

The  
**Youth's**  
INSTRUCTOR

Fire in the Strawstack  
Formation Flying

101  
35  
SEPTEMBER 1, 1953







## How Long?

"Why should we die?" The question came with a suddenness, and in a context that may have prevented many of the worshipers from catching its significance. It has persisted in my mind since I heard it that last Sabbath morning of the 1952 Autumn Council.

Yes, why should we die? Why should this "interval of time" in the march of eternity continue on, year after year, decade after decade?

In the ranks of the church, hundreds and thousands of trained men and women. In the ranks of the church, a measure of wealth perhaps never matched since Israel spoiled their masters before leaving Egypt. With the men and with the means, why should we not be able to accomplish quickly under God the concluding chapter of the book of Acts?

It is an old story, but worth remembering. A hound was set on the trail of a stag. As he followed the scent he crossed the trail of a fox, and forthwith followed the fox. A rabbit jumped up in front of him, and away he went after the rabbit. When the hunter finally came up to the hound he was barking at a hole in the ground—he had treed a field mouse!

Is it possible that Seventh-day Adventists still live in a world unrestored to its intended state because so many of us have been sidetracked by the baubles of this life?

"Why should we die?" Young people, all of God's biddings are enablings. We have compassed this mountain long enough. Let's get the work done and go home!

*Walter T. Crandall*

# Grace Notes

**VERSATILE** If one is going to lead a life of versatile service, he will benefit from a varied training in his youth, varied not only in education but in experience. Pastor O. A. Skau is a good example of both the former and the latter. Born and educated in Oslo, Norway, he was variously occupied over a period of seven years as grocer, painter, blacksmith, and plumber. An A 1 plumber, he was traveling for the largest plumbing firm in Norway at the time he set sail for Canada. Handicapped by his lack of English, he finally found work on a farm. In Canada he met Seventh-day Adventists for the first time, and a colporteur, using sign language, persuaded him to learn English in Lacombe. The teachers in this school, now Canadian Union College, taught him English and Adventism as well. For thirty-three years now, thirty of them in India, Pastor Skau has served as dean of men, academy principal, mission superintendent, educational, Sabbath school, home missionary, and MV secretary, union president, and publishing house manager. He has been a contributor to the INSTRUCTOR since 1932. Page 6 carries his story, "Among the Hills of Purandhar."

**SAFARI** Beginning next week is a four-part serial by the president of the East African Union Mission, Pastor E. D. Hanson. Watch for "Tanganyika Safari." It will make you better acquainted with one of the areas to which will go part of the coming Thirteenth Sabbath Offering overflow.

**WAVES** "Help From Above the Waves" in our Junior Youth section is by an academy writer, Ladele Raley, of Mountain View Union Academy.

**SEPTEMBER** For the majority of our readers, September spells school. Our Ewing Galloway cover will be meaningful in the lives of thousands of Seventh-day Adventist youth. Once again it becomes their high privilege to study in the environment of Christian teachers and Christian classmates. May 1953-54 be a rewarding year for them, every one.

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.



*We saw a flash of light, a bright cloud,  
and flames leaping skyward. It looked like a*

# FIRE in the STRAWSTACK

By IRENE KLEIN CASTEEL

DAD'S voice was steady as he prayed, "Dear God, bless and protect us through this day, and may we be ready tonight when thy Sabbath hours draw nigh; and if it be Thy will, help us to finish threshing our crop. Amen." After we had sung a hymn, dad bade us good-bye as he hurried out to the waiting men.

Once more on the plains of the Middle West harvesttime had come and gone. No longer did the fields of ripened grain stand waving gently in the summer breeze; now the grain was stacked neatly in row upon row of shocks. And now it was threshingtime, the busiest and happiest time of the whole season to my three older sisters, little baby brother, and me. How we loved it, especially those huge, gleaming, golden strawstacks we were forbidden to slide down!

The threshing machines have since been largely replaced by combines, but a few still remain to bring back fond memories. In the fall, when the grain was ready to be threshed, it was the custom to hire a threshing rig, as it was then called (if you were not fortunate enough to own one), to thresh the grain. One farmer would own the machine, and all the neighbors who wanted to be in that crew would furnish a team of horses and a bundle wagon to haul the bundles of grain to the machine. There were usually

ten or twelve farmers who went together in that manner.

The group would begin at one place, and all would help thresh the crop. When finished, they would then move on to the next farm, and so on down the line until each one had his crop threshed. No time was lost in getting from one place to the next when one job was finished, because if a rainstorm should come (and

this happened frequently during harvest-time), considerable damage would be done to the crop. One day could mean complete ruin. Many times we saw lightning strike a field, and destroy a great deal of grain.

For that reason it was always hard for dad to get on with a crew. All the neighbors knew from experience that when it came our turn, and the crop had not been threshed by Friday evening, try as they would, they could not get dad to thresh on Saturday, or let them thresh even if only a half day's work remained. So the machine would have to stand idle over the Sabbath, and the crew would go home jesting about a man who thought more about a day than he did about his whole crop, and grumbling about when they would get theirs finished.

They could not be made to realize that it all lay in God's power to give and take. Were we not well repaid for our faithfulness when our grain would run more bushels to the acre than any of theirs? And when their crop would be eaten by grasshoppers, ours would not be touched.

Dad and mother had hoped this year that we would get the threshing rig the beginning of the week, so we could finish before Saturday. That way there would not be any hard feelings. My grandfather owned the rig this year, and we had gone in with his crew. But he was a stern man, and very prejudiced against the Sabbath. Dad was happy, though, when he said we would be next on the list, and threshing would begin at our place on Tuesday.

The days flew by quickly, and now it was Friday; only a small field remained to be threshed before we would be through, and the crew could move on to the next farm.

As we jumped out of bed and dressed



No time was lost in getting from one threshing job to the next, because if rain should come, considerable damage would be done to the crop.



quickly, tempting aromas from the kitchen reminded us that mother had already begun her rounds of cooking again for the hungry threshers as well as breakfast for us. Dad had already eaten, and was waiting in the living room for his little family to join him in family worship. The routine for our family was chores, worship, and breakfast; but this morning it was going to be worship, breakfast, and then chores.

Already we could hear the teams arriving outside, and the men were bustling about. Dad was anxious to be out, but never too anxious to ask God's guidance through the day first. Family worship was a must at our house, and no matter how busy the morning, mother and dad never let anything interfere with worship. As we knelt in prayer there was a burden on our hearts, for grandfather had said, "If we don't finish today, we will move on and leave the remaining grain unthreshed. No one is going to stand for such foolishness as waiting a whole day!"

Breakfast over, we set about our morning tasks as we heard in the distance the roar of the threshing machine beginning its work for the day. First, the cows had to be milked and turned into the pasture; then, there were the chickens to feed; and last, wood to be gathered. We were kept pretty busy, and did not have much time for play; but occasionally we would dash off for a swing under the old maple tree until mother would call.

After one such call this day mother reminded us to gather an extra supply of wood for Sabbath. We trudged off to the woods bordering our farm, where the joy of shuffling our feet in the fallen autumn leaves as we went turned the task into pleasure.

Our stomachs soon warned us it was getting close to noon, so with our baskets full we started for home. As we neared the house we could hear the sound of voices and the splash of water, which meant that the men were already washing for dinner, using the makeshift washstand we had set up under the trees. Dad came in last, looking a little tired. As he greeted us he informed us the grain was running very well, but he could not tell yet how soon they would finish. He told mother she should plan on preparing the usual three-thirty lunch.

All too quickly the afternoon waned as the big clock chimed away the hours. Our hands flew fast as we helped mother make big stacks of sandwiches and pulled pan after pan of crunchy cookies from the oven. After the jugs were filled with cool lemonade, the lunch was ready to go to the field, where the threshers would make quick work of it.

Dad looked a little worried as he came in to get the lunch.

"Do you think you will finish?" mother anxiously asked.

Dad's reply was: "If it's the Lord's will, but it looks impossible. There's more

grain than I thought. I've given strict orders, however, that the machine is to stop an hour before sunset, whether we are finished or not." With that, he was off to the field again.

After the evening chores were over, we hurried into the house to get our baths and clean up for Sabbath. The tantalizing aroma of freshly baked bread filled the room as mother, humming softly, took the last of the golden brown loaves from the oven. The window sill was lined with luscious lemon pies, and the dancing ket-



## *Recipe for Happiness*

By JOSEPH TWING

**Take two cups of loving care,**

**Season them with grace;**

**Add a cup of kindness rare,**

**With a smiling face.**

**Sift the gossip you may hear,**

**Only use the true!**

**Mix it with a godly fear**

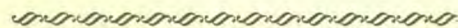
**And some morning dew.**

**Bake until you're very sure**

**Every taint is gone;**

**Eat while hot with energy**

**In the early dawn!**



les on the stove indicated supper was in process.

All clean in our freshly starched dresses, clean aprons, and polished shoes, my sisters and I proceeded to help mother set the table and finish the household tasks. Every once in a while mother would cast a hurried glance out the window as the sun dipped slowly toward the earth. She called my sister to bring up the cold pitchers of milk from the cellar, for dad would soon be there.

Only a little more than an hour remained before sunset, and it was dad's custom to be in the living room at that time with his family, gathered for worship. The sun was sinking fast now, and mother's anxious glances told us things were not all right. "I wonder why they haven't stopped threshing," she said as

she ushered us to the piano to sing. Somehow the words stuck in our throats because dad was not there to lead out.

Soon we abandoned our places at the piano for spots at the window, where we stood watching the field where the machine stood. The teams were still going to and fro indicating that activity had not ceased. Tears dimmed mother's eyes as her lips moved in silent prayer.

Out on the grain wagon, dad too was watching the sinking sun anxiously. As the time he indicated came, he gave the command to stop; they would not be able to finish. The remaining grain would have to go unthreshed. But the machine kept on, and dad kept shoveling grain as fast as he could to keep up. Again he glanced at his watch, ever conscious about the rapidly sinking sun.

He shouted down to grandfather to shut off the machine. Still grandfather paid no heed as the bundles kept going through and the grain kept pouring out. Grandfather said he would finish, or else!

Dad pondered. He could not just leave and go home, for the men would still be working on his place. What was he to do? On his lips silent prayers kept constantly ascending to the One who sees and hears all.

The sun, now shining out in all its glory as if waiting, touched the horizon. Dad thought of home and how his little family would be waiting for him beside the family altar. In desperation he cried, "O God, please stop that machine. Stop it if you have to bring fire down from heaven to do it!"

There was a flash of light, and a bright cloud hovered above the strawstack; then the whole stack was afire as the flames leaped skyward, licking out at the threshing machine. Instantly the men came running, and worked furiously to move the machine away before it would catch on fire.

At last, at a safe distance, the machine was stopped. Seeing it useless to continue, the men with their teams started for their homes one by one without a word. Dad lost no time in jumping off the grain wagon. He had prayed for a miracle, and had received a direct answer to prayer. Unhitching the team of horses, he started for home at full speed.

Watching from the parlor at home, never taking our eyes from the window, we too saw the sun touch the horizon. All at once puffs of smoke and flame rose near the scene of threshing as we all shouted at once, "The strawstack is on fire!" Then we saw the teams leaving for home. Mother could only weep softly as she said, "Here comes dad."

As we finished singing our favorite hymn, "Day Is Dying in the West," the last rays of the setting sun faded slowly over the hills. Dad then opened the Bible and began reading, with all of us repeating after him: "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."



# MV Youth in Action

## No Other Plans

By John C. Miklos

A popular weekly magazine some time ago published a series of pictures taken at the rush hour. It showed more than twenty cars involved in the same wreck. For a reason not too certain the first car had abruptly stopped, and the closely following cars were almost telescoped behind it. One man's bad judgment had wrecked the cars of many others, and perhaps injured a number of persons besides.

Life is just like that. We are affected every day in some way by the words or actions of somebody else. Today some man you do not know, probably never saw, has changed the destiny of your life. Tomorrow you may change the destiny of hundreds of others.

Missionary Volunteer Societies through the activities of the Sunshine Band can affect the lives of hundreds and perhaps thousands of people in any community. Why shouldn't MV's be known as Christ's men, as were the first church members at Antioch? Here was a church with its youth who were always talking about Christ and what He wanted them to do! This first church of Christ's men visited the sick, sang hymns to the unchurched, and brought cheer and the blessed hope to the Gentiles in faraway places!

An imaginary conversation between Jesus and the angel Gabriel, after the ascension, describes Gabriel as asking the Master what plan He had made for completing His work of telling everyone about God's love. Jesus answered, "I have asked

Peter, James, and John, and some more of them on earth to make it the business of their life to tell others. And the others are to tell others, and the others still others, until every man has heard the message and had His life transformed by it."

Gabriel stood in meditation as though he saw a flaw in the Master's plan. He said, "Yes, but Master, suppose after a

while Peter forgets and John loses his enthusiasm? And what if their successors down in the twentieth century get so busy or so timid that they do not have the time or the courage to tell others? What will you do then?"

The voice of Jesus answered quietly and confidently, "I haven't made any other plans. I am counting on them."

## College Crafts Class Builds Schoolroom

By D. V. Cowin

Twenty-five students of the Seventh-day Adventist seminary at Bekwai, Ashanti, Gold Coast, Africa, have made a class project out of building a new demonstration school classroom on their college cam-



PHOTO, D. V. COWIN

Newly trained student labor helped build a classroom at the S.D.A. seminary, Bekwai, Gold Coast.

The preliminary nurses' training class at Ife hospital pose at their capping exercise. (Read "Cap and Candle at Ife, Nigeria," on page 24.)

PHOTO, ESTHER MAE ROSE



pus. They have made all plans and drawings and have worked out bills of materials and estimates of cost. They are members of a class in building crafts taught by the college principal, H. J. Welch.

Not only have they made building plans, but each student has also participated in each building operation, including digging trenches, pouring concrete footings, laying blocks, and setting doors and windows. They have also learned to make cement blocks, to put on the roof, to ceil the room, and to paint the building.

