

The  
**Youth's**  
INSTRUCTOR

We Passed Through the Waters  
Lively Forecast

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APRIL 7, 1953

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Concentration

Several times I very nearly held my breath, fearful that the mason would plunge to earth. For after the brick had been brought as high as he could work, his scaffolding inside the chimney had to be readjusted. It was not so nerve racking from a spectator's point of view when he did this at five or ten feet, but when he had to do it at a hundred!

Mr. Borden has been building chimneys since 1916. Many a sturdy stack testifies to his skill. His highest, in Canada, towers five hundred feet.

The new stack erected at General Conference headquarters to meet District of Columbia regulations is 120 feet high. Something inherent in us draws the eyes to any unusual construction. An occasional look from my office window kept me posted on Mr. Borden's progress.

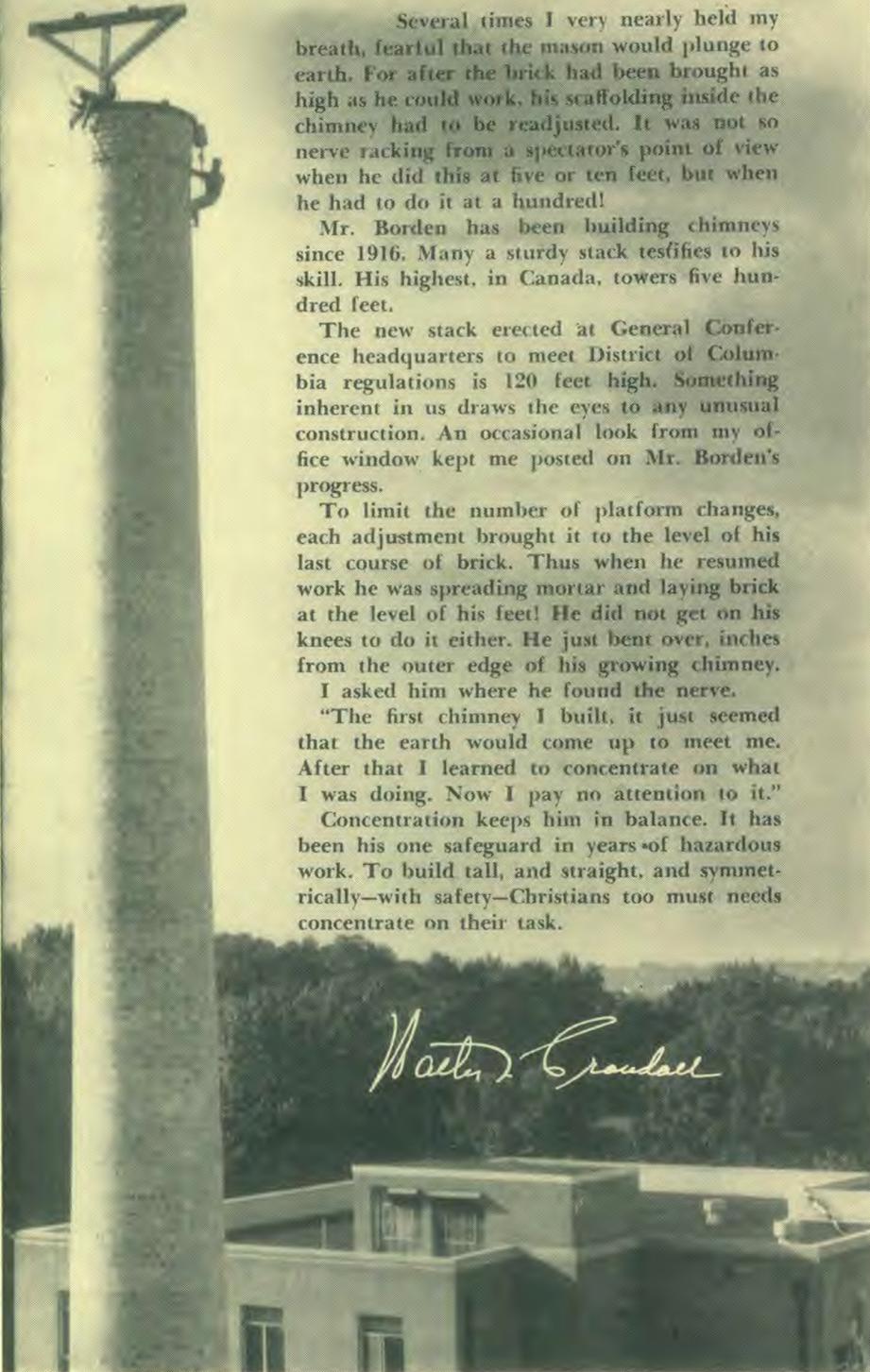
To limit the number of platform changes, each adjustment brought it to the level of his last course of brick. Thus when he resumed work he was spreading mortar and laying brick at the level of his feet! He did not get on his knees to do it either. He just bent over, inches from the outer edge of his growing chimney.

I asked him where he found the nerve.

"The first chimney I built, it just seemed that the earth would come up to meet me. After that I learned to concentrate on what I was doing. Now I pay no attention to it."

Concentration keeps him in balance. It has been his one safeguard in years of hazardous work. To build tall, and straight, and symmetrically—with safety—Christians too must needs concentrate on their task.

Walter T. Crandall



Charles Carey

**COINCIDENCE** Artist Hans Krause's picture was first scheduled for the February color cover, and then for the March color issue. Each month something of news significance brought a substitution. Now that we are using it for the April color cover, we wonder whether it has not achieved something of news distinction after all? Pastor Gammon's moving account of flood disaster in the British Isles, "High Tide," reached the INSTRUCTOR after the April 7 issue had gone to the art department for illustrating. But there was still time to make a quick substitution on the lead article. Consequently, we may say that the British lion and his lioness are roaring at the angry seas that brought loss of life and property to their land.

**BRAZIL** Reports on overseas youth gatherings reveal that Seventh-day Adventist youth around the world are holding fast to the great program of sharing their faith. We are indebted to authors Leslie and Madge Morrill for using some of their vacation time in South America to recapture some of the high lights of this inspiring congress. We are likewise indebted to Mrs. Wilcox for her translation of a selection from the story in *O Cruzeiro*.

**MANAGER** When C. F. L. Ulrich visited the R&H last year, he gave a stimulating talk to the workers in one of their Sunday morning chapels. He was invited to contribute some articles for INSTRUCTOR readers. "The Friendly Traffic Sign" is the first of several to appear. Pastor Ulrich is manager of the Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Victoria, Australia.

**FLOW** The colporteur story in MVYA this week reminds us that this is the time of year when youth in many of our colleges and academies are thinking of summer work prospects. The majority of student colporteurs will not turn from their choice of a lifework to sell books, but not many summertime jobs offer a comparable opportunity for "earning while you serve."

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.

**W**HITE-FINGERED searchlights poke holes in the blackness and fasten on groups of silent figures—men red-eyed from lack of sleep, their hair matted by flying sand and salt spray; mud-bespattered, tired men watching as danger creeps relentlessly nearer. Inch by inch, closer and closer, come the hungry waters, lapping at the edges of dike and wall. Helpless, they can only watch—and hope.

Two short weeks before, no thought of danger beclouded any mind here on Canvey. The wind was blowing at gale force, but that was nothing unusual, for many a gale had blown and spent itself, with no more damage than perhaps an occasional crashing chimney pot.

Rain and wind and cold. The people on this small island were glad for the shelter of their bungalow homes. Children buried their heads in the pillows and pulled the covers over themselves to shut out the howling of the wind. Whining dogs soon hushed their opposition and curled up in the corners of their kennels. Men and women retired to their rest, snapping off the light with perhaps a pitying thought for the men at sea out over the dikes, in the deeps. "What a night to be out on the waters! At least we are safe and sheltered. Old 'Johnny Dutchman' knew his job."

Yes, the Dutchmen knew how to ditch and dike, but it was more than three hundred years ago that the Dutch Protestants, fleeing from the terrors of papal persecution, sped across the channel to find religious liberty on the hospitable shores of England. Here in the mouth of Old Father Thames they found some low-lying marshland entirely covered but for three small strips when the tide swept in. This was so much like the mud and shallows of their own dear country that they put to use their skill in land reclamation and created for themselves a little corner of Holland in England.

Gradually the dikes went up, and by degrees the waters relinquished their hold. The land areas grew. Although below sea level, the island, seven miles long by four across, was dry. The skillfully built system of walls held off the challenge of the formerly triumphant seas. The Dutchmen lived in peace, building their own houses and calling all landmarks and roads by familiar names, worshiping God in their own church and in their mother tongue. That was three hundred years ago!

With the passing of time other people moved onto the little flat island. Through the years and centuries confidence in the work of Johnny Dutchman grew, and the island mushroomed into a thirteen thousand-inhabitant bungalow town with its own police, fire stations, and busses. The dikes were forgotten by all but a watchful few. During the summer months holiday-makers by the hundreds flocked over the rickety-looking road bridge that connects the island to the mainland.

*The human spirit responds*

*to unknown reserves of power*

*when lives and homes are threatened by*

# HIGH TIDE

By KENNETH H. GAMMON

Summer had gone. This was winter: cold, icy, raw! And that wind! This was not the night to walk along the dike top to look up at the brilliant stars or out over the swell of the incoming tide. No, a night for warmth and shelter, rest and sleep. "The wind will probably blow itself out and spend its energy before morning. Try to blot out the noise, and sleep."

But this was no ordinary wind. It increased in its fury, sweeping down the North Sea, a raw nor'easter, driving the waters hard before it. The high tide should have turned and the waters ebbed back, but the wind was driving more and more

water into the wide-open river mouth. Force against force, a quart being packed into a pint pot, the tide level rising higher and higher—dangerously higher. Oblivious to the threat to their safety—their very existence—the islanders slept on.

Lashed by relentless blasts, the waves crashed against the dikes like a thousand giant battering rams. The pressure of unnumbered tons assailed the earthen ramparts.

Midnight: The storm mounting in its fury seemed to call on unknown reserves of power.

One o'clock: With a boom and a swirl



United Press Photo

The Waters That Raged the Coastlands of England, Belgium, and Holland Could Not Be Easily Tamed. New Dangers Faced the Rescue Workers as They Filled Tens of Thousands of Sandbags



United Press Photo

In the Purple-Gray Light of Dawn the Full Picture of Horror Was Seen. Many Had Died of Exposure, and Bodies Were Found in the Branches of Trees Where the Water Had Left Them

the raging torrent tore holes in the dikes, and all hell's fury seemed to be let loose. Weak spots never before exposed to such turbulent violence crumbled and dissolved as the wild waters wreaked their spite and vengeance on the man-made mounds. The madly swirling torrent poured with rapidity, bent on its work of destruction. The dwellings near the break took the first full impact. In seconds the doors were battered down, windows smashed, rooms awash, rugs and furniture floating haphazardly, and inhabitants swept out of their beds.

Someone managed to telephone the fire station, yelling, "The wall is down. Floods are pouring in." The fire siren wailed from the station roof. Ruthlessly the waves swept on. Many on the center and far side of the island, stirring in their sleep, heard the siren, but thought that the local firemen were being summoned to a fire, and turned over to sleep again—some to the long, long sleep.

Almost immediately the electricity failed. Aroused by shouts of neighbors, many climbed out of their beds to find themselves up to their knees in rapidly deepening ice-cold water. Children clambering out of their cots fell, and were immediately beyond their depth. Many old folks, bedridden, were covered, and had no chance to save their lives. Struggling in the chaotic darkness, many were whisked off their feet by the mighty rush and swept away to death. One mother had her wee baby torn from her arms and swallowed by a watery grave.

Soon many parts of the island were covered to a depth of fifteen to twenty feet.

Fathers and mothers lifted children onto the top of heavy furniture; then, as the waters still rose, they climbed in the darkness through the trap doors into attics. Clad only in night attire, soaking wet, and shivering—intent only upon escaping—men and women, old and young, pushed aside the roof tiles and clambered out to find what precarious hold they could on roof apexes and chimney stacks.

Darkness, cold, and terror. The short-wave radio transmitter on the island ambulance quickly relayed the story to the mainland, and soon boats of all types and sizes were making their way to the island to rescue the unfortunate victims.

The island was covered but for the small strips that had centuries before stood above the tide. The evacuation was on. By light of torches and hurricane lamps the volunteer boatmen did a noble work. Defying the elements and the darkness, they worked to take off all who could be located by shouts and calls for help. But too often the gale whipped cries from off frozen lips.

In the purple-gray light of dawn the full picture of horror was seen. From roof top to roof top, house to house, the rescuers hurried. Every house where there was no answer to their shouts or no sign of life upon investigation was chalked with a large white cross. The wind had appreciably decreased. Many, it was found, had died from exposure, and bodies were found in branches of trees, where they had been flung by the unchecked violence of the waves.

Over on the mainland all the resources at hand were marshaled to the aid of the

ever-increasing numbers of evacuees. Schools were opened as reception centers. Church and welfare workers distributed hot food and emergency clothing to those in need. The W.V.S. (Women's Voluntary Service) furnished food and clothing, and helped the people find temporary shelter. Residential homes and hotels were thrown open to those who had no relatives living nearby. And still the rescue work went on.

Families crowded into trains, eager to go and stay with friends. A look of dull hopelessness born of the despairing realization that all they had possessed was irretrievably lost was on many a face. One man was frantically racing up and down looking in the rail coaches for any members of his family, from whom he had been separated in the darkness of the night. Children, dazed and puzzled, sat with an air of wonderment, thinking that perchance it was all a horrible dream.

Boats were still transferring human cargo and salvaged bedding onto the mainland, and then a miracle happened. A carry cot was observed floating along, and thinking to save it for someone's use, one man rowed over to take it. To his astonishment a live baby girl was in it. Her parents had been drowned, but somehow this little ark kept her safely sheltered.

One of our Adventist women living on the island was nursing her bedridden father. Their home was built on an incline up from the road, and the waters were stayed at the level of her doorstep. Not one drop went inside the house. But the old father had to be rescued. The only way was to take him as he was on the bed-spring, out of the double doors, and lay the spring across a rowboat that was brought up close to the house. That done, the rescuers found it impossible to use the oars, so the boat was pushed by men who were half wading, half swimming in the still cold flood.

The local hospitals were rapidly filling with exposure and pneumonia cases, and doctors and nurses kept up a ceaseless ministry of compassionate first aid and care at the reception centers. All that day and on into the night the rescuers toiled. Another night of high waters brought further damage. Many who had previously refused to move from their homes on the higher parts of the island were forced to do so on the following day. The gas, electric, telephone, and sewage systems had all broken down completely.

After twenty-four hours rescuers were still finding people in their wet night clothes waiting to be saved. One old couple had been perched on a roof top for twenty hours before they were seen and taken off in a collapsing condition. The havoc and destruction beggared description. Days later the body of a little eight-year-old girl was found huddled in the corner of a room, still clutching her now-lifeless pet puppy.

