifted heads, keep our eyes on the ultimate beauty—beauty of character. "It is right," says Ellen G. White, "to love beauty and desire it; but God desires us to love and seek first the highest beauty,—that which is imperishable. The choicest productions of human skill possess no beauty that can bear comparison with that beauty of character which in His sight is of 'great price.'"

Let us, then, search, with all the ardor our beauty-loving souls can command, for that internal loveliness "without which no man shall see the Lord." The Creator of beauty will Himself encourage us; the grace of His Holy Spirit will crown our quest with success; and, our journey ended, our eyes shall behold the greatest beauty of all—"they shall see his face."

Advent Youth in Action

(Continued from page 11)

And share your faith,
Arise! O youth, arise!"

to a stirring, challenging tune will not soon be forgotten.

Many visitors were welcomed at this Camp-Cum-Congress. Old friends and new were happy to welcome Pastor and Mrs. A. W. Cormack, on holiday in their homeland, and Pastor Cormack's messages and the friendliness of both of them were a valuable contribution to the congress spirit. The inimitable Pastor Eric Hare inspired us with mission stories and also gave practical guidance to the young men and women in their social life and problems. It was a pleasure to welcome these three visitors from Washington, D.C. Pastor E. E. White represented the educational and Missionary Volunteer departments of the Inter-Union Conference, and challenged the youth to arise and share their faith. Pastor L. C. Naden, also from the Australasian Inter-Union Conference, spent a few days with us, and was very happy as usual among the young people, and we were glad that he stayed longer than was scheduled.

The mission field was also represented at the opening service on Wednesday evening when Pastor E. A. Boehm walked in, accompanied by Masive, and a thrill

seemed to pass through the congregation as this dark-skinned convert from heathenism entered the hall.

The Sabbath school mission appeal arranged by these two men was very impressive. Suddenly the door opened, and Masive ran onto the platform with a war cry, brandishing his spears. Then in his own language he made his appeal for a teacher, but each European missionary had to refuse this earnest request because of lack of funds. Evidently the message was very eloquent, for the Sabbath school offering exceeded 40 pounds, and the combined Sabbath offerings from the campers amounted to more than 100 pounds that day.

After this stirring and soul-searching appeal from the highlands of New Guinea, we understood why many of the young people in the congregation desired to "go over and help" them and have the joy of winning many others such as Masive to this last-day message.

Pastor Naden was the speaker at the worship service, and was surely used of God to inspire the young people to give themselves wholeheartedly to the closing phases of the great controversy between good and evil. After an altar call the aisles were full of earnest young people who desired to forsake worldly allurements and to surrender all to the great Master Guide. There must have been much rejoicing in heaven at the consecration made by young and old at South Arm.

After lunch the hall filled and overflowed to hear what was designed to be a model young people's meeting. The youth themselves took part and featured the Morning Watch, Share Your Faith activities, and our worldwide missionary program.

It was a pleasure to have two visitors from Avondale, Prof. and Mrs. George Greer. On Saturday evening Professor Greer screened some pictures of Avondale and of Carmel, the sister institution in the west, and past and present students of these two colleges gave commentaries on the educational and spiritual activities carried out in the respective institutions.

The workshops were a daily feature of the campers, and three groups were arranged so that the young people could attend all the workshops.

The forums, conducted daily, were as usual of great interest to all, and many questions sent in to "the brain trust" were an evidence of the desire of youth to put away those things that defile, and to find the way of truth. One new aspect was a forum conducted wholly by women, and which dealt fully with questions that seem to be ever with us, and upon which mere men are unable or unwilling to advise!

The spiritual side of the congress was maintained by early morning prayer bands in the quietness of the dormitories, and by the evening meetings, during which each conference presented a picture of youth activity in its respective territory. These

were full of ideas, which were eagerly noted, and will be carried out in a larger sphere of influence as a result. A number of excellent films were shown, setting a standard of entertainment that our youth need to understand today.

