

*The*  
**Youth's**  
**INSTRUCTOR**

The Challenge of Royalty  
Paths of the Pioneers

JANUARY 6, 1953



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Ewing Galloway

## To Sound "A"

Jesus is coming soon. Fulfilled and fulfilling signs in earth and sea and sky daily add their mounting evidence.

For a century now **THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR** has portrayed the heavenly standards that, if held to, would fit its readers for Christ's return. Every editor, from James White to the present, has been dedicated to the supreme objective of presenting in **THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR** the counsels that would give certainty to the hopes of Seventh-day Adventist youth around the world.

A classic story is recorded of a shepherd in Montana who lived alone with his dog and his thousands of sheep. For brief periods of relief from his lonely vigil he tuned a battery-operated radio to some of the great orchestra concerts of the air waves. When the symphonies were playing, he had often tried to play along with his violin where the parts were familiar. But his instrument was out of tune, and the joy of fellowship escaped him.

He wrote the radio station. Would they be so kind as to have the orchestra pause at the start of its next program and sound "A" for him? So it was that listeners tuned to the next symphony broadcast heard of the request—heard a great network orchestra pause and sound "A" for a Montana shepherd.

The editor of **THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR**—magazine of instruction, encouragement, and inspiration for our youth—rededicates these pages to the high goal of sounding "A" for readers around the circuit of the earth. May each find himself in tune when Jesus comes again.

*Walter T. Crandall*

## Grace Notes

**LEADERS** Beginning with this issue, the MV Youth in Action section will bring direct reports from our world youth leaders. First reports are from Pastor L. A. Skinner, associate secretary of the General Conference Young People's Department of Missionary Volunteers, and Pastor Arthur Patzer, MV secretary of the Columbia Union Conference.

**ECONOMY** When Fritz Guy was invited last summer to prepare a New Year's message for our readers, he was busy with Junior and Senior camp activities in the Southeastern California Conference. In spite of the idea that no one can be quite as busy as a college senior, he found as a ministerial intern that the tempo of service can account for one's full time. When he did find time to reply to the editor's request, he wrote what may be the shortest letter on record with the one word, "Yes." Mr. Guy is a 1952 ministerial graduate of La Sierra College, and is currently assisting in evangelistic meetings in San Diego, California.

**STAMPS** Roland Franklin is back! Those who followed his popular column early last year probably wondered what happened when it was discontinued. Actually, two developments interrupted his program. The first was his accelerated activity in church work—assisting Pastor Carl Groom with sermons, MV and Sabbath school work in four New Hampshire churches. The second was cessation of all civilian activity as a trainee in the U.S. Army. After the initial adjustment to the life of an Army medic, Mr. Franklin found his pen, and the column in this issue is a promise of others to follow at two-week intervals throughout 1953.

**SERIAL** Next week will bring the first of a seven-part serial on the leadings of God in the life of one of our denominational workers—"I See God's Hand."

**COVER** Credit for the selection of our monthly color covers goes to the Review and Herald artists who, week by week, enhance our **INSTRUCTOR** stories with just the right illustrations.

Writers' contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcome and receive careful evaluation. The material should be typewritten, double spaced, and return postage should accompany each manuscript. Queries to the editor on the suitability of proposed articles will receive prompt attention.

Action pictures rather than portraits are desired with manuscripts. Black and white prints or color transparencies are usable. No pictures will be returned unless specifically requested.



**F**OR some weeks the missionary family at Maun, Bechuanaland, had been looking forward to a trip out to Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia. When a person is confined for a year in country where he sees none of the things that are found in a city or in the so-called civilized parts of the world, he begins to look at such a prospect as a happy diversion.

There are always certain things that you can think of doing, places you would like to go, and shopping that must be done. As the days go by and it comes closer to the time for departure, you become more eager for the hour to come for you to be on your way. My family and I talked over many of the particulars of the trip, each one having his ideas and desires that would make a most happy time.

We decided to drive the mission lorry in to Bulawayo for repairs and to haul in the empty drums to the oil company. This would be far better, for if we should go by the transport lorries, we would have to leave when the drivers wanted to and travel as they desired. We could also take more kit and have leisure time on the whole trip.

At last the day dawned when we were to leave. An early start was planned so we could reach a certain camp where we planned to spend the first night. No one had slept too much the night before because of the excitement. Even little Bonnie, who was only nine months old, seemed to realize that something was stirring!

Part of the load was put on the lorry the day before to avoid a rush the morning of departure, and now everything was in place and tied down for the rough ride over 318 miles of deep sand and rocky terrain to Francistown on the railroad.

All breathed a sigh of relief when at last we were off. We were happy as we ground along, sometimes in compound gear and sometimes merrily traveling in high. At a little past noon we came to the first camp, called Bushman Pits, where there is a cattle post. Here we stopped and enjoyed a visit with passengers in a convoy on the way to Maun and with those at the post.

"Have you seen any lions lately?" I asked the European in charge.

"Yes, there were eight here two weeks ago, and we got three of them," was his answer.

At certain times of the year lions cause much trouble at the cattle posts, and unless

*Elephant trails and lion tracks  
were little more than items of  
interest until we were*

## STALLED IN THE AFRICAN VELD

By DELMAR T. BURKE

they are killed, many cattle are lost. Most of the Africans have no way to kill the marauders, so are more than happy to have a European with a gun give them assistance.

During the rainy season the animals of the veld are not so frequently seen, because of the grass and foliage, but occasionally even a herd of buck are close to the road.

About midafternoon we noticed several animals ahead in the road, and began to guess what they were. Finally it was suggested that they were wild dogs, and so they proved to be. There they stood until the lorry was within thirty feet of the large, brown, ferocious beasts with round ears. While on a chase a pack of these creatures literally eat their prey on the run. They tear great pieces of flesh from the victim, either eating them or dropping them for the older and young following behind.

In good time we arrived at Odiako, the place decided upon for our night camp. This is a camp belonging to a local recruiting agency that supplies workers for the gold mines around Johannesburg.

There is a nice hut here for European travelers, so we made ready for the night. It was good to have shelter, not only from the rain, but also from any wild, carnivorous animals.

The next morning found us making ready to go the last half of the long, rugged miles to Francistown. After some African boys had helped me load our kit I gave them some back-number Sabbath school cards. Each one was given several cards in addition to money, much to their delight. Exclamations of awe and wonder were made as they looked at the many-colored pictures.

We had been rolling along for only a few minutes when Mrs. Burke asked, "What are those huge tracks in the road?"

"Oh, those? They happen to be fresh elephant tracks!"

Indeed, the herd had just shortly passed. The lorry inched forward as we carefully scanned both sides of the road for our huge friends. None were about, but just ahead a tree was pushed across the road. We approached cautiously, lest behind it there might be one that would become annoyed at our intrusion. All was clear

The Missionary Family Were Looking Forward to a Trip to Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, Lions Notwithstanding







## The Dialect of Smiles

By HOWARD A. MUNSON

**F**OREIGN missionaries to the Philippines find many things to please them. There are new scenes to enjoy, new customs to learn, new fruits and vegetables to bring meal-time pleasure. The cooperative people with whom we work and the steady advance in our mission program bring joy to all the workers.

But one of the outstanding pleasures of work in this field is to witness the million-dollar smile of the people. That smile flashes back at you everywhere you go and on all occasions. How many hundreds of times I have seen it on the faces of our sanitarium workers! In the future, when I think back over my experiences in the Philippines, and especially at the Manila Sanitarium and Hospital, the thing that will remain longest and most vividly in my memory will be the genuine, sincere smiles of the nurses and fellow workers.

One day in the city of Manila I had to pass a busy and worried-looking traffic policeman as he directed a continuous stream of traffic. He appeared very warm and very intent upon the serious job of keeping that mass of cars moving without a tangle. As I passed him I waved a friendly greeting and grinned. Immediately that million-dollar smile flashed across his features, revealing a fine set of teeth and a friendly man at heart.

Recently I was walking along a lonely road in the Mountain Province,

near Baguio, when two small boys, one about seven and the other about five years of age, came up a steep bank and on to the edge of the road, some distance ahead of me. They stopped and stared at the strange-looking foreigner coming toward them. Then the older boy exclaimed, "Americano!" At that they both turned and ran like frightened deer along the road for a short distance, and then their black hair disappeared down over the steep bank on the right. I can still see the chubby little legs of the smaller one, who was in the rear, fairly mowing down the grass as he earnestly tried to put distance between the Americano and himself.

I walked to the bank and saw them dashing down a steep trail that led to two low houses, made of rusty galvanized metal and built into the side of the hill. When they reached the safety of the yard between the two houses, they turned and saw me. I grinned and waved at them. Again that million-dollar smile flashed from two small faces, and immediately we were friends—even if only distant friends.

These are but two examples of hundreds we might relate when men and women and children have flashed that million-dollar smile back to us. I have even seen it break through a flow of tears at the parting of a loved one. It is the only Filipino dialect I know—the smile dialect—and we all understand that universal language.

by the tree, so we proceeded to pull off the road and around it.

After several miles we came to a large plain where are usually herds of wildebeests (gnu). Hardly had we started to cross the plain than we came to a mudhole about one hundred yards across. As we reached the middle the motor began to race, and thinking the wheels were spinning, I gave it more throttle. It buzzed to a stop! Just outside my door were fresh lion tracks, and I casually called the family's attention to them as I pulled the lever into reverse to back up for another try. Mr. Lorry stood perfectly still as I engaged the clutch! What now? "A broken axle," I exclaimed. That was it.

"O Daddy, how long will we have to wait for a lorry to come?" asked Betty, who was not yet eight years old.

"It might be only a few hours, and it might be two days," was the regretful reply.

"Then let us pray for help to come," she said in the midst of tears.

We prayed for protection and courage, as well as to know what to do under the circumstances. All felt better immediately.

It was just eleven o'clock, so I decided to cook something to eat. Off came my shoes so the mud and water would not hinder, for, you remember, we were in the middle of a three-hundred-foot-wide hole. Food was cooking on a Primus stove on top of the drums, and soon we had our lunch. The procedure was not too bad except for the problem of stepping on hot metal with bare feet.

During the afternoon little Bonnie oh, oh, ohed and ah, ah, ahed at the water and mud while the others wondered how we would rest at night with no place for beds. At the same time we tried to be happy. "How long do you think it will be before someone comes?" was asked and thought many times.

Along in the afternoon I decided to wade out and stroll around a bit while the rest were napping. There were several herds of wildebeests grazing around, and I started toward some of these. I had gone only about three hundred yards from the road when there was a rumble roar! Yes, yes! A lorry! Dashing back to the road, I hailed the driver, who had pulled up to the mudhole and stopped to survey the situation for another possible crossing.

All our kit had to be lugged out of the mudhole and onto the other lorry, for the driver was afraid to stop alongside ours. Just as the last box was on the rescue lorry, a rainstorm loosed its tropical fury!

Unless you have had a similar experience you cannot realize the jubilation of that family in the mudhole 150 miles from nowhere when that lorry came along. We had to ride until late for a place to stay, but it was better than sitting out there on that plain for hours or days.

The Lord saw to it that we had a quiet place to spend the Sabbath, and we were more than glad.



## Together Together

By L. A. Skinner

It was 4:30 A.M. on the rain-drenched road in north central Argentina. A heavy American truck was stuck in the mud. Its crew of three had been working since midnight. Bedraggled and exhausted, they paused a moment. In the distance they heard the squeaking of an oxcart. A Gaucho was driving toward town. As he came upon the helpless, high-powered truck, he stopped the oxen. Without a word he unhitched the team from the cart and goaded them into position in front of the stalled truck. After fastening the traces to the front end, he shouted to the animals. *Together* the oxen leaned forward. Their united strength first vibrated the "immovable" object, and then slowly moved it out of the mudhole.

*Together* is a magic word. THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR with this issue begins its second century of service to Adventist youth. In 1907 the Missionary Volunteer Department began its efforts in behalf of the youth and children. Now in 1953 *together* takes on added significance. The weekly, concise messages in this column will symbolize the united strength of the outstanding Adventist youth journal and the department of the church dedicated to the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of youth.

## Moncton Celebration

By E. J. Heisler

The Missionary Volunteer Society in Moncton, New Brunswick, celebrated the centennial of the Sabbath school movement in a program last fall. Two members of the society appeared on the platform dressed as the twins of 1852, THE

# MV Youth in Action

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and the Sabbath school. One carried a current copy of the INSTRUCTOR, and the other carried the *Sabbath School Worker*.