The call for aid had gone to all the na-

To page 18

# The Friendly Traffic Sign

By *CARL F. L. ULRICH*

**H**AVE you felt the thrill of taking the wheel of a big new car with a powerful engine under the hood, a smooth, straight road before you, and a tankful of high-octane gasoline behind you? Of course you have, and so have I.

With the engine tuned just right, good company beside us, and a bright warm sun shining overhead, the setting is almost perfect as we speed along at fifty or perhaps sixty miles an hour. The wind whistles a rip-roaring tune past the wind deflectors as our good right foot presses firmly on the accelerator and our keen eyes search the road ahead.

The sheer joy of power and speed stimulates our nerves and brain, when suddenly off to the right appears a traffic sign: Speed Limit, 40 mph. Oh, those mute, aggravating sentinels of officialdom that snatch from our hands the delicious draught of stimulating speed.

I hate traffic signs, don't you?

My expression of feeling about speed, cars, and traffic signs has so captivated me that I have driven right past my intended subject, so let us get into reverse and back up the road a little way.

Just a few months ago on a bright fall Sunday afternoon two charming new-found friends of mine were driving me along the Gallatin Road near Nashville, Tennessee. The day was warm and the setting delightful as we sped along, but suddenly to our right appeared a familiar-looking board, and I frowned as I thought of the traffic sign. As we drew nearer, however, I felt a warm, pleasant glow spreading all over me both inside and out, for it was the most friendly traffic sign I have ever read. It said, "Turn Right at Any Time."

What a lovely, easy, always open, come-along, friendly message that was! It matters not what time of day or night, whether

in sunshine or in shower, irrespective of how light or heavy the traffic, no matter whether I drive a limousine or a dilapidated auto of uncertain vintage, still the friendly sign invites me to "Turn Right at Any Time." It may seem strange, but I can almost like all traffic signs now—all because I met that friendly member of their clan.

"Turn Right at Any Time"—what sound advice that is to all of us. It set me thinking of a young man who went from home with eyes aglow and saddlebags bulging, to prove to a dear, old-fashioned, cautious father that he could make his way in the big, wide, wicked world. And he did make his way in a fast, breath-taking downhill ride that ended in a pigsty. Thank God, "he came to himself," read the traffic sign, and turned right. Yes, he turned completely rightabout-face and

found joy, forgiveness, and lasting satisfaction in his father's house.

Then, too, I can picture, on a lonely hill, three crosses standing stark against the sky. On the center cross hangs the Friend of sinners; and on either side, writhing in agony and blood, two desperadoes face the awful abyss that stretches across the end of the road of crime.

Just as kindly death is drawing its dark veil before their eyes, one poor sinner glimpses the traffic sign and takes the last turn right to salvation and hope as he dies with the surety of the Saviour's promise ringing in his pain-racked brain: "I say unto thee, Today thou shalt be with me in paradise."

Heed the message of the friendly, traffic sign. Do not continue speeding down the broad highway to ruin; but I urge you, "Turn Right at Any Time."



That Sign Set Me Thinking of a Youth Who Wanted to Prove He Could Make His Own Way

# Challenge of the Empty Chair

By H. E. WALKER

Missionary Volunteer Secretary, Rio-Minas Conference,  
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

WITH LESLIE AND MADGE MORRILL

**T**RAFFIC was paralyzed on the Congonhas Airport in São Paulo, usually the most active airport in all of Brazil. Because of the crowd of people who had gone out to watch the plane, not one of the scheduled flights could begin, for the runway was a mass of people.

All eyes were watching an old man as he hesitated at the plane's open door and then came slowly down the steps, carrying an electrically lighted torch. Darkness had settled down upon the airport, and the light of the flaming torch shone like a flare from the hand of the old Adventist pioneer. Pastor L. A. Skinner, associate secretary of the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department, stepped

forward as Pastor Manoel Kuempel alighted and shook hands with him. Dario Garcia, MV secretary of the South American Division, and H. E. Walker, MV secretary of the Rio-Minas Conference, were there too.

The eager faces of the crowd waited to hear Pastor Kuempel's words!

"This torch I carry is a symbol of the light of truth that was brought to the great country of Brazil many years ago. I am old and feeble now, and cannot carry on the wonderful work of preaching the gospel. Tonight I bring this torch to the congress of Advent youth who are waiting in São Paulo—" The old man's voice was faltering; his words were choked with emotion.

"The challenge is for them to take the torch from my trembling hands and to carry its symbolic light to the vast country of Brazil."

A strong young man, dressed in an athlete's white shirt and trunks, stepped from the crowd and held out his hand for the torch. The crowd parted. Then, like a sprinter who takes off quickly when the starting signal is given, the young man dashed away with the torch on the first lap of the fifteen-mile run to the congress building, at the Colegio Adventista Brasileiro (Adventist college of Brazil).

Pastor Skinner helped the old gentleman walk to a car that was waiting for him. As the man sat down in the comfortable seat, he passed his hand over his



Photos, Courtesy of Leslie and Madge Morrill

Pastor Manoel Kuempel Alights From the Plane That Brought the Symbolic Torch to the Congress



The First Runner Leaves the Airport With the Torch for the First Lap of the Fifteen-Mile Run



The Church Choir From Curitiba Presented Many Beautiful Musical Numbers During the Congress

Pastor F. N. Siqueira Interviews a Costumed Indian From the State of Mato Grosso, Brazil



Captain Juvenal da Silva, Chaplain of Brazil's War Department, Attended This Youth Meeting



Gauchos of South Brazil Pose With the Delegate From the Amazon Region, With the Snake Skin





A Brazilian Youth Carrying the Torch to the First Adventist Youth Congress in Brazil

eyes and spoke half aloud, "I am now satisfied. . . . The young people will carry on the great triumph of the truth."

Already the first runner has gone past the entrance of the airport and is heading down the long stretch of road; the flame shows brightly against the black night. The torch is on its way to the place where thirty-five hundred youth were waiting.

Motorcycle policemen break the way through the crowded streets—screaming sirens push the traffic over, making a clear path for the runner.

Mile after mile the torch is carried on through the dark night. It pauses only when a tired runner hands the precious trophy to a new runner.

At last to the college hilltop! With added speed the runner races up the hill. The lights shine out from the windows of the auditorium. Someone outside the building cries out, "The torch is coming!"

The congregation stand to their feet and strain to look out through the windows and doors. They see the torch moving rapidly toward the building.

The old pioneer, who has just arrived by car, steps up to the door and takes the torch from the last runner. Slowly he edges his way through the standing crowd, down the aisle toward the front of the auditorium. As he reaches the platform his nephew, Pastor S. Kuempel, dean of the department of theology of the college, his son, and he lock arms; and together the three Kuempels, representing three generations, step up onto the platform.

Pastor Skinner comes from his place by the pulpit and meets the three men. He takes the torch from their hands. Holding it high above his head, he turns and walks over to the massive map of Brazil that decorates the wall behind the speakers. He declares, "I proclaim the first youth congress in Brazil now opened!" Instantaneously the pictured torch that

# The First National Youth Congress of Seventh-day Adventists

Reporter—MARGARIDA IZAR

Translated from *O CRUZEIRO* by Mrs. R. A. Wilcox

## THE SYMBOLIC TORCH

It is evening at the airport of Congonhas in Sao Paulo. On the airplane from Santa Catarina, carried by the venerated elder Pastor Manoel Kuempel, comes the torch symbolic of the first fire that was lighted in Brusque (Gaspar Alto), with the forming of the nucleus of the first Seventh-day Adventist church of this country. The reception is solemn. The flame that lights the torch that the Adventist youth now raise—"the light of truth, the light of the gospel," it is called—floats out over the dark highway, carried by athlete runners, reinforced by guards of honor and a long procession. This solitary sacred flare in the darkness of the way will burn in the Brazil College, in the vicinity of Itapeperica, the symbolic torch of the first national Adventist youth congress.

The sound of the trumpet rings out through the main hall of the congress; and two thousand faithful, silent during the playing of the sacred hymns, stand up. Lifted high above head, in the hand of the last athlete, comes the flame that will communicate its light to the symbolic torch of the Advent message. It passes through three hands, those of three generations, before it is taken by Pastor Lawrence Skinner, one of the world leaders of Adventism, who, holding it high as if above the ambitions of life, pronounces these solemn words: "Tonight I honor the truth and the missionaries that this flame represents. I honor the veteran who brought it from afar; and I honor the youth who, receiving it, carried it here. Now it is my privilege to open this congress by

To page 22



This Fine Two-Page Spread in *O Cruzeiro*, a Widely Circulated Feature Magazine of Brazil, Carried the Story of the First National Youth Congress of Adventists to the Country's Readers

is in the center of the great map of Brazil becomes a bright flame of light. Above the map in large, illuminated letters are the words: "Vive Tua Fe!" (Live Your Faith!)

From the moment that the torch was lighted on the map of Brazil that light became an eternal flame—all through the precious hours of that congress the flame was kept burning; all day long it flickered and cast its light out over the twenty states and five territories pictured on the map; all night long it kept its quiet watch over the land where truth eternal must light the way for the millions who do not know the light of life.

For five days the young people who had come from all parts of Brazil to attend the congress shared their faith by joining together in a wonderful convocation as they consecrated their lives to the progress of the worldwide Missionary Volunteer program.

Each day held its round of meetings: an early morning testimony service, a midmorning meeting, a short devotional period held at high noon, a patriotic program, a Share Your Faith meeting in which young people told of their personal experiences, afternoon round-table discussions, and an evening gathering at which an inspiring sermon was given by some of the leaders of the church.

Many of the thirty-five hundred young people in attendance had never met before. Some of the delegates had come from distant parts of a nation that is larger in size than the United States of America. They had come by motorcar, by public bus, by chartered busses, by caravans of trucks, by train, by muleback from the interior, and by fast planes. One group had come from the oldest city of Brazil, Salvador, by a government plane that had arranged special passage for twelve young people; and many had walked on foot

over mountain paths and byways in order to attend the first congress of youth in Brazil.

Whenever the Missionary Volunteers gathered in the main auditorium for a service, they witnessed a silent testimony that was a challenge to their faith. On the rostrum, between the speakers, waited a vacant chair. Across it was a wide banner that held the words "The Chair of the Absent Pioneer." Each day as the ministers filed onto the platform for a service, they passed the vacant chair, and took their regular places on either side of it.

That silent chair represented the pioneers who had given their lives in the service of their faith; all through the meetings it was an eloquent challenge to the youth attending the congress. Hearts were touched as young people saw the chair and as they thought of the great work yet to be done in the land of their birth. Many resolutions were silently made that the work begun by the pioneers would be carried on to a triumphant close.

One of the outstanding programs of the congress was "Youth and the Country," a war memorial service in honor of those who had given their lives for their country. On the platform appeared a group of young women dressed in the Red Cross uniform, and also a group of young men dressed in military uniforms. They graphically depicted the type of work that young people of Brazil can render to their country.

Captain Juvenal da Silva of the war department—the only Protestant army chaplain in Brazil—was invited to come and participate in the service. He presented a brilliant speech in which he mentioned the good work that Seventh-day Adventist young people are doing to lessen the suffering of their fellow men, their neighbors, and their brothers. The response to this speech was given by Pastor Domingos Peixoto da Silva, union secretary of the religious liberty and radio departments, who also told of the outstanding work the youth of Brazil are doing for their country.

Sabbath was a crowded, glorious day. Meetings were arranged to be held in the auditorium and also in the large gymnasium. While the Sabbath school service was being carried on in the main auditorium, the church service was being conducted in the large gymnasium. With a double service, and with leaders giving a double program, the several thousand young people were enabled to hear both the Sabbath school and the church service.

The afternoon meetings were so crowded that there was only standing room—in the doors, at the windows, and along the walks around the building. The college choir and the church choir from the city of Curitiba assisted in a special festival of music that included quartets, solos, and special instrumental numbers.

A later program Sabbath afternoon

To page 19



## Sure Interested

By J. ERNEST EDWARDS

**I**N ADVENTURING this fiftieth year of Ingathering, you will thrill to discover youth who are eager for the way of life, anxious to know the truth. On the verge of the kingdom they are waiting "sure interested" for your invitation.

In Chicago recently a young man was called on by an Ingatherer. Impressed after reading the magazine and finding the Bible correspondence school application, he wrote this letter:

"Dear Sir:

"I have just finished reading a pamphlet called *For Humanity*. I was deeply moved. I noticed at the very last you advertised a Bible correspondence course, which I would like to start taking, providing you will not have anyone calling on me or trying to push me into a religion. I want to study my own Bible in my own home free from ministers and church workers. Don't get me wrong. If I do happen to get the real truth, I won't mind saying so, and don't have anyone call on me until I say so. If you will, I would feel honored to begin the Bible course. Also may I state here and now that I am *sure interested*. Send the

course at once. And remember, **NO CALLERS**. I'll state my reasons later. If you have or print a catalog of your publications, would you please send me one so I can order some good religious, truthful books?

"I am a young man, age twenty-four.

"My desire: Life with and for Christ.

"My search: Bible facts.

"My hope: That you can help me find the truth.

"Remember, I trust you enough to ask you not to send any callers. Can I depend on you?

