

# The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

## Forward With CHRIST

BY HARRY MOYLE TIPPETT



T. K. Martin, Artist

**A** COMMENCEMENT address given by one of the greatest educators the world has ever known to the largest graduation class ever assembled on earth was given by Moses to Israel as they stood on the east side of Jordan ready to cross over into the Promised Land. The book of Deuteronomy records the three valedictory addresses of this great leader, delivered to his beloved people just before he climbed the rocky steep of Mount Nebo for his Pisgah experience with God.

In the last of those addresses, Moses' commencement address, he recapitulated what God had done for them in the wilderness, reminded them of the glorious promises they were to inherit beyond Jordan, and concluded his appeal with these words: "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life."

This last message of admonition and counsel that Moses solemnly delivered to a people whose fathers had all died in the wilderness because of disobedience seems peculiarly appropriate for any group of Christian youth facing new fields of opportunity and entering new spheres of influence. Certainly it is adapted to the motto you have inscribed on your class banners: "Forward With Christ."

What a mighty forward movement that was when Israel marched out of Egypt. Under what dramatic circumstances it was accomplished: Christ in the cloud, Christ in the fire, Christ in the flood holding the waters back, Christ in the heavens raining down manna for their sustenance, Christ in the tabernacle, Christ in the mount, Christ in the flinty rock pouring forth healing waters to assuage their thirst.

And Christ, the great condescending Saviour, was with them again as they crossed Jordan. Once more they went over dry shod as the feet of the priests touched the water.

And Christ is with you now as you launch forth into a troubled world after these days of preparation.

It would be appropriate, I suppose, because it has become almost customary, for a commencement speaker to draw a dark picture of the world we live in. It is a topsy-turvy world indeed, and the out-

A condensed version of the 1952 summer commencement address at Emmanuel Missionary College.



look grows darker as we think of some of the apparently unsolvable problems of humanity: the conflict between national ideologies, the confusion of diplomatic tongues debating world peace, the annual crime wave that costs America alone fifteen billion dollars a year, the alarming growth of insanity that strains the capacity of our asylums as fast as they can be built, and the mysterious new diseases that have our scientists working around the clock to diagnose and combat them. But the sources of information are at your disposal. I invite you to extend the inventory.

Yet to the Christian youth of the Advent faith the situation is not one so much of despair as of new challenge to faith and courage. I very much like Joaquin Miller's picture of the discoverer of America as he stoutly withstood the timorous fears of his men. As they faced the desolation and terrors of the deep after months of sailing westward, their mate as spokesman is made to say:

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say  
If we sight nought but seas at dawn."

And into the teeth of the Atlantic gales,  
Columbus flung his heroic challenge:

"Why, you shall say at break of day,  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on.'"

Oh, that's a glorious poem, and it should stir every consecrated heart in the church today to pray: "Anywhere, Lord, so long as it is forward with Thee."

Though you now live in a mutinous world, with the fortitude of a Columbus you can marshal the courage of men and women under a new vision—the vision of a promised new world wherein dwells righteousness.

Emerson sagely observed one time that every man who would be useful in his generation must learn what the centuries are saying against the hours. The centuries are knocking today on the doors of this generation, and the sound is disturbing and ominous.

Let us not forget that what the centuries

are saying as they knock upon the doors of this generation is the same as that which God began to teach man in the Garden of Eden—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Certainly the lessons of the centuries are that we cannot escape reality by seeking pleasure, the devil's mockery for pain; that there is no surcease from sorrow in amusement, Satan's substitute for joy; that there is no security in riches, the spiritual opiate of mammon.

For whether we follow the path of self-indulgence, which ministers to the pleasures of sense, or whether we discipline our lives with culture, seeking respite in music and literature and the arts—if we pursue either course only to forget our personal responsibility in a world gone mad, we shall someday find ourselves standing with empty hands before God's great tribunal of justice with no gift for His altar.

In choosing life we must choose truth, for it is truth that makes us free. And Christ is the embodiment of all truth. He said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

Yes, men may close the door to God as they do in secular education, they may belittle Him in their ragged philosophies, they may seek to explain Him away in their pseudo sciences, but His creative wooing Spirit is master of time and space; and when men think they have put Him far off, behold He speaks to them at sunrise from some Gothic spire, or in the noontide glow of an old painting, or perchance at eventide in the solemn *Te Deum* of a great cathedral organ.

If we choose life, we shall find truth often in strange places. Some years ago down in old Vincennes, Indiana, I sauntered one eventide into the historic Catholic mission church on the banks of the river. It had celebrated its centenary several years before.

In the churchyard I tried to decipher the names on the crumbling gravestones lying all about, priests who had ministered here according to the faith that had taken them into the pioneer wilderness.

Then I went into the church and mused on the fading glory of earth and all mundane things. No one was in the sanctuary, so I sat in a pew and looked at the murals on the walls and tried to imagine the kind of men who long years before had put their devotion and their art into a portrayal of sacred Bible scenes. Scores of votive candles flickered before the high altar, plaster saints looked mutely down upon me from the stations of the cross, and the odor of incense permeated the

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## You Are a Microphone!

By MURIEL M. HOWARD



Some while ago the king was speaking at the fourth centenary celebrations of Trinity College, Cambridge.

It was an impressive speech. It was an august audience come to hear an honored and widely loved voice. And the attention was spontaneous.

Then suddenly there was consternation. The microphone spluttered; the words, uttered and prepared though they were by the king himself, became garbled. The loud-speakers complained and broke down. They refused to transmit the message of a king!

And the king? Did he wait for repairs? Did he wait for replacements? A king's time is precious. A king's day is planned. It makes no provision for delay. Looking at the offending

microphone, he simply said, "Take it away!"

But the king's speech went on!

You are a microphone. So too am I. We have been placed in position by angelic engineers, all set to transmit the last message this doomed world will ever hear from a divine and disappointed King.

What kind of microphone are you? Do you garble the speech? Do you splutter and complain? Do you even refuse to transmit?

Jesus may take one look—and work on without you.

The heavenly clock is set! It will go off on time! The King's speech must proceed!

You are His microphone!



MARY, have you heard?"  
"Heard what, Alice?"

"Susan Horne is going to be a social worker. I can't imagine anyone's wanting to work in all that filth. They say that more than half those children who live in the slum part of town are professional thieves!"

"Someone has to help them, Alice. I don't see, though, that we are required to do it. I give very freely to all charities."

No more was said about the subject, and soon you were on your way home. You almost forgot the subject as you prepared the evening meal for your doctor-husband and always-hungry son.

The next morning you were up bright and early to fix Johnny's breakfast. While waiting for the eggs to boil you went into the living room, where your husband had left the morning paper. Hastily you glanced at the news. A particular item caught your eye. "Ten-Year-Old Boy Charged With Theft." Johnny was only ten. He could have been arrested for theft just as this boy had been. Quickly you push the thought from your mind. Johnny would not do a thing like that. He had no need for stealing. His parents provided for his every want. Perhaps this boy's parents were poor, like the people who lived in the slums, and could not provide for him. You shake your head to rid yourself of such troublesome thoughts and call, "Johnny, time for school."

You hear a thump and a bounce, then you smile. Here comes your pride and joy. Nothing can harm him as long as you are there to protect him. Suppose, though, you are not there. Angrily you serve oatmeal to a sleepy-eyed lad. Why can you not rid your mind of such thoughts?

"Say, Mom, I want to go to Bobby's after school to help him with his new model airplane. Is that all right with you?"

"Of course, son; that will be fine. Hurry now and get to school."

Thoughtfully you begin to stack dishes for washing. You glance at the clock. It is eight-thirty now; the hearing for the ten-year-old is scheduled for nine-thirty. Even with a slow bus you can get there in time. Get there on time. But what are you thinking of? You cannot go anywhere today; you have the ironing to do.

As the judge is taking his place you are still mentally arguing with yourself as to why you are here. The judge has a kindly, sympathetic face.

Your eyes turn to the door through which the boy is entering the courtroom. You gasp and stare. No, it cannot be! You start to stand, then sink back in your seat as the judge calls Johnny to his desk. One look at his face, and the stern old judge's lips relax into a smile.

"Well, me lad, and what would your name be?"

# INASMUCH



Ewing Galloway

Without Knowing Why, I Had Been Drawn to Attend the Court Session of the Lad Who Had Been Charged With Theft. I Was Amazed to Discover That He Was My Own Nephew

By RUTH PHILLINGANE

"My name is Stephen Ellis, your honor."

The people gasp at the manly answer the young boy gives. "Is this a criminal?" they wonder.

The tears sting your eyes so you can hardly see the copper hair, turned-up nose, and freckled face. Your ears are blocked to what is being said around you. You are thanking God that this is not *your* son. Somehow you cannot understand the close resemblance. Could two boys look so much alike and not be brothers? Your heart bleeds for the pale-faced lad.

You pull yourself together as an irate storekeeper makes his charges. You can tell by his red face that he is very angry.

"That is the boy, judge. He comes into my store big as life and tries to steal. It's getting so an honest man can't even turn his back on a few dollars without some rascal trying to take it. Something must be done about it, I tell you. The boy needs to be put in a jail, not in one of these new-fangled reform schools."

"I make the decisions in this court, Mr. Perno." The judge's face turns toward the boy, and a smile comes over it.

"Don't be afraid, lad. Is what this man says true?"

Looking at the boy's face, you cannot believe that the answer would be affirmative. While waiting to hear "No, sir," you are shocked to hear him say, "Yes, sir, it is true."

The judge is taken aback. A shadow crosses his face as he looks at the lad. "You know this is wrong."

Unflinchingly the boy's innocent eyes gaze into his, and he says, "Yes, mother told me so before she died."

"See there, judge, the boy admits it. I tell you something must be done. He is a menace to society; that's what he is."

The judge looks at the pompous storekeeper and says, "You are right. Something is going to be done if I hear one more outburst from you. Just one more, and out you go!"

Turning to Stephen, he says, "Now, lad, I want to hear your side of this story. Take your time."

Closely you listen to his words, then you ponder what he has said.

"My mother died when my sister was born three years ago. My father started



drinking, to forget his troubles I suppose. Soon he lost his job. After that he lost other jobs too. We moved and moved, then finally stayed here.

"Jinny got sick, and the doctor said she needed good food. I went to several food stores to see if I could work and get some soup in the place of money. Everyone said I was too young to be looking for work, and nobody would give me a job. Mr. Perno's store was the last place I went to. I was still too small. I saw the money lying on the counter, so I picked it up when he turned around. He saw me though."

The judge finds himself searching for his handkerchief. "Thomas," he addresses one of his attendants, "call the case worker

for that district and see that this home is visited right away. Be very sure that she gives the little girl proper care."

"We have checked, your honor, and there is no worker for that district."

"Well, go yourself then. Someone has to help her." Then to the boy: "What work did your father do before the death of your mother? Did your mother work?"

"Mom was a county nurse in Maine before she married dad. Dad worked for some insurance company."

That is all you hear. Your mind wanders back fourteen years to the time you had heard a dear auburn-haired sister say, "But, Dad, I don't want to work in your office. I would much rather do

social work where I can help someone."

That was the last you ever saw of her. She went north to Maine to work, and you came south to marry your doctor. You heard of her marriage, then later of her death in California. After three or four years you had almost forgotten that you ever had a sister.

The judge is speaking. You sit up straighter in your chair and listen with agony in your heart. "You have heard this lad's story. He says he is guilty of this crime. I say that I am. Not by my self am I guilty, but with every one of you. Grudgingly we give to a few charities. This, we think, is all that is required of us. No, my brother, it is not all. Much more is meant for us to do. These people need your love and mine. They need a knowledge of the love of Christ. They need a chance to a better way of life. No one knew of this boy's plight. No one cared. We go home to a comfortable warm abode with never a thought that someone might be shivering with cold in a part of town where we might not like to have our friends see us.

"I do not make excuses for sin. This boy *did* sin. That you and I caused this sin is what worries me. Yes, I could send him to a reform school. But would that help the public to see and rectify its mistakes? No, it would not. I hope that you won't sleep tonight until you decide what you can do for these needy ones."

There is a stir as you stand to your feet. You hear your voice saying: "Your honor, something brought me down here this morning that I did not understand until now. I am this boy's aunt. I didn't know of it before. I lost track of my sister after our mother died. I loved her very much, but she rather embarrassed me when we were young. She could often be found down in the poorer part of town reading to an aged blind woman when I thought she should be somewhere else. I never understood her and was too busy having a good time to try very hard.

"My husband is a doctor, and he will gladly do all that is possible for this lad's father. I would like to have Stephen and Jinny put in my custody. I would like to atone as I can for my neglect."

With a sob and a step you have the little boy in your arms, but you do not see the rays of the sun as they shine for a moment on two copper heads so close together, with a glow that to everyone in the room looks like a halo.

Today, my friends, we are thinking so much of needs far away that we often forget those in our own home towns. Yet these people here do not know any more than some in heathen lands. Christ said, "Into *all* the world." Let us not overlook the needy on our street or in our town.

Someday the Lord will say to you, and to me, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



## Later Than You Think

By RUTH LADD GRUESBECK

Too late for worldliness and pride;  
Too late some secret sin to hide;  
Too late to try to fool the Lord,  
Who knows each thought and spoken  
word;  
Too late 'neath worldly cares to sink.  
It is much later than you think!