This congress had been planned for a whole year, and much effort had been exercised by many workers over a considerable period. We believe that all this toil was worth while, for the youth departed refreshed and strengthened with higher ideals and deeper devotion and eager to spend their talents in service for the Master.

Junior Investiture at Bristol, England
Cynthia Chadderton, Reporting

Twelve Junior Missionary Volunteers who had qualified as Busy Bees or Helpers were invested not long ago in Bristol, England, as a reward for ten months' hard work and study. Unfortunately three were sick and unable to attend, but the others came with their blue or green scarves, and bright smiles on their faces, and received their insignia from Pastor A. C. Vine. Three of the Juniors were from non-Adventist homes. Mrs. K. Russett, affectionately known as Auntie Kath, had promoted the JMV classwork and trained these children each Sabbath so they could be prepared for this investiture.



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

Among All People

See how many of these questions you can answer correctly after reading chapters 17 and 18 (pages 271-309) of *Christ's Last Legion*, by A. W. Spalding.

1. Did the Seventh-day Adventist denomination suffer a decided setback as a result of the depression of the thirties?

2. How was Canada organized before it became the Canadian Union Conference in 1901?

3. At the turn of the century the Atlantic Union comprised what territory?

4. What union in North America has the greatest proportion of Seventh-day Adventists to the population?

5. What was the work of the North American Foreign Department, organized in 1905?

6. What brothers did work among the French-speaking people of North America?

7. Name the man who began work among the Southwest Indians in 1916.

8. Who was Frederick C. Gilbert?

9. In what way is the Negro work in North America now organized?



Sabbath School

Senior Youth Lesson

XII—Surety of the Lord's Promises

(June 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Peter 3:1-10.

MEMORY VERSE: 2 Peter 3:9.

LESSON HELPS: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 370-374; *Early Writings*, pp. 69-71; *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 101-104; *Testimonies*, vol. 2, pp. 183-199.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1-4, and note.
3. Ques. 5-7, and notes.
4. Ques. 8, 9; read *The Great Controversy*, pp. 370-374.
5. Ques. 10-12; read *Early Writings*, pp. 69-71.
6. Read *Testimonies*, vol. 2, pp. 183-199.
7. Read *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 101-104, and review the lesson.

Mindful of the Word

1. What was Peter's purpose in writing his epistles? 2 Peter 3:1.

2. Of what would he have the believers to be mindful? Verse 2.

3. Why should we study the writings of prophets and apostles? 2 Tim. 3:16.

4. Who does Peter say shall come in the last days? 2 Peter 3:3.

NOTE.—Everyone who wants to keep his faith pure and his trust in God strong must be well acquainted with the teachings of prophets and apostles if he is not to be swayed by the scoffers who are now in the world. "Walking after their own lusts" is the one cause above all others, perhaps, that produces scoffers. These find satisfaction in turning upon believers and scoffing at their narrow, deluded faith and practice. A guilty conscience seeks to obtain justification by mocking at the faith of the conscientious.

Ignorance of Scoffers

5. What will these scoffers say? Verse 4.

NOTE.—"One of the most fundamental teachings of the Scriptures is that 'the works were finished from the foundation of the world.' This is the basis for Sabbathkeeping. Were creation in any sense a present-day activity, there would be little reason for this divine institution."

"The more decided evolutionists deny all superhuman existence or influence. In their scoffing attitude they claim that 'all things continue' the processes of development in the same fashion as 'from the beginning of the creation.'"—R. E. HOEN, *The Creator and His Workshop*, pp. 79, 155.

6. Of what does Peter say last-day scoffers are ignorant? Verses 5, 6.

NOTE.—Some people are ignorant because they do not have opportunity to learn, but to be "willingly" ignorant is a deplorable situation for anyone to be in. "God will not condemn any at the Judgment because they honestly believed a lie, or conscientiously cherished error; but it will be because they neglected the opportunities of making themselves acquainted with truth. The infidel will be condemned, not because he was an infidel, but because he did not take advantage of the means God has placed within his reach to enable him to become a Christian."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 437.