In a dialog the twins brought out some of the interesting facts about the development of these two branches of the work since 1852.

## An Active MV in '53

By Arthur Patzer

The Missionary Volunteer Society is a dynamo and not a deepfreeze, a generator and not a refrigerator. The MV Society is a place for live, wide-awake youth, and not for phlegmatics. The MV Society is a place for young people with courage, dependability, and faithfulness—young people who are willing to meet the challenge of the most stupendous task ever assigned to man.

When E. H. Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, was planning what proved to be his last expedition, an interesting incident is said to have occurred. He was seated in an office in London speaking to a friend about his forthcoming expedition.

The friend said, "I am surprised at the publicity you are giving this adventure; it is rather unlike you."

The reply came back, "I want Mr. Wild, my trusted friend who has gone into the very center of Africa to hunt wild game,

to hear about this, and if he hears about it, he will come and join me."

The friend looked across the desk and spoke to Mr. Shackleton, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but Frank Wild will not be back."

Just then there was a knock on the door, and in the doorway stood Frank Wild. It was a dramatic moment as Wild and Shackleton shook hands—the handshake of loyalty. Mr. Shackleton looked into the eyes of his friend and said, "I knew you'd come! I knew you'd come!"

That's it! Jesus is on His last soul-saving expedition, as it were, and He is waiting to shake the hands of young people who are loyal, young people who *belong*, young people who will not consider self, but who will do faithful battle against principalities and powers, against rulers of darkness, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

As young people of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, what a grand privilege we have at the beginning of the new year 1953 to reaffirm our allegiance, to re-enlist in God's Missionary Volunteer expedition! Why? Christ calls; He beckons, "Follow Me." The times demand that there be no excuses, but action; no alibis, but activity. The MV Society needs youth who will gladly respond and become Missionary Volunteers—unequivocally.

## Television in West Virginia

By George S. Ashlock

Taking advantage of a free half hour of television time the Seventh-day Adventist church of Huntington, West Virginia, last fall presented a special program on the Protestant Reformation over WSAZ-TV. The first direct result came the following Friday evening when a man who had seen the telecast visited the nearby Ashland, Kentucky, church.

The time was provided by the ministerial association of Huntington. It was the first such experience for every one who participated on the program. All the pastors had spoken on the radio, but never before on television.

That particular Sunday was Reformation Sunday, so an appropriate theme was chosen for the telecast. Pastor D. B. Myers, of the Huntington church, introduced the telecast, telling of the zealous persecutions of both Catholics and Protestants.

Pastor B. F. Mowry, of the Portsmouth and Ironton (Ohio) district, spoke of the famous life and work of Martin Luther. Pastor R. L. Ricks of Ashland,



E. J. Heisler

These Women Appeared as the Twins of 1852 for Moncton, New Brunswick, Emvees









**P**ETER was in heaven. At least he was as contented and happy as most people imagine they will be when they reach Paradise. If his fund of knowledge had been greater and his reasoning power higher, he might have known differently, but seeing he was what he was, he was sure he was in heaven.

As a matter of fact, he did not know very much, not even that his name was Peter; nor was he likely ever to understand the significance of that name, as I am about to tell it to you. Later on he would learn that he was Peter, and would respond to the sound of the word, but his little brain would not go beyond that simple function. But now he was not even thinking about that. He was simply happy enjoying the comfort and security of heaven.

Paradise for Peter was a petrol box with an old blanket in it upon which he reclined his small brown body in regal ease, and against the side of which his little tail beat a sleepy tattoo. His mansion of glory was the kitchen of a little brown bungalow on the banks of Bushman's River on the east coast of South Africa where this ancient stream terminates in the blue waters of the Indian Ocean.

This had been redemption day for him, and what a wonderful day, although it had been pretty fearful to begin with. He had been bathed and was enjoying a wonderful sensation of cleanliness, which

was as altogether new to him as that of a completely satisfied appetite. He could not remember long, for he was only three months old, but he knew that never before had he ever been free of dirt and hunger. Before today he had never known a tender hand and a kind voice. But this very afternoon when his own small voice had been crying out desperately in fear and sorrow, he had heard its music for the first time, and the tender hand had literally snatched him from the gates of hell and established him in heaven. This is what had happened:

Peter had the misfortune of being born the son of a mangy, thin, and savage Kaffir dog in a miserable tin shanty village. He and his brothers and sisters were not a welcome addition to the village, so when his undernourished mother could no longer provide milk for her family there

was little food for them. The scraps of fish and bits of bone were salvaged by older dogs, so the young ones had a hard time, and only the strongest survived for long. Although even African children love puppies and want to feed them, when the fish are few and money more scarce than usual, the fate of anything less than human that requires food is most uncertain.

Hence it was that Peter woke to see the light of this eventful day, and began its activities by trying to worry a bit of flavor out of an already polished fish head. He paid no attention to the voices of the man and woman, and would not have understood had he heeded them. But if he could have comprehended, he would have made his escape into the thornbush that covers the sandy hills surrounding the village. Instead, he stayed with the fish head until the dirty brown hand of the man caught him up and carried him away, down the path toward the river mouth. Where he was being taken he had no idea until he was thrown into the bottom of a leaky rowboat, and after a bit of paddling was thrown from there onto a small sandy bar in the middle of the river about a half mile from the sea.

By the time he had made one exploratory round of the tiny isle the boat had gone and was already halfway to the bank again, leaving him stranded. At first he was mostly curious, and spent some time investigating and nibbling on the body of a sea cat that had been left on the bar by the receding tide. In fact, he did not begin to appraise the situation at all until the rising water began to cover his little meal. He pulled it to the highest point of sand, but as the incoming tide swept through the river mouth and upstream, it was but a short time until his bit of land had diminished to about the size of a table.

Suddenly he realized the jeopardy of his position, and with a trembling voice sent a wail of fear ringing across the half



H. A. Roberts

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Peter Had the Misfortune of Being Born the Son of a Mangy, Thin, and Savage Kaffir Dog in a Miserable Shanty Village

WITHDRAWN 7





*1st January, 1953*

By EDWIN DE KOCK

The weary year is dead, another born,  
And in the east appears the new year's morn  
In gilded pageantry. Oh, happy day  
That bodes of new beginning. Stay, stay,  
And let my pensive attitude design  
How I may snatch the moments, make them  
mine,  
And weave the year in continuity,  
And think how best my soul may constant be.

Forget the past, the present still remains,  
And like the mist-enshrouded fields, our pains  
Are thoughts of yesteryear. The morrow seems  
But dim reality, like hazy dreams  
That lie unseen on wakeful eyes, or sleep  
In vales till shadows o'er the villages creep.  
Be near, O God, another year,  
And make it holy, make it dear.

mile of water to the riverbank. He had never been to the river before, and felt an instinctive fear of the expanse of water all around him.

As the rising tide gained strength small waves were carried right up to the sand bar and were soon lapping at his feet. The coldness of it sent a chill through his little body and heightened the intensity of his cries. The water crept up to his body. A surge of the tide carried his feet off the shifting sand, and he paddled furiously for a moment until the wave had passed, and he could feel the bar under him again. But now the sand was not firm and would not hold him up, and he began to sink deeper. The next wave, though small, struck him unexpectedly, so that it filled his mouth with salty brine, stopped his whining, and carried him coughing and panting away with the current.

So this was the end of an unwanted Kaffir puppy, to die alone and unmourned beneath the rising tide of the mighty ocean. It was at this instant that a sleek metal prow slid past him as a softly

purring outboard motor was throttled down to an idle. He was caught firmly but kindly by the skin of his back, lifted out of the water, and placed wet and dripping in the lap of a pretty, young woman.

It was then he heard the pleasant voice, and though he could not understand the words, he felt the kindly intonation and weakly licked the soft hand in gratitude.

"Tom," the voice said, "what a horrible thing to do. Who ever could have left him there? The poor little thing."

"I suppose some villager," was the reply. "I understand that this is one method of disposing of unwanted animals. It's almost as bad as a rock in a gunny sack, isn't it?"

"Can I keep him, Tom? I know he isn't a fine dog, but these native dogs are hardy, and we will need one on the mission."

"Yes, darling," he said. "We won't have money to buy a better one, because this little honeymoon of ours has pretty well depleted the treasury."

"I'm so happy, dear," she cried. "This is a really lovely incident to crown the

most delightful week of my life"; and grasping the little wet dog closer, she leaned forward to kiss her new husband on the forehead as he guided the little motorboat back to the landing.

As they walked up the path from the river to their bungalow, the young woman said, "We'll name him Peter, because he was rescued from the waves just in time." So that is how Peter was named, and how he reached his happy little heaven.

A few weeks later, and a thousand and more miles away in a beautiful palm grove in the heart of Africa, young Tom Gibbons and his bride were at home on their mission station. On Sabbath morning Pastor Gibbons stood on the platform of the grass-roofed native church. There were two desks on the rostrum, one for Tom and the other for his native translator. As he delivered his morning sermon he related the story of little Peter, and then went on to draw some lessons from it for his smiling congregation.

"Our own sinful plight is much like that of the little dog," he said, and then paused while the native pastor translated the sentence into the vernacular.

What Pastor Gibbons said is certainly the truth. Satan has almost complete power over man, and if he possibly can, he will leave us stranded upon the sands of time, to be buried beneath the rising tides of sin that are engulfing this old world. In our helplessness there is nothing we can do but cry unto the Lord for deliverance—to lift our voices to heaven for salvation. And God has promised, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

There was the experience of another Peter long years ago as he walked over the stormy waters of Galilee toward his Master. As his faith faltered, and he took his eyes away from the face of Jesus, he began to sink beneath the tossing waves. In terror he cried, "Lord, save me," and the tender hand of Jesus clasped the outstretched hand of Peter and saved him from perishing. As we awake to our peril, as we become aware of the enormity of sin and our need to be redeemed from it, we too will cry to Jesus to save us.

The great sea of humanity is being lashed into a tempest, the fury and violence of which has never been known "since there was a nation." As the four mighty angels of God gradually loose the winds of human passion that have long been held in check by the Spirit of God, the whole world will be engulfed in a cyclonic maelstrom that is fearful to contemplate. Already we can feel the first violent gusts shaking the earth, and they are a frightening omen of the times ahead.

There will be a threat to world peace, national economy, and social stability, for the great field marshal of destruction is planning the downfall of nations and the ruin of society on a worldwide scale, but he is also seeking to sweep from their feet

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# Among Guatemalan Indians

By J. ERNEST EDWARDS

**M**OISES TAHAY is the director of our Seventh-day Adventist school back in the Indian country at Momostenango, Guatemala. This Indian town has a population of some four thousand, but serves as the center for thirty-five thousand Indians. Three years ago, when he began his work there, the leading minister vigorously opposed him and claimed he had come to upset the Indians. Señor Tahay repeated again and again the purpose of his work: "I have come to help the poor and the sick, and I'm here to train the children."

Now the minister, who used to cast aspersions as he passed our little school, confesses that the Seventh-day Adventist worker has really helped the people and accomplished more than he has in many years.

Pastor and Mrs. E. G. Ross are now associated with Señor Tahay in this educational work. To learn the Indian dialect, Pastor Ross each day sits in his jeep reading and pronouncing words. As people come down the trail they stop to talk. Then he asks whether they would help him learn the language by reading the tract aloud. Each day there are usually about ten of these missionary visits. From these contacts he has observed that the people are wistfully longing for our message of hope.

The Indians still follow their pagan rituals. On the lowest step outside of the largest church in town is built an altar for the firstfruit offering. The Indian priests wave their censers full of burning oil as they precede the worshippers up the steps to the front door of the church. The Indians scatter rose petals on the floor of the church, and place their candles on the floor. They repeat their prayers until the candles have burned up. But in order to send their prayers heavenward quickly they use firecrackers, believing that the answers will also be quickened.

A short distance from this church on another hilltop they have erected their altar to the sun. Here they sacrifice chickens on a rock at the base of a

stone idol, on either side of which stands a stone cross. As they chant, candles are lighted and rose petals and whisky are poured over the idol and the two crosses. After going through this ceremony the Indians turn toward the sun, walk over to another altar, and bow in worship to the sun-god.