It is too late, my friend, to eye  
Your neighbor's faults, and weakly try  
To measure self by one or two  
Who walk along the path with you.  
It's time to break each worldly link.  
It is much later than you think!

It is too late to live for self,  
For worldly pleasure, pride, or pelf,  
Too late in indolence to rest,  
Too late to seek some selfish quest,  
While souls are wav'ring on the brink.  
It is much later than you think!

The judgment hastens on apace;  
Today's the time to grow in grace,  
To seek the Lord for Spirit's power,  
To do His bidding hour by hour,  
Salvation's cup to deeply drink.  
It is much later than you think!



THE group that had been at our home to practice for the regular Sunday morning radio broadcast had just left, and as I turned from the front door into the living room I noticed a key lying on the piano.

"Mary's," I guessed, and as soon as she had had time to reach home I telephoned her.

"I've found a key," I said, "and I think it may be yours. Did you lay a key on top of the piano?"

"No," she answered, "I have my key ring with me, and all the keys are on it. The one you have found must belong to someone else. Thank you for calling, and I hope you find the owner."

"Perhaps it's Harry's," I said to my husband.

But it was not Harry's either. It seemed that none of the group had lost a key.

"It must belong to someone," my husband said.

Yet no one claimed it, and it lay on our piano for several weeks.

The key looked as though it were a perfectly good one. Certainly it had been made to unlock *something*. Perhaps it was the key to the door of a pantry where food was stored. Perhaps it was the key to the door of a room where money was hidden. Yet, although it was in my house, I never found either food or money with it. Neither did it do anyone else any good while it lay idle.

It *could* be useful. It was available. But without the directing hand of the person who knew how and where to use it, it was of no avail. The place where it fitted remained locked.

"Prayer is the key in the hand of faith to unlock heaven's storehouse, where are treasured the boundless resources of Omnipotence," writes God's messenger to the Advent people.

The heavenly storehouse contains an abundance of everything we need, but without the key, prayer, we cannot unlock it. And without the hand, faith, to use that key, prayer will be of no avail. To receive the treasures of heaven, "boundless resources," we must use both the key of prayer and the hand of faith.

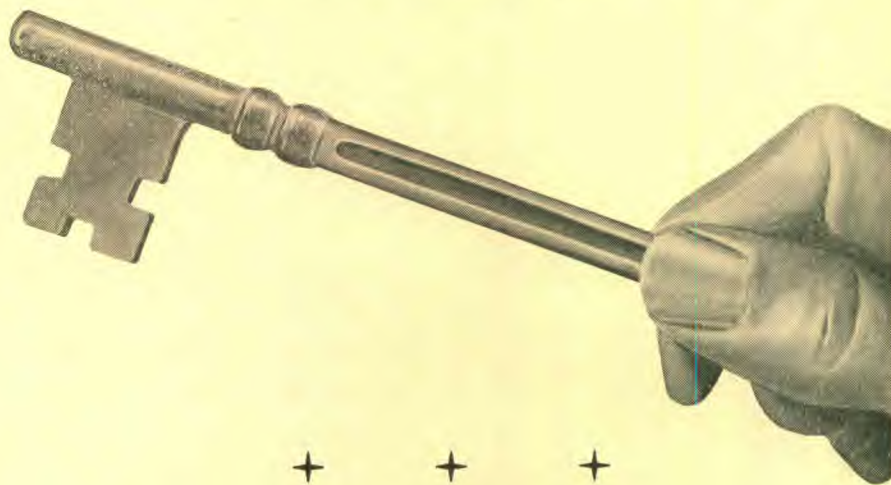
"Without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

Jesus said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

He admonishes everyone, "Have faith in God," and assures, "for verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith."

The condition expressed in the heart of these verses explains why we do not receive this wonderful answer to prayer. The one offering the prayer must not doubt, *even in his heart*. An unspoken question,

# THE KEY



a doubt secretly hidden, a mere feeling that we can hardly expect such a thing to happen, show lack of faith. The mountain would really be moved if we really believed it would. Jesus said so. He loves us, and wishes us to believe Him.

The key of prayer remains idle as long as it is untouched by the hand of faith.

If the keyhole is plugged, the key will not turn in it; it will not even go in. An unforgiving feeling cherished in the heart will plug the opening for the key of prayer and will prevent it from opening the door of heaven's storehouse.

Jesus, in discourse with His disciples, went on to say, "And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses."

We can make room for the key to work. God has promised His Holy Spirit to cleanse our hearts from sinful obstruction. "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." His assurance is unlimited; His invitation is to everyone. We are told that our heavenly Father waits to give us the fullness of His blessing. That fullness cannot be measured by any of us. He invites us, "Come unto me," and assures us that He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Not merely more than we ask, not merely more than we think or imagine, but abundantly above that, is the promise. Yes, and to make it still more generously impressive, He says "exceeding abundantly."

Do we often neglect to ask? Why?

God proves true to His word. We know it by the records we have of others' experiences, in both ancient and recent times. He is "the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever."

What would we think of a starving man who had access to a key that would unlock a storehouse of food, yet who neglected to use it?

Mrs. E. G. White writes: "The darkness of the evil one encloses those who neglect to pray. . . . The adversary seeks continually to obstruct the way to the mercy-seat, that we may not by earnest supplication and faith obtain grace and power to resist temptation. . . .

"There is necessity for diligence in prayer; let nothing hinder you. . . . As you go about your daily labor, let your heart be often uplifted to God. . . . Keep your wants, your joys, your sorrows, your cares, and your fears, before God. You can not burden Him; you can not weary Him. . . . God would not have His children, for whom so great salvation has been provided, act as if He were a hard, exacting taskmaster. He is their best friend; and when they worship Him, He expects to be with them, to bless and comfort."

Jesus said, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

He wants us to be happy; He loves us individually; He takes a personal interest in every one of us. He offers us the best that heart could desire.

Eventually the key left in our home was claimed and put to its fitted use. Until an emergency arose, the owner had not missed it.

Sometimes it takes an emergency and a long search to find the key of prayer. When we do eventually take it in the hand of faith and fit it in the unobstructed lock of the heart, it will open the storehouse of God's unbounded love, revealing in a definite way His personal interest.

I know.



# The *P*ARABLE of the PEAR TREE



Week by Week as She Grew Gradually Worse a Young Man Brought to Her Salvation's Plan

By MRS. WALTER DOUGHERTY



SOME time ago I came upon a field that once had been an orchard. Every pear tree had been uprooted, and some had already been sawn into short lengths to be carried away. Apparently they would be used for firewood. I was sad because these trees had been destroyed.

And then another day dawned, when dews shimmered on tall spears of new grass, and I wandered along the country

roads that led through pear orchards. There were beautiful trees laden with blossoms; already the bees had begun their day's work.

I again came upon the field that had been an orchard, and there to my great surprise the pear trees lay, roots still thrust upward, but many boughs were adorned with fragrant blossoms. Torn from the soil that had fed them all their days, they were making their last great attempt to bloom and bear fruit, still trying to give to the world, even though so cruelly severed from the great Mother Earth.

I thought of Job, when God allowed

Satan to tempt him and snatch away all that he valued in this world. Satan could take everything from Job except his desire to worship and adore his Maker, and through the fiery trial he cried out, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

One day we visited a home for aged people. This was my first such experience, and as we gathered in the reception room and our sunshine band began to sing, I noticed one old man sitting quietly erect in his wheel chair. I pitied him at first, and my eyes filled with tears and I choked on my words as we sang "There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day," but my pity soon turned to admiration and thanks as I heard him lift his voice and sing with joy—

"To our bountiful Father above,  
We will offer a tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of His love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days."

Here again I saw the uprooted pear trees, and gave thanks for this saintly old man, whose last blossoms were fragrant with the perfume of expectation in the Lord.

I sat beside a bed where death hovered, and the form on the bed, now frail and gaunt, had been, a year or two before, a beautiful and robust woman. An incurable disease had smitten her, but week by week as she grew gradually worse a young man brought to her the gospel of salvation. Her sad heart was touched and made happy by the promise that someday immortal youth would be hers.

And now she placed her thin hand in mine. "I wish I had been told all this sooner, I mean about Jesus' dying for me and that I should worship God on the seventh-day Sabbath. Do you think the Lord will accept my worship as I lie here in bed? I want to do what is right. I have learned to love Him, and I want to belong to Him as I die."

I assured her that the Father above knew her heart, and she asked me to pray for her.

Six more Sabbaths passed, and the lonely little woman in a non-Christian home paid her last worship to the King of kings. At last she rests in Jesus.

The pear trees torn from the earth remind me of this pain-racked, weary woman. She served even when the Grim Reaper was cutting off the very source of her strength to do so. And the parable of the pear trees does not apply merely to those whose years are full. Indeed, it has a special significance for the youth of today. The enemy of peace and happiness is trying to uproot us all, to tear us from the Source of all strength, to leave us lying useless, and to make shreds of our best desires to serve.

But there is One who will sustain us; and when misery and evil, death and crime and war, press all around us, we will continue our strivings, and the blossoms of the Spirit will bloom in this humanity.



WHAT is it, doctor?" Margaret begged, looking fearfully at his intent face as he made a careful examination. "Is—is it something serious? Oh, it can't be! I've felt so well all the time, and I'm so eager to go home now that I can't wait. I've just got to go home tomorrow. Tell me I'll be all right."

"Of course you're going to be all right, Mrs. Neufeld," soothed the doctor. "I think we can allow you to go home in the morning if—and it's a big *if*—you'll stay quietly in bed for some weeks. You see, you have what is termed phlebitis, commonly known as milk leg. This condition is caused by a blood clot; in this case a clot has lodged in your leg. Gradually the clot will be absorbed into your system, but until that occurs you must be very quiet, so that it will not be disturbed. Have you anyone who'll care for you at home? If not, you should remain here in the hospital."

"We'll manage someway, doctor. I'll come over in the morning and take her home. I'm sure that with the efficient help of my niece Myrtle Reimer we'll get along all right. She's always glad to do all that she can to help others."

Margaret turned quickly at the sound of John's voice, but she said nothing more until the doctor and nurse had left the room. Then, unsuccessfully trying to choke back a sob, she put her head against John's shoulder and burst into tears.

But "every cloud has its silver lining," and Margaret found in the coming weeks and months that John's encouraging words had come true. She was happy to see that slowly but surely her condition had improved, until she was able to be up and do all her own work. And toward the last of 1944 she was overjoyed to know that once more she carried beneath her joyful heart a new little life. Now throughout the long months of waiting she stoutly maintained that she had never felt better. And, indeed, John saw that she seemed to be in good health and that his careful laboratory tests confirmed his impression. Faithfully she followed Dr. Rippey's diet list and his careful instructions until July 27, 1945. And then, with Dr. Rippey out of town, and his father-in-law, skillful Dr. Holden, taking his place, she entered the hospital.

Neither John nor Margaret ever quite knew exactly what happened, but they always felt that perhaps the new little nurse had unknowingly administered too much anesthetic for an obstetrical patient to tolerate. Whatever the cause, only the frantic efforts of the Christian doctor and nurses saved the life of their newborn child. Always afterward Margaret was to think of all of them with deepest gratitude. She could never hear the recital without emotion as keen as when she first heard the stirring account of the fight against death. She could never think of Nurse Ruth Gulbranson without heartfelt thanks, for she it was who grabbed the

# The Dollar Dentist

By GWENDOLEN LAMPSHIRE HAYDEN

## PART XI

limp little body and said grimly, "If any baby ever lived, this one is going to!"

Later she knew all the details of that determined fight: prayer—the aspirate mucous device to induce breath in the collapsed lungs, prayer—artificial respiration, prayer—warm water, prayer—and then the decision to use the last desperate remedy, the resuscitator.

John told her that when it was all over and the baby had taken his first choking breath and had then begun to wail lustily, they had looked at one another with tear-filled eyes and had exclaimed as one person, "Thank God, he'll live." And then they had turned their attention once more to her, for until that moment they had not dared turn away for an instant from their lifesaving mission.

Then as the days went by the little family felt that at last their cup of happiness had been filled to the brim, for now John had entered dental school. Finally, fifteen

years after graduation from Battleford Academy, he was enrolled as a freshman in North Pacific Dental College.

"It doesn't seem possible that I'm actually going to classes," he said one evening as they concluded their evening worship and he and Margaret put on their wraps to go to choir rehearsal at Sunnyside church. "But I'm here in school again, and all seems to be going well. I'm glad the classes aren't as hard for me as that chemistry was at La Sierra College. I think I'd just give up if they were!"

"Oh, you're doing wonderfully," Margaret said proudly, after she had told Bethene that daddy would be right back to stay with them while she practiced with the choir. "I know that at last everything's going to be fine. Of course, it'll be hard to keep up your night call laboratory work at the san and work off days at Permanente too, but you'll manage, and eventually you'll have that degree."



Photo Courtesy of the Author

It Was a Happy Day for the Neufeld Family When John Enrolled as a Freshman in North Pacific Dental College





## God's Cookbook

By JOYCE DULY

Louise, dressed in her tidy apron, took her pans from the cupboard one by one, then paused to turn on the light over her worktable. Picking up her recipe, she mused, "One and  $\frac{3}{4}$  cups of flour. . . Sift before measuring. What a lot of bother! It shouldn't make any difference to measure it directly from the bag. And  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of shortening. That sounds like too much. A quarter cup ought to be enough. And the eggs—" Her thoughts rambled on as she stirred in first one ingredient and then another. With all her short cuts, however, it was not long until her waffles were sizzling and sputtering on the hot griddle, and tempting aromas were stealing from beneath the lid.