7. What punishment or destruction is reserved for the ungodly in the last days? Verse 7.

NOTE.—The Revised Version, margin, reads thus: "By the same word have been stored with fire, being reserved against the day of judgment." This reading makes clearer the meaning of the whole passage—that as the water stored in the heavens and the earth was turned into an element of destruction at the time of the

Flood, so in the day of judgment the fire stored in the heavens and the earth will be used in the destruction of ungodly men.

Assurance to the Believers

8. Of what are even believers in danger of being ignorant? Verse 8.

NOTE.—The believer in his ignorance may be tempted to say, "My lord delayeth his coming." But if we have a correct understanding of the plans and purposes of God, we will realize that "God's purposes know no haste and no delay."

9. Though the coming of the Lord may seem to be delayed, with what must men not charge Him? Verse 9, first part.

10. What accounts for this seeming delay? Verse 9, last part.

11. How does Paul set forth the certainty of Christ's return? Heb. 10:37.

12. How does Peter indicate that the Lord will come when people are not expecting Him? 2 Peter 3:10, first part.

13. How is the day of the Lord described? Verse 10, last part. (Compare Zeph. 1:14-18; Joel 3:9-17; Dan. 12:1.)

14. What precious promises will be fulfilled to the believers in the time of trouble? Dan. 12:1; Ps. 27:5.

Junior Lesson

XII—Holding On to Our Belief in Christ's Coming

(June 21)

LESSON TEXT: 2 Peter 3:1-10.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." 2 Peter 3:9.

Guiding Thought

Do you enjoy being laughed at? having people make fun of what you say, do, or have? Much worse than any of these is to have people poke fun at us for what we believe.

Once Peter went into the midst of some people who were ridiculing the new religion of Christianity. As they laughed at the things he believed he became ashamed of his own faith, and his shame led him to deny his Lord. But, oh, how sorry he was afterward that he had listened, even for a little while, to those who scoffed and sneered!

Many times, in later years, Peter had the chance to witness for Christ in front of scoffers, and tried to make up for the time he had given in to jeers and laughter.

Now Peter writes to warn us that people will laugh at those who believe in Christ's Second Advent, but that we must not allow them to cause us to lose our faith, but must hold on to our faith in Christ's second coming, for He surely will come, and when He comes those who have laughed at the idea of a Second Advent will realize, too late, the mistake they have made.

Assignment 1

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought.

Assignment 2

Another Danger to the Church

1. Once again Peter tells us that this letter is only to remind us of things we as Christians already know. Through whom have we learned these things? 2 Peter 3:1, 2.

NOTE.—Notice how Peter refers to "your pure minds." He has been writing of those whose minds are anything but pure—the hypocrites in the church who talk one way and act another.

2. In the second chapter of this letter Peter wrote of false teachers and insincere individuals within the church whose way of talking and living threatens to have a deadly influence on the flock of God. Now he mentions a type of persons outside the church whose talking can cause us to lose our faith if we listen to them. Who are they? Verse 3.

Assignment 3

What the Scoffers Forget

3. What precious doctrine of the church do the scoffers attack? Verse 4.

NOTE.—When those who believed the teaching of William Miller that Christ would come in October, 1844, met with their great disappoint-

ment—as the day came and went without the Lord's returning—they were the subjects of scorn. Mrs. White writes of that time: "We found everywhere the scoffers whom Peter said should come in the last days, walking after their own lusts, and saying: 'Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.' But those who had looked for the coming of the Lord were not without comfort. They had obtained valuable knowledge in the searching of the word. The plan of salvation was plainer to their understanding."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, p. 57.

4. There are still scoffers today laughing at those who look for Christ's appearing. There have always been scoffers. Peter reminds scoffers of the time when nearly the whole world scoffed at a man who preached for 120 years that a terrible catastrophe was to come. When was that? Verse 5, 6.

Assignment 4

What We Must Not Forget

5. The scoffers in Noah's day found that Noah knew what he had been preaching about, after all! Today, when those who are preaching the three angels' messages are warning the world of coming destruction, men would do well to learn a lesson from those who scoffed at Noah's preaching. What greater catastrophe than the Flood is to come upon the world? Verse 7, first part.

