

The Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

Tanganyika Safari

A God Who Never Fails

SEPTEMBER 8, 1953

101/3





KELLOGG'S, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Cooperation

We were, of course, duly impressed as we made our tour of the giant factory. Intriguing displays of charts and bottles showed the multitude of products that had been extracted from the humble grains of the field. Everywhere we walked we were reminded of the immaculate care that was exercised to guarantee that our breakfast cereals came to our tables as clean and pure as human ingenuity could produce them.

How golden crisp were the flakes as we watched them cascade into their containers at the end of the baking process. And they tasted so delicious as we ate our treat at the end of the tour.

One thing, however, had not been called to our attention in all the tour, but its message was indelibly engraved on my heart. It was a simple sign, placed where it would be to workmen at the machines a repeated reminder. It read:

"Be careful.
If you are injured,
No matter how little,
Tell your foreman
At once."

You know, if each Christian in his bouts with temptation would do likewise—no matter how little the sin—tell his Foreman at once, he would achieve such success in service as would indeed make him "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Walter Crandall

Grace Notes

COVER Minnehaha Falls, immortalized in Longfellow's poem, *The Song of Hiawatha*, is in Minnehaha Park, Minneapolis, Minnesota. For more about Minnesota, see Maurice L. Fredricksen's "Nature in the Northland," page 9. Photo, courtesy of Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce.

PARADE The inexhaustible energies of Juniors was aptly illustrated when they provided a full afternoon's program at the Pan-American Youth Congress. It was a fast-paced program that measured the timing of photographers against ropes in mid-air, a pony on two feet, and girls with a live snake. The girls with the snake is a Bob Martin photo, and the others on page 6 are by T. K. Martin. Writer of "Pathfinders on Parade" is Lawrence Maxwell, editor of the new journal for Juniors.

SERMONS The Pan-American Youth Congress was characterized by a minimum of formal sermons and addresses. The few that were given, however, made a significant contribution to the thinking of youth delegates in San Francisco. Next week will bring the opening night address of Pastor E. W. Dunbar, "To Know Christ Better." The other sermons will appear in succeeding weeks.

FACTORY In supplying an air view of their plant to accompany this week's editorial, a member of the staff of the advertising department of the Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Michigan, wrote: "We confess that we never dreamed that anyone would derive a spiritual lesson from a sign in the midst of all the mechanical contrivances and contraptions in the plant." The talismans of great truths are not limited as to time, or place, or circumstance.

ILLUSTRATIONS We are increasingly indebted to our authors for accompanying their manuscripts with original pictures. Not all authors are equipped to capture a picture that just fits their story, but when they are, we have results such as accompanies "Bobby, a Wild Friend," on page 15. It was converted by the R&H photographers from the author's Kodachrome.

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

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

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*To Seventh-day Adventists the greatest
challenge is not snow-capped Kilimanjaro
or the big game that roam its base.*

TANGANYIKA SAFARI

By ERNEST D. HANSON

FIRST OF FOUR PARTS



TANGANYIKA, the land where truth is stranger than fiction and the mysterious and the unusual are commonplace! This is the Africa where David Livingstone, following the mango-lined trails of the slave traders, tore away the

veil of brutal secrecy from the traffic in human bodies, making the Dark Continent the land of missionary opportunity.

Out of Tanganyika's forest-bordered plains rises the highest peak in Africa, snow-capped Kilimanjaro, and at its base roams almost every type of big game to be found in the continent. But to Seventh-day Adventists, Africa's greatest challenge is the task of bringing God's last message to Tanganyika's 7,335,000 Africans, 57,000 Asians, and 10,700 Europeans. By flying "the printways" you will be able to join in a rugged safari through this land of enchantment, and to catch a glimpse of the great missionary adventure in Africa.

This safari began at Nairobi, Kenya Colony, when Pastor F. G. Reid, president of the Tanganyika Mission Field, met me with his automobile. We carried camp beds, blankets, mosquito nets, anti-malarial tablets, cooking equipment, food, and tools. To this list of supplies was added a large roll of personal effects belonging to Dr. William H. Taylor, of Heri Mission Hospital, who was to join us farther on, a quantity of canned food, and books for our Seventh-day Adventist colporteurs at Suji Mission.

At four-thirty that morning, two hours before daylight, we drove down the dimly lighted streets of Nairobi and out onto the Moshi road. Daylight disclosed the bush and grass country of the fierce, blood-drinking Masai. The sky was overcast and the air was cool. By the time we arrived at Arusha rain was falling. Throughout the day the clouds hung low over the twin peaks of Mount Meru (14,954 feet) and Mount Kilimanjaro (19,317 feet),

effectively hiding all but the foothills of these majestic, snow-capped mountains. Because of the lions, leopards, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, giraffes, antelopes, and the large herds of elephants and buffaloes to be found at the foot of these mountains and far up the slopes into the bamboo forests, Arusha and Moshi are the headquarters of many big-game safaris.

Beyond Moshi we turned south, driving along the base of the Pare Mountains. From there we drove through sisal estates of thirty thousand acres or more. The sisal plant belongs to the aloe family, growing thick, fleshy leaves from three to four feet in length. After five or six years the plant sends up a pole twenty or twenty-five feet in height, which is crowned with flowers, and then dies. The leaves are full of tough fibers used in the manufacture of rope and allied products.

At Mankania, ten miles from Suji, we left the secondary road and started off into the mountains. Through our binoculars we could see Suji against the skyline, set on a knifelike ridge. After having climbed three thousand feet in six miles of hairpin bends, we drove onto the Suji

Mission ridge. As we alighted from the car we were welcomed by Pastor M. B. Musgrave, the mission director, and J. C. Schoonraad, the headmaster of the school.

This area was given to Seventh-day Adventists in 1903 by the German emperor. Nearly all the traveling must be done on foot. Distances are measured by walking hours rather than by miles. All the mission buildings have been erected along the ridge, a central stone path leading to the front door of the upper house. One could almost jump from the windows of either house over the precipice, where he could roll for hundreds of feet. Nearly every day the mists creep over the saddle and into the mountain peaks. The evenings are sufficiently cool to make a fire an appreciated comfort.

One of our largest church buildings in Africa is four hours walking distance from Suji. In these mountains there are nearly two thousand baptized members, most of whom are Wapare.

From Suji we drove 250 miles west over plains and hills to Ngorongoro. The last fifteen miles saw us climbing steadily through parklike grassy glades teeming



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

On this site David Livingstone lived after he met H. M. Stanley at Ujiji on October 28, 1871. When he left this post on August 25, 1872, he undertook what was to be his last trip in Africa.

with game and lined with moss-festooned giants of the primeval forest. At eight-thousand-foot elevation we reached the rim of an extinct volcano, the crater of which measures fifteen by eleven miles and drops three thousand feet below the rim. Around the shallow brackish lake in the center of the crater is to be found one of the greatest game concentrations of all Africa.

We quickly set up our beds, kindled a fire, and prepared our supper. The bone-chilling mountain air soon drove us to our blankets. The new day was ushered in by a cold morning mist. While we were packing our safari gear, we saw one of those great monarchs of the forest, a one-ton black bull buffalo, grazing on the lush grass adjoining the campsite.

The next few days we spent among the Wambugu people, who live in the hills, usually at an altitude of from 5,000 to 6,500 feet. They build their houses on

a hillside half under and half above the ground. These houses are slightly dome shaped. The doors are designed for short people, so we had to stoop to enter.

Near the door is a low platform covered with a reed mat or cowhide.

This is the husband's bed. At the end of this long narrow room is a larger room where the cattle and goats are kept. An adjoining room contains the grain bin. Its wall, made of ashes and cow dung to keep out the weevils and the moisture, is about one and a half inches thick. In this same room the wife—or wives—and children sleep. Thus an enemy must pass by the husband, through two rooms and three doors, before he can disturb the women and children.

While we were in this Mbulu country we looked over several possible sites for African mission stations. We have two evangelists and two unpaid workers in this area nearly 200 miles long. At the

first place to which we came the people presented us with a goat, two dressed chickens, and three dozen eggs, as a gift to the *bwana makuba* (big chief), referring to me. Since we were not camping at this place, we returned the goat, advising them to sell it (value about \$2.15), and to use the money in purchasing roughly hewn boards for desk tops. Our suggestion seemed to please them very much.

After leaving Mbulu, we drove to Dodoma, in central Tanganyika. On this road we saw one of the rare sights of Africa—a black leopard. Sixty-five miles from the town in unpopulated bush country it crossed the road in front of the car. The railway hotel at Dodoma was comfortable, and the food was good, provided one is not too critical. Here we were joined by Dr. William Taylor, who had come by train from Kigoma.

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An Indian Jewel

By CHARLES S. COOPER

HERE is nothing quite so dear to the heart of an Indian girl as jewelry, and Pronoy could wear it, for her parents were not poor. A charming young lady and well liked, Pronoy was a brilliant student in the state women's college. But she had been studying more than literature, mathematics, and science. She had been studying her Bible, and step by step had decided that she must be a Seventh-day Adventist.

Most of it was quite easy, except this matter of jewelry. She could imagine the ridicule of her classmates, for they would be sure to notice its disappearance. The very thought of it made her wonder whether Christ was really worth enduring the cruelty that thoughtless young people can often inflict through taunt and laughter.

When my wife and I anxiously called at her home several days before her baptism, Pronoy met us at the door. She was neatly dressed, and adorned only with the natural beauty God gave woman. She smiled, and we knew without words that the victory had been won.

"Well, how did the first day go?" I queried.

The schoolmates had done all that was expected, but something wonderful had happened. Pronoy had feared that she would be embarrassed and ashamed, but the joy of victory was so great that she found herself happily telling her associates, "Jesus doesn't want me to wear all that jewelry, and if Jesus doesn't like it, I don't want it either."

After the baptism only a few weeks remained until the final examinations would be held at the college. Pronoy had realized the possibility that some of the tests might be held on the Sabbath, and had prayed that it would be otherwise. But when the schedule was posted, two examinations were listed for the Sabbath, and all efforts to persuade the school authorities to change the schedule or to permit Pronoy to sit for a special examination at some time other than the Sabbath proved to be in vain.

That particular Sabbath morning



Pronoy was at her place in the Sabbath school. A certain smile of victory marked her face as she presented the mission story for the day. Lost was an entire year's study, but she had passed *cum laude* the test of loyalty to God. This year Pronoy is attending our Seventh-day Adventist college, where she is preparing to do her share in finishing the Lord's work.

I believe that when the Lord makes up His jewels there will be one more from India. A new day has dawned for God's work in this mission field.

PATHFINDERS on PARADE

By LAWRENCE MAXWELL

JUST as soon as this great auditorium is cleared at noon, all the seats except those under the balconies will be taken from this arena. The only seats that will be available will be those in the balcony," Pastor T. E. Lucas was announcing as the Thursday morning session drew to a close.

"What for?" someone grumbled to his neighbor. "Why are they taking away my favorite seat? What in the world are they going to do on ten thousand square feet of open floor space?"

"It's this way," a friend explained, "the Junior youth are taking over this afternoon."

Now, Juniors and activity mean the same thing. Left to themselves, they also mean trouble. But directed wisely, they can mean fun, citizenship, eternal life. At least, they do when there is a Pathfinder Club around. Be sure you're in your seat well before two-fifteen!

And now it's two-fifteen. The balconies are crowded. Engineers are fiddling with spotlights. Black-coated fire inspectors and gray-clothed detectives stand inconspicuously observant. Expectancy is everywhere. Pastor Laurence Skinner is on the platform with Pastor T. E. Lucas. And from far back under the rear balcony they come—hundreds and hundreds of smartly uniformed Junior youth ten to fifteen years old—the Pathfinders!

Snapping stiffly to attention, they salute the flag as it rises swiftly up the pole. Most of them then take seats, and the Napa (California) club leads the devotional exercises. They repeat the Junior Pledge; then, opening their Bibles, kneeling, performing calisthenics, acting fast-moving pantomimes, they demonstrate the eight phases of the Junior Missionary Volunteer Law.

The devotional is finished. At once these Pathfinders leave the floor and others immediately take their places. Among them is a bicycle brigade from Stockton. They wheel in, turning, twisting. They line up for a race—or so the announcer says. They're off! But what sort of race is this? They move like snails. Ah, of course, it's the last one in who wins, and what a time they have trying to stay on! It's a lot of fun—good, clean fun. Ronald Lyons is the winner.