The college gives this course to advanced students in teacher training. Principal Welch states that the purpose of the course is to develop an appreciation for skilled labor and to improve coordination of hand and mind. Though the time is not sufficient to produce skilled tradesmen, nevertheless the student who has this training can make good use of his knowledge by giving counsel and supervision to building projects at the school where he may teach in the future.

In the past, students have wired many of the college buildings for electric lights. This part of the classwork was correlated with the science instruction on electricity.

To page 24



# Among the Hills of Purandhar

By O. A. SKAU

**T**WO outstanding events in the history of God's people in India took place during November, 1952. First there was the division-wide youth congress, with about one thousand five hundred in attendance. It was a great gathering, and a real inspiration to delegates from the Near East, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, and the three big unions in India.

Immediately after the congress 125 leaders got into busses and rode about 20 miles to the beautiful Purandhar hills. Here, surrounded by historical monuments and God's wonderful handiwork, we all greatly enjoyed a busy program. Pastor E. W. Dunbar, world youth leader of Seventh-day Adventists, was our guest.

Aside from the usual program connected with a leaders' training camp, arrangements had also been made to study and explore the great forts built by various rulers of the past. The men who built the forts must have been brave and courageous, as were those who attacked these forts and captured them.

The Purandhar hills rise 2,500 feet above the Poona plain and 4,400 feet above sea level. There are five towering peaks—Purandhar, Vazirghad, Boruka, Bondelgad, and Suryaparvat. From Poona the hills are reached through Bapdev Pass and Sasvad. This is the only fit road for carriages. At Sasvad, the present headquarters of the district, there is even today a tremendous stone palace and temple.

As you approach the hills Purandhar appears less lofty than Vazirghad, which stands slightly in advance and partly hides the loftier hill. From the Bapdev approach, which alone shows their true features, the hog-backed Vazirghad (4,400 feet) and the saddle-backed Purandhar (4,564 feet) are separated, except for a narrow ridge. It was on this ridge that the campers lived in four of the empty buildings found in the cantonment. The place is still under the control of the military.

These basalt hills are crowded with masonry ruins studded here and there with bastions. On the highest peak of the Purandhar hills stands the Mahadev temple. It is reached by about 110 stone steps.



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Top: Beyond the approach and gate to the Purandhar cantonment can be seen the church belfry and the top of Vazirghad Mountain in the distance. Middle: One of the bastions, with the Twin Sisters, lying to the north of Purandhar, in the background. Bottom: The so-called secret gate of Purandhar.

On both sides of these sturdy steps are stone walls.

The top of Purandhar saddle is reached from the cantonment by a winding path that passes through the Delhi gate. This entrance is really composed of three gates. As you pass through the first, you turn sharp to the right and pass through the second huge gate and then turn sharp to the left and pass through the third gate. The builders of the fort took no chances. All along the narrow saddle, walls were

built, and it appeared to us that only a few men would be needed to defend this imposing range.

At the end of this narrow ridge, which in some places is only eight feet wide, you come to Kandkada, or skyscraper bastion, perched over a sheer drop of three hundred feet. From this lofty site you have a magnificent view of the rich Bhima valley, with its river, and the Mahadev range in the distance. Just what made the defenders of the Purandhar fort give up is hard to say, but it is said that when the ammunition magazine on the side of the middle peak was bombarded, and blew up, the defenders were demoralized, and left their places. During World War II an observation post, with a radio station, was built on the top of the middle peak. It certainly provided a commanding view of the surrounding country.

On the saddle going toward the Mahadev temple hill we found many ruins of various kinds of buildings. We also saw many water reservoirs, one of which at least is fed by a spring. It astonished all of us to discover so much water on the top of the hill. As I walked the full length of the cantonment, from the barracks on the east to the hospital on the west, I saw wells marked XII to XXII. I did not try to find the others, but they are there all right. Aside from these, there are large reservoirs in each end of the cantonment. The one we used for swimming was about twelve feet deep.

We proceeded till we came to the end of the middle peak. At the point overlooking the valley and the hospital one of the kings (the king of Badav) tried to build a bastion and a house. The foundations gave way a few times; and in a dream he was told that unless a first-born son and his wife were sacrificed on the spot, the foundation would never be secure. On awakening, the king sent for the grantee, Esagi Faik Chire, who brought one, Nath Naik, and his wife, Oeoki, and the two were buried alive on a dark night of Asin, or September-October. At the same time fifty thousand gold bricks, each worth twenty-four rupees, were put in two

To page 24



**T**REATED as they were to colorful costumes and stage effects at the Pan-American Youth Congress, the delegates attending the San Francisco gathering got a real thrill, nonetheless, from twenty-five booths representing educational and other denominational activities that lined the back of the main arena and Larkin Hall under the great roof of Civic Auditorium.

Ranging from functional type booths designed to serve as promotional centers, to intricate, rich-looking, elaborate stations built to rigid specifications to meet a special need, the booths did much to add color and sparkle to the inspirational gathering. A secondary function was to help many young people become better acquainted with a broader picture of Adventist activities.

In the arena of Civic Auditorium, where main sessions of the congress were held, were booths featuring education. Fourteen of these colorful units were situated all

# Adventist Activities on Exhibition

By *HERB FORD*



There were booths at the Pan-American Youth Congress to represent our denominational colleges and other institutions of higher learning as well as other departments of the worldwide Advent Movement. Above is the booth prepared by Walla Walla College. Here, at the Canadian Center (right), and at other college booths, prospective students could talk with school representatives and secure descriptive literature. Below: Members of the Voice of Prophecy radio group at the radio-television booth prepared for them and for the Faith for Today television group.

around the back of the huge main floor.

At the Polk Hall side of the arena was the unit representing the College of Medical Evangelists and its eight schools—dentistry, nutrition, laboratory technique, medicine, nursing, physical therapy, tropical and preventive medicine, and X-ray technique. Featuring a modern motif with flashing lights and rich color design, the C.M.E. booth appealed to Adventist youth



planning a career in any of the medical arts. Attractive literature was also available at this exhibit.

In Larkin Hall, one of two smaller halls on the same floor as the arena, eleven exhibits were on display for the delegates. One of the largest of these was a booth combining the exhibits of the radio program Voice of Prophecy and the national Adventist television program Faith for Today. On one side of the booth were pictures of the Voice of Prophecy framed in gold set on a deep-blue background, and



on the other side were pictures representing the Faith for Today program. Above the booth stood the symbols that unite these two programs—a large black Bible, with a radio transmitting tower constructed of blue neon tubing in the background. In charge of the booth during sessions of the youth congress were members of the King's Heralds quartet and Del Delker and members of the Faith for Today staff. These groups were heard by delegates during live broadcasts and telecasts of their programs.

Next to the radio-television exhibit was displayed a colorful arrangement by the General Conference Bureau of Press Relations. Featuring a model of a Hoe color convertible newspaper printing press, this booth was designed to inform delegates about the work that Adventist youth can do to tell the world about the denomination through the public press. Covering the back wall of the exhibit was a large panoramic view of New York City, with the words "Reaching the Millions Through the Press" around it. Along the walls of the booth were shown examples of newspaper clippings, graphs of denominational progress in press relations, and information about a recent big story mentioning the denomination.

ESDA purchasing organization displayed Missionary Volunteer supplies within its booth in Larkin Hall. Neckerchiefs, MV Honor series pamphlets, MV achievement books, and training course for Pathfinders were shown on attractive backgrounds. This large organization displayed only the part of its purchasing scope that it felt would be of most use to delegates attending the congress.

Hundreds of books set on colorful racks that reached high toward the roof of Larkin Hall lent a startling effect to the arrangement presented by the Pacific Press Publishing Association. More than one thousand books were on sale there. Books sold throughout the congress included those written in English, Spanish, Portuguese, and many other languages. Leading best sellers at the Pacific Press booth during the congress included *The Coming King*, *Drama of the Ages*, and the new MV songbook *Singing Youth*.

Visualades Consolidated, a unit of the Pacific Union Conference, exhibited filmstrips depicting Biblical stories and projectors that will aid youth evangelists in their sermons. Distributors of audio-visual aids especially adapted to helping Adventists tell the story of Christ, this organization covered one complete wall of its booth with color filmstrips on a large transparent panel to form an extremely colorful and geometric pattern.

A unique feature of the Pacific Union Supply booth featured a new recording of the New Testament of the Bible. This narration of twelve transcriptions, each transcription being an hour long, provides a unique way to learn your Bible while you are doing other things. The booth

also featured Chapel and Cathedral records, and their frequent demonstrations filled Larkin Hall with inspirational music between sermons.

Nurses took the spotlight at the booth of the General Conference Medical Department in Larkin Hall. Small dolls dressed in different costumes were displayed within the booth before a scene depicting the donation of blood by larger dolls. Slides of Adventist medical work throughout the world were shown in the booth, which had a blue and gold background, with the Medical Department's seal in the center.

Adjacent to the Medical Department booth Bible Films were displaying new evangelistic films. Featuring such Adventist evangelists as George Vandeman

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## Surrender

By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

**In full and glad surrender  
I give myself to Thee,  
Thine utterly and only  
And evermore to be.**

**O Son of God, who lov'st me,  
I will be Thine alone;  
And all I have, and am, Lord,  
Shall henceforth be Thine  
own.**

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and H. M. S. Richards, the Bible Film attracted large crowds.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR'S exhibit in Larkin Hall featured an enlarged flag of the magazine of, by, and for Seventh-day Adventist youth. Exhibited within the booth were pieces of printing equipment such as quoin keys, engravings, original drawings, and linotype slugs used in printing the magazine. Available to delegates at the INSTRUCTOR booth were facsimile reproductions of the first issue of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and souvenir congress ribbons. A synchronized slide projector and tape recorder told the inside story of the INSTRUCTOR on a translucent screen.

Full of color and sparkling with beauty was the exhibit displayed by the Hawaiians. Covered with giant leaves and beautiful exotic-looking flowers, the Hawaiian display contained models of outrigger canoes like those used in the tropic waters of the islands, beautiful shells, handmade belts, and woven hats. Fresh flowers for the booth were flown to the youth congress by Pan American Airways strato-cruiser at the first of the congress.

In the main arena of the auditorium were a number of exhibits prepared by Adventist colleges. Emmanuel Missionary

College's display included a green background with souvenir booklets and copies of the college yearbook, *The Cardinal*. Pictures of the Michigan college were displayed on the back and sides of the exhibit.

"Above and beyond the call of duty," declared the Home Study Institute booth, should also be the theme of Adventist youth preparing for service. The military motto of the institute was set around a replica of the Congressional Medal of Honor, highest military award in the United States armed services. Also in the display were syllabuses about subjects offered by the institute.

Canada's attractive booth focused attention upon a regal picture of Queen Elizabeth II, sovereign of the Dominion. Gold and maroon trimmings covered the display, and a small model of a Canadian totem pole set a strikingly colorful contrast to these backgrounds. Visitors to the booth received medals and coins commemorating the coronation of the new queen. Copies of the official Canadian Union College yearbook, *Aurora Borealis*, were displayed at the exhibit along with bulletins and picture books of the college. Oshawa Missionary College also shared in the display.

Above the colorful Atlantic Union College attraction at the youth congress were display words declaring that A.U.C. is the "Gateway to Mission Service." An unusual flag decorated the exhibit. Loaded with stars, this flag represented the college's former students who have served and are now serving in the armed forces. Slides, and copies of the college annual, *Minuteman*, were also included in the exhibit.

La Sierra College, which brought a three-dimensional motion picture to the congress, maintained an exhibit that featured three dimensions throughout. Red letters set on a deep-blue background listed La Sierra as a place of three-dimensional living. Copies of the *Meteor*, college yearbook, slides of the campus and facilities, and bulletins were available to delegates at the booth.

Illuminated color panels of college life gave the Pacific Union College exhibit a bright effect. With other panels, which gave scenic views of the mountain campus of the college, copies of the college yearbook, *Diogenes Lantern*, and a special picture book of college activities, the pennant-bedecked booth offered a good view of the college situated only seventy miles from youth congress headquarters.

An intricate pattern of green pennants against silver velvet background added distinction to the Southern Missionary College booth. Featuring a slide projector; copies of the *Southern Accent*, college newspaper; and *Southern Memories*, college yearbook, the exhibit was attractively presented with a pattern of green leaves throughout.

To page 20



# A Way Prepared

By MARIAN GOAD BERRY

**K**ENYA lies on the east coast of Africa, belted by the equator. Much of its surface is at an altitude that makes the climate consistently pleasant and healthful. It is a beautiful land, with tropical seaports, snow-capped mountains rearing their heads above plains that abound with wild African animal life, waving grass, flat-topped trees, and birds of color and song. To this charming country my husband and I were called as missionaries. We soon discovered, to our dismay, that our work was to be hindered greatly by the fact that the African people of Kenya are separated into very small and numerous tribes, speaking many different languages or dialects. This handicap is no small obstacle to the missionary who is out to proclaim to "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people" the three angels' messages.

It is only during the last few decades, in which the white man has awakened Africa with his devices of communication and transportation, that the various tribes have learned to converse and mingle with one another. Until the turn of the century each tribe was a segregated unit, which often made war upon its neighbor tribe, carrying away captives and goods, fearing and hating all who were not within the tribal boundary.

The train station is but ten miles from our mission, but between us there is a swift, large river that separates two small tribes. In 1921 a missionary who wished to establish his mission near the station found it necessary to build a bridge over the river in order to have a road that would extend to Lake Victoria, the source of most supplies. The railway had not yet been put down, and the very cement that was to be the foundation of the bridge had to be carried upon the heads of the natives from Lake Victoria to the river, a distance of sixty-two miles, along a path that traversed the lengths and boundaries of five separate tribes.

Arrangements were made with each tribal chief that his porters were to carry the cement from the south to the north boundary of his area. To avoid any misunderstanding or hint of aggression, the adjacent tribe was not to send its porters

until three days had passed from the time the cement was laid down at the border. Had the porters met face to face, there would have been too great danger of bloodshed.