Soon she sat down to eat. She spread the rich, sweet butter lavishly over her waffle, poured on the thick amber syrup, and took her first bite. But what a disappointment! Instead of the light, melt-in-your-mouth cake Louise had expected, there was something heavy, tough, and not at all like the delicious waffles her friend had made. "It must be the recipe," she thought. "Alice probably gave me the wrong one. I'll call her in the morning."

Have you ever thought that God gave you the wrong recipe? Have you ever told yourself that what is written in His Book is a mistake?

We once had a friend who came often to our house to enjoy mother's good baking. Repeatedly he would ask for recipes so that he might pass them on to his mother. Mrs. Herley, no doubt, thought she did her best as a cook, but in her conservatism she substituted poorer ingredients. The results were never the same as the pies that mother baked, or her cakes were not so light or her cookies so rich. You ask why? For the same reason that all churchgoers are not Christians.

Christ gave His people a Cookbook. In it are the recipes for peace, happiness, love, contentment, and friendship. The people of the world do not have these things, because men and women are substituting poorer ingredients. They are putting in self-love for brotherly love and self-glory for meekness. They are cutting down on the oil of the Holy Spirit and are neglecting to sift the lumps of unkindness out of their characters. They try to cover up their deficiencies by the riches of the world or by the sweet syrup of affectation, but the Saviour knows the recipe, and He knows wherein we lack.

Friend, are you too substituting poor materials for character? If so, stop and read God's recipe again. For even your best ingredients are barely good enough.

"You mean *we'll* have that degree, don't you, dear?" John said. "After all, you've been working too, doing sewing and caring for children whose mothers are employed. Without your help—"

"Look out, John," Margaret broke in

abruptly. "That car ahead's turning! Quick! The brakes!" CRASH!

Neither Margaret nor John knew just what had happened, but they aroused to find themselves squeezed together in a front seat that had been crumpled and

broken into a perfect V-shape by the impact of the fast-traveling streetcar that had slammed into them as they tried desperately to avoid hitting the motorists in front of them.

"John! What— what— happened?" Margaret said thickly, aware of a brassy taste in her mouth and a dull pounding ache in her head. "I—something hit us. I—I can't move—I—"

"Neither can I," John gasped. "But we'll get out. I hear the ambulance coming. Someone's turned in the alarm. Just sit tight."

"I—I am sitting tight," Margaret wailed. "I—I can't budge an inch."

"Steady, there," called a cheerful voice. "We'll have you out in a little while and on the way to the hospital for a checkup. Here, folks, let's pry open these doors and lift this couple onto the stretchers. Now, easy does it!"

Neither John nor Margaret remembered too much about the ensuing three or four hours, except that they were spent in the bright lights of the hospital, where various tests were made and treatment given for shock, minor bruises, and cuts. Margaret realized afterward that John had shown remarkable presence of mind in refusing to sign any settlement papers stating that they had no broken bones. She had marveled at the calmness of his voice as he had replied to the inquiry.

"No, we couldn't sign such a statement as that right now. After all, some injuries don't show up for days after such an accident. My wife's not been out of the hospital too long as it is, and this might have shaken her up pretty badly. We don't intend to ask for anything that isn't fair, but, after all, the accident wasn't our fault, and we should be entitled to fair treatment."

Later on, after they had returned home at midnight to find worried neighbors staying with Bethene and Dickie, they were told of some of the freak happenings at the scene of the accident: Margaret's glasses had been picked up unbroken from the street pavement, and her torn head scarf had been found on the grass in the parking strip. They heard too of the group that had vainly waited for Margaret's lovely contralto solo part and of Mrs. Rippey, who had hurried into rehearsal with the statement that "I just passed a car wreck at the corner of 43d and Belmont. My, I hope that none of our church members were involved."

As the days went past and no serious conditions developed from the near tragedy, they were glad to accept the settlement on the car, payment for their medical expenses, and an extra amount from the streetcar company.

"You'll agree that I was pretty smart to deduct that one hundred dollars from the amount paid when I tell you that I've got the old car straightened out enough so that I can continue to drive it to class. Of

—Please turn to page 21



# ADVENT YOUTH IN ACTION



## Emvees Share Their Faith With Royalty

Lois Bowen, Reporting

We sang for the empress last Friday night! It was not a scheduled performance for Her Majesty. The Filwoha Missionary Volunteers were simply on their regular round of the three hospital buildings at Zauditu Memorial Hospital, spreading cheer and comfort by singing for the patients each Friday evening at sunset.

Darkness was settling down as we gathered in the hall of the surgical building and sang the favorite in Amharic, "The Great Physician." In the room at the end of the hall lay our Ethiopian princess, Tenange Work, and the new little princess. We did not know the royal limousine had just driven up to the side entrance, bringing the empress to visit her newest grandchild.

As I pumped the old portable organ while the young people sang, I could see a crack in that door, and slowly Her Majesty peeked around the corner. Soon a servant hurried down the hall with a request—Her Majesty would like to see a songbook!

Next morning the princess told me how much she had enjoyed the singing and asked about the singers. She was interested in hearing a little about our Missionary Volunteer organization around the world. Then, too, it impressed her that young people of her own country (our student nurses and hospital workers) not only care for the patients' physical needs but share their faith in a loving Saviour by their messages in song.

The songbook went to the palace, and with it our prayers that the influence of song and book might help a little in the advancement of the gospel in Ethiopia.

## History-making Camp in West Virginia

W. M. Buckman, Reporting

Fifty-eight Junior boys and girls had the privilege this year of attending the first Junior camp in the history of the West Virginia Conference. It was at the beautiful Cabwaylingo State Park nestled amid the beautiful hills of southern West Virginia. The boys and girls studied God's workmanship in their nature and craft classes. They became better acquainted with Him in the Morning Watch period and the prayer band circles. And they heard Him speak through His ministers

in the daily camp council and evening campfire services.

The daily swimming and supervised play periods taught them real Christian sportsmanship that meant genuine fellowship for all the young people at the camp.

On Sabbath, Pastor Arthur Patzer, Columbia Union MV secretary, added his appeal to the day-by-day character-building work of Camp Pastor F. J. Strunk; and twenty-five Juniors responded, surrendering their lives to Christ. A baptismal class was organized, and as the Juniors returned home they reported to their local pastors for further study.

A welcome visitor was Conference President A. F. Ruf. The prayers of many fathers and mothers are being answered by the onward march of Missionary Volunteer work in West Virginia.

## Burlingame Baptism

Wellesley Muir, Reporting

The young people who have been conducting the Youth Bible Crusade in Palo Alto, California, are beginning to see the results of their Share Your Faith work. Recently Pastor H. A. Crawford baptized four people at an impressive service in the Burlingame church. This brings the total of those who have become Seventh-day Adventists in the Palo Alto-Burlingame district for this year to twenty-five.

## Features of Oregon Junior Camp

A. J. Reisig, Reporting

The first Monday of the Milo Junior camp in the Oregon Conference this year was an extremely hot day, and so the leaders asked the 143 Juniors and counselors to pray for milder weather. The next day the sky was overcast, and every person felt that this was a direct answer to his prayer. This experience seemed to set the spiritual pace of the camp.

Dr. A. B. Munroe, visiting the camp Thursday, gave a valuable talk at the campfire on habits. Eugene Winter, physical education and recreation director at Walla Walla College, led out in the camping and campcraft phases of the outing. His nature stories at the campfire were enjoyed by all the Juniors.

## Payette Lake Junior Camp

A. J. Werner, Reporting

The spiritual worth of Junior camps was proved this year in the Idaho Conference by the baptism of two girls, Marie Logan and Dottie Simli. They were two of the 161 girls and boys who made the enrollment at camp this year the largest in the history of the conference camping program. A large number enrolled in nature classes taught by Prof. and Mrs. Harold Drake and Mrs. Werner. Eight of



Lois Bowen

Emperor Haile Selassie and the Ethiopian Royal Family Visit Our Zauditu Memorial Hospital. At the Left Are Princess Tenange Work and the Empress; on the Right, Two Younger Princes



the larger boys learned horseshoe throwing in Pastor W. A. Scriven's class.

Other activities were physical culture, swimming, campcraft, and plaque and leathercraft classes. All the Juniors responded to the call to rededicate their lives to God.

### Overnight Pathfinder Camp

Mrs. Clara Howland, *Reporting*

The Hillmont (California) Pathfinders enjoyed a hayride and an overnight camp near Stockton Dam not long ago through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Ballard, who arranged for the camp site, and H. E. Ashton and Mrs. Clara Howland, leaders of the group. The following day the Juniors visited Penn Mine and its surrounding area, where they found specimens of zinc ore, copper ore, and gold-bearing quartz.

### "Seeing Jesus" Junior Camp

Joanna Agard, *Reporting*

There was no question about it in the minds of the ninety-six campers who attended Hawaii's Camp Erdman this year; they are all planning to come back to Junior camp next year. It may have been because of the spiritual emphasis placed on the everyday activities. "Seeing Jesus" was the theme of the camping program and was emphasized in the morning worship, prayer bands, and Junior Bible hour. Perhaps it was the craft classes in such unusual fields as plastics and corsage making, or lessons in weather, domestic ani-

mals, cats, fundamentals in signaling and short-wave radio. It may have been varied recreational pursuits offered at the camp. Or perhaps it was the overnight hike first for the boys' group and then for the girls' group. Or maybe the Juniors liked best the field events and water gymnastics that made the program outstanding. At any rate, the Junior camp for the Hawaiian Mission this year proved to be an avenue through which our young people and staff could gather together in Christian fellowship, catching a glimpse of the life above.

On inspecting our Junior camp after we had left, the manager of Camp Erdman said, "This is the cleanest and most orderly camp I have seen since 1938."

### More Than Seven Hundred Campers!

Glenn Fillman, *Reporting*

The 65 Senior youth and 669 Juniors who attended the various camps conducted by the Northern California Conference this year earned more than 900 MV Honors as they completed courses in nature and craftwork. The nature classes included the study of reptiles, minerals, rocks, flowers, trees, amphibians, butterflies, and birds. Those who took craft classes had their choice of metalcraft, nature craft (making things out of native materials), pine-needle weaving, linoleum-block printing, campcraft, archery, ceramics, and several others. Each camper, whether he attended at Pinecrest or at Redwood Creek, was required to take a nature class and a craft class.

Several improvements were made at

camp this year. A new filter and heater for the swimming pool had been installed and also a new heater for the showers, providing plenty of hot water for everyone.

### Lake Region Junior Camp

R. Ivan S. Thomson, *Reporting*

The Sabbath day was the bright spot in Lake Region Junior camp this year. Pastor Rothacker Smith, speaker at the eleven o'clock hour, drew his lessons from the story of a man who was cornered by a lion yet escaped alive. Speaking of the devil, the adversary of souls, who goes about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, he stressed the importance of maintaining clean and healthy bodies and walking in the way that Jesus walked, to avoid being cornered and destroyed by this lion.

Many parts of the Sabbath school that preceded the eleven o'clock hour were taken by the Juniors themselves. Pastor J. Parker Laurence conducted the lesson study, and John Hunter the review. The Missionary Volunteer hour Sabbath afternoon was especially well planned by Mrs. Althea Davis. The subject was temperance. One of her displays was nearly one hundred feet in length and consisted of full-page liquor ads taken over a three-month period from a well-known national magazine. After this Harold Kibble gave his temperance oration, and everyone was given an opportunity to join the American Temperance Society.

Each evening during the camp, films had been shown, but on Saturday night there was a special film, in addition to recreational games and marches. Other activities during the week included special field trips with one of the Dunes State Park naturalists.

A high light of Sabbath afternoon was a grand nature hike to the highest peak at the Dunes, led by Camp Director L. H. Davis.

### Camp Northeastern

Jonathan E. Roache, *Reporting*

For almost a month more than 150 boys and girls of the Northeastern Conference enjoyed their first Junior camp at Camp Northeastern, Milton on the Hudson, New York. Under the leadership of the Missionary Volunteer secretary there were two boys' directors, a girls' director, and a medical staff, as well as teachers and instructors in craft, nature, music, swimming, and first aid. The camp pastor was Charles Eaton. The days were filled with worship, recreation, and study. Many budding enthusiasts of nature life could be seen roaming the campgrounds in search of some rare insect. Other children made useful articles of leather, felt, or paper to take home and display to their parents.

More than thirty boys and girls confessed their sins to God and indicated their desire to follow Him all the rest of their lives.



## Sick Man's Prayer

By WARREN WILSON

Give me courage to remember  
When my heart was young and gay,  
When my body gave me power  
To defy the world each day.

Help me look upon the faces  
Of my friends who love me yet;  
Help me share their every triumph  
With no malice or regret.

Help my smile to always comfort,  
Make my courage always strong,  
Help me turn my eyes toward heaven  
And to take life with a song.



