

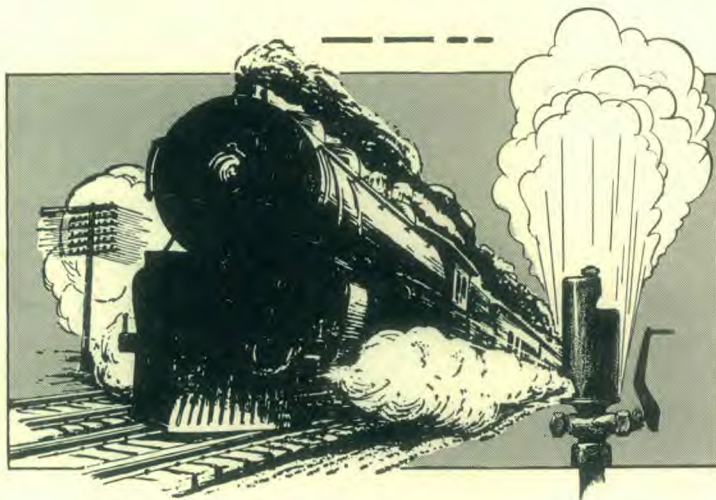
# The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

The Bright Side of Failure  
The Coming-out Party

JUNE 9, 1953







## A Certain Sound

In all the hundred miles through the rural Midwest it never missed a warning. This particular railroad line is not highly advertised for its transcontinental connections, or its streamlined schedules, or its scenic routes through America. But it made my rediscovery of a great truth very simple indeed.

Actually it is bound by the same rules as are all railroad systems of the nation. When it gave its two long and two short blasts of the whistle at a highway crossing, it was only fulfilling its legal obligation. And yet it seemed to me that there was something personal, something homespun about its recurring signal.

Intersecting highways were of all sorts—gravel roads, dirt roads, black top, concrete. Some were great multiple-lane highways, and some seemed only country lanes, rejoining farms that had been severed by the railway. Each had its own warning sign: crossed boards, ringing bell, swinging sign, flashing light, the striped barrier. At one place a man held the familiar "stop" sign.

But at every crossing, regardless of other warning, I heard the familiar two long and two short whistle blasts.

It brought sharp reminder that as a Christian I am under both legal and moral obligation to give the trumpet a certain sound, that the wayfaring man who crosses my path, wherever that may be, may discern in my sure witness a saving knowledge of the times.

*Walter T. Crandall*

## Grace Notes

**SUCCESS** W. A. Townend, "The Bright Side of Failure," is an author whose articles are familiar to YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers. A secretary in the South New Zealand Conference, his official duties embrace press relations, home missions, Sabbath school, and Bible course. His article this week underscores the values that can be gained from failures.

**FATHER** "So Worship I the God of My Father," by E. Jo Ann Hardin, reminds us once again of our opportunity to show our affection for our fathers. It would be unfortunate, of course, were we to limit such expressions to one day of the year. It was Solomon who wrote, "The glory of children are their fathers." Prov. 17:6.

**SEASHORE** Alden W. Follett has entitled his cover picture "Pacifica Lure." He took the picture on the campus of Monterey Bay Academy, near Watsonville, California. His interpretation: "These cypress trees that lift their long, lacy arms over the campus, whether bathed in shadowy mists or sharply etched against the clear blue, seem to be reaching, straining for light. They are typical of youth who strive always for better things and are symbolic of all true Christians, who, regardless of how much light they have, continually search for more."

**FOUNDATION** We like the sweep of imagination that Nona Keen Duffy has built into her "Shoulders of Love," page 14. Her concluding lines that carry the climax of her word portrait have the enduring qualities of good poetry.

**SAN FRANCISCO** Next week brings a center spread picture story on San Francisco. Of interest to all our readers, we believe it will have particular appeal to delegates assembled at the Pan-American Youth Congress from June 16-20. Herb Ford is the author.

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.





EVERYBODY fails. Here is an area of human experience that we all know. Kings have their failures, and so do plain citizens. Presidents fail; peasants fail too.

Think of someone you have recently seen. He appeared prosperous and successful—that businessman who sat opposite you in the streetcar today—but he knows what failure feels like. I can guarantee that.

"There's a man who has truly arrived," you may have said to yourself after that last interview with your doctor, your college president, or your banker. And in a certain sense you probably were right, *but*, stay, just a moment—that man has often failed.

Your favorite preacher has tasted failure. Likewise the author whose writings you like best. The automobile you drive was designed and produced by men who had failed. And this is also true of the airplane you may hear droning overhead as you read this INSTRUCTOR—that plane has behind it a host of men who failed—not always, of course, but many, many times.

Elijah failed, but he has been living up in heaven for several thousand years. Moses failed, but he, like Elijah, today dwells where God dwells. David failed, yet he will be in heaven. Paul, Peter, John, Jacob, Abraham, will be in heaven. They failed. Question: Of the great host of men and women, both young and old, from this earth who will go home to heaven when Jesus comes, will there be one person among them who never failed? No need for me to record the answer here, for you know it. Of course you do.

There are two kinds of failure. We shall call them "dumb" failure and "intelligent" failure. Right here I was going to explain what I mean. But I have decided against that. Instead, I have just been to my file and taken out a folder marked "success." You understand, I guess, that success does not come in folders. Nevertheless, in this particular folder are certain facts about successful people. Here are some of them.

Phillips Brooks, one of America's fruitful ministers of years gone by, started out to be a teacher when he graduated from Harvard. Before the first year had passed he was asked to resign because he was so disliked by his pupils. That was a failure for Brooks. But it was not dumb failure. He did something positive about people's disliking him; his later career proves that.

No writer for *The Saturday Evening Post* ever interviewed more famous people than did Isaac Marcossion. One recent observer wrote of Marcossion: "He became a *Post* trademark as he traveled around the world, having breakfast with this statesman in London, chatting amiably over after-dinner coffee with that world figure in Paris, forever sitting at the feet of the mighty"—and yet as an interviewer of famous men Marcossion began with the serious handicap of a bad stutter. Do you suppose that an interviewer who stuttered

*More often than not*

*success is only*

# The Bright Side of FAILURE

By W. A. TOWNEND

ever had a failure? In the case of Marcossion would you say that those inevitable early failures were dumb or intelligent?

One of England's foremost men of letters wrote five long books and sent the manuscripts to every publisher in both England and America only to have them returned in every case. That was failure—and so he stopped writing. No, of course he did not, but had he given up, that would have been a case of dumb failure. This same writer, who became one of England's most famous travelers, once

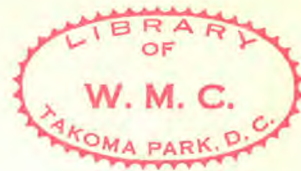
said, "I suffered such agonies of shyness that I sometimes walked up and down the Thames River embankment for twenty minutes or more before venturing to knock at a door. Indeed I should have given up altogether and hurried home asking myself what was the use of torturing myself when it was so easy to run away, if I had not been instinctively aware that I must never let myself off in this manner if I ever meant to do anything in the world."

And who has never heard of the famous



BLOOM, FROM MONKMEYER

The Student Who Fails an Examination May Be Excused for Learning So Little in Class, but He Is Foolish Indeed if He Does Not Make His Failure a Steppingstone to Future Successes





tenor singer Caruso? And yet one of his first teachers told him, "You can't sing. You haven't any voice at all. It sounds like the wind in the shutters"—failure. But not a dumb failure. Caruso did something positive about his voice.

Dumb failures are those that are mutely, lifelessly, and hopelessly accepted; nothing is done about them, or, if there is an effort made toward victory, the effort does not last for very long. In fact, it may not even last beyond another failure or two along the same line. Dumb failures are those that know not the red-blooded urge, such as is evident in the prayer of the explorer and adventurer Francis Drake, when he sailed into Cádiz in 1587. Prayed Drake: "O Lord God, when Thou givest to Thy servants to endeavor any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same, until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory."

Your life's greatest adventure and its most challenging exploration began when

you decided to be a Christian; that is, when you set out to go from this world clear through the atmospheric heaven and the stellar heavens to the home of God in Paradise. When you made that decision you decided a great matter. And surely as prayed Drake, it is "the continuing . . . until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth true glory."

John had the right idea. He was an old, experienced, and consequently seasoned adventurer on the road to Paradise when he wrote, "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

When you gave your life to Christ, when you set out on the Christian adventure, your program, your best desire, was never again to sin—"that ye sin not"—but here and there you did fail. Maybe this very moment you are all too conscious of failure. Let not that failure be a dumb failure—the kind of failure that you do little or nothing about. Rather, get John's

slant on failure—"if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," and "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." That kind of attitude, that kind of action, on the part of any young person who has failed makes such a failure an intelligent failure; it turns failure into success. Here is the bright side of failure.

Said C. S. Lewis, "What we learn from experience depends on the kind of philosophy we bring to experience." Now, failure is an experience. It can be a dumb experience. It can be an intelligent experience. Why not decide now that every failure in your secular life and in your Christian experience will in the future be to you success knocking at your door.

Encouraging indeed are the words of Ellen G. White for all those who try again, those who have intelligent rather than dumb failures: "Do all in your power to gain perfection; but do not think that because you make mistakes you are excluded from God's service."



## Tony Has Hope

By ELTON A. JONES

TONY was quite satisfied with his religion. But one day someone said to him, "Tony, there is a man preaching downtown, and I believe you would enjoy hearing him."

"Oh, no. I don't need to hear him—I'm satisfied."

"I know, but this man is different! He's really got something. I think you should hear him."

"All right. If you will take me, I'll hear him—once, at least."

So the friend took Tony to hear the evangelist preach the gospel of the third angel's message. What he heard gripped his heart, and as often as possible he attended, one friend and another bringing him to the services. Tony was suffering from a severe paralysis and could not move about without help. The doctors held out no hope for his recovery.

At the meetings Tony believed what he heard—it came straight from the Bible—and he accepted it and began to practice

it. In due time a baptism was held, and the evangelist carried him into the baptismal tank and buried him beneath the cleansing waters.

Tony's wife did not agree with his new-found hope and joy, and later left him. The four boys grew up to know the doctrines that their father held dear, but one by one they went into the world, leaving Tony completely alone with his religion and his Lord.

Now Tony is in a small rest home sanitarium in the West. The Sabbath I was there I met Tony. He lives in a hospital bed completely helpless. He can only raise his head a little and turn it from side to side. He speaks, but with some difficulty.

He invited me to sit down and visit. I had a good talk with him. Among other things he told me about his experience when studying the Bible correspondence course. There were 357 questions in the course, and he persisted in his study. "I thought I knew something about the

Bible, but the great things I learned from this course! It was wonderful." Grades? "I got an A on every question but one," he told me.

The mail had just brought him an envelope from the Voice of Prophecy. Would I open it for him? I read to him various bits of news. On the table was another Voice of Prophecy News, and in it was a picture of the King's Heralds quartet. I pointed out Bob Edwards, first tenor, son of Josephine Cunningham Edwards, who writes so interestingly and was a missionary in Africa; Wayne Hooper, baritone, who used to be our next-door neighbor; Bob Seamount, second tenor; and Jerry Dill, bass.

There was also a picture of Pastor and Mrs. Richards laden with leis, and Tony was quite delighted to meet a personal friend of the "Voice." He has a radio that was given him, and all he uses it for is to listen to the Voice of Prophecy programs. How he enjoys the quartet's and Del Delker's singing! And how he thrills to the messages of Pastor Richards as they are sent out week by week.

As we visited he said something that thrilled me through and through, and set me thinking. "Do you know that if I had to choose between having my health and going back to my old life, and being here where I am, I should choose this. I'm happy."

What a splendid testimony! What would be my testimony? What do you think yours would be? It reminded me of Paul, "Ready to be offered." It made me think of Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Here, flat on his back, unable to help himself, is one of God's noblemen. May God bless Tony!



# "Don't Touch That Stuff"

By DOUGLAS HILL

**O**N A hot midsummer day Eddy Spain told me a story I can never forget. I was working that summer for a wholesale ice company that dealt with large meat-packing companies in that area.

I was only sixteen years of age at the time. Usually only grown men are hired for that type of work, because it is so hard. However, the foreman needed help, and I needed a job. The work consisted of dragging or pushing, the best way we could, five-hundred-pound cakes of ice into boxcars. We piled three tiers of ice into each car, and a car when full weighed about thirty-five tons.

As I recall, it was nearing 10 A.M. and the temperature was already eighty-five. Inside the icehouse, where I was most of the time, it seemed like one hundred. The air was humid, and our shirts stuck to our backs whichever way we moved. It seemed as if we were always thirsty, but we never took a drink, not even a small one. If we did, we were almost sure to have a stomach-ache. However, I was just learning that point. I had drunk some water and had a stomach-ache, a good one. That is why I so well remember the rest we got when a little green automobile drove up to the icehouse.