6. At that time what will become of those who laugh at the doctrine of the Second Advent and the destruction of the earth by fire? Verse 7, last part.

NOTE.—Writing of the vision given her of the terrible day when God's judgment falls upon the earth, Mrs. White says: "Fire comes down from God out of heaven. The earth is broken up. The weapons concealed in its depths are drawn forth. Devouring flames burst from every yawning chasm. The very rocks are on fire. The day has come that shall burn as an oven. The elements melt with fervent heat. . . . The earth's surface seems one molten mass,—a vast, seething lake of fire. It is the time of the judgment and perdition of ungodly men."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 672, 673.

Assignment 5

What God Will Not Forget

7. How does Peter show that God does not need to measure His work by time? Verse 8.

8. How faithful is God about keeping His promises? Verse 9, first part.

NOTE.—"God uses time so as to serve His purpose of grace. . . . to Him time, whether it be brief or long, is an entirely minor matter, just so His gracious purpose is accomplished."—R. C. H. LENSKI, *The Interpretation of Peter*, p. 345.

9. Yes, God keeps His promises. Why then is it that the parents and even grandparents of some of us have been looking for years for Christ's coming? Verse 9, second part.

NOTE.—The other apostles also realized how long the time of waiting for Christ's Advent seems to us. James assures us with these words: "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." James 5:7, 8.

"The Lord is not slack concerning His promise. He does not forget or neglect His children; but He permits the wicked to reveal their true character, that none who desire to do His will may be deceived concerning them."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 48.

Assignment 6

The Suddenness of His Coming

10. While the scoffers are still laughing at the Adventists, God's plans will be carried out. How surprised will the scoffers be at Christ's Advent? 2 Peter 3:10, first part.

11. Read the terrible description of the destruction of the earth by fire as Peter gives it in verse 10, second part.

NOTE.—"Soon appeared the great white cloud, upon which sat the Son of man. When it first appeared in the distance, this cloud looked very small. The angel said that it was the sign of the Son of man. As it drew nearer the earth, we could behold the excellent glory and majesty of Jesus as He rode forth to conquer. A retinue of holy angels, with bright, glittering crowns upon their heads, escorted Him on His way. . . .

The earth trembled before Him, the heavens departed as a scroll when it is rolled together, and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. . . . Those who a short time before would have destroyed God's faithful children from the earth, now witnessed the glory of God which rested upon them. And amid all their terror they heard the voices of the saints in joyful strains, saying, 'Lo, this is our God, we have waited for Him, and He will save us.'—*Early Writings*, pp. 286, 287.

12. While the scoffers perish what will happen to those who hold on to their belief in Christ's Advent? Dan. 12:1, second part.

Assignment 7

At the end of a long point of land extending to a beautiful lake in Switzerland, far from the beaten track of tourists, a traveler chanced upon a beautiful villa. He knocked at the garden gate, and an aged gardener undid the heavy fastening, and bade him enter. The aged man seemed glad to see him, and showed him around the wonderful garden. The man thought it strange that he saw no one but the gardener.

"How long have you been here?" asked the traveler.

"Twenty-four years."

"And how often has your master been here meanwhile?"

"Four times."

"When was he last here?"

"Twelve years ago."

"He writes often to you, does he?"

"No, he never writes."

"From whom do you receive your pay?" asked the traveler.

"From his agent in the city," was the gardener's reply.

"But he comes here often, does he?"

"No, not often."

"Who does come then?" inquired the traveler.

"I am almost always alone," was the gardener's reply. "Occasionally a visitor comes and looks around, but not very often."

"Yet you keep the garden in such perfect order, and have everything flourishing, as though you were expecting your master to return and enjoy it tomorrow!" exclaimed the traveler.

"As if he were coming today, sir," quietly said the gardener.