It's midnight. A faithful Pathfinder leader paces the floor. What can he do for the Juniors of his church? His face suddenly brightens—a good idea at last! He will take them on a field trip!

Dawn is coming, bright, calm, over the silent desert. Suddenly a screech of tires, a raucous honk, and a shout—the Colton Pathfinders are here! Sixteen of them pour from the old coupé (how many *can* an old car hold?) and swarm across the sands. They are after rocks for their mineralogy collection. They catch butterflies, a snake (alive), and at last, find the coveted jasper. It's been a good day. They pile back into and on the old coupé. But, say, wait, driver! Four of them are missing. Where are they? They've climbed the cliff! And walking down the balcony aisles nearly three hundred feet apart, they bear a huge sign saying, "We Think Field Trips Are Fun."

And they must be. For here comes another club, from Auburn, demonstrating the right and wrong way to camp. But whoever taught them to hike like this? They are loaded with double-bladed axes, a snow shovel, a huge pot, and bed-rolls held clumsily under their arms. They try to prepare for the night, but build a

fire much too large. They erect a shelter using poison oak branches for the roof. They try to sleep, but look out! The shelter is falling over, and the fire is blazing out of control. These boys need help, quick!

Happily, help is on the way. A group of well-organized Pathfinders come in the nick of time. They are all girls, but they know what to do. With skill, ingenuity, and quick efficiency they have the fire under control, and a lean-to erected that will not fall down. The boys watch, awed. And the afternoon's program hurries on.

Three Pathfinder Clubs demonstrate close-order drill—Loma Linda, Napa, and Glendale. It's a brilliant display of disciplined precision. Orders fly with bewildering rapidity. "Column left, column right, to the count of ten, *march!*" "First squad to the rear, march; second squad to the rear, march; third squad to the rear, march; fourth squad to the rear, march." And the orders are obeyed!

Pathfinders are marching forward, backward, sideways; in lines and columns; in quick time, half time, full steps, half steps; they form squares, circles, spokes, turning, circling, pivoting, heads erect, arms swinging, feet flashing. Oh, sure,



PHOTO, STANLEY WILLIAM

Stretching across the plaza in front of the Civic Auditorium were hundreds of Pathfinders preparing to participate in the mammoth Junior youth program at the Pan-American Youth Congress.

there's a mistake once in a while. Someone gets mixed up. But no one in the audience laughs. Too many of the delegates know *they* couldn't do what these Pathfinders are doing, and many of them are making up their minds that when they go home they are going to teach the Junior youth in their churches.

There's a group of Pathfinders working with long poles over in the far corner. Can't tell exactly what they are trying to make, and we can't watch too closely, either, for here come more bicycles.

Pathfinders from Turlock are cycling down the road. Someone has erected two telephone poles, with "high-tension" wires

even five minutes for every hobby and craft they sponsor. To present as many as possible in the least time, club members parade by on floats. The Galt club, led by a pony, features dairying and sewing. Walnut Creek Pathfinders, pulled by a tractor, show produce they have raised in their gardens, including rye from their seven-acre rye field. The Hillmont club brings a miniature booth based on one they entered in the Calaveras County Fair. Ukiah features pre-Pathfinder Adventurers, bearing the banner, "We know our age is under ten, BUT we just couldn't wait till then."

The Konocti and Market Street (Oak-

land) clubs enter on floats depicting a variety of crafts, including the making of fiber flowers. Angwin Pathfinders show girls cooking—and the boys eating! Bak-ersfield Pathfinders are eagerly polishing stones. The Chowchilla club is making radios; two clubs from Southeastern California are making model airplanes (flying them, too) and building fires. Fresno is weaving.

There are more ponies during the afternoon, and a mule. One of the ponies captures the day by telling how old he is and agreeing that Pathfinders are good boys and girls.

Can you tie knots? I don't mean, Can you tie your shoe-strings? I mean, bowlines, square knots, sheep-shanks. And can you tie them *fast*? Pathfinders can! Watch them! They are lined in a row, each with a length of rope. Pastor Skinner calls the name of a knot, and almost before the words are out of his mouth, a Pathfinder has tied the knot and is dropping it to the floor to prove the fact. In a moment all the knots are falling—finished. The Path-

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strung between them. One wire sags ominously. Better watch out for that low wire, fellows! Oh! One of them hit it! He's "knocked out," sprawling helpless. One of his buddies rushes to his rescue. Too bad! The would-be rescuer touches the victim. He's "unconscious" too. Another Pathfinder is on the way. Wisely he brings an ax, and cuts the line—but only on one side. Soon he's flat on the ground with the others. But the next Pathfinder cuts the wire on the other side, and it is safe to proceed with restorative measures.

This is too big a job, however, for first aid. Resuscitators are needed. Off goes a Pathfinder to call for them. And here they come—a real fire engine, with red lights flashing and siren wide open, followed by an ambulance. (Thank you, San Francisco Fire Department and Red Cross Chapter.) I once heard someone say the Pathfinder afternoon would probably be the duller part of the congress. I don't hear anyone say it now. Everyone is on the edge of his seat, wondering what will happen next.

Pathfinder Clubs are such active organizations that it would be impossible to allow



Top left: A knot-tying demonstration, with emphasis on speed, leaves the spectators breathless. As each boy completes his knot he drops his rope to the floor. Top right: Men from the San Francisco Rescue Squad assist Pathfinders in resuscitating an "electrocuted" friend for the life-saving demonstration. Center: Jackie Guthrie, from Galt, California, parades with Dancer. Bottom left: Somehow, somewhere, in the auditorium the girls come up with a live snake. Bottom right: From a tower made on the spot comes the message: "Wherever there are Adventist boys and girls, there should be a Pathfinder Club."



A name can sometimes be prophetic. It was so with Soledad.

The Highway of the Bells

By ELTON A. JONES

PART 5

FROM Santa Barbara it is a distance of about thirty-five miles along U.S. 101 to the next mission in the chain of twenty-one. The road is good—there is a hill a few miles east of San Luis Obispo over the low Santa Lucia Range called the Cuesta Pass. The summit, however, is less than sixteen hundred feet, so there is nothing to cause concern. This gives entrance to a beautiful valley between the Gabilan and Santa Lucia ranges, which are part of the Coast Ranges.

San Miguel Arcángel was the sixteenth mission in Padre Serra's chain, the eleventh on the journey northward from San Diego. It dates from July 25, 1797, when the padre-president Lasuen dedicated the mission, although he was seventy-seven years of age at the time, and this was the third he had founded in this single year. He gave it the ponderous name of Most Glorious Prince of the Celestial Militia, Archangel Saint Michael. With apparent good reason it has been shortened in common use to San Miguel.

Just as persons have individuality, so have the old Spanish missions. No two are just the same, either in architecture, layout, or landscaping. This is perhaps the more notable because each mission was begun with a grant of one thousand dollars from the Pious Fund from Mexico City. The same equipment—both church and agricultural—was allowed to each, with beads and tobacco with which to allure the native Indians, and the same amount of cloth to cover them. San Miguel is rather outstanding in some of its characteristics.

There were at least two active factors in the selection of the site: here the Santa Isabel and San Marcos rivers would supply water for irrigation, and the Indians had requested that a mission be planted among them. Its beginning was auspicious, for fifteen Indian children were presented for baptism. In seven years more than 1,150 converts were counted, and at its zenith in 1814 there were 1,076 neophytes. Dur-

ing the thirty-nine years of its mission life not quite 2,600 natives were baptized.

As usual the first buildings here were somewhat temporary, and soon became inadequate. In 1806 there were forty-seven buildings of various kinds and sizes for as many purposes, but disaster overtook the mission. Fire destroyed workshops and storerooms, and the tools and stored crops were largely lost. A corner of the church was burned.

It was in 1816 that work was begun on a new one, which is the present church. It rests on a stone foundation; walls are the customary adobe. When in 1821 the roof was on and ready for the interior decorations, an artist named Esteban Munras was brought in to supervise the work. He did such fine work that San Miguel is famous for its beautiful interior.

Another distinctive feature at San Miguel is that it stands on the original El Camino Real, and U.S. 101 has merely absorbed it at this spot. In most cases the old pathway of the padres is quite lost. There are some bells of interest here, one of them, cast in San Francisco in 1888 from several old bells, weighs twenty-five hundred pounds and is still in daily use.

This was the last mission to be sold by Pio Pico, because three days after that the American flag flew at Monterey. There are many things to see at San Miguel; historically it is one of the richest of the mission chain.

It would not be inappropriate for one to refer to San Miguel as the mission on the highway. And it would be as appropriate to say that San Antonio is the mission *off* the highway, for off it is—about twenty miles—and every mile is pleasing and delightful.

About fourteen miles north on U.S. 101 from San Miguel a road branches west (to the left), and San Antonio is to be found on the east slope of the Santa Lucia Range.

Padre Serra founded this mission. Hanging a bell to the limb of a tree, he rang it lustily. The cross was raised, mass was sung, and the mission launched July 14, 1771, being named for Saint Anthony of Padua. It is said that one lone Indian witnessed the ceremony, and he in safe seclusion. Afterward, however, he made himself known and accepted a bright-colored string of beads as a gift. Serra stayed only two weeks on this visit, and the next year a new site was chosen on the banks of San Miguel Creek. By 1773 the church and some dwellings were up and thatched. The first church was small, but in 1779 the padres began a more ambitious program, and a 130-foot-long church was erected and roofed with tile.

The mission was prosperous, the natives were friendly, and grazing lands encouraged the raising and breeding of horses of such fine stock that they brought fame to the mission. Its largest population of natives was in 1805, when 1,296 were enrolled.

In 1810 another and larger church, 40 by 200 feet, was built; the walls of this building were nearly six feet thick. San Antonio suffered so badly from maladministration by a friar named Mercado



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



Left: Carmel Mission as seen from the garden, with its bell tower and now-famous star window. Right: Mission San Miguel Arcángel with its fine arches and attractive garden walk.

that it was not long until it was virtually deserted. The earthquake of 1906 did its share of damage to the buildings, vandalism must bear its share, and utter neglect left the mission in melancholic but beautiful ruins.

When I drove in to see the "ruins" of San Antonio three years ago, I was much surprised to find the church under reconstruction and the work progressing well. Doubtless by now it may be complete. Of course, at first opportunity I shall visit it again, for these missions are interesting, and a number are charming.

The neat mission north was dedicated Nuestra Señora de la Soledad ("Our Lady of Solitude"). There were already missions at Carmel and San Antonio, and this one was placed between them, about thirty-five miles north of San Antonio. Today it is reached from U.S. 101, the site being a few miles west of this trunk highway. The padre-president Lasuen founded this—the thirteenth in succession—on October 9, 1791, on the plains of the Salinas valley.

It was a bleak spot, and aptly named Soledad. Here the soil was not fertile, the

water supply was meager, and the population sparse. It seemed an unhappily chosen site. The padres who came were content to stay not more than a year or two, so dreary and so lonely it was.

If one looks for confirmation that the number thirteen is sinister, one might find it here in the story of Soledad. Troubles and difficulties haunted the place. Even the padres seemed to be ill-chosen, worldly, and worthless as missionaries. Deaths oft occurred, and Soledad shares only with Carmel the distinction of having a governor die and be buried in the mission church.

It was Governor José Joaquín de Arrillaga, who passed away at Soledad, and the historians tell us of this interesting incident. Of course, he was a Catholic, and was devout in his belief. When he felt he would soon die he went to Soledad to have the company of his friend, Father Ibanez. When his death occurred in 1814 he left six hundred dollars in cash as prepayment of four hundred masses to be said for his soul at Soledad, another hundred to be said in San Antonio, and a final hundred to be said at San Miguel.

Soledad was never populous as were many of the missions. In all its existence it baptized less than twenty-two hundred persons.

The end came with the secularization in 1834. It could not survive but went into decline, and is now in ruins. Not even one arch is left. There was one standing in 1904, but that is now collapsed. Today Soledad is truly in solitude, surrounded by wide fields of gracefully waving grains, its adobe mounds slowly being eroded by rain and wind.

The next year (1770), after the founding of the mission San Diego de Alcalá, Padre Serra, Governor Portola, and Padre Crespi set out once again to find Monterey. This time two expeditions were sent out: one went north by sea aboard the *San Antonio*, and Padre Serra was with this group; the other set out by land, and Padre Crespi was with them. The former group reached Monterey after only eight days of travel.

