

The
Youth's
INSTRUCTOR

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Your Travel Opportunity
Music in Old London
JUNE 30, 1953





WORLD WIDE

If Money Could Speak

BY FREDERICK LEE

The New York Stock Exchange hummed with frenzied bidding. The closing hour would soon strike. Buyers and sellers hurried hither and yon, or huddled in groups. Tense clerks handled last-minute details. Here before me was the nation's market place, financial heart of America. Suddenly the gong sounded. The great room became silent, its floors littered with abandoned bids.

Telegraph wires soon began to hum with the market news. So many stocks sold, so many purchased. Some men were happy as they went to their homes that night. Others were troubled. They had lost in the day's dealings.

Money, money, money! How it may warp or uplift our lives!

If money could speak, what would it say? It would warn us in the words of Ben Franklin, "Money never made a man happy." Through Oliver Wendell Holmes it would counsel, "Put not your trust in money. Put your money in trust." Speaking through John Wesley, it would tell us, "Make all you can, save all you can, *give all you can.*" To this we might add: To make all you can is industry, to save all you can is frugality, to *give all you can is charity, and the greatest of these is charity.*

Spend all your money on yourself, and you will shrivel up. Give to a good or holy cause, and your soul will be broadened and blessed. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself" (Prov. 11:24, 25).

Grace Notes

ASSOCIATE The Battle Creek nurse who attended the mother of Frederick Lee at the time of his birth could not know that her influence would form the first link in a chain of circumstances that one day would find him the associate editor of our youth magazine. It was her thoughtful answers to the questions of the mother that led the Lees to accept the faith of Seventh-day Adventists. In 1909 Pastor Lee began a period of mission service in China that was to extend for twenty-six years, and include work as an administrator, editor, general evangelist, and superintendent of a number of unions. He first wrote for *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* in 1923, and became its associate editor in 1938. The roster of books he has authored includes *Travel Talks on China*, *The New China*, *Thoughts of Peace*, *Thoughts of Jesus*, and *Our Changing Times*. The staff of the *INSTRUCTOR* is truly privileged to have the genial friendship and experienced counsels of this man of God.

MUSIC Ben and Nettie Glanzer write with enthusiasm of their experience in London in connection with the evangelistic mission of the past few months. Pastor Glanzer was a member of the Voice of Prophecy King's Heralds Quartet for five years, and has conducted choirs in the United States and Canada, in addition to his recent choir work in London. He is office editor of the *Ministry* magazine. For the first of three parts on "Music in Old London," turn to the center spread.

INSPIRATION More than one generation of youth has been inspired by the magnificent achievements of Helen Keller. For a brief recounting of her life story, read Patricia West's "Darkness," page 5.

DOORBELL A different kind of Junior youth story is presented by Maryan B. Wilkinson this week. "Someone's at the Door" will stimulate the thinking of our readers.

COVER Photo, courtesy of Pan American World Airways.

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.

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Why not join the grandest of all tours?

Your Travel OPPORTUNITY

By C. F. L. ULRICH



TRANS WORLD AIRLINES AND AMERICAN AIRLINES PHOTOS

As I Lay Back With Eyes Half-closed, Enjoying to the Full the Luxury of Relaxation at High Speed, I Found Myself Thinking of the Christian's Limitless Travel Opportunities

IHAVE just been studying a beautifully worded and appealingly illustrated travel advertisement. It pictures a sleek, streamlined Sky-master standing on the tarmac while passengers stroll leisurely up the red-carpeted boarding stairs to take their places in the foam-soft cushions of this air-conditioned luxury liner of the skies. Under the picture are the words, "Stroll up the red carpet to South America," and it makes me just eager to "get going."

Perhaps it seems strange for me to express these thoughts, for at this very moment I am reclining in the ultracomfortable seat of such an aerial dream ship as it wings its way thousands of feet above the country in the center of the great North American continent headed toward Los Angeles. The Lord has been very kind to me, for He has given me the opportunity of traveling almost two thirds of the way around the world; and soon, if He sees fit, and I complete my journey as

planned, I shall have completely circled the globe. The experience has been thrilling and soul expanding, but strangely enough it has not fully satisfied my desire to travel.

I have enjoyed the hospitality of hosts of kind friends in many countries of the world, but despite the good meals of yesterday and the day before, I find that I am hungry again today. And this is the only way I know how to illustrate my enjoyment in travel.

As I lay back a little while ago, with eyes half-closed, enjoying to the full the luxury of relaxation at high altitude and speed, I found myself thinking of heaven and of the conceptions some people have of life in the hereafter.

Thirty years ago a beautiful old home was being completely remodeled, and a group of tradesmen sat on the newly sanded floor eating their lunch, when unexpectedly the conversation turned to religion. The master builder was speaking to my boss, a plumber, and his conversation ran something like this: "You know, Jim, I just cannot accept the general idea of heaven. I like to believe in the transmigration of the soul. All my life I have been an energetic fellow, and after I die I want to come back to earth again in some form or other to carry on the active work of life. I could not possibly be happy with the thought of sitting on a cloud dressed in a nightshirt playing a harp for all eternity."

Maybe it sounds very irreligious to express oneself like that, but even after thirty years' reflection I find myself still in agreement with the builder's concluding remarks about the cloud, the night-shirt, and the harp, for I could not find happiness in such an occupation throughout eternity. What a pity so many people know so little about the real, eternal activities God has planned for His elect.

To carry our consideration a little further, let us turn to the pictures many artists paint of the immortal state. We see beautiful fields of green, majestic trees, flowers of every hue, crystal streams murmuring softly through well-defined and graceful curves, children sitting in the lush green grass fondling animals and birds that obediently and pleasantly submit to such attention. People, with happy faces radiant with peace and joy, stand or sit about in restful and complete satisfaction while scarcely a breeze ruffles the fragrant air of the abode of bliss.

God forbid that I should rudely shatter the conceptions of heaven so beautifully expressed on the canvas of the artist, and may it never be thought that I cannot appreciate serenity, quietness, and the glories of a tranquil, still nature, when the voice of God is rendered more audible as all creation holds her breath to listen. But although the snow is beginning to color the hair above my ears, I am still sufficiently young to enjoy going places, making new friends, surmounting obsta-

cles, and above all, learning new things every day. I pray that He will never take these joys away from me, no, not even in the wonderful new earth, where the saved of all the ages are to live throughout eternity.

I am so glad that the verse perhaps best known in all the Bible tells us, "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you." That sounds like something very real and solid to me. Abraham, who apparently had grown weary of the dust and sand seeping under the sides of his tent and into his food and bedclothes, will not be disappointed in his looking "for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Isaiah pictures for us a life of happy occupation as he states, "They shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them." Then, think of the joyful association as from "one new moon to another, and from one sabbath to another, . . . all flesh" shall happily through the thoroughfares, and rejoice together as they go to the city of God.

Oh! the contemplation of the real joys of eternal life has carried me beyond the thought that originally prompted me to begin this article. You will recall, I was discussing travel and the thrills it brings,

so let us return, even if somewhat abruptly, to that theme.

The gentleman sitting alongside me in this plane is reading a magazine, and on its center page I can see an artist's impression of a space ship manned by men wearing strange oxygen masks and electrically heated suits preparing for a journey to the moon. If the spice of travel is the sheer joy of expecting the unexpected at any moment, surely a journey to the moon would be spiced indeed.

And yet, my friends, Jesus has promised that those who give their lives fully to Him will, at His coming, be "caught up . . . , to meet the Lord in the air," and at that time will begin the most thrilling, the most delightful, and the most extensive travel cruise ever offered to mortal man. The dream of a mere 250,000-mile flash to the moon in a sealed rocket ship pales into nothingness compared with the reality of traveling with our Saviour and the countless host of the redeemed through the illimitable realms of space, past suns, moons, planets, yes, whole galaxies of stars into the very heart of the heaven of heavens, the control center of the vast universe of God.

Then think again of that day when the New Jerusalem, "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," shall come

flashing through the radiant skies to take up her location on the renewed earth, where she shall become the great capital city and national home of the redeemed of God. Not a space ship, not a huge flying clipper, but a magnificent and tremendous city, filled with its joyous citizens traveling through space, not propelled by the ear-shattering roar of liquid oxygen rocket motors, but quietly guided by the Omnipotent power of the Creator and Upholder of all things. I earnestly desire to be one of those who shall thrill to the joys of these miraculous cruises that seem to mortal minds so impossible, yet that to the child of faith are as sure and certain as all the promises of God.

Do you long to travel? Do you desire to have a place with those who will enjoy these amazing privileges? Surely you do! Then, my friend, read the advertisements, study the conditions of acceptance, understand what preparation is necessary, know what luggage you can take.

All this information is to be found in the grand old Guidebook, the Bible. Read it carefully, study it prayerfully, act upon its counsel—and do it now, for the time of departure is at hand, and no second division will operate in this the grandest of all tours.

He Refused

By ERNEST LLOYD

IT WAS a magnificent faith in God that caused Moses to refuse what he did and to choose what he did. The thrilling story is given in the great faith chapter of the Bible (Hebrews 11), the chapter that every youth should really know. We are told there that Moses "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." In doing so, what did he actually refuse? Let us notice three things.

1. *He refused leisure.* He refused the leisure and ease of the king's court because he had come to realize that the soft and woolly environment of the palace would tend to close his ears to the cries of his needy kinsmen who were toiling under the whip of Pharaoh. He knew that the luxurious comforts of the

palace would make him insensitive to the distress of the Hebrews—his people. The Spirit of God worked upon his heart, and he decided upon the refusal and the choice that made it possible for God to develop a great character.

2. *He refused pleasure.* The king's court offered every pleasure, but they were pleasures tainted with sin. Moses knew that by remaining in Pharaoh's court he would become a sensualist, and he decided to flee from it all, and give himself wholly to the deliverance of God's people from their slavery. He did not know then that this would require years of training, but he took the *step that he knew he should take*, and refused to remain in an environment of physical gratification and sinful pleasure.

3. *He refused treasure.* He refused to inherit "the treasures of Egypt." He knew that they were stained with the blood of oppression and iniquity. He would not touch what had been wrung from the poor and downtrodden. He refused it all, sure that God had something far better than the treasures of Egypt for him and for His chosen people. So he cast in his lot with the afflicted ones.

Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. That is to say, he chose the side of the weak and oppressed against the side of iniquity and might. He chose the weak minority against the unjust and oppressive. He chose the unpopular, plus the right. He despised all "slippered ease," and went out into the dark night of slavery and distress to help his people find the way to freedom.

The story of Moses is one of the most gripping in all literature, and has in it lessons of great meaning for our youth of today. We do well to treat leisure, pleasure, and treasure as did Moses. Read again and again the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the great faith chapter, and pray that God will help you and me to refuse, and to choose as wisely as did Moses, to serve the cause of God as faithfully, and at the last to come into the Lord's heavenly presence with joy.

SHE was leaning forward with her face slightly turned toward the distinguished-looking gentleman with whom she was walking. Her whole being was alive with attention.

The special alertness of this young girl seemed to set her apart from anyone around her. Seven years before this time, she had been not only blind but deaf and dumb, giving daily expression to outbursts of rage and rebellious passions that left her weak and sobbing. Now, at the age of thirteen, she walked the crowded dock at Chautauqua, New York, with the assurance, self-possession, and charm of any seventeen-year-old. She was still deaf and blind, but was able to speak. Her hand passed through the arm of her escort and rested lightly on his fingers so she could follow every movement as he communicated with her by means of the single-hand manual alphabet.

Helen Adams Keller was born on June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, Alabama. Up until the time of an unfortunate illness she lived a happy normal life at her home, which was named the Ivy Green, because it was completely covered with vines, climbing roses, and honeysuckle.

As a child Helen was strong, quick, and imitative. While still very young she showed many signs of an eager, self-asserting disposition. At the age of one year, seeing something she wanted, she slipped out of her mother's lap and practically ran across the room after it. But as soon as she realized what she had done, she sat down and began to cry.



DARKNESS

By *PATRICIA WEST*

These happy days were not to be hers for long, for in the dreary month of February, 1882, came the illness that closed her eyes and ears. It is pathetic even to think of this little child in her world of silence and darkness trying to make known her wants.

Her parents were greatly distressed by her affliction. How could they ever expect her to have any amount of intelligence if she could neither see nor hear?

After Helen was well enough to be up and about the house again, she spent most of her time sitting in her mother's lap or holding on to her dress as she went about her household tasks. But she felt the need of communicating with others. She soon learned that shaking her head meant No and a nod meant Yes, a push meant Go, and a pull meant Come.

After a time she realized that she was different from other people. This made her furious. She kicked and screamed and scratched at anyone who tried to approach her. Not being able to play with other children, she found her amusement in tearing their clothes and snipping their hair with scissors. There seemed to be no way of teaching her how a well-behaved child should act.

She was a danger not only to others but to herself. One day she accidentally spilled a glass of water on her apron, and spread it out to dry in front of the open fireplace. When it would not dry quickly enough to suit her, she threw it over the live coals. In an instant her clothes were on fire. Her nurse saved her life by throwing a blanket over her.