# Living in the CALM of God's Peace

By LULU MAY ANDERSEN

GORDON and Zella Edgington were enjoying life that beautiful morning, she busy with household duties inside, and he just as busy working on the back porch. About eleven o'clock Gordon noticed in the medium breeze a slight scent of forest-fire smoke such as often came wafting in from fires miles away. By habit he went out into the yard to have a look around. He returned to his work on the porch, for there was nothing to be seen on the horizon. He *did* notice some tiny ash particles floating in the air, but these were frequently seen floating from fires as much as fifteen miles away.

Suddenly, some ten minutes later, he heard Zella calling, "Gordon, come into the house quickly and see the smoke coming down the canyon!" He made a rush, and from the living-room window they saw the smoke, a dense cloud as black as midnight, rolling down the canyon toward their house.

Taking in the situation instantly, Gordon rushed out and turned the pickup truck around, calling to his wife to hurry because there would not be time to try to save anything. By now the flames shot up over the mountain crest, which was eight hundred feet higher than their house. It was a gorgeous and awful sight as the conflagration came roaring over the top, lashed by a strong wind that was drawing and driving it down into the canyon directly toward their home. It was as beautiful as it was horrible!

As Zella came with arms full Gordon ran in and grabbed his armful of clothing and a satchel containing some of their valuable papers, threw them into the truck, then ran to the barn and turned their four purebred alpine kids and their buck, Julian, out of the corrals to give them a fighting chance for their lives. He hurried back and unsnapped Bruce, their ten-month-old collie chained near the house, gave a whistle for him to follow, and away they went up the canyon through the heavy smoke. Gordon simply could not desert the animals, though he knew he was running the risk of getting trapped in the flames.

Zella and Gordon's house was the last one down the canyon, and their only way of escape lay at the turn, up nearer the onrushing fire, which was billowing the black smoke toward them at a rapid rate.



Western Pine Association

There Seemed to Be Some Chance of Saving the Neighbor's Place, so Gordon Parked His Truck and Joined Several Neighbors and the Fire-fighting Crew From the Nearest Ranger Station

Into it they drove, on the upgrade, a stiff climb. The faithful motor purred along, although it had constitutional weaknesses that had at other times manifested themselves. How thankful they were that now it went!

Soon they would be around the corner and getting away from the thickening smoke and the lapping flames that devoured everything.

Where were their thoughts centered? Neither had any special conviction as to what was going to be the outcome of all this, but in their secret hearts they both prayed. For the Christian, prayer is as natural as breathing at a time like this, and after they rounded the corner they did pray earnestly that the One who had been their faithful friend through the years would help them now. Realizing that there was nothing more that they could do to help themselves, they committed themselves to Him who is mighty

to help. Although they had no idea what their fate would be, or whether the Lord would see fit to save their home, there came over their hearts a feeling of perfect resignation that whatever He saw fit would be for the best, and all worry and fear left them.

When they looked back from the top of the hill, the valley they had just left was a raging inferno. Gordon could not help thinking, "What if the motor had stalled on the hill? We would have been in the middle of that sea of flames."

When they came to the nearest neighbor's house it was already beginning to smoke. "No chance to save that place," they thought, and went on to the next house. It was already in flames, and the man came running out with his collie dog in his arms and threw him into the truck. No chance to save anything.

Reaching the highway, three fourths of  
—Please turn to page 19



**M**OMMY, you bweaking dem!" exclaimed an astonished little boy who had his nose pressed flat against the screen of the milkhouse door. The screen was sagging sadly inward with the weight of the bewildered three-year-old. He was attempting to see what caused his mother to fling the parts of the separator so recklessly into the shiny milk pails, where they were to be scalded.

Dell tossed back a straggling strand of curly brown hair, stopped washing the intricate parts of the separator, and glanced at her cute toddler.

"Never mind. I'm just thinking hard," she said. "Artie, you go get your horses and get them quickly out of the drive before Gramper comes. Hurry, and don't stop in the driveway yourself!"

She watched the bobbing little team and wagon go bumping along behind the tiny boy as he sought the shade of the plum tree and climbed into his sand-box. She was glad he had interrupted her turmoiled thoughts. She stood a moment longer at the screen, looking out at the neat red-and-white farm buildings that surrounded the large, gently sloping lawn. She admired the hollyhocks that stood primly straight along the wall of the white house and looked eagerly at the morning sun with their many-colored faces. "That much light would blind me," she thought, "and make me dizzy. Hmm—perhaps that's what is wrong with me now."

She had not realized how the conflicting thoughts hurrying around in her mind were upsetting her until Artie had spoken. The thoughts never reached a definite conclusion, and she could not dismiss them. Her head had been aching lately, and that was a new experience for Dell. At times she was quiet and joyously grateful for the gospel light that had come to her of late. And at other times, like this particular morning, she would be cross about its demands on her and say to herself, "Why did I have to allow myself to get so curious about someone else's crazy old religion anyway?"

She picked out some of the parts of the faithful old cream machine, and examined them for dents. They passed the inspection, and Dell gave them the final application of hot water and set them in place upon the iron racks for drying.

The work was so routine that it did not keep back the persistent thoughts, and there they were again, pushing on the tired mind with questions, always questions: "But even if Adventists are right about Saturday's being the Sabbath, how can they be so particular about every little thing, such as make-up, jewelry, movies, and reading material? Why don't they just teach about Jesus, the love of God, and other important things, and leave small things alone? Hmm—that's right! That's what they need to be told, and that is what my answer will be! I'll tell them that they have probably got some

things straight and that I appreciate what I've learned in all the time they've spent with me, but that I've heard enough, and don't agree with them about all their small don'ts!"

But the other little voice spoke to Dell—the little voice that was always there and ready to argue with her. It said, "Dell, those little don'ts will not be missed in your life. Remember the way you were going before you found these new truths? Remember the dull, pointless parties, the morning after, and the dark-brown taste? Maybe some don'ts in your life would have made a fine difference!"

And the stubborn Dell was cross again, thinking, "What a laugh I'll be to my parents, all the relatives, and my old friends if I get tangled up with this religion."

Having always been a very positive little person, well settled in her mind on every subject, the young woman found this endless inner conflict nerve racking. She picked up the water kettles and started for the farmhouse. Her head was really hurting now, and it made her feel like screaming. It was so exasperating to arrive at one conclusion, only to quickly and quite certainly switch to the converse. Because slamming things was unbecoming, her anger resorted to tears.

Back in the house and busy about the kitchen, she scolded aloud.

"I'll stay away from them!" Then she felt ashamed to be talking to herself at the age of twenty-three. "Brrr—talking to myself! Now I'm sure I shall have to avoid these 'do gooders!'"

"All of them?" asked the plaintiff.

"Well, I shall continue to study with Irdean, but she will have to understand soon that I can't be so different as all Adventists are!" replied the defense.

After the kitchen work was finished, Dell began to make herself tidy. She washed, dampened the brown curls, set them in place, and dried her hands. She reached for the little array of keepsakes so carefully placed in a safe spot on the window ledge. She handled each one lovingly. There was the delicate gold ring that enfolded three beautiful amethysts in its graceful, tapered-claw setting. The ring had belonged to her mother, the dark-eyed, fun-loving, life-of-the-party

# JINKLING

By JANI



A. Devaney

Her Household Work Was so Routine That It Thought: "Even if They Are Right About Saturday They Be so Particular About Every Little Thing"

mother, who had, even as she lay in her last death-dealing pain, designated that her six-year-old Dell should have that particular ring when she would be grown.

"My poor mother," thought Dell. "How could she ever have managed to think of gifts for us while facing the knowledge that she was leaving all her little ones and life itself? Whenever I look at this ring I shall think of how often she must have looked at it too, and

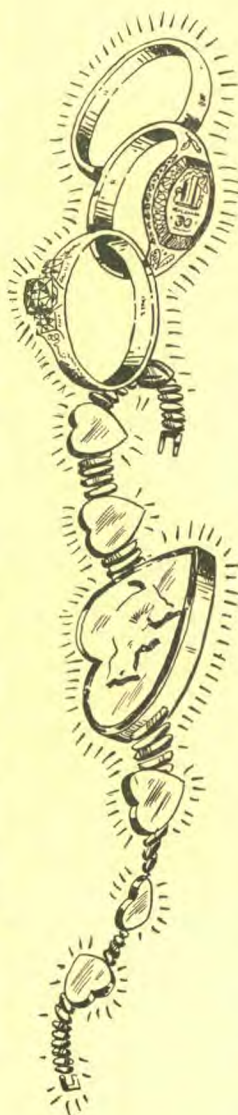


# JEWELRY ORNAMENTS

COLLINS



Back the Persistent Sabbath, How Can Make-up and Jewelry



of how she wished for me to have it."

She slipped it on her finger and picked up her class ring. Engraved upon its bright, golden surface was the door of her own beloved alma mater, and it seemed to open before her to reveal the warmth of the happy days spent within. The four years of toil seemed to rush before her eyes as she mused over the shining trinket, and the fun returned to her mind too. She felt it was a chapter

in her life that she wished to think upon often. Most of all, the ring reminded her of her kind father, who had given her the money necessary to buy the ring, had sent her on her senior trip, and had always been both mother and father to her. She had been tiny when she graduated, so now the ring was too small, and needed to be worn on her little finger.

The next important step in her life was recalled as Dell placed on the third finger of her left hand the lovely little orange-blossom band given to her by her husband on her wedding day. In five years it had shown no wear, but looked as strong and bright as when new, and it seemed such a little while since that beautiful autumn day when he had placed it on her finger before the little group of relatives and friends.

Dell was startled from her reverie by two sharp "brings" from the telephone. She smiled with the realization of who it would be, and hurried to answer it. She reached for the receiver, and then hesitated. She had not long hence been giving the kind friend's beloved religion a sound mental beating, and she hoped it would not show in her conversation. Good thing that mental telepathy is only a theory! The telephone went "brrring" again, and Dell lifted the receiver.

"25-10 calling 10-25!" came the cheery, clear, expressive voice of Irdean. Strangely enough, these were the numbers of the two respective telephones.

"Please get off the line!" Dell said laughingly, "I'm expecting a call from a real nice person who has a name, not a number!"

"Oh—ho! But I'll not get off the line till I find out how you are this morning, and pass along my inspiration thought for the day," retorted Irdean.

"Good! I hope you'll never let me frighten you," replied the listener, "I'm waiting breathlessly for my morning lift."

"Here it is, and I quote:

"Sympathy by all is needed,  
Freely ought we all to give it;  
No one knows how hard a life is  
But the one who has to live it."

—REBECCA McCANN."

"Read it again, please," said Dell, and while Irdean obliged, Dell was thinking: "No dancing, cards, movies, jewelry, or

hardly any of the things I've always called fun, and yet this friend is one of the most interesting persons I have ever known. She finds her joy in worthwhile things." When Irdean had finished she said, "I love that, Irdean. Please bring me a copy of it when you come to study today."

"Then I will see you at three?"

"I shall be anticipating your visit, and thanks for calling with the little verse."

"All right, Dell. Good-by for now."

"Bye," said Dell. She was just replacing the receiver on the telephone when James came in with the mail. His tall frame appeared in the dining-room door, and his blue eyes were excited.

"You have a package from New Guinea!" he cried. "Hurry and open it." Dell ran to him. He handed her a carefully wrapped little wooden box, which was long and narrow. Although she knew what the box contained, her fingers trembled as she tore at the wrappings of this gift from her only brother, now far away in the midst of insects, mud, and bombs.

"At least he was alive when he sent this." She breathed a sigh of relief with the thought, and handed the wooden packet to James for the final tug of strength it would take to release the contents.

When the gift was revealed, they were both speechless with astonishment. Before their eyes lay a most beautiful bracelet. There was a circlet of shining silver hearts, each one larger than the last, and fastened together with bits of silver links. They had been told in a previous letter from Bob that the hearts were made with practically no tools but stones and a nail file. They were fashioned from coins. Hers, he had written, would be the prettiest one he had yet made, and it had taken a long, long time. The central and largest heart of all was not alone. On it he had placed a perfectly shaped, highly polished mother-of-pearl heart, a trifle smaller than its mount, and on it was a tiny kangaroo made from the center of another Australian coin. All the workmanship was perfect, and the silver shone without a flaw in its mirrorlike smoothness.

Dell gasped. "Ohhh—it is beautiful!"

James kept turning it over and over. "I don't see how he ever did that!" and as he left the room he said seriously, "Dell, even your Adventist friends will admire that!"

Alone, she wondered. No doubt they would say it was pretty and cleverly made, but none of them would wear it if it were theirs. As she fastened it about her wrist she felt glad that she was not bound to refrain from wearing jewelry, and decided that she never would be.

Artie took a long nap that afternoon. He was still asleep when the thrilling study on the subject of tithing was concluded, and the two young women were about to part.



"Irdean," Dell said uneasily, "I, well, I agree with everything we've just covered, and I've been agreeing right along. It has been hard to admit it—how often I have been wrong—and I guess I've never told you that I want what your church teaches. This is hard to consider now, because I cannot tell you that I will stop going to movies, wearing make-up and," she added with finality, "jewelry."

"Did I ever even hint that you should give these things up?" asked Irdean.

"Well, no, you haven't, but we both know that my acceptance of these Bible teachings leads to that. You have given these things up, and if I accept this Seventh-day Adventist faith, as my own good reason has just about led me to do, it will naturally follow that I must put away these things too. And I cannot."