Their garb reveals their worship of nature. The fringe on their wool blanket represents falling rain. These Indian men wear knee breeches with side flaps upon which can be seen the emblem of the sun with extended rays. On the back of their coats they have a great embellished sun.

In the Indian town of Chichicastenango a building has been given to the mission by Señor and Señora Salvador Giron. This faithful couple, lay leaders there, have decorated the hall in such a way as to connect the Indian's interest in nature with our teachings. The floor of the Seventh-day Adventist chapel is covered with pine needles, and upon either side of the lobby walls are painted these six texts: John 3:16; Ephesians 2:20; Revelation 22:14; Psalms 8:3, 4; 19:1; 33:6, 9. With the texts is a map of the world.

In front of the door opening into the sanctuary is a beautiful screen with a painting of creation and redemption and

the words from Genesis 1:1. On either side of the door is a detailed painting of the millennium and the 2300 days. On the church walls of the sanctuary is a map of the Inter-American Division; and on the other side, the Ten Commandments, with Isaiah 8:20.

The thirty Seventh-day Adventists are working faithfully, expecting a good harvest of souls by using the interest in nature as an entering wedge to the hearts of these Indians.

Our adobe chapel with dirt floor in the Indian town of Momostenango is furnished with planks for seats. I visited in the home of Pastor and Mrs. Ross, who were living in a two-room adobe stucco house at the end of an impassable road, next to a kiln. They had a Coleman lantern for light, a kerosene cooking stove, and an ingeniously converted oil drum for a wood stove. There were no windows at all in the two rooms. The cold wind blew in under the front door and under the eaves of the tin roof. Even in the summertime the night temperature may go below freezing. A few feet from this improvised oil drum stove ice formed on the floor. Their two boys were sleeping on a mattress on the floor. For this small Indian house they

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After Going Through This Idol-Worship Ceremony, the Indians Turn and Bow in Supplication to the Sun-god



*Although Satan has corrupted every doctrine designed to point  
men heavenward, among some of the world's most  
primitive peoples there are still*

# The Remnants of True Religion

By FRANK T. MABERLY

**T**HIS Bible religion that our missionaries are bringing to the peoples of the South Seas is not altogether a new religion. It is the faith of their fathers, which through the centuries they have lost.

In Jeremiah 16:16 the Lord declares, "Behold, I will send for many fishers, . . . and they shall fish them; and after will I send for many hunters, and they shall hunt them from every mountain, and from every hill, and out of the holes of the rocks." I suppose there is no more mountainous country in the world than New Guinea. It is a place of mountains from coast to coast. I noticed this particularly when first arriving from Australia and after leaving the plains of Queensland. On reaching Papua I looked out upon the towering, rugged Owen Stanley Range. I thought then of the text in Jeremiah.

Perhaps we are justified in taking this

text literally. First of all, God sends His fishers. Where do fishermen work? In the mountains? No; they work along the coast. Afterward God said He would send for hunters to hunt the people out of every mountain and valley. Such is the work we are doing today, taking the message inland after its introduction to sea-bordering peoples.

Found tucked away here in some of the most remote sections of the world are beliefs that seem to indicate that some of the religious ideas are basically Biblical and also bear witness to the Bible account of the common origin of man.

Until the first patrol went through Wabag and made explanations, the inhabitants of this area believed that the white men came from realms above. They said, "After dark we see the fires of the men of the other world above. The heavens are filled with people cooking

their food and warming themselves through the nights."

The influence of civilization was not felt until 1944, when the first government officer was stationed there. These people were completely isolated from the rest of the island; in fact, they believed that the world ended at the crest of the ranges surrounding their seven valleys. When the first Hagen dwellers came through to them they were believed to be the spirits of departed ancestors. In 1947 we began mission work among them, and thus were given a splendid opportunity to study one hundred thousand people almost completely unaffected by civilization.

Men of all nations are fundamentally the same. When a person first comes to this primitive land he has a reaction that the people are very different from him. But the more he comes to know them, the more he realizes how alike everyone is the world around. Even the most primitive persons weep and laugh about the same things we do, and all their reactions to life's experiences are fundamentally the same. Explaining to them that we all belong to one great family on earth is a very warm approach to their hearts. The Bible approach is very clearly this: Noah's three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japheth—are the fathers of the people scattered in all parts of the world. We all have a common grandfather, and our father Japheth and their father Ham were brothers. Such is of vital interest to them.

The inlanders keep only a few temporary records that are confined to their economy. The Hagens hang from their necks panels of bamboo bars, each bar representing a pig or shell that has been lent or given away. At Wabag, whenever the people borrow a pig they drive a stake into the tribal park. Each man has a row of stakes, and from this record he can tell to whom he must repay at the end of four years. The fourth is a sort of sabbatical year in which all debts are cleared.

Just prior to my transfer from Wabag the tribesmen were paying their debts



L. Greive

"Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery" Is an Ancient Law. A New Guinea Woman Found Guilty of Transgressing This Law Has Her Nose Sawed Off, Making Her Unattractive to Further Evil Designers





A. G. Stewart

One of the First Things a Visitor to the South Seas Learns Is That People in Every Part of the Globe Are Fundamentally the Same

right through the valley; and as they did so the stakes were being removed. In some parks hundreds and hundreds of stakes were lined up. Some men had 120 stakes, representing as many pigs that they had borrowed. The animals were tied to the stakes until the park was a grunting, squirming mass.

Records of permanency and of ancestry, however, do not exist. Thus down through the years there has been confusion in regard to origin and ancient beliefs. Not many anthropologists are prepared to say where the inland people came from. Even Europeans, with their education and disciplined minds, find their words distorted when conveyed by word of mouth, and so we discover only fragmentary traditions bearing proof that these mountain people anciently had a knowledge of Bible religion.

When my family and I first settled at Wabag we journeyed from one Wabag valley to another through a mountain pass. Up through the range was a track that had been cut by the feet of people walking through for centuries. It was ten feet deep, an indication, I thought, that the people had been passing that way for hundreds and hundreds of years. On making inquiries I was assured that it was clear to them they had been there only ten generations. They declared they could count back ten *papas* since the moon gave birth to the original pair of their Wabag race. The people of Kainantu (eastern highlands) also told me they had been in that locality only ten generations. Other tribes have repeated this story. So it may be only five hundred years ago since their ancestors migrated into the inland of New Guinea. And there is some evidence that

this could be so. Though many fertile valleys have not yet been occupied, in the short time we have been in the highlands we have seen tribes breaking up and forming new villages. Probably the highlands have not been inhabited as long as some people would have us believe. Actually there are no ancient people upon the earth. After all, six thousand years is only about one hundred or more lifetimes, and how short is life!

It would take some time for the people to disperse from Babel after the confusion of languages. Many generations must have passed as they gradually spread to Europe and Asia and Africa and down to this far-away end of the earth. Thus we could expect that the people could not have been very long in the mountains of New Guinea. Possibly when Columbus was discovering America they were first settling here. So corrupt have they become that we can only say how swiftly man has fallen. But sin never comes by degrees. The first son of Adam was guilty of murder, the most heinous of sins. Evil sprang into the world fully grown, and always when man forsakes God his morality quickly deteriorates.

All the tribes have some kind of story, in which may be seen traces of Bible truths, concerning their origin. The people of the Rai coast say they descended from a single person, and the Wabagas believe they originated from two people who came down to this world from some place above. Everywhere an original nucleus of one or two is claimed.

It is said to be always natural for man to worship something, although before I came to the islands I was told that the New Guinea people have no gods. But I

have found that all of them do. The people of Kainantu call their god Aiyarafenu; the Bena Benas have a god they call Miagubo; the god of Kumul is Yani ("sun"), and they actually worship the sun. The Yani district people call their god Ari (also "sun"); and the Moruma and Chimbu natives do homage to the same luminous body, known to them as Andi.

The Moruma people told me that when they wish to make sorcery against their enemies they take a handful of special grass, hold it up toward the sun, calling upon the god to make it powerful in the destruction of enemies. This is then laid across a track before the oncoming foe and is accredited with power to cause sickness with ultimate death, when stepped over.

The Wabagas have a god called Yalya, who resides in the heavens above and who has tied to this world a long rope. When angry with the people, he tugs, and the earth trembles before him. Yalya has a wife who spends all her time near a large pool of water in the skies, with a paddle, splashing rain hither and yon upon the valleys and hills, causing crops to grow according to her good pleasure. On the Rai coast the one worshiped is Kilbob.

It was of very great interest to me to discover just what the beliefs might be of people entirely unaffected by civilization, primitive people still vigorously using stone tomahawks and fighting with bows and arrows and bone-tipped spears. Among the most primitive we began preaching the law of God. The first four commandments were not entirely clear to them, but of the last six they declared, "We know these laws; we always teach

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# I Will HONOR THEM

By VINSTON ADAMS

**W**ELCOME home, sergeant. Where have you been all day? Did you hear about the seventy-two-hour alert? Guess this will be one time that you won't get your Saturday off and go to church like you've been doing!"

This was the barrage that greeted Sgt. Cecil Geary as he entered camp on a Thursday evening. He was just returning after spending a holiday with Adventist missionary families who lived not many miles from his base in Japan. The camp had been threatened with a seventy-two-hour alert for some time. No one seemed to know in advance just when it would be, but everyone knew that there would be no passes issued for personal reasons during

that three-day period. It would mean air-raid drills at any hour of the day or night and security precautions, as though the war had struck at the base directly. The commanding officer did not want to be caught napping and unprepared when and if.

Sgt. Cecil Geary was in the signal corps. He had learned about Seventh-day Adventists only after he had enlisted in the armed services. He had been struck with the forthrightness of one or two Adventist men whom he had met while in training in the United States. While there he had begun studying the Voice of Prophecy Bible lessons and had continued studying with the local church members when he was transferred to Guam. It was while

stationed on this tropical island that he and one of his buddies had decided to cast in their lot with God's remnant people. They were baptized on Guam by a Seventh-day Adventist minister about thirteen months before the events in this story took place.

In the months that had intervened the two young men had been separated and sent to different parts of the war theater. Cecil went to Japan. Most of the time he had been stationed not far from several of our mission families, with whom he enjoyed a continuation of the Christian fellowship that had begun on Guam.

Wherever he was stationed Cecil made friends of his superior officers and the chaplain. He was severely tested many times, but in it all he was true to God, and God honored him by uniformly making it possible for him to have Sabbaths free. He was not always able to attend church, for sometimes he was far removed from any congregation. But out on the mountain or along the beach he spent the holy hours in communion with God and in prayer and Bible study. Often it seemed that his request for Sabbath free must be denied, but God always answered His prayer, and his faith grew stronger week by week.

Thanksgiving Day he had obtained a twenty-four-hour pass and had gone to be with the mission families whose companionship he loved so much. Here he was now, back at base on Thursday night, with a seventy-two-hour alert in effect. That meant that no passes would be granted before Sunday night or Monday morning.

Cecil customarily spent from the middle of Friday afternoon until Saturday night or Sunday morning with the mission families. So it was with a heavy heart that he received the news of the alert. But as he walked along toward the barracks after he heard about it, he presented the matter to the Lord. He reminded the Lord that nothing was too hard for Him, and he asked that if it was His will that he should spend the Sabbath as usual in the favorable environment of the mission compound, He would overrule in the situation and make that possible. As Cecil recalled the many providences of God in his behalf in the past thirteen months, he felt his faith grow. He gained confidence that God would again work in his behalf, but how, he could not see.

Cecil retired after reading again the promises of God in the Bible. After praying once more he felt at peace, believing that God had things in His own hands and would work everything out for His glory.

He performed his regular duties on  
*To page 21*



After Earnestly Praying Once More, Cecil Felt at Peace, Believing That God Had Things in His Own Hands and Would Work Everything Out for His Glory



# Paths of the Pioneers

By THE EDITOR

Only a warehouse now marks the place where a century ago the indomitable spirit of pioneers gave birth to volume 1, number 1, of *The Youth's Instructor*. As my guide pointed out the historic spot at 124 Mount Hope Avenue, he also noted that under the pavement over which we rode still lie some of the cobblestones that were a familiar sight to James and Ellen White, the youthful founders of this magazine.

The tour was one of the high lights that came to me in the Sabbath school and *The Youth's Instructor* centennial staged at Rochester, New York, last October. The churches of Rochester had joined to give recognition to these two great institutions in the very city of their birth.