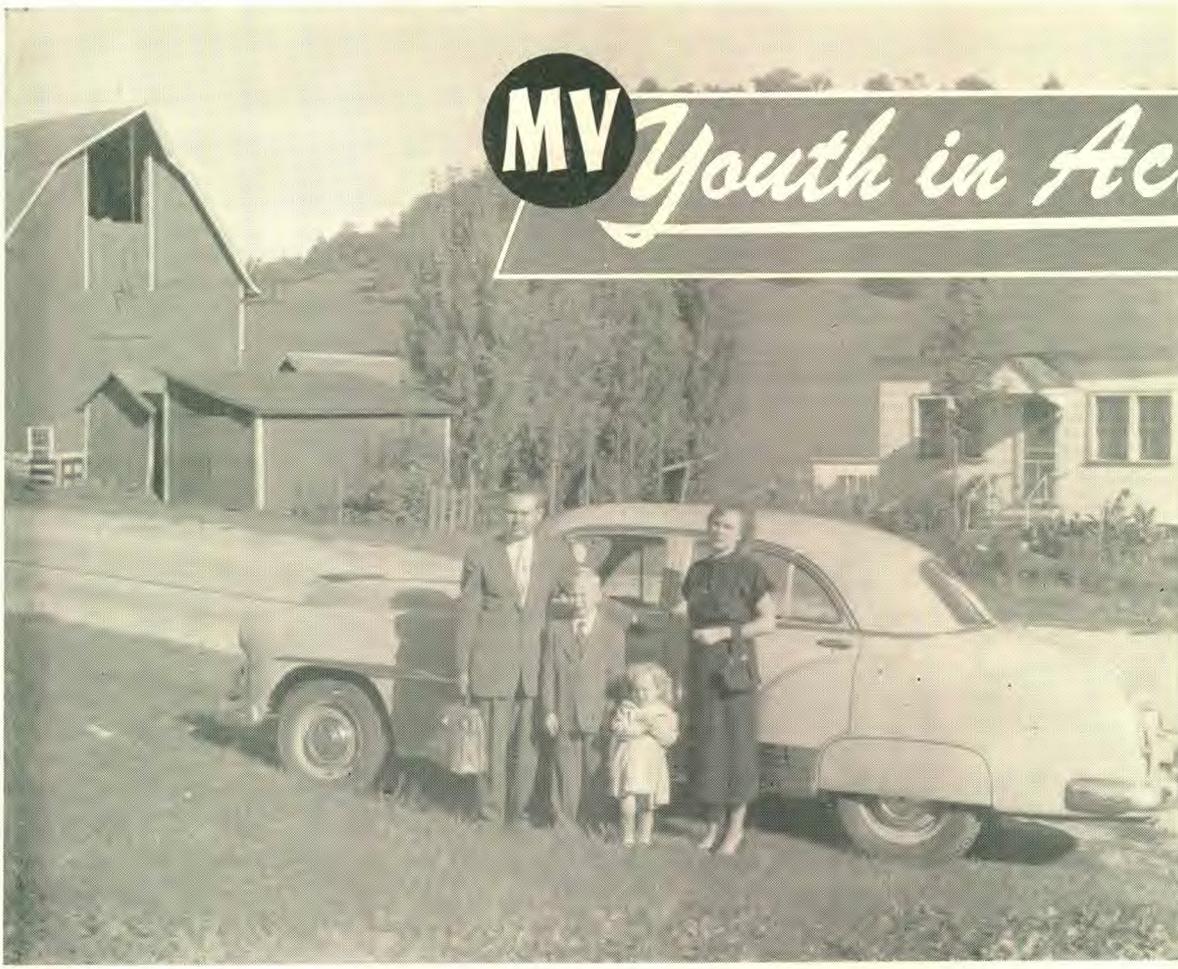
"Thanks.

"An interested friend."

Each year millions of American and Canadian families are reached with our message through the Ingathering crusade. It is our greatest field adventure program for the sharing of our faith. Year after year a mounting number, nearing ten thousand, are clipping the Bible correspondence school application.

With lives in the balance, probation's end nearing, and unexcelled opportunities to adventure for souls, "all should go, go to all" this fiftieth Ingathering year.

# MV Youth in Action



Marvin Stanich, the Faithful Wisconsin Colporteur, With His Family, Made a Real Sacrifice to Become a Colporteur

R. G. Campbell

## SYF in Southern Mindanao

By Theodore Lucas

Like jewels in a Share Your Faith setting shine the hundreds of soul-winning experiences that our young people are having all over the earth.

MV Secretary W. J. Hackett, having just returned to his home base from an itinerary through the Philippine Islands, shares this SYF story told to him by B. R. Arit, MV secretary of the Southern Mindanao Mission.

Do you believe in miracles? It is sometimes thought that the conversion of Dr. Martin K. Solis and his family, of the Southern Mindanao Mission, is a miracle. Perhaps it is, to those of us who believe in them. It was a Missionary Volunteer, with scarcely a primary school education, who led this family to Christ. To Julian Nuñez, of Malalag church in southern Davao, lack of education was no barrier in sharing his faith.

It was difficult for some to understand how a family so steeped in another religion could accept the teachings of the Seventh-day Adventists. When Mrs. Solis was asked just how it happened she said, "At first I noticed that Señor Nuñez had been a frequent caller at our clinic. He would wait patiently for the doctor, and pretend he was a patient. Actually, under this guise was his blazing desire to share

his faith. I was then so prejudiced to this belief that every time I saw him coming to the clinic I would mockingly say, 'Here comes the *sabadista* again.'

The doctor himself was also prejudiced, and this was revealed just before his baptism when he asked the forgiveness of our former district leader for evading him during the Ingathering campaign.

It was through the persevering efforts of Señor Nuñez and the Holy Spirit that their hearts were softened and they began asking him to teach them more of the Bible. Arrangements were made for a regular Bible study, and it was here that the Lord came to the rescue of Señor Nuñez and helped him overcome his handicap in the use of English.

The climax of this story came when Dr. Martin K. Solis, his wife, and his daughter were baptized at the Davao City church on the afternoon of September 20, 1952. Now they plan to visit their home folks in order that they might share their faith with them. May this miraculous story be a challenge to all of us to share our faith.

## Called From the Plow

By R. G. Campbell

"As the gospel is proclaimed in its purity, men will be called from the plow and from the common commercial busi-

ness vocations that largely occupy the mind, and will be educated in connection with men of experience. As they learn to labor effectively, they will proclaim the truth with power." The accompanying picture is of Marvin Stanich, who heard and responded to the call of God to leave the plow and become a worker in the cause of God.

Without hesitation he turned his back on his father's offer of a two-hundred-acre farm with all the necessary stock and machinery to operate it, and joined the ranks of the Wisconsin colporteur army. Today he is a licensed full-time colporteur.

He called one day at the home of a Catholic priest, who was too busy to see him, but he asked Mr. Stanich to return the next day. When he returned the priest was not home, so he went back the third day, and found him. After introducing *The Children's Hour* and *Bedtime Stories* and giving a brief description of how



these books would build character in the children of the community, our colporteur saw the man write out a check for forty-seven dollars for a complete set of the children's books. He also wrote a fine recommendation for our faithful colporteur.

## Gifts to German Students

By Philip Follett

More than eight hundred pounds of clothing and bedding has been sent from La Sierra College, Arlington, California, to the Marienhohe Missionary Seminary in Darmstadt, Germany, to help students at the German school who lost their possessions when one of the school's dormitories burned to the ground.

The fire occurred when the German students were away from the school doing missionary work. Ten of the boys lost everything they had, and others found only their Bibles and tithe money in the charred remains. After the fire the students at the already crowded school all moved into the one remaining dormitory. Funds received from fire insurance on the dormitory will help pay for building a new dormitory, school officials say, but there was no insurance on the students' personal belongings.

After the L.S.C. project was announced in the school paper, the *Criterion*, several persons living in California sent in donations to add to what the students gave. All of these have been sent to Marienhohe.

## Texans Sing for Ingathering

By H. W. Jewkes

Ingathering through singing bands in Texas is a thrilling experience. Long before Christmas, bands are organized and

goals set. On every available night these bands blend their voices with messages in song as the enthusiastic solicitors go from door to door and from prospect to prospect.

Then comes the big night—yes, the night before Christmas. It was far from a silent night as the Texas Missionary Volunteers went out to sing Christmas carols. Every available singer and solicitor rallied to the call, "Texas a Minute Man Conference."

Night after night they had been out, and hundreds of dollars had been brought in, but now this was the night before Christmas. The young people were divided into bands with at least four singers each and two or more solicitors. Some bands went in pickup trucks, some walked down the streets, some went to particular homes.

Certain bands were selected to call at homes where Christmas parties were in progress. This was called crashing parties. After arriving, the band would sing near the front door while the solicitor knocked. A smile always on her face would bring smiles from the folk inside. She held between her fingers ten-, five-, and one-dollar bills; and while she told her story, the bills helped increase the generosity of the givers. Often they would leave the door wide open to get the full benefit of the carolers while going for their five- and ten-dollar bills. At times they invited the singers in and stopped the party proceedings so that the Christmas carols would be heard by all. When the host gave the "go sign" the solicitor spoke to the guests. What a thrill to say, "Merry Christmas," as they left. But a bigger thrill to hear, "Merry Christmas! Thanks for coming and you all come back." Yes, they will come back—gladly come back.

To page 22

## MV Release

THESE former Missionary Volunteer secretaries, now presidents of conferences in North America, tell our young people their feelings about the coming Pan-American Youth Congress:

"WE are planning to have a full delegation from Illinois at the forthcoming Pan-American Youth Congress in San Francisco, and are anticipating a wonderful time!"—J. L. McCONAUGHEY, *president, Illinois Conference.*

"I HAVE every reason to believe that the 1953 Pan-American Youth Congress will far surpass the last one, and only hope and pray that a full delegation of our young people will be able to attend. I want to be there with them."—C. M. BUNKER, *president, Indiana Conference.*

"I KNOW of nothing that could bring greater inspiration to our youth than the Pan-American Youth Congress. I wish all of our young people in Iowa could attend."—D. C. BUTHERUS, *president, Iowa Conference.*

It's new and it's different and it's another first! What? *Going Places With Missionary Volunteers*, the new inspirational handbook for today's and tomorrow's MV Society officers. This project of the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference is moving toward completion in a form that will most surely find enthusiastic approval. The book is built on a novel analogy of the MV Society with an automobile and its working parts. The MV leader secures his driver's license when elected to office. The power, push, and speed of an automobile have their counterpart in an active society. Mechanical considerations take note of all the paraphernalia necessary for good performance on the part of the members. The battery of prayer, society destinations or objectives, the oil of SYF activities, the horn of publicity, the windshield wipers of clear vision, and a number of other interesting comparisons are made. It suggests the open fields of privilege that lure young people's groups into "going places" for God and His church and the Advent message. It is different, new in its approach, zestful in appeal, and abundantly rich in suggestion. It turns the corner for new adventure in Missionary Volunteer activity. Watch for this new guidebook, which will be available very soon.

WORD from Victor H. Cooper, youth leader of the North England Conference, brings the news that the Loughborough League is being thoroughly promoted in England, and that January 10 was a special enrolling day for Missionary Volunteers in all parts of Britain.

THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR



Jack F. Laws

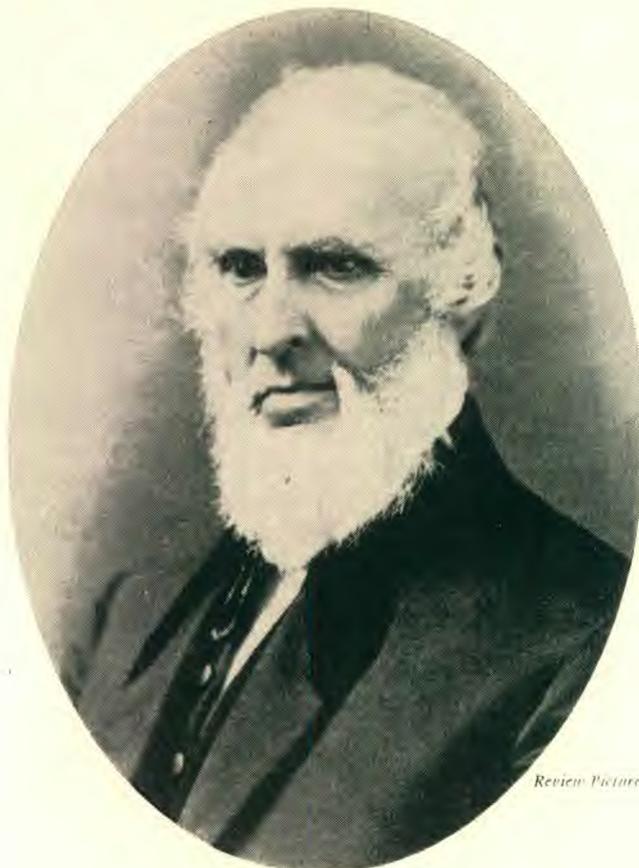
Texas Missionary Volunteers Used a Float With a Choir of Singers to Ingather for Christ

**W**HEN Whittier is named, many of us think first of the man and then of the poet, and that for a good reason. In the flower of young manhood this writer, who was destined to become America's most representative poet, devoted himself unreservedly to the cause of liberty. He became a warm friend of William Lloyd Garrison, and for many years his writings, both prose and poetry, were devoted to the abolition of human slavery.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born on December 17, 1807, on a farm near Haverhill, a village lying about thirty-two miles north of Boston. He was descended from a long line of Quakers, his lineage on his father's side going back to Thomas Whittier, who emigrated from England in 1638. . . . His education before the age of nineteen was that provided by the country school, which carried on only during the winter months. But John Greenleaf as a boy was fond of reading, and he began early to try his hand at making verses. In May, 1827, he became a student at Haverhill Academy, some verses of his being sung at the opening ceremonies. He remained at the academy for a term of six months, supporting himself by making a new kind of slippers. In the following winter he earned some money by teaching school, and in the spring returned to the academy for a second term. During this time he was contributing poems to various periodicals, including the *Free Press*, the *Essex Gazette*, and the *Boston Statesman*.

It would have been the natural thing for the promising youth to continue his studies, but his father held a high opinion of farming as a way of making a living, and he wanted his son to be as he was, a farmer. When Garrison told the father that his son had real poetic talent, and ought to enjoy the advantages of a liberal education, the old man replied with emphasis and deep conviction, "Sir, poetry will not give him bread."

Denied school privileges, Whittier continued to be a devoted reader. Early in life he had become acquainted with the poetry of Robert Burns. It encouraged him to know that the great Scottish poet had, like himself, followed the plow, and had drawn his inspiration from nature and the common life. Aside from poetry Whittier's reading included books of travel and history, and some dealing with Quaker doctrines. He was also gaining editorial experience. Early in 1830 he began to edit the *Essex Gazette*. After the death of his father in June, 1830, he became editor of



Review Pictures

John Greenleaf Whittier

# John Greenleaf Whittier

## The Most AMERICAN of Poets

By M. ELLSWORTH OLSEN

Excerpts, prepared especially for *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*

readers, from chapter 7 of

**MUCH-LOVED BOOKS**, one of the 1953 Senior MV Book Club selections

the *New England Review*, published in Hartford, Connecticut. In February, 1831, his first book, *Legends of New England*, came from the press.

He was a delegate in 1833 to the American Anti-Slavery Convention held in Philadelphia, and served as a member of the committee that drafted the declaration of sentiments. In the same year he published at his own expense the pamphlet *Justice and Expediency*, in which the fundamental principles of abolition were forc-

ibly set forth. From this time on he devoted his strength for more than thirty years to the cause of human liberty.

Although Whittier was a personal friend and supporter of Garrison, he differed from him as to the best methods of influencing the public. In his criticism of the existing order he observed moderation and good sense, and he believed slavery could be eliminated through the agency of political parties. He was elected to the State legislature in 1835 and re-elected for

a second term, but declined to serve for more than one year. He probably felt that there were ways in which he could more effectively serve the antislavery cause.

In 1836 the farm near East Haverhill, which had been for many years the home of the Whittiers, was sold, and the family took up residence in a pleasant cottage in the nearby village of Amesbury. This house in Amesbury, with a few alterations



## Pacific Beach

By BILL OLIPHANT

Blue water slides  
 Into the hibiscus throat  
 Of the conch's shell,  
 Leaving white foam bubbles  
 Clustered on the shell's pink lips.  
 The tide recedes,  
 And the conch tells loneliness  
 To sand and sky.

and improvements, became the home of the poet and his loved ones for some fifty years. Freed from the care of the farm, Whittier was able now to devote himself wholeheartedly to the work he loved. But he was not long to enjoy the pleasant home life. Asked in 1838 to undertake the editorship of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, he accepted the invitation, and Philadelphia became his home for a while.