Promptly a shelter of boughs went up, and Padre Serra formally took possession of all. Another mission, San Carlos Bor-

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H. A. ROBERTS

Miracle Baby

By JOSEPH CAPMAN

I went with her to the small lad's room. He had pneumonia, and was in an oxygen tent. He was lying very still and looked like death itself. The skin on his face looked dark, and his breath was short and weak. My heart was moved with pity as I looked at the baby, and how I wished that I could do something to help.

Just then the mother said, "Pastor, will you pray for my boy? Will you carry out the Bible instruction on divine healing; will you anoint him with oil, as God has directed in the fifth chapter of James, and pray for the baby?"

"Yes," I said.

There were two other ordained ministers at the sanitarium that morning, and I had them join with me in prayer.

Before going to the sickroom, we had a short season of prayer, asking the dear Lord to forgive us our sins and to hear

our petitions. The cook gave us some olive oil, and we went to the baby's bedside. Each one of us offered a short prayer, in a few well-chosen words, asking God if it would be to His glory, and for the child's best good, to hear our prayers; if He would honor the faith of the dear mother, and increase her faith and love for Him, to look down from heaven and heal the baby.

We rose from our knees and looked at the little boy, but nothing happened while we were in the room. We went away seriously thinking and wondering, but not losing our faith in God or in His power to heal.

The next morning the mother came to see me. She was so happy her face simply shone. She said, "My baby was healed. Come and see him." I went with her to the child's room. He was playing with his rattle and had a smile on his face. Oh! what a change. I said, "Surely we have a great God!" From then on that little boy was called the miracle baby.

ONE early morning just after family worship at the Hinsdale (Illinois) Sanitarium and Hospital, a little woman of foreign nationality met me in the parlor. She was weeping, and said, "Pastor, my baby boy is very sick. The doctors have given him up to die, and they say that he can live only a little while longer. Would you like to see him?"

DURING the last few years fate has taken me over a great deal of the earth's surface, not only in the United States, but in a great many foreign lands as well. And though there are beautiful spots scattered all over the globe, to me there is none more interesting or more enchanting than the land of the sky-blue waters.

To many of you readers Minnesota may be only a name that you memorized along with the names of forty-seven other States during your school days. Perhaps it is just a shapeless mass on the map that, from all you have ever heard, brings to mind only two things—cold weather and mosquitoes. Now, I am not trying to claim that Minnesota does not have both of these, but there is so much more. What do you say to a bit of armchair traveling?

It was back in the sixteen hundreds that the first two white men, Raddison and Groseilliers, traveled up the Mississippi River in search of adventure and to promote their fur-trading business. Since that time a great many changes have taken place as far as the population and agriculture are concerned. No longer do we find the land divided between two powerful Indian tribes, the Chippewas and the Sioux, but we do see the same natural beauty as did those early explorers. The country that once belonged to our Indian brothers is of two distinct types, and comprises in all some eighty-four thousand square miles. First, there are the plains of the western and southern portion, with beautiful rolling hills and much fertile soil; second, the heavily wooded areas that lie in the north and eastern regions. To me the latter are the most interesting, and that is where we shall go on our imaginary journey.

What do you say we begin at Minnesota's largest city, Minneapolis? First, before trekking northward, let us visit the Falls of Saint Anthony. These falls were discovered in 1680 and named by Louis Hennepin, dispatched by La Salle to explore the Mississippi. They are best known today as Minnehaha Falls, since their source is Minnehaha Creek. Since Longfellow wrote of this beautiful spot in *Hiawatha*, the march of civic growth and progress has nearly dehydrated them, so that, except in flood times, the rock-strewn bed of Minnehaha Creek is nearly dry. However, a dam has been built above the falls to impound the stream, and on special occasions the floodgates are opened and the cascade foams in its former glory.

Minneapolis also has many other scenic spots. Lakes and wooded areas are only short distances from the roar and din of traffic; carefully preserved are the quiet restful acres so much enjoyed by all. But let us move on and visit some of the other choice scenery in the State.

About 125 miles north and west lies Mille Lacs, second largest of the thousands of bodies of water that seem to be everywhere. This lake contains more than

NATURE in the NORTHLAND

By MAURICE L. FREDRICKSEN

two hundred square miles of dazzling deep-blue water, and is a fisherman's paradise. Here we may take a boat and spend several days cruising around watching the gulls and birds or viewing the thickly timbered shore, but the weather is just right for travel, so we continue our journey. Journeying north over smooth highways hedged with small cedar and scrubby pines, we note the trees growing larger and more dense, until we seem to be driving between walls of brilliant green beneath a ceiling of azure blue.

We are beginning to see white-barked trees growing more profusely. These are birch, and the gray-barked ones with the shimmering leaves are the aspen, sometimes called the quaking asp. Mostly, however, we see two types of pines, the Norway and the white species. The white is the one with the beautiful horizontal masses of three-sided needles, blue green and pliable, which grow in clusters of five. Its grayish bark is rough and deeply grooved in old trees. The Norway is

straight and tall, but not quite the height of the large white pines. The trunk is reddish in color, and the needles are dark green, flat on one side and rounded on the other. These grow in clusters of two.

As we progress we notice the shadows beginning to lengthen, and we become aware of the fact that if we are to find suitable lodging for the night, we must watch for signs as we go along. Presently we come to a crossroad with a variety of arrows pointing off the highway, each bearing the name of some camp. We turn off onto a light sandy road. After driving about three miles we view through the pines a lovely gentian-blue lake nestled in a basin formed by many hills. We are fortunate enough to secure one of the cottages dotting the shore, and prepare for a good supper and an evening of relaxation on the comfortable screened-in porch.

To watch the sun set across Lake Minnewawa is one of the most beautiful sights that could be found anywhere. The water



KEYSTONE

As we journey north we begin to see white-barked trees growing more profusely.

changes from liquid sapphire, and for a moment seems to be on fire as it shimmers with the fading rays of the lowering sun. Finally it is dusk, and with the darkness come the strange sounds of night, bird calls, especially the owls, then ten thousand insects join in a chorus and lull us into peaceful slumber.

In the morning we rise before dawn, for we know that in order to view nature in its prime, we must be up and watch its awakening.

We push out across the still waters in our boat, and anchor in a bed of water

water line while searching for some choice morsel in the mud.

Only a short way down the shore a crane stands, one leg drawn up tightly beneath his breast, a perfect statue in a serene setting. All is peaceful but not quiet, with the quacking of the ducks and the laughter of the loons. These fowl look a great deal like a goose and grow to be three feet in length. Presently a furry little muskrat swims close by our boat, and we see that he is heading for his home, a mass of reeds and sticks and brush well woven together and extending

so we row back into shore and have a warm breakfast. We realize that it would be delightful to spend a week or so in this place, and that even then we would not see everything. However, our time is limited, and there is so much to see that we must not stay too long at any one place.

On the road again we head due east for Duluth, Minnesota's third largest city, squeezed between a perfect harbor and a barrier of hill that hangs like a natural rock garden above the very chimneys of the skyscrapers. It is on the shores of Lake Superior and is one of the most oddly placed of cities. The hills become more prevalent as we come closer to the lake district, and a bird's-eye view of the entire city is an amazing sight. The huge ore docks nearly a half mile long, spidery coal hoists, drawbridges, and massive grain elevators make a picture of bustling enterprise along these calm waters.

Before we reach the other side of Duluth's city limits, we notice signs calling our attention to the Lake Shore Drive. This road stretches some 150 miles north and east along the shores of Lake Superior all the way to Canada. We have no trouble following the highway, and we are in constant view of the shore line. There are many places where we may stop our car and get out, scramble down the rocky purplish paths to the very brink of the splashing, spraying water.

The drive northward through the arrowhead country, as it is called, is a sight that we cannot well afford to miss, but space does not permit a detailed description of it here.

We go through Two Harbors and watch the great barges unload coal and take on iron ore before they again steam out into the deep. Their course is north and eastward toward Pennsylvania.

We pass many beautiful sights. Gooseberry Falls, unmarred by man-made barriers, flows today as it did 275 years ago when Grosseilliers first discovered it. Next comes Split Rock Lighthouse. This bright-eyed sentinel, from its lofty perch on the rock-bound shore, is a guiding star to Lake Superior mariners.

Oh, there is so much to see! We go past Beaver Bay and through the beautiful Sawteeth Mountains, where the timber is still larger and more dense. What wild country this is, with few villages and with nature in its unmarred state.

It is by being among the creatures of nature, in the midst of all this beauty and splendor, that we gain a clearer conception of some of the most wonderful things that God has given us for our real pleasure and true enjoyment. We can see Him, the great Creator of all the universe, in each of the tiny intricate ferns and flowers. The birds, animals, and fish all remind us of what the psalmist wrote thousands of years ago—"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork." This is just as true today as it was then.

Song of David

By JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

From Bethlehem he led his father's flocks
Up craggy slope, across the sheltered lea,
And by the quiet streams; between great rocks
He found the secret caves where one day he,
In direr straits, would seek a hiding place
From jealous enemies. And here he learned
A peace, a courage, and a trust whose grace
Sang through the words that in his young heart burned.

O ruddy shepherd, youthful warrior, king!
Not scribe, nor sword, nor scepter taught to you
Your loveliest song . . . nor lonely wandering.
Always the hearts of men hear—singing through
Its stately measures—strength of towering hill,
Grace of green pastures, peace of waters still.

lilies about seventy-five feet from shore, in a small out-of-the-way cove. The light is growing brighter in the east, and the sky is streaked with color in every hue, from delicate pink to cardinal red. The water, mirroring the sky, changes from the gray of dawn to the brilliant hues brought with the rising sun.

As we sit almost motionless we hear a splashing close to shore, and presently there emerges from the rushes a family of wild ducks. The two older birds swim in the lead, and seven small ducklings follow. They do not see us, and they make their way playfully along the shore, feeding on the roots and tender shoots of vegetation, or diving under the surface, leaving only two webbed feet above the

about two feet above the water level and some thirty feet from shore.

Over on a grassy point jutting out into the water directly ahead of us we see a slight movement, and presently a deer appears. She has evidently come to drink. We note how carefully she moves, her body poised and yet so tense, as if she senses danger close at hand. She evidently detects our scent, or else we have not been quite still enough, for she bounds off into the denseness of the undergrowth.

The sun is shining full and golden now, and all nature seems awake. Several small fishing boats come into our cove, drop anchor, and begin letting out their lines among the lily pads. We know there will not be much more wildlife to study here,

MV Youth in Action

"In the Choice of Associates"

By Rollin A. Nesmith

This world would be a lonely place if it were not for our friends and others with whom we associate. "For none of us liveth to himself," said Paul. Being free moral agents, we have a wonderful privilege in the right of choice. We rise or fall, succeed or fail, much in line with the type and caliber of our associates. August Bamberger says:

"There's a part of the sun in the apple,
There's a part of the moon in a rose;
There's a part of the flaming Pleiades
In every leaf that grows."

So we are a part of all those with whom we associate. How important it is that the right people are selected to mold and influence our lives. Too many times our associates are a definite hindrance to our character development. "Draw near to God, and come into closer union with His people. Let your interest and your affections center in Christ and His followers. *Love those best who love Christ most,*" wrote Ellen G. White. (Italics supplied.)

The choosing and making of friends is one of life's greatest adventures. It is the very nature of man to be social. "It is not good that the man should be alone." Next to our relationship to God, there is nothing that will have a greater influence upon our life than our choice of friends, friends who will prove a help and blessing to us.

"God's people cannot with safety enter into intimate associations with those who know the truth, but do not practice it." Yes, one really chooses his destiny when he chooses his friends. Resolutely say, "I will honor Christ in the choice of associates."

If Samson had followed the Legion of Honor in the selection of his associates and friends, what a different story history would record. Blind at Gaza, bound as a slave, grinding at the mill—blinding, binding, grinding. What a tragedy!

We are bound by the influence of our associates, good or bad. We are blind if we refuse to recognize this fundamental law: "Show me your company, and I will show you your character." We will be grinding for the Philistines instead of for Israel if we are not alert in the choice of companions and friends. "Had Samson obeyed the divine commands as faithfully as his parents had done, his would have

been a nobler and happier destiny. But association with idolaters corrupted him. . . . Samson came to mingle with them on friendly terms. Thus in his youth, intimacies sprung up, the influence of which darkened his whole life."

It is natural to desire the companionship of young people your own age. Your definition of a good time, your ideals, and attitudes are all colored by the preferences of your friends. In fact, friends and associates mean so much to youth that they may influence your attitudes and reactions more than even the members of your own family.