HARTSOOK PHOTO

More Wonderful Than the Intellectual Attainment of Helen Keller Is the Outstanding Beauty of Her Spirit

"Poor thing," everyone said. "It might have been more merciful if she had burned to death."

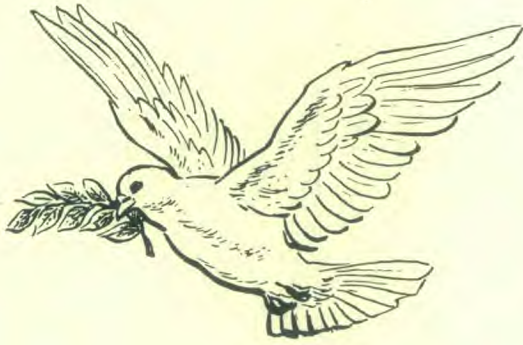
Meanwhile her desire to express herself grew. The few signs she used became less and less adequate, and her continual failures were followed by outbursts of passion. She felt as though invisible hands were holding her, and she made frantic efforts to free herself. Frequently she would break into tears from physical exhaustion. If her mother was near, she would go into her arms, too miserable even to remember the cause of her trouble.

And then there dawned that happy day when a teacher came to her who made her feel that she was part of the living world around her. So important a factor in the development and education of Helen Keller has her teacher been that the two have shared almost equally in the public's interest.

Thanks to Alexander Graham Bell, Helen's parents were able to secure the services of the "miracle teacher" for their child. He had suggested to the anxious father that he write to the Perkins Institute for the Blind concerning his daughter. As a result of this letter Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan was recommended.

Miss Sullivan was from the State of Massachusetts, and was twenty-three when she came to take charge of seven-year-old Helen Keller. Almost blind as a child, Miss Sullivan had entered the Perkins Institute when fourteen. Here she partially regained her sight and graduated in 1886. Her preparation for the special teaching of Helen Keller was made between August, 1886, and February, 1887. "A woman of strong mentality and splendid character, she was indeed happily chosen to release from captivity the mind and soul of Helen Keller."

On the afternoon of Miss Sullivan's arrival Helen stood on the porch, dumb,



The Line of Peace

In Honor of Canada's Dominion Day, July 1

By NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

A jewel of peace each milestone is
In this long line from sea to sea,
Three thousand miles without a fort
Between two lands of liberty.

Mere symbols of surveying skill
To outer eyes these hard stones are,
But to man's inner eye each seems
A jewel far brighter than a star.

Go, winds of heaven kissing them,
The wonder of these gems proclaim;
Go, tell mankind the earth around
The glory of this line's proud name—

The line of peace! Tell all mankind
This line remains, and changes not,
For God's revered in both these lands,
And 'tis His way of peace that's taught.

expectant. She had guessed by the unusual activity in the house that something was about to happen, but she did not know what. She felt the approaching footsteps and held out her hand, because she thought it to be her mother. Someone took it, and she was caught up into the arms of the one who had come to reveal the world to her, and, more than all else, to love her.

How was she going to begin? How could she transform thoughts into words when the child had no idea of human language? Anne Sullivan found the answer. The morning after her arrival, she gave Helen a doll—something with which she was very familiar. Then, using the code for the blind, she slowly spelled out with her fingers into Helen's hand the word *d-o-l-l*. The child was fascinated with the finger play, and she awkwardly imitated the motions. At that time, how-

ever, she did not know that she was spelling a word, or that such even existed; but little by little Miss Sullivan helped her to realize that there was a meaning to these motions.

One day they walked down the path to the well house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Someone was drawing water, and taking Helen's hand, Miss Sullivan placed it under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *w-a-t-e-r*, first slowly, then rapidly. Helen stood still, her whole attention fixed upon the motions of her new teacher's fingers. Suddenly she felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought—and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to her. She knew that *w-a-t-e-r* meant the wonderful cool some-

thing that was flowing over her hand. That living word awakened her mind and gave her new light, and hope, and joy. There were still barriers, but these in time could be swept away.

She left the well house eager to learn more. Everything had a name, and as she learned it, each name gave birth to new thought.

As soon as communication was possible with the outer world, Helen's intellectual improvement was wonderfully rapid. Her eagerness and delight in learning were great factors in her acquirement of knowledge and a vocabulary. After three months of work she knew about three hundred words and a great many of the current idioms.

The next important step in her education was that of learning to read.

As soon as she was able to spell a few words, her teacher gave her a few slips of cardboard on which words were printed in raised letters. She quickly learned that each word stood for an object, an act, or a quality. She had a frame in which she could arrange the words into little sentences.

From the raised printed slip it was but a step to the printed book. "I took my *Reader for Beginners* and hunted for the words I knew; when I found them, my joy was like that of a game of hide-and-seek. Thus I began to read," she says in her own story of her life.

In 1890 Helen was told of a deaf and blind girl in Norway who had been taught to speak. She then resolved that she too would learn. She took eleven lessons from Miss Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School. The method of teaching was that she was allowed to feel the position of the tongue and lips of someone who was speaking. It was very difficult to understand her at first, but she practiced faithfully and cooperated well when drilled by Miss Sullivan.

The autumn after Helen had learned to speak, her parents and teacher felt the time had come when she should be taught about God. Bishop Brooks was asked to come to her home and reveal to the little girl the glory and power of her Creator. Very carefully he talked to her through her teacher. When he told her of light and color, of the mountains, the sky, and the sea, and that the Maker of this beautiful world was called God, her face lighted up with intelligence and joy, as she quickly spelled with her fingers, "I have known Him all the time, but I never knew His name."

In the next few years she studied foreign languages and history, and in 1896 entered the Cambridge School for Young Ladies to prepare for entrance to Radcliffe College. In June, 1899, she passed her final examinations and was accepted into Radcliffe College.

Now she was no longer held back by her handicaps. With the rest of the stu-

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And the Battle Raged

By *LOVINA TIBBETS*

BRUCE looked very handsome on this, his wedding day. College was just finished for another year, and the balmy spring breezes played through the trees, causing the leaves to sway gently back and forth. Today he was taking the most wonderful girl in the world to be his wife. They were planning on a life of gospel service, for Bruce had completed the ministerial course.

He marveled at the wonderful way the Lord had led him—even when his heart was as hard as stone.

Memories of his academy days flashed through his mind. He was popular with and well liked by his fellow students. He made good grades, but still had time for recreation and sports. However, he did not particularly care for the religious activities of the campus, and often invented many reasons for being absent during Sabbath services.

One night he slipped out with several of the boys. During the course of the evening they went to a nearby town to see a movie. They thought it was a good picture, if any such films may be called that, but when they came back they were soon sought by the dean.

"Boys, where have you been?"

The culprits cast startled and embarrassed glances at one another. After a moment's hesitation Chuck, the leader of the gang, answered, "We've just been out in back gettin' some fresh air."

The dean looked at them keenly but said nothing. They were quite relieved apparently to have escaped further investigation.

The next morning they received word that they were to be suspended from school for two weeks. Bruce never forgot the look on his mother's face when she saw him. Her hopes for her son seemed to vanish, and her heart ached at his waywardness. As she recounted her hopes for him, her voice broke, and she wept. Bruce silently added a few tears to hers and resolved to try to do right for her sake.

But, he now remembered, life had not been that easy, and he had continued on his road of disobedience.

The next year, his senior year, found

him in a public high school. He was now approaching eighteen; and his pleasing personality, sparkling brown eyes, and dark hair made him many friends in the high school. He was a star on the football team, and during the year he had played several times on Sabbath.

Soon he sought the friendship of a young girl at school, Meridith. They often went to movies together and occasionally to a dance.

Now Bruce drew a hand over his forehead as if to brush even the memory of those days away. But this morning they just would not leave his mind.

He remembered his graduation from high school, and the pen and pencil set Merry had given him as a token of her remembrance. Yes, how queer he had thought she was when one day, not long

after school was out, she told him that now her only desire was to be a Christian, and that she was planning to join a small religious denomination called Seventh-day Adventist.

His conscience twinged as she gave her ringing testimony for her Saviour. He had never told her that he once belonged to that church and not so long ago.

She was speaking, "Bruce, I guess this ends our friendship, for we haven't the same interests any more. I'm sorry."

"I am too," Bruce said simply, and they had parted.

Shortly afterward he was called into the Army. Those two years were a nightmare to him. He was in Japan, Europe, and many islands of the Pacific. He had seen active duty, with its grim realities.

After one of the battles off the coast of France a group of soldiers was granted a short shore leave. The brightest lights of the small port town were over the saloons and theaters, and the young men were soon enjoying the pleasures of this world. It was there that Bruce took his first smoke and drink. In those scornful hours why had he not listened to his conscience, his guide?

In the early morning hours the youth found their way to a gambling hall, and in the semidarkness of a small room they found several people gathered around a curious object. At the command of one of the men a table near which they were standing would lift itself off the floor and move unaided around the room. When the medium gave the command, a voice



A. LAVINE, FROM MONKMEYER

As Bruce Stood Facing Life, on Graduation Day, He Thought of the Years That Had Passed—His Waywardness in Academy, Social Life in High School, and Front-Line Duty in the Army. Now He Was a Changed Man, Preparing to Marry the Girl of His Choice and Enter God's Service

coming from nowhere told the names of the soldiers who had just entered. The adversary of souls battled hard that night for Bruce.

He was petrified. In the dim, dark past he remembered hearing that things such as he was seeing were displays of Satan's power, but he felt himself irresistibly drawn nearer and nearer to the group and the clutches of the evil spirits.

Suddenly the Holy Spirit made Himself known to him, and with a small cry he turned and rushed from the room. Later he found out that at that same hour, over in the homeland, his mother was on her knees praying for his safety and reconversion. How wonderful and long-suffering is the Lord in His dealings with His erring children.

The day Bruce was wounded was like any other day. On the Pacific island the sun was scorching the earth and the tropical palms stood silent. The air was hot and sultry, and enemy fire was limited. Suddenly out of the jungle thicket came a volley of shots. The small scouting party that Bruce was in had been discovered. A sting of pain passed through his chest, and he fell to the ground senseless.

The hospital ward was silent. The night shift of nurses had just come on duty and made their routine checks. Down in the right wing of the hospital lay a man who was battling for a slender thread of life. The orderly stopped by his bedside and took his pulse. The patient's eyes opened slowly. "Where have I been?" he murmured.

"A bullet came pretty close to killing you. You surely have the Lord to thank for your deliverance. I believe you must have been saved for a purpose. Just take it easy, lad."

As the slow days of recuperation came and went, the orderly that cared for Bruce let his light shine, and dropped many timely words of counsel to him. One day he said, "Bruce, I want you to know that I have a very real and true religion, and I have often spoken of it to you, I know, but I think you should learn more about it."

To his surprise Bruce answered quickly, "I know what you are. You're a Seventh-day Adventist. I used to be one myself. Yes, I'll be glad to have you study with me."

What a happy day it was when the native pastor on the island led the soldier into the watery depths to come up in newness of life, fully resolved not again to swerve from his duty to God and his fellow men.

Soon he was back home, and as autumn approached, he made his way to one of our Seventh-day Adventist colleges in the Western United States.

As he walked across the campus one cold, blustery day, he caught up with one of the girls and said to her, "Hello, may I help you with your books?"

"Surely," and then she added, "you're new here this year, aren't you?"

"Yes. My name is Bruce Bradley, and yours?"

"Meridith Johnson. Say, haven't I known you before—a long time ago?"

Recognition struck at Bruce. Surely this was the girl he had known in his senior high school year.

She was speaking, "And, Bruce, what brings you here? It has been so long since I've heard anything about you!"

Briefly he told her of his experience, of his conversion, discharge from the army, and return to school.

"Yes, I am here to train for the ministry. Merry, some wonderful things have happened to me in the last few years."

"You are so different, you take my breath away. It is wonderful for you to speak so. Ever since high school days I haven't known where you were or what you were doing, but I prayed every day very earnestly that the Lord would spare you wherever you were and whatever you were doing."

And now he had finished his college career and had received the call to foreign mission service. How eager he was to return again to the islands where he had spent much of his army time.

Yes, today began a new venture, and Bruce mused on how everything had worked for the best. Merry had taught school for two years and had just returned to college last year. That enabled them both to graduate, and now they were eagerly looking forward to a lifelong work gathering precious gems for the Master.



Straight Talk

ONE WAY OUT!

"The ultimate solution of the alcohol problem lies in its prevention," writes Frank Mensel in *The International Student*. "The tool of prevention is publicity. Whether the problem is arrested satisfactorily will depend largely upon the application of publicity and scientific research, research to improve the plight of the addicted user, publicity to change the present American attitude."

NO SATURATION POINT!

A major brewer's prediction that beer sales in "the next two or three years" will rise from the current 84,000,000 barrel-a-year level to 100,000,000, was bolstered by a grocery industry spokesman who reported, "There seems to be no saturation point to the amount of beer a food outlet can sell."