Those were stormy times, and feeling ran high in the city of brotherly love. Pennsylvania Hall, which served as Whittier's newspaper office and contained his papers and books, was wrecked by an angry mob and went up in flames. Whittier was not the man to be discouraged by opposition. His spirit rose above all outward demonstrations against the cause of liberty. Throughout his life he was first and last a reformer. A poet at heart, he had literary ambitions, but they were al-

ways secondary. "I set a higher value," he said, "on my name as appended to the Anti-slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book." About this time he brought out for the first time a general edition of his poems bearing the long but very meaningful title *Poems Written During the Progress of the Abolition Question in the United States Between the Years 1830 and 1838*.

Whittier's health, never robust, began early to show signs of additional weakness. The physicians discovered a heart ailment, and advised against further work as an editor. Besides the heart difficulty, which was more or less painful, Whittier suffered from severe headaches, brought on by close application of the mind to writing or reading. It was necessary also for him to avoid the excitement of social gatherings, which, under other conditions, he would have enjoyed. In spite of these drawbacks, the poet continued to the best of his ability to use voice and pen in behalf of the victims of what he believed to be a great national sin.

It has been said that Whittier was a bachelor through circumstances rather than by conviction. The hardships connected with his devotion to the cause of abolition may have been one reason for his reluctance to assume the responsibilities of married life. There were other reasons also. To a friend he wrote that the "care of an aged mother, the duty owed to a sister in delicate health for many years, must be my excuse for living the lonely life which has called out thy pity. . . . I know there has something very sweet and beautiful been missed, but I have no reason to complain. I have learned at least to look into happiness through the eyes of others, and to thank God for the happy unions and holy firesides I have known."

In his correspondence with friends there are frequent references that show his high regard for the married state and a feeling of personal loss in being denied that great blessing. In a letter to James T. Fields, who had recently taken a wife, he writes: "Let me in all sincerity, bachelor as I am, congratulate thee on thy escape from single misery. It is the very wisest thing thee ever did. Were I autocrat I would see to it that every young man over twenty-five, and every young woman over twenty, was married without delay. Perhaps on second thought, it might be well to keep one old maid and one old bachelor in each town, by way of warning, just as the Spartans did their drunken Helots." Denied the joys of married life, the poet was rich in friendships, as is shown by his large correspondence. He had a deep admiration for women, and carried on a delightful exchange of letters with such talented writers as Lydia Maria Child, Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mrs. James T. Fields.

When the *Atlantic Monthly* was started in 1857, Whittier was stimulated afresh to the writing of poetry. "The Pipes at Luck-

now," "Telling the Bees," and *Mabel Martin* were among the poems that came from his pen at this time. The war to save the Union made its own appeal to Whittier, and he wrote various poems as well as prose articles showing his deep interest in that conflict. . . .

Taking Whittier's poetry as a whole, the poems depicting country life as he knew it and those dealing in a large way with religion are perhaps most universal in their appeal. He was especially successful in setting forth the many-sided joys of children brought up in the country. Whose heart does not respond to such verses as those known to every American schoolboy:

### The Barefoot Boy

"Blessings on thee, little man,  
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!  
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
 And thy merry whistled tunes;  
 With thy red lip, redder still  
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
 With the sunshine on thy face,  
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;  
 From my heart I give thee joy,—  
 I was once a barefoot boy!  
 Prince thou art,—the grown-up man  
 Only is republican.  
 Let the million-dollared ride!  
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
 Thou hast more than he can buy  
 In the reach of ear and eye,—  
 Outward sunshine, inward joy:  
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!" . . .

When *Snow-Bound* was published in 1866 it was at once recognized as a masterpiece. Nothing even resembling it had appeared since *Cotter's Saturday Night*, by Robert Burns. The four-foot rhyming couplet was admirably adapted to this fine setting forth of New England country life in winter. The poem begins with a vivid description of the oncoming storm:

"The sun that brief December day  
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
 A sadder light than waning moon.  
 A sadder light than waning moon.  
 Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
 A portent seeming less than threat,  
 It sank from sight before it set.  
 A chill no coat, however stout,  
 Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,  
 A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
 That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
 Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
 The coming of the snow-storm told. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

"So all night long the storm roared on:  
 The morning broke without a sun;  
 In tiny spherule traced with lines  
 Of Nature's geometric signs,  
 In starry flake, and pellicle,  
 All day the hoary meteor fell;  
 And, when the second morning shone,  
 We looked upon a world unknown,  
 On nothing we could call our own.  
 Around the glistening wonder bent  
 The blue walls of the firmament,  
 No cloud above, no earth below,—

To page 18

# The Goat That Is Not a Goat

By HARRY J. BAERG

**I**'M SURE I'm not imagining things, but something is on that cliff over there!" My wife pointed out of our living-room window to a rock face on the mountain about a mile away. I left my work to see what had attracted her attention.

The mountains rose steeply about one quarter of a mile back of our place in southern British Columbia, and we often searched the ridges and open patches to

spot deer or other animals that might be passing. It was an interesting diversion in our isolated retreat, and my wife's keen eyes had detected something out of the ordinary. To make sure that it was not a rock or snow patch, she went about her work, and then looked for it again. It was not till she noticed that it had changed position that she called my attention to it again.

What I saw was an area of black volcanic rock face about a hundred yards square with vertical cleavage lines broken by irregular horizontal faults. On one of these near the right edge was a blurred white spot.

"What is it?" queried Ida May. "At first it was over to the left of the opening; now it is at the right."

"Well, in this area it couldn't very well be anything but a mountain goat," I answered, looking at the white spot. At that time we did not have a pair of field glasses, but I had years previously purchased a small two-power telescope that blurred as much as it enlarged and was of no practical value. I found it and looked at the white object. For once the telescope was helpful—

it showed the white area to be squarish, fitting into the outline of a mountain goat, and below and close behind it was another, smaller white area, a kid.

It was a mother goat and her kid grazing on the grass and flowers that grew in the cracks of the rock. We watched them as they moved to the edge of the open space in the forested mountainside and then moved up to another crack in the rock wall and back again. It was a thrill to see these hermits of the high hills from our living-room window.

When I mentioned this experience to our neighbor he assured me that there were goats up there. "That mountain right south of there is called Goat Mountain," he added. "It's all wooded on this side, but on the south side it is bare and rocky, and there are plenty of goats on it."

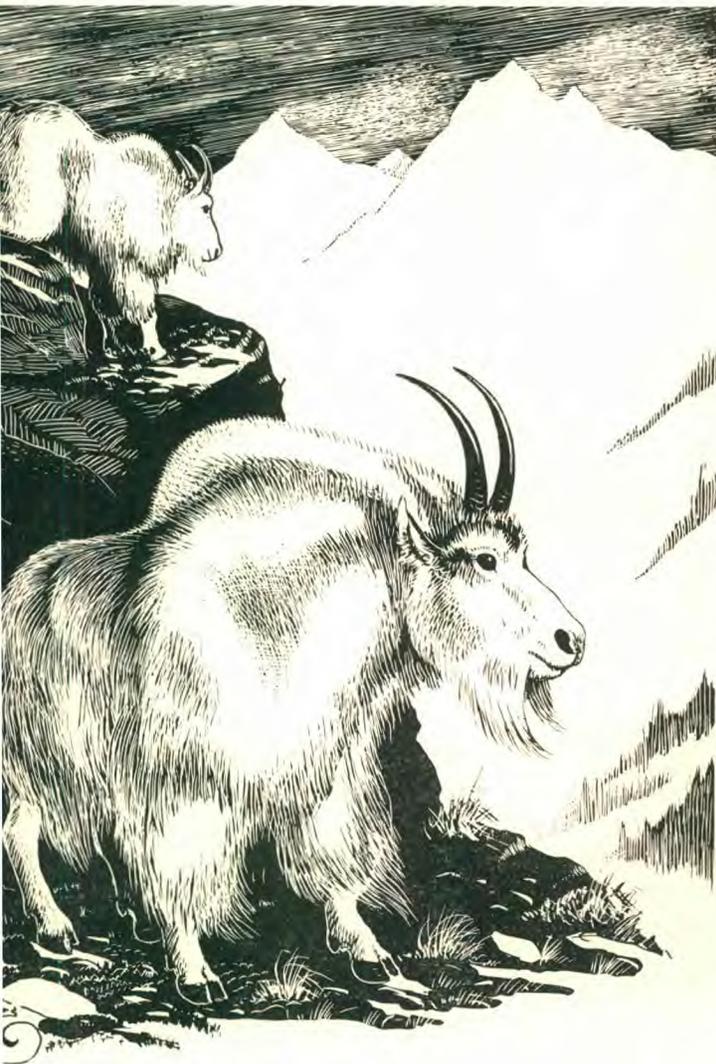
Then he remembered a little incident that had happened some years before. He was working on the lake shore cutting up some logs when he heard a heavy splash in the water off a point nearby. He thought someone might have gone in for a swim, because there had been some campers there just the day before. Then he wondered who would be going swimming at that time of the morning in the cold lake water. He turned to look.

A white, whiskered head showed above the water, and on top of it two black, curved horns stood out. It was a mountain goat, and he watched it swim past him and across the bay. He discovered later that it had landed on our beach and gone past the house and up the trail to the mountains.

"Must have been a coyote or something that chased it, and it took to the water to get away," he concluded.

The white mountain goat that lives on the peaks of the high mountains of the Northwest in climatic conditions similar to those of the arctic, is one of many animals that biologists think were misnamed. It seems that the early explorers made quite a few errors. They wrongly called the bison a buffalo, the elk a moose, the wapiti an elk, the sewellel a mountain

To page 21

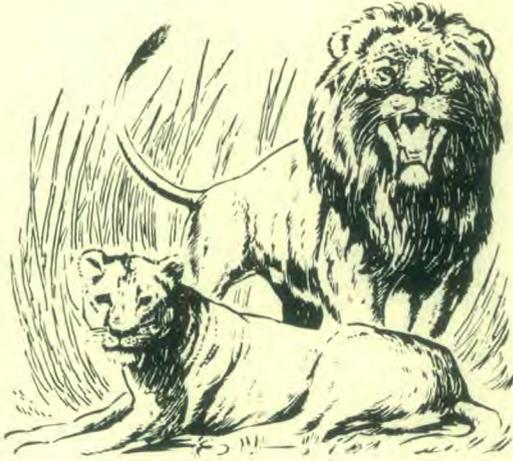


Harry J. Baerg, Artist

Even if the Mountain Goat Is an Antelope, It Looks Like a Goat, and Will Doubtless Always be Called a Goat

*Out in old Africa, in peril of disease and wild animals,*

*we have tested the Lord's promises, for*



# We Have Pas

**T**HE beautiful coastal furlough was only a pleasant memory. The interesting Bantu camp meetings my husband and I had attended were events of the past. We were headed north, toward Malamulo and home.

The roads grew increasingly worse. We had to watch for places where gasoline could be had. Otherwise we might find ourselves marooned in some place not pleasant to spend the night. At Beit Bridge we saw a terse warning: "No more petrol stations for 128 miles." With a full tank we headed toward Bulawayo. We had decided to try to reach Solusi Mission that night, for we were tired of the road, tired of travel, tired of lunches, and tired of sleeping at a different place every night.

Night closed in around us. The road wound around through a wild waste of a country. Tough bushes grew out of heaps of sand and stones. What grass we saw was coarse and ugly. After about two hours of driving, my husband suddenly spoke. "I don't feel so well. Let's stop. I'd rather take a blanket and lie down in the road than to go on. My back and legs hurt terribly."

We stopped and hauled out blankets. I wondered briefly what prowling animals might be crouching near, watching every move we might make. I timidly suggested this to my husband. But he replied, "I'm so tired, I'm not afraid of anything—just so I can stretch out."

There was no need to fear that other travelers might be coming along. Travelers on these roads are few and far between. So we lay down there, under the stars, to rest as well as we could. Overhead we could see the Southern Cross twinkling down at us. Incredible as it may seem, we slept. Dew fell on us. We awoke stiff, tired, and cold. Someway we tidied ourselves up a bit, and drove on into Bulawayo, and on over the rough, bumpy road to Solusi Mission.

We felt a thrill go through us as we

drove into the historic old mission, so fraught with memories of the days of long ago. We thought of the rough ox wagons lumbering onto this spot more than fifty-five years before; of the mission wives, setting up housekeeping in wattle and daub huts in that waste of sand and rock and bush.

There is a stone memorial on the mission that carries the following inscription: "Here the first missionaries slept their first night on this mission." One wonders about their courage and fortitude, for now Solusi, built on such a solid foundation, is a prosperous hive of activity. The next day we walked reverently into the small cemetery where so many of those early missionaries are awaiting the call of the Life-giver. They were stricken by the dreaded malarial fever.

I know only too well what malaria is. The whole body is racked with such terrible agony that all desire for life seems to vanish, and only death—oblivion to misery—seems welcome. Unable to sleep, a malaria patient is constantly racked by blinding headaches, backache, leg ache, and a horrible nausea. Today blessed hypodermics of atabrine can carry the swift-killing medicine to the vicious parasites in the blood stream. Today paludrine helps to keep the disease at bay.

But then! My heart was wrung as I stood by those mounds and thought of the misery and agony that must have been theirs before death brought sweet release. Many of our missions have been established on just such evidences of supreme sacrifice.

And as if the same scourge hung above our heads, that evening my husband became ill. We suggested malaria, and he said, "Well, give me twenty grains of quinine. That always stops it with me, overnight." Hopefully, he took the requisite quinine, but was unable to sleep all night.

We were staying in the home of Pastor and Mrs. J. R. Siebenlist, old friends of

ours from Iowa. Their home is not far from the original site of the early mission homes. Even though we were sorry to cut our visit short, my husband insisted that we go on. His pale face, the evidences of fever, and the solicitations of our friends were strong advice against our leaving. But when a person is ill, nothing looks so inviting as home. For many days to come we had good reason to regret this ill-advised decision.

The roads were terrible from there on to Victoria Falls. Some of the way a new road was under construction, and the detours were beyond description. I had to drive all the way, for my husband grew increasingly worse as we progressed. But he would not heed my pleas to turn back.

"I'll take twenty-five grains of quinine tonight," he promised me. "You'll see. I'll be as good as new in the morning."

Just at sundown we could see outlined against the sky the huge mushroom of spray and mist that indicated our nearness to the greatest waterfall in all the world. Very soon we could hear the mighty roar of the gigantic cataract, but we paid it little heed, for my poor husband by this time was nearing a collapse. We hurried through customs as fast as we could, and then I turned toward the charming little rest camp that had been erected near the falls. The fat, jolly curator was solicitous, and provided us with a neat square hut with cots equipped, surprisingly enough, with inner-spring mattresses.