Soon after this bridge was built, the railway and its bridge were put down. Since that time the country has opened up amazingly, and the various tribes have largely forgotten their differences.

It is necessary to note the complete segregation of the tribes until that time

to have a proper appreciation for the phenomenon of which I shall tell you.

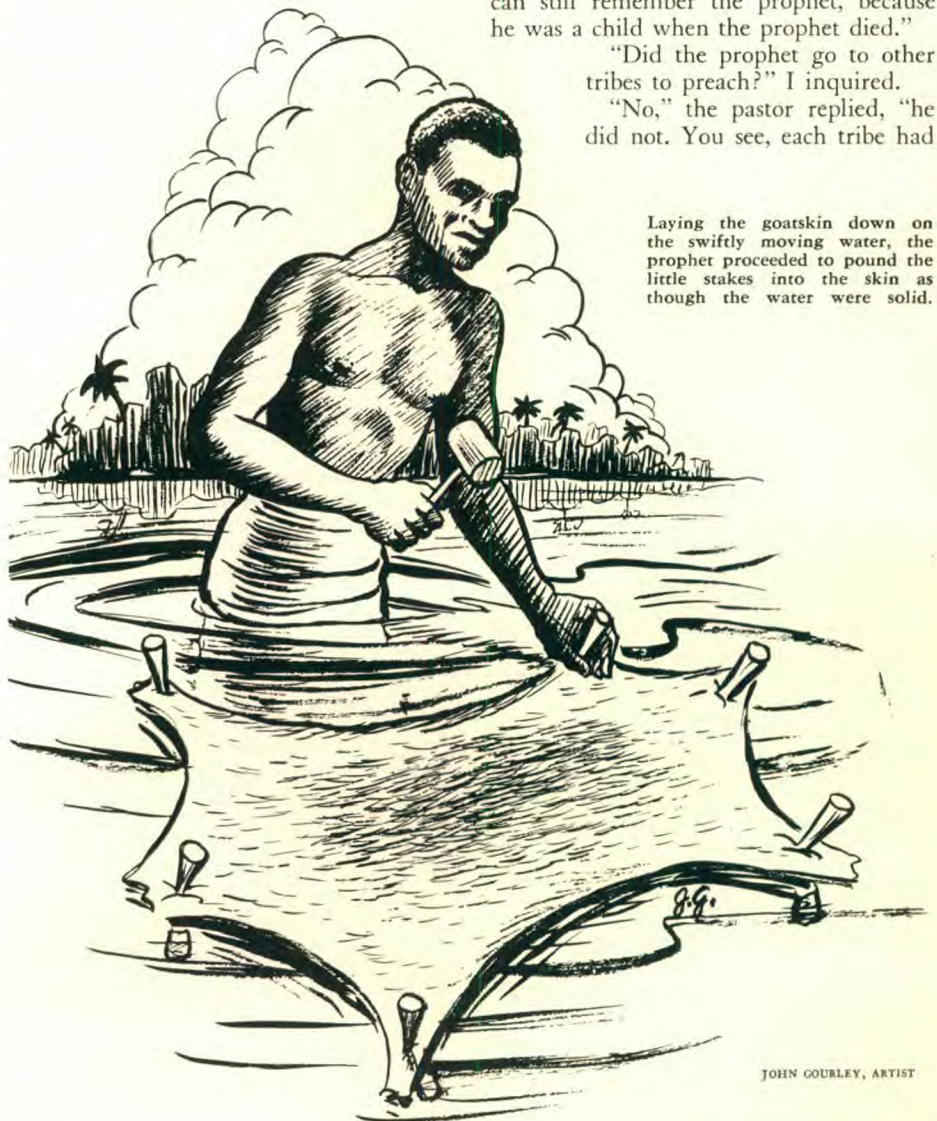
Some time ago I read in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* a story that was very interesting, and soon afterward I told the story to the African pastor of our Seventh-day Adventist mission church. Strangely enough, he was not surprised but began to relate similar and equally interesting facts concerning his own people.

This particular story had told of a native of Africa, a prophet among his own people, who, long before the white man appeared, had seen in vision the Lord God, had composed verse similar to the psalms, and had told his people that the white man would come to bring them the story of salvation in a book. He had warned the people of certain evils that would also accompany the white man, but his great theme was that salvation and eternal life would be brought to his people through the ministry of the white missionary.

The African pastor sat down on a rock and began to tell of the prophet that had come also to his own people. He pointed in the direction of the chief's house and said, "The prophet lived over there. The old man who lives there now can still remember the prophet, because he was a child when the prophet died."

"Did the prophet go to other tribes to preach?" I inquired.

"No," the pastor replied, "he did not. You see, each tribe had



Laying the goatskin down on the swiftly moving water, the prophet proceeded to pound the little stakes into the skin as though the water were solid.

JOHN GOUBLEY, ARTIST



its own prophet. The other tribes would not have understood our language."

"Please tell me about these prophets," I asked eagerly. "What did they say to the people?"

The pastor cleared his throat and made ready for a long story. "The most interesting prophet," he began, "was Mutonyi Wanabukelembe, of the Kitosh tribe. To prove to the people that he had become a prophet of God, he performed a miracle, that they might believe. He took a goat-skin down to the river where many people were. He brought along a small mallet and some little sticks shaped like nails. He laid the skin down upon the swiftly

moving water, and proceeded to pound the little sticks into the skin in the same manner that he would have done on the ground. The people were astonished to see that the water under the skin had become hard enough so that the skin might be nailed to it. After nailing it down, the prophet himself stepped out upon it, sat down, and began to preach to the people. This is what he said:

"God has given me this miracle to perform that you may believe what I have to say. White men whom you have never seen before will come to this country. They will put down a rope [the railroad] that will run from east to west. They will

wear garments that are as white as the skin of the white ants. They will bear sticks [guns] from which will fly small stones [bullets] with which they will kill the people who resist their advance. They will hitch the cows to a plow in the same way that we hitch our women to plow the gardens. They will have a storage room that will run quickly to carry our corn and food from one place to another [a truck for transport]. They will bring you the story of salvation from sin and will show your children how to gain eternal life. You must not resist them when they come, because your sons and daughters shall have eternal life through them."

Unfortunately the Kitosh people did not obey their prophet, because many of them were killed in the place where the ruins of their fort still stand.

Before 1921 a missionary came to the Kitosh people with his little book from which he preached, and he taught them to read the book. It was he who built the bridge with the cement that was carried on the heads of the natives of tribes that were still at enmity with one another.

"As for the history of the prophet of my own people here," continued the pastor, "it is very similar to that of the Kitosh people. Our prophet's name was Welabatswa Kisindai. At the time this prophet had his visions the Nandi tribe came regularly to raid our homes, to kill our men, and carry off our women and children. The old man who remembers him bears on his arm a scar that a Nandi warrior made with a spear.

"Prophet Welabatswa also performed miracles so that the people would believe his words. His wife was killed by the Nandi people, and he was left with one child. Finally he told the people that a sign would be given them through his own son's death, and he immediately went away to live in a hut by himself, because, he said, 'the day that my son shall approach me from behind, speak to me, and put his hand upon my shoulder, he shall die.' The thing occurred, and before nightfall the child was dead. Then the people believed.

"To prove further that he was a prophet, he accurately foretold the day of many a child's birth and before it was born stated whether the child would live or die.

"His prophecies also concerned the problems of his own people. He said that the white men would come, and at that time they would stop the warfare between the tribes and that the Nandi would no more raid the Kabras. This was glad news to their ears. He mentioned further that the white man would bring the Book of life, and from it he would preach. Today our mission stands less than a mile from where he used to live.

"The Nandi tribe, who raided my people," said the pastor, "loved war and were a strong and vicious army who prided

To page 18



## Formation Flying

By CARL F. ROOT

ONE day, while I was training as a cadet during World War II, I stood in front of the hangars with my classmates and the instructor. A formation of three planes roared over the field. They were tied to one another, or so it seemed. Together they banked sharply to the right, lowered their landing gears, and made an approach to land on the runway. Still glued together, they leveled off a few feet above the ground, and six wheels gently touched the earth at the same instant. A perfect exhibition of coordination and control!

"Now that's the way I want you men to fly," our self-inflated lieutenant instructor snapped.

"Yes, sir," we answered in a weak chorus.

"You'll never be good pilots until you can follow the leader perfectly," he prophesied.

We were being taught a lesson that would mean life or death to us later. When the enemy strikes, you need a partner to help defeat him. Only one man can be the leader; the others must follow. A good wing man is made by hours of practice. The best leaders are the best followers.

The experience of my first mission is still fresh in my mind. I had practiced only a few hours of formation in the four-engine plane I was flying, and staying in my proper place was like riding a bicycle for the first time. We had gone over the target and were on our way home. I relaxed a bit by drifting out of

formation. Without warning the enemy struck, and before I could get back to the safety of the other planes the tail of my ship was full of bullet holes. Needless to say, I learned a lesson that I should have learned before.

Christian youth too must learn to follow those who know the way. In case we climb aboard *The Spirit of Independence*, or if we relax and drift away, we will soon find ourselves alone in enemy territory.

Christians should be the best followers in the world. Strong-willed Peter and prosperous Matthew, as well as the other disciples, learned what Christ meant when He said, "Follow me." Jesus knew how to follow. He could not have done His Father's will perfectly if He had not learned this lesson.

In World War II men who fought under General Patton commended him for always being in front where the fighting was the fiercest. He never asked a man to go where he would not go himself. Christ never asks us to go where He has not been. He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," so He can well say, "Follow me."

Although there is a similarity between formation flying and living a Christian life, there is one difference that I especially appreciate. The leader of a formation is a sinful human being subject to the mistakes that men make, but Christ was a sinless human being with divine guidance. I am happy that I can join a formation with such a perfect leader.



*Mission Santa Barbara was once just a chapel of woven boughs.*

# The Highway of the Bells

By ELTON A. JONES

## PART 4

**T**HE traveler continuing his way on U.S. 101, which follows the Pacific shore line from Ventura to Santa Barbara in a northwesterly direction for twenty-eight miles, will arrive in Santa Barbara. It is a beautiful little city in its own right, rather well known as an artists' colony. However, our prime interest is in the mission of the same name, which was founded December 4, 1786, by coincidence the next one from San Buenaventura.

This mission was the first to be established under the presidency of Padre Lasuen. Fra Serra died in 1784, not living to see this mission opened, although he had planned for it and carried on his heart a burden to see it actually begun. Santa Barbara is the only mission of all the chain along the Highway of the Bells at which the Franciscan padres have continuously been in charge. In connection is a Franciscan college for newly professed monks.

As the spectator looks at the massive structure now standing, it is not easy for him to realize that at the beginning of the mission there was no building—just a chapel of woven boughs. Within a year there was a church of adobe with a straw thatch roof. Building succeeded building, each larger and better than the last, and by 1811 it assumed somewhat the appearance it now presents. Santa Barbara was one of the missions that prospered from its founding. The village of Indians grew, and many accepted the faith taught them. In 1807 there were 252 bungalows in the settlement. They were laid out regularly in streets and cross streets, with three of

their sides enclosed by a high wall.

In the schools the Indians were taught trades, such as weaving, carpentry, painting, saddlery, masonry, blacksmithing in iron, and silversmithing. Of course, there were the extensive fields on which were grown various crops, such as oats, beans, corn, and wheat.

In common with San Juan Capistrano, the great church suffered much damage in the earthquake of 1812. The chapel had to be torn down, but was replaced by a substantial, good-looking building 176 by 39 feet, and completed in 1820 after five years of labor. Its walls of sandstone are six feet thick and are strength-

ened by seven great buttresses, also of stone.

Santa Barbara is distinguished by having two massive towers—no other mission can claim two matching towers. There are eleven bells here, each inscribed in Latin. There is one that was cast in 1797. Only two are hung on ropes; the others are rung by swinging the clapper to the bell's sides. Should all be rung at once, it would require the help of several men on each of the floors of the towers—not just *any* men, but men who knew how to ring them.

Beside the mission, at its right as one faces it, is the east garden of about an acre. Once it was a part of the old burying ground. Now it is a tranquil, beautiful garden, where roses, geraniums, and rare plants and trees combine to make it pleasant.

An irrigation system was installed by the Indians, and is still in good condition where it has not been destroyed by man. Good builders, they! Even present-day engineers cannot improve it, for part of the Santa Barbara water system is a remnant of it.

Once again an earthquake struck the Queen of the Missions and badly damaged it. However, it has been skillfully restored, with the original materials being used as far as possible. Some reinforcing steel has been used, but the visitor would never suspect it.

Among the treasures are more than three thousand original documents in the mission archives. Taken altogether, Santa Barbara, with her fine setting about two miles from the water's edge in the foothills of the Santa Inez Mountains, her lovely gardens, and the superb preservation of her buildings, remains one of the most imposing and in-



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

The Mission Santa Barbara has often been called Queen of the Missions.



teresting relics of the Spanish colonial period and one of America's historic shrines.

There are two ways to reach the eighth mission northward from San Diego and the nineteenth to be established: follow U.S. 101 northward from Santa Barbara to Buellton, where California 150 intersects 101, and follow it east to Solvang; or a slightly shorter route would be to take California 150 where it meets 101 outside of Santa Barbara, and follow it to Solvang, in the Santa Inez valley on the east side of the low Coast Range.

The founding of Santa Inez dates from September 17, 1804, and the ceremonies were conducted by Padre Tapia, who was the padre-president. Some two hundred natives gathered to watch the proceedings. It was dedicated to Santa Inez Virgen of Martin, called Santa Inez for convenience.

Perhaps because it was begun so late—there were but two later—it did not enjoy so great opportunities as the earlier missions; at any rate, the spiritual results were meager. Its entire life of 32 years recorded only 1,411 baptisms, and its largest population was less than 800. After a year's work the one wing of the usual quadrangle was completed. Here were housed the chapel, monastery, and some workrooms. The building was adobe, roofed with poles and mud. As other wings were finished the roofs were covered with the customary tile.