The celebration began Friday night and continued through to the night after Sabbath. The Sabbath afternoon program concluded with a series of tableaux that re-created early scenes in the development of the Sabbath school idea. Dressed in costumes reminiscent of the times, the youth and their elders portrayed James White writing the first Sabbath school lessons, a meeting in which it was determined to begin the Sabbath school work, and the first Sabbath school class program. Earlier on the tour I had been shown the Spiritualist church, erected next to the spot where once lived the Fox sisters—those other young people who were used of another power to draw men's minds to falsehoods that would oppose the advance of latter day truth. Then my guide took me to Mount Hope Cemetery. There in a quiet and hallowed square I looked upon the stones that marked the resting place of the wife and a baby daughter of our first foreign missionary, Pastor J. N. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy A. Benzinger and their daughter Karyl, missionaries under appointment to Java, were presented to the great audience at the Rochester centenary celebration. It seemed to all of us that they personified the dauntless courage and joyful sacrifice of those who in a century of progress have dedicated their lives to the completion of the task assigned the disciples of old—the gospel "in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

(1) A warehouse now marks the site where THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR was first printed. (2) Rochester youth re-created early scenes in the history of the Sabbath school. (3) A Spiritualist church gives testimony to the opposition that met our pioneers. (4) Headstones in Mount Hope Cemetery tell of lives given to advance the message. (5) The Benzingers typify the youth who eagerly answer the call to help finish the task of carrying the gospel to all the world in this generation. (6) The first Sabbath school lessons were written by James White, and THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has carried the weekly lessons from the first.

T. K. Martin and G. E. Jones Photos





**F**RANKLY Louis did not like being different. In the first place, to be out of step with the rest of the world was a major nuisance. And in the second place, it was frequently embarrassing.

Louis was an ordinary Seventh-day Adventist young man, except perhaps for the fact that most of his educational career had been spent in public schools. There he was the only one in his class who went to church on the "wrong day." He was the only one who did not go to movies. He was the only one who did not eat ham or drink coffee. All in all, he was something of an oddity. And he was not particularly proud of that distinction either.

Then something happened that gave him a new view of the situation. One summer during his college days he was given an unexpected opportunity to travel in Europe. For the return his transportation was an ancient but still serviceable vessel that carried some two or three hundred American passengers. He did not have long to wait for the return of the disagreeable business of being different.

At the first meal it was "No, thank you" when the fried ham was passed in his direction, "No, thank you" when the beef gravy came by, "No, thank you" when the coffee made its entree. By this time it was quite apparent to the seven passengers who were to be his table company for the trip that here was a lad who was a bit unusual, to say the least. And that was precisely the reaction he had expected.

But as the rickety old ship neared the American side of the Atlantic, some of Louis' tablemates began to ask questions about his peculiar ideas on what food was fit to eat and on religion in general. What surprised him was the fact that in spite of his self-consciousness, they did not think he was especially odd. They seemed rather to admire a young man who had what it takes to be different. Then he surprised even himself by telling them—the schoolteacher from western Canada, the newspaperman from New Jersey, the coed from Ohio, and the others—why he was a Christian and why he was a Seventh-day Adventist. They took it all in and thanked him for it.

Let's face it—Seventh-day Adventists are different from other people. But after all, is that not as it should be? For sixty centuries the people who have really amounted to something and have made a genuine contribution to the world have been different. There are, of course, the traditional examples—Elijah, who thought he was the only one out of a whole nation who walked the narrow way; and Daniel and the courageous threesome, who immortalized themselves by their determined refusal to comply with a government directive.

The whole Protestant world today is grateful to Martin Luther and the dynamite-loaded document he hammered against a door of the castle church in

Wittenberg 436 years ago. Except for that willingness to be different from the entire organized church, Luther would probably have lived and died in nameless obscurity, just another ordinary scholar-teacher in a religious university. And the time that was ripe for the Protestant Reformation would have been without its greatest leader.

To this group of intrepid individualists more recent history has added the names of men and women like Capt. Joseph Bates, a hard-living man of the sea who one day came to the conclusion that he ought to revise his ways. So he promptly began a program of reform (and just as promptly became a target of shipboard ridicule). Shortly thereafter the cigars and the plug, the jug and the bottle, and the curses and the oaths were crossed off his schedule. Besides this, he undertook to persuade his men to experiment with this new and decidedly different way of life on the sea in the early nineteenth century.

Then too, there was sixteen-year-old Ellen Harmon. One Sunday she, along with her mother and father and four brothers and sisters, was excommunicated from the little Methodist church in the town of Gorham, Maine. The reason—they were different. About the same time a Vermont farmer named William Miller, a former Army captain, was preaching



A. Devaney

The Average Person Forms His Opinion of Seventh-

*This is the responsibility of being different. This is*

# The Challenge

vigorously in the colorful towns of New England. He was quite generally considered a visionary or a rank fanatic by most other ministers.

All of which proves just one thing: though there is no particular virtue in being different just for the publicity it brings, everyone who has risen above the undistinguished level of mediocre, humdrum living has had the backbone it takes to be different when there is a reason.

It was nineteen hundred years ago that an exfisherman from Galilee wrote a letter to his Christian friends, a letter that said, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." This is it—the privilege and opportunity that belong alone to people who are enthusi-

astically consecrated to God. This is the challenge of royalty. This is the responsibility of being different.

Now this word *peculiar* has somewhere during the last three hundred years acquired the reputation of meaning something or somebody slightly queer, a little left of center. But—if you will pardon a ten-second lesson in Greek at this point—when Peter was talking, the word he used meant to take something and draw a circle around, thus indicating ownership, or in other words "hands off." What he said was, "You are God's special people, His own private property, more than anybody else in the world."

The challenge of royalty is a challenge to distinctive Christianity—a Christianity that is different because it is dynamic, that is peculiar because it is powerful.

We are different.





entists by Acquaintance With Just One Individual

people were interested in a kind of Christianity that is practical in the present tense. They were not much interested in that variety of religion that has an abundance of forms with an absence of power, but they were certainly attracted by a religion that made a man dare to be different.

Once when he was traveling by bus, for instance, he decided to get out his Bible and read for a little while. At first some of the other people on the bus thought it rather unusual, but in a few minutes they became accustomed to the idea. Then a woman who was traveling with her three-year-old daughter invited conversation. "I used to go to church," she said, "but I haven't been for five years. Could you tell me how to read the Bible so I could understand it?"

Louis was far from an expert in the subject himself, but he offered some suggestions and gave her a fifteen-cent copy of *Steps to Christ*. He still likes to tell about the thrill of that experience.

An automobile company's best advertisement is a brand-new car in perfect condition. And God's best advertisement is an enthusiastic young Christian who is proud to be a son of God, even if it does mean that his royal heritage may be frequently conspicuous.

You know, even if God's people are found around the world in a thousand and

especially important. The point is that there seems to be a rather noticeable difference between hundred-per-cent loyalty to Christian standards that characterized this church a hundred years ago and the present tendency to take after the rest of the world in what we eat and how we dress and what we do on Saturday nights.

Now, if there is one thing that young Seventh-day Adventists do not want—and for that matter do not particularly need—it is a lecture on the alleged evils of movies and make-up and meat. Consequently, you will not be subjected to one now. But if there is one thing we do need, it is the electrifying experience of letting our royalty show—on the ball field, in geometry class, at a week-end entertainment, as well as in a Missionary Volunteer meeting.

It is not easy to be different. It never has been. It was not easy for Elijah. He was solid as the Rock of Gibraltar in an ocean of skepticism, but his words were generally ignored or taken as a big joke. The end of the story—his trip to heaven in a flaming chariot—is well known as the reward for his loyalty.

There might have been plenty of trouble for Daniel and his friends when they said, "No, thank you" to Nebuchadnezzar's head waiter. In the first place, it was extremely discourteous to refuse the king's hospitality. In the second place, it might have ended in their dismissal from the university of Babylon or in a stiff prison sentence for contempt of the throne. But the four young Jews did not rationalize the way we often do; they just said, "No, thank you," and that settled it. They were well repaid.

John the Baptist, Paul, Wycliffe, Huss, Jerome, Luther—and on into the last generation of world history comes the line of men and women who found it difficult to be different from the general public but remained loyal just the same. How did they do it? Their loyalty to principle, their loyalty to standards, their willingness to be peculiar if necessary—all were based on an intense personal loyalty to Jesus Christ.

It is not likely, of course, that in the immediate future Seventh-day Adventists are going to be burned at the stake just because they are different. But when everyone else in the car wants to stop for a hamburger, or when everyone else in the house wants to gaze at a new musical show on television, or when everyone else in the crowd is wearing a display of costume jewelry—to be different then takes the same kind of grit the Reformers had, and almost as much of it.

Though it is obviously easier said than lived, to possess a distinctly above-average religion is not at all impossible. Besides, you can have a good time doing it. It is a great experience to let your royalty show, and then see the crowd doff their hats in admiration of a person who dares to be different.

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# of ROYALTY

By FRITZ GUY



We are different because of what we wear, because of what we eat, because of what we do for recreation, because of the day we go to church. But most of all, we are different because we have a vital, enthusiastic religion that is put into practice.

Right now is the time to let our royalty show. There was never any greater opportunity or any greater responsibility facing youth than there is before Seventh-day Adventist young men and women who are now looking squarely into the new year 1953.

Our friend Louis found out that wherever he went in his wanderings around the country, by bus, by train, or by boat,

one different environments, an average person will ordinarily form his opinion of them by his acquaintance with just *one individual*. If that individual is like everyone else in the world, it will take a tremendous amount of above-average living to make up for his poor showing of the distinctive, God-given message for this generation. Every Seventh-day Adventist is a salesman, and the way he lives his religion is God's most effective advertising.

"Another hundred years," a minister predicted a few days ago, "and Seventh-day Adventists will be just like all other Protestants." Whether he was right is not



# From Buddhism to CHRISTIANITY

By ISAO HORINOUCHI

**L**ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear my voice ascending high; to Thee will I direct my prayer, to Thee lift up mine eye."

These were the words that were sung each morning during the chapel exercises at Hawaiian Mission Academy. When I first heard this chorus I felt a strange feeling within me, for it was the first time I had attended a Christian school.

Previously I had gone to public school not far away. When I was in the eighth grade I decided that I wanted to go to a different school the following year, where I could get better training. The first school to which I sent my application was an Episcopal institution. After a few weeks I received word that I was not accepted. I was very disappointed. Then one of my friends asked me whether I wanted to attend a really different school some miles away. Before letting our parents know that we were going, we went to Hawaiian Mission Academy, and filled out the applications. We were inwardly happy, for our applications were soon accepted.

When the school session began, I

noticed the teachers and students were different from my friend and me. I felt rather queer, because they acted altogether different from those in other schools. However, they were friendly and did not speak harshly to us about our actions.

Since I was not a Christian, I had but a limited knowledge of the Bible. My first introduction to it was through the Old Testament history class. The instructor, Pastor J. D. Marshall, was a friendly person. When I first saw him I knew that I would like him as my teacher. Day by day as I sat in class, learning of the creation, the entrance of sin, and the plan of salvation, the Bible became more and more interesting and fascinating.

As I began to associate with Christian students many questions began to arise in my mind. "Why do they go to church on Saturday rather than Sunday? Why don't they eat pork, shrimp, and other kinds of meat? What's wrong with motion pictures?" These questions soon began to clear up as I studied deeper into my Bible lessons.

During the chapel exercises spiritual

programs were brought to us by the faculty members and visiting speakers. Little did I realize that the things spoken in my classes and in the chapel services were becoming a part of my life.

The prayers that were offered impressed me very much. I recall in the Bible class that the instructor taught us *how* to pray and *why* we should pray. He told us to try praying to God at home when there was no one around. So, I remember one evening at home when everyone was sleeping, I slipped out into the yard and knelt in prayer. Though the prayer I offered was simple, I asked that God would help me to see more light in the Bible. I felt as though He heard my prayer.

The prayer bands that were organized by the school were a great influence toward my becoming a Christian. I still remember the time when our prayer band met in the principal's office, where we were asked to pray. I was very hesitant because of my timidity. But after attending the prayer bands a few times I was able to pray in public.

I was invited many times by my friends to attend church services, and I went quite regularly, except now and then when I had to stay at home to help mother.

At the close of the spring Week of Prayer a call was made for those who wanted to accept Jesus as their personal Saviour to make this known. Although I had just learned about the love of God and the sacrifice of Jesus, I felt I knew enough and that I wanted to become a Christian.