In a trice I had a bed made up, and in ten minutes my husband had had a bed bath, and was resting as comfortably as malaria allows a victim to rest. He went through an agonizing night, vomiting incessantly, his head, stomach, and back in excruciating pain. By morning such symptoms presented themselves as made my heart stand still in alarm. This must be the dreaded blackwater fever into which malaria sometimes turns so viciously, and which so often is fatal. I

# ed Through the Waters

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS

sought the advice of the curator, who listened gravely.

"You must get him into the government hospital in Northern Rhodesia right away," he advised. "The doctor there may be able to reduce his fever if he can get to work immediately." With my heart sick with worry and anxiety, I made up a bed in the back seat of the car. Other tourists and kindly African servants helped to put him into the improvised bed. Over the line into the city of Livingstone we went. So anxious was I that even when crossing the Zambesi bridge near the northern end of the falls, I hardly gave them a glance. I later remembered and looked for the lovely rainbows one is able to see on sunny days and even moonlit nights.

When attendants carried my moaning husband into that hospital, I wondered with tear-dimmed eyes how he would come out.

If it had not been for the mercy and grace of the good God, I do not know how I could have endured the next few agonizing days. When I went to the hospital my eyes unconsciously sought the chart, with its little telltale graph of mounting fever, increased pulse, faster respiration. One day, as I sat by his bed, I could hardly keep back the tears, but I did, for his sake. Turning restlessly in the bed, he whispered:

"It's April in America now. Oh, April is so beautiful in Michigan and Indiana. . . . I wonder whether I'll ever see April in America again. I'd like to—"

Then he turned over and looked at me.

"My darling," he said, "I'm afraid that I am going to leave you. You must be brave, and go on with the work to which God has called us. Have the box made here—bury me here—God will find me in that last great—"

"Oh, don't say that," I sobbed. "Surely, surely your work isn't done; surely—"

"We can't be the judge of that," he answered me quietly.

That was his worst day, and because he was so very ill, I was asked to leave and return. I went back to the rest camp,

and with the old stepfather, whom we call Daddy Lee, and Alice, our sweet African girl, went far back into the bush near a giant baobob tree, where we poured out our hearts to God in prayer.

That spot in the tangled wilderness will always be holy ground in my memory. God seemed very near and dear in that dark hour. I knew that the next few hours would decide whether my dear husband would live.

My very heart was drained with fear when again I approached the hospital that terrible day. I moved like a robot as I



Ewing Galloway

When We Crossed the Zambesi River Bridge, I Was So Concerned About the Sudden and Extreme Illness of My Husband That I Hardly Gave the Famous Victoria Falls a Glance. The Days Ahead Seemed Most Dismal

searched out his room. Instantly my fears left me, for there he lay, smiling, watching for me. My eyes sought the chart. The fever line had taken a sudden down slope to normal. Pulse normal. Respiration normal. I began to breathe easier, and sat down weakly, but lifted my heart in gratitude to a dear Father in heaven who hears and answers prayers.

"I began to feel better about an hour after you left," he said. "The nurse was surprised when she took my temperature." I nodded understandingly. At that very moment we were bowed by the ancient baobab, calling on God to help us in our hour of great need.

From then on, he steadily grew better. At last the doctor told him he could go, provided he lay in the back seat, took thirty grains of atabrine a day for a week, thirty grains of quinine a day for the next week, and then began on paludrine. He was hardly able to walk when he left the hospital; we attributed this to weakness, but we found out later that he had phlebitis, and for many days he was unable to walk at all without assistance.

While we were at Bulawayo we were advised to be sure to stop at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Bell and Mr. and Mrs. Webster, isolated Adventists some ninety miles from Livingstone, near the town of Kalomo.

At my husband's insistence we started that very noon, hoping to get there by four o'clock and spend the night there.

I had not driven a mile before I realized that the roads I had thought bad before were smooth highways compared to what lay before me. The country grew wilder. Houses, even villages, were miles apart. We were told that we were in a lion, leopard, and elephant country. We could see places where elephants had been through, probably that very day. Small trees had been broken off and uprooted along plainly defined paths through dense bush. We traveled for hours without seeing a single person. The whole region seemed ominous to me, for so much depended on my piloting to safety my helpless family—a sick husband, an old stepfather in his seventy-ninth year, an African girl.

Then, to my dismay, it began to rain—a dismal, miserable, cold, drenching African rain. What was before a miserably rough stony path masquerading as a road became a hopeless morass. Our car labored to get through some spots that seemed bottomless. Time and again, Alice scraped off mud an inch thick that had been slapped onto our windshield. To me that road was a veritable Slough of Despond. The rain sluicing down, making visibility almost impossible, gave me a whole train of fresh worries. The curator at the falls had told me to be careful, and under no circumstances to allow my husband to get cold or wet. What could I do to prevent it? So I breathed a sigh of relief when we arrived at Kalomo.

I got out to inquire the way to Websters' or Bells'. My feelings went down to zero when I was informed that both families had gone away for Easter. What was I to do? I stood and looked at my informant. Evidently the trouble shone out of my eyes. The sick husband, the old father, the girl, and I—where could we stay in a cold, driving rain in this harsh, wild country?

"There's an American mission seven miles down that road," the woman of-



## Lively Forecast

By OLIVE C. LEARY

- Raindrops plopping in a pool,
- Like children bouncing out of school,
- Predict in leaps and joyous play
- That rain will come another day.

ferred, pointing down a dimly outlined path through the grass. I felt impressed to follow the "road." It was twilight when we stopped in front of a neat, well-kept mission house. I went around in the back, praying all the time that God would find us a place to rest. A small boy, with a wheelbarrow full of chopped wood, was edging it into a back porch out of the rain. The father and another little boy were helping him.

The father invited me in, and I asked them whether they knew of any Adventists in the vicinity where we might stay for the night.

The woman came out then, placid of face, radiating hospitality.

"Why, stay with us," she cried out with such welcome in her voice that I gladly accepted. In ten minutes we were established in a clean, comfortable guesthouse. My husband gratefully crept between clean sheets, under a great mosquito net canopy. A big tray with hot potato soup, fresh rich, cold milk, buttered homemade bread, and apples was sent to him, and he drifted off to sleep while the rain beat steadily down on the grass roof. We went in the house and had a fine supper with the family. These missionaries truly emanated

the real spirit of Christian courtesy and hospitality. The mother does her own housework, cooking and cleaning, so her little children will not grow up to think that work is degrading. Small hands set the table and wash the dishes.

That night after supper Alice, my African girl, insisted on washing the dishes while I gathered those little children around me and told them story after story. The pretty little girl crept closer and closer till she was on my lap, her soft dimpled arms around my neck, her big blue eyes fastened with delight on every changing expression of my face. The four little boys edged closer and closer till we were wedged tightly in the throes of the story. The clock struck eight. The little girl insisted on a good-night kiss. They left only when I assured them there would be another story hour in the morning.

All of the white women on that mission, about seven, I believe, called that night, and urged us to stay over the week end.

"We'll all take care of you," one friendly woman assured me hospitably.

"Your husband is too ill to go on," another of them said. I knew all that, but what is a person to do with a sick, stubborn, homesick man?

The next morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Hobby told me that her little daughter awoke in the night and inquired sleepily, "Ith that thtory lady thtill here?" She happily went to sleep when she was assured that we were still there.

At breakfast Mr. Hobby and my husband found they had two consuming interests in common: astronomy and photography. Mrs. Hobby and I exchanged recipes. We had the promised story time. Again, against protest, and with every urgent reason brought forth why we should stay, we started out.

The sun shone brightly for a while, but in the afternoon it began to pour. Again we had to creep along, sliding from side to side of the road in the mud, and evading sharp rocks. My husband looked at the map at dusk. "It says here, 'Refunso Rest Camp, 90 miles.' Let's get there if it takes till midnight. Then we can get to Mwami by tomorrow night."

We traveled thirty of that ninety miles. I turned a sharp corner and came upon a wide river roaring across what had been a road. There were stones, sharp and large, everywhere. I stopped. My husband roused up.

"What's the matter?" he asked impatiently.

"Here's a swift river. I'm afraid to cross it," I replied.

"That's nothing!" he scoffed. "Let me in the driver's seat."

Painfully, he got out, and holding onto the side of the car he edged into the driver's seat. Meanwhile, Alice and I had gotten out and gone down to test the depth of the water about one hundred feet across. With a flashlight and a long stick,

To page 20

**I**T WAS springtime in Prince William Forest, and a warm, sunny afternoon, as eight Junior boys and girls and four grownups walked single file happily along a woodland path bordering a splashing stream.

They were part of a group that had driven down from Takoma Park and Silver Spring the evening before, for this was the annual week-end camping trip of the Silver Spring, Maryland, church. Friday night, Sabbath, and Sunday were to be spent deep in the woods of Virginia, away from the noise and confusion of the cities.

Friday evening, after all had gathered in the dining hall for worship and a good meal, everyone went off to the council ring where the young people's leader had a roaring campfire going, and it was around this welcome warmth that we had our young people's meeting. Then had come bedtime; we wrapped up in blankets in our little cabins.

Only those who awakened around midnight heard the great horned owl in his rhythmic count of seven deep-toned "hoots" or saw the hazy crescent moon sailing over the pines, while all night long, if you stayed awake to listen, you could hear the whippoorwill with his incessant cry, repeated over and over and over, until you wondered how he did it.

Then suddenly it was Sabbath morning, with sunshine filtering through the trees making it so much warmer outside than inside the cabins.

After breakfast there was Sabbath school, out over the lake on the boat piers, and then church up on the high ground in the cool shade of the trees, for by now it was very warm.

Sabbath dinner was over, and in the pleasant afternoon sunshine our little group left to circle the lake and meet another group going around the opposite way. We took along our field glasses as we went in the direction of the dam, for some of our boys had seen several beavers there the evening before. We were not lucky this time, for although we reached the dam and saw several trees that had been cut down by the beavers' sharp teeth and others that had had the bark cut off in a circle, there were no beavers in sight.

Below the dam a beautiful stream disappeared into the forest and our pathway skirted its edge. Little realizing that there would be danger in this pretty spot, we all went happily on our way again. We were about to see God work one of those miracles that are not appreciated until some time afterward when we sit down and quietly think.

Our path followed the stream closely at times, but then it would veer away from the water and climb steep knolls, from which we could look down upon pretty little vistas of the stream. Up and down the path would go, winding sometimes to the very edge of the water. Hepaticas, bluets, and cinquefoils peered up at us



*We were about two miles from camp on a rugged*

*trail, when we discovered sudden death at our feet.*

## A Copperhead Strikes

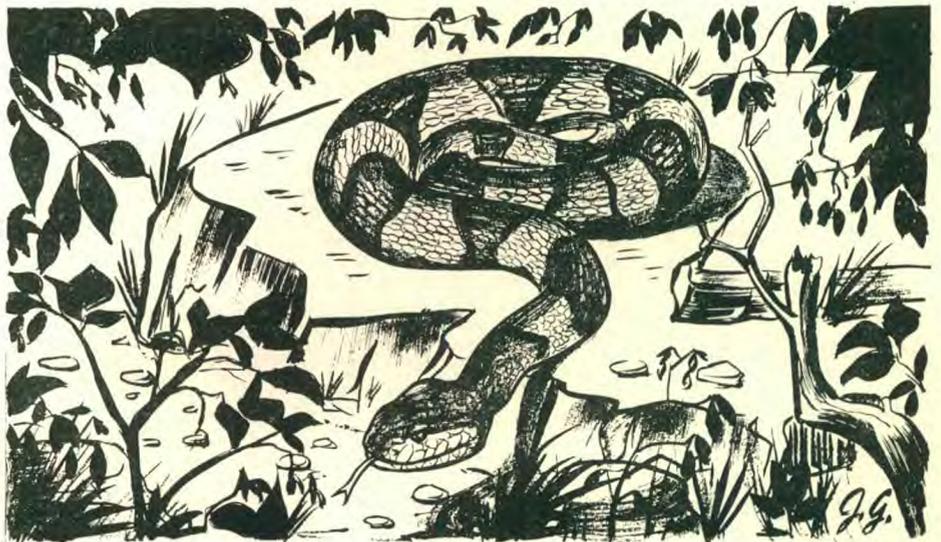
By R. H. RIECKS

through the carpet of fallen leaves. Sometimes the path would go between jutting rocks, and often it was covered with several inches of dried leaves. Twigs snapped, and sometimes the end of a stick jumped up from the leaves as we would tread on the other end.

Ahead of me in single file were several boys and girls and one of our women counselors. Someone had called out to the Juniors to let me go first, but were they not Pathfinders? Should they not lead the way? And so they passed up the warning; they were having too much fun on this glorious afternoon in the woods.

Then it happened! I had noticed in a

hazy sort of way that as each one ahead of me passed a certain spot, he was stepping on the end of a stick buried in the leaves, and the other end was snapping up out of the leaves each time. But this happens dozens of times on a hike through the woods, and it happened again as I stepped on it. I took one more step forward—and froze. Whirling quickly, I looked at the spot from which I had just lifted my foot, and there almost completely concealed by the camouflage of his body in the leaves were the thick coils of a copperhead snake. He had just struck at me as I stepped on his tail or else came too close for comfort. He had been striking



John Gourley, Artist

at all of those ahead of me too. He had missed every one of us. Why? What answer could there be? It was one of God's miracles.

Quickly I stopped the little girl next in line, and we all gathered around at a safe distance. The snake did not move, but lay there looking so much like the leaves that, even knowing where he was, we found it difficult to see him.

I poked a stick at him. He struck it viciously. I poked again, and again with a strike hard to follow with the eye, he hit it.

Sudden death lay there in the leaves. We were about two miles from camp on a very rugged trail, and the camp was many more miles by auto from a doctor. Our pleasant hike could have ended in tragedy if God had not intervened. I wonder how many times He has sent His angel and saved us when we did not know about it.

You know, sin is like that snake. It is usually hard to see, but always lying across our pathway, always ready to strike, and without a warning too.

God is our only protection.

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## High Tide

From page 4

tion. From all quarters clothes, linen, blankets, and furniture were coming in. The W.V.S., to which our local Dorcas Society had regularly sent parcels of clothing, was welcoming all supplies that came in. From Pastor Eric Zins, of the London, Ontario, Canada, church, came a cable offering help and a promised dispatch of clothing by air. The British Union Conference of Seventh-day Adventists voted an immediate gift of one thousand pounds toward relief.

Everything was now under full organization. The island had been almost completely abandoned. But someone had painted in large white letters on a shop front the prophecy: "Canvey will rise again."

The army sent detachments, civilians were drafted into the area, men and women volunteers, university and college students, all who could and would, came to make that prophetic statement come true. Within two weeks Canvey must face the highest winter tides. The future of Canvey was in the balance.