In the earthquake of 1812 it suffered much damage. Houses crumbled, walls were cracked, and the roof tiles demolished. Nothing daunted, the padres set about reconstruction, and among the new plans and enlargements was one for a new church. It was finished and dedicated on July 4, 1817, 139 by 26 feet, of adobe walls two and one-half feet thick, with tile roof and floors. This church is still standing.

For many years the history of Santa Inez was turbulent: the usual troubles caused by the soldiers in the presidio; then secularization and practical abandonment. It was rented for \$580 a year, and finally sold for \$7,000. At its heyday the properties had an estimated value of \$50,000.

However, it was not to be left to utter destruction. A friend named Buckler took charge in 1904, and began a determined program of restoration. The church was perhaps the least damaged, and at the centennial celebration July 4, 1917, it was again dedicated. Since Fra Buckler's retirement the mission has been under the care of the Capuchin Franciscans.

Here are many interesting things to see. The original, Indian-made red tiles are still there in the floors. Plaques are fastened to the walls in memory of the five padres beneath the sanctuary floor: Victoria, Abella, Moreno, Calzada, and De la Cuesta. Santa Inez takes justifiable pride in its splendid original Indian murals. Only San Miguel excels them. It is also exceptionally rich in its vestments, which are among the finest of any of the mission

collections, case after case elegantly brocaded, and others trimmed in gold and silver.

The eleventh mission to be established was dedicated to La Purisima Concepcion de Maria Santisima, now usually shortened to La Purisima. Almost due west of Santa Inez over State roads, and only a short distance north of Lompoc in the valley of Los Berros, the restored buildings are to be found. The distance from Lompoc is probably about two miles. It is a beauti-



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## Master Mariner

by Juliette Sierra André

Life is a dark churning ocean,  
Waters so restless, so deep,  
Mysterious tides and tempests,  
Strange eddies, and ever-cruel reefs.

With currents so strong and brooding,  
We are swept beyond our control  
To the rocks, where the siren is calling,  
As life's sea billows roll.

By only the Master Mariner  
Can we hope to pilot our ship,  
The wild, raging storms to weather,  
And the ports of evil omit.

At the helm the hand of the Infinite  
The storms and waves will becalm,  
Bringing craft into safe, still harbor,  
Ending voyage lauded by psalm.

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ful site for such an enterprise. One of the interesting items of its building is the fact that the work was done by the Civil Conservation Corps, and this after the church had sold the old ruins. By some combination of circumstances the county, State, and Federal governments took it up, and the buildings were restored.

It was about two years ago that I was there, and as might be expected, there was not much in the way of museum, for the mission was in total ruins, and the work of restoration is quite new.

La Purisima was originally founded December 8, 1787, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and was conse-

quently so dedicated. The early buildings were never so beautiful or so imposing as most of the other missions, but later more commodious structures were erected, only to be virtually destroyed by the earthquake of 1812, which struck here with particular violence, and the earth continued to shake for ten days. This disaster was followed by rains and floods, and brought the mission's existence to a sudden stop.

On April 23, 1813, Fra Mariano Payeras moved his thousand Indians four miles northeast to a site on the El Camino Real. Here he built steadily until the mission had a truly representative plant, although not laid out in the usual quadrangle—it was merely spread out, one building beyond another.

To reach the next mission to the north, the tourist will follow California 1 to the point where it is joined by U.S. 101 at or near Pismo Beach, and follow it to San Luis Obispo. The distance is about fifty-five or sixty miles.

The fifth to be established chronologically, it is the tenth step north on the Highway of the Bells. It was established a little less than four years before the American Declaration of Independence was written—September 1, 1772—and its beginning was no more auspicious than that of its sister missions, for it was but a bower of boughs and vines. It was dedicated Mission San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, to Saint Louis, bishop of Toulouse. Padre Serra himself selected the site, celebrated the first mass, and started the mission on its rather stormy career. The next day after the founding ceremonies Serra, the padre-president, left soldiers and two Lower California neophytes under the care of Father Caveller.

The work progressed slowly. In fourteen months only twelve had been baptized. Food was scarce at the first, for the supply left the little colony was meager indeed—some fifty pounds of flour, some brown sugar, less than a bushel of seed wheat, and a bit of chocolate. The natives were not eager to exchange their plenty for the mission's scarcity. But when the first crops proved successful they were somewhat more willing to become residents. San Luis Obispo was never a mission great in numbers, for at its zenith its records show only 832 Indians residing at the mission.

Perhaps one of the most interesting historical incidents (not to say accidents) about this mission has to do with the mission tile so much seen in California now.

Work had progressed for about two years, and there were a chapel and some dwellings for both soldiers and neophytes. All buildings were made of poles with roofs of grass. Outside the mission were plenty of wild Indians, who saw little or no merit in the mission enterprise. One night some of these hostile natives shot a burning arrow into the grass roofs, with

To page 20



# WE MEET IN KOREA

By *EVERETT DICK*

*Colonel M.C.C.*

**O**H, YES! I'm glad to see you! I've heard about the preinduction training of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. It is a pleasure to help you in that constructive work, Mr. Dick. I'll be glad to recommend that you be given the privilege of visiting the Seventh-day Adventist soldiers in Korea, and I hope it will be an aid to you in the patriotic work you are doing." So spoke a pleasant captain on the staff of the Pacific Command of the United States Navy at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii.

His words were matched by his action. Calling a yeoman to him, he dispatched a message to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, asking that it investigate my record as an American citizen. Within a matter of hours he had secured the information that gave me clearance as a good security risk, and a request was forwarded to the Far East Command at

Tokyo, recommending my entry to the combat zone.

The General Conference had authorized me to take the greetings of the denomination to our boys in the front lines, to let them know that the church has not forgotten them and that she appreciates their living witness for the Master. In addition to visiting the men, I was to see the Medical Department of the Army of the United Nations in action and to learn the lessons of the war that would be helpful in training Seventh-day Adventist young men who will be serving in the same capacity in a few months.

In due time I was admitted to the United Nations headquarters at Tokyo by a United States Marine sentry in resplendent blue uniform. There I secured written permission to enter Korea. A few hours later I stepped off the plane at Seoul, the once beautiful, modern, but

now bombed capital of ill-fated Korea. The news of my coming had preceded me. Our own Seventh-day Adventist chaplain, Lt. Joseph Powell, was waiting for me and was my denominational host. Col. Luther Evans, the Eighth Army chaplain, was my official host and personally conducted me on a three-day tour of the fighting front.

We proceeded by air to a point some ten miles from the extreme front lines. From there we traveled by jeep to the trenches, from which we could look right out at the points occupied by the opposing forces. On the way we passed Hyde Park and a point called Piccadilly Circus. These reminded us of the fact that the British Commonwealth Division had occupied the area and given names to these crossroads. Suddenly from a hidden point near the road a concealed 155 mm. cannon boomed out, its projectile coursing over our jeep as it sped on its path of destruction to the north.

At a forward post armored jackets and steel helmets were issued to us. A little nearer the front a sentinel stopped us and directed us to put our windshield down to prevent the reflection from attracting enemy fire. Next a notice reminded us that from that point forward, steel helmets were required. We were already wearing armored jackets.

Finally after passing through a long valley that was under enemy observation, our vehicle stopped at a point near the crest of a steep hill. After a long, hard climb on foot we reached the crest. There in angling trenches along the peak live our soldiers. Here and there along the muddy crooked passages are rooms made of sacks of earth. These bunkers are the homes of the front-line troops for weeks at a time. At every hour of the day and night sentries stand guard at the parapets, scanning the area to the front of their ramparts. There I found Melvin Wilson, of West Paris, Maine, living with the infantry and serving them as first-aid man. Among others in the trenches were Leon Stickney, of Minnesota, and Allan Anderson, of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Night after night patrols consisting of from twelve to twenty-five men are dispatched as a patrol to move out under cover of darkness and make contact with enemy patrols that may be advancing. The meeting of patrols precipitates a fight out there between the two lines. Our Seventh-day Adventist boy, as aid man, accompanies these fighting men. The others are armed with carbine, pistol, knife, and hand grenade, but our boy goes armed only with the might of his convictions, his litter, and his first-aid equipment. When a clash comes and casualties occur, it is his duty to use his skill in preserving life.

Journeying back from the front line, we stopped at the battalion aid station, about two miles to the rear. There taking care

*To page 20*



SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

When a clash comes and casualties occur, it is the medic's duty to use his skill to save life.



To know that one is in active service

for God is one of the greatest

# Thrills of a Lifetime

By K. D. L. BROOK



LIFE has its thrills aplenty. As I sit and think back some thirty years, one of the earliest personal thrills I can recollect was to receive a prize for my classwork at the end of the year. I attended Saint Thomas boarding

school in Calcutta, India. Prize distribution time came, and out of twenty boys I came third. My spirits were buoyed up. I can see myself now: all smiles, hair plastered down to a fine art, boots polished, for I was to receive a prize from the viceroy of India. What an honor! Do you think I was thrilled? Hundreds of eyes were looking while I walked up smartly, saluted, and received my book. Although it was, you may say, a small thrill, it marked itself indelibly on my young mind.

My father was killed in the first world war, and mother was a bedridden invalid, so Saint Thomas school had more or less adopted me. During the year 1927 I received a great thrill. I was successful in passing my higher grade schools leaving certificate examination, and was chosen out of 180 boys as one prospect to migrate to Australia. One of the governors of the school, an Englishman, painted Australia a very rosy picture to me. I was thrilled that I had been chosen to go.

But what of my poor invalid mother? This worried me for a while, but she would not stand in my way. If need be, I could send her financial aid from my new home, but she urged me to go. Early in March my benefactor, who was to send me to Australia, told me that he and some of his friends had put together five hundred rupees, and all was ready for me to leave. The date of my departure was March 8, 1928. I was eighteen years of age; I never had worked in my life, and now I was to embark on a new uncertain future. I was thrilled!



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

In the midst of this happiness there was a deep heartthrob. I was leaving mother, friends, relatives, and going out into the unknown. I wept, and wept long, yet there was a thrill within me! How this paradox is worked out I cannot tell. On the morning of the tenth, after leaving the Hooghly channel, I looked out my cabin porthole of the ship *SS Naringa*, a cargo vessel, and for the first time in my life saw the blue sea! I was afraid, but consoled myself that with me on the ship were also others who had never before seen the sea.

We were a jolly lot on board, and had great fun. We called in at Rangoon in Burma, spent three days there, then went on to Singapore for another three days, then spent half a day at a small island called Benjuivangi, and finally arrived in Fremantle in Western Australia. When we disembarked I was thrilled to see a friend I had known in Calcutta. I felt happy then. After a day or two in Perth I was glad to meet two other lads who had migrated from our school two years previously.

Well, I began work on a farm. It was a thrill to be earning, and each week I sent some money to mother.

Here was I, a stranger thousands of miles from home and loved ones, with a future before me. I had to make the grade,



I was baptized in the swimming pool at West Australian Missionary College by R. A. R. Thrift.

for back home people were watching me. I was my own boss. The gay lights were for me: the dance hall, the picture theater, the cigarette, and the mug of beer—I tried them all—and according to my own way, I was having a thrilling time. Religion and religious exercises were out of the picture. Little did I know that one day God would take a hand.

The great depression came. I worked for a man for two years during that time, and have not been paid for my labor yet. I learned all farm work. I was thrilled the day the farmer gave me six fine horses and told me to go and harvest his wheat crop. Then I learned to drive the reaper binder, the plow, the combine, and the tractor. I loved to work on the tractor at nighttime.

But the great depression was not over; I one day found myself out of work. The little money I had I spent very, very care-



fully. When it was gone I had no food. One day I chopped some wood for a woman in order to earn a few pence, and fainted from weakness. From this time on I never looked back. I obtained work with another farmer, a fine man, and he was very good to me and helped me a great deal. But I still had little or no thought for God.

We come to the year 1937, and at this time I was obliged to alter my whole course. As a result I received one of the greatest thrills of my life. Were I to ask you the year of the greatest thrill in *your* life, I wonder whether you would remember.

One evening I went to a home in a suburb of Perth to interview a future employer. She was out, but her daughter, a fine young girl, was in. She invited me to enter, and immediately we struck up a conversation. She was a cultured lass, and I enjoyed talking with her. A little while later two young men, named Gordon I. Wilson and Howard Willis, came to the house. They expected to see the owner of the house, but here were the daughter and I talking. Mr. Wilson gave a short Bible lesson, but I could not remember it because I was not interested. We had prayer, and this too went into one ear and out of the other.

At 9 P.M. I decided to go back to my lodging in Perth, so Mr. Wilson and Mr. Willis accompanied me. They told me they were Seventh-day Adventists. That meant nothing to me. I smoked, and in the train they pointed out the harmfulness of that filthy habit. Yet I was not much interested. Before we parted, Mr. Wilson took my name and address, and I took his. A couple of days later I left for my work on a farm two hundred miles away. Soon, much to my own surprise, I felt a desire to pray. This was unusual for me. Morning and night I prayed.

Then one day I wrote to Mr. Wilson and asked, "What shall a man do to be saved?" He wrote a lovely letter back, and sent me a grand book to read, *The Marked Bible*. What a thrill to read it and learn from it the message of salvation. I read it three times. I still smoked, but I knew that if I were to become a Seventh-day Adventist, smoking must go. God gave me the victory over this habit. Dancing, the mug of beer, the gay lights, the theaters also had to go, and they did; but what a thrill to know that all this was worth while, and that one could be a child of God—free from all worldly vices and attractions. But even after this all was not clear sailing. On account of the seventh-day Sabbath I had to give up my job; I received the taunts of my mates. But it was a thrill to be reborn a free soul. Can you wonder that I term this one of the greatest thrills of my life?

I left this farm, and good Mr. Lockyer, who was farming at a place called Dukin, took me on as a farm hand. I was advised to apply to go to the West Australian

College. I did this, but for 1938 there were only six vacancies, and about twelve prospective students applied. I had no money, but God had now begun to steer my life, and I was one of the six chosen.