After publicly accepting Jesus as my personal Saviour, I went home with a happy heart to ask permission from my parents to be baptized as a Christian. But to my disappointment, I was rebuked by them for taking such a stand. They were Buddhists. My parents told me that I was sent to school to study and not to be indoctrinated with religion. Since I was still new in the Advent truth, and my parents were definitely opposed to my decision, I felt that I should not go against their will. Therefore, I was not baptized that year.

When school drew to a close, so did my attendance at church services on Saturday, for I had to help father and mother at home during the summer vacation. I felt sad about this, because I missed my many Christian friends.

When I was sent back to school in the fall of the following year, it was with the understanding that I would not take any interest in religion. However, the class I was required to take in New Testament history renewed my interest in the Bible.

During that year I became a member of a prayer band other than the regular one, without my parents knowing about it. I met almost every day with three other students, who were baptized members. They understood my problem, and prayed for me that I might have enough courage to take my stand. Through this prayer band and Bible studies the foundation

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My Parents Were Buddhists, and I Wished to Become a Christian. There Is a World of Difference Between These Two Religions



**W**HAT do you have, Dad? What do you have behind your back?" I squealed with delight, because I knew that whenever dad came home with his hands behind his back, those hands usually held a surprise.

With pigtales flying I ran up to him as he held out to me four of the softest little creatures I had ever seen. There cuddled up in his two large hands were furry new rabbits, so young that they still had their eyes closed.

"I plowed up their nest out in the field when I was making that last furrow," dad explained. "I didn't see the mother anywhere, but she wouldn't come back to them now anyway. Why don't you see what you can do about raising them?" he grinned.

"Aw, Sis won't be able to raise them; they're too young," cautioned my brother Rich.

"Sure, I've heard people say that too," agreed another.

"Well, I'm going to try anyway," I said. "They really are cute little things, and they'd die if we left them out in the field. Rich, will you go down to the drug-store and get a medicine dropper, please?"

"Sure, Sis, and good luck in playing nursemaid," he teased.

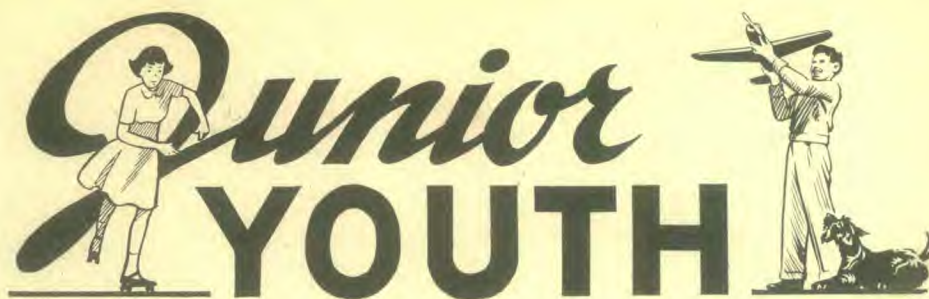
That night after I had poked the medicine dropper between the teeth of those stubborn little rabbits almost a hundred times (or so it seemed to me, because they just would not open their mouths willingly), I set them carefully in a quart basket filled with cotton. After placing the basket on a chair beside my bed I went to sleep, waking up several times during the night to see how the rabbits were faring.

Early the next morning out came the medicine dropper, and in went the milk, although a good share of it dripped out of the rabbits' mouths. That day those furry little pets either became very hungry or they began to relish the milk, for they learned to open their mouths as soon as I picked them up and got the medicine dropper.

In a few days they were too large for the basket, so I made a tiny wooden cage with wire screening in the front. I would sit by the hour and watch the tiny animals nibble on the lettuce or celery we gave them. It was a special treat to watch them lap up their milk from their saucer just as our kittens did.

By the end of two weeks two of the rabbits had died. But the other two were becoming sleek and glossy and very tame. I can still remember kneeling down on the kitchen floor, with my head under the table or chair, wherever the rabbits happened to be at the time, so that I could hold out a piece of lettuce and call, "Bunny, bunny, bunny."

Day by day the pets came closer and closer, until finally they lost all fear of us and would eat from our hands while they stood on their hind feet and held out



*He would stand up on his hind*

*legs and wiggle his ears every time*

*we called*

## "BUNNY, BUNNY!"

By EDNA MAE CHRISTOPH

their paws like squirrels. All the while their long ears wiggled and their eyes looked straight at us.

About this time my brother and I took my two pets to the homes of the neighbors, where the rabbits would stand and beg as they did at home. These neighbors



agreed that the antics of our rabbits were better than a circus!

How sad I was when one of the pets died about two weeks later, and how I hoped that the one I had left would live. We had such interesting times with him at home, for we never put him in his cage any more but let him run around in the house. He and our kitten were special friends and would chase each other all over the house. When the rabbit would get into the kitchen we could hear a click, clack, click of his toenails on the linoleum. He would race around from one side to the other, with the cat right behind, careening around the corners and hardly missing sliding into the walls.

One year at Christmastime our ever-

green tree stood in the usual corner of the living room. The rabbit hardly stirred from that corner of the living room; it seemed that a bit of his native greenery had been brought to him, and he was afraid he would lose it if he moved. About three days after Christmas we noticed that he was standing on his hind feet beneath the tree calmly chewing off the needles. When there were no more he could reach from the floor he climbed up a branch or two and ate some more. What a sad little rabbit he was when we took the tree down in January. He paced back and forth from the corner where the tree had stood to the door. He could not figure out what had happened to his tree.

All that summer we enjoyed our rabbit. He was getting larger and more healthy looking every day. The white markings on his forehead and stomach were especially beautiful. Then one day someone left the screen door ajar, and out ventured our pet. He did not come back that day or the next or the next. But as we would walk down through the field we might see a rabbit with white markings. As we called, "Bunny, bunny, bunny," he would stand on his hind feet in the old familiar posture and wiggle his ears. We were sure that he was our pet. But when I left for college some time later, our rabbit still had not returned to the house.

One November day dad was in the field, and as he called to a rabbit the animal came closer and closer. Dad was sure he had found our pet. Nearer and nearer came the rabbit, till dad caught him and brought him back home. Soon he was



## Bible Characters

By PHYLLIS M. HETTERLE

Name the following Bible characters, then rearrange the initials to spell the most famous sermon ever preached.

1. Prophet who rebuked King David.
2. Bible queen.
3. Moses' sister.
4. A spiritual son of Paul.
5. First ironsmith.
6. The runaway slave.
7. Samuel's mother.
8. Husband of Bathsheba.
9. A Pharisee who went to Jesus by night.
10. Mother of Joseph and Benjamin.
11. Prophet who ascended in a chariot of fire.
12. Son of Ruth and Boaz.
13. Levite, porter in the temple.
14. Boy who was brought up by a priest.
15. Prophet who suffered because of an unfaithful wife.
16. Author of the second Gospel.
17. Mother of John the Baptist.
18. The doubting disciple.
19. The Syrian whose leprosy Elisha healed.

## Good Neighbor

By DOROTHY WALTER

I'm quite a showy-looking fellow,  
With vest of black and breast of yellow;  
A buff line runs from beak to crown;  
My wings are streaked in black and brown.

My tail has feathers snowy white,  
Which only show when I'm in flight.  
My food is harmful bug and insect;  
The farmers' crops I help protect.

My nest is built upon the ground  
With dome of grass-blades woven round,  
And often from the nest there leads  
A long grass tunnel through the weeds.

From ground or bush or fence I sing,  
Or soaring smoothly on the wing;  
Throughout the summer all day long  
From meadowland you'll hear my song.

## Guess What Book

By MAY CARR HANLEY

1. I am in the Old Testament and contain half as many chapters as the first book.
2. I tell the story of a prophet who performed many miracles.
3. He was the successor of Elijah.
4. I tell how a chariot and horses of fire took Elijah to heaven.
5. My name makes you think of rulers.

WHAT BOOK AM I?

Keys on page 23

racing around with the cat, drinking his milk, and doing all the other familiar things.

Dad brought home some large California grapes one night and jokingly offered one to the rabbit, who immediately begged for more. He had found his favorite food! But can you guess when he wanted to eat? Every morning about three o'clock mother and dad would hear a scratching on their bedroom door. This scratching would continue until one of them got out of bed and fed the grapes to our pet. Finally dad decided to buy a bag of grapes every week just for the rabbit to eat.

That winter the rabbit disappeared for several days, and mother hunted all over the house for him. One day she heard a peculiar scratching behind the radio phonograph. Looking behind it, she found a frightened little rabbit with a patch of fur burned off his back. He had been hiding behind the tubes in the radio!

Dad never wrote to me that he had caught the rabbit again, because he wanted to surprise me when I came home for the Christmas holidays. Just two days before I got home, though, as he was standing by the open front door looking out into the night, a furry streak shot between his legs and out into the snow. Dad guessed what it was immediately, and ran off over the road and through the drifts trying to catch that mischievous bundle of fur, but no

pet could he find. And through the days afterward, even though we saw him and called to him, "Bunny, bunny, bunny," we had no more satisfaction than to see him stand on his hind legs and wiggle his ears.

## From Buddhism to Christianity

From page 16

was laid that prepared me to take my stand. As a result of the earnest, sincere prayers of my many friends, I finally gave my heart to God and determined to obey Him regardless of any opposition that might confront me.

I went home earlier than usual that Friday, to help my mother. I thought that this might help me get the Sabbath day free from work. I did not want to tell my parents about joining the church, for fear that I would be punished. Therefore, I asked the minister and his interpreter to go with me so that my parents would be able to understand my decision more clearly. We had a short word of prayer, and asked God to help us.

When I brought my friends home with me my parents were very much surprised to hear about my decision, because of the promise that I made to them at the beginning of the school year. After talking over the matter for a few hours, my

parents finally decided that they would give me a chance to see what Christianity would be like, because they saw that I was really earnest in my decision.

The next day was Friday. As I came home from school that day my father's attitude toward me was changed. He was indignant about the whole matter. He spoke harshly to me and tried to make me think that I had made the wrong decision. Finally, when I said that I would rather believe God than men, my father beat me, thinking that would surely persuade me to give up this new religion. He did not realize the power of the love of Christ, and that I could not change. I was told to go to my room, and there I wept much of the night in supplication to God.

The next morning was Sabbath. When I awakened, I was warned by my mother not to go to church, because father would not like the idea. But because father was at work, I went to church in spite of mother's advice.

There I met the minister and the other friend. I told them what had happened the day before, and of my father's reaction. They were much surprised, and together we went to ask counsel of the Week of Prayer speaker. I had no desire to return home for fear of what might happen. But after praying over the matter again, we went over to my home that night, only to meet greater opposition than before.

At one end of a big table we four sat together; on the other side my father and mother with my brother were against us. Father was furious, and I was afraid that he would use force. With a look that would frighten anyone, my father yelled, "Are you trying to take my son away from my religion, Buddhism? No! No! No! I will not let my son become a Christian!"

After talking for more than four hours the minister and the two other persons that were with us saw no use in continuing the discussion further. The only thing for us to do was to leave. With tears running down my cheeks I arose and told my father, "If that is the way you feel about the whole matter, I'm willing to leave home and do what I think is right in God's sight."

As soon as I finished saying that, my mother burst into tears and pleaded with me not to do it. She turned toward father and said, "Father, give him a chance. He is earnest about the matter, and furthermore our other son will soon be drafted into the army!"

There was a pause, and except for my sobbing there was silence. Then father too bowed his head and wept because of the pleading of mother. He finally said that he would allow me to become a Christian, but he could not treat me as he would my other brothers. Then with a shake of hands and an exchange of smiles, the minister and my other friends went out to the car. There for the first time we knew that God had answered our prayers,



and in tears we praised Him for the victory.

It was hard at first for my father to understand the stand I had taken for Jesus. For a whole year he was perturbed over the matter. But as I worked with him I was able to tell him of the plan of salvation and about our belief in God. Finally he was less troubled by my stand.

By the time I graduated from the academy his reaction toward Christianity was altogether different. I was able to teach him more and more. I now realize more fully that God did answer my prayers and that He is directing me in the work He has for me to do.