Mrs. Marie Kiefer, secretary-manager of the National Association of Wholesale Grocers, told the United States Brewers Foundation convention in New York that sales of beer in food stores could be increased four to six times over the present estimated sales of \$2,250,000,000 a year in such outlets through more vigorous advertising and merchandising to the housewife.

Revealing that "three out of every five families who trade with grocers buy beer," Mrs. Kiefer asserted that beer sales represent five to eight per cent of the business in food stores, with a mark-up and profit high in comparison with the majority of foods and other beverages sold.

She urged more intensive advertising of home carton beer, better merchandising through "television party packages," and help of the brewers in reducing the license fees of retail beer outlets, which currently range from \$200 to \$1,000 a year.

Meanwhile, temperance people are demonstrating their distaste for the proposed stepped-up beer sales campaign in groceries by encouraging friends to patronize food

stores which do not carry alcoholic beverages.—*The American Issue*.

GREATEST CALAMITY!

The Greatest Calamity to befall the United States in our generation as it has to do with the liquor traffic was not the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It was not the change in public opinion that brought about the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the return of the legalized liquor traffic. It was the conception that most people have received by a cunningly devised strategy that beer is not intoxicating, but that it is a soft drink.

So long as people believe that there is a fundamental difference between beer and other alcoholic liquors, it will be very difficult to deal with the problem of alcoholism. Likewise will it be difficult to deal with a multitude of other problems growing out of the liquor traffic. So long as people erroneously believe that beer is a harmless "drink of moderation," we will continue to make alcoholics by the hundreds of thousands.

The reason for these facts is that most of the people who are alcoholics today started on their drinking career by drinking beer, which they considered to be a "drink of moderation." But they did not drink beer long until they discovered that beer had alcohol in it in sufficient quantity to make it habit forming. But many of them did not learn until it was too late.

One of the big responsibilities of those who fight against the liquor traffic today is to create in the minds of the public that there is no essential difference between beer and any other alcoholic liquor. Beer has alcohol in it, and all alcohol is habit forming. It is a narcotic drug that is a depressant instead of a stimulant. If we can make the public conscious of this fact, we will be on our way toward victory over the liquor traffic.—*West Virginia Issue*.



My People Are Fisherfolk. As I See Them Toiling With Their Heavy Nets, I Recall the Men Jesus Chose to Work With Him

Fisherman's Fortune

By MRS. WILSON SHATFORD

I AM glad that I live by the sea. As I go back over the names of Bible folk, I am impressed with the number of godly men who were acquainted with the sea. Noah knew what it was to ride on high and turbulent waters. Moses and the children of Israel saw the power of *one* wave as the mighty wall of water turned its crest downward upon Pharaoh's army. The unique experience of Jonah doubtless gave him a lasting memory of the vastness of the deep and taught him that God is there when the need for Him arises. Read Psalms 107:23-31, and I am sure you will agree with me when I say that the psalmist understood sailors, the sea, and the Power behind the sea. Jesus was intimately acquainted with the sea, for we read of Him walking on blue Galilee. Also he slept in a boat, taught the multitudes from a boat, and used a boat as a means of transportation.

There are many more Bible characters who knew the sea, and there are many references to the sea in the Scriptures, but of all the verses written about the deep, David's appeal to me most. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

I like these verses because my people are fisherfolk, and I know these words apply to them. A number of my uncles—

known as Coolen Brothers—are owners of fishing outfits, and they put their trust and fear in the Lord. As I see them toiling with their heavy nets or traps, I am reminded of the disciples whom Jesus saw fit to make His closest companions. They were humble fishermen, yet they possessed some of the noblest virtues, for a fisherman must have patience and faith, industry and ambition, and a vast knowledge of his business.

For the benefit of my many readers who have never seen the sea or the fishermen at work, I am going to explain the business in part; namely, that of trap fishing.

The traps are made of twines of various sizes and strength depending on the kind of fish they are intended to catch. The twine is put in needles, and the meshes made are kept uniform by drawing the twine over a wooden gauge. When the many fathoms of meshes are completed, balls of lead, each weighing about a quarter of a pound, are fastened to the bottom by ropes. These leads keep the bottom of the trap on the ocean floor so the fish will not escape. Similarly corks are fastened to the top to keep the upper portion at sea level.

The task of "building" the traps is undertaken during the winter months. These traps last for many years, provided they are cared for properly. Repairs must be made now and then, for heavy storms often damage the gear.

In the spring the trap is made ready for the water by a tanning, or barking, process. A large caldron, or as the fishermen term it, bark pot, is half filled with water. When the fire under the pot has boiled the water, a quantity of pine tar and essence of hemlock is added. When thoroughly mixed, this solution is poured

over the trap, which at this time is resting in a large concrete tank.

My uncles have a two-ton truck they use to haul the processed trap from the bark pot to the highway, where they stretch it out to dry on poles about ten feet apart. It is a familiar sight along the Nova Scotian coast to see twines strung out parallel with the highway in this manner, and the pine tar and hemlock mingle to exude a pleasant fragrance delightful to the villagers. I think if I were to leave my home and go inland to live, and should get a scent of pine tar or hemlock, I would be very homesick.

We now have the trap ready for the water, so let us get our crew together. An average crew consists of six men; but some crews have more, some less. The more men there are, the lighter the work will be, but the pay will be less, for fishermen are not paid wages. If they are successful in catching fish, they are entitled to a share of the profit. The owners of the outfit take half the proceeds for the upkeep and expenses. Then the owners and other crew members get an equal share of the remaining money. A huge quantity of fish must be taken before the share is very large. Fishing is a most uncertain industry, and oftentimes whole seasons go by without a worth-while catch. Then winter comes and presents a challenge to these humble folk. If sickness should overtake a member of the family, it would be a crushing blow. So in good seasons as much money is laid by as possible, and as a rule villagers live frugally to make ends meet.

Now we have our crew, so we will put the dried trap into a large rowboat, some grapnels (anchors) in other boats, and row out to the large motorboat, tie on, and be towed to the fishing berth. Fishermen cannot set the trap in just any place. The ocean floor has to be suitable, and the location must be a likely port of call for the fish. An application is made for the berth. The fisheries' officer makes an investigation, and if it meets his ap-

proval, a license is issued. This license must be renewed each year.

The traps, when set in the water, are held securely by ropes attached to the grapnels, and their location is discerned by large wooden buoys fastened to the grapnel ropes. They are placed so that the fish can enter easily, but find escape difficult. My uncles are primarily interested in catching mackerel and tuna, but they make use of the other good varieties that also enter the trap.

In Bible times the nets were pulled ashore and the fish taken out there. It is still done in that fashion in some places, but with a large trap another method is employed. Two pieces of gear, the sweep and spiller, are needed.

Until recently I had never watched from a boat the taking out of fish. At times I had watched this process from the shore, and had experienced a thrill when the tuna would splash furiously. Not long ago I had the opportunity to go out with my uncles and their crew to take tuna from a trap. Nine other spectators came along, and we all enjoyed the performance very much.

In the peak of the trap a heavy rope spiller was made fast to the gunwale of a boat secured there. Several men let the spiller over into the water while two men in another boat fastened the top of the spiller to the top of the trap. When this had been completed, it was held in place by another boat at the end of the spiller. Then the sweep was let down across the mouth of the trap and gradually brought toward the spiller. As the name suggests, the fish were being swept ahead of the gear until they were on the spiller. Several men then peered overboard to see whether the sweeping operation had been successful. Then a loud cry "HAUL" was given. They saw the tuna on the spiller, and at once began hauling it into the boat. As they pulled it in, the bag became smaller and brought the two large fish closer to the surface. At length they were partly out of the water, and then with pickaxes and gaffs they were brought into the boats. The sweep was hauled in, and away we went to my uncle's wharf, where the fish were cleaned and made ready for sale.

This was a great deal of work for two tuna when a hundred might have been taken. That is one of the discouraging aspects of the fishing industry. There were a few good fish (mackerel and cod) in the meshes of the sweep, but they were worth only a few cents, and there were some of no value, which had to be cast away.

After this experience I can see clearly the lesson that Jesus taught: "Again, the
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NATIONAL ARCHIVES PHOTO
BARRY FAULKNER, ARTIST

Thomas Jefferson (Center) Gave to the American People the Famous Declaration of Independence

He Authored a Living Document

By CLARA NOSWORTHY WRIGHT

IT SEEMS altogether fitting and proper that Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, was known to be the most consistent and conspicuous apostle of democracy in America in his time. To him, that "all men are created free and equal" was not an idle phrase but voiced the principles on which he based his own life. During his forty years of public service, marked by complete lack of pomp and pride, his sincerity was never questioned, though his attitude may have rebuked many of his associates. "Jeffersonian simplicity," an expression much used in modern times, refers to one who could have been known only as a wealthy aristocrat were it not for his own personal love of simplicity.

He was born of well-to-do plantation parents in Albemarle County, Virginia, on April 13, 1743. He came from the leisure class identical with the country gentry of England. Slaves tilled his father's land. When he acquired the land in later years, however, many of the acres remained uncultivated because he refused to buy new slaves and tried to have a law passed by which he might free those he already had.

Till Jefferson was twenty years of age his time was devoted to gaining an edu-

cation in England and in the College of William and Mary in Virginia. He ranked high as a scholar, and for hobbies he enjoyed riding and hunting as well as other social pleasures. He was popular among all classes, because of his extreme simplicity. In personal appearance he was over six feet tall, slender but erect, and had hazel eyes and waving, sandy-red hair.

In his fourth year of law practice in the office of George Wythe of Williamsburg (then at the head of the Virginia bar), Mr. Jefferson appeared in more than five hundred cases, and his success was immediate. It was unusual for one from his social class to put in the tiresome hours necessary for such common popularity.

In 1772 he married Mrs. Martha Skelton and built the beautiful mansion at Monticello for her. This luxurious home was known for half a century as the most celebrated center of private hospitality in America.

Jefferson wrote a pamphlet, *A Summary View of the Rights of America*, which placed him immediately among the leaders of the Revolutionary party. During the first Continental Congress he was appointed to a committee with Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston to

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The Frightened Sergeant

By E. W. Dunbar

You should know at the very beginning that the purpose of this message is to encourage you to do your share or more in the coming Midsummer Offering to be taken in all the churches, July 11, 1953.

Now, if you still want to stay with me, fine! I'll go ahead.

There was a sergeant in the last war who was ordered by his lieutenant to take the necessary men, go over to a nearby hill, and knock out an enemy machine gun nest that had been firing into their position with deadly accuracy. The sergeant had never been given such a command. He had been a soldier for two years, and was familiar with all the orders of the drill field, but now suddenly he was told to go out at the risk of his own life! He could not realize that he was actually in that place, and had reached the time when the reality of war had come to him personally. He was petrified, his chin trembled, and he was frozen to the spot.

Disgusted, the lieutenant looked at the poor fellow and snapped, "All right, sergeant, you just sit there." Then turning to his men, he quickly asked for volunteers who would follow him, and he led in a successful charge.

That afternoon the lieutenant was surprised when the sergeant came to him somewhat sheepishly and said, "Sir, I am ashamed of myself. I hope you will give me another chance." And he was given another chance. He had been rudely awakened to the fact that to gain all, one must risk all; to save the lives of his men, he must offer his own life; to finish the task and to win the war, someone, yes, everyone, in the army must sacrifice all selfish interests, plans, and personal safety.

There are some who say, "Our young people won't take responsibility. We have trouble getting anyone to take part in our meetings. When they are assigned to a part they don't come—or they come too late. Our young people are too busy to sacrifice. They have too much to do already." Many of us face problems such as these. How can we enlist our young people in a program of sacrifice and hard work?

As a matter of fact, this question cannot be answered in a few words. The job cannot be done by the use of a few simple devices. The real task is not to interest young people in sacrifice or in leadership. For any individual who desires merely to develop his own personality and ability is too self-centered to be a real sacrificial leader. It seems to me that all God's young people should be spiritual leaders. The question of enlisting leaders is a fundamental one. It is one and the same with enlisting followers of Christ. It is the objective toward which we are pointing our whole program; that is, the developing of genuine Christian individuals to the en-

MV Youth in Action



C. C. PIERCE

A. BURRINGTON, ARTIST

To Win Means Sacrifice—Self-sacrifice

listing of them in earnest work for God. When young people are deeply and genuinely interested in any enterprise, they will be led to take responsibility; they will be concerned with getting results. They will be eager to sacrifice and to help in any way in finding the best ways to get results.

By both word and deed Jesus taught us the true spirit of leadership. "Whoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matt. 20:26-28). There is an interesting paradox of

leadership of this kind. It is unquestionably true that the young person who carries the largest responsibility for the cause of God gains as much as anyone else from the experience, or more; but it is equally true that to be a successful leader, one must go into an enterprise without any thought of getting anything out of it for himself and with the determination to give his very best.

To sacrifice means to have the will to give of our life and energies. We must be willing to live and perhaps die for the cause of right.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it" (Matt. 16:24, 25).