So look well to the choice of your associates, for in it is your future happiness or sorrow. "If you would have broad views, noble thoughts and aspirations, choose associations that will strengthen right principles. Let every thought and the purpose of every action bend to the securing of the future life, with eternal happiness."

The New Natividad

By Vernon R. Jewett

Twelve-year-old Natividad was one of six children baptized in a church school in the North Philippine Union Mission. Her parents were not members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, but they had placed her in our school, where she had taken her fourth, fifth, and now her sixth grade. She became interested in the activities of the other boys and girls, and soon she began coming to the Sabbath school. Little by little the truth of God had been impressed upon her young heart until she had taken her stand and was baptized.

Then one day she was suddenly taken ill with a ruptured appendix. Before she left the school, the teacher gathered the children together and earnestly pleaded with God to watch over Natividad while she was gone and to help her to get well again soon. Then she was rushed to the hospital. There the doctor examined her, and soon came to the conclusion that there was not much he could do for her and that she would probably die that night.

In the meantime back in her home church the people assembled for prayer meeting. The chief burden on their hearts as they knelt in prayer was that Natividad's

dad's life might be spared. They prayed in faith, and God saw fit to answer their prayers.

Then as a true shepherd of the flock, her teacher said to her when she got home, "It was the Lord who worked for you. Had you not been a child of His, probably you might not have lived. Now you have been spared, probably because the Lord wants you to be His tool to save your sisters and your parents."

Natividad has accepted the challenge. Patiently and tenderly she is drawing her loved ones to Jesus. Every night now these parents are attending cottage meetings and are becoming interested in present truth. Her younger sister is now attending Sabbath school and has decided to be baptized soon. Unfortunately her older sister is studying in some outside school, and until now she has allowed this influence to keep her from accepting the third angel's message. However, she has



VERNON R. JEWETT

Natividad, a young girl in the Philippines, whose life God spared, so she might share her faith.

taken the Bible correspondence lessons, and she may yet give her heart to God also.

Natividad's mother said to our teacher, "Thank you very much for that girl. Before she went to your school, she was very bad. Now she is a good girl, very industrious and obedient, much more so than the two sisters who are studying elsewhere."

The members of that church know the value of a Christian education. They are willing to keep their school open at any cost. When told that the salary of the teachers would be a little higher next year, the elder said, "That's all right. They are soul winners. We are willing to pay the price if only we can keep our teachers."

One after another, almost miraculously, I saw

the barriers removed. We serve

A GOD WHO NEVER

By BETTIE SKILES

I PRACTICALLY flew to the telephone and called the Bible instructor, "O Mrs. Tompkins, what are we going to do? I'm afraid Margery and Al are going to begin paying tithe, and they just can't!"

This was my first series of Bible studies, and it was being too successful, I feared. God had led me in finding this young couple who were willing to have me practice what I was learning in the Bible training class. He had marvelously brushed aside every obstacle that might have kept me from telling them His truths. But how could God help them now, when they were deciding to pay tithe? I did not see how they could afford it.

Jessie Tompkins had arranged some weeks before to give Bible studies to the young people of the church and instruct them on how to give them to others. The adults were welcome too! But we had a tiny baby girl only two months old. Would I have time to learn to give Bible studies? And the house we planned on moving into was nearly ready. Besides moving and getting settled, there would be a lawn, a garden, and flowers to plant. Soon there would be endless weeds and watering. And a wee baby takes so much time and attention.

Perhaps I should not have even tried to attend the class. But I longed to learn to give the message of hope to others. From the day of my baptism I had hoped someday to be able to tell my sister, brother, and father, and other loved ones, neighbors, and friends of the reason for the hope that I now had. How I wanted to explain these Bible truths to them as they had been explained to me.

I prayed about it. The story of Martha and Mary came to me. Mary had sat at Jesus' feet and heard His words. Martha was too busy with her housework to listen. Jesus wants us to be neat housekeepers and good mothers, I am sure, but He had commended Mary because she had chosen that good part which would not be taken away from her.

Our time is very precious. Jesus is coming soon. Loved ones and neighbors must be warned. Many times we waste our time doing things that are not really necessary. Surely God would make a way for me.

I enjoyed each class more than I can tell you. From the beginning God's Spirit seemed to pour right through the Bible instructor into my heart, as she gave each lesson to us. Oh, how thrilled I was to be learning to take these precious thoughts to others!

One night when my husband came home, he told me that the young man he rode to work with was thinking of joining a church. Al, as we called him, thought he probably should join one of the popular churches. How I prayed! "God, somehow show this young man the truth. Don't let him be deceived." My heart also went out to his sweet wife, Margery. She did not want him to join the church he had in mind.

Another night soon after, my husband told me that Al had been asking him questions concerning Bible doctrines. Some of the answers he knew, but some he did not. He had said to Al, "I don't know very much about the Bible, but my wife is learning to give Bible studies. Why not let her practice on you?"

Al had said that that would be fine with him. He would ask his wife whether she would be willing.



CHARLES CAREY

I could wait no longer. While the Bible instructor prayed I walked up to the door of Margery and Al's home. My heart was pounding.

Can you imagine how happy I was? Already I might have a chance to give Bible studies and help this dear young couple I was so concerned about.

The next night I was impatiently waiting for my husband to come home and tell me of their decision. What had Al said? Oh, he had not asked his wife yet! The next night came and still no word, nor the next. I was becoming so impatient. The next Sabbath afternoon as our Bible study class was in session, my mind kept

FAILS

going to Margery and Al. They *must* learn these precious Bible truths!

That day I rode home with the Bible instructor, and I told her about Margery and Al. I asked whether we might go by their house, so I could ask them. I could not wait any longer. While the Bible instructor prayed I walked up to the door. My heart was simply pounding. I rang the doorbell and was soon in the house stammering, "Have you folks decided to let me practice giving Bible studies to you?"

They looked at each other. Al explained he still had not mentioned it to his wife, although he was willing if she would be.

Well, she just didn't know. I was a Seventh-day Adventist, wasn't I? She didn't much approve of that faith.

Al said, "It wouldn't do any *harm*; we could *try* it, couldn't we?"

Silence.

"I could begin, and then I would stop any time you decided you didn't want to continue."

More silence.

Finally Margery said, "I'll be seeing you Tuesday, so I'll decide and let you know then."

Oh, how I prayed! The next day I fasted for the first time in my life. For twenty-four hours I did not eat food, but I drank water. Even though Peg, who was staying with us, was not at that time of our faith, she prayed earnestly with me.

Tuesday finally came, and Margery gave me her answer. Yes, they had decided to try the studies at least. As her husband had said, it surely would do no harm. Al had Tuesday and Wednesday nights off. Could I come on Wednesday night? I quickly said Yes before she had a chance to change her mind. But how would I get to their house? I would not have the car, because my husband worked Wednesday nights. Well, I could walk. It was only about two miles. I could go before dark. Peg could watch Baby Diane and Sharon, our other daughter. Margery said she would take me home after the Bible studies.

That first Wednesday night, as I walked toward their house, there was a prayer with every step. To keep up my courage, I kept thinking of a statement I had read from the pen of inspiration, "And angels of God, that excel in strength, are sent forth by God to minister to His human workers who are speaking the truth to those who know it not."

As I rang the doorbell I wondered how I could give a Bible study with my heart clear up in my throat, making me feel as though I could scarcely breathe, let alone use my voice. However, after our greetings, Al put me at ease with these questions: "Where did the Bible come from? Who wrote it, and how did they know what to write? When was it written?" Why that was just what this first lesson, "The Word of God," was about, so I assured them our study would answer those questions. I explained that we must always pray before studying the Bible, for it is useless to study God's Word without His guidance. After a simple but sincere prayer we began studying the Bible together.

As I left their home that night, my heart was singing. My first Bible study had been successful! God had sent His Spirit and had helped me to speak as He promised He would. In closing Al had asked whether there was any way I could prove definitely that the Bible is inspired. The very next lesson, which was on the second chapter of Daniel, proving God knows the end from the beginning, would answer that. So we studied on.

After a few studies our new home was ready to move into. How I ever helped move and get settled in the new house,

helped with the new lawn and landscaping, and kept up my duties as wife and mother, along with giving the studies, attending the class, and preparing my notes, I do not know. But I surely know that where there is a will there is a way. I never have from that day to this missed a Bible study because I was too busy. God has always helped me to find a way somehow.

Suddenly school was out, and it was time for Peg to go back to her parents. How we would miss her! And who would watch the girls when I went to give the Bible studies? I talked to our Sharon, who was then seven, about the situation. I told her I did not know what to do. We went to God with our problem.

Not long after our prayer Sharon said, "Mother, I'm a big girl now. I can stay home and watch my baby sister like Miriam watched her baby brother, Moses. And I'd be helping Jesus too." True, Sharon was big sister, but she was still just a little girl, too young to leave alone. However, that did give me an idea. I could take the girls along. Little Diane could sleep in her buggy in the bedroom. I told Sharon she could help Jesus by watching Diane there and quieting her if she fussed. We prayed that God would send an angel to help her watch little sister, so there would not be noise and confusion during our Bible studies. And God heard our prayers. We had many studies that way, and the baby never did interrupt seriously.

However, one day before very long, little sister pulled herself to her feet and stood up in her crib. We knew then that she could no longer be trusted in her



As the studies progressed, I could see more and more clearly the hand of God directing. As problems arose, ways opened to surmount them, and Margery and Al responded in faith.

buggy, because she would probably try her new trick in it, and she might very easily fall right out on her head. This time it seemed there was no possible way to go on. Oh, how Sharon and I prayed! Would God again make a way so this young couple who were beginning to love Him so much could learn more of Jesus and His will for them? Yes, again God made a way.

I am sure it was not merely by chance that a neighbor who worked at the same place Al and my husband did suddenly changed his hours of work. Now he would work the same hours they did, and they planned to ride together. That way on Wednesday nights my husband no longer used our car, but left it home for me. Consequently, I could use the car for the Bible studies and could go late enough

for both of the girls to sleep. I made a bed for each of them in the car, and parked the car in front of the window where I could watch it during our studies. Again God had made a way. How good it is to be a child of God and to know we can depend on Him at every time of need.

When the weather grew too cold for the girls to stay in the car, Margery and

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Old Bricks

By VINSTON ADAMS

RECENTLY two young men and I set to work cleaning the old mortar off a pile of used bricks just taken from an unneeded wall. We secured the special hammers that bricklayers use for this purpose and set to work with some trepidation, since the work was new to all three of us. However, in an hour or so we had developed a surprising (to us) skill in this new and untried work.

We broke some of the bricks unnecessarily, it is true, and we needlessly sacrificed a few corners, edges, and ends, but we learned to avoid the worst of the errors after a few mistakes had been made.

We learned that there is one best way to attack each clinging bit of mortar—a certain place to attack it where the blows of the hammer will be most effective. If we attack it the wrong way, we will fail to loosen and detach as much mortar with each hammer blow as we would had we made the proper approach. By bungling the first approach we might make a long and tedious process out of what could have been accomplished with a few judiciously placed blows.

As I left the young men to themselves to practice their new skill, I fell to pondering over some of the lessons that that pile of bricks and mortar could teach us.

First and foremost is the lesson that in dealing with others concerning problems that they may have, we must be exceedingly careful how we approach them. The quickest way to deal with a matter

may prove to be such a bungling approach that we may be able to rectify the result of our haste only by extended negotiations—effort that would have been unnecessary had we properly sized up the situation in the first place, and had not been so hasty to rectify the matter. Let us learn to be careful how we approach each other, how we deal with the other's shortcomings. We can easily break people—render them unfit for the work for which they were originally shaped—as I broke some of the bricks by careless and ignorant handling of the hammer in my hand.

People are resilient. All of us can take blows, perhaps even hard blows, if they come from the proper angle and are of the proper intensity. But if we are injudicious in how we approach people, we may find that we damage them instead of making them more useful.

Some of the unwanted mortar on the bricks yielded quickly to a few blows, but other places were more stubborn, needing quite a few strokes of the hammer before the mortar was loosened. If I became impatient at the seemingly unyielding mortar, and increased the strength of my blows, I found that I broke the brick. It was the gentle blow that counted most; it only was effective. Likewise, in our dealing with one another persistence is of more value than strength of approach.

This first lesson has had to do with the attitude of the attacker. Let us now turn our attention to the attitude of the one attacked.