In spite of the heat, everything seemed to be going well. We needed to load eight cars before the switch engine came in to move them out to the main track. It looked as if we would be able to do it too, until two men got out of that car. They wanted to talk to the foreman, Johnny Lang, about buying some ice.

Johnny is from the East, Boston, I guess. And with that distinctive Eastern accent he told them, "We only wholesale ice to the railroad. It's agin' the law for us to sell to you, but I'll tell you what you do. You can take any of them there hunks you want." Johnny pointed to a pile of fairly good-sized pieces that had been broken off by the new shaver. The men

gratefully thanked him, filled a tub, and drove out of the yard.

The day wore on, and after taking off a half hour for lunch, we all went back to work. In midafternoon when the sun seemed to be putting out its most supreme effort, the little green car came back, this time with a thank-you note for the ice. The note was in brown bottles. You guessed it; they were thanking him with liquor.

The men laid off to have a drink—that is, all but Eddy and me; we just watched. To add to my misery, I pumped a pail of fresh water and took a couple of swallows. Then I crawled back in the house and lay down in the hay.

Eddy stood by the open door and watched the men for a minute as they lay in the shade of a tree about halfway across the yard. Then he turned to me and almost cried as he said, "Don't ever touch that stuff; it's poison, and you'll wind up in the same boat as I'm in."

I said nothing, because I could see that he wanted to talk. It seems that Eddy began working with ice when he was only fifteen. He worked hard for about ten years, saving every penny he could. When he thought he had enough, he invested in a boat livery on a small lake.

A few tables and a piece of land went with the livery. Eddy's "green thumb" and a little hard labor turned the lake shore into a very attractive picnic grounds. With this and his dynamic character, a great many people were drawn to his place.

His business prospered, and he made money. Some people said he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. I do not think so though; he just worked hard and managed his business well. That is why he made good.

He kept working and saving, and then took what I believe to be his first step toward his downfall and shame. He built a tavern. It must have been really more



A. DEVANEY

Eddy Wanted to Quit Drinking, but It Was Too Late; He Could Not Help Himself. He Had Come to the Place Where He Was Almost Always Drunk

of a night club. It was a beautiful building near the lake shore. He called it the Sea Side. It was open seven nights a week the year round. A dance floor was built

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**S**HINING through the curtains, the sun was making lacy patterns that danced about the room. With opened books forgotten, Elaine sat at her desk looking beyond the buildings and trees, beyond the purple hills, to a city thousands of miles away.

A question her roommate, Helen, had asked remained in her mind. What *was* the first thing she could remember about dad? Dozens of little incidents in her early life crowded her thoughts, but of nothing could she say, "This is the first incident with which I associate my father." Why, had dad not always been in her life? Had he not continually been her pal and counselor? And was he not still the same to her, no matter how far away he was?

Pondering Helen's question, Elaine tried to recapture the past. She was in the first grade again.

It seemed almost as if she had heard the whistle blow. In her reverie she saw twenty bright-eyed children lined up in front of the little white church school. Recess was over, and reluctantly the boys and girls were returning to their lessons.

Whispering in line was strictly forbidden, but an untold tale just would not keep, and three little heads bent low to share an exciting secret. Without warning the teacher stood before them looking very stern. "Who was whispering?" Not a hand was raised. Sober eyes fixed upon the teacher betrayed nothing, and the children filed in to their seats.

Little Elaine took her place with troubled thoughts. Yes, she had been whispering, but she had not really told a

lie—yet she had not told the truth. What had daddy told her the other night about lying? One did not need to talk to tell a lie. And that was what she had done. What would he say if he knew? Slow steps took her home after school, and big thoughts ran through her little head. Early the next morning Elaine timidly confessed to a sympathetic teacher, who comforted her small pupil in a way that only first-grade teachers can. Had not dad been with Elaine then?

Her mind wandered to one of those wonderful, long Sabbath afternoons of her childhood. Dinner was over, and time began to pass slowly for two lively chil-

dren. Mother was reading, and no doubt dad would have appreciated a quiet hour to himself, but with all enthusiasm he suggested an exciting excursion over the hills behind the house. Dad was a nature lover, and he patiently explained over and over again the mysteries of the trap-door spider, the beauty of the tiny yellow violets, and the wonder of the delicate cactus fruit.

Together the three followed the meadow larks in a search for hidden nests, and gathered a huge bouquet of sticky wild flowers to present to mother. Happy, the three arrived home, and the children entertained mother with an excited and jumbled account of their fascinating adventures.

Then as the sun dipped slowly into the ocean, dad led the family in worship. They sang their favorite hymns, and knelt while he pronounced a quiet benediction. He had always taught his children to look forward to the Sabbath, and it was his influence that had given her a love and reverence for God's commandments.

There had been sunshine during the following years, but enough shadow to be discouraging, if dad had not been there with his appealing sense of humor. Elaine recalled the day when she had first visited a doctor's office. She sat on the examining table a very lively and unworried little girl, and the doctor listened carefully with his stethoscope. She was feeling just as lively several hours later lying quietly on her bed.

The days that followed passed slowly. It was hard to find books to read and things to do during the long hours. She grew unbearably lonesome when she heard her playmates going by on their way to school or to play, or when she had to say a cheery good-by after an all-too-brief visit.

But dad found time to play games, to read, and to talk. He it was who carried her from her room after she had vainly

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# So Worship I the God of My Father

By E. JO ANN HARDIN



EWING GALLOWAY

With a New Spurt of Enthusiasm Elaine Tackled the Difficult Assignment. Dad May Not Have Realized It, but His Interest in Her Was the Inspiration for Her Work Toward Top Grades



**S**PRING was on its way to the Okanagan Valley again. Our family knew the signs. Long lines of Canada geese in V-shaped formation flew high overhead pointing northward.

"The bluebirds are back!" was the happy news received by all bird lovers. They were here all right, in the orchards, along the roadsides, and on the fence posts—everywhere there was a flash of blue.

We were in a different location this spring. No prune tree grew conveniently near for a nesting box at this place. If we wanted bird neighbors, we would need to prepare a pole as well as a house. This we did at the edge of the garden, where we had a clear view from the east window.

Very soon a pair of beautiful mountain bluebirds called. They were in no hurry, but finally began carrying nesting material into the birdhouse. We were happy—bluebirds again for neighbors. Then for some unknown reason they left their nest building and flew away.

That gave the swallows their chance, and very soon Mr. and Mrs. Violet Green established their home in the birdhouse, and there they remained.

The neighbor next door built a birdhouse, placing it on the top of a high pole, where we could see it from our south window above the kitchen sink. He barely had his back turned, or so it seemed, when a pair of bluebirds alighted and began investigating the possibilities for a home. They decided it was just to their liking, so they moved in.

Thus it was that we had swallows to the east of us and bluebirds to the south of us all summer long. The cool balmy days of spring, pulsing with new life, passed. Summer came with longer and warmer days. It was time for the second brood of fledglings.

One warm evening while sitting on the step outside, trying to cool off, my daughter Elaine and I noticed much activity among the swallows. They seemed agitated about something. They would circle and wheel, then dive at any person or animal within a hundred feet of their home. There must have been a dozen of them aloft at one time, circling and diving. The air seemed to be filled with their fast-beating wings.

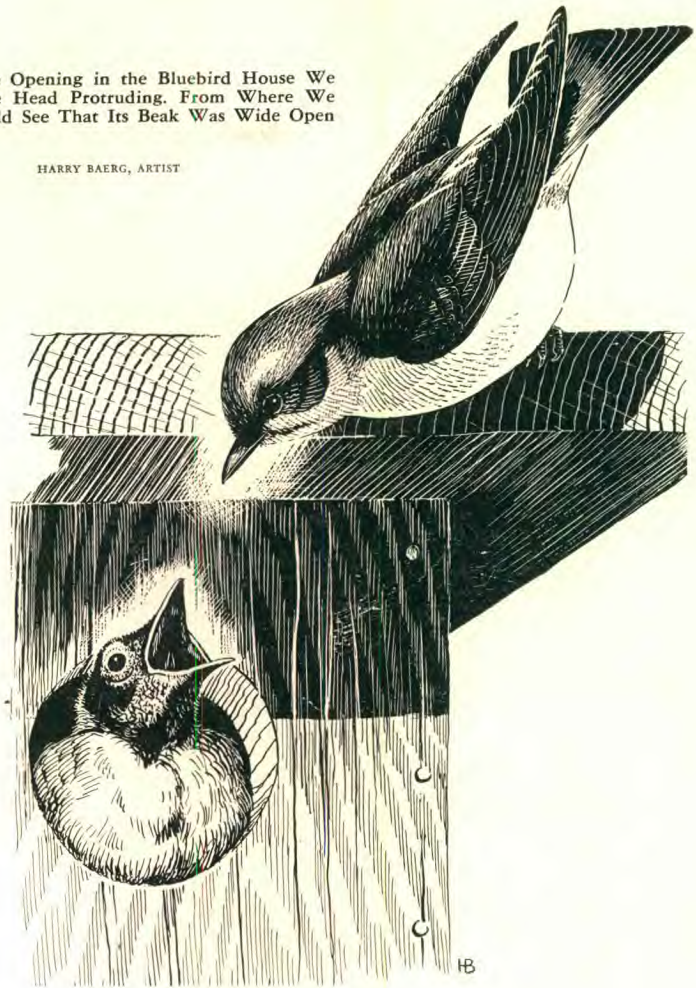
The neighbor girl came pedaling down the path toward the road, when I saw her dodge and speed up as a swallow darted after her, barely missing her head. He pursued her to the road. The cats ducked and went into hiding. We sat still and watched.

The propitious hour had struck. One pair of swallows stationed themselves on either side of the birdhouse entrance. Two others stood on top of the box seemingly at attention. They looked like tiny men wearing tuxedos—a guard of honor, as it were.

There was perfect quiet for a moment, when suddenly from the opening came a

Through the Opening in the Bluebird House We Saw a Little Head Protruding. From Where We Sat We Could See That Its Beak Was Wide Open

HARRY BAERG, ARTIST



# The Coming-out PARTY

By AMY S. WAGNER

baby swallow. He hit the ground with a thud, then fluttered to rest on a carrot stem in the garden. There was another flutter of wings, and another fledgling flew to a low shrub. There were four altogether, and as each one emerged from the birdhouse, two of the adults accompanied him to encourage and protect him until he reached a safe resting place.

Another day had been very hot, and we were glad when evening came. Again we sat on the cement step. Through the opening in the bluebird house we saw a little head protruding. From where we sat we could see that its beak was open. The poor

baby bluebird must have been very hot, high in that little box on a pole.

I had heard that the best way to study birds is to make yourself into a post, that is, stand perfectly still, and they will think you are part of the landscape. I tried it once, and a chickadee flew to my shoulder. Remembering that experience, we sat without moving.

Suddenly, as if he had been pushed, a little bluebird came fluttering from the high nest. Down, down, down he came and landed on Elaine's lap. She drew a quick gasp of surprise, only whisper-

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Francisco Decided That the Best Way to Conquer His Enemy Was to Throw It Into the Pacific

# A Pipe to the Pacific

By RICHARD H. UTT

**F**RANCISCO was a young married man whose humble cottage stood but a stone's throw from the warm, gentle breakers of the Pacific Ocean, in tropical Panama. His was the simple life of a farmer, whose days were mostly spent keeping the jungle weeds and vines cleared from his small plantation of coconuts, bananas, and rice.

At times he would walk several miles along the beach out on the peninsula to fish in the surf, or over to the nearby seaport to buy lottery tickets or attend a dance. Francisco was the sort of chap who minded his own business and got along with his neighbors.

One day in town he saw a large two-pole tent being raised. Out of curiosity he loitered around to see what would take place. He soon found that no circus was coming to town, but evangelistic meetings were to be held, with colored screen pictures to be shown nightly.

Francisco and his wife both attended the meetings from the first, and accepted each new truth as it was presented. This of course meant changing certain habits of life—no more smoking, no more gambling, no more dancing, no more occasional visits to the saloon, and many other things. At the close of the meetings a baptism was held, and both Francisco and his wife entered the Adventist Church by the door of baptism.

But Francisco committed one error—a little error that might have been serious. For some reason he failed to throw away his old pipe, but kept it on a shelf in the house. He would notice it lying there on the shelf, and it would remind him of the pleasure he used to find in smoking. After a number of such silent reminders by his old pipe, Francisco somehow found himself smoking again.

Of course his conscience bothered him much—so much, in fact, that he could

scarcely enjoy the pipe. Still, he had begun to smoke again, and giving it up seemed harder than before.

"I had to choose between Christ and the pipe," he said afterward. "I knew I couldn't have both, but what a struggle it was to decide which I wanted more!" Finally he decided to break again with sin and get rid of the pipe. The choice made, he threw the pipe into a weed patch not far from the house.