As the flood waters subsided, the enormity of the task was seen. Could the dikes be temporarily repaired to face this new great threat? If the breaches could be filled and the weak places strengthened enough to withstand these exceptional tides, then perhaps Canvey might rise again. If not—but no one talked of that. It was a time to work, to race against time, not to talk.

Lorry convoys carried stone chipping, sand, stakes. Thousands upon thousands of sandbags were to be filled. Work by day,

work by night. Filling sandbags, passing them along the human chain and placing, wedging, strengthening. Stubbled chins, calloused hands, aching backs, tired arms—on, on, on. Slowly the gaps were being filled. How many sandbags it takes to fill the smallest breach!

Field kitchens, snatched meals, brief rest—hurry, hurry, work, work. Time running out. Tides getting higher. Ahead of the tide by inches. But the next tide will be two feet higher. Can we do it? On again, fatigue forgotten. Desperate. And yet all the will in the world cannot increase the tempo. Sandbags, stakes, throwing, heaving, sweating, gasping. Time rushes on—will not wait.

White-fingered searchlights poke holes in the blackness and fasten on groups of silent men. Inch by inch danger creeps nearer, closer and closer. Tonight is highest tide. The water is rising. Will the wall hold? Nothing more can be done now. "Thank God, there is no wind." The water is still rising steadily. Five minutes more to peak height. Still rising.

"O God, for the sake of these dear people of Canvey, may the wall stand." Rising still. The searchlights are reflecting on the water.

"Lord, in this hour of tragedy give the people in these flood- and tempest-devastated areas new hope, new hearts. Give them the promises of Christ for a land where there will be no more sea, 'no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying.' May they see beyond their griefs and tears, yes, even beyond their losses; and grant that with us they may find their true consolation in the soon-coming Saviour."

All is tense. The only sound is the lapping of the water against the sandbags. Quietness—breathless, heart-pounding quietness. Then a cheer rents the air—and another. The silence is broken. The vigil is over. The tide has turned.

Thank God!

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## John Greenleaf Whittier The Most American of Poets

From page 12

A universe of sky and snow!  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes  
and towers  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile  
showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road;  
The bridge-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked  
hat;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle." . . .

We have here, in the full sense of the word, a New England winter idyl, a fact

which Whittier recognized when he remarked to the publisher: "Don't put the poem on tinted or fancy paper. Let it be white as the snow it tells of." . . .

Whittier was a deeply religious man. Though brought up as a Quaker, and loyal throughout his life to the fundamental principles of that denomination, he was entirely free from sectarian prejudices. His was a religion of experience rather than of dogma, and it made him close of kin to all serious-minded men and women.

His religious poems are numerous and varied, but they are all marked by deep sincerity and a broad sympathy with human needs. "Eternal Goodness," which was written in the poet's later years, is truly representative of Whittier's religious views, and it makes a strong appeal to people of every faith. We subjoin a few typical stanzas:

"I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within;  
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin.

"Yet, in the maddening maze of things  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings:  
I know that God is good!

\* \* \* \* \*

"No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

"And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care." . . .

After a short illness the poet died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, on September 7, 1892, being a little less than eighty-five years of age.

In English literature considered as a whole, Whittier occupies a modest place; but as a national American poet, he ranks very high. "When the question of primacy among American poets was canvassed by a group of the public men of Lincoln's time," writes Edmund Clarence Stedman, "the vote was for Whittier; he was at least one whom they understood, and who expressed their feeling and convictions."<sup>1</sup> . . .

Edmond Gosse, the well-known English poet and critic, in the course of his visit to America, made a personal call on Whittier, which formed the topic of one of his delightful essays. After speaking of the American poet's "lasting place in the history of literature," he goes on to say: "He is not rich, nor sonorous, nor a splendid artist; he is even rather rarely exquisite, but he has an individuality of his own that is of durable importance. He is filled with moral enthusiasm, as a trumpet is filled with the breath of him who

blows it. His Quaker quietism concentrates itself till it breaks in a real passion-storm of humanity, and when Whittier is roused he sings with the thrilling sweetness of a wood thrush."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cited in *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (11th ed.), vol. 28, p. 614.  
<sup>2</sup> Cited in *Essays of Our Times*, ed. Sharon Brown, pp. 188, 189.

## Challenge of the Empty Chair

From page 8

was devoted to a vital subject for young people: "The Problems of Love, Courtship, and Marriage." The youth were glad for the good counsel that was given.

Saturday evening the audience waited in expectant silence to see as well as to hear the program, "Pageant of Brazil."

A bell rang out clear and full upon the night air.

Next came the sound of tramping feet. People turned to look down the aisle, and they saw a colorful procession that was making its way up to the front of the room. Young people were carrying flags of their respective states and territories, and others were dressed in the costumes of their own localities. A brilliant, striking parade filled the aisle and made its way to the platform where, beside the large green and gold flag of Brazil, each state representative placed his own colorful flag.

Each young person who was dressed in costume took his turn before the microphone and gave a plea for workers to be sent to his own state or territory.

A *vaqueiro*, or cowboy, from the north was dressed in leather coat and leather trousers, and he wore the large cowboy hat that is so typical of the picturesque dress of these sturdy men.

The *laborer* from the industrial center of São Paulo was represented by a young man who was dressed in overalls and who carried a large wrench to represent the tools used with the machinery of industry.

The *Bahiana*, or woman from the state of Bahia, was dressed in her long, flowing tiers of bright-colored skirts, and on her head she carried a basket of fruit.

A *jangadeiro*, or fisherman, was holding a miniature jangada, or sailboat, to represent the adventurous men who go by these handmade sailboats out hundreds of miles to find a catch of fish.

The *Gaúcho* from the state of Rio Grande do Sul (Great River of the South) wore the costume of long, full, knickerbocker-type pants that gather round the ankle, and a bright-colored, loose shirt and broad-brimmed hat that was tied under his chin.

The *Cariocas*, as the people are called who live on the mountains and on the beautiful beaches of the federal district of Rio de Janeiro, were dressed in typical European clothes.

The *Matogrosense*, or Indian from the state of Mato Grosso (thick jungle), where the savage tribes live, was wearing feathers, a wampum belt, and his face was covered with a pattern of war paint.

The *Amazonian* from the Amazon region had a large snakeskin draped over his suit and down across his shoulders.

The representatives were many that night, and their appeals were urgent: "How can the multitudes hear unless a preacher is sent?" This was the heartfelt cry of each speaker.

After each person had spoken, he took his place on the wide platform, and the chairs had to be crowded together to accommodate the large group. But one chair remained vacant. It was the chair of the absent pioneer.

As a person sat in the audience that night and looked upon the brilliantly dressed group that was crowded on the platform, as he thought of the vast territory that is yet untouched by the gospel, his heart was moved by the magnitude of the work that is yet to be done. As he looked at the vacant chair his heart was filled with emotion, and he was inspired to make the solemn promise that he would

help to carry on and do his part in the spread of the wonderful gospel message.

A rustle was heard at the back of the auditorium.

People turned to look. They saw the old pioneer coming up the aisle, bearing the lighted torch; and with him was a white-haired grandmother who represented the pioneer Bible instructors. Slowly they made their way up to the front of the room.

Pastor Skinner stepped out to meet them and took the large torch. The two old people stepped to the vacant chair and stood behind it.

Pastor Skinner went to the front of the platform, and holding the torch high above his head, he turned to the sea of young faces before him.

A solemn silence filled the auditorium.

Then came the words clear and challenging, "Who will come forward and take the place left vacant by our pioneers? Is there anyone who will volunteer to come and carry this torch?"

The entire audience of twenty-five hundred young people stood to their feet. Then one young man and one young woman, chosen to represent the whole group, walked to the platform. They grasped the torch in their hands, and stood by the vacant chair.

Pastor Skinner spoke: "You now hold the lighted torch that symbolizes the spirit of service. May the God of heaven help you to *live your faith*, and as you go back to your homes—carrying the torch of truth in your hands—may God give you wisdom and strength to complete the task of enlightening the peoples of your country. I now pronounce the first national youth congress of Brazil closed."

The two young people, holding the torch between them, walked down the aisle and out into the dark night. At that moment the torch that had lighted the large map of Brazil for five days was turned out. People went slowly out of the building.

Long after the meeting had closed and

## Winnie, the White Heron, No. 1 - By Harry Baerg

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1. In America it is only at Florida's southern tip that the white heron is found. Here among the thousands of small islands between the Keys and the mainland it has found a home.



2. This pure-white heron with yellow bill and legs is slightly larger than the more common great blue heron. It has a length of more than fifty inches and a wingspread up to seven feet.



3. It builds its nest in the mangrove islands that dot the bay, and feeds upon the tropical fish that are found in the shallow, warm waters surrounding these small uninhabited islands.



4. In the seclusion of these marshy wastes this lovely white bird makes a home. Here it lives happily with such neighbors as the wood ibis, roseate spoonbills, and sluggish alligators.

late into the night groups of young people could be seen still talking together in the semidarkness of the college campus. As one walked in and out among the groups he could hear the same topic of discussion among the young people of the north, of the south, of the east, of the west—from all lips came the same thought: "I must go back to my people and tell them. . . . I must sacrifice so others will learn of this wonderful message. . . . I will *live my faith*."

## We Have Passed Through the Waters

From page 16

she waded in. The water came considerably above her knees, but my husband thought we could make it. We would not have been so ready to prowl around in the darkness had we known this was a native reserve and that there were many lions in the vicinity. Happily we did not know. Grimly my husband plowed through that rocky expanse of water. It was so high that it came into the car.

When we got over to the other side Alice wailed, "My shoes! My shoes! They're on the other side!"

Sure enough, her pretty red shoes were sitting on the other side of that roaring

torrent. Nothing would do. She took the flashlight and the stick and waded back to get them. For the Africans shoes are too hard to get to be lightly discarded.

"I'll just turn off the ignition, to save gas," my husband said after she had gone. The hour of our greatest trial had struck.

When she came back I tried to start the car, but the water had got into the starter when it was submerged, and it did not even click. A drizzling rain was falling. We were dirty, hungry, and tired. It was seven o'clock of an April evening. We realized that we would have to sit there till someone came to push us, or until the starter dried out by itself. Resignedly we tried to settle down for the night.

I sat jammed against an armrest of the door of the car all night, with it poking into my side, so my husband could lie down with his head in my lap and sleep. I smelled gasoline. I turned my flashlight on the instrument panel. The tank showed empty. Crossing that river we had raked a hole in the tank! Now, what could we do? I could not sleep another wink, but prayed to God to look down on us and help us some way. How—I could not imagine. It was Good Friday. All garages were closed until the following Tuesday. What *could* we do? I told Alice that "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

The next morning I walked down the road about a mile and found a small African village. Luckily the people there

could speak Nyanja. Were there any white people living near?

No, none. The government school was sixteen miles away. There were white *bwanas* there.

Would they give me a runner to send for help? One *bwana* was sick, and the other one old, and the *garomoto* was broken.

"*Ndithu*," he assured me, and he went and called a spindle-shanked African lad, who eyed me interestedly.

I gave him a note to the headmaster of the school, in which I described our quandary and appealed for help—which would probably involve sending out a mechanic from town to fix us up.

The lad set off at a dogtrot, his rags fluttering in the breeze.

Then followed several hours of waiting. We had worship, cooked some food, cleaned out the car, and washed some clothes in the clear water of the stream. Even then we did not know whether help would be forthcoming. We were helpless. We could only pray and wait. A trucker came by, and he said he would try to send a mechanic out from Lusaka. We found out later that all the telephone and electric lines around Lusaka were down, owing to the storm we had just weathered. He had tried to find a repairman, but without success. The mechanics had all gone away for the Easter week end.

About the middle of the afternoon I was so worried that Alice and I went off into the bush, and we again talked to the heavenly Father and begged Him not to forget us. I was afraid another night on the road would cause my husband to have a fatal relapse, and all we had gained would be lost. Most earnestly we sought the Lord that afternoon, kneeling in the rough grass of the scraggly bush.

We went back to the car. My husband looked so sick. He just lay on the seat apathetically, not saying a word. My heart was filled to the bursting point with anxiety. He could not stand another night on the road. Then, as if we did not have enough to bear, we discovered that one of our pieces of luggage had been stolen, the one containing new clothing, bedding, and shoes to the value of about one hundred dollars. When it rains it pours! Our courage was at its lowest ebb.

Just about that time a car came around a corner, and plunged merrily and assuredly through the water that had gone down about two feet during that wretched night.

Both front doors opened, and a man jumped out of either side. Both ran toward our marooned car.

"Mrs. Edwards! Mrs. Edwards!" they cried.

"Who! What!" I was amazed. I hastened toward them, my heart filled with great wonder.

"A native boy just reached our school a few minutes ago. We've come to help you. What can we do?"

Those two good clear-faced men looked



Conducted by  
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

### Of Cars and Men

THERE are very few of our readers, even though they are stamp collectors and can do wonderful things, who would try to put a Cadillac in a canoe. However impossible this may seem, someone did it long ago. A Cadillac in a canoe? Yes! Although Cadillacs have been leaving Detroit for many years, the first Cadillac arrived at Detroit in a canoe.

The stamp that we have pictured for you this week shows the famous explorer Antoine Cadillac landing at Detroit about July, 1701. Above and beyond the cloud of discovery is today's skyline of mighty Detroit. Today canoes are outmoded in many places, but the automotive city provides a means of travel and new exploration for literally millions of people all over the world. To say that Cadillac discovered the automotive city would not be quite

accurate. He did discover a place where men have ever since been fostering the spirit of discovery.

To many people the name Cadillac means nothing more than an elegant vehicle. To stamp collectors it may also mean the living history that helped to found a nation. Every explorer, every adventurer, every one who ever made important advances in the interest of mankind, has, like Columbus, had to sail or in some other way go into the great unknown.

As you can see, many stamps have been issued to honor the memory of the great explorers who did so much to open up the Western Hemisphere. People in every country will find that the great men and the explorers of their country are pictured on their national stamps. As a matter of interest as well as educational value, much may be gained by collecting these stamps and studying the events they commemorate.



like angels of God to me. The nerve that had sustained me for a day and a night gave way. I began to cry, and Alice ran and hid her face and began to sob aloud.

I looked at my husband, pale and sick, at poor old Daddy Lee, drawn and drooping with weariness.

"Oh, take my husband and Daddy Lee back to your school, and put them to bed. They're so tired," I sobbed.

"But what about you?" questioned the headmaster kindly. "Aren't you tired too?"

"Yes, but someone must stay with the car," I argued. "It will be stripped. Everything we have will be stolen. I am not afraid. Alice and I will sleep here. If only I can know that Daddy Lee and my husband are safe and warm and comfortable, I'll be all right."

So they took the two men away, with assurances that they would return. We were so relieved at the mercy and the grace of God in taking care of us that Alice and I wept for nearly two hours.