Those mortar-encased bricks are like us human beings. We become so encased in sin, so attached to the sordid things of our everyday life, that we have to be separated from it all before God can use us. And so God approaches us, and endeavors to clean us up so that we can be used in His temple, His church, that He is building on earth.

But God is no amateur mortar cleaner. He knows just how to approach every problem. He knows the proper place to strike each blow, and just how hard it must be struck. And if we are wise, we will yield to the cleansing work of this Master Workman.

However, I am afraid that some of us are unyielding in our attachment to sin, even as some of the bricks were so firmly bonded to the mortar that it was almost impossible to remove the mortar without marring the bricks. In fact, sometimes the mortar was so firmly attached that a portion of the middle of the face of a brick was torn away.

I wonder whether God ever finds us so firmly attached to sin that He cannot separate us from it without tearing us apart? Let us remember that God, in building His temple, uses only material "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." God cannot use imperfect material in His structure. If we are so completely identified with sin that God would tear us apart in separating us from sin, then we must rest assured that God cannot use us. He will toss us aside among the discards, and turn His attention to others more willing to yield to Him.

As we sorted through that pile of bricks that day we found many already broken, and we broke quite a few more ourselves. As the work progressed, our pile of discards grew faster than the pile of clean bricks.

And so it is with God. He is sorting through this world where all of us are covered with sin, testing each of us, trying to find a remnant that He can save. If we are yielding to the gentle blows of this Master Workman, He will clean us up, and we can be useful to Him. Some may even become pillars in the temple of God, not just ordinary bricks, but pillars. May God give us grace to yield under His persuasion. So spoke that pile of bricks.

DAVID and his friends, Bob and Bill, whistled as they walked along through the rocky canyon near their home. School was out, and how good it seemed to have a long summer ahead of them. This May day was perfect for a hike!

"How are you coming along with your model airplane, David?" Bob asked, as he bent over to pick up a stone and fling it into the air.

"Oh, I haven't had much time lately, but I hope to get busy and finish it soon," David answered, as he too picked up a stone. "See if you can throw farther than that, Bill."

As Bill reached for a stone, strange meowing sounds rent the air. The boys paused where they were. The meowing sounds continued. Silently the boys crept forward toward the sounds.

"Cats," whispered David. "Baby bobcats."

"I see three of them," Bob whispered excitedly. "Let's catch them."

Without thinking of the danger, the boys moved swiftly toward the three tiny animals.

"I've got one," shouted David, as he cautiously picked up a tiny bobcat crouched beside a boulder.

He turned back and found the other boys peering through an opening among the rocks. "The other two went in here. Shall we pull down these rocks?" asked Bob.

"I don't think so," Bill replied before David could answer. "I'm getting scared. Suppose the mother should come back."

"Yes, let's get out of here! It looks like the mother might be dead, for I don't think she would leave these little fellows alone. But we can't take a chance on that."

The boys walked swiftly down the canyon trail, often glancing uneasily over their shoulders. They had reason to be uneasy, for the baby bobcat continued his



What do bobcats eat? Unless the boys

could answer that question, they would lose

Bobby, a Wild Friend

By BERTHA WAY KING

wild meowing. "I do wish you would be quiet," David addressed the little creature as he cuddled him in his arms and tried to muffle his cries.

Suddenly from above the boys came a screeching cry. "We're done for!" Bill gulped. The boys froze in their tracks. Cold fingers tickled their spines. Slowly they turned their heads above to the canyon wall.

"It's—it's a magpie fooling us," Bob's voice was almost a whisper.

"He sure must like to scare people." David breathed a sigh of relief. "He's probably been up there eating away at

this poor baby's mother and has come down to see who is taking away another meal when this little fellow dies."

The three miles home seemed very long. Each boy took his turn holding the bobcat and trying to keep from being scratched. "Isn't he a cute little fellow?" asked David. "See his pointed ears with the black edge."

"I like his short tail. It has black rings to match his ears. His coat is a pretty color too," Bill said as he stroked the bobcat's back.

"You ought to call him Bobby after me," laughed Bob as he took his turn carrying him.

"That will be his name," answered David.

Bobby created a sensation on his arrival at David's home. He was admired and petted by all. "You'll have to make a pen for him," was mother's suggestion. "I don't know how your dog, cats, and lambs will like their new playmate."

One morning David went out to pour some milk in a saucer for Bobby. What he saw surprised him and sent him dashing into the house. "Mom, Bobby is getting his breakfast from the mother cat!"

"Well, they are distant cousins, so perhaps she won't mind," replied mother as she went out to look for herself.

Sure enough, Bobby had found a new mother. When he felt hungry he would grab the mother cat with his front paws, roll her over, and get his dinner. He was almost as large as the mother cat, but she didn't object to nursing him.

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PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Bobby grew day by day, and seemed content with his new home. He even played with the kittens.



H. M. LAMBERT

The TO-BE FAMILY

By ALICE GLEN

HAVE you made the acquaintance of the three brothers of the To-be family? Let me point them out to you!

There are Mr. Has To-be, Mr. Want To-be, and Mr. Ought To-be.

"Are they of the same family?" you exclaim. "Why! they are nothing alike."

Sh! Sh! When they are gone I will tell you something about them.

Has To-be is a stern, imperative fellow, forceful and heavy-handed. If you resist him, it is you, not he, who will suffer, for resistance means dispute, and dispute means victory—for him. Moreover, he can be callous, and if you are punished by his stroke, he is quite coldhearted and will hardly ease his demands. He has rather a ponderous personality, and is sought after by wide authorities and powerful leaders who desire to use his inexorable demands to enforce their wills.

Want To-be is a handsome, attractive person. His manners are most alluring, and he has a host of friends. No wonder, for every part of him beguiles! And he is so versatile that he adapts himself utterly to your tastes and is gracious enough to promote your wishes. His accomplishments are endless—he sings and speaks well, is a marvelous sport, dresses superbly, has a charming home and keeps a bountiful table; he is most romantic too; he is well educated; his manners are perfect. But beware! They say he is a

braggart. He makes alluring promises and seldom keeps them. He can be fickle. And he is sometimes showy. I have heard that he would not care to have his cellars or garrets inspected, and that only the guest rooms of his house are fit to be on view. He is wily too—has a hundred tricks to put you off and mislead you. Oh, yes! Want To-be's ways are extremely winsome, but he can be the most pestilent fellow in the world.

Ought To-be is of quite a different caliber. He is rather gentle and unassuming. You say he is nothing much to look at, and his person lacks appeal? Most people think so; but I have heard it whispered that his unpretentious appearance is deceptive, and this is rather fortunate because it wards off the insincere and unworthy. Those who have cultivated his friendship declare that his attraction grows by acquaintance, and the more you know him, the more you love him.

People do not seem to understand Ought To-be. Sometimes he is stern and points an imperative finger; yet mingled with his command is a look of entreaty that makes you feel you must consent to his orders. As likely as not, you will run away and hide from his importunity, and he will allow you to, for he has no constraints. Yet even in your hiding, the urgent note in his voice haunts you and the wistful look on his face as he sees you turn from him still seems to look at you,

and you creep back, hoping that there will now be no exactions. But you find his terms still the same.

You see, Has To-be assumes the headship of the family, and none can avoid his orders. Want To-be is so engaging that he carries off a host of admirers, and thus very few seem to have time to give more than a passing glance at Ought To-be.

But perhaps you have met this family in a different attire, and know them under fuller names. There is Has To-be-done. No stranger is he with his unrelenting demands of daily toil and necessitous tasks. God's servant was he in the beginning, appointed to supervise man's toil and assist him to earn his daily bread; but now he is in league with the lords of this world, and often he tyrannically bows men's backs and whips on his weary slaves. Yet this early authority has never been withdrawn, and serve him all must, whether carelessly or diligently.

Want To-be-done appears at our doors very often. What a bewitching sprite he is, leaping out from odd corners when we are busily employed; luring us into tempting but not necessarily profitable exploits; and when we are relaxing and he knows we have a few moments of leisure, he exercises his wiles with his utmost fascination. His words drop like honey, and it is hard to resist his bewitching appeal. If he has failed to conquer you after his

persistent persuasions, his most subtle device is to enlist the aid of his brother, Has To-be, and by sheer strategy and weight, worst you.

You have probably considered Ought To-be-done a plaguy fellow. You have many times fought him with teeth and fingernails. You know he is kindhearted, that for your own sake he entreats. You know that possibly he comes as suitor for some good cause. But why need he come at such inauspicious moments as this? Or why is he so persistent? Or why could he not have brought his gay brother Want To-be-done? So you resist him, and after all your heated efforts he still stands before you calm and unyielding.

Of course, you know the role of Has To-be-paid, and often you have sighed over the appetite of this gourmand. Yes, Has To-be-paid is a healthy chap whose rich diet is your hard-earned coins and bank notes. But he is so cool and logical as he presents his menu card that almost unquestioningly you tick off each item—rent, medical expenses, taxes, household bills, and on and on.

But be wary! Want To-be-paid often slyly steals his card and slips in a few sundries for himself. You will not notice a little more on, for instance, dress; and of course you can afford to indulge sometimes, so he cheekily slips in an item or two of his own—a dash of mere amusement, a garnishing of sweets. Sometimes he boldly presents his own cards with quite extravagant demands backed by intriguing catalogs, showing how important to you appears some highly desirable acquisition—a car, or a university degree, or a refrigerator. Maybe he deserves compliance, but maybe he is up to one of his tricks.

So you compare these sheets with your pay roll, and as you do so you feel the shadow of Ought To-be-paid falling over your shoulder. You feel mean, for there is such a slim margin left for him, and this is not the first time you have deferred his

WIT Sharpeners

Thunder

By CLYDE ROSSER

1. When was there thunder and rain in wheat harvests?
2. When were there "thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount"?
3. When was it that "the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day" upon the enemies of Israel?
4. Who said, "Intreat the Lord (for it is enough) that there be no more mighty thunders"?
5. Who were called "the sons of thunder"?
6. Of what did the Lord say, "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"
7. When did people suppose a voice from heaven to be thunder?
8. Who said, "The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces; out of heaven shall he thunder upon them?"
9. Who heard seven thunders?
10. Who said, "But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

requests. He presents his card, which as you read makes you look with restraint at the other two. How can you fit in these extra demands—overdue bills, donations, savings, a birthday gift?

You total up the figures on the three sheets before you, run a line through this and that, and then—

But perhaps you have had sufficient of the To-be family by now, so let us leave them. However, you are sure to meet them in one role or another again, so perhaps you would like a few suggestions on

- ### Bible Word Triangle
- By DAVID GARDNER
1. Isle where John wrote Revelation.
 2. Brother of Moses.
 3. Money for temple (first syllable only) (Matt. 17:24).
 4. Riotous assembly.
 5. Upon
 6. Nineteenth letter of the alphabet.

Songs of the Bible

By CLYDE ROSSER

1. What song displeased a king?
2. How many songs did Solomon write?
3. What singing was followed by an earthquake?
4. What singing was followed by the discomfiture of the enemies of God's people?
5. What man heard singing before an idol?
6. What is the earliest singing mentioned in the Bible?
7. Who said, "And now I am their song, yea, I am their byword?"

Keys on page 22

how to treat them with good success.

Be cautious with the demanding Has To-be. Give him what is due him, but do not let him dominate you, or he will make your life a weary round. Do not spurn him, or he will turn you loose as a vagabond on the face of the earth.

Do not altogether squash the exuberant Want To-be. Unlike the inflexible Has To-be, he is capable of conversion. His winsome ways need the direction of a true heart, the advice of a wise mind. So induce him to yield to counsel and control.

Silvermane, the Timber Wolf, No. 11 — By Harry Baerg

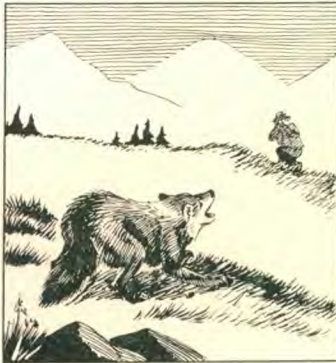
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1. In the autumn Silvermane and the other wolves caught a number of salmon that had come up the river. After the fish had spawned and were ready to die they were easy to catch.



2. One day on the open range Silvermane saw a man. He was one of the few creatures the wolf had learned to fear, yet this man did not appear dangerous. Maybe he was different.