At the close of 1938 another thrill was to be mine—I was baptized into God's remnant church. I might mention that the first Bible studies I received were given by Pastor E. P. Barrington, who was our kindly and well-loved preceptor of the college. The Bible became a new book to me, and I was thrilled as God's love letter to man was unfolded. At the end of 1939 I graduated—another thrill—and then on to Australasian Missionary College at Avondale—still another thrill—for I could see the end of my studies in sight. I was eager to find a place in God's vineyard. I faced Avondale, knowing that I had



two more years to go, with only faith, and twelve pounds in my pocket. This was a wholly inadequate amount to see me through; but God had called me, and I was obeying, and He fulfilled His promise in supplying all my need.

I worked my way along; it was hard going, but I am glad for the difficulties God helped me to surmount. There were times I did not have a cent to call my own, but somehow He would open a way for me to earn enough to clothe myself. As I take a retrospective view I consider this experience a grand thrill, a new kind of thrill that means something. In 1941 I graduated from the Bible instructors' course.

During 1942 I canvassed. The book I sold was *Bible Readings for the Home*. It is a good book, one of the best, and through its study many families in the two large towns where Walter Field and I worked joined our church. It was a thrill to canvass for God! It was a thrill to have a kind, godly young man as a canvassing partner. I did appreciate his unstinted help and the encouragement that he gave me. I never regret having spent twelve

months in the literature ministry. It is a thrill to knock on the door of a home and to know that you represent the Bible message, and in every person to see a potential soul for God's kingdom. With this in view the sale of your book comes easy.

Our publishing secretary was always a source of inspiration to us. Many of my experiences were amusing, and every one was a thrill, whether the door was shut in my face or not. I thank my canvassing experience for giving me a practical knowledge of soulsaving, and I think it is a pity when a future minister of the gospel has not done at least twelve months of



Left: The family in Fiji. Above: The view looking down on the Tavua district as seen from the picturesque road that leads up to Nadarivatu.

canvassing. Just as the colporteur climaxes his sales talk in an effort to secure the order, so the evangelist or Bible instructor works to help the interested person to make a decision for God.

The next year I associated with Pastor Barrington in evangelistic work in Newcastle, New South Wales. There was a young lad of seven or eight years of age in the Newcastle Hospital. Word had come to the conference president that this boy, Keith Clonton, was dying. It was requested that one of the ministers go to see him. I was chosen to go. The boy was very ill. We prayed, and the doctors were astounded the next morning to see the boy alive. That is not the finish. In 1948, when I was home on furlough, a young lad walked up to me and asked whether I knew him. I had to admit I did not. Then he told me that he was Keith Clonton, and that he wanted to be a missionary! Do you think I got a thrill?

On that same day in 1948, just a few minutes later, Pastor G. L. Sterling came to me and said, "Mr. Brook, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde are looking for you." When I found them I discovered that they were two people whom God had led into the church through my humble services, and with them were Mrs. Hyde's sister and their four daughters. They too had joined the remnant church. Was I thrilled to meet them? At the close of 1943 I was

To page 22



# A Modern-Day Mary

By ARNOLD C. BENGSTON

**O**N THE rock-bound eastern coast of Sweden, near Vannas, Vesterbotten, on February 2, 1881, a little girl named Mary was born. Sixty-five years later at Lincoln, Nebraska, on December 31, 1946, that little girl, then grown up and having served a life of usefulness, fell asleep in Jesus to await the summons of the Life-giver. Between those two dates my mother packed a "heap o' livin'."

The first recollection that I have of my mother is a dim memory now almost erased by the relentless years. I remember a comforting presence always ready to still my boyhood fears and soothe my physical and mental pains. I recall a keen, witty mind and a wise counselor who often clinched her points of argument with pithy sayings gleaned from old Swedish proverbs. I remember good cooking and plenty of tempting food, tastefully prepared and attractively served. In retrospect over the years there are a thousand little things crowding themselves into my memory and clamoring for attention, but for the sake of clarity I must begin at the beginning.

Mary was one of a large family of old Swedish stock, one of a group of early Scandinavian frontier immigrants who came directly from the old country—and settled in the Midwest. These people were hardy, thrifty, God-fearing farmers who bought cheap but fertile land and homesteaded. Soon after mother's parents had settled in southeastern South Dakota, she met and married John, who was to become my father. They began their life together on a farm near Salem, South Dakota, and before long the first of a family of eight children made her appearance.

If it is true that "the child's first teacher is his mother," Mary did not fall short in her pedagogical assignment. But like her Biblical namesake, neither did she neglect reverence and devotion to God, and early in our lives we could see in her life that she had "chosen that good part," which never would be taken away from her. In fact, I like to think of mother as a happy combination of the good qualities of both Mary and Martha. She had Martha's hospitable housewifely virtues

and Mary's calm devotional spirit. Her spotless, well-ordered home was always open to friend and stranger. Her modest, gracious, and unassuming manner won the plaudits of everyone who came in contact with her. She was the very personification of the word *lady*. Indeed, it seems to me that that word could have been coined from the spirit and example of her gracious life.

Father and mother early in their marriage were stanch members of the Lutheran Church, as were ninety per cent of the people of the community. They required of their children faithful Sunday church attendance and rigid obedience to other precepts of the church. John showed a characteristic Swedish stubbornness, but Mary displayed the opposite trait of open-mindedness, and began to study into the

matter of the Bible Sabbath, which had been presented to us by a visiting colporteur and faithful Adventist neighbors. Father strongly opposed, by word and attitude, when mother and several of the children began keeping the seventh-day Sabbath in addition to the regular attendance at Sunday church service. Nevertheless, mother and five of their eventual eight children went to Sabbath church services regularly in a nearby district schoolhouse. Father, however, insisted that all the children be confirmed in the Lutheran Church, and even after some of us had become baptized Adventists we were compelled to go through this ritual. But mother stood by her children in this family emergency, and was always the arbitrator and intercessor to keep peace in the home. This show of patience served to lessen father's antagonism toward Adventists, so that finally he ceased his opposition. However, he never saw fit to embrace the tenets of Adventism.

Despite a divided home, we all had a generally happy life together because of the example and influence of mother, whose cheerful optimistic spirit pervaded our home. Always the first one to rise in the morning, she would have a piping hot breakfast on fall and winter mornings just made for the cold Dakota days. In our school lunch pail we always had a tasty snack, and our homeward steps at the close of school were hastened by the delightful anticipation of some additional treat in store for our supper. In fact

To page 19



H. A. ROBERTS

During each furlough I would hurry home to the family. Mother would be there, the same devoted parent, but each time a little older looking. A life of toil began to weigh upon her.



# Junior YOUTH

*Suddenly Jim realized how rapidly the seething waters were pulling him farther and farther out.*

## Help Above the Waves

By LADELE RALEY

**A**RE you ready to leave? Is everything packed?" called Mr. Scott as he stepped from the car.

"Oh, yes," replied Jim, Betty, and mother all together.

Father was just returning from the service station where he had put air in the inner tubes that were to be taken to the beach. "Then we'll leave as soon as I can lock the house. There is one thing though that I want you to promise me, Jim, before we leave."

"What is that, Daddy?" asked Jim impatiently. He was in a great hurry to get started.

"Remember last week when we took Cousin Bob with us?"

"Yes, Dad," Jim answered slowly as he recalled all too well the incident.

"That day you went out entirely too far in the ocean for your own safety. You know, Jim, there are riptides that are like great rivers building up force until they carry anything straight out to the open sea. That day might have been your last. I hope you see the danger of swimming out too far, and will stay very close to the shore. Will you promise me, Jim?"

"Yes, Dad, I won't go out very far. I promise."

By the time the sun was high in the sky the Scott family were well on their way for three days of sunshine, sand, and salt water. A feeling of freedom and peace came over Betty and Jim as they left the confusion of the city and found themselves cruising along an open highway with small farms on either side. After crossing a low range of mountains they once again were on the flat land; now the air

was moist and refreshing. Before long they saw the ocean splashing against the rocks and the golden sand shimmering in the sunlight.

As soon as the little row of cabins, one of which was to be their home for this short vacation, came into view, Betty and Jim began to beg and plead to go swim-

ming. Father finally gave them his consent after a few more words of caution. The white-capped waves beckoned invitingly to Betty and Jim as they rushed out, each trying to be the first in the water.

"Now, Jim and Betty, remember about the riptides," father admonished again as they splashed into the water.

"Oh, sure, Daddy," Jim answered. Then turning to his sister, he shouted, "Come on, Betty. I'll race you to that barrel floating in the water."

"All right, and I'll beat you too." Betty was already five strokes ahead.

They both swam toward the barrel. Then Betty realized that she was not coming any closer to the barrel, but rather that it was getting farther away. Remembering father's words of caution about going out too far, she became frightened and began to swim toward the shore.

Jim kept on. Then he noticed that Betty had turned back. "I wonder why she's quitting," he thought. "It couldn't be because of the distance. We're not out that far. Oh, well, she's only a girl. This is fun; surely father didn't mean this would be too far. He doesn't know how good a swimmer I am."

After Betty was safe on the shore she looked for Jim, but he was almost out of sight. "I wonder why he keeps on going," Betty thought. "Has he forgotten father's warning? Doesn't he realize how far he is swimming out?" Then with all her might she yelled, "Jim, come back! J-i-i-m-m, come back!"

"What's the matter, Betty? What's hap-



H. A. ROBERTS

As soon as the little row of cabins, one of which was to be their home for this short vacation, came into view, Jim immediately began to beg and plead to go in swimming.



pened?" father and mother asked excitedly as they rushed from the cabin.

"Look! Jim is way out in the ocean! Hurry quick!" said Betty, pointing to the form now barely visible.

Father, cupping his hands, shouted, "Jim, J-i-i-m-m, J-i-i-m-m, come b-a-a-ck!"

Jim waved an arm. Father looked to Betty and mother with his face tense with fright. "I told him not to go out far. Now he keeps swimming on and waves his arm, as if to say, 'Look how far out I am.' Why doesn't he listen to me? Why doesn't he come back?" Father once again turned to Jim and shouted, "Turn back, Jim!" Again the only answer he received was more waving of the arm. Was Jim showing off?

Meanwhile, Jim, not realizing that he was a mere speck to the ones on the shore and could not be heard above the splashing and roaring of the waves, was frantically shouting for help and waving his arm to show he was in distress.

"Oh, why can't they hear me and send for help?" Jim groaned out of breath. "I can't keep myself up much longer. I can't shout!" Jim was losing breath and strength fast.

Suddenly he realized how rapidly the seething waters were pulling him farther and farther out. He knew his life was in peril. Although he had not willfully intended to be disobedient to his father, his carelessness and self-confidence amounted to that. Only God could help him now. Many of the verses that he had unconcernedly learned in the family worship flashed into his mind and took on a new meaning. "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses." Would God save him?

"O Father, forgive me! Help me! Please, send me help! O God, save me! I ask it in Jesus' name."

Peace came to Jim, and he turned his eyes to the shore. Filled with courage and new hope, he shouted with renewed strength. "Help! Help!" Jim knew that God would answer his prayer.

In a house on a cliff above the beach an old woman and her ten-year-old granddaughter lived. While preparing supper the little girl thought she heard a faint cry for help. She rushed to the window and threw it open wide and heard very clearly, "Help! Help!"

"Grandmother," she cried, "someone's shouting for help, and he's way out in the ocean! What shall I do?"

"Quick, telephone the fire department! There are no lifeguards on the beach. Hurry!"

Not more than two minutes later, as father and mother were in the office of the cabins, anxiously phoning the fire department, they were extremely astonished to hear a fire engine stop outside the office. Father rushed out to see six men already rowing over the waves toward Jim.

A tall fireman stepped up to father and

informed him, "That young person will surely be lucky if my men reach him in time. There have been three other boys drowned this week. Those riptides are terrible!" Little did the fireman know that he was speaking to the father of the boy, until he looked at the father's face pale with fright.

All watched anxiously as the men neared Jim. Would they reach him in time?

Father, mother, and Betty knelt down right there on the beach and asked God to spare their Jim. As they rose from prayer they could see the firemen rowing steadily back to the shore.

"Oh, if Jim is only alive!" moaned mother.

"I know he is if it is God's will," consoled father. "Whatever happens, remember that we have asked God to help, and we must keep our trust wholly in Him."

Finally the men reached the shore. After twenty minutes of continuous artificial respiration they at last saw a flicker of life return to Jim's face. Then the chief fireman turned to father and said, "Jim will be all right. He'll have to take it easy though."

At last when Jim could speak all he could say was "Dad, please thank God for me."

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## A Way Prepared

From page 10

themselves in that they had always conquered. Their prophet's name was Samwai, and he warned them that the white man would come to invade their country as they had invaded the country of their brethren, not to raid or to kill them, but to bring the story of eternal life. He said that he saw in vision the white man putting down two long ropes [the railway], and he saw the Nandi warriors tearing it up. He warned the people that the removal of the railway would bring the long sticks from which would fly the stones that would kill them and bring them into submission.

"Samwai said that God had shown him houses that would fly through the air. In them would ride the white man, and he would be as a king over them, and they would resist him to their own hurt."

This prophecy was fulfilled when the Nandi warriors came in the night to destroy the railroad as quickly as it was laid during the day. It was finally guarded by the white man, and many Nandi men lost their lives. The obstinacy of their tribe was revealed in their desperate fight against the government of Great Britain, since the British possessed the land. To this day their obstinate spirit has prevented the placement of many missions in their area. They remain a backward and a hardened people, living in superstition and darkness of their own choosing. Those few, the little handful who have

become Seventh-day Adventists, use their strong spirit in support of their faith, and would die rather than to give up one principle of truth. The work of Samwai was not all in vain.

"God gave to each tribe the message that was most needed for their salvation," continued the pastor. "In every case, however, the people were told that the white man would come to bring a message of life in a book.