After a while the trucker returned. He had driven back over those unspeakable roads to see whether we had found help.

"I couldn't rest till I knew," he said. I told him about the headmaster coming from the Shalmbani School.

"I don't mind staying here tonight," I said.

"But you mustn't," he argued. "There are wild beasts here—lions and leopards. I'll drive my car near, and stay near you."

I assured him that it was not necessary, but he was adamant. He said he could not rest in his bed if he knew that a woman and a girl were alone there in that wild stretch of country. I know now that God's grace lives in many a human heart.

At nightfall the people from Shalmbani came for us. A native watchman was left with the car, and we were taken to the warm, comfortable guesthouse at the big government school.

There we had comfortable beds, pitchers of cool water, great trays of delicious food, and baths. Alice washed and ironed our clothes. We found that the good headmaster, Pastor Maxwell Robertson, had given the native Adventist boys in his school the Sabbaths off and had made a place of worship available for them. That Sabbath he sent word to all of the Adventist boys: "One of your white pastors is here in our guesthouse. You must go and pay your respects to him."

And they came—many, many of them, eager to see and talk with us. Good boys, all, God bless them.

Pastor Robertson told us that he was very much pleased with the Christian experience and the attitude of the Adventist boys. We found too that they had been put into positions of trust and had demonstrated the fact that they did not feel themselves above hard work. We were pleased with this good report.

We were treated with every kindness

## Road Map to Providence

Many have pitied the lot of the Israel of God in being compelled to give systematically, besides making liberal offerings yearly. An all-wise God knew best what system of benevolence would be in accordance with His providence, and has given His people directions in regard to it. It has ever proved that nine tenths are worth more to them than ten tenths.—"Testimonies," vol. 3, p. 546.

and consideration the four days we spent there. The enforced rest over that week end was precisely what my sick husband needed. He lay in bed and rested, and rested, and then rested some more.

And, as if they had not done enough to help us, the kindly headmaster sent a truck to tow our car in. In their own repair shop they soldered the broken tank, and put it in good working order.

When we started to leave them on a memorable Tuesday, they laughed at all thought of pay, and assured us that it had given them great pleasure to help us in our hour of great need. As we left the environs of the beautiful, well-kept Shalmbani School, we realized with grateful hearts that God has His faithful emissaries everywhere. They, like blessed angels of mercy, go willingly forth to render aid and comfort to those in need.

A few more days of uneventful travel, and we were back at Malamulo once more. We were back with our faithful and loving native children who call us mother and father. And best of all, we were *both* back. I had feared that I might have to return alone, that I might have to leave my beloved husband under the hard, harsh clay of Central Africa. But God heard my agonized cries and answered; bless His holy name!

## The Goat That Is Not a Goat

From page 13

beaver, the pika a cony, the pronghorn an antelope, and our mountain antelope a goat. Some of these errors were slight, most of them based on appearance; but our moose is certainly very similar to the European elk, and our wapiti is not an elk but a red deer. The sewellel does not live in the mountains and is not a beaver; the pika and the Biblical "coney" are worlds apart in genera.

Of course, even if the mountain goat is an antelope, he looks like a goat and will always be called a goat. He is bigger than a domestic goat, has a high shoulder, short front legs, and sharp black horns. His black hoofs are concave below and act like suction cups on the icy rocks over which he travels. He is deliberate, dignified, and sure-footed, but not very fast. In the open a man can easily run him down.

Our car had just made a turn in the winding river road when my wife and I saw a mountain goat standing before us. His hair was wet, and he had evidently just crossed the river. I applied the brakes, but the goat turned to run, so I coasted along beside him while my wife frantically but vainly dug around in our suitcase for the camera. The goat bravely but stiff-leggedly galloped along for about one hundred yards or more. Then he decided that he could not run forever just to have his picture taken and jumped into the bushes beside the road.

In his home territory speed is not the most important qualification for survival. It is worth more to be coolheaded and deliberate. Dizzy heights do not faze these goats. They will calmly walk along a bare foothold in the face of a precipice with a drop of a thousand feet below them. Then if the trail ends, they will slowly rise on their hind legs, hugging and facing the wall, and come down facing in the opposite direction to walk back the way they came. As in all creation, accidents will happen. There are times when a foot slips or a foothold breaks away, and the goat goes down. If the drop is not too great, it is not necessarily fatal, but often enough the carcass is eaten by scavengers in the bottom of the chasm.

Few enemies take the trouble to search out the mountain goats in their inaccessible cliffs in the winter, but in summer the goats come down a bit lower, and cougars, lynxes, and wolves find them. The sharp horns are an effective defense and a good deterrent for some of the less bold animals. Mother goats will fight fiercely for their young.

Usually the goats take to the safety of the cliffs. One would think that in their native habitat they would know all the paths and trails, and easily evade enemies. Still, now and then they will travel a blind ledge and corner themselves. A naturalist once boldly followed an old billy on a narrow trail and got butted off the ledge by the returning goat. Fortunately the fall was not too great, and he survived to tell the story.

When a flock of goats are surprised they will most often scatter in all directions, each one picking his own trail rather than all going single file on a known escape route.

Rocky Mountain goats are not among

the most difficult animals to hunt. They keep a sharp lookout below them, but often fail to observe the rocks above. When they see a hunter they will often stop to look at him or turn to look before going around a turn in the trail. Sometimes they will even sit on their haunches like a dog to look around.

Of course, the terrain is always difficult for hunters, and calls for a great deal of physical exertion that most of the roadside hunters do not care to expend. Then, too, the horns are not impressive, and the face is hardly beautiful.

Yet, in spite of all this, there are hunters who will spend plenty of money and energy to obtain these trophies. I remember our local blacksmith telling me of having to shoe thirty pack horses for a party of hunters who were going after goats in our mountains.

The meat of kids is probably palatable enough, but that of old billies is said to be rank, tough, and strong flavored, especially in summer when they have been feeding heavily on their favorite food of wild onions that are so common in parts of their range.

In fall during the mating season the mature males will go about beating and rubbing their horns on rocks, roots, and bushes, leaving behind an oily scent from glands at the base of each horn. This attracts the females and also warns other billies of the presence of a rival. When two males meet they will engage in a stiff-legged sparring, butting and goring, which sometimes proves fatal to one or both.

When the winter snows cover the mountains, the goats climb higher—up where the bitter winds blow powdery clouds of snow from the ridges. Here they find the frozen remains of plants that the gale has laid bare. A dense coat of white wool under the long shaggy hair keeps the animals from freezing to death. In the awful cold of nighttime, when the northern blizzards howl, the bands of goats will find shelter in caves or hollows among the rocks on the leeward side of the peaks. There they sleep and maybe dream of the springtime when the wild flowers bloom and the kids frolic and leap over the granite boulders in the brilliant sunshine.

### MV Youth in Action

From page 10

Floats were made too. The scene was of the birth of Jesus with the Wise Men. Live characters were used, and as the music came over the portable public-address system it looked as if the Wise Men were the singers. People came out of their houses a block or more ahead, looking, listening, ready to give to the solicitors as they came along on both sides of the street. This method proved successful and was recommended especially when singers were few.

The float with a choir of singers made an excellent record. Compliments came from far and near. It's a special privilege when you can ride down the street in a beautiful float. The one used in Corpus Christi had these attractive features: a sleigh design, message of peace, robed choir, Christmas lights, and appropriate yuletide decorations.

All the results of singing for missions in Texas may never be known until we reach the heavenly land, but in dollars we know the major portion of sixty thousand dollars came in through the singing bands from Thanksgiving to Christmas of 1952.

### Lamming Mills Investiture

By E. M. Peterson

The Lamming Mills Missionary Volunteer Society is probably the most active in British Columbia. A year of activity came to an end December 20 with a large investiture service. In a beautiful candlelight service the Master Guides present lighted the candle of each of the fifty-two who were invested. It was an impressive ceremony as the platform was transferred from darkness to light. When all the candles were lighted the charge was given by E. M. Peterson, conference MV secretary. All pledged themselves to hold their light high and share their faith.

Mrs. Lloyd Edstrom has been leader of the society for 1952. Mrs. E. V. Lamming led out in the strong MV classwork. The classes and number were: Master Guides, 9; Guides, 5; Companions, 5; Friends, 5; Busy Bees, 10; Sunbeams, 12; Helping Hands, 5; Builders, 1.

### Youth Congress

From page 7

lighting the torch that will illuminate the primitive worship in Brazil. May this light shine eternally in your hearts." Thus is lighted the symbolic torch of the first national Adventist youth congress.

#### THE PERSON OF THE VACANT CHAIR

The ministers and pastors are introduced—among them, Lawrence Skinner, [associate] world director of the Young People's Department; Dário Garcia, South American delegate; Brazilian representatives and authorities; and also the person of the vacant chair. He is the absent pioneer; he represents the missionaries of the church taken by death.

In the first solemn session begins the appeal to the young men. "If there be not among you, young people, those who will occupy the chair of the absent pioneer, it is better that the earth open before your feet. You are challenged by the dead, by the veterans, to occupy the vacant chair of the absent pioneer."

In the final ceremony five days later the

challenge reaches its climax in glowing light, shining on the white hair of the aged couple, Pastor Kuempel and the widow Jeredyl Wilfart, who carry forward the flaming torch with trembling hands, the hands of old age, to the chair of the absent pioneer. The trumpet plays impressively. And Pastor Skinner, with the "light of the gospel" in his hands, always high above head, speaks of the memory of the dead and of the laying down of the torch by the pioneers. "Those who have fallen must be replaced. The aged must rest." Will there be youth ready to receive the torch, lighted by the flame of the first church at Gaspar Alto, and with it win the world for Christ? Hands are raised, hands to carry the torch—the torch of truth in the hands and hearts of the youth—and standing, the Adventist youth make the pledge and accept the challenge.



### Senior Youth Lesson

#### III—Noah, a Preacher of Righteousness

(April 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 6, 7.

MEMORY VERSE: Matthew 24:38, 39.

LESSON HELP: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 90-104.

#### Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson. Memorize Matt. 24:38, 39.
2. Ques. 1-3, and notes.
3. Ques. 4, 5, and note. Read *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 90-97.
4. Ques. 6-9, and notes.
5. Read *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 98-104.
6. Ques. 10, 11, and notes.
7. Review the entire lesson.

#### Witnessing for God

1. What is said in the Scriptures concerning the character of Noah? Gen. 6: 8, 9.

NOTE.—"When God was displeased with the rest of the world, he favoured Noah. . . . This vindicates God's justice in his displeasure against the world, and shows that he had strictly examined the character of every person in it before he pronounced it universally corrupt; for, there being one good man, he found him out, and smiled upon him."—*Matthew Henry's Commentary*, vol. 1, p. 54.

2. In what condition was the earth before the Flood? Because of this, what message did God give Noah? Verses 11-13, 17.

3. What was Noah then instructed to do? Describe the ark. Verses 14-16, 18-21.

NOTE.—"God gave Noah the exact dimensions of the ark, and explicit directions in regard to its construction in every particular. Human wisdom could not have devised a structure of so great strength and durability. God was the designer, and Noah the master-builder. It was constructed like the hull of a ship, that it might float upon the water, but in some respects it more nearly resembled a house. It was three stories high, with but one door, which was in the side. The light was admitted at the top, and the different apartments were so arranged that all were lighted. . . . All that man could do was done to render the work perfect, yet the ark

could not of itself have withstood the storm which was to come upon the earth. God alone could preserve His servants upon the tempestuous waters."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 92-95.

4. How long a time was given to the antediluvians for repentance? How did God express His grief because of man's wickedness? Verses 3, 5, 6.

NOTE.—"When we read that God repented, it is only our human way of speaking, for, as Calvin says, 'nothing happens by accident or that has not been foreseen.' It brings before our minds 'the sorrow of divine love over the sins of man,' in the words of Calvin, 'that when the terrible sins of men offend God, it is not otherwise than as if his heart had been wounded by extreme sorrow.'"—*Ibid.*, Appendix, Note 1, p. 757.

#### The Faith of Noah

5. What did Noah do that showed his faith in God's word? 2 Peter 2:5; 1 Peter 3:18-20.

6. How did Noah further show his faith? Heb. 11:7.

NOTE.—"We do not know the way in which God chose to warn Noah—whether by dream, vision, or direct revelation. In any event, the things of which he was warned were not seen as yet. Moved with fear, he prepared an ark for the saving of his house. The fear that moved him was not fear of the coming Flood. 'Fear' here is closely connected with 'godly fear' in Hebrews 12:28. Noah believed God, though the things revealed to him were yet in the future. His confidence in God caused him to act out his faith, and by that act he condemned the world."—M. L. ANDREASEN, *The Book of Hebrews*, p. 488.

7. When the work of building was finished what was Noah told to take into the ark? How many persons went into the ark? Gen. 7:1-9, 13-15.

8. When all were in the ark how was the door closed? Verse 16.

9. From where did the water come that covered the earth? How complete was the destruction caused by the flood? Verses 11, 12, 17-24.

#### The Last Days

10. How are the days of Noah compared with ours? Matt. 24:37-39.

NOTE.—As in the days of Noah, "a similar condition of things exists now. That which is lawful in itself is carried to excess. Appetite is indulged without restraint. . . . Intemperance benumbs the moral and spiritual powers, and prepares the way for indulgence of the lower passions. . . . Men are living for the pleasures of sense; for this world and this life alone. Extravagance pervades all circles of society. Integrity is sacrificed for luxury and display. . . . The picture which inspiration has given of the antediluvian world, represents too truly the condition to which modern society is fast hastening."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 101, 102.

11. What prediction of conditions in the last days is being fulfilled today? 2 Peter 3:3-10.

NOTE.—"Clear evidence of the truthfulness of the Scriptures is found in the present fulfillment of the prophecies concerning false teachers who should arise in the last days. Besides scoffing at the creation record, the pattern of apostasy which was predicted included denial of a Saviour, 'the Lord that bought them;' ignoring the Deluge and its causes and its effects; disregard of the imminence of the final judgment and of the destruction of the earth by fire; 'oppositions of science falsely so-called' in the form of various theories and fanciful ideas; and inadequate interpretation of 'the word of truth,' the Bible itself."—R. E. HOEN, *The Creator and His Workshop*, p. 154.