## The Remnants of True Religion

From page 11

them to our people." I learned later that in some areas after certain feasts the big men of the tribes would stand up and exhort the people to keep these six laws relating to human relationships, even the law "Thou shalt not covet," translated, "You must not desire something another man has." Such things as stealing and killing are forbidden except in declared tribal war, murder being outlawed and always avenged by the guilty man's own tribe. A man who steals often has a finger chopped off with a stone ax for punishment. "Thou shalt not commit adultery" is an ancient law, and a woman guilty of it may be tied to a tree and her nose sawed off with a piece of sharp bamboo to disfigure her face, making her unattractive to further evil designers. Thus numerous mutilated, noseless women may be seen in the area.

The problem of God's judgment of primitive people not reached by Christianity dissolved before these facts. How can a people be judged by God's law when they have not heard the gospel? "But I say, Have they not heard? Yes verily,

### You May Not Believe It

but the pastor of a Protestant church recently resigned because his church board and congregation voted to accept a two-thousand-dollar gift from a club holding a liquor license despite his plea to refuse it. "There is nothing in our church law," the clergyman said, "which forbids acceptance of such a gift, but there is an unwritten law about such things." If every clergyman would follow the example of this good pastor, the church would soon put all liquor dealers out of business.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG.

their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." Contact with primitive peoples has convinced me that every man has a conscience and lives according to it either rightly or wrongly. Good citizens and bad citizens, recognized in their group as such, are to be found in all communities. Some spend much of their time caring for the sick, running errands of mercy, doing favors for people; and others are constant lawbreakers. The former will someday ask of Jesus, "When saw we thee an hungred, . . . or thirsty, . . . a stranger, . . . or . . . sick?" His answer will be: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

It appears that all inland tribes have some form of worship. In most areas the worship is conducted in groves that have been planted for this purpose. In Genesis 21:33 we read of Abraham planting a grove, and there calling upon the name of the Lord. Throughout the Hagen and Wabag areas the people worship in such

groves. Once when on patrol the other side of Wabag, on the edge of uncontrolled territory, I decided to take a short cut home. We had proceeded a little way when the headmen of the ruling tribe stopped us, saying we were about to enter sacred grounds, so we had to retrace our steps to the main track. Should we have forced our way through the area of planted forest, we would have lost the respect and confidence of the people.

Near Kumul the natives have a kind of music played on bamboo, which they claim is made by the spirits. The men fully understand that this is not so, but they wish to frighten the women with the noise. So they have a law that the women must not see them playing, on pain of death. Some native missionaries of another organization decided to break this custom, so they brought a party of women along to see them in action. Immediately the whole area turned away from this mission and expelled the teachers, because they had broken one of their taboos. Rather than ridicule and trample upon such customs, we may replace them with Christian worship.

The story of the Flood is widely known in New Guinea. The people of Kainantu believe that originally the world was covered with water, so much so that some years ago when teachers of another organization spread the story that there was going to be another flood, which would cover the seven-day mission and them, the people believed it. They quickly spread from their homes and took refuge in the hills, because they said they knew that in the days gone by the world had been covered with water, and only a few people were saved.

The natives of Wabag have Bible history and prophecy reversed. They say that once the world was destroyed by fire and later will be overwhelmed by a flood.

Even the rainbow, instead of being a symbol of God's promise that He would not flood the earth again, is to the Wabagas a symbol of the devil. They believe it to be

## Turkey Tom, No. 12 - By Harry Baerg

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1. A turkey with a broken wing must be very careful if he wishes to live. Turkey Tom was more watchful than ever, because he could not fly. He moved to a ridge where big oaks grew.



2. Here he found another fallen tree that suited him well. He would walk up the trunk out over the water when evening came, so that he would be in a safe place to sleep during the night.



3. Near the top he would jump into the dense branches of a nearby tree that stood in the water. In the morning he would jump back to the sloping tree and walk to his feeding grounds.



4. In this way he lived through most of the winter. Before spring came his wing was healed again, and he was able to thud, strut, and gobble in the warm sunshine just as well as ever.



the spirit of a snake, and only when this giant serpent becomes thirsty does he make himself visible to the world. He bends his many-colored body beneath the clouds and drinks until his thirst is quenched, then disappears again into the world above. One Sabbath morning I explained to the people that the rainbow was a guarantee that the Flood would not be repeated. Early in the afternoon a huge rainbow arched the heavens. The people came excitedly to say, "Masa, the story you told us is true. God has sent the rainbow to confirm your words."

Some years ago, when I was in high school, I remember reading how some tribes in India observed a seven-day week and had not lost count of the days through the centuries. I wondered how universal such reckoning was, as a witness to the Bible record of origins. So I was somewhat excited when Missionary L. N. Hawkes, from the Papuan coast of New Guinea, told me of natives there who, prior to the advent of any white man, were refraining from work and following certain cere-

monies one day in seven, which day corresponded exactly with our Saturday. Sundaykeeping missionaries first visited these people, telling them that Jesus had changed the rest day to Sunday. When, however, Seventh-day Adventists began work in the area many of the people recognized it as the true mission because of its Saturdaykeeping.

A seven-day week was found to be still in existence among the Wabag people. They have separate names for the days exactly one week into the future, thus: *Incup, Tait, Duma, Dumalya, Dumakon, Abarailya, Obarailya*, translated, "Today, tomorrow, next day, fourth day, etc." Any longer period than seven days is referred to as a second *Tait, Duma*, etc. They also count back seven days, each with a separate name: *Indup, Kuak, Alemp, Alembugon, Alembol, Abugon, Obugon*, seven and no more. Thus, although the fixed cycle has been lost, time is still being reckoned by the ancient week. Wonderful proof, this, that the seven-day week has not been invented by a group of men, but

that the Bible account of its origin has a great deal in its favor. It was easy for the people to remember which day to come to the mission for Sabbath worship.

When Noah came out of the ark, the first thing he did was to build an altar and offer a sacrifice. He was looking forward to the sacrifice of Christ. These people continue to make such sacrifices, for they have not heard of the sacrifice of Jesus. Far removed were they from Palestine when the Saviour died, and this story never reached them. So they continue to offer animals for their sins, believing that blood has atoning power. It is sprinkled about their houses to cleanse them and to gain favor with ancestral spirits. Pigs are killed during sickness, believing the life of the animals will be accepted for their own.

The missionary's privilege is to tell the people that although animal sacrifices are of Bible origin, they are now unnecessary, because the true sacrifice has been made, Jesus' death making the offering of animals of no effect. The pig has been used by the devil in all heathen countries as a substitute for the lamb. I assure the people that their salvation is sure through the Lamb of God.

This Jesus while on earth was born to neither the generations of Japheth nor the people of Ham, but to the race of Shem, a people of olive complexion, in between us two. He is not alone the white man's God.

The Scripture reads: "And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the *desolations of many generations*." "And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The *repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in*." And so the work we are called to do is not exactly to bring a new religion to these people but to restore the ancient faith and to show them how the religion of their grandfather Noah, their father Ham, has been trampled underfoot through the centuries. We can with confidence exhort our cousins to return to the religion of their fathers.



Conducted by  
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

### *Newcomers and Oldtimers*

**A**LITTLE talk about people and the stamps that make fun for them is never out of order. Everyone who becomes a stamp collector does so for some reason. One may want to collect because he thinks there is money in it. Another just wants something new to try. There are yet more people who have been encouraged by a friend or given a start by an already enthusiastic philatelist. A few collect simply because they have heard or read that collecting is a remedy for boredom and loneliness. There is record of some who collect stamps from the first one they ever saw because they think they are pretty or fascinating.

Whatever your reason, whether you are beginning now or started a long time ago, there is a satisfaction and recreation in a stamp collection that juniors and seniors may appreciate to the full. To enjoy philately, you do not need to collect just as someone else does. However, there are a few general principles that we know are basic in making a stamp collection.

First, there must be order. Contrast any batch of old envelopes with a neat file of covers. There must be some arrangement before the items may be fully appreciated.

Next, look for a source of supply. Yours may be at a stamp club, by correspondence, even from wastebasket gleanings, or from nonphilatelic friends. Where there is a source of supply there is also need for an outlet, a trading or exchanging of surplus and duplicates. This all makes for the fun of philately. One other basic item that makes the hobby more enjoyable is reading on the subject. Stamp journals available by subscription and books on stamps at the library are the best sources from which to glean more knowledge.

Beyond these basic principles there is unending opportunity to collect the way we wish to, yet still have something attractive to exhibit.

To all of us sometime there comes the problem of what to collect. There are so many new stamps being issued that it seems the old ones are either scarce, expensive, or unobtainable. To enjoy a stamp collection one does not need to collect *all* the stamps. It is not even possible. What is possible to collect is a special kind of stamp from certain groups of countries or from one country. Then some collectors choose to collect stamps according to subject matter.

Perhaps the nicest way these days when so many new issues are coming from every country is to collect only what comes your way through the mails, by trading, or in what is available from time to time at the various philatelic agencies (if you prefer unused stamps).

Whether the stamps are old or new, traded or purchased, many or few, pretty or ugly; whether you are young or old, shut-in or not, beginner or advanced, the Stamp Corner welcomes you to a more enjoyable time collecting stamps than you have ever had before.

### *Left to Perish*

*From page 8*

the very elect. Carefully he is reading each life and intensifying his storms of temptation upon every point of known weakness in our characters. Each one of us may be sure that as we make our way over the waves of life we will be the special objects of his fury, and our faith will be ever more severely tried. We have a very real individual need of help, and we will be well advised to call upon the Lord most earnestly to save us out of our peril.

It was Christ's faith, made strong by prayer, that enabled Him to walk the



stormy sea so successfully. It was the *hours* on the mountain, where He sent His cry ringing out to His Father in heaven, that kept Him in His hour of temptation.

We are not lost, we are not unwanted or forsaken, for Christ has given us this wonderful assurance: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He is as near to us today as He was to the apostle Peter that day on storm-tossed Galilee. He is listening for our cry, and His hand is ready to save.

## The Challenge of Royalty

From page 15

There is a simple way to do it. First, there has to be a complete, intelligent surrender to Jesus Christ. Then there has to be an appropriation of His power to act. This means that you simply have to get out and go to it. It takes plenty of backbone and hard work, but it is worth it. If you are inclined to be skeptical, ask anyone who has tried it.

Probably the best way to figure out just what ought to be done in any situation is to use an idea that has already worked for thousands of successful Christians. It is the simple question, "What would Jesus do?" Unspectacular, unoriginal—but it works, and that is what counts.

Brief hours ago we began the fifty-third year of the twentieth century, a year that will probably find the world moving surprisingly nearer history's grand finale. It will be a year when Seventh-day Adventists will see God doing amazing things in order to finish His work in *this* generation. Individuals too—ordinary people like you and me—are going to find this new year a year of dynamic personal loyalty to Jesus Christ.

If you want to have a new and sparkling experience, if you want to take advantage of the tremendous heritage that is yours as a Christian, and especially as a Seventh-day Adventist—then dare to be different, let the crowd go by, and let your royalty show in 1953.

## Among Guatemalan Indians

From page 9

were paying exactly five dollars a month.

These self-sacrificing young people are doing their utmost to bring the message of salvation to these Indians. They are faithful and uncomplaining. They are doing what they can to help Señor Tahay in the school. The Indian school, held in an old pension house, has six primary grades, with an enrollment of sixty-three pupils, and is called the Central Cultural School for the Indigenous. When the Indians finish these six primary grades they are ready to become teachers of outschools.

During the three years this school has been in operation, 250 Indians have been won to Jesus Christ and been baptized. Four outschools are now being conducted.

## I Will Honor Them

From page 12

Friday and the special ones incident to the alert. After lunch he went to see the top sergeant, as was usual on that day, asking for his pass. The sergeant looked at him and said, "You know better than to present this request today. Nobody is going to get out of here. Nobody." And he started to turn aside.

"May I have permission to see the major?" Cecil heard himself saying, hardly knowing why.

"Certainly," replied the sergeant, "but it will do you no good. You better be con-

tent to stay on base this Saturday and save yourself and others trouble."

Cecil called the major and arranged for an immediate appointment. He saluted smartly as he was ushered to the major's desk. "And what can I do for you?" calmly asked the major.

"It is about my weekly pass, sir," returned Cecil.

"You know we are not granting passes, don't you?" said the major.

"I know what the regulations are," admitted Cecil, "but my request is not something special; it is weekly. And besides, this is a Week of Prayer for my church, and I do so want to spend this Sabbath at church." Cecil spoke earnestly, and the major seemed to sense that this was not an ordinary request for a lark.