I believe that Adventist youth will do their share and more at the time of the Midsummer Offering, July 11, 1953.

A Faithful German Emvee

By W. Raecker

One young man in a young people's society in West Germany is employed by the electric power company. Although he was given Sabbath liberty when he joined the remnant church, he recently had serious difficulty because of his convictions.

The attacks against this faithful young man continued to get stronger until one day he was told that it would be impossible for the company to employ a Sabbathkeeper any longer. Dismissal notice in hand, he went to his minister, who joined him in writing for a reconsideration of the matter. They accompanied the letter with an earnest petition to heaven.

A short time later the director of the electric company sent for him. The discussion was short. The dismissal was withdrawn.

Now this active Missionary Volunteer, who fears no weather to make the long journey to the house of worship by bicycle or even on foot, has a new position of even greater responsibility.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

The Adventist youth organization in North America numbered 3,127 societies with 67,056 members at the close of 1952. There were about 100 summer training camps held in North America, with a total of nearly 10,000 young people attending.

The authors can tell you from firsthand

acquaintance—the British love to sing.

MUSIC IN OLD LON

By BEN and NETTIE GLAN



FIRST OF THREE PARTS

tradition in some places when *Messiah* is presented to pause after some of the solos, permitting the audience to break out in applause as is frequently done in opera. Sir Malcolm never allows this. At the close of each solo he goes right on into the next chorus with split-second timing. Thus the sacred atmosphere of the oratorio is not broken.

Some of the traditions surrounding the oratorio are the result of the manner in which Handel himself introduced and conducted the oratorio in his own lifetime, some two hundred years ago. We seldom realize today that after Handel's operas in London were beginning to meet with a series of almost uninterrupted failures, he was forced to cast about in search of a more remunerative field. He finally decided that because of the English love for church ritual and sacred music, a "religious opera" would prove fruitful.

During those memorable twenty-four days when he wrote the music to *Messiah*, he apparently became keyed up to such a pitch of frenzied fervor that in the urgency of it all he had no compunctions about lifting several melodies bodily out of his secular operas and incorporating them into his new composition. Devout Lutheran though he was, he was still thinking of it all largely as a performance, for in his own lifetime, as far as we know, he always conducted the oratorio in theaters or public concert halls, and seldom, if ever, in a church.

Tickets were usually sold for these performances at double the price of a theater play. If you had been an eighteenth-century Englishman, it would not have been unusual for your ticket to carry the following note: "The same ticket will admit one gentleman or two ladies to the ball at night."



RONALD STILLING

Because of this, one disgruntled writer of that day complained: "I perceived the same spirit carried them to both, as well as the same ticket; and that the intent of the performers of *Messiah*, and that of the fiddlers at the ball, was just the same; to get money by diverting so many people." Even Charles Jennens, who wrote these words, observed that he thought Handel "made a fine entertainment" of his libretto, "though not as well as he might have done"! It was not until years later that the oratorio finally outgrew its original setting, and found its true place as a definitely sacred function and as an act of worship. The oratorio is recognized unquestionably as one of the greatest musical compositions ever written.

THE British people love to sing. Soon after we arrived in London last fall, we were treated to the thrill of a lifetime when we went to the famous Royal Albert Hall and, as part of a crowd of more than seven thousand, heard the oratorio *Messiah* given as we have never heard it before. Under the direction of the dynamic conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent, it was sung by a one-thousand-voice choir, supported by a great symphony orchestra and the mammoth pipe organ, which at the time of its installation was the largest in the world.

Such a tremendous ensemble would in itself be enough to stir a lover of music to the depths of his soul, but to make an evening of inspiration all the more complete, the conductor gave this great oratorio a very spiritual and dynamic interpretation. It was truly stirring, and only if we have the opportunity of returning to London, do we expect to hear anything to equal it on this earth.

Most refreshing and pleasantly surprising was the fact that Dr. Sargent breaks traditions and has his soloists use the modern, up-to-date pronunciations in his oratorio work. As an example, in the tenor solo "Comfort Ye" in the phrase "that her iniquity is pardoned" the last word is traditionally sung "par-don-éd," using the three notes of the melody as written. This was pronounced plainly and simply "par-don'd," with the soloist singing two notes on the first syllable. It has also been a

LONDON

To this day the *Messiah* is presented annually by various organizations in London over a period of many months each fall and winter. Beginning about October and running on into late winter and early spring, there are continual notices by various organizations presenting the *Messiah* and other oratorios.

The Welsh people have also been noted for centuries for their great love of music, and that is still true in this modern age. They are a great singing people and love to sing spontaneously. Sometimes twenty thousand Welshmen will fill a football (soccer) stadium to capacity, and while they are waiting for the game to begin, that great throng, without anyone particularly leading them, will spontaneously break out singing religious songs.

The same is true in London, where in big league games the crowd will come an hour early to enjoy a lusty community sing, usually of hymns.

One of the "favourite" tunes is the Welch *Cum Rhondda*, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah." The lofty words of this hymn, by William Williams (1717-91), which you will find in the new MV songbook, *Singing Youth*, just published by the Review and Herald, are warmly inspiring. The same rousing tune is also found in *Gospel Melodies*, No. 180, with an excellent set of words on the second coming, by John R. Macduff.

Naturally the Seventh-day Adventist people in Great Britain share this tremendous interest in music with their fellow citizens. As a result there was a spontaneous and enthusiastic response when a large evangelistic choir was organized for the meetings which began in the famous London Coliseum on Sunday afternoon last September 21. More than 160 singers, a large percentage of whom were Missionary Volunteers, responded to make up our London evangelistic choir.

Nearly always in such a large group as

many as one third lose their enthusiasm and drop out before a campaign is finished. But not so with these steadfast Britishers. Once they set their mind to a task, the large majority see the matter through. At no time did the choir attendance drop below 130, with the exception of one unusual Sunday.

Even on that terrible week end of the Great Fog these faithful folks came along. What a week end that was! In a friendly way we had been teasing our English friends for some weeks asking, "When are we going to have a fog?"

They replied that we might yet be sorry that we had asked for one. "It would affect the attendance at the meetings," they said.

"Well," we replied, "we want the fog to begin Sunday night after the meeting and clear up in time for the first week-night meeting on Tuesday!"

Our friends smiled knowingly and bided their time. Then came that treacherous week end just before Christmas last December, when the prince of the power of the air went to work.

On Friday evening the thin haze that hangs traditionally over London gradually intensified, and its density grew by the hour. By Sabbath morning traffic had been so slowed down that we arrived at the Chiswick (pronounced *Chizik*) church, one of our eighteen Adventist churches in London, a half hour late for the service I was to conduct. By evening practically all traffic in the city had come to a standstill, except London's famous underground trains.

On Saturday night the fog was so thick that if you stood under one street lamp you had the distinct impression that all the other lamps must be out. But when you walked over and stood under the next lamp and peered up into the ghostly white vapor, you could see that it was

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During the First Months of the London Evangelistic Campaign, Meetings Were Conducted in the Coliseum Theatre Near Trafalgar Square. Here (Above) Is One of the Orderly Crowds Queued in Front of the Theatre Waiting for Another Service to Begin. The London Evangelistic Choir (Below) Is Composed Largely of Faithful British Missionary Volunteers. In the Front Row Center Are Pastors Glanzer, Vandeman, and Bradley

EWING GALLOWAY



From the Top of the Rocks

By VIRGIL MAYER

WHERE is there a place that we may listen to the still small voice of God, alone, unmolested; a place where human language is wholly inadequate to express the emotions that well up in one's heart; a place where the very rocks and hills seem to tell of their Creator? The answer to this question I found among the virgin forests and mountains of Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

The last few hours of the month of June dawned warm but damp as a group of Missionary Volunteers put a few last articles into their packs, climbed into the old automobile, and headed north to the mountains. As the car carried us closer and closer to the end of the road, from which we planned on hiking five miles back into the virgin forest, a steady downpour of rain began. However, this could not and did not dampen the spirits of

these stronghearted, healthy young people.

When the great trees and undergrowth at last rendered the plucky car useless, each of the riders got out, strapped on his pack, and was ready to take the dimly blazed trail, which to follow in sunny weather was no small feat. Could we keep it under these harder circumstances, and find the cabin? We must do our best, for food should be prepared and everything made ready for the night before darkness fell.

All along those five miles were strewn the great handiwork of the Almighty, untouched and untamed by human influences. At around twenty-five hundred feet altitude we came upon several patches of snow in a pass. Then descending two hundred feet, we discovered a roaring cascade of water hurling itself a hundred feet over a series of three falls. For a

moment we stood awed by this one minute part of God's over-all majestic creation.

At length we crossed the last splashing stream, rounded the last crook in the trail, and came to our destination—an old trapper's cabin. Now to every Missionary Volunteer was assigned a task—some to clean the cabin, others to get dry wood, and still others to make a fire and cook—for our expedition was spending the entire week end in the mountains, and everything must be ready for the Sabbath.

You can be sure, there was no need for a second call to supper after the shout, "Come and get it while it's hot." Outside, the rain made a continual patter on the roof, while inside an enormous quantity of food was steadily disappearing into the depths of our empty stomachs.

Later, having washed the dishes, which consisted of pans and empty tin cans, we all gathered around the "fireplace"—a fire in one corner of our cabin, with a hole in the roof for a chimney—and joined in worship. The Sabbath school lesson was reviewed; then we knelt humbly and seven prayers of gratitude, thanksgiving, and reconsecration rose to the throne of grace. Our Father's presence, protection, and blessing in return seemed to descend and enshroud each of us. Thus we retired and fell peacefully asleep in our bunks—each built for one but now holding two.

Among the mountains, storms often last several days. So it was that on Sabbath morning we awoke to find it was still cloudy and foggy. But by the time breakfast was eaten and we had conducted our Sabbath school, the clouds seemed to have lifted somewhat; so we unanimously decided to take a nature hike. We had not gone far when the sun came out, adding greatly to the beauty of everything.

Shortly we came upon a clearing made by snow sliding down the mountain. Crags and boulders were heaped in confusion, and among them a few hardy trees had found lodgment, asking no nutriment from the stones, asking only a pedestal on which they might plant their trunks and lift their branches into the nourishing air. Down among them came the cataract itself, plunging in mighty rhythm around and over the rocks, forming no less than twenty-four separate waterfalls. How I wish I could convey to you the awe, the feeling of hallowed sacredness, and the reverence that such a scene inspires.

But even though the weather did seem to be clearing while we were on this hike, it really had more trouble in store for us. Shortly after we had eaten dinner, rain began in earnest, and continued to pour down until late Sunday evening.

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Junior YOUTH

*The way you answer is important
when*

Someone's at the Door

By MARYAN B. WILKINSON

A CHILL went down my back as the man began to walk down our driveway. I had been watching from the front window as he passed by on the sidewalk. When he had reached the end of the hedge he had done the strange thing that caused the cold, frightened feeling in my spine. Instead of simply turning to his left and walking down the driveway, he had turned to his *right*, quickly glancing in every direction as he spun around.

And now he was coming down the driveway. He passed the side windows. I ran into the kitchen for another look at his thin, crafty face and shabby coat. That little glimpse from the high window told me he was not the kind of man I wanted to meet alone. And I *was* all alone, except for the baby asleep in his room.

The man knocked loudly on the back door while I tried to remember whether I had left it locked or unlocked. Again he knocked, harder this time. I could not leave the baby alone in the house, so I slipped into his room and picked him up, blankets and all. The loud knocking was still going on as I rushed through the house and out the front door.

The neighbors probably thought I looked silly going down the street with a sleeping baby in my arms and big crib blankets hanging down untidily almost to the sidewalk! What mattered more to me, though, was the fact that the man finally went away and did not come back.

How very much like houses our hearts are. How many things come knocking at our hearts' doors, asking to be let in. There are three things we can do when

we hear that knock-knocking. One is not to answer the door.

There are thoughts trying to get into our hearts every day that are just as unwelcome as that hard-faced tramp at my door.

"Go on in," temptation says as we pass a theater.

We don't have to go to the door and argue with that kind of thought. We know before it gets to the door that we don't want it inside. Leave the door locked, and it will go away.

In school temptation whispers, "Ray has the answer. Copy it."

You don't want that thought to come in and make a cheater of you.

In a store something suggests, "Take it. Nobody will see."

Why go to the door? It will go away sooner if you pay no attention at all.

But there are times when we are not sure whether things are wrong or right. That is different.

Sometimes a parent or a teacher isn't near to counsel; then we must decide for ourselves.

One day the dishes were

H. A. ROBERTS

The Man Knocked Loudly on the Back Door While I Tried to Remember Whether It Was Locked

rattling and the baby was throwing his blocks around, so I didn't hear anything until suddenly, "Brrrrrr! Brtt!" The doorbell, of course.

I hurried to the door, drying my hands on the way. On the porch stood a young man who smiled, and then looking at the towel in my hand, he said, "I'm sorry to bother you when you are busy."