But the tempter was not through with him yet. The next day his brother-in-law, a scoffer at religion, happened to see the pipe lying there on the ground. Recognizing it as Francisco's, he picked it up, and placed it right on Francisco's kitchen table, where he could not help seeing it.

When Francisco found the pipe in plain sight on the table the old desire to smoke revived. Again raged the great controversy for possession of his soul. But this time the conflict was less severe than the last. "Every resistance of temptation makes resistance more easy. Every denial of self makes self-denial easier. Every victory gained prepares the way for a fresh victory. Each resistance of temptation, each self-denial, each triumph over sin, is a seed sown unto eternal life."

Deciding to rid himself of that thorn in the flesh of his Christian experience, he determined to take no more chances. Taking the offending chimney to the beach, he threw it just as far out to sea as he could throw it. He has never seen it again, nor has he ever smoked since that memorable day.

The victory was gained, aside from other important reasons, because Francisco was willing to "call sin by its right name," and not try to strike a compromise between Christ and Belial, between righteousness and unrighteousness. He realized that for him it was either Christ *or* the pipe—not Christ *and* the pipe. He would have none of the mixed worship of the Samaritans, who "feared the Lord, and served their own gods, after the manner of the nations whom they carried away from thence."

Somewhere I read that after the close of the first world war a wealthy American citizen of German parentage applied for an audience with the Kaiser. He stated on the written application that he was a German-American. The application was refused with the explanation: "I have known Germans and Americans and liked both, but there is no such person as a German-American."

Are we trying to be that impossible variety of hybrid, "Christian-Worldling"? The Bible speaks of sheep and goats, and wheat and tares, but it makes no mention of sheep-goats or wheat-ares. Many people, well intentioned but weak, have failed to recognize this, and have met with disaster.

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"



*A sense of humor went a long way*

*to relieve the pressures of mission service*

# In the COLORFUL CARIBBEAN

PART 11

By S. A. WELLMAN



**T**HE sessions of the old East Caribbean Conference were to be held in 1909 in the city of Bridgetown on the island of Barbados. Bridgetown is a quaint old city, and the island is in many respects a relic of the seventeenth century, or at least was in those days. The delegates and their wives were to come from the island fields as far north as St. Thomas and as far south as the mainland British colony of Guiana on the north coast of South America.

This was in a time when all missionaries, their wives and children included, traveled deck. And thus the delegation from Trinidad was to travel on the overnight journey. Unfortunately my wife and I had a sick child, and the night aboard ship, as we tried to sleep on deck on canvas chairs, was to us a nightmare. The greater share of the night I spent walking the deck with our eighteen-month-old child to keep her from disturbing the other passengers.

Meanwhile, my wife slipped off into a troubled sleep, only to be awakened by the stirring of something or someone under her deck chair. It turned out to be some great hulk of a native who had slipped in behind her chair, which stood in the lee of the deckhouse, and had stretched out his feet under the chair. Needless to say, he was quickly evicted and sent elsewhere.

We arrived the next afternoon in Bridgetown harbor, and were soon ashore and busy with the work connected with the conference. The town hall was hired for the public meetings in the evenings, and it fell my lot to get things in readiness. Everything was to be in shape for the next night.

During the day the conference sessions and committee meetings were held in the main auditorium and classrooms of the

church. A successful session was held, and at these some rather amusing items of human interest occurred. Three committees had been appointed, and it was arranged that if anything came up that was puzzling to one committee and wider counsel was needed, all three committees should meet as one and take these matters up for consideration.

I was acting as secretary of the plans committee, and the second day one of the American officers brought in a resolution that he had written and that would have vitally altered the administrative handling of the Tract Society (Book and Bible House). Our chairman evidently did not see much light in the plan, nor did most

of the rest of us, although it was stoutly and vigorously defended by its author. It was finally decided to call in the over-all committee and present it to them. They came together the next day, and the resolution was duly called for. As secretary of the plans committee I read the resolution as it had been submitted to us in the handwriting of the author.

As soon as I had finished, the author rose immediately, and we of the plans committee were expecting an impassioned defense of the plan such as we had had the day before. Instead he took the opposite track and very definitely opposed it. When we had finished, and our committee had been sitting there, some nonplused



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Bridgetown, on the Caribbean Island of Barbados, Is a Quaint Old City



and some greatly amused, I asked whether he knew who had written the resolution.

He replied, "No, and that makes no difference in any case."

I then said, "But the resolution is in your handwriting, and you presented it to the plans committee yesterday."

"Well," he replied, "I may have thought that way yesterday, but I don't today. I move that it be rejected."

That ended it, and from the laughter that followed his statement it was evident that the members of the full committee were both amused and puzzled. The matter was never again brought up.

While we were there, time was found for all the delegates to go for one swim on beautiful Brighton beach. When you swim on the beaches of Barbados you have a real treat coming to you. The waters of the Atlantic—for Barbados is well out beyond the fringe of islands that encircle the eastern end of the Caribbean—are delightful, and the beaches of coral sand and the waves in times of calm or light winds are enough to make the bathing of real interest. There are few better spots in the tropics, and one has not only good bathing facilities but the broad reaches of the sea before him, the fishing boats with their white sails, the larger shipping vessels, sail and steam, passing against the azure of the sky and the deeper blue of the sea—a picture rarely equaled in the tropics.

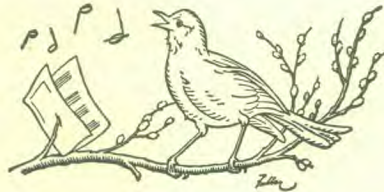
When the week of meetings was over, the final business session of the conference committee lasted for most of the night, so as to enable the committee members to catch the mail steamer for home the following day. In those days the royal mail steamers used Georgetown for their distribution point. Once a week a steamer of the main line came out from England, and small island steamers met it there, one going north as far as St. Thomas, one south to British and Dutch Guiana, and the main line steamer went through to Trinidad, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, and Jamaica.

All members hoped to be ready to leave at the appointed sailing hour. So the work of the committee proceeded through the night, and with the first signs of dawn they completed their work, dispersed, and made haste to embark with their families for their scattered homes. It was at this particular meeting that it was voted that when families were to travel with their husbands and fathers they were to use second-class accommodations, the next higher class, and not be subjected to the inconvenience of deck travel in all weathers and conditions.

On another occasion the conference sessions were held in Georgetown, British Guiana. The six weeks previous to the conference were spent by the staff in the publishing house in Port of Spain in getting together two editions of the monthly *Caribbean Watchman*, posters and handbills to advertise the public meetings, and

odds and ends of printing that had to be cared for before we left. We had spent from fifteen to eighteen hours daily during most of this time carrying out this program, and were weary indeed when we went aboard the steamer and left for the sessions. Most of the way down was spent in rest and sleep, so the arrival in Georgetown found us refreshed and ready for duty again.

We found that there would be time



## It's Here!

By EDNA ATKIN PEPPER

The willow wears a lovely dress,  
A lucent gown of green,  
A new and lacy version of  
A robe to grace a queen.

The hyacinths in pink and blue,  
And snowflake white, come out  
To see what all the mystery  
And stir could be about.

I see a flock of robins near,  
All bathing in a pool  
And frolicking upon the lawn  
While it is morning cool.

The carpeting of pink and white,  
Unrolling year on year,  
Has left no doubt. The truth is out:  
Supernal spring is here!

after the sessions before the return steamer would depart for the islands northward for us to make a short journey into the interior. Some of the Indian workers from the tribal area in the delta of the Essequibo River had been in attendance at the conference. They begged us to go back with them to their village and talk to their people, who rarely ever had a visit from a minister. My brother, who was working in the Virgin Islands at the time, and I decided to make this trip at our own expense, so as to get acquainted with the Indian people and the country.

We left Georgetown by river steamer, and late the same afternoon arrived at the steamer landing near the mouth of Supenaam Creek, a tidal stream that enters

the Essequibo not far from its mouth a few miles upstream in the delta. As we alighted we discovered a dugout canoe at the end of the pier, and in it were two of our Indian believers. It was the only sign of life at this isolated spot. We were soon seated with them in the canoe. From the wharf we proceeded upstream for a short distance, then to the westward sighted the mouth of Supenaam Creek, broad and deep, a slow-moving body of water. We turned the prow of the dugout into it and proceeded upstream. From this point on my brother and I added our hands to the paddling, and we were soon moving swiftly up the muddy current.

Something over a mile up the stream we came to a spot on the right bank that we would not have recognized as the mouth of a creek, but our Indian guides swung the canoe sharply into the narrow entrance of Tappacrooma Creek. They again took over the entire job of paddling. This creek was so narrow that one could reach out and touch the banks on either side. Trees arched the stream and blotted out the sky above. We followed this narrow creek for some distance and eventually came into an open savanna some hundreds of yards in diameter, and on the far side there appeared among the trees an Indian village. To this we proceeded, finding it built on a sand hill well above the water line.

The night that followed was unforgettable, for it was filled with much activity. Our Indian friends and their families so infrequently had a minister visit them that they were hungry for the Word. Rarely indeed had a sermon been preached in their own village. As soon as we had eaten the simple fare that was provided, they desired that we begin. From that moment we took turns in giving them studies on the various phases of our faith. This long-drawn-out series of studies came to an end about midnight.

At 3 A.M. we were again to take to the canoe on the return journey, so we went to our hammocks for what rest we could get before that hour. That night we learned from the Indians how to sleep flat in an ordinary hammock and be comfortable and in no danger of falling out. The Indians spend most of their sleeping hours in a hammock, and have learned how to sleep comfortably. It is accomplished by lying diagonally across the hammock from corner to corner. This position allows the body to assume an almost horizontal line, and this assures comparative comfort. It is surprisingly easy to do once you have learned the trick.

We spent about three hours resting, and then our hosts roused us to start the journey out to meet the river steamer—an early morning journey in a deep darkness that ended soon with the first faint traces of dawn creeping through the interlaced branches of the trees that spanned the Tappacrooma. As we quietly made

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## Let's All Go to Camp Meeting!

By C. H. Seitz

Hundreds, yes, even thousands, of American people have planned and saved to take a long journey across the ocean this summer. This requires a great deal of money. It means days and weeks of absence away from home. It means loss of income while they are absent from regular employment. Yet thousands were willing to make these sacrifices and travel long distances to be present to witness the coronation of the ruling monarch of the British Empire.

In the days of the children of Israel there was one yearly feast above all others that Israel delighted to attend. It was the Feast of Tabernacles, and a joyous commemoration of the blessings of God to them. To many Israelites it meant much sacrifice to attend this yearly festival. Lodging was expensive; wages were lost while they were away from home; travel was wearisome. For those who lived long distances from the tabernacle, more than a month of every year must have been occupied in attendance at the annual feasts. This example of devotion and sacrifice should emphasize the importance of religious worship, and the subordination of the physical things in life to the strengthening of the spiritual man by assembling together with other members of God's family.

Each year modern Israel has an assembly similar to the Feast of Tabernacles. In our modern language it is called camp meeting. Camp meeting costs much in time and effort spent to make it the joyous, spiritual feast that it should be, especially for the youth. One leader stated that at camp meeting work should be done for the children and the youth. Such work for young people is being conducted. Camp meetings bustle with youth meetings, activities, and rallies.

The services are conducted to encourage the youth in the service of God. Association with other young people from different places strengthens the ties that bind us to God and to one another. "When you are growing in grace, you will love to attend religious meetings, and you will gladly bear testimony of the love of Christ before the congregation."

If people of America are willing to sacrifice and travel so far to witness the crowning of an earthly ruler, how much more we should be willing to sacrifice and how much farther we should be willing to travel, if necessary, to witness and experience the crowning of the Ruler of all heaven and earth in our own hearts and in the hearts of fellow young people.

A good friend of mine named Harry is quite a normal man in most ways, but he has one peculiarity. He seldom likes to go to assemblies. It makes no difference whether it is a party or a meeting, he just doesn't want to go. However, he usually finds that when he does go and

## MV Youth in Action

enter into the activities, he enjoys the affair more than most of the others present.

Perhaps you hesitate to go to camp meeting because of the expense and time involved and because you think you will not really enjoy it. But when you go, you realize that the blessings you receive and the good times you enjoy far surpass any sacrifice you have made. It will be impossible for you to find this joy unless you are present.

Let's all go to camp meeting, for camp meeting is for *YOUth*.

### Helderberg Does It Too!

By Mavis R. deWitt

What does Helderberg do? Why, Share Your Faith, of course! as does every other Seventh-day Adventist institution and Missionary Volunteer Society. Most people know that Helderberg is a college where young people are given a Christian education, but few are aware of the missionary work that is carried on among the Africans of the community in the vicinity of Helderberg. Let us have a peep into the Share Your Faith activities of this South African college.