"I cannot even grant passes myself," said the major. "But hand me your slip. I will take it to the colonel."

Taking the slip from Cecil, he dis-



## NATURE TRAILS

### White-footed Mouse

**L**IFE is short for white-footed mice. They are old at the age of three, and they hardly ever live to be more than five. To survive that long, they must stay out of the clutches of their enemies.

Some of them are lucky and avoid capture, but untold numbers are seized and eaten by hawks, owls, skunks, weasels, minks, foxes, and snakes.

Despite this toll, white-footed mice are plentiful in nearly all parts of the United States. Sometimes they live in buildings, but they get along just as well in fields and woodlands. In all kinds of weather, summer and winter, they make the best of what they have.

On grassy plains they burrow in the ground. In forests they may dig their shelters under rocks, stumps, or logs, or they may live in the hollows of trees. Because they are good at climbing, they sometimes go high above the ground to find tree holes or old bird nests in which to make their homes.

In the spot they choose, the parents carefully build a nest of plant materials. In it they raise several litters of young each year. There are from three to seven babies in a litter.

At birth a white-footed mouse is tiny, blind, and helpless. It is only an inch and a half long and depends on its mother

for food. But it grows rapidly and soon is on its own. In less than three weeks it has its eyes open and no longer needs milk.

By the time it is two months old the white-footed mouse is fully grown. It is seven and a half inches long, including a tail that measures three and a half inches. Its body is plump, and, for a small creature, it has large ears and eyes and a long head.

True to its name, this mouse has white feet. The underside of its body is white too. Its head, back, and sides may be either fawn, brown, or gray.

Because it is so dull in color, the little animal does not attract much attention as it scurries around looking for food. It feasts on many kinds of seeds and nuts, and it also likes snails and insects. Besides the meals that it eats every day, it collects supplies and stores them away. In its cheek pouches it carries grain and bits of nuts to the hiding place where it saves food for the winter.

Like their gray cousins, white-footed mice are usually looked upon as pests. They eat valuable grain, and sometimes they damage houses and barns. By eating insects, though, they make up for part of the trouble they cause.—National Wildlife Federation.



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White-Footed Mouse



appeared into the colonel's office. Cecil prayed with bowed head. In about five minutes the major reappeared, laid it down on the desk, turned it so Cecil could read it, and pointed with his finger to the colonel's signature.

Cecil could have shouted for joy, but he controlled himself, said, "Thank you very much, sir," saluted, and walked out.

He lifted his heart to God in thanksgiving as he hurried along. But a new sense of urgency took hold of him as he glanced at his watch. It was less than an hour until sunset, and he must be in his accustomed chair for sundown worship in the home of a certain mission family. He broke into a run as he neared the gate, just outside of which was the station where he took the train for the mission compound. He did not know just why he was running, but something told him to. He made the last two hundred yards in double-quick time. He slowed as he came to the door of the gate house.

"Whither so fast, sergeant?" asked the military policeman. "Don't you know you can't get out of here today?" Cecil laid the slip in his hand, pointing to the colonel's signature and the date. The military policeman's jaw dropped.

"Sa-a-a-y, how do you do it?" But Cecil did not answer. He shoved the slip into his pocket and made a dash for the train that was just pulling into the station. He managed to get on just as the doors were closing.

He usually took this train to a station about thirty minutes' ride down the line. There he would change to a train that took him to another station just five minutes' walk from the mission compound. As he glanced at his watch again he realized that this time he was going to be late. The trains just did not run fast enough to get him there on time.

About five stations before the junction was one that opened on a highway going directly to the mission compound. Often when he had time and when the weather was pleasant he would get off at this point and try to get a ride on the highway to

the mission. He considered doing this today, because it might be faster, but on second thought he considered that since there was an alert at his base, the traffic would be too light to make the idea practicable. So he dismissed the thought completely, thanking God that he could be free for the Sabbath even if he could not arrive at his destination by sunset.

The train arrived at the station where he sometimes got off. The doors opened for passengers to alight. Several persons slipped by Cecil, but he did not move. Just as the doors were starting to close something said to him, "Get off!" Without a second thought he got off, still wondering why.

He strode along the platform and out to the street. Just then a jeep came along, and without even waiting to be hailed, stopped.

"Where are you going?" called the driver. When Cecil told him the driver said, "Get in," and with a burst of speed they were off. Cecil had to hang onto the sides of the jeep for dear life as it raced along the crooked road. Fifteen minutes later they arrived at the corner where Cecil wanted to get off. The driver nodded in response to Cecil's hearty thank-you, and the jeep was off again.

Quickly Cecil turned down the narrow street toward "home." He entered the hallway at the house without knocking, threw off his overcoat and cap, and stepped to the living-room door. As he opened it the woman of the house was seated at the piano, turning the pages of the Hymnal to find the song that had just been announced by her husband. As Cecil sat down in his accustomed chair he glanced at his watch. It was just sunset!

Cecil realized as worship progressed that God had been better to him than he had asked. Why did he run to catch the train in the first place? Why had he stepped off when his better judgment told him it was better to stay on? Why had the jeep come along just when it had? As he pondered these things the thought pressed in upon him that his journey this

day had been planned for him by Someone higher. If the colonel had taken just a few more seconds to sign the slip, or if he had been just a few seconds later at several points in the journey, he could not have arrived by sunset.

As Sgt. Cecil Geary recounted these experiences many times during the Sabbath hours, he never failed to give God the glory for His leading that day.



## Senior Youth Lesson

### III—Searching the Scriptures

(January 17)

MEMORY VERSE: 2 Timothy 2:15.

LESSON HELPS: W. E. READ, *The Bible, the Spirit of Prophecy, and the Church*, chap. 3; *Education*, pp. 185-192.

#### Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey entire lesson; memorize 2 Tim. 2:15.
2. Ques. 1-3, and notes.
3. Ques. 4-6, and notes; read *The Bible, the Spirit of Prophecy, and the Church*, first half of chap. 3.
4. Ques. 7-10, and notes.
5. Ques. 11, 12, and notes.
6. Read *The Bible, the Spirit of Prophecy, and the Church*, second half of chap. 3; also pages in *Education*.
7. Review the entire lesson.

#### The Unerring Guide

1. In what words does the psalmist declare the Scriptures to be a guide? Ps. 119:105.
2. Although the Bible is our Guidebook, who are actually doing the guiding? Ps. 32:8; John 14:6; 16:13.

NOTE.—We have the promise that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, all speaking to us through the Holy Scriptures, will guide us into the way of eternal life.

"After begetting us unto newness of life, the Scripture feeds and nourishes that newly begotten life. It brings to us the familiar voice of our Redeemer, counseling us in our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows, our struggles and triumphs. It makes Him our Companion through all the days of our pilgrimage. Its special business is with our character."—*God's Book*, p. 206.

3. How are doctrines and teachings of the church to be tested? Isa. 8:20.

NOTE.—"The Bible, then, is the supreme standard by which every moral act and every doctrine claiming to be Christian must be tested, and to which they must conform."—*Ibid*.

4. In writing to the young man Timothy, what did the apostle Paul tell him the Scriptures were able to do for Him? 2 Tim. 3:15.

NOTE.—"The Bible is the source of religious knowledge and the test of doctrine and conduct; and it is designed not only to uplift the sinner morally and spiritually, but also to secure his full and eternal salvation."—*Ibid*.

#### Duty to Study the Scriptures

5. What earnest counsel did Jesus give concerning the study of the Scriptures? John 5:39.
6. What similar counsel did the apostle Paul give? 2 Tim. 2:15.

### What Is God Waiting For?

God calls upon His people to awake to their responsibilities. A flood of light is shining from His word, and there must be a meeting of neglected obligations. When these are met, by giving to the Lord His own in tithes and offerings, the way will be opened for the world to hear the message that the Lord designs it to hear. If our people had the love of God in the heart, if every church member were imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, there would be no lack of funds for home and foreign missions; our resources would be multiplied; a thousand doors of usefulness would be opened; and we should be invited to enter. Had the purpose of God been carried out in giving the message of mercy to the world, Christ would have come, and the saints would have received their welcome into the city of God.—"Review and Herald," Dec. 24, 1903.



NOTE.—“We Protestants glory in our slogan, ‘The Bible, and the Bible only.’ But how empty are such words when we content ourselves with only a smattering of Biblical knowledge; . . . when we read so much about it, and so little in it. . . . Make the Bible supreme in study and research. The wealth of its spiritual treasures is most accessible to devout, habitual pondering.” —*Ibid.*, p. 207.

#### How to Study

##### 7. How should we study the Bible? Isa. 28:10.

NOTE.—“The most valuable teaching of the Bible is not to be gained by occasional or disconnected study. Its great system of truth is not so presented as to be discerned by the hasty or careless reader. Many of its treasures lie far beneath the surface, and can be obtained only by diligent research and continuous effort. The truths that go to make up the great whole must be searched out and gathered up, ‘here a little, and there a little.’”—*Education*, p. 123.

8. What example is given of those who earnestly studied the Scriptures? Acts 17:11.

9. In what attitude of mind should we study the Word of God? 1 Thess. 2:13.

NOTE.—“The good-ground hearer receives the word, ‘not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God.’ Only he who receives the Scriptures as the voice of God speaking to himself is a true learner. He trembles at the word; for to him it is a living reality. He opens his understanding and his heart to receive it.” —*Christ’s Object Lessons*, p. 59.

10. How will the Lord help us in our study of the Scriptures? 1 Cor. 2:10, 11, 14; John 14:26.

#### Blessings From the Study of the Word

11. What can be accomplished in the lives of God’s children as a result of the study of the Scriptures?

Answer.—Cleansed (John 15:3); sanctified (John 17:17); built up (Acts 20:32); comforted (Ps. 119:52); strengthened (Ps. 119:28).

NOTE.—“The springs of heavenly peace and joy unsealed in the soul by the words of Inspiration will become a mighty river of influence to bless all who come within its reach. Let the youth of to-day, the youth who are growing up with the Bible in their hands, become the recipients and the channels of its life-giving energy, and what streams of blessing would flow forth to the world!—influences of whose power to heal and comfort we can scarcely conceive,—rivers of living water, fountains ‘springing up unto everlasting life.’”—*Education*, p. 192.

12. What should be our prayer as we study the Scriptures? Ps. 119:18; 143:10; 25:5.

NOTE.—“Never should the Bible be studied without prayer. Before opening its pages we should ask for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, and it will be given. . . . Jesus will see us . . . in the secret places of prayer, if we will seek Him for light, that we may know what is truth. Angels from the world of light will be with those who in humility of heart seek for divine guidance.”—*Steps to Christ*, p. 96.

## KEY

*Wit Sharpeners*

#### “BIBLE CHARACTERS”

1. Nathan. 2. Esther. 3. Miriam. 4. Timothy. 5. Tubal-cain. 6. Onesimus. 7. Hannah. 8. Uriah. 9. Nicodemus. 10. Rachel. 11. Elijah. 12. Obed. 13. Obed-edom. 14. Samuel. 15. Hosea. 16. Mark. 17. Elisabeth. 18. Thomas. 19. Naaman.

The initials rearranged read THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

#### “GOOD NEIGHBOR”

Meadowlark

#### “GUESS WHAT BOOK”

2 Kings

# Junior - YOUTH LESSON

## III—How to Search the Scriptures

(January 17)

LESSON TEXTS: 2 Timothy 2:15; 3:14-17; John 20:31.

MEMORY VERSE: “Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.” 2 Timothy 2:15.

#### Guiding Thought

“Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life.” To search means to look diligently for something which has been lost. Search for the hidden treasures in God’s Word. You cannot afford to be without them. Study the difficult passages, comparing verse with verse, and you will find that scripture is the key which unlocks scripture. . . . Nothing worth having is obtained without earnest, persevering effort. In business, only those who have a will to do see successful results. Without earnest toil we cannot expect to obtain a knowledge of spiritual things. Those who obtain the jewels of truth must dig for them as a miner digs for the precious ore hidden in the earth.” —*Messages to Young People*, p. 259.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

##### Studying Prayerfully

1. David was one of the wisest and most skillful of men. He was a shepherd, a warrior, a leader of men, a king, yet he never felt that he was beyond the need of God’s power and guidance. As he meditated on God’s teachings what was his prayer? Ps. 143:10.