I assured him it was quite all right. He was so polite, how could I help it? He made some nice remarks about the baby, who had crawled into the hall behind me, and I was willing to forget the dishes and listen to whatever else he had to say.

He wanted to go to college, he said, and needed money. He was asking people to "vote" for him because the one who got the most "votes" would be given some money. This wouldn't cost me anything, he said, because a company was advertising some magazines that way.

I could help him go to college without spending any money! A beautiful idea! On top of that I would receive three or four magazines free for one year. Better and better! There would be a slight charge each week to cover the cost of mailing the magazines, but it would still be a wonderful gift.

Now, if this isn't perfectly clear to you, don't think you are stupid. I didn't understand it either until I did a little arithmetic. The "slight charge" for mailing was weekly. The magazines were monthly. I multiplied the charge by four weeks, added up the price of the magazines, and

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A Trip to Historic Mackinac Island

By *FREDERIC K. HYDE*

MACKINAC ISLAND is in the State of Michigan in the Straits of Mackinac, which connect Lake Huron with Lake Michigan, and separate Michigan's upper and lower peninsulas. On the north side of the straits is historic St. Ignace, and on the southern side is Mackinaw City. Transportation from either town to the island is provided by a daily ferry service.

On this forest-covered island of about two by three miles are found many natural monuments of rock. A Michigan State Park now covers about 95 per cent of the island's acreage. It is a favorite vacation spot.

The colorful history of the island is centered in old Fort Mackinac, which was moved there by the British from what is Mackinaw City today. The fort played an important part in early American history.

The Indians called the spot Michilimackinac, meaning "the place of the great turtle." They thought that the island had risen out of the water. It was used by them as a place of refuge and for an intertribal place of exchange.

The first known white man to discover and explore the Mackinac territory was Jean Nicolet; then came the fur traders

and explorers and Catholic missionaries. One missionary spent a winter on Michilimackinac Island, living among the Indians, and a mission was founded in St. Ignace by Jacques Marquette, who visited the island in 1671. Soon a fort also was established at St. Ignace by the French, and the settlement became the center of the fur trade until it was abandoned in 1701.

Fearing that the English would take away their fur trade, the French soon came back, and this time settled on the southern side of the straits, where they ruled the fur country until the French and Indian War. In that war the English captured and maintained control of the trading post, and it was during this time that the fort was moved by the English to the island.

At the end of the Revolutionary War, Mackinac Island was given to the United States. The British had hoped that the United States boundary would be placed at the Straits of Mackinac, so that they would possess the island and the fur trade; instead, it was placed at St. Mary's River, farther north. The English remained on the island until the Jay treaty was signed in 1783. Then the third flag was raised

over this historic landmark, the flag of the United States.

Tourists began visiting the island during the time the British had possession of it. Probably the first visitors were the friends and relatives of the soldiers stationed there.

One July day I visited this historic spot. From the boat, as I approached the island, I saw people riding in carriages drawn by teams of horses, and others were pedaling bicycles. These are the only two methods of transportation permitted. Many years ago, when visitors started coming to Mackinac Island, carriage roads were built. Today those roads are still labeled with signs reading, "Official Carriage Drive."

When I left the boat and walked up the main street of the village, I found that it looks like any modern-small-town main street except for the line of waiting carriages in the center of it. Each driver was trying hard to get passengers to go on one of the island's sight-seeing tours by telling the people that his carriage was "the only black carriage" or "the best carriage on the island" or emphasizing some other selling point. There are more than fifty licensed carriages used for sight-seeing tours.

However, I decided to see the points of interest by renting a bicycle, and took the shore road halfway around the island to the place known as British Landing. It was here that the British came ashore in 1812 and captured the island from the Americans. A cannon now marks the place where they landed.

From British Landing a carriage road goes across the island to the village and past Skull Cave, the hiding place of Alexander Henry, a fur trader who escaped and found refuge there after the Indian massacre at the fort in 1763. It was given its name because of the human skulls and bones Henry found in the cave.

Near the southeast corner of the island one finds the world-famous rock formation, Arch Rock, which forms a natural bridge on a cliff facing the water 150 feet below. The arch, with a span of about fifty feet, is reached by a footpath and a log stairway from the carriage drive.

Near Arch Rock is another called the Sugar Loaf. This giant limestone rock reaches a height of seventy-nine feet above ground, and from its pointed peak one can see the grassy hillsides that were once bloody battlefields. The Indians thought it was the dwelling place of a spirit named Manabozha, whom they believed re-created the world after the Flood.

In the central part and highest point of the island is Fort Holmes. It was named for a Major Holmes of the American Army, who was killed here during the War of 1812.

Along the shore on the opposite side of the island from Arch Rock one can find several more points of interest, such as Chimney Rock and Lover's Leap. The latter carries the legend of an Indian maiden who leaped to her death from a

More Than a Bread and Butter Note

God blesses the work of men's hands, that they may return to Him His portion. He gives them the sunshine and the rain; He causes vegetation to flourish; He gives health, and ability to acquire means. Every blessing comes from His bountiful hand, and He desires men and women to show their gratitude by returning Him a portion in tithes and offerings.—"Prophets and Kings," pp. 707, 708.

high cliff because her lover had been killed in battle.

On the edge of the island village is Grand Hotel. This large four-story building of Colonial design was constructed to accommodate wealthy visitors, and is one of the world's largest summer hotels.

The village, lying at the foot of a high hill, is the oldest white settlement in North America's interior. In the village are a number of historical points of interest such as the Old Mission Church, built in 1830; Marquette Park, where there is a statue of Marquette; and the Astor House, which was the headquarters of the American Fur Company.

Of course the most important place on the island is Fort Mackinac, reached by a path leading up the side of a bluff, on top of which stands the fort. The limestone walls have protected many defenders of the island. Today the fort buildings house the park commission office and are used as museums. Above the walls stand out the blockhouses, or lookout towers, which once enabled the occupants to observe the approach of any enemies.

As I left this historic island with its carriages, forts, and other reminders of the past, and went back to the land of automobiles and modern inventions, the contrast was impressive. Certainly we are living in the time when many run "to and fro" and knowledge is increased.

He Authored a Living Document

From page 10

draft the Declaration of Independence. "The document, as written by Jefferson, was a transcript of his famous pamphlet issued two years before. It was destined to dismember an empire, found a new nation on new principles of liberty and equality and furnish a model for numerous nations

that were to assert their right to self-government."

During the Revolution he devoted most of his time to governing Virginia, and returned to Congress after the war. He succeeded Franklin as minister to France. In 1789 he returned to become Washington's Secretary of State. He was responsible for the adoption of our coinage system and the prohibition of slavery north of the Ohio River. Possibly this is the reason that slavery did not gain the stronghold in the North that it did in the South.

About this time the beginnings were made in the formation of two great political parties—the Democratic (first called Republican) with Jefferson as the leader, and the Whig (originally the Federalist) with Alexander Hamilton. The former stood for States' rights, the latter for a strong centralized Federal Government—issues that dominated the country until they were fought out in the Civil War.

Jefferson's ideas prevailed in the election of 1800, when he was chosen President. "Jeffersonian simplicity" came in on inauguration day, when the new Executive rode to the Capitol on horseback, unattended, dressed in plain cloth, and tied his horse to a fence post. Court etiquette was abolished and titles of honor dispensed with. "His excellency" was plain "Mr. Jefferson."

Jefferson's administration (1801-09) was marked by much construction work. He stopped the destruction by Algerian pirates on commerce, managed the Louisiana Purchase and after that the Lewis and Clark expedition to the Pacific, maintained peacefully the rights of neutrals on the high seas, and prosecuted his own Vice-President for suspected treason projects. He reduced the public debt, also the taxes, and fortified our seaports. He refused to run for a third term.

He retired on March 4, 1809, after forty years of continuous public service. He was devoted to America and American ideals of freedom and democracy. His personal

and political friends, Madison and Monroe, succeeded him for sixteen years; and he was assured before his death that Andrew Jackson, one of his faithful and forceful disciples, would lead the country on.

It is rather singular that Jefferson passed to his rest on July 4, 1826, on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was the most loved and distinguished man in America—"the sage of Monticello." His hospitality was immense, so much so that he died poor. He was buried in the heart of the forest on his estate. A simple granite shaft that marks the spot says briefly, "Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence."

From the Top of the Rocks

From page 14

The remainder of the Sabbath day we spent reading issues of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, *Signs of the Times*, and *Review and Herald* that we had brought along for just this purpose. Then when it was time for sunset, even though we could not see it, we again gathered around the fire for worship. Favorite songs were sung, and though I am sure we did not place each note exactly right, we sincerely enjoyed it. After a short testimony service we again knelt in prayer. To me this worship was one of the high lights of the whole experience.

It had been our plan to rise early Sunday, climb the mountain, return to the cabin, and hike out to the car all in one day. However, the rain forced us to change this program. Consequently, five of our party, who had to be to work Monday, left for home, but two of us remained to take a chance on clear weather.

The rain had stopped, but the mountains were still wrapped in darkness as we ate our breakfast the next morning. When

Silvermane, the Timber Wolf, No. 1 - By Harry Baerg

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1. Far away in the mountains of Central Alaska lived a young wolf whom we shall call Silvermane. He was gray in color, but the long hair of his neck and shoulders was a silvery white.



2. It was late winter, and the wolf was lonesome. He traveled widely looking for other wolves, and occasionally he stopped to howl mournfully in the moonlight and listen for an answer.



3. At last he came upon the tracks of a pack of wolves, and following them, he came to an old root where they had left scent. By smell he could easily tell what wolves were in this pack.



4. A few more miles, and he caught up with the pack. He tried to be friendly and waved his tail, but the leader of the pack growled fiercely at him and the rest of them were all very stern.

dawn had brought sufficient light we hit the trail for the base of the mountain. Within an hour we were there and ready to attack it. Since the sky was still cloudy but clearing, we decided to take a route up along a series of lesser peaks.

The first thousand feet was easy. Soon we were in the clouds, and advancing over rocks and snow. But steeper slopes now rose above us, which called for more energy and more care in climbing. As we looked at them from below, these slopes appeared to us almost impossible to scale. The wind howling by seemed to warn us that we should not try to go farther. But slowly we wound to the lee of the wind and kept on. Every little way we built rock cairns in exposed points to guide us should it become necessary to retreat. After about an hour and a half of stiff climbing the crest of the lesser peak was ours. We were now in the densest part of the clouds, and our clothes were very wet. So as might well be expected, we paused here to build a fire, to eat our lunch, and to rest and dry ourselves.

On most Western mountains we find certain trees, the limber pines, or commonly the mountain pines, which live as high as any tree of any kind can live. They are very hardy; in fact, they withstand winds that bend them so that their trunks creep along the ground, and their branches twist over one another and around sharp stones. Often from the distance they looked like clumps of bushes. On this mountain were many of these trees. They furnished the wood necessary for a fire; but it was wet, the day was wet, and the wind was strong. With these factors combined against us it was difficult to make a fire. Nevertheless, when all our paper—even to the paper wrappings of our candy bars—was burned, we had a cheery blaze. Thus warmed, we set about drying our clothes and eating our lunch.

The fog or clouds being so thick that we could not see more than fifteen to twenty feet, we waited for a while, hoping that the sky would clear. Finally after about an hour of watching, we saw faintly through the clouds another and higher

point. Hastily we pressed on to its summit only to see another higher peak above.

By the time we had climbed the third of these points the clouds had fled away—at least from that altitude—and we could see the whole region for miles. To the west lay the Pacific Ocean, and we could locate in it several islands that corresponded in shape to those on our map. We sat there for more than half an hour, feet dangling over the edge of a precipice, awed at beauties before us. Only by seeing such a panorama can one appreciate its grandeur.

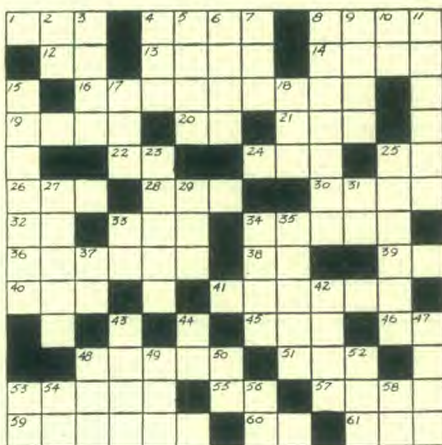
Even though we were loath to leave, we knew that we must hurry on if we were to reach the summit with enough time remaining for the descent. So up we hurried. The difficulties before us, we soon found, were far greater than anything we had thus far encountered.

The last fifty to seventy-five feet of most mountains I have found to be very much like final examinations. If you can surmount them, you have crossed the last obstacle and won the heights. This mountain was no exception. We worked hard to surmount this last obstacle and were rewarded at last to stand on the cloud-veiled top of Mount Whymper.

Since it was uncomfortably chilly on the summit, we stopped only to take a few pictures of each other beside the rock cairn before descending. Then slipping, sliding, or rolling, and all but falling, the two of us reached the cabin twelve long hours after we had left it, weary in body but happy at heart.