## Junior-YOUTH LESSON

### III—Noah, a Preacher of Righteousness

(April 18)

LESSON TEXTS: Genesis 6:5-8, 13-17; 7:1-

12. MEMORY VERSE: "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house." Hebrews 11:7.

APRIL 7, 1953

### Guiding Thought

The earth had reached a crisis in wickedness. Every kind of crime was on the increase. Murders were the order of the day. On to this scene of universal wickedness came a man whose life and actions and words stood out in glaring contrast to the lives of those around him—the man Noah. Without questioning he carried out God's instruction to build of gopher wood an enormous ark, and to talk to the people who flocked to see this great marvel of God's love and His desire for them to be saved from the destruction that was soon to begin. By his holy life, his faith and obedience, by his work on the ark, by his preaching, Noah bore a faithful witness to his generation for 120 years. Today we, the Advent people, live on the brink of a second worldwide catastrophe more terrible than the Flood. We, like Noah, are called to witness as he did by our faith and obedience, our works and our words, and guide men and women to safety.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

#### Noah Witnessed by His Life

1. What does the Bible tell us of the moral condition of the world in the years just before the Flood? Gen. 6:5, 6.

NOTE.—Instead of being reminded of God's goodness and love by the precious stones, the beautiful woods, and His other gifts, men used these things to compete with one another in making the most extravagant homes. Instead of worshipping God, they made gods of their own, gods whose life stories were far from idealistic. Instead of establishing happy homes, men took many wives, often by force. Instead of caring for the animals, over which man had been given dominion, they delighted in killing them. "Iniquity had become so deep and wide-spread that God could no longer bear with it."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 92.

2. Whose life stood out in contrast to the general wickedness of those days? Verses 8, 9.

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

#### Noah Witnessed by His Works

3. How did God take Noah into His confidence concerning the plans He was obliged to make to stop the spread of wickedness in the earth? Verses 12, 13.

4. What work did God give Noah to do for the saving of himself and his family and to witness to the unbelieving people of his time? Verses 14-16.

NOTE.—"God gave Noah the exact dimensions of the ark, and explicit directions in regard to its construction in every particular. Human wisdom could not have devised a structure of so great strength and durability. God was the designer, and Noah the master-builder. It was constructed like the hull of a ship, that it might float upon the water, but in some respects it more nearly resembled a house. It was three stories high, with but one door, which was in the side. The light was admitted at the top, and the different apartments were so arranged that all were lighted. The material employed in the construction of the ark was the cypress, or gopher wood, which would be untouched by decay for hundreds of years. . . . All that man could do was done to render the work perfect, yet the ark could not of itself have withstood the storm which was to come upon the earth. God alone could preserve His servants upon the tempestuous waters. . . . While Noah was giving his warning message to the world, his works testified of his sincerity. It was thus that his faith was perfected and made evident."—*Ibid.*, pp. 92-95.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

#### Noah Witnessed by His Preaching

5. After God's decision to destroy the earth by water, how long a period did He give the people in which to repent? Verse 3.

6. Noah was known as the fanatical carpenter building a sturdy ship on dry land, but he was also known as something else during those 120 years of probation. Find what he was called by Peter. 2 Peter 2:5.

NOTE.—"While building the ark he was to preach that God would bring a flood of water upon the earth to destroy the wicked. . . . He gave the world an example of believing just what God says. All that he possessed, he invested in the ark. As he began to construct that immense boat on dry ground, multitudes came from every direction to see the strange sight, and to hear the earnest, fervent words of the singular preacher. Every blow struck upon the ark was a witness to the people."—*Ibid.*

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

#### Noah Witnessed by His Faith and Obedience

7. The command to build an ark of the strength and size in the divine blueprint must have seemed strange to one who had never seen rain or known what a flood was. How did Noah respond to God's command? Gen. 6:22.

8. When told to go with his family into the ark and to let in the animals that to the amazement of the onlookers came gathering from near and far toward the mighty vessel, how was Noah's obedience further seen? Gen. 7:5, 7, 8.

NOTE.—"The massive door, which it was impossible for those within to close, was slowly swung to its place by unseen hands. Noah was shut in, and the rejecters of God's mercy were shut out."—*Ibid.*, p. 98. How vividly this suggests another tragic scene described by Christ! His words are these: "And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut." Matt. 25:10.

9. Describe the terrible experience that the scoffing, unbelieving people who had refused Noah's warnings were doomed to pass through while Noah and his loved ones were safe inside the ark. Gen. 7:11, 12, 17-23.

NOTE.—"Water appeared to come from the clouds in mighty cataracts. Rivers broke away from their boundaries, and overflowed the valleys. Jets of water burst from the earth with indescribable force, throwing massive rocks hundreds of feet into the air, and these, in falling, buried themselves deep in the ground. . . . As the violence of the storm increased, trees, buildings, rocks, and earth were hurled in every direction. The terror of man and beast was beyond description. Above the roar of the tempest was heard the wailing of a people that had despised the authority of God."—*Ibid.*, p. 99.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

#### Noah an Example to Us Today

10. When Christ preached His sermon on the Second Advent, to what time did He compare the years just before His second coming and the destruction of the earth by fire? Matt. 24:37-39.

NOTE.—"While God's servants are giving the message that the end of all things is at hand, the world is absorbed in amusements and pleasure-seeking. There is a constant round of excitement that causes indifference to God, and prevents the people from being impressed by the truths which alone can save them from the coming destruction. In Noah's day, philosophers declared that it was impossible for the world to be destroyed by water; so now there are men of science who endeavor to show that the world cannot be destroyed by fire,—that this would be inconsistent with the laws of nature, but the God of nature, the maker and controller of her laws, can use the works of His hands to serve His own purpose."—*Ibid.*, p. 103.

11. In Noah's day men made fun of his saintly life, his work on the ark, and his preaching. How are people talking today while Seventh-day Adventists witness by life and deed and word? 2 Peter 3:3, 4.

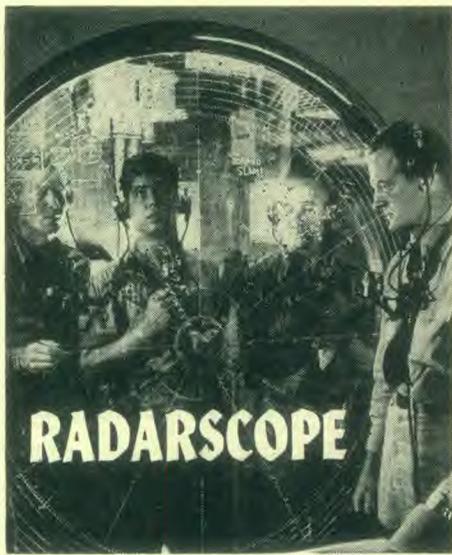
12. What lesson should we who live before the destruction of the earth by fire learn from Noah and the scoffers in the days before the destruction of the earth by water? Verses 10, 12, 17.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

To what do the following numbers refer in the story of the Flood? (Genesis 6 and 7.)

15	300
2	8
50	3
3	7
120	40

LIVING THE LESSON: Do I feel ashamed when people think that the Adventist idea of the destruction of the earth is ridiculous, or do I continue making provision for my safety and helping others to find safety in keeping God's commandments?



► THE first beef cattle imported by Japan to improve their herds after the second world war were shorthorn bulls.

► THE coal mines of Glace Bay in Nova Scotia are said to have extended for miles under the sea from the rocky coast of Cape Breton Island.

► THERE were advantages and disadvantages in being a musician in the Aztec Empire. Although a drum specialist was exempt from taxation, if he made a mistake in the performance of ritual music, such as a missed beat, he faced death.

► THE 22,835-foot-high Mount Aconcagua, loftiest peak in the South American Andes, was conquered early this year by a five-man Chilean mountain-climbing team. In addition, Japanese, Brazilian, and Argentine teams have also claimed reaching this summit in recent months.

► AN 8- to 10-horsepower Diesel engine suitable for small watercraft has been developed in Norway, according to the Norwegian Information Service. This lightweight one-cylinder engine is watertight, easy to start, and operates with little vibration. It is particularly suitable for open boats of 30 feet in length or less.

► SOME commercial air lines are now equipping their fleets with beacon-type taillights. Rotating slowly at the top of the vertical fin of the air liner's tail, the 50,000-candlepower lights should reduce chances of two-plane collisions at night and in conditions of poor visibility, reports *Science News Letter*. They are about 50 per cent brighter than automobile headlights.

► WHEN Prince Charles, five-year-old son of Queen Elizabeth II, was posing for pictures to be used on British stamps, he caused the photographer a little trouble. It all came about when he asked to change places with the man. When he saw the photographer's image upside down on the focusing screen, he presumed that the finished product would be upside down too. So when the photographer returned to his place at the camera and looked at the focusing screen, he found the image of the prince right side up. The boy was standing on his head.

► THE island of Formosa, much in the news recently, is 245 miles long and 88 miles across at its widest point. Its area is slightly more than that of Massachusetts and Connecticut combined. According to the National Geographic Society, its present population, greatly swollen by Nationalist Government personnel and refugees, is about 9.5 million. The island, named by early Portuguese navigators Ilha Formosa, or "beautiful island," is right on the Tropic of Cancer. The Chinese and Japanese name for the island is Taiwan, or "bay of terraces."

► AMONG the Zambales Mountains in Luzon, Philippine Islands, live a pygmy people not previously known to exist. These Abenlen people are entirely different from the Negritos among whom they have lived for hundreds of years. The women measure four feet four and one half inches and the men about four feet eight inches. They have long, straight or curly hair, some with a distinct red tint. Their eyes are light brown, and their features are remarkably fine.

► A FLOATING library with about 500 books is helping to provide lonely Danish fishermen with something to do. The speedboat that carries the library is operated by a man who can give the readers advice about books.

► NEW YORK Harbor docks and undocks 8,000 ships every year.

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## *A Changed Walk*

Paul gives some good counsel on walking. Let us consider his first Ephesian walk. "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins; wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world. . . . But God, who is rich in mercy, . . . hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

What a wonderful thing it is for the great host of Seventh-day Adventist youth around the world to be known as youth who walk not according to the course of this world, but who, through Christ Jesus, triumphantly walk a life of witnessing and growing through their Lord. We are called to share our faith. We are called to be witnesses, ambassadors for God. Let us, in our walking, make sure that we demonstrate that we have been quickened, that we have been changed, that the exceeding riches of His grace may be manifest in our daily walking for and with Him.

Yes, Seventh-day Adventist youth are called to be different. There must be a manifestation of our new experience. We read: "It is heart missionaries that are needed. Spasmodic efforts will do little good. We must arrest the attention. We must be deeply in earnest."

And so from the first North American Youth Congress in San Francisco to the great congress in Paris, from youth congresses in South Africa to those in India, and from youth congresses in Nordic lands to the coming Pan-American Youth Congress in San Francisco, Seventh-day Adventist young people are known as youth of faith, youth who, having forsaken the course of this world, walk triumphantly onward, sharing their faith—walking for Christ.

R. J. CHRISTIAN.

► EIGHT-INCH-LONG hummingbirds, the largest known, are found in the South American Andes.

► FOR every cubic foot of gasoline that an automobile engine uses, it requires, in general, 9,000 cubic feet of air.

► HERCULES and Betelgeuse, the 2 largest stars measured so far, are respectively 400 and 300 times larger than our sun.

► AFTER 11 years of just nibbling on candy, the British people are now able to satisfy their sweet tooth. Since July, 1942, they had been allowed only 2 to 6 ounces a week.

► LOBSTERS are so frightened by the appearance of even a dead squid that they are an easy catch for divers wearing goggles and gloves and working with a pole on which a dead squid is tied.

► SPANISH-SPEAKING peoples of Central and South America are receiving free lessons in English over Boston's short-wave station WRUL. To help listeners, the station also sends out instruction booklets to those who ask for them.

► A MEDICAL establishment to care for people who need more attention than is provided by the usual home but who are not sick enough to take to a regular hospital is likely to be established as an experiment in Birmingham, England. It has been dubbed a "half-way" hospital.

► A SIX-FOOT shark recently made news by being captured in Peru. It had traveled 2,300 miles up the Amazon River from the Atlantic Ocean and was captured not far from Iquitos. Although several unverified reports had previously mentioned sharks as far as 1,000 miles from the coast in the Amazon region, this is the first authentic record of a shark traveling so far from the ocean.

► A TELEVISION set in one automobile plant is not used for entertainment but to help an employee in charge of difficult loading operations. Standing by rows of remote-control levers and buttons, this workman operates automatic equipment that bales scrap metal and loads it into waiting freight cars outside the plant. A television camera "watches" as the bales tumble into the cars, and transmits the picture back to the employee's receiving set. Thus by watching television one man can control an operation that is out of sight and several hundred feet away.

► OUR in California's Colorado desert Biologist Edmund C. Jaeger has been studying the hideout of a Nuttall's poorwill. It was discovered several years ago by a college student accompanying him on a Christmas vacation expedition into the Chuckawalla Mountains. In a hole in the rock two and one half feet above the sandy floor, the young man found what seemed to be a dead bird. Then the poorwill opened and shut an eye. A study made during the following winters revealed that this species of bird actually enters into hibernation, its temperature dropping to between 64 and 67 degrees as compared to 106 degrees for an active bird. Bodily functions all but cease. Although some birds, notably some types of hummingbirds, enter into what biologists call "winter torpor," no other bird on record has been known to go into complete hibernation such as does the Chuckawalla Mountain poorwill.

# Attention Juniors!



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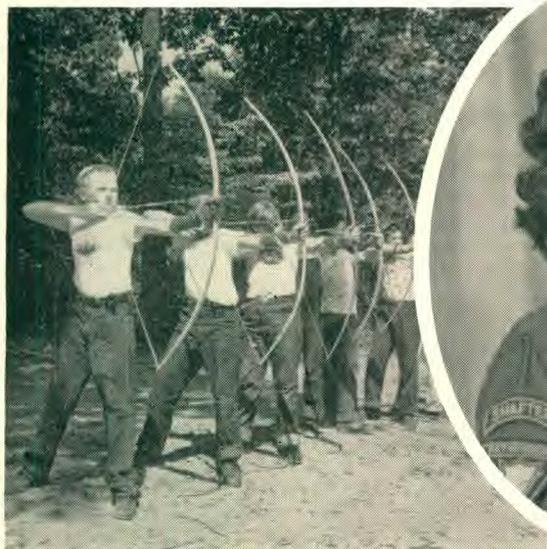
Any Junior boy or girl who sells only 20 subscriptions to **LIFE AND HEALTH** at \$2.75, or 220 single copies at 25 cents, and turns the full price in to the Book and Bible House, will be credited with \$27.50 for his or her camp expenses and extra spending money.

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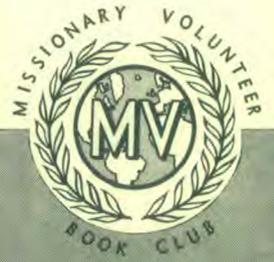
—L. A. SKINNER,  
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—THEODORE LUCAS,  
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The Missionary Volunteer Department offers the finest in youth literature. Good books are good friends. We constantly should be acquiring new ones while we hold on to the old. Make your selections from the MV Book Clubs for 1953."

—E. W. DUNBAR, Secretary  
Missionary Volunteer Department  
General Conference of A.D.A.

**SENIOR**

**JUNIOR**

**PRIMARY**

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."

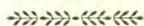
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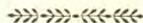
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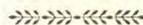
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*Christian Education in a Democracy.*  
New York, Oxford University Press, 1951,  
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