NOTE.—“Never should the Bible be studied without prayer. Before opening its pages we should ask for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, and it will be given.”—*Steps to Christ*, p. 96.

2. Sometimes the idea steals into our minds that the Bible is a dull book, that there is nothing in it capable of thrilling us and causing us to marvel at it. This idea is put into our minds by Satan, for he hates to see us open the Bible. What prayer of David’s can we pray that will help us see the many wonderful things hidden in the pages of the Bible? Ps. 119:18.

NOTE.—“In the word of God the mind finds subjects for the deepest thought, the loftiest aspirations. Here we may hold communion with patriarchs and prophets, and listen to the voice of the Eternal as He speaks with men. Here we behold the Majesty of heaven as He humbled Himself to become our substitute and surety, to cope singlehanded with the powers of darkness, and to gain the victory in our behalf. A reverent contemplation of such themes as these cannot fail to soften, purify, and ennoble the heart, and at the same time to inspire the mind with new strength and vigor.”—*Messages to Young People*, p. 263.

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

##### Studying With the Spirit’s Help

3. Do we find it easy to understand every part of the Holy Scriptures, or are some passages more difficult than others? 2 Peter 3:16.

4. Are we promised any help as we sincerely try to understand the Bible? Eph. 1:17, 18, first part.

NOTE.—“We can attain to an understanding of God’s word only through the illumination of that Spirit by which the word was given. . . . Whenever the people of God are growing in grace, they will be constantly obtaining a clearer understanding of His word. They will discern new light and beauty in its sacred truths.”—*Gospel Workers*, p. 297.

5. If we are faithful in our study of the Bible, whether in school or in Sabbath school or at home, what promise of help in remembering what we have learned can we claim? John 14:26.

NOTE.—“But the teachings of Christ must previously have been stored in the mind, in order for the Spirit of God to bring them to our remembrance in the time of peril. ‘Thy word have I hid in mine heart,’ said David, ‘that I might not sin against Thee.’”—*The Great Controversy*, p. 600.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

##### Studying the Scriptures Systematically

6. What advice does God give us through the Old Testament prophet Isaiah about system in Bible study? Isa. 28:10.

NOTE.—“Comparing spiritual things with spiritual,” says Paul. 1 Cor. 2:13. “No one with a spirit to appreciate its teaching can read a single passage from the Bible without gaining from it some helpful thought. But the most valuable teaching of the Bible is not to be gained by occasional or disconnected study. . . . Many of its treasures lie far beneath the surface, and can be obtained only by diligent research and continuous effort. The truths that go to make up the great whole must be searched out and gathered up, ‘here a little, and there a little.’ When thus searched out and brought together, they will be found to be perfectly fitted to one another. Each Gospel is a supplement to the others, every prophecy an explanation of another, every truth a development of some other truth.”—*Education*, pp. 123, 124.

7. What did Paul write to his young friend Timothy about faithful systematic Bible study? 2 Tim. 2:15.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

##### Studying Regularly

8. The Bible is compared to food. We eat regularly. We would not dream of taking one little snack once a week, for we know that if we neglected to eat, we would get weak and could not keep fit in body or mind. So also we need food at regular intervals for our spiritual welfare. What does Job say about the need he felt for the food of God’s Word? Job 23:12.

NOTE.—“The Bible is the best book in the world for giving intellectual culture. Its study taxes the mind, strengthens the memory, and sharpens the intellect more than the study of all the subjects that human philosophy embraces. The great themes which it presents, the dignified simplicity with which these themes are handled, the light which is shed upon the great problems of life, bring strength and vigor to the understanding.”—*Gospel Workers*, p. 100.

9. What did Jeremiah say about God’s Word that shows how much he enjoyed studying the Bible? Jer. 15:16.

10. Name the people who were called noble because they studied the Bible daily. Acts 17:10, 11.

NOTE.—“They [the Bereans] studied the Bible, not from curiosity, but in order that they might learn what had been written concerning the promised Messiah. Daily they searched the inspired records; and as they compared scripture with scripture, heavenly angels were beside them, enlightening their minds.”—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 231.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

##### Studying for Our Lives

11. For what have people searched the Scriptures all through the centuries even before the Bible was completed? 1 Peter 1:10.

12. What do belief in Christ and obedience to His Word do for us? John 20:31.

NOTE.—“Our salvation depends upon our knowledge of God’s will as it is contained in His word. Never cease asking and searching for Truth. You need to know your duty. You need to know what you must do to be saved. And it is God’s will that you shall know what He has said to you. But you must exercise faith. As you search the Scriptures, you must believe that God is, and that He rewards those who diligently seek Him.”—*Messages to Young People*, pp. 260, 261.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

##### Some Ways in Which Juniors Can Study the Bible

1. By a daily study of the Sabbath school lesson.

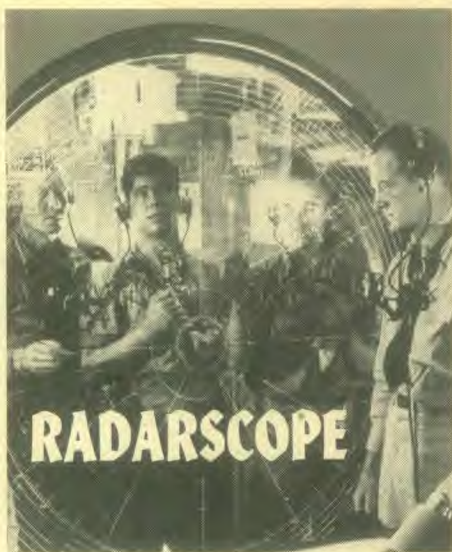
2. By observing the Morning Watch, learning the verse, meditating on it, and acting by it during the day.

3. By studying school Bible lesson assignments.

4. By reading Bible passages in family worship.

5. By reading the Bible and Bible helps as outlined in the Junior Bible Year and the Character Classics series.





► THERE is no trace of the use of firearms before A.D. 1300.

► Two out of every three people in the world live in underdeveloped areas where the life expectancy is only about 30 years.

► TULLE, an Iceland pony mare, owned by Andreas Larsen of Denmark, may be the world's oldest horse. She is 54 years of age.

► Most persons who drive to work lose twenty minutes a day travel time because of poor traffic conditions. This is enough to provide an extra two-week vacation every year.

► AGED and infirm cattle of India are receiving special attention because of the veneration in which they are held by the people. The government is establishing a "home" with ample grazing facilities for 75,000 enfeebled cattle.

► THE Newark, New Jersey, airport, where so many airplane disasters took place a few months ago, has been reopened with a new \$9 million instrument-landing runway in use. Airplanes coming in for a landing are required to maintain a minimum altitude of 1,200 feet in the vicinity of the airport. Other extensive safety measures have gone into effect to prevent a repetition of the recent tragedies.

► RADARSCOPE: an instrument for viewing the electronic impulses received by radar (radio detecting and ranging). Shown above is the two-faced plotting board on which radarscope impulses are recorded. Unhindered by clouds or fog, radar "sees" objects on land, at sea, and in the air beyond the range of vision. "Radarscope" is the seeing department of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

► STILL in the laboratory stage is a plastic dental filling material that may soon be taking the place of the usual silicate cement filling. At present these plastic materials, known as self-curing or hardening resins, do not have the decay-preventing property of silicate cement. However, the plastic will not wash out of the mouth as the cements do. The new filling material was developed by German dental science during World War II because gold, widely used for fillings, was considered too valuable for dentistry.

► SOME 300 newspapermen attending a national convention in Denver recently proposed the abolishing of the words *whereas* and *therefore* in resolutions. Although their resolution began with a *whereas*, it noted that a "fortune" in white paper, printer's ink, and untold man hours in reading and listening had been expended in the last 300 years on the needless verbiage. The group felt that the *whereases* and *therefores* were not in keeping with the concise writing used by journalists.

► FORTY-FIVE houses and a 400-ton railroad station were moved to provide a new right of way for the Erie Railroad at Corning, New York. Until the completion of what is termed the largest construction contract ever let by the State, the railroad ran through downtown Corning, making eight street-level crossings. Construction included new overhead crossings and seven miles of new city streets.

► A CURIO dealer in Port of Spain, Trinidad, was leafing through an old book he had bought with others for only \$1.50, when he came across a rare postage stamp. It was a two-cent blue Hawaiian stamp issued in 1851 and listed as worth \$12,000.

► MORE than 41 million words clicked over the Western Union wires in connection with the 1952 Presidential election in the United States, according to *Science News Letter*.

► A NUREMBERG cabinetmaker is given credit for creating the first pencil by incising a thin graphite strip in a wooden tube. The date: 1662.

► TIDES are caused by both the sun and moon exerting a gravitational pull on the waters of the earth.

► REPRESENTATIVES of four main island groups in the West Indies—Jamaica, Trinidad, the Leeward Islands, and the Windward Islands—will meet this spring to discuss federation.

► SCIENTISTS C. E. Yarwood and H. T. Harvey, of University of California's department of pathology, are quite sure now that washed cherries will resist decay much better than unwashed fruit. Their experiments proved the fallacy of a popular notion among fruit growers that fruit keeps better if it is not washed.

► THE Kharkov (Russia) Institute of Fire Bricks reportedly sent a questionnaire to steel workers in the Kuznetsk Basin of Central Siberia recently, and it was promptly returned—unanswered. The workers reported that it contained 1,487,400 questions, and they estimated that it would have taken 50 persons working full time six months to fill in all the blanks.

► FOUR-YEAR-OLD Prince Charles, the heir apparent to the British throne, suffered through his first symphony concert on his fourth birthday not long ago. For twenty minutes the orchestra under the direction of Sir Robert Mayer held the attention of the lad, but then he began to fidget. It finally became so obvious that his nurse led him out of the royal box and took him home to Buckingham Palace.

## Light Bearers

Seventh-day Adventist youth around the circle of the earth recognize their responsibility as light bearers. Our text reads: "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

The vibrant Christian experience of many of our youth conveys clearly the conviction to the world that here are young men and young women truly dedicated in heart and life to God, a living testimony to the lifting and saving power of their Saviour. Of a truth they verify the words of Proverbs 4:18, 19: "But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble."

Our young people are not of the darkness but of the light. A tremendous responsibility rests upon them to let their light shine to all the world. Mrs. White has written: "We have the word of God to show that the end is near. The world is to be warned, and as never before we are to be laborers with Christ. The work of warning has been entrusted to us. We are to be channels of light to the world, imparting to others the light we receive from the great Light-bearer. The words and works of all men are to be tried. Let us not be backward now. That which is

to be done in warning the world must be done without delay. Let not the canvassing work be left to languish. Let the books containing the light on present truth be placed before as many as possible."

Recently I traveled by plane across northern Venezuela into Colombia. At one stop a young woman came aboard, and there was consternation among some passengers when she opened a book and began to read. An elderly woman was confident that it was an Adventist book, a Protestant book, and that this young woman should not read it. As the girl drew the book to her breast she said, "Whether it is Protestant or Catholic, I do not know; but this I know, it is a good book. It is a wonderful book."

Her father had bought it for her just before she left, had bought it from a young man, a student colporteur out with the printed page in the summertime. There was a light flying high in the heavens in that plane. It could not be hid. Similar testimony has been heard from hundreds who have purchased our literature.

Yes, our youth do bear their witness for God. We are channels of light to the world. We are imparting to others the light we have received from the great Light Bearer. And so, from Jefferson to Paris, from London to Hong Kong, and from Juneau to Rio, Seventh-day Adventist young people go forth, letting their light shine for God.

R. J. CHRISTIAN.



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HERE is no feeling nicer than the feeling that people like you. At first sight much of the world judges importance by appearance. But when nature is making geniuses she has a trick of paying more attention to the contents than to the container. Ideal merchants and ideal folks are those who display their wares attractively and have a substantial, dependable reserve of stock. They have pleasing manners and engaging ways; but deeper than the surface they have developed ability, integrity, and character, because they know that something more than handsome looks and physical prowess is essential to fill their lives with rich accomplishment.

"We begin life with many different endowments, but a sound mind is the most important of them all. The best preparation for living is the training of that mind to know and love and think. The greatest danger to successful living is an empty mind, which, like an unoccupied room, is open for base spirits to enter. Fill the mind with useful information and love for the right, and, as surely as day follows night, well-controlled habits of thinking can easily be developed."

—J. D. SNIDER in "I Love Books"



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