If you possess love of nature and of the great out-of-doors, if you are stirred by the grandeur of natural scenery, if you delight in velvet depths and limitless spaces, if you are awed by the fantastic ice formations of the glaciers, go to the mountains, and for a week end forget the cares and perplexities of life among the wilds of God's majestic creation.

WIT Sharpeners



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Foolishness

Across

- 1 "labour of . . . foolish weariness" Eccl. 10:15
- 4 "every . . . will be meddling" Prov. 20:3
- 8 Combining form denoting severe pain (med.)
- 12 "ye fools, be ye of . . . understanding heart" Prov. 8:5
- 13 "he . . . no pleasure in fools" Eccl. 5:4
- 14 "I . . . unto the fools, Deal not foolishly" Ps. 75:4
- 16 "Folly is joy to him that is . . . of wisdom" Prov. 15:21
- 19 "His soul shall dwell at . . ." Ps. 25:13
- 20 House of Commons
- 21 Relarive
- 22 Pound
- 24 "said, I go, . . . : and went not" Matt. 21:30
- 25 Forest Reserve
- 26 Chum
- 30 ". . . not vain repetitions" Matt. 6:7
- 38 Greek hero

- 32 "a man wise . . . his own conceit" Prov. 26:12
 - 33 "foolish son is the heaviness of . . . mother" Prov. 10:1
 - 34 "O fools, and slow of . . . to" Luke 24:25
 - 36 "How long, ye . . . ones, will ye love simplicity" Prov. 1:22
 - 38 Capital of Moab Num. 21:15
 - 39 ". . . every one that thirsteth" Isa. 55:1
 - 40 Nineteenth letter of the alphabet
 - 41 "honour for a man to cease from . . ." Prov. 20:3
 - 45 Ever (cont.)
 - 46 Right guard (football)
 - 48 Father-in-law of Jacob Gen. 27:43
 - 51 Pat
 - 53 ". . . is more hope of a fool" Prov. 26:12
 - 55 "fear of the Lord . . . the beginning of knowledge" Prov. 1:7
 - 57 Tableland
 - 59 ". . . is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king" Eccl. 4:13
 - 60 "in great fear, where . . . fear was" Ps. 53:5
 - 61 "to us there is but one . . ." 1 Cor. 8:6
- Our text is 1, 4, 13, 14, 32, 33, 34, 53, 55, 60 and 61 combined

Down

- 2 "saith among the trumpets, . . ." Job 39:25
- 3 "eyes of a fool are in the . . . of the earth" Prov. 17:24
- 4 Fellow of the Horticultural Society
- 5 "hath taken an . . . of him" Eze. 17:13
- 6 Pertaining to the ear
- 7 Lord High Treasurer
- 8 Asteriated stone
- 9 Celt
- 10 Japanese measure
- 11 ". . . poison is under their lips" Ps. 140:3
- 15 "but fools . . . wisdom" Prov. 1:7
- 17 Snake-like fish
- 18 Son of Hur Ex. 31:2
- 23 "which . . . his house upon the sand" Matt. 7:26
- 25 "foolish son is the calamity of his . . ." Prov. 19:13
- 27 Common herb Matt. 23:23
- 29 Compass point
- 31 Doctor
- 33 High priest
- 34 "and fools . . . knowledge" Prov. 1:22
- 35 "and have . . . exceedingly" 1 Sam. 26:21
- 37 Manuscript
- 42 Duke of Edom Gen. 36:43
- 43 "has no . . . with me" John 13:8
- 44 North America
- 47 "wise son maketh a . . . father" Prov. 15:20
- 48 ". . . me not wander" Ps. 119:10
- 49 Honey-making insect
- 50 Nickel
- 52 "be continually vagabonds, and . . ." Ps. 109:10
- 53 Terbium
- 54 "rebuke a wise man, and . . . will love" Prov. 9:8
- 56 Tin
- 58 "heart of the foolish doeth not . . ." Prov. 15:7

Key on page 22

Someone's at the Door

From page 15

the "beautiful idea" didn't seem beautiful any more. I would be paying the full price for every magazine, plus a good profit for the salesman.

The nice young man was not nearly so nice, either, when I would not let him come in and write an order. He tried to open the screen door. I refused to unlock it. He got angry and tramped down the steps and away.

Sometimes things come to our heart's door that cannot be labeled good or bad right away. We have to go to the door and do some deciding. If we think clearly, we will soon be able to decide whether to let them in or turn them away.

You see a book lying on the table. That book is knocking at the door of your heart. You can't say, "Books are bad, so go away." Neither can you say, "Books

are good, so come in." There are good books and bad ones. Which kind is this one?

A reading course book? "Come right in."

A novel? "Sorry, I don't want you in here!"

Or an invitation to a party. Who is giving it? Who will be there? Where will it be held? What kind of games will be played?

Or suppose it is a Sabbath ride that is knocking at the door. Where will you go? Has the gasoline been bought already? What will you talk about? You will have to go to the door to get the answers to all those questions. Then you can decide whether to open the door or to leave it locked.

The rule for things that are plainly bad is, "Don't answer the door." The rule for things that are neither plainly bad nor plainly good is, "Answer the door, but leave it locked until you decide."

Another day when the bell rang, I had "forty-eleven" things to do and not half enough time to get them done, I thought. There were toys and magazines in the living room to be put away, cleaning to be done, and ironing enough to "sink a ship." I supposed I ought to go and see who was there, but the dusting was not quite finished and—but there it was, ringing again! I went to the door with the dustcloth in my hand. Maybe if he saw I was busy, he would go away, I hoped.

As the door swung open, I forgot all about the dusting and ironing and all the things I ought to do, for there stood my friend Carol. I put the dustcloth behind my back and hurried her into the living room. There were so many things for us to talk about! I said I was sorry there were toys and magazines out of place. She said not to worry about that, we could pick them up together. When we had finished (and it only took a minute) we sat down together.

I don't know how long we sat there visiting, but I know that after she left I went through the rest of my work in half the time I had planned for it. Some of the things I had thought I needed to do did not seem so necessary after she had gone.

I was glad I had answered the door. What a lot I would have missed if I had decided my work was too important to be interrupted!

But we are talking about hearts' doors too. There is a third action we may take when there is someone at the door of either our house or our heart: Drop everything, answer the door, and let him in!

Sometimes we think we are too busy to let Jesus in. Sometimes our hearts are too cluttered with worldly thoughts, or even sins. We do not want Him to see what our heart looks like inside. But there He is at the door, knocking. Don't you think we had better go to the door? If we are really very busy, He will help us to finish tasks, just as Carol helped me with mine.

If our hearts are terribly cluttered, He will help us make them tidy. Then what a wonderful visit we can have with Him!

There are no end of things to talk about with Jesus. We can tell Him about our friends who need to know Him. We can thank Him for His love. We can talk about the things we have done that we wish we had not done. He will always understand.

When our visit with Him is over, how



David

By AMY HARRIS

God took a little shepherd boy,
And taught him how to sing;
He grew so strong he slew a bear,
A giant with a sling.
Musician, poet, prophet too,
God taught him everything;
God took a little shepherd boy,
And made a mighty king.



glad we will be that we answered the door and let Him in!

Now we have talked about three ways to respond when there is someone at the door. The first way is to leave the door locked and pay no attention to the knocking. That is when temptation comes and wants to bring sin into our hearts. The second way is to go to the door and decide whether to open it or not. That was for the times when we couldn't be sure whether the man on the front porch or the idea at our heart's door was good or bad.

But when we see Jesus at our heart's door we had better open the door right away.

Some people get these three things all mixed up. When Jesus comes, they are afraid to open the door. When temptation comes, they hurry to open it.

Other people seem to leave the door wide open all the time, so that good and bad thoughts can come and go. They watch any kind of television program, read any kind of book, and speak any kind of words. This is not a very good idea. I would not want my front door left open all night and all day!

How important doors are, after all! They need to be closed and locked sometimes, but we must never lose the keys, because there are times when they need to be opened wide.

"Behold," says Jesus, "I stand at the door, and knock."

Music in Old London

From page 13

shining, but only like a sixth magnitude star. Then, looking back, you felt sure that the lamp you just left had gone out!

When you wanted to cross a street you could see only two or three feet into the street. It was deathly still, so the thing to do was to listen, and then grope your way across. It was not unusual for householders blindly fumbling their way down their home street to enter a neighbor's house by mistake.

Sunday morning didn't dawn. The fog just got a little whiter, a little thicker, and a little more oppressive. I spent more than an hour applying alternate heat and cold to my forehead and face and doing a lot of light humming to get my sinus cavities clear enough to reinforce a reasonably good tone. (I understand even Caruso used to worry about singing in London!)

And this was the day for another double session of our evangelistic meetings in the Coliseum Theatre. The enemy of souls would choose the week end that we were to present the Sabbath question to bring on this paralyzing phenomenon. When H. M. S. Richards heard about the experience of that week end, he wrote, "Ben, the devil must be very angry with what God is doing in London." Apparently that was true.

By Sunday afternoon traffic even in the heart of the city had been reduced to a mere trickle, which London's courteous bobbies were valiantly trying to direct with flaming torches. These city policemen were long ago nicknamed peelers, or bobbies, after Sir Robert [Bob] Peel, who organized them. Some theaters (playhouses) and cinemas (movie houses) closed down. Others posted signs that the stage or screen was visible only to the front rows.

That evening, according to the newspapers, the famous Saint Paul's Cathedral, which usually has at least one thou-

sand communicants attending Sunday nights, had only twenty-six people! But He who long ago defeated the enemy of souls was still intensely interested in our London campaign. His Spirit worked on the hearts of more than five hundred heart-hungry Londoners that night, and impelled them to grope their way to the

coliseum for Pastor George E. Vandeman's message. These people were veiled in a thin mist that had seeped into the coliseum, but how our hearts thrilled to see them! How small had been the faith of some of us even to entertain the thought that perhaps the meetings should be canceled for that night!

And to top it all, there was that faithful choir again—bless their hearts—well over one hundred of them. Even the two chartered busloads came as usual from Watford—over twenty miles away. Four of the young men had taken turns running ahead of the busses to make sure the way was clear and to warn the driver of



Conducted by
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

The Only One

QUITE often the questions return to us: "Which are more valuable, mint or used stamps?" "Which should I save, mint or used?"

One word will not answer these questions satisfactorily. The stamps of one country may be better unused, but the stamps of another country are more desirable used. The reason for this is the same as the reason for differences in the prices of food you buy, or clothes, or any other commodity or service. When the demand is greater than the available supply, the price soon rises. When the supply is greater than the demand, prices seek a lower level.

Stamps seem to be quite sensitive to the law of supply and demand. Occasionally a series of stamps will run contrary to the general price status of a country's issues. Then sometimes a particular stamp will be different from all the other stamps of a series. There is seldom any way of knowing which stamps are which without consulting the *Standard Postage Stamp Catalog*.

Pictured this week is the beautiful Canadian Confederation Commemorative special delivery issue of 1927. It is just twenty-six years old this year. Canada first produced a special delivery stamp in 1898, and only eleven different special delivery stamps had been placed on sale in the Dominion by 1946. All of them seem to be a bit more scarce mint than they are used except the third one, the Confederation Commemorative.

The Five Stages of Mail Transportation are skillfully engraved on this orange adhesive. The airplanes above the snow-capped mountain, the train, the mail steamer, and the horse and rider, as well as the dog sled, all seem to be carrying mail as rapidly as possible to the stamp collector who looks out through the ornate masonry arch.

As has been already mentioned, the stamp catalogue affords the collector the opportunity to determine the *relative* values of stamps. It does not necessarily record accurate *market* prices. Far too often the unsuspecting collector is caught into believing that the catalog value means actual value. *It does not.*

The catalog now retails for seven dollars (U.S.) in the combined edition and is brought up to date each year. It is issued in the autumn, about October, for the ensuing year. The average collector does not need a copy of his own. The Stamp Corner advises that you begin by putting your money into a stamp album and some more stamps. Your library or the local stamp club has a catalog that will be of as much service as you will need. Sometimes catalogs that are a year or two out of date may be bought for considerably less than a new one and serve just as well. Never pay more than half price for a used catalog.



If you have never used one before, it will probably be some time indeed before you will be able to use a catalog to the best advantage. That is another good reason why you will save money by waiting two or three years to buy a catalog. When you do get one you will appreciate it more, get more use from it, and will not have an antique on your hands. Antique stamps are fine, but not antique catalogs.

Right now you can find the answers to your questions by getting the questions and the stamps in order then borrowing the book for an afternoon. You need not always ask someone else how your stamps compare. Soon you will be finding out for yourself at the library or the stamp club meetings.

Stamp Exchange

Send an inquiry before you send stamps to any persons listed below.

Densley Carman, Box 365, Omak, Washington (junior, 1,500 stamps), would like to trade worldwide issues for stamps from Mexico, Canada, and the Union of South Africa.

Luciano Cosep, Mountain View College, Malaybalay, Bukidnon, Mindanao, Philippine Islands (junior), has stamps from all parts of the Far East to trade.