"Dell, you have been led to these conclusions, as you have avowed, by your own good reasoning, and I might add by the Bible, which has been, with the Holy Spirit, the influence leading you thus far. Let it keep leading you, for you believe in it. I am happy to hear you express your faith at this point, and I wish you would not come to any definite conclusions until you have given it a chance to teach you further. You are already surprised at all that the Bible has taught you that you didn't know, and so you must acknowledge that there may be a lot more that will thrill you as you study on. Just leave it all with God, and do not worry."

The farm wife looked up from the floor at the face of the well-learned Seventh-day Adventist, and discovered the warm sympathy evident in the earnest, blue eyes. With the sympathy was a request—pleading for time and patient waiting on the part of the student, and so Dell smiled reassuringly.

As the days passed, Dell continued to study hard whenever she could and even late at night to assure herself of the many truths she was hearing in the nearby church. She was coming to an ever-stronger conviction that the Adventists had every doctrine perfectly right, and that she must, out of all honesty, become a part of their belief and work. But how, she still wondered, could she possibly take off her jewelry, those precious tokens of remembrance from her loved ones?

Her studies were so interesting that she forgot all about going to the movies. She found it impossible to enjoy the companionship of non-Adventists, so the desire to wear make-up completely left her, and soon Dell realized that she was practically one with the remnant people in all but the matter of apparel. It was no rebellion in her heart against the plain Bible teaching that caused her to cling to her trinkets, but only a deep love and loyal feeling for the dear ones who had given them to her.

Before the two friends had studied a

year, Dell expressed her desire to be baptized. Irdean notified the church pastor, and swiftly the time arrived for Dell to be examined so that the church could be sure she was ready to harmonize with the doctrines held by Seventh-day Adventists. If Irdean was worried about the jewelry, she concealed her anxiety well. Step by step her friend had seen the light on every issue of Christian living, and Irdean had faith to believe that Dell would yet become convinced that loyalty to persons is second to loyalty to God.

In the absence of the local pastor a conference officer had agreed to interview the candidate for baptism, and the time for his arrival at Dell's home was drawing near. Irdean was away on a business trip, and so the last three weeks flew by, with only one week left for a study between the two women before the minister would see Dell. On this last study Irdean planned to cover any questions that Dell might have in anticipation of the questions she would be asked by the minister. She felt that she had already covered the texts



**"Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important."**



related to the outward adorning and that she had better not broach that subject again unless the earnest student cared to review the Bible exhortations herself. Could Pastor Sorenson accept Dell? Irdean wondered.

She walked slowly that day as she proceeded to Dell's house for the last study. Her thoughts were troubled, and some of the old eagerness to study with the earnest girl was lost as she thought of the prized ornaments that must still bedeck her friend's fingers and wrists. Before she turned the bend in the road, she could see over the green fields the neat, white farmhouse, where she and Dell had shared so many good times. Then suddenly she saw Dell. She quickened her steps, for the young woman was hurrying to meet her.

As the distance closed between them Irdean was relieved to note the shining eyes and triumphant smile that brightened the countenance of the small farm woman.

"Irdean," she exclaimed happily, "I just couldn't wait to see you! There has been a strange and wonderful victory! The struggle is ended for me, and now I can be baptized with a clear conscience!"

Putting forth her hand, she opened it to show Irdean all of her best loved jewelry.

"Why, Dell," exclaimed the surprised Bible instructor, "You've—well, what have you done?"

"I couldn't have done it," said the girl as she began to turn the small items of gold and silver over with her fingers. "Look at them. There is mother's ring, one stone lost up there by the barn in the great strawstack that the threshers made last week. It must have fallen out as I helped hold some of the grain bags. My class ring will not fit at all now. I've gained too much weight, and although I feel better (thanks to your health instruction), I'll have to leave the class ring off from now on."

Next Dell held up the beautiful silver bracelet from the brother who was still facing death in the jungles of the South Seas. The kangaroo had broken loose from the mother-of-pearl heart, leaving only the ugliness of the coarse piece of unpolished metal to which it had been welded. The kangaroo was gone, and the bracelet obviously could not be repaired.

"Irdean, I was heartsick over that," said Dell thoughtfully, "and these coincidental losses did not hold forth their full significance to me until just ten minutes ago. When I picked up my wedding ring to replace it on my finger, I discovered that it had snapped completely in two! Never have I noticed even the slightest flaw or sign of wear in it, and now I know without a doubt that God has intervened."

The two young women turned in the drive and walked toward the wide porch. Irdean listened as Dell continued to speak with quiet conviction. "'You may even find yourselves fighting God!'" quoted Dell. "I read that in Moffatt's Version of the Acts. Irdean, that is what I've been doing, and little it has availed me! I thought these little keepsakes had lasting value, but how easily 'moth and rust doth corrupt, and . . . thieves break through and steal.'"

They did not study that day. There was no question left in the converted girl's mind. Nothing could interest the two now, but enthusiastically to discuss the approaching Sabbath, when Dell would be buried with her Lord in baptism. They parted late in the afternoon with reluctance but with warm happiness in each heart. Two days later the conference president arrived at Dell's front door.

The kindly minister was thoroughly pleased with the candidate's quick, certain answers concerning every point of Bible doctrine.

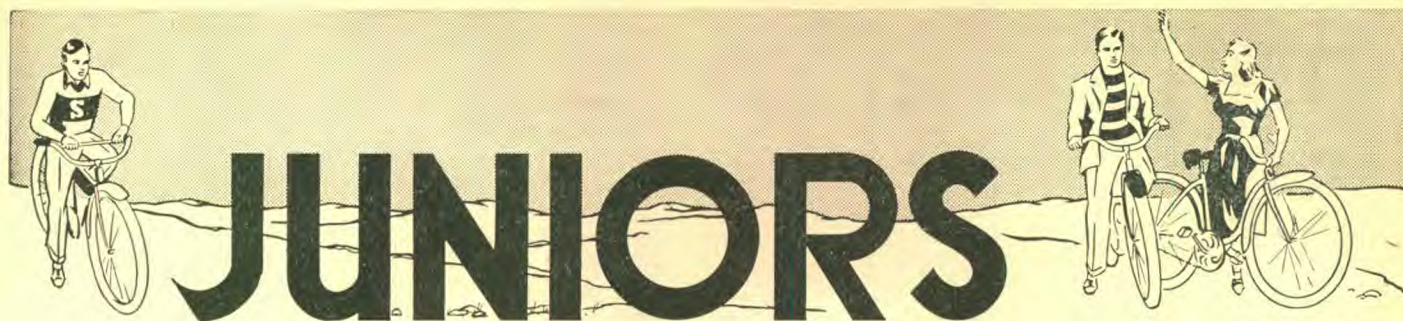
"Sister," he said with quiet sincerity, "you are well learned for having studied these matters such a short time. Since I find you nowhere lacking information, perhaps you have something to ask me, which I have not mentioned in quizzing you?"

"Well, I must confess that I have been held back until recently by one uncertainty," replied Dell. "I have had a struggle to lay away my jewelry."

The pastor quickly turned the pages of

—Please turn to page 21





Charles Cook, Artist

**N**OW, Judy," said Sue good-naturedly but positively, "you must straighten your things before you go to school. You needn't think I'm going around picking up after you the way mother does."

"O Sue!" laughed Judy, "don't be so hard on me. You know I haven't an orderly mind. Mother says so."

"Then it's time you were beginning to tidy it," answered Sue. "Mother spoils you. I guess you can straighten your mind as well as your possessions, if you try. You'll have to while I'm housekeeper. I'll have enough to do, and it's disgraceful the way you leave things lying around. Your closet and bureau drawers are a sight, and mother has been away only three days."

Judy shrugged her shoulders. "Don't be so prim and old-maidish, Sue."

"If you ever have any beaux, Judy, and they see the way you keep house, you'll be the old maid, for they'll all turn and run."

Both girls laughed lightheartedly. Sue was nineteen, and Judy was still in grade school.

"Honestly, sis," said Judy, putting on her hat, "I'll try. Just see if I don't. But I have to run now. Oh, yes, I need a quarter. I have to have a new tablet."

"I haven't a bit of change," said Sue. "Won't this afternoon do?"

"All right," nodded Judy and ran off.

"Where's my quarter, Sue?" she asked at luncheon.

"Oh!" said Sue, "I put it in the little left-hand drawer of your dresser."

Judy opened her eyes. "What did you put it up there for?"

"I thought of it while I was there," said Sue matter-of-factly.

"Oh!" said Judy. "You—you didn't do my room did you, Sue?"

"No," said Sue.

Judy ran upstairs. She had made her bed, but her clothes were lying around on the chairs, and her bedroom slippers were on the floor. She looked bewildered for a moment, then pursed her lips good-naturedly. Mother always straightened her room. Sue hadn't. It certainly was a mess. Well, it couldn't be helped now. She'd have to attend to it after school, if Sue didn't. But this noon she had to stop at a stationer's and buy her tablet.

## A New Method for Judy

By **ETTA W. SCHLICHTER**



H. M. Lambert

Sue Told Judy Good-naturedly, "You Needn't Think I'm Going Around Picking Up After You or Straightening Your Room for You the Way Mother Always Does"

She opened the drawer to get the quarter. She saw a confusion of gloves, handkerchiefs, ribbons, and various odds and ends—but no quarter.

"Sue!" she called. "There's no quarter in this drawer. Where did you put it?"

"It's where I told you, Judy. In the little left-hand drawer."

"Well, I can't find it, and I haven't time to look. Give me another, won't you?"

"I haven't another," said Sue coolly. "Besides, it is in that drawer, only I don't wonder that it is lost in such a mess."

Judy was impatient, but when Sue adopted that tone of voice there was no use to argue. She knew that. But she had to have the quarter. Why hadn't she asked her father for it? Too late now. She jerked out the drawer and emptied its contents on the bed. Not a coin in

sight. Hastily she stirred the pile. A small envelope caught her eye. She picked it up. In it was the quarter.

Ruefully she surveyed the tumbled mass of articles on the bed. Hastily she glanced at her watch. No time to replace them now, or she'd be late to school. She ran out of the room, carefully closing the door. She had hoped that Sue would relent and straighten her room. Now she didn't want her to see it.

After school she came home and put her things away very carefully. The drawer was a model of neatness. She called Sue to come to see it.

"That looks lovely," said Sue approvingly. "I thought mother straightened all these drawers for you just before she went away."

"She did," answered Judy blithely, "but just as sure as they're all in order, I'm



in a hurry and want something that's in the bottom; and when I pull it out it upsets everything else. Funny how the things you need never stay on top."

"A little lifting instead of a jerk might help matters and keep your things in order," said Sue.

"All right, sis. You'll see that I'll try. Notice how I improved today. I might have gathered these things in a heap and dumped them in."

Sue laughed in spite of herself. "I'll give you a good mark," she said, "but why can't you keep things from getting in a mess in the first place? It's a lot easier."

Judy shook her head. "It's not easy for me," she asserted. "Remember that I haven't an orderly mind."

"Neither have I a mathematical one," said Sue, "but that didn't keep me from studying arithmetic. Minds are to train. That's what you go to school for."

Judy danced off. "Watch that drawer, Sue," she called over her shoulder. "It's going to be kept in perfect order."

Painfully she struggled to keep her word. She felt quite proud of herself when two days later the contents of the drawer were still in their right places. Her room too was tidy, for she knew that Sue meant what she said and would not straighten it for her; nor would she allow it to be neglected.

Sue came into the room at noon while Judy was getting ready for school.

"Behold this drawer," said Judy triumphantly, pulling it open for Sue to admire.

"By the way," said Sue, "there's a parcel-post package for you from mother. I put it in your closet."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" cried Judy excitedly. "What is it?"

"How do I know?" asked Sue. "I didn't open it. I just knew the writing."

"Why did you bring it upstairs?" questioned Judy, not waiting for a reply. The noon recess was so short. She'd have barely time to open the parcel. Sue went downstairs.

Throwing open the closet door, Judy looked in. Nothing like a parcel-post package was in sight. Instead, there was a hodgepodge of shoes, stockings, and underwear on the floor, and a wastebasket full of papers that she hadn't taken time to empty but had stuck away out of Sue's sight. Some of the dresses were on hangers, but other dresses and slips and coats, looking topsy-turvy, hung awry on hooks.

Quickly she ransacked among the clothes for a package. Nothing was there. Hastily she kicked aside the things on the floor. No result.

"She's just gone and hid it the way she did the quarter," lamented Judy, "and I



**"No matter how handsome or how homely you are, you still look better when you smile."**



don't have a minute to look. I'll have to wait until after school. Sue, I think you're mean," she called to her sister as she went downstairs. "What do you think mother sent me?"

"I can't guess," said Sue. "She sent me this." She held up a lovely little cameo.

"Oh!" gasped Judy. "I'm going right back—"

"No," said Sue, "you haven't time. You'll have to run now, or you'll be late."

With downcast face Judy ran along, disappointed and impatient. She could hardly wait to see what her mother had sent her from New York, where she was stopping a few days on her journey.

It was maddening to have a class meeting called for after school. Of course she had to attend. It was almost dinnertime when she reached home. She was just about to fly upstairs and look for her package when Sue called her. Their father had telephoned that he was bringing a

guest to dinner. Judy would have to come straight to the kitchen to help.