KEY TO "A WORD SQUARE"

F I R E
I R O N
R O A D
E N D S

The Youths INSTRUCTOR

Issued by
Review and Herald Publishing Association
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - EDITOR

FREDERICK LEE - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CONSULTING EDITORS

E. W. DUNBAR K. J. REYNOLDS L. L. MOFFITT

R. J. CHRISTIAN - - - - - CIRCULATION MANAGER

This paper does not pay for unsolicited material. Contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcomed, and receive every consideration; but we do not return manuscript for which return postage is not supplied.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly subscription, \$4.75; six months, \$2.50; in clubs of three or more, one year, each, \$3.75; six months, \$2.00.

Foreign countries where extra postage is required: Yearly subscription, \$5.25; six months, \$2.75; in clubs of three or more, one year, each, \$4.25; six months, \$2.25.

Monthly color edition, available overseas only, one year, \$1.50.

ARE YOU MOVING?

You should notify us in advance of any change of address, as the post office will not forward your papers to you even though you leave a forwarding address. Your compliance in this matter will save delay and expense.



the postman already
delivers the

MV PROGRAM KIT

this is

NOT FOR YOU

but for those
who CAN enjoy
the sharpest

MV tool

by ordering today

\$1.25 a year in U.S.
1.35 in Canada.
1.45 overseas.



"A KIT for
Every MV
Officer"

SOUTHERN PUBLISHING ASSN.
Nashville 8, Tennessee



THE LISTENING POST

► THE original home of lettuce is thought to be India.

► MORE than 8,000 kinds of dye, including many of bright hues, are obtained from black coal-tar dye.

► A POLITICALLY-MINDED restaurant owner in Philomath, Oregon, has taken advantage of the prevailing sentiment by inventing a new sandwich that he calls an Ikeburger.

► A ROMAN coin found by a man digging an excavation in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, was taken to museum authorities, who pronounced it a relic "probably from the years A.D. 38 to 60." The coin bears a likeness of Nero.

► HANDWRITING experts and doctors have been puzzled for years by N. Webb, of Bankstown, Australia, who is able to write backward and forward simultaneously with left and right hands, and do the same trick with pencils held between his toes. Mr. Webb finds his ability useful in his trade as a motor mechanic. He is able to "unscrew a cylinder head and take off the fan belt at the same time."

► A MISSIONARY, returning to Peru after a furlough in the United States, was astonished by popcorn-vending machines in the shops and on the street corners of Lima. He knew that, centuries ago, popcorn began its interesting career among the Incas, but he was unprepared for this new popularity. A friend has the explanation: A Peruvian had been "up north" and caught a glimpse of the things his North American cousins are doing with the lowly type of Indian corn that had seemed all but worthless in its native land. With him to think was to act in true North American style. Hence the vending machines, and resulting Peruvian delight.

► A PRIVATE television link enabling Glyn Mills & Company, a London bank in the shadow of Nelson's Column, to compare signatures on checks instantaneously with authenticated specimens in its archives twelve miles out in the countryside had its first public demonstration recently. The bank moved its records from London during the war. The television device gave a clear image of checks, contracts, and deeds on a screen about three by five inches. Its receiver took up only a small space on a bank clerk's desk. From time to time the image was enlarged to show details. The archivist was informed by telephone of the documents wanted. The British postal authorities who control wave lengths authorized a narrow beam for the bank. The manufacturer said it would be virtually impossible for anyone else to encroach on any secrets during transmission. The installation is still experimental.