Each year a group of students, under the sponsorship of the theological department, forms what is called the Preaching Band. Groups of six to eight students go out on

Sabbath afternoons to different places to give the gospel.

The young men cater for the adults, and the young women attend to the children and the medical work. When we approach the place of meeting the folks will all be waiting and exclaim, "Here comes the Seven-days." Even if the children have only a little scratch on their leg, it must be iodined, and then they are quite happy. If forgotten, they will cry most bitterly, and many times it will mean unpacking the whole medical kit to treat a nearly healed wound before they are satisfied!

It is amazing what can be accomplished. During 1951 a group, with Nicol Strydom as leader, visited Morkel's Park each week. There Master Guides Carol Bessen and Veronica Piercey and the writer began with the MV classwork. Before long the eager children sang choruses as well as do our children at any camp meeting! They recited texts as if it were a usual practice. Their smiling faces revealed much to us, and the beams of joy expressed their thankfulness and inspired us to greater ideals.

One Monday morning in October there was great excitement in Morkel's Park. The children, numbering about fifty, were all excused from school to give a program at Helderberg during the chapel period.

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MAVIS R. DEWITT

Nearly Fifty African Children From the Vicinity of Helderberg College (South Africa) Give a Special Program. They Were Trained in MV Classwork by Students in the Preaching Band



**T**HEY should never have tried it." The ranger slowly shook his head. "The Sunrise Trail is not passable. No one has been through yet this year. The snow is still very deep in some places. However, we will alert all our stations. If they don't come in, call us early in the morning."

These words did not sound good to Pastor Merritt Warren. He was already worried. Here it was eleven o'clock at night, and the hikers on the Sunrise Trail had not come in yet. They had planned to be in Yosemite Valley for supper and to see the beautiful firefall. Senior campers who had gone on the other hikes were all back.

"How many did you say were in the group?" the ranger asked.

"Nineteen."

"Well, if nineteen all stay together, there's not much to worry about. A group that large should be easy to find. I suppose they have matches with them?"

"We don't know, but we hope they do."

Desperately Pastor Warren, director of Wawona Senior camp in the absence of

Central California's Missionary Volunteer secretary H. T. Bergh, tried to think of the best thing to do. One thing he could do was pray. He had already prayed. The staff and other campers had prayed. But he sent still another prayer heavenward for the protection of those nineteen young people out there in the High Sierras of Yosemite National Park.

Every year the young people who come to Wawona Senior camp have a hiking day. Some of the hikes are short, others are longer, but the longest hike of all is over the Sunrise Trail from Tuolumne Meadows to Yosemite Valley. Although the distance is about twenty-five miles, the trail is usually open and well marked and not dangerous. The hikers on this particular day were provided with sack lunches, and had flashlights in case they should be delayed on the trail.

Knowing that all the food they had was those sack lunches, Pastor Warren arranged for lunches to be put up and for pack horses to be made ready. His plan was to set out just before daybreak in search of the missing party. Pastor

*Each time we numbered off it was a*

*real comfort to hear "A*

Kenneth Moore and Herschel Wheeler had gone up the trail to the top of Nevada Falls in the hope that they might see or hear the group coming in.

With everything done that could be done, Pastor Warren lay in his car waiting for daybreak. Slowly the minutes passed.

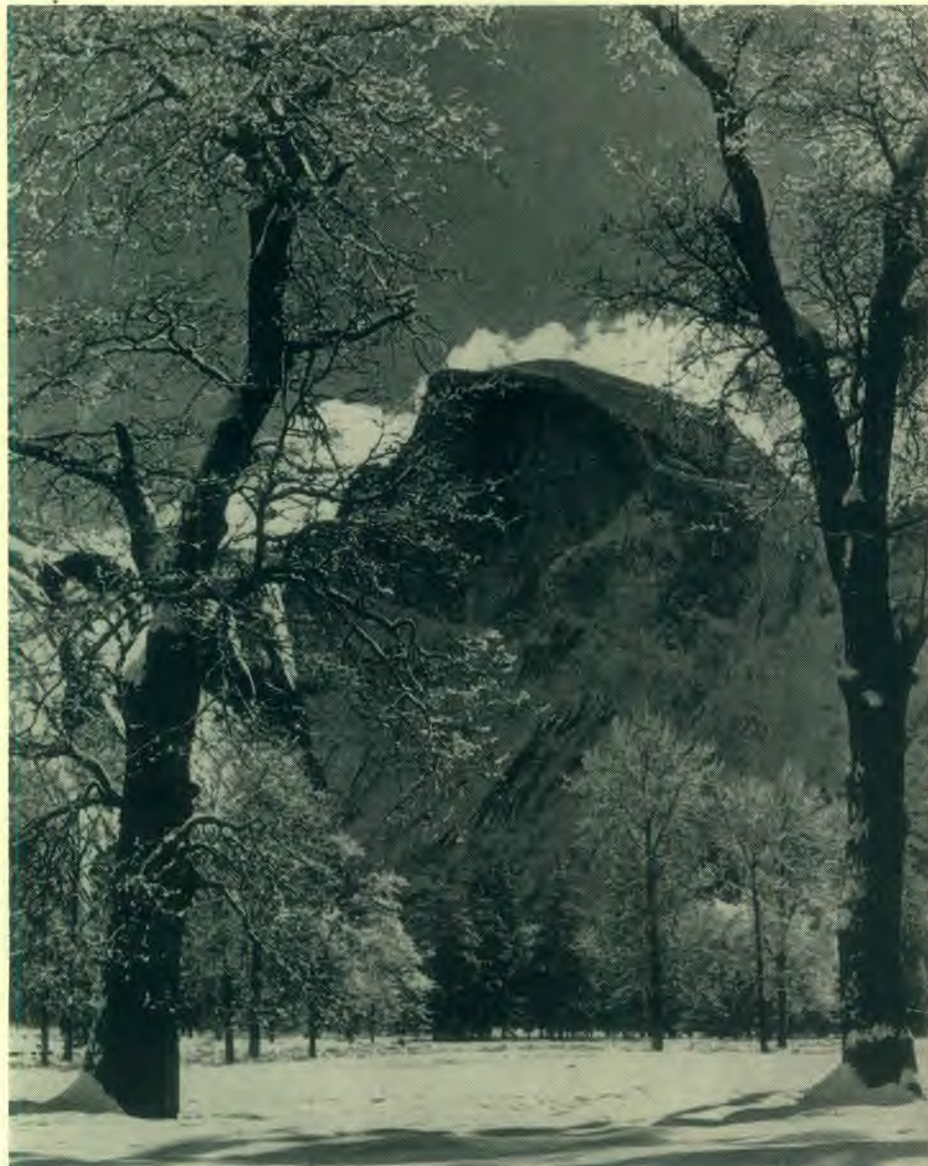
From the first, things had not gone well. Little last-minute preparations had detained the cars with the Sunrise Trail hikers from leaving camp as early as had been anticipated. The seventy miles from camp to Tuolumne Meadows had seemed unusually long over the narrow, winding mountain roads.

At last we stood on the trail ready to begin. "Each one will have a number," Pastor Bob Reynolds, leader of the hike, was saying. "Remember your number, and be sure to say it when we number off. I'll be Number 1." Down the line we went until we came to Jack Kirk—Number 19.

We were glad Jack was on this hike, first, because he carried one of the knapsacks that held our lunches. (Of course all the young men took turns carrying those knapsacks.) Then too, Jack had been over the Sunrise Trail once several years before, and had spent much time in the Sierras.

The day was perfect. Everyone was in high spirits, all feeling sure that this was to be the best hike! At 11:10 A.M. we started up that steep ascent, and it surely was steep.

By the time we got to the top of the first hill we found ourselves in the snow someone had promised. It was fun at first—this snow. We did enjoy resting and having a good snowball fight. Pastor



B. ANDERSON, FROM DON KNIGHT

Surveying the Mountains Around, Pastor Reynolds Remarked Hopefully, "There's Half Dome." After We Wondered Whether We Would Ever Get Home Alive, It Was Good to See This Landmark



n."

# Precious Lord, Lead Me Home

Reynolds suggested that if anyone's feet were hurting, he might stand on the snow-drift and cool them off.

A little farther down the trail, however, we came to a *big* patch of snow. Let me say now, it is not easy to hike over snow. The banks of the drifts are steep and slippery. As the snow melts, the surface becomes pitted in hobnail fashion. To walk across the snow successfully, one must step on the high spots. If he should step on the lower ones, he would discover that the snow is soft and will not hold him up. Then, of course, these high places are not altogether level, so his foot may slip from where he intended to step, and he would find himself trying awkwardly to take the next step while one leg is more than knee deep in the snow. Occasionally one finds that the high places are not so sturdy, and he goes all the way down even though his foot does not slip off. He soon learns too that the snow near rocks is probably melted underneath. So if one is coming to a rock, he had better take an extra-long step.

Besides the fact that it was hard to walk across the snow, another problem confronted us every time a large patch of snow appeared. Which way did the trail go? The only way to be sure was to find a blaze on a tree or perhaps to find two or three rocks piled up. But often these signs were few and far between. So the group would stand and wait for a scout, either Pastor Reynolds or Jack Kirk, to go ahead, wandering around over the snow until at last he found a blaze. When we heard the two whistles we knew it was time to follow.

When we were sure we had gone at least six or seven miles, someone said, "Jack, how far do you think we have gone?"

"Oh, about a mile and a half or maybe two miles."

"Oh!" everyone groaned.

After hiking a while longer, even though we could still see the same mountain peaks we had seen when we started, we were sure that it must now be at least eight or nine miles that we had traveled. Jack replied, "It's not more than three miles, if it's that far."

Sure enough, Jack was right. Soon we came to a fork in the trail, and there was the sign: three miles back to Tuolumne Meadows. That was about 1 P.M. Three miles in two hours! How discouraging! Would we ever make the remaining distance to Yosemite Valley in time for the firefall that night?

After we stopped and ate our lunch we felt better. The packsacks were lighter. Pastor Reynolds asked, "How many of you want to go back now?"

Who wants to go back? Who wants to be a quitter? Senior Wawona campers are not made of that material. No one wanted to go back. Everyone was eager to go on. Because Pastor Reynolds felt sure that we would be out of the snow very soon, we pressed on.

Not far from where we ate our lunch we could see where the trail doubtless led right across what later in the summer would be a beautiful green meadow. A huge boulder projected up out there, and Jack declared, "Yes, the trail goes right beside that rock."

Now, a few weeks previous, this meadow had been a solid snow pack. But this was the in-between time. It was no longer a snow *pack* and not yet a beautiful green meadow. The snow had melted so much that it really was a lake with only a light crust of snow on top.

One look at it was enough to tell us that it was impossible to cross those acres of melting snow. Pastor Reynolds wisely led us around to the side of the mountain at the left of the beautiful green meadow-to-be. By following along the side of the mountain, we encircled the lake of melting

snow. Somehow we found the trail on the other side.

But this idea of following a trail was soon to be forgotten. For presently we could find no more blazes on the trees. After carefully surveying the lay of the land, Pastor Reynolds led the group to a sharp turn to the right across another meadow—which had a little better snow pack—to the edge of the mountains on the other side. This turn, although we did not know it then and although it took us away from the Sunrise Trail, was providential.

There was a little trail of some description on the side of these mountains. By climbing up and walking along the slope of the mountain, we had ground to walk on part of the time, even if we had to climb over the snowdrifts. Just to walk on bare ground even on the slope of the mountain seemed good.

By three-thirty or four o'clock all hopes of being in Yosemite in time to see the firefall had long since vanished from our minds. We all realized that we did not know exactly where we were. The conversation fell along this line.

"It looks as if we may have an overnight hike after all."

"Say, Pastor Reynolds, did you bring any matches?"

"No, Jack, do you have any?"

"No. I always carry matches, but somehow this time I forgot them."

"Does anyone happen to have any matches in case we'd have to build a fire and spend the night out here?"

Just when we thought that no one had any matches, someone said, "Oh, I have two or three." That thought comforted us many times before we got home.

"Imagine the headlines in the newspaper tomorrow. 'Nineteen Wawona Senior Campers Lost in High Sierras!' Then all of our names will be listed. Say, would my mother ever be worried!"



## Shoulders of Love

By NONA KEEN DUFFY

It was love that created the planets and stars  
And divided the land from the sea;  
It created man in the image of God  
And caused all there is, to be!

It is love that is holding the suns in their place,  
The cohesive power of all;  
It binds all creation into a whole  
And wraps it about with a shawl.

It is one with the creative force of life  
That pulses through every clod;  
It's healing, renewing, and building within;  
It is life, for "love is of God"!

And God is all wisdom and justice and power,  
And the law of love is His;  
The universe rests on the shoulders of love,  
It's the center of all that is!

"It sounds as if we have a pessimist here."

"Well, at least we have two matches. We can build a fire, and the forest ranger can come and find us."