R. A. Rentfro, 50 W. 44th St., Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada (senior, 800 stamps), wishes to exchange Canadian stamps for issues from other countries of the British Commonwealth of Nations, especially mint.

Celso A. Sandalo, Tañon College, San Carlos, Negros Occidental, Philippine Islands (junior, 500 stamps) offers a variety of Philippine stamps in exchange for worldwide issues.

Reuben C. Balinao, 3671-D Taft Ave., Pasay City, Philippine Islands (senior, beginner), has Philippine stamps to exchange for worldwide issues.

Mrs. Myrtle E. Ulrey, General Delivery, Auberry, Fresno Co., California (senior, 900 stamps), is interested in stamps from Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies.

Melvin Hoffman, 406 Seddon Ave., N. Braddock, Pennsylvania (junior, 700 stamps), would like to trade worldwide for United States stamps.

Morey Perry, West 3507 Walton Ave., Spokane 14, Washington (junior, 1,025 stamps), wishes to trade with other collectors.

Stanley Karmazin, 719 Chillum Road, Chillum, Maryland (senior, beginner), would appreciate help from traders in beginning his collection.

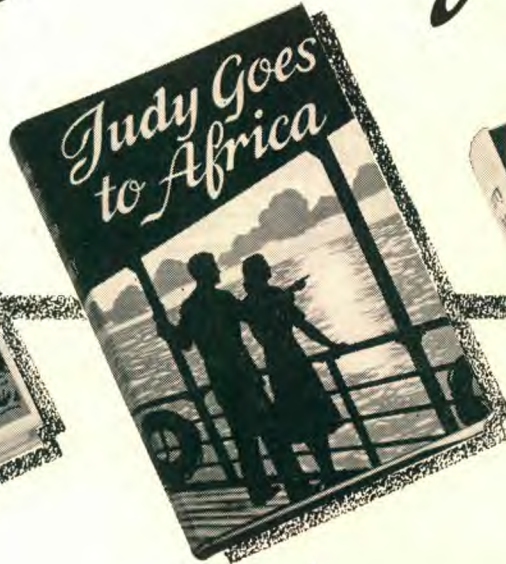
Mrs. D. M. Weatherby, R. 1, Box 141, Boring, Oregon (senior, 3,000 stamps), and her children have worldwide stamps to trade for other all-different worldwide and United States stamps. They prefer more than 25 stamps in each exchange and will answer every request promptly.

Miss Amparo S. Lazaro, W. A. Jones St., Julong Duhay, Malabon, Rizal, Philippine Islands (junior, 1,000 stamps), would like to trade worldwide for worldwide.

David Currie, 26 Chein Kou Road North, Taipei, Taiwan (Formosa) (junior, 2,800 stamps), has stamps from Japan, China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan to exchange for worldwide issues. He requests that each exchange be with 25 stamps or less.

BOOKS ABOUT

Interesting People



Mississippi Girl

An Autobiography
By Anna Knight

An autobiography well written, fast moving, and in many spots exciting. Miss Knight has been an outstanding leader and has contributed to the foundation of a great and ever-growing evangelism among the colored people of the South. Even in retirement she is the center and life of church activity anywhere she happens to be. The influence of Miss Knight's life is a lifting inspiration to all youth and carries far beyond her own people. \$2.25

Judy Goes to Africa

By R. E. Finney

A sequel to *Judy Steps Out*

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intersections. When one got tired he was immediately relieved by another runner. They came those long miles in almost record time. And they had to repeat this performance on the way home, for the fog did not lift until Monday night!

That week end may go down in British history as the Great Fog. Some authorities reported it as the third worst disaster to ravage London in all of its more than two-thousand-year history, including some of the plagues of other days. Between four and six thousand people died that week end. Most of them were older folks and those who were greatly overweight and troubled with respiratory difficulties.

This tragedy so stirred the city that the matter was gravely discussed in Parliament, for the death toll might have been even worse had it been a genuine "pea-souper." A "pea-souper" is not so named because it is more intense than what we experienced, but because some strange phenomenon causes tiny particles of industrial smoke to be suspended in the fog. This intensifies the breathing difficulties of the populace and imparts to the fog the distinct yellowish tinge of yellow split-pea soup. Nearly every home in England has a coal fire, and you can imagine what it is like when the coal smoke cannot rise above the fog. There was a cattle show going on at this same time, and a great many prize cattle also died in the fog.

Since writing this we have noticed that the Great Fog even made the May, 1953, *Reader's Digest!* Ironically, while Londoners with characteristic stoicism were sedately gasping and wheezing their weary way through that ghastly week end under a "saucer" of fog some forty miles in diameter, the rest of the British Isles was serenely enjoying an unusually beautiful, sunny week end!

For some time after this our good choir members, many of whom are imbued with that delicate, refined sense of humor so common to Britishers, would on oc-

casional, with a twinkle in their eyes, ask, "Well, when would you like another fog?" Rather sheepishly we would usually turn the conversation to some other topic.

But this article is supposed to be about "Music in Old London!"

Continued next week

Fisherman's Fortune

From page 10

kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind: which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Think of the fishers of men—the ministers, teachers, and lay workers. They toil hard for every person brought into the church, and sometimes those come in who are not sincere and who, at the end, will be severed from the good and doomed to destruction. The signs of Christ's coming are rapidly fulfilling. If you have not given your heart unreservedly to God, do so now. Then when He puts in His spiller and sweep, you will not be numbered with those who are cast away.

Darkness

From page 6

dents she plunged eagerly into the hidden world of knowledge.

More wonderful than the intellectual attainment of Helen Keller is the beauty of her mind and spirit. A prisoner in darkness and silence, how wonderful is the way in which she stretches out her hands to help the world. She is always busy planning for the betterment of its peoples.

It was Charles Townsend Copeland who discovered her genius as a writer. "You have something of your own to say, Miss Keller, and you have a manner of your own to say it in," he told her, and suggested that she take some of her classroom compositions and make a story of her life. This she did, and gave to the world a rare human document.

Her life has been saddened by the death of her dear ones and friends, but she has gone on with her work of teaching the seeing as well as the blind. She has traveled across the United States and abroad on lecture tours. Also she has written much.

Alertness to the sense of touch gives to Helen Keller's face an expression of bright, concentrated listening. No one

after seeing her can feel that life to her is not full of fascinating interest and many joys. She has a keen sense of humor, which adds to her constantly bright and happy expression. Tall, strongly built, and vivacious, a good talker and a marvelous listener, she inspires in those who meet her a great respect for her character and learning, admiration for her patience, her charity, her sympathetic interests, and wonder for her unswerving ambition, faith, and achievement.



Senior Youth Lesson

II—The Sacrificial Blood in the History of Israel

(July 11)

MEMORY VERSE: Exodus 24:8.

LESSON HELP: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, chaps. 27, 30.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1-3 and notes.
3. Ques. 4-7 and notes.
4. Ques. 8-10 and note.
5. Ques. 11-13 and notes.
6. Read from *Patriarchs and Prophets* assignment.
7. Review the entire lesson.

The Covenant at Sinai

1. What were the terms of the covenant that was entered into between God and the children of Israel at Sinai? What was the basis of the covenant? How was it ratified? Ex. 24:3-8; Heb. 9:18-20.

NOTE.—This agreement entered into at Sinai was a covenant between the children of Israel and God, in which Israel promised to obey all the laws of God, and God promised to be their God and leader and bring them to the Promised Land. It was dependent upon the obedience of Israel and was soon broken.

2. How did the children of Israel fail to keep their covenant promise? With what result? Ex. 32:1-10.

3. How was the covenant renewed? What provisions for mercy were added? Ex. 34:1, 4-10, 27, 28.

NOTE.—The Israelites had proved that they could not keep their part of a covenant that was based upon their promise to keep the law of God. Having broken the covenant, they realized that they had no basis on which to hope for mercy from God. They deserved to be cut off from His favor. As a result of Moses' intercession, God renewed His covenant with His people, and this time it was based not upon the works of the people in their efforts to keep the law but upon the mercy and forgiveness of God. (Verse 7.) The renewed covenant was still based on the law of God, it still required absolute obedience, but it also offered pardon as revealed in the sacrificial offerings being instituted at that time at the command of God, each of which typified the atoning blood of Christ.

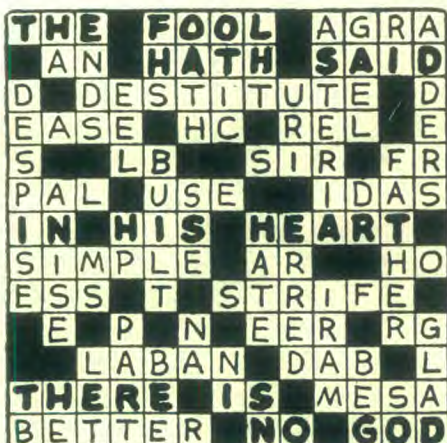
The Sacrificial Offerings

4. When Moses was in the mount with God what was he directed to make and why? Where did he get his blueprint for making the sanctuary? Ex. 25:8, 9, 40; Heb. 9:1-5.

5. How were the sanctuary and all its vessels as well as Aaron and his sons consecrated to the service of God? Lev. 8:10-15, 22-24, 30; Heb. 9:21.

KEY

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NOTE.—Notice that blood was the chief agent used in consecrating both the sanctuary and the priesthood.

6. What regular sacrifices were to be offered? What name was given to these daily offerings? What did they symbolize? Ex. 29:38-42; Num. 28:3-10; Ps. 141:2.

NOTE.—“Every morning and evening a lamb of a year old was burned upon the altar, with its appropriate meat-offering, thus symbolizing the daily consecration of the nation to Jehovah, and their constant dependence upon the atoning blood of Christ.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 352.

7. If an individual committed a sin, what offering was he commanded to bring? When the offering had been slain, what was the priest commanded to do? Lev. 4:27-35.

NOTE.—“Had not the priest taken the blood of the sinless offering into the holy place of the sanctuary, and sprinkled it, pardon for the wrong done would not have been given. It is the blood that makes atonement for the soul. It was the blood of the spotless offering which was accepted in place of the guilty sinner.” F. C. GILBERT, *Messiah in His Sanctuary*, p. 55.

The Day of Atonement

8. In addition to the regular offerings of the sanctuary, what special service was commanded of the Lord? Ex. 30:10; Lev. 16:29-34.

9. What were the offerings selected for this special service? How was Aaron to be purified before going into the most holy place? Verses 3-6, 11-14.

10. What was the priest to do with the Lord's goat? How fully was atonement made for the sins of Israel? Verses 9, 15-19; Heb. 9:7.

NOTE.—“On the day of atonement the high priest, having taken an offering for the congregation, went into the most holy place with the blood, and sprinkled it upon the mercy-seat, above the tables of the law. Thus the claims of the law, which demanded the life of the sinner, were satisfied.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 356.

11. What part did the scapegoat have in this service? Lev. 16:10, 20-22.

NOTE.—“When the high priest laid his hands on Azazel, he confessed over the goat the sins of the children of Israel. All the transgressions of the entire people were placed upon its head. The live goat became responsible for the sins of the congregation. The sins which were placed on the goat were not unconfessed sins. What were placed on the head of Azazel were the sins of the people which had been confessed and pardoned. . . . This live goat did not become a substitute for the congregation of Israel. Its blood was not needed for the people's reconciliation.”—*Messiah in His Sanctuary*, p. 72.

12. How were the services of the Day of Atonement a type of Christ's ministry? How did the scapegoat typify Satan? Heb. 9:24-28; Rev. 20:2, 8-10.

NOTE.—“No longer will there be a record of sin remaining in the books of heaven against those who have accepted the merit of a Saviour's blood. The names of God's loyal, faithful people will be retained in the Lamb's book of life. . . . The unrepentant, with the professed followers of the Master whose record did not stand the heavenly investigation, will be cut off from the congregation of God's people. Then Satan will be bound, and will never again be permitted to tempt the children of the Lord.”—*Ibid.*, p. 205.

13. What comforting assurance is given to those who look for Christ's second appearing? Heb. 9:28.

Junior-YOUTH LESSON

II—How Israel Learned of Christ

(July 11)

LESSON TEXTS: Exodus 3:7-10; Colossians 1:12-14; Hebrews 8:10; 9:13, 14; Numbers 35:10-15.

MEMORY VERSE: “He brought forth his people with joy, and his chosen with gladness: . . . that they might observe his statutes, and keep his laws.” Psalms 105:43-45.

Guiding Thought

“In bringing forth Israel from Egypt, the Lord again manifested His power and His mercy. His wonderful works in their deliverance from bondage and His dealings with them in their travels through the wilderness, were not for their benefit alone. These were to be as an object-lesson to the surrounding nations.” The Lord revealed Himself as a God above all human authority and greatness. The signs and wonders He wrought in behalf of His people showed His power over nature and over the greatest of those who worshiped nature. God went through the proud land of Egypt as He will go through the earth in the last days.”—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 286, 287.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Israel's Deliverance Taught of Our Deliverance From Sin

1. For many years the descendants of Jacob lived in Egypt. Although freed from the fear of famine, another threat faced them. The jealousy of the new Pharaoh caused him to make slaves of them. Did their pitiful condition escape the notice of God? Ex. 3:7-10.