"The Luo is the great tribe among whom the Seventh-day Adventists have their largest work in Kenya. I have been told that at one time they lived on the west coast of Africa, but because they were plagued there by the slave traders, they decided to come east, and in a body moved, camping a season, pushing on, and raiding a harvest, living on it while they camped again—ever pushing farther and farther eastward. Finally they arrived at Lake Victoria, and being a people from the coast, they liked the water, and decided to make its coasts their home by driving the inhabitants up into the hills.

"They had no sooner settled down than men coming in from the east coast began to carry them off again. Slavery was their terror by day and by night. There was not one prophet, but several, who came to them, and all their prophecies coincided. The leading prophet, called Mboga, gave them the following message:

"Black men shall come from Uganda and carry you away as slaves. Later the white men will come, but they will not make you slaves even though they have the power to do so and carry sticks that can kill a man from very far away. With those very sticks they shall come in, and in this country they shall fight with each other." This referred to the 1914-18 war."

The Luo prophet not only predicted the war that would be fought in their vicinity but also foretold many things of interest. He stated that the white man would set up a system whereby they would pay each year. He spoke of the many books that he would bring with him, and the Book of life. In that particular region where the Luos are, the Seventh-day Adventists have such a great work that each year the camp meetings are held out of doors in order to accommodate the thousands of listeners who stream in from the hills and valleys to hear the Word of God.

Since that time when I talked with the pastor, I have met many natives from other tribes, I have asked them whether they too had a prophet, and they invariably have answered Yes.

The students study these facts in school as a part of the history of their peoples. One finds mention made of prophets in novels based upon the early life of the Africans before and during the arrival of the white man, such as the account given in *The Red Stranger*, which describes the Kikuyu people, who now live in the vicinity of Nairobi, Kenya's capital.



All up and down Africa, where the darkness of heathenism had enveloped the people to the extent that the Christian religion had been obliterated completely, there was evidently one great act of God that prepared the people for the reception of the gospel. That movement occurred at approximately the same time that the great Second Advent Movement was gaining momentum in North America, Europe, and other countries of the world.

How marvelously does God work! In those countries blessed by the possession of the Bible and the privileges of education and learning, the great Second Advent Movement was carried forward with a vigor that sent missionaries out all over the world. At the same time God was preparing the people in countries bound in darkness to receive the missionaries, that all, great and small, might be ready for the day of the Lord.

It was not man but God who prepared the heathen peoples of Africa to receive the gospel. It was God who caused them to awake. He who could prepare a multitude of people in the furthest corners of the earth can finish this gospel work with equal ease, and it is our privilege to help Him.

## A Modern-Day Mary

From page 16

mother's graham-bread sandwiches were so much in demand among our schoolmates that we could easily trade them for any delicacy we chose among those offered in return. Most of the sandwiches our schoolmates had were made with white bread, and they thought us extremely fortunate to have a mother who could make those extra good dark sandwiches.

But that was not the limit of mother's cooking ability. Others of her specialties included old-fashioned Swedish potato

dumplings, golden-brown buckwheat pancakes, crisp melt-in-your-mouth biscuits, tangy pumpkin or rhubarb pies, and light, fluffy devil's food cake with chocolate frosting. The old adage "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach" applied to everyone in our family, not just the men.

Mother was an inveterate light sleeper, and would rise unflinchingly in the early hours of the morning so we would all have a warm house and a good breakfast waiting. In summer she would invariably be outdoors in the early sunshine working in the garden or doing light chores, but in winter she would spend those solitary moments alone with her Bible. She was an avid reader and was fascinated by words, as evidenced by her love for crossword puzzles. So rarely was she idle that we often had to caution her against working too hard. If there were any lazy or shiftless ones in our household, it was not the result of her example. Always active, always cheerful, always totally unselfish, she set a standard that never failed to impress others. Like the pioneer women of that day, she was not above helping with the most menial tasks, of which farm life has so many. She did chores and garden work, and even helped with the field work if that was necessary. But her first love was the big white farmhouse, which she kept so immaculate and spotless inside that it served as a model for the neighbors. She made our house a home in every sense of the word.

Mother's love and care for her children were not lessened by their absence. When Evelyn and Bernice, my two eldest sisters, went away to school, her loving presence followed them in frequent small gifts and letters from home; and she spent many hours on her knees in prayer that God would guide and protect these two innocent, naïve farm girls. As one by one the other children grew up and left home, they took their mother's love with them. Since I was next to the youngest in the

family, I remained at home longer than most of my brothers and sisters. During that time I grew to know and love my mother more each day, and became the not unwilling recipient of her affection, together with my younger sister, Hildur.

I suppose all of us reflect in later life just how right our parents were in certain arguments and conflicts that we had with them over our rights and privileges, despite our feeling at that time that they were all wrong. But the very memory of my mother is inextricably tied up with those small differences. Because of her method of clinching her points with certain maxims, or adages, they had a way of sticking in my mind long after all other counsel had been forgotten. Some were old and timeworn, but all were pertinent. When I was inclined to be lazy I heard in a "go to the ant, thou sluggard" manner: "Arney, a lazy man never amounted to anything." When I was discouraged over something she would inject a ray of hope with, "There's another day tomorrow." If I was a little covetous, "Remember, money isn't everything." If I was hasty or rebellious, she would calm the storm with her tone of voice as much as her words: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." And if she often said, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," she as often proved it in her own life. Always she exhorted me, "Don't mind what other people say or think, be a *man*." And the extent to which that word can be applied to me today is all because of her.

In 1939 the old farm was sold and the family moved to the nearby town of Salem, because father was no longer able to do the work on the farm. I attended the local high school there for three years, and then, in 1940, I went off to Oak Park Academy in Iowa. I was very homesick at first, but mother's faithful letters kept me going, and I graduated there the following year. After one semester in college I went into the Army, and it was there that mother's care and affection, her prayers,

## Silvermane, the Timber Wolf, No. 10 — By Harry Baerg

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1. Now the cubs were taught how to hunt. In a grassy meadow where field mice and lemmings were plentiful Silvermane and his mate showed them how they could catch mice themselves.



2. The next lesson to be learned was how to catch the ground squirrels that were so common on the hillsides. The young squirrels now coming out were not so wary as the older ones.



3. Later on the parents showed the cubs how to hunt the large arctic hares by lying in wait while one of them chased. These hares usually run in a circle around their territory.



4. With all the meat the wolves ate, they also swallowed big mouthfuls of coarse grass to help clean out their stomachs and get rid of intestinal worms that gave them real trouble.



and her unparalleled letters really began to mean something to me. I wrote often, and between each line of her returning messages I could see loving concern, motherly tenderness, and deep affection. During this, my own personal time of trouble, mother, next to God, was my stay. During each furlough I would hurry home, and she would be there, the same devoted parent, but each time a little older looking. Her life of toil and care began to weigh heavily on her. When father died in 1942 it seemed to take away part of her zest for living.

But, because she had to live, "so that Arney can have a home to come home to," she kept tenaciously going, and remained active and happy until her death a full ten months after I was discharged from the Army. Truly she had "fought a good fight," and had "kept the faith."

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### Adventist Activities on Exhibition

From page 8

Southwestern Junior College's exhibit emphasized the Missionary Volunteer program. With a large MV emblem as a background, the booth contained a registry (as did many of the college booths), copies of the college yearbook, *Mizpah*, pennants, and a large drawing of, and appeal brochure for, the college's new girls' dormitory.

Startling black and red made a striking booth for Union College. Photos of college life, pennants, and seals enlivened the exhibit, which also presented copies of the annual, *Golden Cords*, ribbons for former students, and copies of the *Clock Tower*, college newspaper.

Walla Walla College had the highest as well as one of the most unusual exhibits at the youth congress. A large series of poles and pictures formed a tall, checkered display of college life at College Place, Washington. Topping the checkered feature were pennants, and lights within the display flashed out "W.W.C." Also at the booth were copies of the *Mountain Ash*, college yearbook, and pamphlets listing specific courses offered at W.W.C.

Many beautiful flowers, colorful blue background, pictures of campus life, and copies of the *Golden Memories*, college annual, were featured at the Washington Missionary College booth. Decorated with many pennants, the W.M.C. exhibit attracted large groups of delegates who stopped to catch the heady perfume of the flowers of the display.

The American Temperance Society sponsored a booth that featured flashing lights, revolving disks, large books that admonished viewers to support and help the denomination's temperance program, as well as copies of *Listen* and *Alert*. Samples of the magazines and other pieces

of literature about temperance activities were given to visitors.

Small flags representing each of the countries from which delegates had come to the Pan-American Youth Congress decorated the booth maintained by the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary. Within the booth was the phrase that "Seminary training" is "the capstone of a sound ministerial training program." The

### Believe It or Not

but if all the beer drunk in the State of California last year was served in eight-ounce glasses, and the glasses were lined up, one after the other, they would stretch around the earth at the equator four times.

Californians drink enough beer each month to float at least one battleship. They consume enough in a year's time to float a whole fleet.

Beer guzzlers in California poured 66,459,000 gallons down the hatch last year. This would be more than enough to float about 14 ships of 45,000 tons each. This figure does not include the 23,379,000 gallons of wine that Californians drank last year, which would easily bring the convoy up to 17 strong.

If the distilled spirits were added, it would add still another ship to the fleet.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG.

booth gained color by its attractive back panel featuring the flags.

Together and individually the booths displayed at the Pan-American Youth Congress will be remembered by delegates as they meet with those who sent them to San Francisco from their home churches. These booths were an intricate part of the great youth meet—audio-visual aids to tell the story of Adventist education, of denominational organizations and units.

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### The Highway of the Bells

From page 12

the expected result promptly following.

After two more experiences with the aboriginal "incendiary bomb" the padre began to work on some plan to prevent such recurring disasters. The plan was to make roofs of nonflammable tile. It is claimed, and doubtless on good grounds,

that the mission Indian would mold this wet tile on his thigh and then carefully place it to bake in the sun. Proving its worth, it was soon applied to all the other missions, and long ago was widely used on all sorts of buildings.

The church has the usual adobe walls six feet thick, resting on a base of cement and stone. Today it is right in the heart of the town of the same name, standing very primly, plain almost to the point of severity. There are no ornaments—only the date in the front gable and a modest cross surmounting the ridge above. The front door is massive and beautiful in its simplicity.

Inside the church one will see a ceiling decorated with stars scattered here and there between the heavy beams. Below, the floor contains some of the original tiles. The walls still retain the paintings placed on them by the Indians. It is said that at least some of these colors were extracted from weeds, barks, roots, seeds, and such.

Here also the visitor will be shown the collection of fine vestments, the old records, the candlesticks, books, and the rough chapel benches.

[This is the fourth installment of a seven-part serial. Part 5 will appear next week.]

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### We Meet in Korea

From page 13

of his litter-carrying jeep was William Cole, of Bucyrus, Ohio.

"Do you see that headlight? Yesterday while I was at the front line with that jeep, a shell fell nearby. I dove for a bunker. The next shell lighted nearer, and a fragment hit that headlight," he said, pointing toward the battered vehicle.

It was his work to transport the wounded from the front to the battalion aid station and sometimes to take them to the collecting station a few miles farther back. Still farther back is the medical battalion, which runs a small temporary hospital, called a clearing station, and transports the wounded from forward medical installations to it. Here I found thirty-one Adventists in this unit of three hundred men, their homes ranging all the way from Annapolis, Maryland, to Hawaii, and from Indiana to New Mexico.

The next day I requested the privilege of taking dinner with our boys of the Third Medical Battalion. Accordingly their commander arranged a special meal, served in the officers' mess hall, where the Adventist men could eat with me. The conversation was directed toward the homeland. One wanted to know how things were going at his college. Another recalled the Medical Cadet Corps camp at Pueblo, Colorado, where he took his training. Another spoke of the enjoyable time he had spent at Camp Doss, on the Michigan campground. Some recalled the "good old days" when they had taken their

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City ..... Zone ..... State ..... Total .....



M.C.C. training in this academy or that one.

Many urged that the good work of training our youth be kept strong, and that our young men be urged to prepare for the difficulties that lie ahead of them. Several wanted to be remembered to teachers or former schoolmates in different schools. All too soon the pleasant hour passed, for my inexorable guide kept me moving, and I was rushed back to visit the mobile army surgical hospital, where I found Adventist surgical and laboratory technicians.

General Maxwell Taylor, commander of the Eighth Army, graciously sent an order to his commanders to permit the Adventist soldiers in their commands to gather at our sanitarium at Seoul on March 7. Great was the astonishment of the boys up in the trenches to receive a telephone call ordering them to "go to church." They received passes good for transportation on the hospital train. Most of the units, however, sent their men in trucks, ambulances, and jeeps. The men from one division left their companies at nine o'clock Friday morning and bounced along over the 140 miles of rough road for seven hours before they reached the sanitarium.

The mission folks made them welcome, found beds for them, and invited them to a bountiful home-cooked supper, which Mrs. Rue, wife of Dr. G. H. Rue, provided. After supper all gathered in the large living room of Miss Irene Robson, superintendent of nurses. There around the cheery fireplace the homelike atmosphere loosened their tongues. Thoughts of home crowded in to fill this first night "out of the army" for many of the boys who had never been down from the front before. When it came time for taps this good-natured group found their beds in unoccupied portions of the sanitarium. Out of the trenches, out of the bunkers with their dirt and discomfort, they reveled and relaxed between the clean, white sanitarium sheets.

Long after taps low voices exchanged anecdotes of dangers experienced on night patrols beyond the front line. Incidents that had occurred at various points along the line were related. There was the mortar shell that had landed on Great Gibraltar only two days before, and had struck six men. Fortunately none of our Adventist boys was wounded, but it took fast work to get the casualties back to the battalion aid station. Even though some were taken back to the surgical hospital by helicopter, only two were saved.