"Who wants to do that? It would admit that we have given up, and we surely aren't ready to give up yet!"

"I smell something like root beer."

"You must be having hallucinations."

So with talk of hallucinations, and who's a pessimist, and what it would really be like to have to spend the night out of doors unprepared for it, we somehow retained our good spirits as we hiked along in our water-soaked shoes.

By now we noticed a group lagging behind a little more, and nearly all of us welcomed more frequent rest periods.

We continued bearing a little to the right. Thus climbing over snowdrifts, now walking on the side of a steep solid-rock mountain, now carefully climbing over boulders, then stepping carefully on snow covering large stones, we finally came out to where we could look on a beautiful lake.

"We must be coming to Tenaya Canyon."

"We surely don't want to go in there! Remember hearing about the two people who were hiking there? One of them broke a leg, and they had to let her down on a stretcher over a one-hundred-foot cliff."

After surveying the mountains around, Pastor Reynolds remarked, "Over there is Half Dome." We all looked and felt certain he was right. It was good to be able to see something that told us about where we were.

"But," Pastor Reynolds went on, "we must go past Half Dome on the left side. Look, we are away to the right of it now." It was very correct that we were far to the right of Half Dome.

"The only thing to do is to start in the direction of Half Dome. We must cross back over these little ridges of mountains we have just come over. Let's pray that God will help us find the trail by seventhirty. We must keep going, because we are still a long way from where we need to go."

By this time all the girls freely admitted they were tired. The boys did not care to say they were, however.

Finally, about fifteen minutes to eight,

we found the semblance of a little trail. This was welcome, though we were sure it was not the right one. We had broken trail for so long that we carefully followed the tiny path as we hurried down the mountainside.

It was getting dark. Suddenly Bertha Rea called, "Say, Bob, isn't that a trail over there?" We all stopped where we were and looked. There was a light streak along the side of the mountain across the ravine.

"It surely looks like it. Let's find out."

Nineteen hikers started right from where they were standing and attempted to go in a straight line (the shortest distance) to the light streak across on the other side. We stumbled over brush, jumped over rocks, stirred up dust getting there. Yes, we were out of the snow by now.

It seemed wonderful to us to stand on a real trail again. The sun had already sunk out of sight. There were clouds in the sky. Pastor Reynolds found it necessary to use his flashlight to find the path.

As we started on our way, after making sure that every one was with us, we were really happy. We knew in our hearts that God was caring for us. If we had not found the trail when we did, in just a few minutes it would have been too dark to find it.

Pastor Reynolds suggested, "Let's sing 'Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.'" From somewhere along the line there came several Amens very reverently spoken. But when we tried to sing we were so much out of breath we could hardly finish the last line!

We crossed just one patch of snow after this. But that was not bad, because by the aid of a flashlight we could see the trail on the other side. This hiking on a trail was comparatively easy to breaking trail, even if we were tired. However, there was one thing that caused a little worry. By this time the sky was completely clouded. The lightning was beginning to flash, first far away, but gradually coming closer and closer.

Soon we came to a fork in the trail. The signs told us that the trail we had found was the Tenaya Lake Trail. Now we were on the regular Sunrise Trail about ten or twelve miles from Yosemite Valley. Figuring that we might be able to make four miles an hour, we thought we should be there by midnight.

Then came the whistle for a stop. It was the first mishap of the day—a blister. It seemed good to sit down and rest while the blister was being patched up. But, oh, when we came to stand up! We were so stiff and sore! Even the most stouthearted of the boys admitted that he was tired too.

We had not gone far down the trail when big drops of rain began to fall. "This seemed the pay-off of the whole day," as one of the boys later put it. To all of us it seemed that we just could not take it—not a rain now! To page 18



# Junior YOUTH

*"You needn't practice hitting*

*things you can hurt," he said.*

## Boy and Zip

By ETTA W. SCHLICHTER

**B**OY was walking along a country road with his friend Charlie. Both the lads were barefoot. They were country boys, and they liked the feel of the ground beneath their feet. They never wore shoes if they could help it.

Boy was only a little older than Charlie, but he was so much taller and stronger that Charlie was very proud to have him for a friend. They went to school together in a log schoolhouse and studied the same lessons, but Boy always kept ahead of Charlie, because he studied so much harder. He wanted to amount to something when he should become a man, and young as he was, he knew he must begin right now and lose no time.

Boy's parents were very poor. He had few books, but his mother told him stories from the time he was a little chap just old enough to understand.

One story he loved to hear was about David and Goliath. One day when he and Charlie were going home from school, Charlie said, "I wish I was as big as you are, Boy. You can't expect one o' my size to do much, can you?" Boy grinned and asked Charlie whether he had ever heard of David, the shepherd boy who practiced hurling stones from a sling till he could hit whatever he aimed at and at last killed the giant Goliath, whom a whole army hadn't been able to conquer.



JOHN COURLEY, ARTIST

Wherever Boy Went, Zip Trotted at His Heels.  
The Dog Loved Boy, and Boy Loved the Dog

Charlie listened with wide-open eyes. "No use worrying about what you can't do," said Boy. "Better practice doing what you can till you can beat other people at it."

"I don't know anything about a sling," answered Charlie, "but I tell you I can hit things with a stone." He picked up a piece of stone with a sharp edge. "Just you wait," he said boastfully, "and I'll show you."

A little yellow dog came toward them. Quick as a flash Charlie took aim and hit him. "Didn't I tell you?" he bragged, looking up at Boy for approval.

But Boy's face was dark with anger. "No sense in hurting anything," he said as the little dog yelped and tried to run away. But he was lame. He couldn't run. Boy picked him up and carried him tenderly, not giving Charlie a single glance.

Charlie was sorry enough for what he had done. Maybe Boy would never have him for a friend again.

"I didn't mean to hurt the dog," he said, ready to cry at thought of losing the companionship of his hero. "You told me I was to practice what I could do, and I can hit things better than I can do anything else."

"You needn't practice hitting things you can hurt," said Boy sternly.

"I won't do it again, Boy," pleaded Charlie.

"If you don't, we'll call it square," replied Boy as Charlie left him to go home.

Boy carried the little dog to his own home, bathed his wound, and took care of him till he was quite well. Then they were pals.

This is a true story, but it happened more than a hundred years ago, and I do not know the dog's name, so I shall call him Zip.

Wherever Boy went, Zip trotted at his heels. The dog loved Boy, and Boy loved the dog.

One day Boy's father came into the cabin with news for Boy and his mother. He said they were going to move to a new home farther west.

Boy knew what that meant. They were to load all their belongings into the big wagon, for there were no motor trucks those days, and no railroad where they lived. Boy's father had no horses, but he did have four big, strong oxen that could haul the wagon with all the family as well as the goods.

Instead of speeding along in an automobile, how would you like to ride miles and miles and miles in a big wagon drawn by slow oxen? There were no smooth roads such as we have nowadays. Sometimes the wagon had to go through so much mud that the wheels would stick fast and Boy would have to get out to help his father urge the oxen to pull harder.

You may be sure that Zip was along. Sometimes he rode in the wagon. Sometimes he trotted along behind, looking for things that might interest him, but never running far enough to lose sight of Boy and the oxen.

Then one day there was trouble. It had rained and rained, and the roads were very muddy and the streams swollen. They came to a little river they had to cross. They must ford the stream, which had thin ice all along the edges.

The oxen, tired with pulling the great wagon through the mud, refused to cross



the stream. What could be done? Boy and his father got out to coax the oxen. Zip jumped out to follow Boy. At last the oxen plunged forward and crossed the stream. But Boy had not seen Zip following him, and not until they were across did he notice the little fellow whining on the other side. He whistled to Zip and called and called, but the dog was afraid of the icy water.

Boy's father grew impatient. "No time to waste on dogs," he said. "Get in the wagon. We're starting."

Boy looked across at the frightened little animal. Leave him behind to starve in that country where no one would take care of him? Leave the little dog that had become his loyal pal and his best friend! Why, Zip wouldn't treat him that way. Could he be less faithful to Zip?

He pulled off the heavy shoes he wore in winter, rolled his trousers above his knees and stepped into the icy stream. Manfully he waded it, then held out his arms to Zip, who jumped into them with a joyful bark.

Going back across the stream was harder than coming, for Zippy, though he was small, did not leave Boy's arms free to keep his balance. But they were across at last and safe in the great wagon again as the oxen pulled them along toward the new home farther west.

Do you wonder what kind of man such a boy grew to be? I'll tell you. His name was not Boy at all. It was—Abraham Lincoln.

## *In the Colorful Caribbean*

*From page 10*

our way we heard the raucous voices of flocks of parrots and macaws, the far-off boom of the great baboons that wander through these tropical forests, and other sounds of forest life. The baboons, we learned later, have immense vocal cords, and their voices can be heard for many miles. Finally, with full daylight about us, we came out into the wider stretches of Supenaam Creek, and there, flying overhead, were great flocks of mockingbirds, hundreds, possibly thousands, and they were filling the air with music as only mockers can. At times their singing assumed the proportions of a hallelujah chorus.

Again, as on the way in, all four of us took to the paddles in the wide slow-moving stream and were soon at its mouth and into the main stream of the Essequibo. Landing at the wharf, we parted from these forest friends of ours. We had enjoyed immensely the contacts with them in their simple village homes, and had learned to love and respect them as brethren and fellow pilgrims looking for the heavenly land. We arrived in Georgetown

in time to take our steamer for Trinidad and for the northern islands, back to the routine tasks that would keep our hands and our minds fully occupied with the proclamation of the message in the island fields.

Near the entrance to the Caribbean from the Gulf of Paria, which lies between the island of Trinidad and the mainland of Venezuela in northern South America, lie a chain of rocky islets. Between these are narrow channels through which shipping enters the Gulf of Paria and proceeds ten miles to the anchorage

### **Believe It or Not**

but a leading cigar manufacturer recently made the statement: "Never have I seen an industry as abused as ours. The typical impression is that only gangsters and crooked politicians smoke cigars." This indicates that there still is a stigma attached to any who are engaged in the manufacture, distribution, sale, and consumption of tobacco in any form. When I was a boy it was an ungentlemanly act to smoke in the presence of ladies.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG.

of Port of Spain harbor. These islands, though for the most part rocky promontories, have some delightful small bays on the gulf side; and on the shores of these bays some of the well to do of Port of Spain have built vacation homes, to which they repair for rest and pleasure when circumstances permit.

Malaria had again stricken me in the weeks prior to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Price to take over the publishing house, and after his arrival the doctor who had cared for me suggested that his bay house on the first of the islands just west of the first Bocas mouth would be an ideal spot to recuperate. Few had been the opportunities for vacations, rest, or relaxation during the years of our service; and with the cooperation of the Prices and the union auditor and treasurer, my wife and I arranged for a fortnight at Kenney's Bay.

We found a fine bungalow with bedrooms and beds sufficient for the entire party, crockery and utensils to care for the dining requirements, and best of all, delightful bathing facilities, with a private wharf and small bathhouse. The water of

the bay was so clear one could see the bottom at ten to twelve feet and watch the underwater life. A small rowboat and a life-ring float were included, so we were well provided for, even those who could not swim. It became a habit for the entire party to be in the water three times a day.

The clearness of the water was well illustrated one day when the union treasurer, having finished his daily task on the conference and publishing house books, came out, dressed in his bathing suit, but forgot to remove his pince-nez glasses. He made his usual clean dive into the bay from the end of the wharf, only to discover as his head cut the water that his glasses were not still with him. The dive had detached them and left them on the bottom of the bay about ten feet down. It was too dark then to see and recover them, so he awaited the time when the sun would be directly overhead the next day. Then when he had donned his suit again, he and I went out in the boat to a spot where we thought we would be directly above them, and with no undue difficulty spotted them by the gleam of the gold rims in the bright sunlight. Another dive, and he came up carrying them triumphantly in his hand. They were unscathed.

This man was an excellent swimmer, but the rest of us were merely casual in our attempts at the art. He tired of the short swims near the wharf in which the rest of us indulged. So one day he proposed to swim across to the point of the bay near the mouth of the first Bocas. Because sharks appeared occasionally in the vicinity and there were tricky currents near the outer part of the bay, I followed in the boat to ensure safety. All went well.

Another excursion led us in the boat to the Bocas mouth and along the rocky shore almost into the Caribbean. We loitered in the caves along the shore line and picked up a goodly collection of shells on the sand outside. But we had forgotten to check the tidal conditions, so great was our interest in the shells we found. Suddenly we became aware of the fact that the tide was moving out, and that we must buck the swift waters on the return journey—easier thought than accomplished.