3. The wolf was puzzled by a queer box the man put to his eye. He barked at the slight whirring of the movie camera, then ran farther away, and turned to bark some more at the man.



4. Before going hunting the wolves usually gathered together for a good session of howling. It was their way of singing, and this time they were getting ready for a different hunt.

The Life of a Worm

ARCTIC seas abound in worms. They are close relatives of ordinary earthworms and of the strikingly luminescent "moon worms" of West Indian waters. A total of eighty-eight species of these curious creatures collected at the Navy's Arctic Research station at Point Barrow, Alaska, have been identified at the United States National Museum.

These creatures, varying in length from a fraction of an inch to more than a foot, live on the sea bottom. Some burrow in the mud. Some find shelter in crevices in underwater rocks. Some build around themselves tubes of a parchmentlike material secreted from their bodies, from which they extend their heads. Others dwell in tubes like the shells of mollusks.

They vary widely in their ways of life. Some live on other worms. Some eat only organic matter found in the bottom mud. Some are provided with a plume, strikingly like a bird's feather, with which they fan in minute sea organisms. These

feathers, usually basically white but with bands of red or green, often are quite beautiful. Most curious are the changes that occur in some of them during the reproductive cycle. When the worms reach maturity, the ordinary bristles with which their bodies are covered break off and are replaced by other bristles better suited for swimming. Their tiny "feet" become paddlelike for the same purpose. In some species the rear half of the body, containing the eggs, breaks off entirely.

The worms were collected over a period of three years by Prof. George E. MacGinitie, director of the Point Barrow station, and Mrs. MacGinitie, and were identified by Dr. Marian H. Pettibone. Some were obtained through holes cut in the ice. Many others were washed ashore after storms. These worms, especially the arctic species, are among the least-known forms of animal life. There is, however, every reason to believe they are abundant.—Smithsonian Institution.

The stonemason engaged by Lasuen was Esteban Ruiz, and a skillful mason he must have been. The walls at the foundation are five feet thick; toward the top they gradually curve inward and are seven feet in thickness. Only Carmel has such walls.

Other distinctive features of Carmel are the egg-shaped dome atop the major tower, and the only Gothic arch resident in any of the missions, which is found in the baptistry.

The façade of the church is ornate but has a dignified beauty. Above the entrance is a fine star-shaped window slightly irregular, but there is a strong hint of primitive honesty about it. In the large tower are two bell arches, in the two towers are seven bells; only the one bearing the inscription "San Juan de la Cruz 1781" is an original Carmel bell. The oldest one is dated 1690. All this stonework is the handiwork of Ruiz. The completed church was dedicated in September, 1797.

Although by no means the largest of the missions, Carmel was no doubt the most important, because here were the offices of the padre-president from 1770 to 1803. Through this mission passed the business of all the missions. Here was a library of twenty-five hundred volumes; here were the records. Upper California was divided into four districts, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco, but the capital was Monterey.

[This is the fifth installment of a seven-part serial. Part 6 will appear next week.]

Heed well the voice of Ought To-be. As a Heaven-sent monitor he appears to you, and his service you will find rich in reward.

And a last word: Perhaps you can help the brothers disagree not quite so often!

The Highway of the Bells

From page 8

romeo, was dedicated on June 3, 1770, the second chronologically—the fourteenth geographically. It was named for Carlos III of Spain. Here a presidio was established for the soldiers, and Serra had thoughts of a mission in connection. But soldiers and missions seemed an impossible combination, so after some searching he established the mission five miles away over the hills, and here it stands today.

Carmelo, as it is commonly known, is beautifully situated, surrounded by rolling hills and a fine view of Carmel Bay. To reach it from Soledad, one will follow U.S. 101 to Salinas and turn west there to Carmel. The distance is perhaps forty-five miles.

It is easy to become confused here. There is a fine chapel standing in what

was the old presidio in Monterey—but this is not, nor was it ever, the mission. It has interests of its own, however, for it is the only presidio chapel in the State, and its façade is more elaborate than that of any other mission. Many interesting relics are in the museum. The mission is in Carmel valley, out of the town of Carmel a short distance, and the two are no more than distant relatives.

The point of greatest interest at Carmel is its beautiful church. The present edifice is probably, if not surely, the third to be built. First, there was the usually temporary structure. The second was doubtless built under the direction of Serra himself, and in which he was laid to rest when he died in 1784. This church supposedly stands on the same spot. Padre Serra is now lying in the restored *sala*, or reception room, in the monastery building next to the church. The visitor will see him in bronze, recumbent on a sarcophagus. This monument to him was unveiled on October 12, 1924.

The cornerstone of the new church was set in place July 7, 1773 (some give 1775). This building was not of the usual adobe, but of sandstone taken from the nearby Santa Lucia Range. Three other mission churches share with Carmel the distinction of being built of stone: San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, and Santa Barbara.

Tanganyika Safari

From page 4

On Friday we traveled two hundred miles farther to our mission at Mbeya (altitude six thousand feet). We spent several days there studying the location of the mission in respect to the population. Nearly one million people live in the area served by this mission. The rainfall is about forty inches a year, but only fifty miles away in the direction of Lake Nyasa the rainfall is more than one hundred inches a year.

The next weekend we held a camp meeting at Masoko, ten miles beyond Tukuyu, and sixty miles southeast of Mbeya. To reach this camp, we had to cross a 7,500-foot pass over the mountains, and drop down to 3,000 feet. There were about one hundred in attendance. This was the dry season, but rain fell twice in three days. Both the car and the pickup stuck deep in the mud, and we were thoroughly tired by the time we had dug ourselves out.

While there we visited a small lake of about one mile diameter and of unknown depth. It is the crater of an extinct volcano. A chain of these lakes stretches between Lake Nyasa and Lake Tanganyika, form-

ing part of the great rift that extends from south Nyasaland to Palestine.

At Masoko we visited some of the local homes. These most interesting people live in rectangular bamboo houses. One house measured one hundred feet by sixteen feet plus an eight-foot overhanging veranda at each end. The wall is about nine feet high, and the medium-pitched roof is made of grass thatch tied to bamboo rafters. This house took one year to build, and its owner told us that its life expectation is about eight years. The walls of the house are of bamboo poles three to four inches in diameter set in the ground close against one another. They are tied together with ropes made from splitting a vine known as *nguruma*.

This type of house, so the Africans declare, was traditional before the advent of the white man. It is divided into rooms approximately square and covering the width of the house except for a two-and-a-half-foot passage along the side of some of the rooms. Two or three wives live in this main house, each in her separate room, where she cooks for herself and her children, a portion of the food being set aside for the husband.

The inside walls are covered with split bamboo tied horizontally except for a few small sections near floor level. These sections permit a small amount of light to filter in and water to drain out. In each of these rooms there are three stones on which the cooking pots are set, the smoke drifting out through the cracks in the wall. The largest room, which occupies from one fourth to one third of the building, is reserved for the cattle. Here the cows are kept for protection at night and sometimes for rest during the hottest part of the day. The cow is the man's most prized possession, and the herd is never without a herdboy by day. The floor is kept extremely clean, though no straw is used for bedding.

Another part of the cattle section contains the storage bins for grain, and the man's bed. This bed is made of stakes driven into the ground, crosspieces being tied to the stakes. Over this frame a reed mat is tightly stretched to a width of three and a half feet and a length of six and a half feet. The girls and the very small boys usually sleep in the same room as do their mothers. Sometimes a separate room is set apart for all the larger girls of the family.

When the boys reach the age of ten they are required to build themselves individual bamboo huts, about six and a half feet square, at some distance from the main house. Here, without a supervisor, they live until marriage. The fathers arrange for the marriages, ten head of cattle being the customary dowry. The marriage ceremony consists of nothing more than the wife's mother bringing food to the bridegroom. When it has been eaten, the bride is taken to her new home.

When a man has many wives he builds

an additional dwelling for each group of three or four. Eight or ten wives are a common number. More than half of the men own more than one wife. In spite of this arrangement, statistics show that there are more girls than the marriage market can absorb.

Continued next week

Bobby, a Wild Friend

From page 15

Day by day Bobby grew, and seemed content with his new home. He played with the kittens and scratched at the clothesline poles to sharpen his claws. He knew that David was his friend and would often rub against his legs purring like a kitten. David was sure he could tame him, but he was to learn to his sorrow that Bobby would always have some of his wild nature.

One day his friends, Bill and Bob, were admiring Bobby. "I wonder how big he will get," said Bill.

"My dad said he would probably get to

be about three feet long and weigh around twenty pounds," answered Bob.

"We are beginning to wonder what to feed him. Mom suggested some mice, but I haven't been able to find any. The mother cat must have found them, for—" David didn't get to finish his sentence, for just then a terrible racket was heard in the chicken yard. David and his friends turned to see a creeping Bobby spring upon a young chicken. Before the boys could reach the chicken, it was dead.

"Now, what am I going to do?" wailed David. "I thought I had Bobby shut up. Mom was afraid he'd do this. Oh, I was so sure he would grow tame. Now I will have to get rid of him." Bob and Bill sadly shook their heads, for they too had grown to like Bobby and his cute ways.

Bobby's taste of chicken had given him an appetite for more, and worse than that, simply a love of killing too. For he would often kill a chicken when he wasn't hungry. So it was with a sad heart one day that David took Bobby and sold him to a man who had a hobby of keeping wild animals.

"Good-by, Bobby," David said as he



Conducted by
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

Money in the Gutter?

THERE may be money in your gutter, and there may be only a bit of interesting paper. No matter what, everyone should have at least one gutter in the stamp collection. If there is money there, it will probably be listed in the *Standard Postage Stamp Catalog* (U.S. specialized edition). Otherwise, if you find a specimen with a gutter, just keep it for interest's sake and be glad. Although these gutters are not rare, not every collector can find one without a long search.

A gutter is a strip of paper having no postal value, either blank or printed, connecting two stamps. Usually they are said to be found only between perforated stamps. They vary in width and are worth nothing by themselves or with only one stamp. Sometimes they are specially provided to assist in the separation of large sheets of stamps, so that the stamps are not damaged in the separation process. They may also occur as a result of a method of printing such as *tête bêche*. The only way

gutters may be obtained, of course, is to purchase the stamps before they are separated on the gutter. By saving one stamp on either side of the gutter intact, a collector may exhibit what is known as "a pair with gutter" of a particular stamp. The stamps directly connected with the gutter are the only ones usually kept intact as gutter pairs, gutter blocks, and gutter strips. A gutter block of four or a gutter strip seldom has any more value than the prorata value of a gutter pair.

For the average collector, just knowing what a gutter is, is enough. Collecting gutters is a specialist's field, unless some interesting copies just happen to come your way with little or no expense.



gave his little friend one last petting. "It has been fun knowing you. I know you can't help being wild, so I am doing what I think is best for you. I am afraid you might die if I turned you out in the hills. You will have food here, and many people will get to look at you."

So ended the three months' visit of Bobby the bobcat.

Pathfinders on Parade

From page 6

finders quickly stoop to regain them. "Clove hitch," calls Pastor Skinner. A flurry of organized action ripples down the line, and in three seconds ropes are falling again. "Sheepshank," and once more that amazing dexterity is repeated.

The Glendale Pathfinders in the corner, who were working on the poles, seem to be completing their project. The spotlights turn toward them. They have built a tower! High on its top stand two boys, one with flags in his hands. He is signaling: "Wherever there are Adventist boys and girls, there should be a Pathfinder Club."

Watch that demonstration area a few minutes longer. Marching across it is a

large hollow square, formed by Napa Pathfinders. Inside are walking letters, sandwich boards borne by the Contra Costa Conquerors. What words do these milling letters spell? At last they are coming to rest. Amid the rattle of drums and the blare of trumpets, the letters arrange themselves to announce a new magazine, a Junior journal, coming in October, packed with stories and activities about Pathfinder Clubs.

The afternoon is drawing to a close. Some may be thinking that Pathfinder Clubs merely provide entertainment. Pastor Skinner introduces boys and girls, now members of the church, whose first contacts were through the Pathfinder Clubs. It's a great Share Your Faith movement.

The Pathfinders are assembling now for the last time, row upon row, hundreds of them, the hope of the future, dedicating themselves once more with bowed heads to be pure and kind and true, servants of God, friends to man.

The Pathfinder parade is over. But hundreds of delegates have seen such things this afternoon as they never thought possible before. And many a boy and girl, tempted by Satan, is going to be kept for the Lord in a thousand scattered churches where Pathfinder Clubs will spring up, thanks to the inspiration of this afternoon.