And there was the case of David Stahl, grandson of our veteran missionary to the Incas, who was wounded in both hands, and it was said that he had been sent home for discharge. From the corner of the room another boy told how his friend, James Myers, a former student at Pacific Union College, was out on patrol, and a bullet entered the armhole of his armored

vest, chipped a bone, and came out at the front of his chest above the heart. The narrator said James's cousin was at the hospital when the metal vest was opened and saw the bullet sticking on the inside of the vest. Another spoke of Alvin Joyner, of Madison, Wisconsin, who won the Silver Star for gallantry in action.

Early the next morning the army vehicles came rolling in with their loads of GI's. The boys came bringing their helmets and towels, prepared to celebrate the ordinances of the Lord's house. Many had not enjoyed this privilege since they had been in Korea. The fellowship was sweet and blessed as they knelt and washed one another's feet in those steel helmets. The most ever to have gathered together in Korea, 126 soldiers, enjoyed the blessings of the occasion.

As I took leave of our boys I felt proud

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**"Many people budget their income but few budget their time. Why shouldn't we allow some time to attending God's business? He knows our qualifications and resources. He sees right through our excuses and demands our best."**

---

of the optimistic, loyal way they are doing their duty for their country and the courage with which they are serving their God. They have been called upon to do a task they would not have chosen to do, but duty has called, and without grumbling or complaining they are doing what they are assigned to do. When they have been asked to serve in rear installations in routine work involving drudgery, they have responded. When they have been asked to brave the nightly dangers of the front lines, they are serving equally uncomplainingly. Calmly, earnestly, loyally, they serve.

Let those of our young men who are of draft age take advantage of Medical Cadet Corps training, that you too may be prepared to serve your God and your country.

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## Thrills of a Lifetime

From page 15

called to act as publishing department secretary in Queensland. Once again I enjoyed my work in the literature ministry.

It was in January, 1944, that I caught just a glimpse of my future life partner. In May we met. It has been said, "Some marriages are made in heaven." I believe ours was.

Soon after our marriage the Austral-

asian quadrennial session was held at Lakes Entrance in Victoria. I was chosen to attend this session, not as a delegate, but as a visitor, in order to get a wider experience. There I was appointed to work in Fiji. Somehow I felt I was to go to Fiji, for I had a knowledge of the Hindustani and had spent nearly twenty years in India. When Pastor G. M. Masters told me that there was a call for me to Fiji, I was thrilled.

Furniture was packed and dispatched, and then my wife and I learned that we were to go by plane. We received this news with mixed feelings. We were both afraid to fly, but then we resigned ourselves to this mode of transportation. Our first son had arrived twelve months and three days after our wedding, and he was four months old when we took to the air.

With hearts pounding we found our places in the plane. The engines started. I looked out anxiously from the window—this was the moment—we were in the air before we realized it, and were off. As we climbed, I looked down. "What a long way to fall!" I mused. We were flying along at 150 miles an hour. What a thrill! After spending the night at Nouméa in New Caledonia, we arrived at Suva, Fiji, the next day. What a glorious view you get coming into the capital of Fiji—the coral reefs in their mass of color and the deep-blue sea. Words cannot describe the rest.

After having passed the customs, we were driven away to the home of Pastor Masters. The next day a *burra khana* (a big dinner) was given in our honor by our Indian constituency, and again it was a thrill to be with God's children. Three days later Pastor Masters and I made a trip round this main island of Viti Levu. Then on January 1, 1946, we were installed in our first home in the midst of a very small colony of Indians. Here we were to make our first contact with the neighbors. There was a school to look after.

Yes, thrills were in store for us. My wife, although not a trained nurse, was called upon to act as midwife to an Indian woman who was to have her second child. With the aid of our medical book, her trust and faith in God to guide, she set forth, and a lovely little baby was brought into the world. This incident appeared to be just routine work, but back home who would have thought that my partner was doing this kind of work? Was I thrilled?

Our stay at this mission site at Rambulu, Tavua, was just three years. There God gave to us our first Indian convert. He used to be a *poajari*, or temple keeper, of the fire-walking cult. His name is Appanna. What a thrill it was to win him for the Master! Our first soul for God, and a temple keeper at that! We had cause to be thrilled and happy when our president buried Appanna in the waters of baptism.

Now we find ourselves in the town of



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Mba, twenty-five miles from our Rambulu home. Mba has, I am told, a population of between thirteen and fifteen thousand Indians and Fijians. This is a fine place for evangelistic work, and we are forging ahead by God's grace and help. The Indians are most difficult people to win for Christ, but God has a way of wooing and winning their hearts. Two young men were soon won for God. These boys in turn are interesting others in the gospel message and are bringing them along. Besides this we have a projector, just recently acquired, and we go from village to village sowing the gospel seed. People are taking notice. It is a thrill to watch the faces of the Indians as they hear me speak to them in their own language and tell them the story of salvation. It is a thrill to hear their response, and it is a greater thrill to see some of them take their stand for the Master.

Recently a young man defied the authority of his parents, and refused to go to the shops to purchase goods, because he said it was Sabbath and he was going to church. It is a thrill to be associated with strong men like that.

You will notice that I have not mentioned any of the bad thrills, and I do not intend to advertise the devil's business. On February 25, 1950, I was ordained to the gospel ministry, but the devil was still out to get me. That night a hurricane had sprung up, and on Sunday morning we packed our car and left Suva to come home! We were going along well but carefully, because all along the road there were blown-off limbs of trees, and at one place I drove to the left of a fallen tree to avoid it. The next thing I knew the car was hurtling down a steep embankment, and finally we landed in a drain ten feet deep.

It all happened so suddenly that we could not experience any thrill! In less time than it takes to tell, a score or more Indians were on the scene. We had landed on four wheels, and the wife, children, and I were not even bruised. Willing hands and helpers soon had us out. The car was unscathed, not even a scratch on it. Before we go on any journey in the car, we always invite God's protection, and it is there in time of need. Finally, after quite an eventful journey—being nearly blown off the road a time or two by the terrific gusts of wind—we arrived home none the worse for our mishap, and straightway we thanked God for His protection.

We are enjoying our work here in Fiji. For all that has been my success, to God I give the glory. My wife joins me in the reconsecration of our lives, our all, to the service of God. This is the greatest thrill in the world: to know you belong to God, to know you are in active service for Him, and to know you are doing something for the advancing of His kingdom. If you have been hesitating in accepting Him, then do not hesitate any

longer. Trust Him, prove Him, lean solely on Him, and He will never let you down. You may say, "But I can't talk or preach." Moses said that. But it is only an excuse to satisfy our selfish natures. May God give each one of us courage to take up our cross and follow Him.

## MV Youth in Action

From page 5

"Building estimates and plans give excellent practice in practical mathematics," says the principal. The course in building crafts supplements the usual arts and crafts instruction given in the college.

## Cap and Candle at Ife, Nigeria

By Esther M. Rose

At the clinic hall there was an air of expectancy.

The building was beautifully decorated with the abundant tropical flowers. Predominantly they were red and purple bougainvilleas, and white jasmines. But there were also the deep-green shades of the croton leaves. Palm trees stood on either side of the room, and neat archways were built from their branches. It was the warm, dry season of the year, but the climate was forgotten in the joy of the occasion. These were our preliminary capping exercises of 1953.

With Edith Nagel at the organ, the nurses took their respective places. Prof. Laurence Downing, of the Nigerian Training College, offered a prayer of thanksgiving to God. The harmony of the new class sounded as they repeated Psalms 24 as a choral reading. Then the girls' chorus sang "I'd Rather Have Jesus."

The inspirational sermon of the hour was given by Dr. S. A. Nagel, our medical director, who had just returned from furlough. He emphasized the good service that Christian nurses should give. He reviewed the story of Florence Nightingale and her life dedicated to service in her chosen profession. Her gallant and rare capacity in caring for the ill in the Crimean War of 1854-56 began a trend toward the ideal of cleanliness and expert care in the hospitals of today.

Esther M. Rose, director of the school of nursing, emphasized the challenge and opportunities that confront these Ife nurses and the fact that God has a plan and a purpose for each of them.

Beryl and Sylvia Turtill sang a duet of consecration. This was followed by the capping, candlelighting, and repeating of the Nightingale Pledge. Dr. W. Wagner offered the prayer of dedication.

This service marked the end of the first year of preliminary training for fourteen young nurses. Their motto is "Christ as Our Captain"; their aim, "Forward in Service."

## Among the Hills of Purandhar

From page 6

holes to the right and left of the lower foundation. Each hole is about thirty feet square and eighty-two feet deep. When the work was finished, the king came to see the bastion, and conferred the fort on Esaji Naik and granted two villages, worth about 364 pounds, to the father of the buried boy. Life was not worth a great deal in those days.

One pathetic thing about the whole place is that it is almost dead. The buildings are empty, and so are the two lovely church buildings—one for the Church of England and one for the Roman Catholics. There are only two epitaphs in the churches. Both are indicative of the spirit of the men who once wandered on the beautiful walks found everywhere. One reads:

"In memory of Adam White, M.A., who on the 16th May, 1864, died at Purandhar, Age 35, of Cholera caught while administering to the victims of that plague at Sassoon and pointed them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

May we who remain be possessed of the same spirit and quickly share our faith with India's millions, who are in the grip of a deadly spiritual plague—the plague of sin.



### Senior Youth Lesson

#### XI—Christ's Ministry in the Heavenly Sanctuary

(September 12)

MEMORY VERSE: Hebrews 10:19, 20.

LESSON HELPS: *The Great Controversy*, chaps. 24, 28; *Testimonies*, vol. 4, pp. 384-387.

#### Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1, 2 and note; read *Testimonies*, vol. 4, pp. 384-387.
3. Ques. 4-6 and note.
4. Ques. 7-9 and notes.
5. Ques. 10-13 and note.
6. Read *The Great Controversy*, chaps. 24, 28.
7. Review entire lesson.

#### Christ in the Sanctuary

1. What work is Christ now doing for His people? Where does He carry on His ministry? Rom. 8:34; Heb. 9:12, 24; 6:19, 20.

NOTE.—"As the sanctuary in heaven is God's dwelling place, the designation of the holy places as heaven itself is significant. We speak of the blue atmosphere as heaven; we also think of the starry heaven, of the place where angels dwell; but God's abode is heaven itself. And that is where Christ has gone, and where He now appears in the presence of God for us. . . ."



"Christ appears continually before the face of God for us, in our stead. We are the ones who should be inspected. Can we stand the test? Can we stand to have God throw the full light on us? We can if Christ appears for us, and in no other way."—*The Book of Hebrews*, pp. 361, 362.

2. What is the difference in the ministry of Christ as our great high priest and the high priests of the earthly sanctuary? What did He have to offer as high priest? Heb. 7:26-28; 9:12, first part.

### "The Hour of His Judgment"

3. Describe the scene that Daniel saw of the judgment in heaven. What records will be examined? Dan. 7:9, 10.

4. In this vision what did Daniel see Christ doing? What was given to Him? Verses 13, 14.

NOTE.—"The coming of Christ here described is not His second coming to the earth. He comes to the Ancient of days in heaven to receive dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, which will be given Him at the close of His work as a mediator. It is this coming, and not His second advent to the earth, that was foretold in prophecy to take place at the termination of the 2300 days in 1844. Attended by heavenly angels, our great High Priest enters the holy of holies, and there appears in the presence of God, to engage in the last acts of His ministration in behalf of man,—to perform the work of investigative judgment, and to make an atonement for all who are shown to be entitled to its benefits."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 480.

5. What are the different books of record in heaven? What use is made of these books in the judgment? Rev. 20:12; Mal. 3:16.

6. What is the standard by which men will be tested in the judgment? Eccl. 12:13, 14; James 2:8-12.

### Our Advocate

7. What is Jesus said to be? 1 John 2:1, 2; 1 Tim. 2:5, 6.

NOTE.—"An advocate is one who pleads the cause of another; specifically, one who pleads the cause of another before a judicial court. A mediator is one who goes between two parties who are at enmity with each other and seeks to reconcile them. How wonderful to think that although sin has separated us from God, we have an advocate who is pleading our cause and making it possible for us to be reconciled to God.

8. At the time when their cases are investigated, what decision will be made concerning those whose names have been entered in the book of life, but whose sins are not pardoned? Ex. 32:33; Eze. 18:24.

NOTE.—"Beginning with those who first lived upon the earth, our Advocate presents the cases of each successive generation, and closes with the living. Every name is mentioned, every case closely investigated. Names are accepted, names rejected. When any have sins remaining upon the books of record, unrepented of and unforgiven, their names will be blotted out of the book of life, and the record of their good deeds will be erased from the book of God's remembrance."—*Ibid.*, p. 48.

9. What promise is made to those who have overcome sin? Isa. 43:25; Rev. 3:5; Matt. 10:32, 33.

### The New and Living Way

10. What has the blood of Jesus opened for us? What will be the experience of those who do not accept the sacrifice of Jesus? Heb. 10:19, 20, 29-31.

11. How completely will sin be removed from the hearts of the righteous? How shall they stand before God? Jer. 50:20; Jude 24.

### The End of the Judgment

12. What decree will mark the close of the investigative judgment? Rev. 22:11, 12.

13. Can we know the time when the investigative judgment will close? What earnest counsel does the Lord give to His waiting people? Mark 13:33, 35-37.

NOTE.—"Perilous is the condition of those who, growing weary of their watch, turn to the attractions of the world. While the man of business is absorbed in the pursuit of gain, while the pleasure-lover is seeking indulgence, while the daughter of fashion is arranging her adornments,—it may be in that hour the Judge of all the earth will pronounce the sentence, 'Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 491.

# Junior-YOUTH LESSON

## XI—How the Sanctuary Taught the Way of Salvation

(September 12)

LESSON TEXT: Hebrews 7:24-28; 8:1-6.

MEMORY VERSE: "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." Hebrews 9:24.