My companion suggested that he row and that I steer the boat, keeping close to the shore in the process. He pulled for all he was worth, but we soon discovered that we were being drawn slowly backward and that we must either find a way to make headway or swing inshore, beach the boat, and wait for the return of the tide. If we did not, we would be swept out into the open sea. We decided that both of us should try rowing, giving double strength, though we had only the two oars. As the struggle again began we noticed a slow but definite progress forward, and kept up the grinding, sweaty task till we at last rounded the point into



Kenney's Bay as darkness settled over the sea. Tired but happy, we landed at the wharf and went in to supper, thankful that we had not been swept out to spend the night on a restless sea in a small boat.

The stay was marked by one other accident, if such it might be called. One day we went for a picnic on the sandy shore of the next bay. Some of the women went on an exploring expedition of their own, and though they had been warned not to touch the manchineel bush that grew along the shore in places, one of them came back complaining that her eye burned. It was soon evident that, although she said she had not touched any of the bush knowingly, she had in some way come in contact with the milky fluid that it exudes, and for days after the lack-luster condition of the affected eye gave evidence of the potency of the poisonous fluid that it carried.

[This is the eleventh installment of a twelve-part serial. Part 12 will appear next week.]

## The Coming-out Party

From page 7

ing softly, "O Mamma!" Another flutter of wings landed a bird baby at our feet, and another in the flower bed, and the last one on the porch roof. The first little fellow opened his beak as if he were hot and thirsty, so picking him up, we held him near the garden hose, which was dripping. He swallowed a few beakfuls, so we picked up the two that were near and gave them a chance to drink, but they did not seem interested. Such pretty little creatures they were with their softly speckled breasts. We thought we could tell which were males by the lower wing feathers of blue. All had short, stubby little tails. After they had a rest, we set them on the low roof of the pump house. From there they flew to the raspberry

## What Makes a Dollar Sacred?

God gives man nine tenths, while He claims one tenth for sacred purposes, as He has given man six days for his own work and has reserved and set apart the seventh day to Himself. For, like the Sabbath, a tenth of the increase is sacred; God has reserved it for Himself. He will carry forward His work upon the earth with the increase of the means that He has entrusted to man.—"Testimonies," vol. 3, p. 395.

bushes, where the parent birds took over and coaxed them into a tree. We would see them every day as the parents fed them; and once we found on a board four little bluebirds—all lined up, waiting for dinner.

When autumn came, the bluebirds gathered in flocks, happily feeding through the orchards. Frosts came earlier last year, and when the weather moderated again, there was not a bluebird to be found. They had all gone south for the winter; but when spring comes again we shall watch eagerly for the first glint of blue.

I think God gave us the birds that we might have a little realization of what heaven is like. I am looking forward to that time when the birds will come at our call and, unafraid, will rest on our hands and sing. Then there will be no migrations to escape the blasts of winter, but always we shall have the birds and perpetual spring.

## So Worship I the God of My Father

From page 6

tried to sleep. He it was who entertained her with stories. Without dad the long evening hours would have been intolerable. The surprises he carried home so often, the friends he urged to drop by—

these things relieved the tedious hours. Dad had not failed her *then*.

Happy were her memories of the golden years that followed. One day stood out in her mind as a sort of tribute to dad's wisdom and tact. She could picture the scene yet. A gangling thirteen-year-old, Elaine ran up the walk, took three steps at a time, and bounded noisily into the house to amuse the family with a lively account of the day's activities. These activities had included everything from jumping hedges to climbing trees.

Dad said nothing, but the next day he extended an invitation for her to accompany him on a business trip to the country. At that time he talked to her about her friendship with boys, and what they admired in their fair companions. He did not scold her for natural exuberant feelings, but he tried to instill a desire in his daughter to be a proper lady, whose manners would be admired. The goals and ideals he set up proved to be a bulwark of defense for her in later life.

As daylight faded, a scene of not so long ago crept into her memory. A group of laughing young people from the academy strolled leisurely down the street. The afternoon was hot and lazy. Window-shopping was growing dull. One of the boys, seeing a theater across the street, suggested that the rest of the afternoon be spent in its coolness. Nearly everyone agreed, but Elaine had a thoughtful look in her eyes. Should she go, and break her

## Winnie, the White Heron, No. 10

By Harry Baerg

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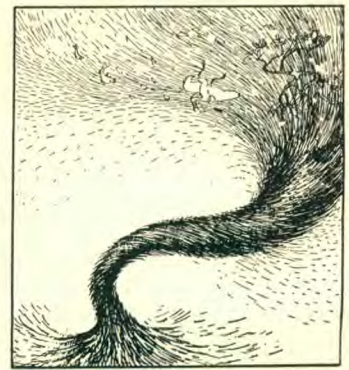
1. One day a strange twisting, moving line appeared on the horizon. Winnie and her mate watched it anxiously from their island, wondering what it could be and whether it might hurt them.



2. Winnie decided to examine it more closely. At times it seemed to move from side to side; then it appeared to stop and just grow larger. She could hear the roaring sound of strong wind.



3. Then suddenly she was drawn into the cyclone and twisted and whirled around. She beat her strong wings, but she could do nothing to help herself out of the grip of the raging twister.



4. Helpless, she was carried along in a whirling world of wind, water, fish, and mangrove bushes that were being torn up from the sea and carried high in the air by the powerful currents.



resolutions? The picture would be entertaining. What would her friends think if she were the only one to refuse? Finally she was about to consent.

Then she thought of dad. He would be cruelly disappointed if he were to know that she had gone. She *could not* go, and said so immediately. For a brief moment the others looked at her in astonishment; then one of the group tactfully suggested some other recreation. Again dad had been with her. The principles he stood

and magazines beckoned temptingly. Laying her work aside, she noticed dad, looking rather tired, sitting there in the big chair with his evening paper. Dad probably became as discouraged at times with his work as she did. And of course he could not just push it aside and quit.

A realization of her dependence on him struck her. She was not expected to ever repay him, but the least she could do was make the most of the opportunities he gave her. Her success at school meant much to him. She could not let him down. With a new vigor she tackled the difficult assignment. Dad may not have known it, but *he* was the inspiration for her work toward top grades.

The ideally happy days of academy passed as if on wings. Graduation was now only a dream. Her mind flashed back to the following months, a long lazy summer spent with her family; and then to September, with frosts tingeing the bright green leaves with specks of red and brown, and changing the summer breezes to cool winds. School would soon open, but there would not be the same familiar buildings and classmates, for college beckoned. The thought of it was thrilling, but sad.

It would be easy to stay and earn good wages at home. Besides, she argued with herself, it would be difficult for dad to pay college expenses on top of his other obligations. Why not stay at home and help? But deep inside she knew better. Dad was still depending on her. It was his ambition as much as hers that someday she should be a nurse. He spoke of it as often as she, and it was up to her to make their dreams and plans a reality.

So she packed her trunks and was on her way. Again she had done the wise thing because dad wanted her to.

Elaine's thoughts came back to the present. The lacy patterns on the floor

were gone. Dusk had come and passed, and the room was dark. Dad was thousands of miles away, but still he was with her constantly, as he had always been. She had not wanted to leave home because she had been afraid to be alone; she had forgotten the many times dad's influence had been with her.

Little did it matter what she first remembered of him. She knew he would always be with her. She would realize his ambitions, and she would never forget his greatest hope for her—a loyal love and service to her God and his God. A text ran through her mind, and she solemnly paraphrased it, "So worship I the God of my father."

## *Precious Lord, Lead Me Home*

*From page 14*

Bob Ellis said, "Wait a minute, Pastor Reynolds. Let's have prayer." Then going down the line, Bob was saying, "If you believe in God, let's try Him now. Come on, let's get closer together. We are going to pray. You know, it doesn't have to rain. God can close the windows of heaven. Come on up here. Now Pastor Reynolds will pray."

The prayer was simple and full of faith. But the longer Pastor Reynolds prayed, the harder it rained! It seemed as though it would not stop. It was so dark I could not see, and I really was not looking, but I don't think there were many dry eyes among the group.

Finishing the prayer, Pastor Reynolds said, "Let's go on now, and I don't think you need to worry about getting wet." It really took faith to say that, with the rain coming down harder and harder. Yet in less than one minute the rain stopped. Verily we had seen a miracle right before our own eyes. Looking up into the sky just a little later, we noticed a clearing in the clouds. While all around the horizon the dark angry clouds rolled, over our heads the stars were shining. This small opening followed us all the rest of the way that night. God was very near to us.

Someone was heard to remark, "You know, I'm not tired any more."

"I'm not either."

It was true. God not only stopped the rain but also gave us a fresh supply of strength for the remainder of the hike.

Someone broke forth with a song. Everyone joined in. One by one we sang all the choruses we knew. Out there in the darkness the words of one chorus, "Precious Lord, Take My Hand," seemed especially appropriate.

It was God who gave us breath to sing as we walked along, that we might cheer one another's hearts with the songs of heaven.

During the day we had frequently called

*To page 22*

## **CAMP DESMOND T. DOSS**

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**June 30—July 14**

**Grand Ledge, Michigan**

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for had become a part of her, and she could not forget them if she wanted to.

Dad, anxious that she do her best, had always been interested in her schoolwork. A lump formed in her throat as she recalled a certain night at home. On the dining table that served as a desk a yellow light burned brightly and reflected warmly in the dark wood. At one end of the table sat Elaine, with hair rumpled and brow furrowed in concentration. Her papers were spread on the table, and several books lay open before her. Suddenly her head went down, and she groaned, "I simply won't study another minute. It's no use!" The cheerful living room with its radio

## *Life's Examples*

*By JESSIE L. QUAIL*

**I**T WAS Sabbath, and some of the young people of the church were home from college. How thrilled I was to see two of them, brother and sister, whom I had known from babyhood, stand before the microphone and give us a musical selection! Then later the brother, without hesitation or embarrassment, gave a most complete and interesting Sabbath school review.

I thought back through the years to the mother's own young womanhood. With a pleasing personality and a gift in music above average, she undoubtedly could have chosen well among the young men of the popular church to which her father belonged. Not she, however! She chose instead a hard-working Adventist boy.

Through the years they have been the staunch supporters of the church to which they belong, and of the local church school and academy. What a reward these parents have for any seeming sacrifice, in seeing their own children in college, enthusiastically preparing for a place in the Lord's worldwide work!

Another case has just come under my observation. A girl born into a Seventh-day Adventist home, trained in church and Sabbath school, married a worldly man. The result: Today she is back on her own with a young son to support and care for. I think too of her disappointed father and mother. Oh, that young people would learn wisdom from the examples we see all along life's way!





Merle L. Mills, President of the Southern New England Conference, Shakes Hands With Howard Sprague and Dennis Calkins, Bidding Them a Safe Trip to the Pan-American Youth Congress

PHOTOS  
COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



With Their 25-Pound Armstrong Moth Bicycles, the Boys Start Their Six-Week Cross-Country Expedition to San Francisco, California

**WHO?** Howard Sprague and Dennis Calkins!

**WHERE TO?** Pan-American Youth Congress!

**ALREADY?** Yes! [May 3.]

**HOW?** By bicycle!

**HOW COME?** They're delegates to the Great S.D.A. Youth Congress in 'Frisco, June 16 to 20; and after all, one doesn't pedal 3,300 miles across the continent in just a few days. Howard Sprague is a delegate from the Worcester, Massachusetts, MV Society. Dennis Calkins is representing South Lancaster Academy.

**FLASH!** Both delegates are traveling together. They left from the Seventh-day Adventist church in Washington, New Hampshire, where the first group of Sabbathkeepers had met. They left this historic church at 2:00 P.M., Sunday, May 3.

JUNE 9, 1953

# THEY'RE OFF!

By W. E. BURNS

A large group was present to see them off, including B. E. Leach, pastor of the Worcester church, and C. E. Groom, pastor of the Washington, New Hampshire, church. Pastor Groom handed the delegates a special letter as they left, addressed to the youth congress from the historic Washington, New Hampshire, Seventh-day Adventist church.

**NEWS!** The delegates made sixty miles the first afternoon; spent the night in their special Atomwate sleeping bags; and by coincidence were met on the highway by Pastor William Menshausen the following morning when they had gone another twenty miles on their way. The Worcester radio station flashed out the news for its whole area Tuesday noon. By Tuesday evening the boys were ninety miles the other side of Albany, New York, and planning more miles that evening before getting out their sleeping bags for the night.

**CAN YOU RECOGNIZE THEM?** Yes. They are riding Armstrong Moth bi-

cycles that weigh only twenty-five pounds and that contain eight forward shifts. They can pull any hill an automobile can pull! They will be wearing either T-shirts with lettering on the back, "S.D.A. Youth Congress, 'Frisco," or maroon nylon waterproof shirts. With a water bottle fastened between the handlebars and the Atomwate sleeping bag tied behind the seat, they will be carrying only about fifteen pounds of weight, including one extra change of clothing and a poncho.

**ROUTE?** Their planned route will be through Chicago, Rock Springs (Wyoming), Salt Lake City, Reno, over the Sierra Nevadas through Donner Pass, Sacramento, and on to San Francisco. They have a list of all Seventh-day Adventist workers on the way, and some night some minister might get a telephone call! Reason? "How about a place to sleep?"