► QUEEN ELIZABETH II of the British Empire went to Westminster Abbey on April 10 to perform a rite observed by her forebears since the twelfth century. She gave gifts of silver maundy money to 52 poor, elderly persons—one old man and one old woman for each of her 26 years. It was her first public appearance since her father's funeral, but it was not out of keeping with the mourning that the court will observe until the end of May. She was the first queen to distribute alms personally since Elizabeth I. The first Elizabeth went through the motions of washing and kissing the feet of the poor, but in the centuries that have followed the rite has become symbolic. One of the queen's escort of yeoman of the guard, in black and scarlet uniform, bore on his head the silver tray, made in the reign of Charles II, that never leaves the Tower of London except for this service. On it were 52 small red bags, each containing 26 pence in maundy money. This is silver currency especially struck. This year's issue bore the head of the late George VI, because the time was too short to prepare new coins. Before distributing these, the queen gave each recipient other bags containing ordinary money that symbolized the gifts of food and clothing that were given in earlier days. Each woman received 35 shillings (\$4.90) and the men 45 shillings (\$6.30) each. During this first distribution the choir sang Charles Wesley's hymn "Wash Me Thoroughly From My Wickedness." To coin collectors the maundy coins are worth about 5 pounds (\$14.00)—nearly 50 times their nominal value. A London numismatist said the silver 1-penny, 2-penny, 3-penny and 4-penny pieces would start trickling into the coin dealers' hands in about a month. The practice of the sovereign's taking part in the ceremony lapsed during the reign of James II, but was revived by the present queen's grandmother.

► THE Board of Education of Los Angeles, California, is facing a grave problem: whether to authorize the use of 155,000 report cards on which a word is misspelled. It seems that the proofreaders slipped, and in the word *language* the letters *u* and *a* are transposed. It will cost \$1,389.50 to have the cards reprinted. The school superintendent would use the cards "to save the reprinting bill." But the head of the curriculum division recommends scrapping them "because of the possible effect on the students."

► AN African hunter suggests that collectors of wild animals for zoological parks use aluminum bullets, each tipped with a hypodermic needle containing a powerful sleep-inducing drug. The sedative would put the game to sleep, and the bullets could be so designed as to do little or no harm.

► THE first rubber street in the United States was Rose Boulevard in Akron, Ohio. It was paved with an asphalt containing synthetic rubber.

► ABOUT 4 million home freezers are in use in the United States, and there are more than 10,000 freezer locker plants in operation.

► THE 2 most poisonous snakes in the world are said to be the tiger snake of Australia and the island viper found on a small island off the coast of Brazil.

► BIBLE HOUSE LIBRARY in the headquarters building of the American Bible Society has the largest collection of Scriptures in the New World—over 18,000 volumes in more than 950 languages.

► THE U.S. Navy has recently appointed its first woman engineer officer. She is Lt. Ruth Carolyn White, of Berkeley, California. She is an electronics expert and has been assigned duty as an electronic training assistant in the Navy Bureau of Ships in Washington, D.C.

► DR. LEONARD CARMICHAEL has been chosen as the new secretary of the U.S. Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D.C. Dr. Carmichael, a nationally known figure in education and science, was called to his new responsibilities from the presidency of Tufts College in Medford and Boston, Massachusetts.

► A NEW-TYPE stop light is being used by Virginia on U.S. Highway 11. It is designed to protect motorists against themselves, says the American Public Works Association. Normally red, the stop light is designed to make motorists halt their cars if they are traveling too fast to go around the curve safely. When a car approaches the curve it passes over a detector in the highway that sends an impulse to the stop light. If the motorist is driving 25 miles an hour or less, the light will turn green before he has to stop. If he is traveling faster, he must stop and wait until the light flashes the go-ahead signal.

► SIR ANTON, believed to be the only antarctic sea elephant in captivity, is finding out some things that human beings have to endure in civilization. Since he was captured in his native habitat and stowed on the Danish scientific ship *Galathea*, Sir Anton has been fighting one affliction of civilization after another. Penicillin cured him of pneumonia, and a change in diet and a dose of castor oil corrected an attack of acute indigestion. But nothing seemed to help his claustrophobia. So the Copenhagen Zoo, to which he is consigned, has decreed that he should desert ship and take a plane for the Danish capital, under the care of an experienced veterinarian who has instructions to spray the 200-pound mammal at regular intervals with water. The zoo does not wish to risk losing this valuable animal. When fully grown—Sir Anton is six months old now—he will weigh 8,000 pounds. Sea elephants are the largest of the hair seals, usually growing over 12 feet in length. They have long whiskers and tusks.