When dinner was ready she flew to her room, but there was only a minute to prink a little. The parcel must wait. If only that closet were straightened so she could see what was in it!

Father had wanted both the girls to help entertain the guest. It was almost bedtime when he departed. No sooner had the door closed behind him than Judy ran upstairs. The closet door stood open. Where should she begin? "Sue!" she called. "Please, Sue, tell me where you put it."

"In your closet," said Sue and closed her own door.

Judy was too proud to ask again. Determinedly she lifted the dresses from their hangers and laid them smoothly on her bed. Then she took the things from the hooks, shook them out, and placed them also on the bed. No sign of a package anywhere.

Next she attacked the floor. "Maybe it's in the wastebasket," she said, and emptied the paper on the floor, picking it up again when no package appeared.

She gathered up some stockings, and after studying a minute what to do with them, went out and dropped them into the laundry basket.

On the door of her closet was a large shoe pocket, almost empty. She gathered her shoes and slippers from off the floor, arranged them in pairs, and slipped them into the pockets. As she did so, out of one of her slippers dropped a tiny box. With a cry she opened it. In it was a little link bracelet for her wrist watch. It was just what she wanted, for her ribbon was growing shabby. Delighted, she fastened the watch to it and started to show it to Sue; then she stopped, her eye on the bed strewn with dresses and coats and other apparel.

"I see what she meant," she groaned to herself. "May as well get it over."

Painstakingly she restored the garments to the closet, this time being careful to

## Turkey Tom, No. 4 — By Harry Baerg

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1. The wise mother turkey kept her brood on dry pine needles under the shelter of a tree at night. She knew that they must be kept dry and warm or they might get pneumonia and die.



2. One night when a sudden shower came, the chicks kept dry under their mother in the shelter of the tree. Mother's broad, oily feathers shed the rain. Only their naked heads got wet.



3. In the morning the family waited there under the tree until the sun had dried the grass. Their mother made sure that not one of her little brood got wet feet and caught a fatal cold!



4. As an added precaution the mother turkey took her chicks to a sweet-smelling spice plant and fed them the buds of this medicinal herb. In such instincts God provided for their health.



hang them in order. The wastebasket she carried to the cellar and emptied the contents in the furnace.

There was a shelf on which were her hats and a lot of boxes, all helter-skelter. She took them down and put them back in order.

"Well, of course," said she, excusing herself, "I put my things in order some of the time, but I guess I didn't realize that mother must be everlastingly at them. I'm afraid I'll have to improve, but I wish I had an orderly mind like Sue. It's easy for her."

By constantly reminding herself she kept both closet and bureau drawers in pretty good order for the next several days, but her desk looked, as Sue expressed it, "as though a cyclone had struck it."

"Well, Sue," declared Judy, "it may look like a mess to you, but I know where my things are, and if I go putting everything away, I'll forget."

"Granny!" taunted Sue, "that's a sign of old age. The postman brought you a letter. I put it in your desk."

"Was it from mother?" asked Judy quickly.

"No," said Sue, "I don't know whom it was from."

"Well," said Judy, tossing her head, "if it isn't from mother, I don't care who wrote it. I'm not going to clean up that desk today. I know perfectly well, Sue, that you've stuck that letter in the deepest depths, where it will take all day to find it, and I have something else to do." Half laughing and half peeved, Judy started downtown, for it was the week end, and of course there was no school.

It was late afternoon when she returned. Sue had everything ready for dinner and said that Judy needn't help.

"I may as well get at that desk," said Judy with a sigh, "and find out about my letter. Maybe it's from Aunt Fanny. I may as well straighten things as I go. Sue's probably buried the letter in the most cluttered part."

She drew her wastebasket from under the desk and proceeded to drop into it papers that were no longer of any use. Old letters, test papers, notebooks, some fashion sheets, pencils, rulers, ink bottles—all were in confusion. "It is a mess," she admitted honestly, and for the first time was really ashamed of herself.

Forgetting the letter, she sorted, discarded, and arranged until the desk was in good order and the wastebasket was nearly full. It was not until she picked up the last letter that she noticed it had not been opened.

"Oh!" she said, glancing carelessly at the writing. "Why, it's from Paul."

She tore it open. Paul, her cousin, hardly ever wrote to her. What could he be wanting?

It was a hasty scrawl.

"DEAR JUDY:

"A bunch of us are coming through tomorrow on way to Halliburton to see the



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.

## Progressive Anagrams

By CASSIE T. RETTIG

The first word has three letters. Add a letter and rearrange all letters of first word to make second word, et cetera. There are seven letters in fifth word.

1. A rodent.
2. Bible weed.
3. Gaze.
4. Barbers.
5. Most loved.

—Key on page 23

game between our team and theirs. Bus will pass high school at 1:30 P.M. sharp. Can't wait a minute. Be at the gate; we'll pick you up.

"PAUL."

"Oh!" wailed Judy. "One-thirty—and it's nearly five o'clock. O Sue, that was a mean trick!" she called in such a woeful voice that Sue came up. Judy thrust the note into her hand.

"O Judy!" said Sue contritely, "I'm really very sorry."

"I suppose," said Judy, tears running down her cheeks, "I may just as well begin to keep my things in apple-pie order, like a good little girl in a storybook. But I don't think it's fair that you were born with such an orderly mind, and I wasn't."

"Well," said Sue, really sorry that she hadn't relaxed a little in her discipline, "I guess it's not the gifts we are given that we deserve credit for, but the ones that we cultivate."

"Hm!" said Judy. "I guess I haven't much of an orderly mind to cultivate, but I see that I'll have to get busy. Hereafter," she said, gulping down a little sob of disappointment, "I'm going to keep my room as neat as a bandbox, as mother says. What is a bandbox, Sue?"

## Forward With Christ

(Continued from page 2)

rapidly darkening interior. Here, thought I, were things symbolic of thousands of people dead and gone who sought after the good life. They worshiped here and were faithful in the best that they knew.

I tiptoed my way up the aisle to the door. The shadows had deepened, and I

groped my way to the lobby. Then, just under a stairway, my eye caught what seemed to be a brief notice on a placard. Curiously I moved nearer to read it.

I was startled, for it was a message that expressed in nine words the essence of the dedicated life. The words were these: "Give All to God You Would Keep for Eternity."

The man or woman who heeds that seemingly paradoxical rule as a life principle finds that the more he gives, the more he has; the more he forgets self, the broader is his power and influence; the less he seeks in material returns, the greater are his spiritual dividends.

Jesus enunciated this principle clearly when He said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together. . . . For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

Countless examples could be given of men and women dedicated to God who found that promise true, for it is as we link our lives with Christ that our service becomes significant in the service of men.

There were two boys in the Taylor family. The older son chose to make a name for his family—a perfectly honorable ambition. Not only did he have ambition, but he had ability. He became a member of the British Parliament. He achieved a certain limited fame. He was listed with England's men of affairs.

The other son turned his face wholly to the service of Christ, giving himself to foreign mission service in a day when foreign mission service was extremely hazardous. Though he did not see a convert in China for the first ten years of his ministry, his devotion and genius were such that he founded the great China Inland Mission, which has been used of God for witnessing to China's millions. Thus Hudson Taylor died, beloved and revered on every continent where the name of Christ is spoken.

Hudson Taylor's biographer said he became curious as to the career of the other Taylor boy. He went to the volume listing England's "who's who." Sure enough he found him listed there, along with his accomplishments. But what do you suppose was the most significant thing said about him? Just this, at the end of his listed achievements: Brother of Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission.

God rates values that way, and though only dimly perceiving the reason, the world is forced to concede permanence to the things done for God. I think God is looking for more Hudson Taylors.

Holman Hunt, tired of the kind of realism in painting that was popular in the early nineteenth century—a realism that portrayed prominent men of London as models for the disciples of Jesus—declared one day that he was going to paint a glorified Christ.

"But," said the critics, "you can paint



accurately only those things you can see."

Hunt replied, "Then I will see Christ before I paint Him. I will work with Him in the carpenter shop. I will visit the poor and the blind and the outcast with Him and see Him heal their infirmities. I will go to Gethsemane, to Calvary, and if need be, climb the cross with Him, and when I've really seen Him, I will paint Him."

And out of that earnest new year's resolution came that marvelous canvas *The Light of the World*, one of the most loved, most praised, most symbolic paintings in religious art.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," said Jesus. "Give All to God That You Would Keep for Eternity." It may mean the yielding of things that seem important for values that seem unimportant. It means the surrender of the self-will for the divine pattern in living. It means the laying of our most cherished things on the altar that God may consume the sacrifice.

"Love well thy pains! Achieve the phase  
Of dying which is life at spring;  
For if thy self thy self would raise,  
'Tis wise surrender crowns the king."  
—FRANK CHANNING HADDOCK.

It is one of the most inscrutable paradoxes that it is only the things we give away that we keep. It is the law of choice for a rich spiritual life. It is the law of the sixtyfold and hundredfold harvest. It is the basic law of God's kingdom.

Russell H. Conwell, whom those who are older will remember for his marvelous lecture *Acres of Diamonds*, proved in that lecture (which he delivered more than six thousand times) that untold opportunities for service, achievement, and happiness lie all around us if we but had eyes to see and ears to hear and hands to labor. That lecture came out of the story of Ali Hafid, a rich Arab on the Indus River who lived a contented life until he heard of the fabulous power he might have if he owned a diamond mine. So he sold his farm and his orchards and fared into all parts of the world seeking diamonds.

But the man who bought his farm was one day feeding and watering his camels, when he discovered in the sand of the brook a black stone with a flash of light. It was the first discovery of the great Golconda mine, the largest in the world and the place from which the Koh-i-noor and Orloff diamonds of the crown jewels of England and Russia came.

Conwell's fees for that lecture ranged from a chicken dinner to nine thousand dollars, and his earnings were more than five million dollars. His giving away of that fortune illustrates the truth of Jesus' law of the spirit.

In his desire to help young men and women Conwell started Temple University from humble beginnings. He founded the Samaritan Hospital in Philadelphia from two beds, a poor sick man,

and a nurse. He built the Broad Street Church from the consecrated fifty-seven cents a little girl gave as her life savings, using it as a down payment on a ten-thousand-dollar lot.

To thousands of young men and women in need of education he sent financial aid, asking no payment back, only that they might in turn promise to help some other student when prosperity came to them.

Thus it was that at eighty-two Conwell died, drained of his material resources, but with a wide wake of influence behind him. Like Moses before Nebo, he was ready for God's call to lay down his burdens. He had tested the formula Jesus gave and found it even so that "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

But we cannot give what we do not have. Ten thousand American pulpits quiver every Sunday morning with the vehemence and enthusiasm of orators who declaim about the ideals of Jesus, about business integrity, and about political honesty. Such things have become pulpit idioms. But it all amounts to nothing much more than an ethical crusade. There is



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

### Garrisons of Christ

See how many of these questions you can answer correctly after reading chapter 31 (pages 649-669) of *Christ's Last Legion*, by A. W. Spalding.

1. How did some of our Seventh-day Adventist workers in Axis countries get reports of baptisms through the censors during World War II?
2. Church membership in these countries decreased rapidly as soon as they were cut off from our headquarters. True or false?
3. How many Seventh-day Adventists were there in Korea before the outbreak of the second world war? 800, 4,000, or 7,500?
4. What method did one Korean minister, Kim Myung Kil, use to carry the forbidden gospel message into the cities and towns?
5. A Chinese Adventist, prisoner of the Japanese Army, was about to be beheaded when God delivered him. How did it happen?
6. What was the fate of the Karen people of Burma during Japanese occupation?
7. How did Adventist Solomon Islanders relate themselves to the war in the South Pacific?
8. What do Kata Ragoso and the apostle Peter have in common?

very little old-fashioned preaching of redemption in it.

The missionary-minded Paul asked the questions: How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? Modern corollaries of these pertinent questions are these: How shall they preach redemption who give so little evidence of being redeemed? How shall they preach truth who refuse to face reality? How shall they preach holiness who know not the meaning of sacrifice?

There is an account of two escaped prisoners from a prison camp in China, who made their way to the threshold of safety after arduous travel and desperate hazards. They had been associated with the Nationalist movement in China. One of them was a common laboring man; the other, a writer—a publicist. But just in sight of freedom the worker put his hand on the shoulder of the other man and cried:

"You go on and with your brilliant gifts tell the world what we are fighting for. I am going back to fight again, so that when you write you can dip your pen in my blood and the world will know we mean what we say."

That is a fine illustration of what spirit God requires of those who go out into the furrows of the world's need from institutions like this. We are coping with evil forces in this world that need to know we mean what we say, and that we are ready to sacrifice everything for what we believe.

Things written in blood are hard to come by. A bloodstain is the most difficult kind of evidence to erase. Perhaps that is why Jesus wrote the covenant of grace in His own blood, that the world might know that God meant what He said when He sent the world His love message in John 3:16.

I have said we cannot give what we do not have. We cannot tell the world about a Christ we do not know. We cannot redeem men with a social program built around a secular cross. We cannot serve the world with a scholastic Christ, such as is pictured by modern higher criticism, a Christ divested of His supernatural origin, denied any power to perform miracles, or prophesy future events, and a lowly Galilean ignorant of science and of Greek philosophy, limited in His moral and social perceptions to His own day and time.