**ARRIVAL!** Barring sickness, accident, or bicycle failure, six weeks or less should see them in San Francisco in time for the opening meeting of the congress.



## "Don't Touch That Stuff"

From page 5

out over the water, and an orchestra played almost every night. What more could people who enjoy that sort of thing want? Eddy was becoming quite interested in social life. People said he "just couldn't miss," but it was not long until he did.

Up to this time Eddy did not drink; if he did, it was only a little. However, in this blaze of glory he imagined that to be sociable he would have to drink, and that is how it began. At first it was only a little, and then moderately. The vice began to tighten, and it was not long until Eddy was a steady social drinker.

The most abominable part of it was, he realized what was happening to him. Thinking he was a man with an iron will, he put off trying to stop. He should have known better. No man, no matter who or how strong, can in his own strength curb this evil habit.

His wife and children pleaded with him to stop. Eddy was fundamentally a good man, but what could he do? It was already too late; he had gone too far. His oldest son gave him the facts on the use of alcohol and its effects on the body. Eddy wanted to quit, but it was too late; he could not help himself. His drinking went from bad to worse; in fact, he was now at the place where he was always drunk. Naturally a person in that state of affairs cannot take care of his business as it should be taken care of.

A few years passed, and his property depreciated rapidly. His bank account was

exhausted, and he got so lazy he stopped working entirely. Eddy Spain was now a habitual drunkard.

He needed money to support his habit, so he sold his business. It was not long until he had squandered all of that money too. Soon after that his wife left him, and the State took over his livery for back taxes. All material possessions were taken from him.

Now the once-respected Edward Spain walked the streets, nothing more than a tramp. He looked and dressed like one too, but he did not care, because he was always drunk. All the glory and splendor of yesterday were gone. Even his one-time good friends turned their heads when they passed him on the street.

It was not until this time that Eddy realized the true gravity of his situation. He had lost all his earthly possessions, and once again he would have to work for his existence. He would have taken any job doing anything, but people knew him and what liquor had done to him. They could not give him work, because he was not dependable. The only reason he was employed at the ice company was that the employers felt sorry for him.

By the time Eddy had finished his story the men were through and were on their way back to the house. Eddy came over to where I was lying, and taking my leg in his hand, he squeezed it as it had never been squeezed before. Then he said, "Keep away from the bottle, son. That stuff never did anyone any good, and it never will."

Eddy was basically a good man. He had many characteristics that you and I could rightfully admire. What, then, made him

and many others go so wrong? There is but one answer: it was the evil influence of alcohol.

I talked to Eddy last summer. Now only too well does he realize the folly in his life. It took him almost forty years to come to that realization though.

If you and I are intelligent beings at all, we should profit by the mistakes in the life of Eddy Spain. It is exactly as he put it: "That stuff never did anyone any good, and it never will."

## MV Youth in Action

From page 11

As these stood on the stage in Anderson Hall, they felt most important. Different items were recited with fluency. The staff and students of the college were amused at the action songs they had learned so nicely. After the program Mr. Watt took pictures of them. How thrilled they were! All the way home they sang the choruses as they rode in the lorry. No one could doubt that they were happy!

It was our privilege to invite J. J. Oosthuizen, the Cape Mission Field MV leader, to conduct an investiture service at Morkel's Park last November. Thrilling it was to watch the simple radiance of the children and the eager anticipation of their parents, who were witnessing something very rare in their village.

Pastor Oosthuizen questioned the candidates, and to his amazement, their answers were perfect. The parents were filled with pride at each correct answer their children would give. Proud of their pins? Yes, indeed so! They looked at them from all angles, and one could see that the eighteen Sunbeams and the eight Builders experienced the happiest day of their lives! The Preaching Band leader for the year, Andries Tredoux, spoke a few words of farewell and appreciation to the children.

It does pay to Share Your Faith, even among the Africans of Cape Province, for Christ died for them as well.

Yes, Helderberg does it too!

## "I Know Something Good"

By H. B. Lundquist

Glenn Coon, Southern Union revivalist, led Southern Missionary College this spring in one of the most blessed Weeks of Prayer ever held at this institution. Before the end of the week, practically everyone in the Collegedale church had either signed up for Pastor Coon's "I Know Something Good" club or had become inoculated with the sweet spirit that characterizes this interesting organization.

This week was unique in that simplicity not only was the foundation but formed the warp and woof of the entire series of talks. Emphasis was placed on trusting implicitly to God for His guidance in

## Check Your I.Q.

By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

Here's an easy true or false quiz to test your information quotient. A score of six right answers is good, five is fair, and four is passing.

1. According to psychologists, women generally are more intelligent than men. True or false?

2. Geneva is the capital of Switzerland. True or false?

3. Although Leonardo da Vinci is known as a great artist who lived 500 years ago, he is also famous for writing a number of learned volumes on science and philosophy. True or false?

4. Three of the twelve apostles of Christ were crucified. True or false?

5. There are about 156,000 known members of the Communist Party now in the United States. True or false?

6. Americans paid an all-time record high of 65 billion dollars in Federal taxes during the last fiscal year, but this was an average of only \$15 for each man, woman, or child in the U.S. True or false?

7. The Old Testament Bible was originally translated from ancient Sanskrit. True or false?

Keys on page 23

# WIT

## Sharpeners

### Number Puzzle

By ALEX. FRANZ

Write the numbers 1 to 26 in a line. As you find the missing words below, write the letters under the proper numbers. The letters for two numbers are not given, but you can easily tell what they are when you have all the others in place. The solution is the first part of the children's commandment, "the first commandment with promise."

"Where 21-4-18-12 and rust doth corrupt." Matt. 6:19.

"When they had sung an 19-8-21-3, they went out." Mark 14:26.

"Many of them which 1-25-10-5-17 the word believed." Acts 4:4.

"There shall not be 26-2-22-21 enough to receive it." Mal. 3:10.

"They rushed with one accord into the 6-24-13-15-23-14-25." Acts 19:29.

"11-7-13-16 asked he them again, Whom seek ye?" John 18:7.





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every circumstance of life. God will help us solve our social, spiritual, and material problems if, by simple, naked faith, we throw ourselves upon His mercy and grace.

As a fitting climax to the week, one hundred persons went out in a special campaign for enrollees of the Bible correspondence school. Almost two thousand homes were visited, in many of which prayer was offered, and more than five hundred persons signed up for this practical and effective course.

A baptismal class was formed at the close of the week for those looking forward to baptism.

After Pastor Coon's visit, we all, both students and teachers, feel more closely and intimately related to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and more determined to fight the good fight of faith and not to abandon the conflict until we stand as victors on the field of battle.

## Precious Lord, Lead Me Home

From page 18

off our numbers to make sure that no one was missing. In the darkness we numbered off more often. How comforting when we heard "nineteen," and knew that everyone was coming.

The lights of our flashlights were very dim by the time we got to the top of Nevada Falls. It was surely a welcome sight to see Mr. Wheeler and Pastor Moore coming up the trail with really bright ones. They assured us that cars were waiting for us at Happy Isles.

When asked later, "What was the best sight you saw on your hike?" the whole

group replied quickly, "Happy Isles."

It was 1:30 A.M. when we finally reached the cars. Nineteen weary hikers drove into camp and crawled into bed about 3 A.M. But everyone realized that God had especially cared for us that day. Truly we were thankful, and determined to serve Him in gratitude always.



## Senior Youth Lesson

### XII—Joseph, the Prime Minister

(June 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 40 to 47.

MEMORY VERSE: Proverbs 22:29.

LESSON HELP: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 219-233.

#### Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey entire lesson. Memorize Prov. 22:29.
2. Ques. 1-3, and note.
3. Ques. 4, 5, and note.
4. Ques. 6, 7, and note.
5. Ques. 8, 9, and note.
6. Ques. 10-14.
7. Read *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 219-233.

#### From Prison to Palace

1. What fellow prisoners of Joseph are mentioned? What dreams did they have? How did Joseph interpret their dreams? How were these interpretations fulfilled? Gen. 40:1-22.

2. Two years later what dreams troubled Pharaoh? What help did his magicians give him in understanding the meaning of his dreams? Gen. 41:1-8.

3. In what dramatic way was Joseph introduced to Pharaoh? To whom did he give credit for being able to explain the dreams? How did he explain the meaning of the king's dreams? Verses 9-32.

NOTE.—"What may we learn from Joseph's conduct before Pharaoh? 1. *Humility*. A friend was showing Franklin out of his house by a narrow passage, crossed by a beam overhead. 'We were talking as we withdrew,' writes Franklin, 'and I, turning partly toward him, he suddenly cried, 'Stoop! Stoop!' I did not know what he meant till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never failed to impart instruction, and on this occasion said, 'You are young, and have to go through the world; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has been of singular service to me, and I have often thought of it, when I have seen pride mortified and men brought low by carrying their heads too high.'—*Peloubet's Select Notes* (1913), pp. 156, 157.

#### God's Man for the Crisis

4. What statesmanlike suggestion did Joseph make? How did the king act upon this plan? Verses 33-44.

5. How wisely did Joseph administer his office during the seven years of plenty? Verses 45-57.

NOTE.—"Joseph succeeded as a ruler because he had succeeded as a captive and slave. Had he failed in the prison-house he would have failed equally in the pharaoh's palace. It was because he knew how to use his opportunity that when the opportunity came he could take advantage of it."—*SAYCE*.

"But far higher than worldly success is heavenly, eternal success; and this also depends upon our fidelity. We shall not be true to Christ in the large things unless we are true to him in the little things; we shall not be faithful where men can see us if we are not faithful in the dark and hidden corners of our lives."—*Ibid.*, p. 153.

## The Brothers Tested

6. Who came from the land of Canaan to buy corn in Egypt? How did Joseph receive them? What experiences did they have before they returned to Canaan? Gen. 42:1-28.

7. Tell the story of the second journey to Egypt. Gen. 43:1-34.

NOTE.—At this time "one can see a great change on all the brethren, but most of all on Judah. He is as much concerned for his father's comfort now as formerly he was indifferent. He takes upon himself the whole responsibility for Benjamin, and comes under every form of engagement that can be thought of for his safe return."—W. G. BLAIR in *Ibid.*, p. 167.

8. What severe test did Joseph impose upon his brothers this time? Relate briefly Judah's appeal to Joseph. Gen. 44:1-34.

NOTE.—"How is Judah's proposal like what Christ did for us? 'Right well does Judah's advocacy prefigure the pleading of his great descendant [Christ]. Truly has Luther said: 'What would I not give to be able to pray before the Lord as Judah here interceded for Benjamin, for it is a perfect model of prayer, nay, of the strong feeling which must underlie all prayer.' And, blessed be God, one has so interceded for us, who has given himself as our surety, and become a bondsman for us. His advocacy has been heard; his substitution accepted; and his intercession for us is ever continued, and ever prevails.'—EDERSHEIM in *Ibid.*, p. 179.

9. How did Joseph reveal his identity to his brethren, and what message did he and the king send to Father Jacob? Gen. 45:1-20.

## The Family Reunited

10. Describe Jacob's great joy on learning that Joseph was still alive, and of the journey to Egypt. Gen. 45:25 to 46:8.

11. Describe Jacob's arrival in Egypt and the reunion with his long-lost son. Verses 26-30.

12. Tell the story of Jacob's interview with the king. Gen. 46:31 to 47:10.

13. Where were Jacob and his sons located, and what is said of their prosperity? Verses 11, 12, 27.

14. How did Joseph's sons come to be counted among the children of Israel? Gen. 48:8-20.

## Junior-YOUTH LESSON

### XII—Joseph, the Ruler

(June 20)

LESSON TEXT: Psalms 105:1-23.

MEMORY VERSE: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." Proverbs 22:29.

#### Guiding Thought

The life of Joseph illustrates the life of Christ. It was envy that moved the brothers of Joseph to sell him as a slave; they hoped to prevent him from becoming greater than themselves. And when he was carried to Egypt, they flattered themselves that they were to be no more troubled with his dreams; that they had removed all possibility of their fulfillment. But their own course was overruled by God to bring about the very event that they designed to hinder. So the Jewish priests and elders were jealous of Christ, fearing that He would attract the attention of the people from them. They put Him to death, to prevent Him from becoming king, but they were thus bringing about this very result. Joseph, through his bondage in Egypt, became a saviour to his father's family; yet this fact did not lessen the guilt of his brothers. So the crucifixion of Christ by His enemies made Him the redeemer of mankind, the saviour of the fallen race, and ruler over the whole world."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 239.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the guiding thought.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

Joseph Helps His Fellow Prisoners

1. Which two palace officers displeased Pharaoh?

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and as a result were put into the prison where Joseph was? Gen. 40:1-3.