2. God did deliver them from their bondage. In psalm and in song the memory of that great deliverance was kept alive in the hearts of Israel. Psalms 105 is one that speaks of the deliverance. Read the last four verses (42-45) of this psalm.

3. As Israel of old was in bondage to a foreign king, so we are in bondage to Satan until we follow Christ. From what are we delivered by Christ? Col. 1:12-14.

NOTE.—As the children of Israel were under bondage to Pharaoh, so we are under bondage to the prince of darkness. But God, through Christ, delivers us. By believing Him and resolving to follow in His steps, we free ourselves from the prince of darkness, and are on our way to the kingdom of heaven.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Moses' Leadership Taught of Christ

4. When Moses descended from the Mount Sinai with the sacred law in his hand, what did the children of Israel notice about him? Ex. 34:29.

NOTE.—“By this brightness, God designed to impress upon Israel the sacred, exalted character of His law, and the glory of the gospel revealed through Christ. While Moses was in the mount, God presented to him, not only the tables of the law, but also the plan of salvation. He saw that the sacrifice of Christ was prefigured by all the types and symbols of the Jewish age; and it was the heavenly light streaming from Calvary, no less than the glory of the law of God, that shed such a radiance upon the face of Moses.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 330.

5. How did Moses prophesy of Christ, the Prophet? Deut. 18:18.

ASSIGNMENT 4

How the Covenants Taught of Christ's Work in Our Hearts

6. While the children of Israel were still encamped at the foot of Mount Sinai, what agreement, or covenant, did they make? Ex. 24:3.

NOTE.—To seal this agreement to do all that God asked them, Moses took the blood of calves and goats and sprinkled half on the people and half on the tabernacle. But the children of Israel made the mistake of thinking that in their own power, without Christ's help, they could keep the commandments.

7. Not many weeks passed, however, before it was seen how weak their promise was, and how little we can do without Christ's help. In what way did the children of Israel break their covenant? Ex. 32:1-8.

8. When the children of Israel admitted that a promise based on man's power could not be kept, a second or better covenant was made. In this better covenant what did God say He would do? Heb. 8:10.

NOTE.—“They had witnessed the proclamation of the law in awful majesty, and had trembled with terror before the mount; and yet only a few weeks passed before they broke their covenant with God, and bowed down to worship a graven image. They could not hope for the favor of God through a covenant which they had broken; and now, seeing their sinfulness and their need of pardon, they were brought to feel their need of the Saviour revealed in the Abrahamic covenant, and shadowed forth in the

sacrificial offerings. Now by faith and love they were bound to God as their deliverer from the bondage of sin. Now they were prepared to appreciate the blessings of the new covenant.”—*Ibid.*, p. 372.

ASSIGNMENT 5

The Sacrifice of the Red Heifer Taught Christ's Cleansing From Sin

9. Sometimes the children of Israel necessarily or accidentally became unclean according to the ceremonial law by coming into contact with a dead body. To cleanse such a person, what animal was burnt and its ashes used for purification? Num. 19:2, 9.

10. What great truth was this to teach the children of Israel? Heb. 9:13, 14.

NOTE.—“This heifer was to be red, which was a symbol of blood. It must be without spot or blemish, and one that had never borne a yoke. Here, again, Christ was typified. The Son of God came voluntarily to accomplish the work of atonement. . . . The sacrificial heifer was conducted without the camp and slain in the most imposing manner. Thus Christ suffered without the gates of Jerusalem, for Calvary was outside the city walls. This was to show that Christ did not die for the Hebrews alone, but for all mankind.”—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, pp. 120, 121.

ASSIGNMENT 6

The Cities of Refuge Taught of Our Refuge in Christ

11. God's law demanded justice when murder was committed, but sometimes a man would kill someone unintentionally. The laws of the East permitted the relatives of the slain person to pursue and kill the slayer whether he was guilty or not. To help an innocent slayer, what provision was made in Israel? Num. 35:10-12.

12. Where were these cities to be situated? Verses 13-15.

NOTE.—“The cities of refuge were so distributed as to be within a half day's journey of every part of the land. The roads leading to them were always to be kept in good repair; all along the way, sign-posts were to be erected bearing the word ‘Refuge’ in plain, bold characters, that the fleeing one might not be delayed for a moment.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 515. So for the sinner fleeing from Satan's wrath there is always a refuge close at hand.

13. Could a real murderer escape justice by fleeing to a city of refuge? What was always to take place after someone had taken refuge in the city of refuge? Verse 24.

NOTE.—“The case of the fugitive was to be fairly tried by the proper authorities, and only when found innocent of intentional murder was he to be protected in the city of refuge. . . . The cities of refuge appointed for God's ancient people were a symbol of the refuge provided in Christ. The same merciful Saviour who appointed those temporal cities of refuge, has by the shedding of His own blood provided for the transgressors of God's law a sure retreat, into which they may flee for safety from the second death. No power can take out of His hands the souls that go to Him for pardon.”—*Ibid.*, pp. 515-517.

ASSIGNMENT 7

In the squares below fill in the following names or words:

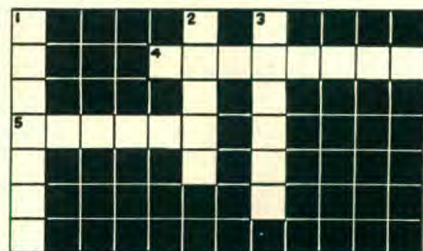
1. The name of the king who kept Israel in bondage, and the one who keeps us in bondage of sin on the earth.

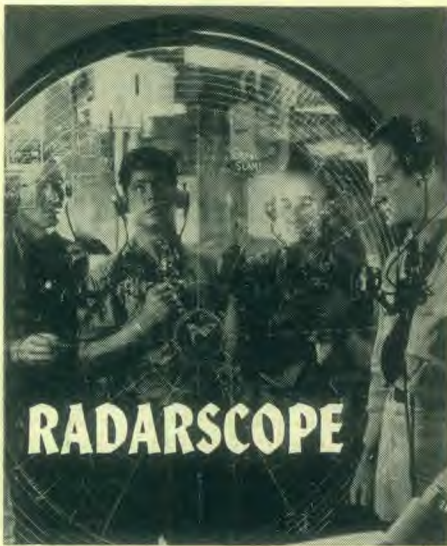
2. The name of the one who represents Christ as leading us out of the place of our bondage into the kingdom prepared for us.

3. The name of the animal whose ashes could cleanse from death—the symbol for sin.

4. The name of the agreement whereby God makes it possible for us to keep the law.

5. What certain cities were to those who were fleeing from their avengers, and what Christ is to us when we flee from Satan our adversary.





► GUATEMALA has about 1.6 million cinchona trees from which the drug quinine is obtained.

► THIRTY-FIVE nations now have television stations operating or under way or are testing operation of television, according to the *Washington Star*.

► SIX months' freedom from insects is promised by a new product being marketed by a Chicago chemical concern. This insecticide kills pests by means of a smoke cloud that is harmless to human beings, animals, and household furnishings.

► A HUGE naval and air fortress and submarine harbor are being built on the island of Ruegen, just off the north German coast and about 50 miles west of the Polish border. This Russian stronghold, reported by the West Berlin newspaper *Telegraf*, is expected to be completed in about eight years.

► THE voice heard on Coronation Day by millions of people all over the English-speaking world describing Queen Elizabeth leaving Buckingham Palace in the State Coach belonged to Jean Metcalfe, British Broadcasting Corporation commentator. Miss Metcalfe began her work with BBC as a typist and worked up to announcing within a year. She was stationed in a room inside the Palace.

► BACK in 1868 a French Oblate missionary, Father Petitot, discovered a river in the Canadian Arctic that he named La Ronciere. It drained the almost unexplored country between Great Bear Lake and the Arctic coast—an uninhabited land. Although the missionary did not claim to have followed the stream to its mouth, he conjectured its probable course and showed the place where it presumably entered the Arctic Ocean. Then in 1899 a naturalist of the American Museum of Natural History found a large river emptying into the Arctic Darnley Bay and named it Hornaday River. He imagined it to be a short stream draining from a large lake only a few miles inland, but he could find no trace of the La Ronciere River described by Father Petitot. Recent photographic exploration by the Royal Air Force, however, has solved the mystery of the rivers. It has been found that the two are the same. One man had misestimated its direction, the other its extent.

► A BIG bulldozer was crashing through fences and over farmland near Frederick, Maryland, not long ago when two women spied it. Immediately detecting that something was wrong, they dashed over to see that it had no operator. It was headed toward historic Mount Olivet Cemetery with its graves and monuments of such names in American history as Francis Scott Key and Barbara Fritchie. Using nothing more than womanly intuition, they clambered aboard the runaway bulldozer and began tugging at the levers. Finally the huge machine coughed, sputtered, and stopped, much to their relief and the relief of a red-faced construction superintendent who came dashing up a few moments later.

► THE record set by Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., of Wisconsin, in 1908, when he spoke in the U.S. Senate for 18 hours and 23 minutes was broken this year by Senator Wayne Morse. Hoping to focus public attention on the controversy about submerged lands and offshore oil areas, the Oregon Senator began talking at 11:40 A.M. and stayed on his feet until 10:06 A.M. the following day, setting an all-time record of 22 hours and 26 minutes of continuous speaking in the Senate.

► SHOES that keep up with a child's growth—at least for a little while—are being marketed by a New York firm. They come in infants' sizes from 4 to 12, have open toes, with the sole extending in front and folding up over the toes to snap in place, and instep straps that can be adjusted. As the foot grows, the front flap can be snapped farther down, extending the sole.

► DURING one week in May 549 homes and 984 other buildings were destroyed by tornadoes in 6 Midwestern and Southwestern States, according to the American Red Cross. In addition 2,536 homes and 1,146 other buildings were damaged. All together 2,340 families were affected either by death, injury, or property damage in the disaster areas.

► IN eleven years nearly 42.5 million vehicles were counted traveling the Pennsylvania Turnpike. According to official surveys, only 1/40th of one per cent were involved in major or minor accidents. Of these, 85 per cent were attributed to driver errors.

► AMERICANS put more than \$76 million a year into parking meters. At the latest count there were 2,800 communities using about 1,113,000 parking meters.

► NOWHERE in the world are there as many fish as in the Amazon and its tributaries, reports the *Washington Star*.

► THERE are now 5,154 colonial students in the universities of Great Britain, according to a report from London.

► A 5,000-MILE scenic drive called the Trans-Canada Highway when completed will extend from Newfoundland on the Atlantic Ocean to Vancouver Island on the Pacific.

► MOST peoples in the world today are getting more calories per day than before the war or during the war. However, there are some exceptions—Austria, Denmark, Egypt, Western Germany, and India.

► THE Seminole Indians in the State of Florida who drive automobiles receive special license plates. Instead of the usual letters and numbers, the tags have the words "Seminole Indian" on them. The State distributes about 170 of these tags to the Indians each year free.

► A NEWLY discovered type of "light," called hydrogen light, may soon make it possible for astronomers to look through cosmic clouds that now hide many parts of the heavens from view. It is a radiation of far longer wave length than the longest visible light waves. It is a 21-centimeter radiation at the edge of the extremely short-wave radio range.

► EVERY year someone tries to explain why people get spring fever, and it seems that it is really not an imaginary ailment. When the warmer, longer days of spring arrive, a person's body generates more heat than necessary. The body works harder to get rid of this internal heat. This causes the blood vessels to expand, bringing more blood to the surface and thus radiating the heat away. All this adds up to a rather lazy feeling.

► USUALLY inventors are looking for people to sponsor their inventions, but in the United States there is an organization set up to receive and funnel ideas for inventions that might help the military organizations in their quest for new equipment. It is called the National Inventors Council. Its chairman is Dr. Charles F. Kettering, automotive inventor and research consultant to General Motors. Right now the council is looking for ideas on how to transport an army over Arctic snows without leaving any telltale tracks, how to transmit messages without using sound waves, light waves, radio waves, or even wires, and how to make dry cream that will last for 6 months at temperatures as high as 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Out of the 25,000 ideas or inventions that come to the council every year, only about 750 are turned over to branches of the armed forces that have or might have need of them.

Focus

News of disaster has become so familiar that we seldom lift an eyebrow when rampaging waters take hundreds of lives or when drought threatens to wipe out a farmer's lifetime of labor. Even a serious fire or train wreck in our own vicinity arouses little more than our curiosity.

Next time you read in your newspaper of a tornado, a blight, a flood, or a fire, add this paragraph to the news story:

"The coming of Christ is nearer than when we first believed. The great controversy is nearing its end. The judgments of God are in the land. They speak in solemn warning, saying: 'Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.'"—Mrs. E. G. White.

Every disaster is a sign.

DON YOST.