### Guiding Thought

The children of Israel, accustomed to seeing the many gods of the Egyptians, were slow in grasping the fact that God, although invisible, was real and always at hand to help His children. To aid them in feeling that He was among them, God gave directions that they should make a movable sanctuary, patterned after the one in heaven, to take with them on their journeyings. It was to be the symbol of His presence among them. It was to teach of His glory and holiness—and above these, it was to be an object lesson of the way of salvation. In its services and sacrifices they were to see a picture of Christ, the great Sacrifice whose blood pays the price for our sins. "Through Christ was to be fulfilled the purpose of which the tabernacle was a symbol,—that glorious building, its walls of glistening gold reflecting in rainbow hues the curtains unwrought with cherubim, the fragrance of ever-burning incense pervading all, the priests robed in spotless white, and in the deep mystery of the inner place, above the mercy-seat, between the figures of the bowed, worshiping angels, the glory of the Holiest. In all, God desired His people to read His purpose for the human soul."—*Education*, p. 36.

### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the guiding thought.

### ASSIGNMENT 2

#### The Sanctuary on Earth

1. After God had given Israel His glorious law, what did He suggest that they make that would help them realize more fully God's presence among them, and would also help them to understand the way of salvation more clearly? Ex. 25:8.

2. What pattern were the children of Israel to follow in making the sanctuary? Verses 9, 40.

NOTE.—"The sanctuary that God told the children of Israel to make was a copy of the sanctuary that already existed in heaven. He gave Moses a pattern of this sanctuary that they could copy. It was made so that it could be moved as the children of Israel went from one camp to another. Upright boards of gold set in sockets of silver formed the walls, the roof was made of four coverings, the outer of skins, the innermost of beautiful embroidered fine linen. It was set in a large court in which was placed a laver for washing and a brazen altar for the offering of the sacrifices. It had two apartments—one called the holy place or the first apartment, and the second, half the size, called the most holy place, the holy of holies, or the second apartment.

### ASSIGNMENT 3

#### The Furnishing of the Sanctuary

3. With what articles was the first apartment furnished? Heb. 9:2.

NOTE.—"In the holy place was the candlestick, on the south, with its seven lamps giving light to the sanctuary both by day and by night; on the north stood the table of showbread; and before the veil separating the holy from the most holy was the golden altar of incense, from which the cloud of fragrance, with the prayers of Israel, was daily ascending before God."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 412.

4. How was the most holy place furnished? Verses 3-5.

NOTE.—"In the most holy place stood the ark, a chest of precious wood overlaid with gold, the depository of the two tables of stone upon

which God had inscribed the law of ten commandments. Above the ark, and forming the cover to the sacred chest, was the mercy-seat, a magnificent piece of workmanship, surmounted by two cherubim, one at each end, and all wrought of solid gold. In this apartment the divine presence was manifested in the cloud of glory between the cherubim."—*Ibid.*

5. As the children of Israel saw the gleaming white walls of the sanctuary court, the shining gold and silver of the tabernacle walls reflecting the lovely colors of the skillfully embroidered curtains, of what did this beauty speak to them? Ps. 29:9. (See margin.)

### ASSIGNMENT 4

#### The Services Held in the Sanctuary

6. In which apartment of the sanctuary did the priests officiate all through the year? Heb. 9:6.

7. What was the procedure when anyone had sinned and desired pardon? Lev. 4:27-31.

NOTE.—"The repentant sinner brought his offering to the door of the tabernacle, and placing his hand upon the victim's head, confessed his sins, thus in figure transferring them from himself to the innocent sacrifice. By his own hand the animal was then slain, and the blood was carried by the priest into the holy place and sprinkled before the veil, behind which was the ark containing the law that the sinner had transgressed. By this ceremony the sin was, through the blood, transferred in figure to the sanctuary."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 354.

### ASSIGNMENT 5

#### The Most Holy Place

8. During the year the priests served daily in the court and in the holy place, but they never went beyond the veil that separated the two apartments, the holy and the most holy places. Who only was allowed to enter the most holy place one day during the year? Heb. 9:7.

9. For what purposes did the high priest enter the most holy place on this one occasion during the year? Lev. 16:16.

NOTE.—"Throughout the year repentant men and women were continually coming to the sanctuary to make their offerings. As they killed an innocent kid or lamb and saw the priest sprinkle its blood before the veil on the horns of the altar, they were assured that their sins had been removed from them. They caught a glimpse of Jesus, the Lamb of God, whose blood removes our sins from us. But the bloodstains remained on the veil of the sanctuary, and once during the year a solemn service was held during which the sanctuary was cleansed of the records in blood of the sins of Israel.

### ASSIGNMENT 6

#### The Sanctuary in Heaven

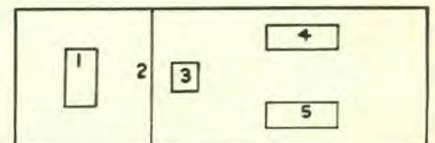
10. The work of the priests in the earthly sanctuary was to show the greater work in the great sanctuary in heaven. Where did Christ go after His earthly ministry was finished? Heb. 9:24.

11. What position does He occupy in the sanctuary in heaven? Verses 11, 12.

NOTE.—"After His ascension, our Saviour began His work as our high priest. . . . So did Christ plead His blood before the Father in behalf of sinners, and present before Him also, with the precious fragrance of His own righteousness, the prayers of penitent believers. Such was the work of ministration in the first apartment of the sanctuary in heaven."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 420, 421.

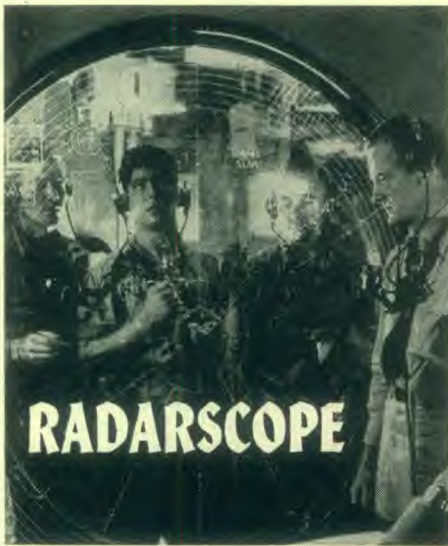
### ASSIGNMENT 7

Name the furnishings in this plan of the sanctuary.



1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_





► It is estimated that there are 250,000 model railroad hobbyists in the United States.

► MORE than a thousand asteroids, or small planets of the sun, have been observed by astronomers.

► SOMEONE has taken the trouble to show that a new broom really does sweep clean. Tests show that a sweeper can clean up to 30 per cent more floor with a new broom than with an old one.

► THE neighboring cities of El Paso, Texas, and Juárez, Mexico, have similar distinctions. El Paso is the largest United States city on the Mexican border, and Juárez is the largest Mexican city on the American border.

► THE year 1953 may have a record crop of babies for the United States. So far births are running 3 per cent ahead of last year. If the present trend continues, there will be well over 4 million blessed events reported for 1953.

► ASIDE from Mount Everest and Mount Annapurna in Nepal, there are at least 24 8,000-meter (26,000-foot) mountains upon which no human foot has ever yet been set. Some of these may be even more difficult to climb than was Mount Everest.

► ON North Carolina's coast where skeletons of ships old and new, wrecked on the shoals and washed ashore, bear witness to the region's toll of vessels and crews, the United States National Park Service is planning a 30,000-acre area to be known as the Cape Hatteras National Seashore Recreation Area. Here where man first flew a practical heavier-than-air machine will be America's first national seashore park.

► WITH the use of a new mechanical heart, it is possible for the surgeon to see the vital heart valve he is working on for periods of up to one hour. Instead of working by touch and feel as before, he can see the structures of the heart directly. The mechanical heart by-passes the blood from either the right or left side of the heart so that it does not need to go through the valve the surgeon is operating on. This device of stainless steel, rubber, and glass has been used already to good advantage.

► SOME 35,000 tests have been made at the Smithsonian Institution's tropical biological station in the Canal Zone. The purpose of these tests is to discover the likes and dislikes of the Barro Colorado Island's 42 species of termites. They are given different kinds of wood to eat, and this wood is impregnated with various kinds of repellents and poisons. One species under observation has been found to be capable of gnawing through lead. It is not that it likes lead, but the insatiable appetite of termites leads them to gnaw through almost anything that gets in their way in the hope that there will be wood on the other side.

► ONE out of every four headaches is caused by eyestrain, reports Dr. Franklin M. Foote, executive director for the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness. Our eyes, made primarily for outdoor work and distant seeing, are subjected in this modern age to close, detailed work. The resulting eyestrain often brings on a headache.

► CHIMPANZEES, generally regarded as the most intelligent of the apes, can master simple arithmetic, apparently recognize photographs of themselves, and even learn table manners.

► THE element with the highest melting point is tungsten. Used widely in lamp filaments, automobile ignition contacts, and X-ray tubes, it changes from a solid to a liquid at 6,100° Fahrenheit.

► ENGLAND's King Charles I once wanted a list of the citizens of London who could lend him money. This was the beginning of the London directory.

► THE State of Pennsylvania leads in the tanning and finishing of leather, and the State of Massachusetts leads all other States in the manufacture of boots and shoes.

► THE blood line of every thoroughbred horse can be traced to three horses imported into England in the eighteenth century.

► THE Baltic Sea has a lower salt content than any other sea in the world.

► NEARLY 2 million pairs of shoes come every day from the 1,200 shoe factories of the United States.

► THERE are 41,638 post offices of all classes in the United States and its possessions, according to a recent report.

► THE Mosquito Coast of Central America derives its name not from the mosquitoes in the area but from the Mosquito Indians of the Nicaraguan hinterlands.

► THE American Dental Association says that those who have not seen their dentist in more than three years are far more likely to need false teeth than those who are having regular dental treatment.

► ONE-THIRD more canned fruit juices and vegetables is being used in the United States now than in 1940. The percentage of increase is far greater than the increase of population in the corresponding period.

► A NEW high-tension electric generator was set in operation recently by Argentina's President Juan Perón. The generator is in the National Atomic Energy Commission Building in Buenos Aires.

► It takes 25 hours and a run of 200 miles down the Chesapeake Bay and up the Potomac River to transport gasoline from Baltimore to Washington, an actual distance of only 38 miles. Yet this is the most expensive method yet found.

► THE Riggs National Bank at Washington, D.C., still holds \$201.80 credited to the account of Abraham Lincoln. The balance of the unexplained A. Lincoln Hospital Fund was detected on the penned pages of an old bank ledger by Vice-President Roland T. Carr of the bank. As long as the bank exists there will be no way that it can draw on this money or transfer it to any other account. It will always be the A. Lincoln Hospital Fund.

## Walking in Love

The apostle Paul admonishes Christian youth to "walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God."

As I write, the great Pan-American Youth Congress has just closed in San Francisco. This morning thousands of youth are heading homeward, to South America, to Inter-America, to Hawaii. Alaska was well represented, and today Eskimos are returning to that far northland. To all sections of Canada and the United States delegates are homeward bound.

During this youth congress I saw a tremendous demonstration of walking in love, of Christian youth fervent in spirit, serving their Lord, testifying to His goodness, and indicating their determination to reconsecrate and rededicate their hearts and lives to Him for greater service.

In his admonition to "walk in love" Paul sets before Christian youth the responsibility of being ambassadors for Christ in all walks of life. Whatever we may be doing, we must recognize that we are to walk worthily, to

walk in Christ, to walk in love even as Christ walked.

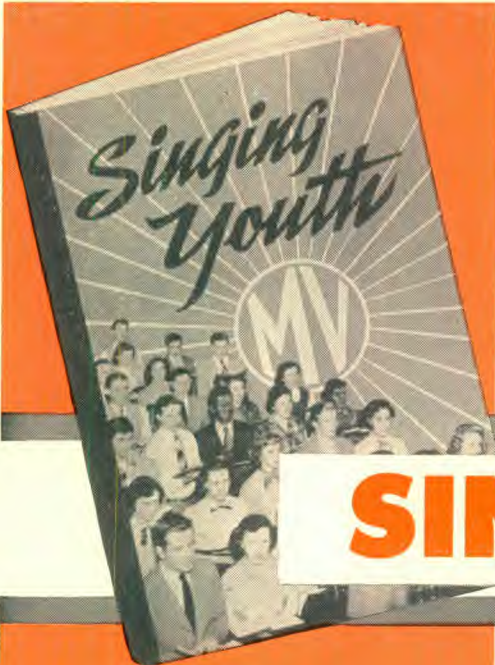
As I listened to the testimony of young people who had given faithful and diligent service to their Christ, it was heart warming to know that thousands and thousands of Seventh-day Adventist young people are earnestly walking and working in love for their Christ.

The weekend meetings at this great congress had an attendance of approximately eighteen thousand. All were orderly. They were dignified. They were young people with consecrated hearts and lives, eager to meet together in counsel, in prayer, and in dedication, that the work of God might be speedily finished.

And so around the world Seventh-day Adventist young people share their faith, from Hawaii to Alaska, from South America to Inter-America, from San Francisco to Toronto, and from Vancouver to Miami. Following their Christ, they walk in love, giving their lives in sacrifice to God.

R. J. CHRISTIAN.





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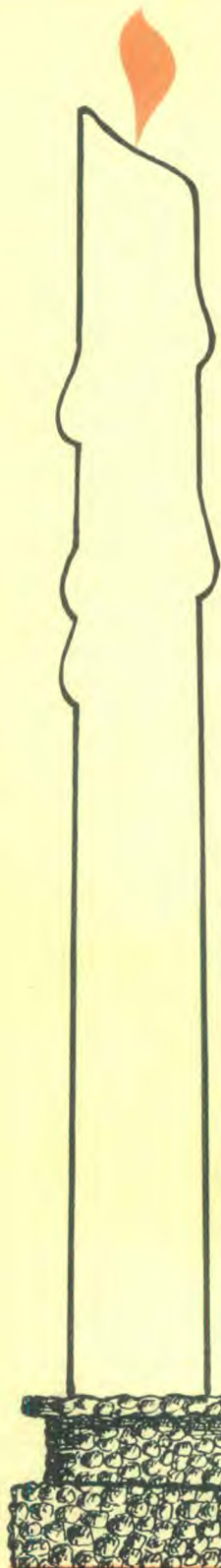
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