No, to go forward with a Christ like that is not to choose life but death, and a spoilation of all your hopes for notable spiritual achievement. I am glad it is the Christ of Bethlehem and of Calvary we follow and not the emasculated Christ of rationalism and atheism.

I am not afraid of the charges of ignorance against a man who, though he professed to know no chemistry, could turn water into wine; who, though no mathematician, could multiply loaves and



fishes for a hungry people; who, though ignorant of modern pathology and bacteriology, could assuage fevers with a touch and send lepers home cleansed; who, though unschooled in anatomy and physiology, made the lame to walk and the blind to see; who, though making no claim to knowledge of psychiatry, yet gave lunatics and madmen their right mind; who, though no biologist, called the dead forth to life again.

We can have perfect confidence in the mental and spiritual qualifications of a leader like that. And a glorious future awaits the college graduate who makes a choice like that.

But with a story out of the last war I must close. An old octogenarian attendant of Saint Andrew's Parish, London, tells of the terrible bombings of that city in the last war. He said he saw from a distance the whole center of London in flames. Everything seemed lost—the war, the proud old city on the Thames, England's place among the nations, the finest values of civilization—everything seemed doomed. And as he saw the flames rise higher and higher, the most vital part of the city crackling in a holocaust that swept down to the very docks and set them on fire, he wept like a child.

But suddenly the wind shifted, and there against the blackness of the night sky stood the golden cross on the dome of old Saint Paul's. "I stopped crying then," he said, "for as that cross caught the gleam from the fire and was silhouetted against the night, it spoke to my heart of a power stronger than the swastika, the symbol of oppression. It assured me of the God who had blessed our nation, the nation that had given the world the Bible, and that He was with us still."

Old Saint Paul's still stands in London. The buildings round about it were blown to rubble, but the cross, the symbol of the truest values of life, still crowns the apex of the cathedral, catching the first rays of the morning sun and reflecting the evenglow of every fading day.

So, graduates of the hour, no matter what the future may seem to hold for you, all will be well if you choose the things symbolized by that cross—trust in God, love for Christ, faith and hope, truth and honor, loyalty and high purpose—and if touched with the blessing of Heaven, they will survive the everlasting burnings.

For the theme of your crusade of service I would commend the words of that beautiful hymn by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is  
love,  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no luster of our own.

"Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame."

## Living in the Calm of God's Peace

(Continued from page 11)

a mile from their own home, they saw that the fire was almost ready to lick up the home of another neighbor who had a large apple orchard. Inasmuch as there seemed to be some chance of saving his place, Gordon parked the truck in a safe place, left Zella, and joined several of the neighbors and the fire-fighting crew from the nearby ranger station. After about two hours of hard fighting, the danger was over. Only one old cabin was burned.

It occurred to Gordon at this time to see whether he could get down to his place on foot. He slipped away, saying nothing to anyone, for he felt sure someone would try to dissuade him from undertaking it. Into the smoke he walked, went down the once familiar road; but, oh, how different and strange it all seemed! Their beautiful forest was a black, charred ruins! Every few minutes a tree would come crashing down! As he picked his way down the road over the fallen debris cluttering it everywhere, he still had no conviction of what might have befallen their home—just a feeling that if the home was burned, God had something else in view for them; they

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had done their best, and it was all in His hands. And Gordon was kept in perfect peace—God's peace.

As he neared the bend in the road that hid their home from view, he noticed through the smoke green timber ahead! Wondrous sight, so welcome! Would anything else on the place be there? Ah! When he came around the bend their little barn came into view! A few steps more, and their home loomed up through the smoke! There it all was, just as they had left it about two hours before. Nothing had harmed the big beautiful shade trees around the house. They were not even scorched. The fire had burned to within thirty feet of the barn, which was filled to the roof with dry hay.

As Gordon stood looking upon the old home, so miraculously spared, the verse in Malachi came to his mind: "And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy." He said afterward, "Truly, at a time like this, God seems very near and precious, and one senses as never before His power to save to the uttermost."

As Gordon surveyed the ground, he estimated that about half an acre around the buildings was absolutely untouched by fire. The foliage on the trees was not withered. The fire had come to the barn; then it had separated, passing by about seventy-five feet from it and the house (although in some places the ground fire came much closer). And about a hundred feet above the house the fire had come together again and roared on over the mountain behind the house.

From their kitchen window he could see the live oaks three feet or more in diameter lying on the ground, burned off at the base.

Their mature goats and their dog were found just a little way above the house in a patch of timber very little damaged by the fire. They came running down the mountain and were soon safe in the barn. But the kids and the mature buck were not found that day. Next morning Gordon got up before daylight and started up the mountain looking for them. The fire was still burning, and he had to detour now and then to avoid hot coals and also to keep a sharp lookout for falling trees and branches. Near the top of the mountain, where the fire had overtaken them, were three of the kids, dead. The fourth and smallest was never found; but several days later the dog brought home its collar. On the second morning, about two hundred yards farther up the mountain, his hind feet burned and his face badly swollen from the heat, was the buck. By helping him Gordon managed to lead him down the mountain and into the corral. Within several days he was as good as ever.

A forest ranger, viewing the results of the fire, remarked, "I have fought so many fires and I have seen things like this happen now and then until I am

## Founded Upon Eternal Principles

The tithing system reaches back beyond the days of Moses. Men were required to offer to God gifts for religious purposes before the definite system was given to Moses, even as far back as the days of Adam. In complying with God's requirements, they were to manifest in offerings their appreciation of His mercies and blessings to them. This was continued through successive generations, and was carried out by Abraham, who gave tithes to Melchizedek, the priest of the most high God.

The same principle existed in the days of Job. Jacob, when at Bethel, an exile and penniless wanderer, lay down at night, solitary and alone, with a rock for his pillow, and there promised the Lord, "Of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." God does not compel men to give. All that they give must be voluntary. He will not have His treasury replenished with unwilling offerings. —"Testimonies," vol. 3, p. 393.

firmly convinced that there is a Divine Providence who watches over some people."

Their nearest neighbor came up and shook hands with Gordon and said, "Well, Mr. Edgington, God was surely good to you," and he was not a religious man.

An attorney living several miles away who had heard of the miraculous deliverance of the Edgington's, on being introduced, remarked, "Mr. Edgington, you must have lived a good life."

Gordon is definitely convinced, and so is Zella, that this was a real miracle, and these are some of the reasons they give for this conclusion:

When they left, the fire sparks were blowing in and lighting all around their buildings. There was much dry grass near the barn, which, had it caught fire, would have set the barn afire.

Within twenty feet of their little chicken house was a large pile of dry brush. The fire burned almost to the brush pile, which was as dry as tinder, but the brush pile did not ignite.

"The fire was coming straight at us, driven by a strong wind; burning leaves and branches were falling all around our buildings when we left; we were gone about two hours. The way the fire separated when it came to our buildings and went around them and then came together again above the house is a miracle, especially in view of the fact that during the two hours we were away I helped my neighbors and friends put out six fires started by falling sparks from a fire much farther away and not nearly so hot," says Gordon.

The superstitious may give credit to the devil and call this providence luck, but these children of God nevertheless see in this experience the manifestation of God's much greater power and care. How much better to trust in God always than to live in fear of the evil one. It is all according to which master an individual lives to serve.

Personally, I choose, with my friends Zella and Gordon, to live in the calm of God's peace within, whatever storms

and whatever emergencies and real dangers or even catastrophies may seem to be coming my way. One of my favorite Bible texts is, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." And I am sure we shall have occasion to need this peace more frequently as the "time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation," draws near for all mankind. Jesus is willing and able to give it to anyone who will walk with Him.

## Tinkling Ornaments

(Continued from page 14)

his Bible, and then he said, "Did you read this in Isaiah 3:18-21?" And he began to read: "'In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires [\"networks,\" margin] like the moon, the chains [\"sweet balls,\" margin], and the bracelets, and the mufflers [\"spangled ornaments,\" margin], the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and nose jewels.'"

The text was new to Dell. She fairly gasped. "Does the Lord really say He will take them away?" she asked.

"Yes, in verse 18 is His promise." The pleasant man looked quizzically at the young woman who was now so deeply absorbed in her own thoughts. "Are you surprised?" he asked.

"He did that, Pastor Sorenson," she said seriously. "He did just that—for me!"

## The Dollar Dentist

(Continued from page 8)

course, the trunk door was torn off, and I can't replace that, but the motor seems perfectly all right. It's good enough to carry me back and forth, and that's all



I care about until I get through school." John smiled proudly at Margaret. "It may not look as good as it did before the wreck, but it still runs, and that's the main thing. I'm glad we didn't sell it to the junkman!"

"Do you really think it'll last almost two more years, dear?" Margaret questioned. "Two years! Sometimes that seems forever to me. It'll be two years before you finish your dental course. Sometimes I feel as though I couldn't wait for the time to go by."

"Here, here, girl. Keep your chin up," laughed John. "Why, you're my Rock of Gibraltar. If you crumble and give way, all will be lost."

"Oh, I'm ashamed of myself," Margaret answered hastily. "After all, we've had lots of fun too, along with the hardships. And we're all together, and that is really what counts. Go on to work. I'm all right now. The blues have vanished."

The Neufelds found that the next two years were even busier than the previous ones had been, but at last they were gone, and suddenly the calendar was turned to February, the month of all months in the Neufeld family. For it was in February that the senior dental class would at last be graduated from their wartime accelerated program, take the Oregon State board examination, and start out to find office and home locations.

"Have you found out yet what night has been chosen for the graduation ceremonies, dear?" Margaret questioned John as he was leaving for class early one morning.

"No, I haven't as yet, but this is the day I have an appointment to call on the new dean. Since I'm class president, I'm the one to visit him and see what can be arranged. I'll let you know when I come home this afternoon. Good-by, honey. Good-by, Dickie and Bethene."

Margaret hummed a gay little tune as she began to clear the breakfast table. She was totally unaware that even now one more seemingly insurmountable obstacle lay between John and his long-awaited graduation.

(To be concluded)



LET us build a monument to the man who can keep his head despite his success; to the woman who is not swayed by flattery; to the youth who learns which advice to take; to the lawyer who cannot be tempted to defend dishonor; to the politician who tolerates no hatred.—J. E. DINGER.



## Senior Youth Lesson

### VIII—Lessons From the Life of Moses

(November 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Exodus 2 to 4.  
MEMORY VERSE: Hebrews 11:25, 26.  
LESSON HELP: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 241-256, 469-480.

#### Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1-3.
3. Ques. 4, 5.
4. Ques. 6-8.
5. Ques. 9-11.
6. Read from *Patriarchs and Prophets*.
7. Review.

#### An Overruling Providence

1. What did the faith of Moses' parents lead them to do? Ex. 2:2-4; Heb. 11:23.

2. How did God overrule to save the life of Moses and to prepare him to be a deliverer for his people? Ex. 2:8-10; Acts 7:19-21.

NOTE.—"We have, in all these events connected with the infancy of Moses, A CRITICAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE REALITY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE. Notice that there is not a word about God in the narrative. . . . Yet who does not feel that the Lord of Israel . . . is yet the central, commanding, and controlling figure in all that takes place! It was he who caused Moses to be born at that particular time. It was he who sheltered the infant during these three months. . . . It was he who put into the heart of the mother to dispose of her child in this particular way. . . . It was he who gave the sister wisdom to act as she did—a wisdom possibly beyond her years. It was he who turned the feet of Pharaoh's daughter (of her and no one else) in that particular direction, and not in some other. All his excellent working in this matter is hidden from those who do not wish to see it; but how manifest it is, how wonderful and beautiful, to those whose eyes he himself has opened!"—*The Pulpit Commentary*, Exodus, p. 31.

3. In what ways was Moses well qualified to become the future ruler of Egypt? Acts 7:22.

#### The Great Decision

4. When Moses was forty years old to what decision did he come? Why? Ex. 2:11-15; Acts 7:23-29; Heb. 11:24-27.

5. How long was Moses in the wilderness? Acts 7:30.

NOTE.—"He had yet to learn the same lesson of faith that Abraham and Jacob had been taught,—not to rely upon human strength or wisdom, but upon the power of God for the fulfillment of His promises. . . . In the school of self-denial and hardship he was to learn patience, to temper his passions."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 247.

#### The Call of God

6. In what way was Moses called to be the deliverer of the Israelites? Ex. 3:1-11; Acts 7:30-34.

7. How were the people to be convinced that God had sent Moses to deliver them? What promise did God make to Moses regarding his speech? Ex. 4:1-12.

NOTE.—"God does not always make it appear that He hath furnished men for services till they are actually called to engage in them, but we may depend upon Him to qualify us for whatever He commands us to do. All knowledge, wisdom, and utterance, with every good gift, are derived from Him."—*Preacher's Homiletic Commentary*, Exodus, p. 67.

## A Faithful Shepherd

8. What outstanding proof did Moses give that he was a true shepherd of his people? Ex. 32:9-14, 32; Ps. 106:23.

NOTE.—How few there are who are willing to forgo their own soul's salvation if by doing so another could be saved. Moses' prayer for the forgiveness of his people reaches the very height of intercessory prayer.

9. What recorded sin marred Moses' long record of faithful service? Because of this, what privilege was denied him? Num. 12:3; 20:10-12; Ps. 106:32, 33.