2. What dream did the chief butler have while in prison, and how did Joseph interpret it? Verses 9-13.

3. What did the chief baker dream, and what did his dream mean? Verses 16-19.

NOTE.—“The king’s cup-bearer had professed the deepest gratitude to Joseph, both for the cheering interpretation of his dream and for many acts of kind attention; and in return the latter, referring in a most touching manner to his own unjust captivity, entreated that his case be brought before the king. ‘Think on me,’ he said, ‘when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house. For indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews; and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon.’ The chief butler saw the dream fulfilled in every particular; but when restored to royal favor, he thought no more of his benefactor.”—*Ibid.*, p. 219.

### ASSIGNMENT 3

#### Joseph Helps Pharaoh

4. For two more years Joseph remained in prison, hoping against hope that the chief butler would speak for him, as he had promised. Meanwhile God was shaping circumstances for Joseph’s release. Pharaoh had a strange dream of seven well-fed cows being eaten by seven thin ones on the bank of a river. He had another dream in which he saw seven full ears of corn devoured by seven thin ears. The palace hummed with talk of the strange dreams and the failure of all the wise men and magicians to interpret them. Finally what memory stirred the chief butler to activity? Gen. 41:9-13.

5. On hearing of this dream-interpreting prisoner, Pharaoh ordered Joseph to be brought from the prison. After making himself presentable, he was taken before Pharaoh, who repeated the dream to the young Hebrew. How did Joseph tell him the meaning God had in the dream, and to whom did he give credit for his ability to explain it? Verses 25-36.

6. Pharaoh at once saw the need for an administrator to direct the preserving and storing of the food of the seven plentiful years. Whom did he appoint for the responsible task? Verses 37-43.

NOTE.—“How was Joseph enabled to make such a record of firmness of character, uprightness and wisdom?—In his early years he had consulted duty rather than inclination. . . . Faithful attention to duty in every station, from the lowliest to the most exalted, had been training every power for its highest service. He who lives in accordance with the Creator’s will is securing to himself the truest and noblest development of character.”—*Ibid.*, p. 222.

### ASSIGNMENT 4

#### Joseph Helps His Own Family

7. As prophesied, the seven years of plenty came—years in which Joseph was busy directing the building of vast storehouses for the keeping of the rich harvests. Then came the seven years when nothing survived. Not only Egypt but the surrounding countries felt the cruel hand of famine. From Canaan, to the north of Egypt, Jacob sent his ten sons to buy corn from the man whose fame had spread far, little dreaming that it was his own son. On their arrival in Egypt how were the men greeted by their unrecognized brother? Gen. 42:8-17.

8. After three days Joseph released them and demanded that they leave one brother behind and go and fetch the youngest one of whom they had told him, to prove that they had not been telling falsehoods and spying. When they returned to Jacob and told him all that had happened, he was very sorrowful, for he feared to lose Benjamin. What offer did Reuben make that showed the change of heart in the brothers who had once been so cruel and murderous? Verses 36-38.

NOTE.—“During the years since Joseph had been separated from his brothers, these sons of Jacob had changed in character. Envious, turbulent, deceptive, cruel, and revengeful they had been; but now, when tested by adversity, they were shown to be unselfish, true to one another, devoted to their father, and, themselves middle-aged men, subject to his authority.”—*Ibid.*, p. 225.

### ASSIGNMENT 5

#### Joseph Reveals Himself to His Brothers

9. Once again Jacob’s family were feeling hardship from the famine. At all costs they must buy

more corn. Reluctantly Jacob let Benjamin go to Egypt with his brothers, for they knew that they dare not face the governor of Egypt without him. Joseph was overcome at the sight of his young brother, but still he did not confess who he was. After entertaining them at a banquet he decided to put them to the test to see whether they had more love for their younger brother than they had had for him many years before. What order did he give his stewards? Gen. 44:1, 2.

10. Allowing them to get clear of the city, Joseph then dispatched a steward after them to expose the “crime” he had plotted. Read the speech Judah made when they were brought in fear and trembling before Joseph and accused of theft. Note his concern for his young brother. Verses 18-34.

11. The speech moved Joseph deeply. He could no longer control himself, and he sent away his attendants. How did he make known his identity to his brothers? Gen. 45:2-8.

### ASSIGNMENT 6

#### Jacob in Egypt

12. How did Joseph plan for the security and prosperity of his father and brothers? Gen. 45:9-13.

13. With gladness of heart the brothers hastened with the wagons Pharaoh had provided to tell their father of his favorite son’s safety and high position, and the plans for their security. As the old man journeyed to Egypt what vision came to assure him that although he was on his way to a foreign land, the Promised Land would yet be given to Abraham’s seed, and that Christ was still the Angel of the covenant? Gen. 46:1-4.

14. Pharaoh made Jacob and his family welcome and set apart certain territories for them. Describe the audience Jacob had at the royal palace soon after his arrival in Egypt. Gen. 47:7-10.

NOTE.—“Not long after their arrival, Joseph brought his father also to be presented to the king. The patriarch was a stranger in royal courts; but amid the sublime scenes of nature he had communed with a mightier Monarch; and now, in conscious superiority, he raised his hands and blessed Pharaoh.”—*Ibid.*, p. 233.

### ASSIGNMENT 7

“The life of Joseph illustrates the life of Christ,” we are told. Here are some of the ways in which they can be compared. Fill in the blanks to complete the comparisons:

1. Joseph was betrayed by a brother.  
Christ was betrayed by a \_\_\_\_\_. (John 6:70, 71.)
2. Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver.  
Christ was sold for \_\_\_\_\_. (Matt. 26:14-16.)
3. Joseph became the savior of his brothers through his bondage.  
Christ became the Saviour of His brethren through \_\_\_\_\_.  
4. Joseph was accused of a crime he did not commit.  
Christ was accused \_\_\_\_\_. (Mark 14:55, 56.)
5. Joseph said to his brothers, “Be not . . . angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither.”  
Christ said of His malefactors, \_\_\_\_\_. (Luke 23:34.)
6. Joseph provided his brothers with bread.  
Christ gives us the \_\_\_\_\_. (John 6:51.)
7. Joseph sent for his family to live in his own prosperous land.  
Jesus promises to come to take us to His own country of plenty. (John 14:1-3.)

LIVING THE LESSON: How is my reputation? Am I known for my firmness of purpose and principle, for doing every job with thoroughness and intelligence?

## KEY

### Wit Sharpeners

### NUMBER PUZZLE

“Honor thy father and thy mother.” Missing words: moth, hymn, heard, room, theatre, then.

### CHECK YOUR I.Q.

1. False. (Tests prove men generally are more intelligent.)
2. False. (Bern is the capital.)
3. True. (Da Vinci is known to have written a number of remarkable books.)
4. True. (Andrew, Simon, and Peter were all crucified.)
5. True. (500,000 are known to have signed party petitions between 1932 and 1945.)
6. False. (\$415 was paid per capita.)
7. False. (It was written in Hebrew.)



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► THE city of Chicago suffers an economic loss of almost \$100 million yearly because of tuberculosis.

► THE last legal trial in Scotland of persons accused of witchcraft occurred in 1727, according to the *New York Times*.

► WHAT European city is built on a group of 90 islands connected by 300 bridges? It is not Venice, but rather Amsterdam—sometimes called the Venice of the North.

► THE daughter of an Indian chief of the Sarsi tribe is the first Indian princess to enroll at Alberta's (Canada) Provincial Agricultural School. Her name is Margaret Runner.

► THERE is one birth in the United States every 9 seconds, one death every 21 seconds, one immigrant arriving every 2 minutes, one emigrant leaving every 7 minutes. This averages out to an increase of one person every 13 seconds.

► THE fiercest and toughest animal on earth, in the opinion of some naturalists, is the tiny shrew. Although some species of shrew are so small that they come 14 to an ounce, they will attack and devour almost any animal up to twice their own size. To keep alive, a shrew must eat its own weight in meat every three hours and will starve to death if it goes a whole day without food.

► THERE is a fairly large county in New Mexico that is talking of seceding from the United States. It has developed that many of the ordinances of Socorro County are really invalid, for they contain no signature and no city seal. It has further been discovered, all as the result of an appeal of a drunken driving charge, that at the time the republic of Texas was ceded by Mexico, it had never officially been turned over with the surrounding area, and when Texas ceded to the United States territory that now includes about half of New Mexico, Socorro County was not officially included in the deal. Since the people of Socorro County are really not officially a part of the United States, they feel it might be better to secede from the Union and start all over again. Added incentives in that direction are the fact that there would be no income tax and no draft.

► THE increase in the birth rate, brought on by World War II and its aftermath, is now ending. The decline is not general, but in Japan, for example, there has been a drop of 8.7 births per thousand in population in 5 years. The definite downward trend is also apparent in Puerto Rico, Denmark, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, the United Kingdom, Finland, Austria. These facts were revealed by Dr. Robert C. Cook, acting director of the Population Reference Bureau in Washington, D.C.

► THE terrific noise produced by jet engines has been dubbed by scientists white noise. The analogy is with white light. White light, of course, is made up of pure lights of many different colors, and in the same way jet noises cover a wide band of frequencies, some going far below and others going far above the level of normal human tolerances. Because of this wide range the sound is called white noise.

► DUTCH ducks are waddling away with all the honors these days when it comes to egg laying. A flock of 50,000 birds kept by a former fisherman and his son and built up over a 30-year period average 335 to 340 eggs per duck each laying year of their lives. This is more than 95 per cent of the theoretical possibility of an egg a day. Even the best hens do not come near that mark.

► THE lives of some 200,000 Americans were saved during the past 5 years because of advances in medical science. Statistics released by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company indicate that about one fourth of the lives saved are those that would have been taken by heart and blood vessel diseases.

► ONE reason why the center of population of the United States is continually moving westward is the amazing increase of population in the State of California. Between 1930 and 1950 the general population increase for the United States was 22 per cent, but for California it was 86 per cent.

► A Tolstoy Library is being opened by the Institute of Slav Studies in Paris. This study center and museum is to contain numerous manuscripts and exhibits including portraits, photographs, and drawings relating to the career of the Russian writer.

► HUNGARY's only woman cabinet member, Mrs. Anna Ratko, was recently released from her post as minister of health and welfare because of illness.

► SPITTING cobras frequently can shoot a jet of venom with deadly aim as far as 10 feet, according to *Science News Letter*.

► NORWAY's suicide rate is the second lowest in the world. In 1952 only 7 persons took their own lives for every 100,000 inhabitants.

► NEARLY \$2 million went to 26 educational institutions in the first 3 months of this year from the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

► FOR one dollar extra, Florida amateur radio operators can secure special automobile license plates. Each plate carries the call letters and numbers of the amateur's radio station instead of the usual markings.

► THE 64th anniversary of Adolf Hitler's birth passed virtually unnoticed in Germany this year. Ten years ago April 20 was considered an occasion that called for bands, flags, stiff-armed salutes, and marching feet.

► EXCAVATIONS by an 11-man Swedish archaeological expedition in the Rajasthan desert of North India have uncovered gilt coins dating back at least to the time of Christ. This particular type of coin has never before been found.

► TWENTY per cent of Minnesota's 1952 traffic accidents were the result of discourtesy, according to the State highway department. This amounted to more than 10,000 accidents. In a few of these, deaths resulted. The driver with the bad manners usually failed to yield the right of way.

► THE United States Secret Service has had a little less counterfeiting to worry about in recent months. In 1952 agents arrested 220 persons in violations of the counterfeiting laws, and they captured more than \$500,000 in counterfeit bills and coins. However, in the previous year there were 247 arrests and more than \$1.3 million in counterfeit bills and coins seized.

► THE lands of the Zambezi River and Victoria Falls will celebrate this summer the 100th birthday of the man who pioneered British colonialism in Africa—Cecil John Rhodes. The colony of Southern Rhodesia and the crown protectorate of Northern Rhodesia will join hands to mark the event this summer at Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia. Great Britain and 17 governments in and near Africa will join them in honoring the once sickly youth who found health, wealth, and fame for himself and vast new colonies for his queen. The two Rhodesias cover an area in Central Africa more than one and one-half times the size of Texas, according to the National Geographic Society. Within this area are some of the richest mineral deposits in the world. The Rhodesias are known particularly for gold, chromium, iron, and copper.

## Focus

When a State highway department reports that "flagrant discourtesy" is a major cause of highway accidents, it is time for drivers to mind their manners. There is no reason why we should lay aside the Christian graces when we climb behind the steering wheel.

Driving a car fifty years ago was a novelty. Later it became a sport, then a convenience, and soon a necessity. Now it is all these and more: it is a part of daily living. And as such, it bears its influence. We do not hide our identity just because we are behind a windshield.

Is it possible that someone might be turned away from the remnant church by a quick-tempered turn of the wheel or screeching of brakes? "Be kindly affectioned . . . ; in honour preferring one another."

DON YOST.