A God Who Never Fails

From page 14

Al kindly offered to come to our home to continue the studies. We were having some wonderful times together with our Bibles. True, there were real battles with Satan on many occasions. Satan never has and never will give up a victim without a terrible struggle.

There was the battle with tobacco and many other things, but these young people were giving their wills to God, and how could Satan win as long as they did that?

They began visiting our church and making friends with some of the members. Sydney Holland, the Sabbath school superintendent, and many others took a special interest in them, and made them feel loved and welcome. At the weekly prayer meeting their names were often brought before the throne of God.

Soon they decided they must keep God's holy Sabbath. Al was a correctional officer at the State prison. He told his superior officer of his decision to keep Saturday as his day of rest and worship. He was sent from one officer to another, and finally to the warden. Each time he bravely testified for his faith. Many were the prayers that ascended to God in his behalf, and finally, after it was seen that he could not be persuaded to change his mind, it was agreed that he would be free from work on the Sabbath. I am sure this victory was gained by prayer alone. We had never expected him to get that day off and continue to work there.

Tithing was studied. Pastor Sather came and gave the study. He had a film-strip that was very good on that subject. At the close of the study I remember telling them of an experience I had had, showing how God had blessed me in tithing, and assured them that I too felt God's children should give their tithe. They expressed a desire to tithe, but they said that before they had studied about tithing they had made financial obligations that must be met each month. Should they try to tithe now, or wait until they felt they could afford to?

I must confess that even though God had made a way so many times before, in this case my faith was dim. I was tempted to wonder whether it was not different in this case. The outgo was a certain amount each month, and the income was also a fixed amount. The amounts had been arranged before they knew about the tithe.

A few days after the study Margery came over and told me that Al had asked her whether she was willing for them to tithe. She had told him she was. She said he was very seriously considering it even with the circumstances as they were. In fact, she felt sure his decision would be to begin tithing very soon.

As soon as she left our house I rushed to the telephone and called the Bible instruc-



NATURE TRAILS

The Fish That Fishes

ONE of the most patient and skillful of fishermen is a curious creature possessed of a built-in fishing rod and aptly called the angler fish.

The angler fish is not capable of much underwater speed, and obtains its food—smaller fish—by dangling a "bait" at the end of the rod to attract dinner.

"The approach of an angler fish to its chosen victim," Dr. Louis Mowbray writes in the National Geographic Society's new *Book of Fishes*, "is a lesson in patience, and its use of the 'fishing rod' is a work of art.

"Literally, there is an appendage, which may be raised or lowered at will, situated on the head of the angler fish between the eyes and the mouth. In the outer extremity of the rod is a filamentous growth, resembling a small worm, which is dangled frantically in front of the small fish to attract its attention."

The angler remains completely im-

mobile while presenting the bait, only moving, and then very slowly, if the prey is not sufficiently attracted by the "worm," which is quickly withdrawn if the smaller fish strikes. This is likely to be the victim's last movement, because the angler by this time is sufficiently close to open its huge mouth and swallow its dinner.

All the more common fresh and salt-water fish found in North American waters are shown in color plates in the *Book of Fishes*; and their habits, size, and value as food or game are explained.

The book explodes some inaccurate beliefs about fish. It points out that huge manta rays, or devilfish, are harmless creatures despite their forbidding appearance, and explains that such ordinarily voracious fish as sharks and barracuda can be "civilized" and seldom attack when regularly fed in captivity.—National Geographic Society.



PHOTO, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

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"It is not preaching that is the most important; it is house-to-house work."—"Gospel Workers," p. 468.

"Your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; you will be prepared to walk from house to house, carrying the truth to the people. . . . As you enter the homes of your neighbors to sell or to give away our literature . . . you will be accompanied by the light of heaven."—Ellen G. White in "Review and Herald," Nov. 11, 1902.

"The circulation of the health journals will be a powerful agency in preparing the people to accept those special truths that are to fit them for the soon coming of the Son of man."—"Counsels on Health," p. 447.



To secure your Soul-winning Magazine Route Kit and other supplies —
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tor, whom by this time I had learned to love and admire very much.

She calmly replied, "What do you mean, they can't pay tithe? Remember, it is God who commands us to tithe, and if He tells us to tithe, surely when we do it by faith, He will stand by us and find a way somehow."

The next day when I was in town I met Gladys, a friend of mine. She happened to mention that she and her husband were building a house and he could use some help for a few days. Immediately I thought of Al. Here was a chance for him to make a little extra money, and fortunately he worked the evening shift at his job. Maybe he could work a few hours in the morning. I promised to let Gladys know the next day.

How happy I was as I went home. I called Margery. Al was able to do the work required. He worked there as long as was necessary and earned more than enough to cover the tithe. Oh, how wonderful! God again had made a way, this time to tithe. They had proved Him, and He had opened the windows of heaven. God means what He says. We can depend on the promises in the Bible. Al told me later that at the very time I called and Margery went to answer the telephone he was thinking about tithing and had made his decision to pay tithe out of the very next check. He had no sooner made his decision than Margery came and told him about the work that would make it possible. "Before they call, I will answer."

It was in May, a little over a year from the time we began studying, that Margery and Al were baptized. This was one of the happiest days of my life.

Nor can I end the story here. I must tell of a few incidents to testify to their growing faith and love for their Master, the Lord Jesus Christ.

When a raging fire burned the hay that was to be food for the cattle of Al's parents during the winter, Al and Margery

sold their car and bought an older model. With part of the difference they bought hay for the cattle, so they could be kept during the winter and not have to be sold at a loss. "Honour thy father and thy mother." There was an accident last spring, and now that mother they so nobly sacrificed for is asleep.

A test was given for promotions at Al's place of employment. Al passed the test with a very high score, but the supervisors would not give him the promotion unless he agreed to work occasionally on Saturday. They said that if one assumed the responsibility this position carried, he would have to work on Saturday at times. Al refused the higher position and better pay so that he could continue to honor the Sabbath of the Lord.

This was noised over the entire prison, to workers and convicts alike. Thus he testified for the Sabbath to hundreds, among whom were many who had never heard of the true Sabbath before.

Al and Margery grew in grace. The time came when he felt he could no longer work there and be the Christian he wanted to be. He turned in his resignation. Again he was tested, but only for a little while. It was not very long before God rewarded him with a good steady position at a place where he could live up to his convictions in every way.

Thank God for young people like Margery and Al. Many more of them are waiting for you and me to bring them the third angel's message. Thanks be for a God who never fails.



Senior Youth Lesson

XII—The Executive Judgment With No Atoning Blood

(September 19)

MEMORY VERSE: Hebrews 10:29.

LESSON HELP: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 662-673.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques 1-4 and notes.
3. Ques. 5-8 and note.
4. Ques. 9-11 and note.
5. Ques. 12, 13 and note.
6. Read *The Great Controversy*, pp. 662-673.
7. Review entire lesson.

Destruction of the Wicked

1. At the second coming of Christ what will become of the righteous? Of the wicked? 1 Thess. 4:16, 17; Rev. 6:15-17; 2 Thess. 2:8.
2. What will become of Satan? What will be the condition of the earth? Rev. 20:1-3; Isa. 24:1, 3; Jer. 4:23-27.

NOTE.—"That the expression 'bottomless pit' represents the earth in a state of confusion and darkness, is evident from other scriptures. . . . 'Here is to be the home of Satan with his evil angels for a thousand years. Limited to the earth, he will not have access to other worlds, to tempt and annoy those who have never fallen. It is in this sense that he is bound: there are none remaining, upon whom he can exercise his power. He is wholly cut off from the work of deception and ruin which for so many centuries has been his sole delight.'—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 658, 659.

Judgment of the Wicked

3. Where will the work of judging the wicked be done? Who will do the judging? Dan. 7:22; Rev. 20:4, 6; 1 Cor. 6:2.

NOTE.—"In union with Christ they [the righteous] judge the wicked, comparing their acts with the statute-book, the Bible, and deciding every case according to the deeds done in the body. Then the portion which the wicked must suffer is meted out, according to their works; and it is recorded against their names in the book of death."—*Ibid.*, p. 661.

4. Of what have the wicked been guilty? What has been their attitude toward the atoning blood of the covenant? Matt. 12:31; Heb. 10:29.

5. What is said of those who sin willfully after they have received a knowledge of the truth?

How much mercy will be extended to sinners in this judgment? Heb. 10:26-28, 30, 31; James 2:13.

6. How does the Bible picture God as a God of mercy but also a God of justice? Ex. 34:6, 7; Ps. 145:20.

NOTE.—"God has given to men a declaration of His character, and of His method of dealing with sin. . . . The power and authority of the divine government will be employed to put down rebellion; yet all the manifestations of retributive justice will be perfectly consistent with the character of God as a merciful, long-suffering, benevolent being."—*Ibid.*, p. 541.

7. To whom has God given the authority to execute judgment upon the wicked, and why? John 5:22, 26, 27.

8. How many will be judged? Upon what basis will judgment be rendered? Rev. 20:12, 13.

The Outcome of the Judgment

9. To whom will the kingdoms and dominions of this world be given in the judgment? Dan. 7:18, 26; Rev. 11:15.

10. At the end of the thousand years what takes place on this earth? Rev. 20:7-9.

11. What final punishment is pronounced upon Satan and his followers? Verses 9 (last part), 10, 13-15; Mal. 4:1, 3.

NOTE.—"Fire comes down from God out of heaven. The earth is broken up. The weapons concealed in its depths are drawn forth. Devouring flames burst from every yawning chasm. The very rocks are on fire. The day has come that shall burn as an oven. The elements melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein are burned up."—*Ibid.*, p. 672.

Sin Sent Beforehand to Judgment

12. How certain is it that we shall all pass through the judgment? What should we make sure that we have done with our sins? Rom. 14:10, 12; 1 Tim. 5:24.

NOTE.—How much better that we should confess and forsake our sins, and thus send them "before to judgment" while Christ is pleading His blood in our behalf, rather than having our sins "follow after" and we have to answer for them in the judgment when we have no intercessor to plead our case for us.

13. What earnest entreaty of the Lord shows that He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked? Eze. 18:31, 32.

Junior-YOUTH LESSON

XII—How the Day of Atonement Taught the Way of Salvation

(September 19)

LESSON TEXTS: Leviticus 16:5-10, 15, 16, 20-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

THUNDER

1. 1 Sam. 12:16-18.
2. Ex. 19:16.
3. 1 Sam. 7:10.
4. Ex. 9:27, 28.
5. Mark 3:17.
6. Job 39:19.
7. John 12:28, 29.
8. 1 Sam. 2:10.
9. Rev. 10:3.
10. Job 26:1, 14.

BIBLE WORD TRIANGLE

P A T M O S
A A R O N
T R I B
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SONGS OF THE BIBLE

1. 1 Sam. 18:6-8.
2. 1 Kings 4:32.
3. Acts 16:25, 26.
4. 2 Chron. 20:22, 23.
5. Ex. 32:17, 18.
6. Job 38:4-7.
7. Job 29:1; 30:9.

man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Ecclesiastes 12:13, 14.

Guiding Thought

Day by day, year after year, as the children of Israel brought their sin offerings to the tabernacle, they watched in solemn awe while the innocent lamb gave up its life because they had sinned. As the priest took the blood and sprinkled it on the altar before the veil in the tabernacle, they felt happy that their sins' record had been taken from them to be recorded in the sanctuary. Once a year, however, a still more solemn service was held in the sanctuary. On that day the high priest cleansed the sanctuary of the records of sin that had been transferred to it from the sinners through the blood of the animals they had brought as sin offerings. This Day of Atonement service too was an object lesson of an event now taking place, the cleansing of the sanctuary in heaven. In 1844 Christ entered the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary to begin the work of, once and for all time, putting away the stains made by sin. In our lesson this week we shall learn how the cleansing of the earthly sanctuary taught what is taking place today in the sanctuary above.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the guiding thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

How the Earthly Sanctuary Was Cleansed

1. Each day the veil between the two apartments of the sanctuary became more and more soiled with the blood of the sacrifices. Once a year a solemn service was held when the sanctuary was cleansed. It was called the Day of Atonement. On that day the high priest officiated, and it was the only time in the year that he entered the most holy place. What two animals did he take, and for what purpose was each used? Lev. 16:5, 7, 8.