NOTE.—"Moses was not guilty of a great crime, as men would view the matter; his sin was one of common occurrence. The psalmist says that 'he spake unadvisedly with his lips.' To human judgment this may seem a light thing; but if God dealt so severely with this sin in His most faithful and honored servant, He will not excuse it in others."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 420.

#### The Death and Resurrection of Moses

10. What brief record is given of the death and burial of Moses? Deut. 34:5, 6.

11. What evidence do we have that Moses was resurrected? Jude 9; Matt. 17:3, 4.

NOTE.—"He was not long to remain in the tomb. Christ Himself, with the angels who had buried Moses, came down from heaven to call forth the sleeping saint. . . . He was raised to immortal life, holding his title in the name of the Redeemer."—*Ibid.*, pp. 478, 479.

At the miniature representation of the coming of Christ on the mount of transfiguration, Elijah was there representing those who will be translated without tasting of death, and Moses represented those who have passed under the power of death who will come up in the resurrection of the just.

## Junior Lesson

### VIII—Lessons From the Life of Moses

(November 22)

LESSON TEXT: Acts 7:17-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Hebrews 11:25.

#### Guiding Thought

"There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face," was the testimony written of Moses after his death. (Deut. 34:10.) In twelve short years in his parents' home he learned the principles of godly living that were to govern his life and make him the leader of over a million people through a dreary wilderness to an unknown country. He did not depart from these principles when he was surrounded by luxury, vice, and heathenism in the court of the great Pharaoh. He still kept his faith when in mistaken zeal he killed an Egyptian who was ill-treating an Israelite and had to flee the country and Pharaoh's wrath. He did not lose his faith when for forty years he led the murmuring, rebellious, sometimes backsliding children of Israel who were constantly forgetful of God's mercies.

"Moses did not merely think of God, he saw Him. God was the constant vision before him. Never did he lose sight of His face. To Moses faith was no guesswork; it was a reality. He believed that God ruled his life in particular; and in all its details he acknowledged Him. For strength to withstand every temptation, he trusted in Him."—*Education*, p. 63.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

##### Early Life

1. Destined for a life of adventure, Moses was early introduced to intrigue and danger. How were the first three months of his life spent? Heb. 11:23.

2. Recall the story of the preserving of his life when a baby, and of his adoption by Pharaoh's daughter. Ex. 2:3-9.



3. How did his education in the royal court prepare him for his future as leader of God's people? Acts 7:22.

NOTE.—"She [Jochebed, his mother] kept the boy as long as she could, but was obliged to give him up when he was about twelve years old. From his humble cabin home he was taken to the royal palace, to the daughter of Pharaoh, and he became her son." Yet even here he did not lose the impressions received in childhood. The lessons learned at his mother's side could not be forgotten. They were a shield from the pride, the infidelity, and the vice that flourished amid the splendor of the court."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 244.

### ASSIGNMENT 3

#### Choosing to Suffer With God's People

4. Moses always kept before him the teachings and ideals of his early years. With every opportunity before him in the Egyptian court, what choice did he make? Heb. 11:24-27.

5. But, like many of his forefathers, he made the mistake of trying to do what he was called to do in his own way instead of waiting for God to direct him. What rash deed did he do one day, and what resulted from it? Ex. 2:11-15.

6. How long a period did he spend in the wilderness of Arabia, and what lessons did he learn there? Acts 7:30, first part.

NOTE.—"As he [Moses] led his flocks through the wilds of the mountains and into the green pastures of the valleys, he learned faith and meekness, patience, humility, and self-forgetfulness. He learned to care for the weak, to nurse the sick, to seek after the straying, to bear with the unruly, to tend the lambs, and to nurture the old and the feeble."—*Ministry of Healing*, pp. 474, 475.

### ASSIGNMENT 4

#### The Call to Leadership

7. After Moses spent forty years of unlearning and relearning, how did God call him to the task he was destined for? Verses 30-34.

8. In what way did God show him that His divine power would work miracles and prepare him for his tasks? Ex. 4:2-9.

NOTE.—"The divine command given to Moses found him self-distrustful, slow of speech, and timid. He was overwhelmed with a sense of his incapacity to be a mouth-piece for God to Israel. But having once accepted the work, he entered upon it with his whole heart, putting all his trust in the Lord. The greatness of his mission called into exercise the best powers of his mind. God blessed his ready obedience, and he became eloquent, hopeful, self-possessed, and well fitted for the greatest work ever given to man."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 255.

### ASSIGNMENT 5

#### His Faithful Leadership

9. With a million people depending on him, Moses led the children of Israel forth out of Egypt. But in spite of the miracles God performed for them—a dry road through the Red Sea, manna, water gushing forth from a rock, clothes that never wore out—they complained. Still Moses loved and cared for the children of Israel, and when God declared He was ready to destroy them, how did Moses plead in their behalf? Ex. 32:11-13, 32.

10. What one seemingly small mistake did Moses make near the close of his lifework? Num. 20:8, 11.

NOTE.—"Moses was not guilty of a great crime, as men would view the matter; his sin was one of common occurrence. The psalmist says that 'he spake unadvisedly with his lips.' To human judgment this may seem a light thing; but if God dealt so severely with this sin in his most faithful and honored servant, he will not excuse it in others. . . . The more important one's position, and the greater his influence, the greater is the necessity that he should cultivate patience and humility."—*Ibid.*, p. 420.

11. What privilege was denied Moses because of his impatience? Verse 12.

### ASSIGNMENT 6

#### His Death and Resurrection

12. On the borders of Canaan, Moses ascended Mount Nebo. From its summit the Lord pointed out the glories of the country His beloved people were soon to possess; and, made happy by the knowledge that their goal was in sight and that he had accomplished his task, how did Moses die? Who buried him? Deut. 34:5, 6.

NOTE.—"Many who had been unwilling to heed the counsels of Moses while he was with them, would have been in danger of committing idolatry over his dead body, had they known the place of his burial. For this reason it was concealed from men. But angels of God buried the body of His faithful servant, and watched over the lonely grave."—*Ibid.*, pp. 477, 478.

13. Was Moses left to sleep in his grave? Matt. 17:3, 4. (See also Jude 9.)

NOTE.—"Christ himself, with the angels who had buried Moses, came down from heaven to call forth the sleeping saint. . . .

"Upon the mount of transfiguration, Moses was present with Elijah, who had been translated. They were sent as bearers of light and glory from the Father to His Son. And thus the prayer of Moses, uttered so many centuries before, was at last fulfilled. He stood upon 'the goodly mountain,' within the heritage of his people, bearing witness to Him in whom all the promises to Israel centered. Such is the last scene revealed to mortal vision in the history of that man so highly honored of heaven."—*Ibid.*, pp. 478, 479.

### ASSIGNMENT 7

#### The Burial of Moses

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab  
There lies a lonely grave.  
And no man knows that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

"That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth—  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes back when night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun."

—CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER  
in *The Poet's Bible*, ed. W. G.  
Harder, p. 298.

### KEY TO "PROGRESSIVE ANAGRAMS"

1. Rat.
2. Tare.
3. Stare.
4. Trades.
5. Dearest.



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# THE LISTENING POST

➤ APPROXIMATELY 640,000 persons are employed in the United States aircraft industry.

➤ SCHEDULED United States airlines now provide transportation facilities for 687 cities in the country.

➤ DURING the past two years, U.S. military purchasing officials have bought 125 oboes for service bands at a cost of \$30,000.

➤ IN the early Colonial days some New England ministers were paid with iron money. As recently as 75 years ago bar iron was used as currency in certain sections of Tennessee.

➤ LIGHTNING helped the law recently in Hartford, Connecticut. James Leahy suffered quite a shock when a bolt of lightning knocked a pistol out of his hand. He was arrested for carrying a weapon without a permit.

➤ THE electrical and electronic gear alone in the cockpit of one jet aircraft today is equal in complexity to the combined circuits of a city power system, a radio broadcasting station, a television broadcasting station, and the fire control system of a battleship.

➤ SEPTEMBER is not the dreaded month it used to be a century ago. Then it was one of the worst months of the year, with a death toll nearly twice that of winter months, and was one of the two highest in mortality rates. Now it can claim the title of the healthiest month of the year, because it has the smallest death toll of any of the twelve, according to the findings of the Life Insurance Institute of New York.

➤ It is estimated that there may be as many as 2,500,000 species of insects in the world. Although steady progress has been made in the science of entomology in the past two decades, according to a report from the United States Department of Agriculture, the problems of insects and their effect upon man are growing larger and larger with every passing year. So far as is known, no species of insect has ever disappeared from the earth because of man's attack upon it.

➤ A 500-YEAR-OLD sandstone elephant is missing from the campus of Florida Southern College, Lakeland, Florida. One of the embarrassing features about the loss is that the elephant is slightly pink. It is one of two elephants guarding the garden entrance, gifts of a Methodist bishop in India. The hand-carved elephant, worth thousands of dollars, got the name Pinky a year or so ago when students slipped into the garden and painted the statue red. Under the Florida sun the red color soon changed to pink. College officials are hoping that Pinky will soon be returned.

➤ HAVE you ever heard of Conelrad? It is a system of broadcasting procedures developed by the U.S. Federal Communications Commission in cooperation with the Air Force to baffle enemy planes that might be making bomb runs toward America. Usually a navigator of a bomber can pick out an AM station in his target town, and his direction-finding equipment will lead him right to the station and to his target. Under Conelrad, "control of electromagnetic radiation," all regular AM broadcasting stations will switch to either 640 or 1240 kilocycles during an emergency. Besides that, no one of them in a given area will broadcast for more than a few seconds at a time. As each station comes on the air, the needle of the enemy bomber's direction-finding equipment will swing to a different setting. In addition, the sequence of rotation will be altered according to prearranged instructions, so that if the enemy by some means knows which stations are on the air, he would be confused on the next rotation. In addition to that, the FCC is also scrambling the powers of stations. About \$1,500,000 will be spent by commercial broadcasters to implement this defense plan.

➤ GUARDS are now maintaining a 24-hour vigil over a hard, black object that sticks out of the ground in a scrub oak patch at Lake Murray State Park near Ardmore, Oklahoma. For years an Oklahoma Park Service employee had begged scientists to investigate, and when they finally did, they discovered it to be a nickel-iron meteorite, probably the largest ever recovered in the United States. Dr. Lincoln La Paz, University of New Mexico scientist, estimates it to be thousands of years old.

➤ To test a new 100-horsepower gas turbine engine, the Socema Research Company, of France, has built a roadster capable of 120-mile-an-hour speed. This first jet-propelled automobile was unveiled at the Paris Motor Show in October.

➤ ONE authority says that it is healthier to live near the coast than farther inland. In practically all parts of the world the death rate among shore dwellers is below that of others.

➤ THE Civil Aeronautics Administration predicts that twice as many persons will be flying on United States airlines in 1960 as are transported annually now.

➤ THE United States has 302 service bands: 139 Army bands, 83 Air Force bands, 14 Marine bands, and 66 Navy bands.

➤ HALF the world's population had incomes of less than \$100 a year in 1950, according to United Nations statisticians.

➤ ONE of the world's most scenic sights is great Perce Rock at the tip of the Gaspé Peninsula in Quebec, Canada.

➤ THE tuning fork was invented in 1711 by John Shore.

➤ MESQUITE trees send their roots from 40 to 60 feet down into the earth to find water. Their habitat is the American Southwest, Chile, and Argentina.

➤ ELECTRONIC equipment for aircraft costs about \$46 a pound. Radar equipment alone in one of today's night fighters weighs 1,100 pounds—one and a half times the weight of the original Wright brothers' plane including its pilot.

➤ AFTER checking on the June graduates of 1941 and 1947 from New York City's four colleges, the Board of Higher Education reported that it pays to be educated. The male members of these classes were earning 60 per cent more than the general male population in the same age range. The women earned twice as much as the general female population. Seven out of ten were working at jobs related to their college specialization.

➤ A SUGGESTION has come to the United States Post Office from a contributing editor of a philatelic magazine. George Bourgraf says that because stamps go to all parts of the world, they should carry the words "In God We Trust," which appear on most United States coins. Money has very limited circulation outside its own country, but stamps go to all parts of the world, and Mr. Bourgraf asserts that this slogan would help tell the world that Americans are God-believing people.

➤ SHIP tying was the business of Antonio Cataneo. For 25 years he met ships docking at Baltimore, Maryland, and assisted in tying them up. He became widely known for his regularity and persistence. In 1927 his rundown lunch shack near pier 8 was operating in the red. Then came the break. He heard a ship's officer call, "Will somebody please take a line?" Tony did, and it brought him \$3. Soon he and his son were so busy tying and untying ships that they could give up the lunch shack. When Pierio Antonio Cataneo died recently at the age of 64, he left his son a unique business with more than 20 employees.

➤ THERE were two candles burning quietly at the corner table in a Savannah, Georgia, restaurant. The table was marked reserved, but the seats were never occupied. The flickering candlelight was a memorial of love. It marked the second wedding anniversary of a couple who had often eaten at that table during their courtship. A few months ago the wife died—a victim of cancer. Her widower had applied for sea duty. From New York he wrote the manager of the restaurant asking that their table be reserved, and so the candles burned. The \$5 bill the young man had sent to cover expenses was given to the church of which they both were members.