2. What did the high priest do with the goat called the Lord's goat? Verses 15, 16.

3. After making the offering for himself and for the sins of the people, what did he do with the other goat, the scapegoat? Verses 20-22.

NOTE.—"When the ministration in the holy of holies had been completed, and the sins of Israel had been removed from the sanctuary by virtue of the blood of the sin-offering, then the scapegoat was presented alive before the Lord; and in presence of the congregation the high priest confessed over him 'all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat.' In like manner, when the work of atonement in the heavenly sanctuary has been completed, then in the presence of God and heavenly angels, and the host of the redeemed, the sins of God's people will be placed upon Satan; he will be declared guilty of all the evil which he has caused them to commit. And as the scapegoat was sent away into a land not inhabited, so Satan will be banished to the desolate earth, an uninhabited and dreary wilderness."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 658.

ASSIGNMENT 3

The Cleansing of the Sanctuary in Heaven

4. As the earthly sanctuary had to be cleansed of the record in blood of the sins of the year, the heavenly sanctuary also has to be cleansed of the records contained there. When did the prophet Daniel tell us the work of the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary was to begin? Dan. 8:14.

NOTE.—The 2300 days (literally years) ended in the year 1844. In that year the books in heaven containing the records of the deeds of God's children were opened.

5. Before the records of sin can be put away, they have to be looked into. Everyone from Adam and Eve down to those living today who has acknowledged Jesus as the Saviour has his or her records examined. How did Daniel describe the solemn scene when the Father comes to examine the records? Dan. 7:9, 10.

NOTE.—"Every man's work passes in review before God, and is registered for faithfulness or unfaithfulness. Opposite each name in the books of heaven is entered, with terrible exactness, every wrong word, every selfish act, every unfulfilled duty, and every secret sin, with every

artful dissembling. Heaven-sent warnings or reproofs neglected, wasted moments, unimproved opportunities, the influence exerted for good or for evil, with its far-reaching results, all are chronicled by the recording angel."—*Ibid.*, p. 482.

ASSIGNMENT 4

The Records Kept in Heaven

6. By what are God's people judged? James 2:12.

7. What records are kept in heaven? Phil. 4:3; Mal. 3:16.

NOTE.—In Philippians 4:3 we read of the "book of life," which contains the names of all who have ever entered the service of God. In Malachi 3:16 we read of a "book of remembrance" where are recorded the good deeds of "them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." "There is a record also of the sins of men. 'For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.' 'Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.' Said the Saviour, 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 481.

ASSIGNMENT 5

Christ Acts as Our Advocate

8. When a man is being judged in an earthly court he has the privilege of getting an advocate, well versed in the law, to help him out of his difficult position. Do we have someone to plead our cases in the heavenly court? 1 John 2:1.

NOTE.—By our sinful conduct we have all earned "the wages of sin"—which is death, but Jesus intercedes as our advocate.

9. What does Christ, our Advocate, do with our sins after they are confessed and forgiven? Isa. 43:25.

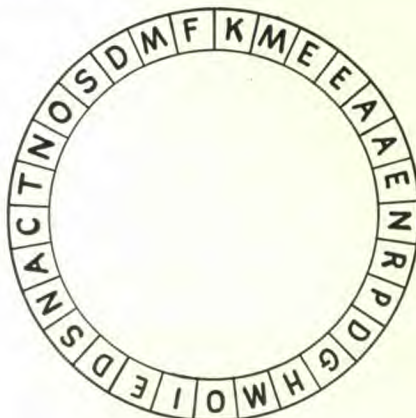
ASSIGNMENT 6

Preparing for the Judgment

10. How should the knowledge of the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary, with its examination of the records, affect our day-by-day living? Eccl. 12:13, 14.

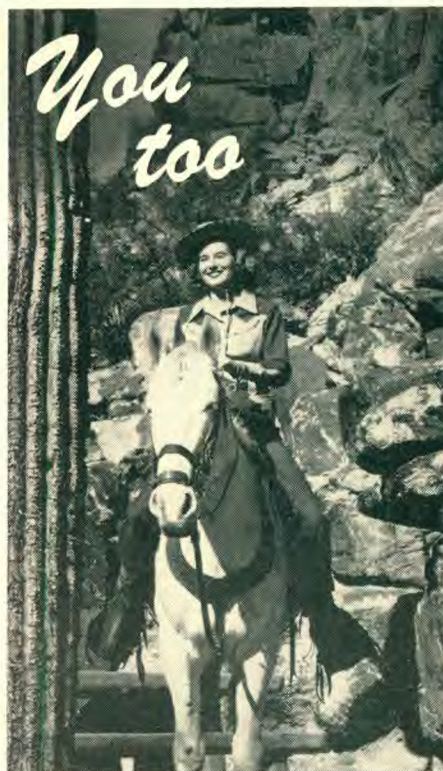
11. What formula did Christ give us to guard us from having anything against us in the records of heaven? Luke 21:36.

NOTE.—"There should be an earnest desire in the heart of every youth who has purposed to be a disciple of Jesus Christ to reach the highest Christian standard, to be a worker with Christ. If he makes it his aim to be of that number who shall be presented faultless before the throne of God, he will be continually advancing. The only way to remain steadfast is to progress daily in divine life."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 121.



ASSIGNMENT 7

In this circle is hidden a sentence from our lesson texts. If we follow its counsel, we shall not need to fear our appointment with God in the day of judgment. Start at any letter; skip the next two, and write the next; skip the next two, and write the next; and so on around the circle three times, writing down every third letter. Then see what words you have made, and find the beginning of the sentence.



may enjoy spending your vacations in dry surroundings as this pretty lassie apparently does, but

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SIMPLY

NOBODY—

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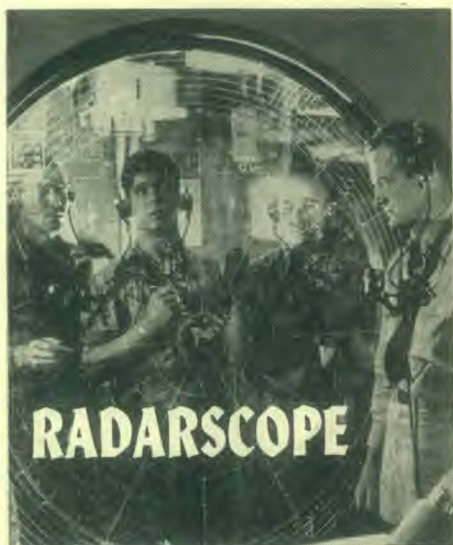
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► It takes about a pound of feed to produce every dozen eggs.

► BEFORE it became popular as a beverage, coffee was sold by pharmacists for medicinal use only.

► THE largest single-peak glacier system—40 square miles—is found on the slopes of Washington's Mount Rainier.

► THE tallest spire in Great Britain is the 404-foot-high spire of Salisbury Cathedral. The next highest is Norwich Cathedral, 320 feet.

► A RETIRED biologist, in the process of house cleaning, found in a test tube a 35-year-old virus culture which was proved to be still alive.

► UNITED STATES Presidents Wilson, Taft, and Theodore Roosevelt were born in 1856, 1857, and 1858 respectively, but served as President in the reverse order.

► THE density of the air envelope around the earth decreases markedly with altitude. At 100 miles a cubic foot of atmosphere contains only about three millionths as much air as a cubic foot at sea level.

► IN the early days of the Western United States, when there was no good market for wool and New Mexico ranchers raised sheep for meat, a person could come in and shear 1,000 sheep for a dollar. The wool was his.

► BY means of a mask worn over her mouth and connected to a recording machine, a stenographer can record the conversation of several people in a meeting. She merely repeats their words and makes a typed transcript later from the record of her own voice.

► BUSINESS men and women of the United States operate some 11,000 aircraft. In 1952 they logged well over 422 million plane miles, almost as many as the 457 million plane miles flown during the same period by the scheduled domestic air lines. Their airplanes, which provide business executives and salesmen with rapid transportation, range from small single-engine aircraft to the newest and largest air transports, equipped with the most modern instruments and aids available.

► THREE ships went down without a trace during 1952 despite the major advances in marine communications, navigation aids, and safety-at-sea devices. In the case of the 437-ton British-flag freighter *Awahov*, the crew reported that she was in distress 60 miles from her destination. That was the last word. The 358-ton Italian-flag freighter *Patriota* reported all well one day, and then disappeared. The third was the tiny 123-ton *Villeville* lost on its run between Marseilles, France, and the island of Corsica. During the last three months of 1952, 50 other ships went down, but were accounted for.

► REFRIGERATION equipment equivalent to 776 home refrigerators is going into a 9,600-foot-long West Coast installation to test jet aircraft. Called an icing wind tunnel this development will produce man-made blizzards, with temperatures dropping as low as 50 degrees below zero.

► AN interesting letter game is to try to make a list of words containing every letter of the alphabet, repeating as few as possible. Travis Stacks, of Memphis, Tennessee, suggests this list: quartz, sylph, mown, jack, vex, fig, bed. Only the *a* and the *e* are repeated.

► A CIRCUIT breaker is being made the same size and shape as a standard household fuse, and it may be screwed into the same socket. After the circuit is broken by an overload, it needs only to be reset, not replaced.

► A SPECIALLY trained dog called a "coffee hound" is now on duty with the West Berlin customs police. Its keen nose helps detect coffee hidden by smugglers and black marketeers.

► WHEN they alight, most butterflies keep their wings upright, reports *Science News Letter*, but most moths fold theirs against the surface to which they are clinging.

► Dog skins are widely used for gloves, shoes, furs, and rugs in England. About 100,000 of the country's 5 million dogs disappear for the sake of this trade.

► THE first member of the National Association of Letter Carriers to receive a 50-year membership card is Thorwald Stevenson, 74, of Brockton, Massachusetts.

► THERE are more than 3 million animals in the fur seal herd on the Pribilof Islands, off the Alaskan mainland.

► DESPITE its name, the Gold Coast of Africa is actually only sixth among the world's gold-producing regions.

► A HIPPOPOTAMUS can sleep under water and even come to the surface for air while sleeping.

► An acre was first defined as the amount of land a yoke of oxen could plow in a day.

► THE rose window in the chapel of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, honors the mothers of Trinity students and alumni.

► THE world's greatest geyser area is in Yellowstone National Park in northwestern Wyoming. It has more than 3,000 geysers and hot springs.

► LIVERPOOL, England, shipbuilders have an order for what will reportedly be the first vessel to be propelled exclusively by gas turbines.

► BLACKBOARDS in any color are now available, but soft greens and tans have been found to be much easier on the eyes than the old-fashioned black.

► GROVER CLEVELAND has been the only president of the United States who was defeated for re-election and then re-elected at a subsequent election.

► THE armored vehicle known as the tank was first used in warfare on September 12, 1916, by the British on the Somme during World War I.

► THERE may be as many as 750,000 tiny air cells in an ordinary bottle cork. The National Geographic Society states that, in addition to its lightness and resilience, cork is almost impervious to gases and liquids.

► A RELIGION that began under stiff opposition 13 centuries ago now claims 370 million adherents. Mohammedanism has spread over the globe with no clergy, no pontiff, and scant liturgy.

► SCIENTISTS can learn a great deal about porcupines, reports the National Geographic Society, by boring into older trees, counting the rings and discovering the extent of gnawing done by porcupines on the tree bark a century or more ago.

► THE short-tailed or Steller's albatross is evidently extinct. Although single specimens have been reported seen during the past few years, none has been taken since January, 1933. This shy bird was at home from the South China coast to Kamchatka, from the Bering Sea to Lower California.

► DEVASTATING floods have been sweeping Japan. The first took a toll of 700 dead and left one million homeless. Within three weeks torrential rains poured down upon Wakayama Province on the east central coast of Honshu, Japan's main island. The rapid-flowing Arita River ran wild, swallowing up 200 persons. More than 1,000 were missing also. Altogether the second flood took 1,200 lives.

Focus

God will not again destroy the entire earth by water, but Luke 21:25 says that angry seas are a part of last-day events. And we are to look upon marine disasters as "special providences of God."

Man has learned how to use wind and water for travel, but he cannot conquer them. The words "ship in distress" and "lost without trace" still echo over the air waves.

Gusts of wind whip across the earth, and headlines carry the sad news, but when the four winds of strife are unleashed no newspaper will be large enough to report the fate of an expiring world. "The disasters by sea and land . . . [are] the special providences of God, a warning of what is about to come upon the world."—Ellen G. White.

DON YOST.