

The
Youth's
INSTRUCTOR

To Know Christ Better
That Second Mile

101
36

SEPTEMBER 15, 1953

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A. DEVANY

The Future

A free-lance writer recently submitted a manuscript to us entitled "Cheer Up, the Worst Has Come." According to the author's point of view, for the Christian the worst was over.

If in any sense this can be true, it surely cannot apply to that future period of which Daniel spoke, "a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time." One author, commenting on this prophecy, wrote: "It is often the case that trouble is greater in anticipation than in reality; but this is not true of the crisis before us. The most vivid presentation cannot reach the magnitude of the ordeal."

Dusk was falling rapidly, and with it the rain. A virtual stranger in that teeming city of New York, I was returning by subway train from a visit out on Long Island. In that area my train had not yet gone underground, but operated as an elevated.

Now I am not unduly apprehensive, but something came into my mind in that interval between day and night that bordered on uneasiness. Whether it was the combination of the unfamiliar, the rain, the dark, I do not know.

As the train rounded a curve I caught a glimpse of the lead car, and there, in the window of the engineer's compartment, I saw the motorman's arm. With that sight came a sense of composure. What of the storm, the strangeness of the way? That arm was assurance of one in charge who had gone the way before.

Frequent glimpses of the arm of the Omnipotent will preserve our courage for troublous times ahead.

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

INSTALLMENT Three months ago we gave our readers a first installment on how the INSTRUCTOR secures the materials for its weekly reading fare. It might be said that our articles and stories follow one of four major routes: world reports, free lance, assigned, and Pen League.

WORLD World reports encompass a wide range of articles, covering the advance of missions, the organized work of Missionary Volunteers, and the stories of youth who have shared their faith in one of the many fields of Seventh-day Adventist endeavor. Many of these articles are written by conference workers and press secretaries as part of their outlined duties. Others are written in addition to a full program, because the writer wants to share the knowledge of gospel needs and accomplishments. Pastor Hanson's series on Tanganyika is an example of the world report.

FREE A free lance article in this issue is the story of Silvia, in the Junior Youth section. Living in Punta Arenas, termed the southernmost city in the world, Pastor Scully felt that the story of Silvia would inspire other youth to value the rewards of right doing.

ASSIGNMENT Dorothy Foreman Beltz accepted our assignment to do a series of three articles of interest to our students of boarding colleges and academies who are just now beginning a new school year. Giving weight and worth to her counsels have been three years of church school teaching, three years in Campion Academy, and fourteen years as dean of women at Walla Walla College. She is now office editor in the Home Study Institute, and is on the faculty of the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary.

PEN Another time we will tell somewhat of our Pen League writers' program.

GRASS Our Josef Muench cover photo shows the pampas grass of South America. For a South American story see page 14.

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.

The one great objective of all Christian youth is



To Know Christ Better

By E. W. DUNBAR

Keynote Address PAYC June 16, 1953

IN THE Word of God there are no more appropriate words that might be read to open this congress than those of the great apostle Paul in the second and third chapters of his letter to the Philippians.

Incidentally, I hold in my hand tonight the Bible that was given to the Young People's Department of Missionary Volunteers by one of our last pioneers to fall, J. N. Loughborough. This Bible was presented by this general who loved God and who loved God's young people with a deep devotion.

It is in this Bible that is so marked from beginning to end and so full of references that he wrote these words on the flyleaf: "Completed the 71st reading of New Testament by course Dec. 30, 1922." It is a privilege we have tonight to take our Scripture lesson from this Bible.

I read these words of the apostle Paul: "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

"Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: . . . that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection."

You may learn to know many things here. You may learn to know many new friends—and I hope you do. You may hear some great music and see some thrilling sights. But the one objective, the one idea to which this meeting is dedicated, is that you, the Adventist youth of the Americas, will meet Jesus Christ here and learn to know Him better.

"Christ Above All." I think I can truthfully say tonight that I have never attended a meeting of this kind with a deeper conviction that the Spirit of God has moved upon every phase of the plan. Everyone has come here with duties to



CHARLES CAREY

E. W. Dunbar, world youth leader of Adventists, was in general charge of the recent congress.

perform, and he has gone about them. All have done their duties well; they have accomplished what they were supposed to do; they have been faithful in all their responsibilities.

Since coming here to San Francisco I received a letter from the heart of Africa, from one of the Rhodesias. A young Missionary Volunteer writes: "How I wish I could be there at the youth congress to enjoy the fellowship and the inspiration that are always present when Seventh-day Adventist youth and their leaders meet together. But since I cannot be there, I am praying for the success of this congress."

"Back in September of 1947," which takes us back six years to the first North American Youth Congress in this very building, "I had the privilege of being one of the four delegates sent to the con-

gress from the Atlantic Union College." Then she says, "You might like to know what happened to these four delegates. One is a pastor in New England, one is at the College of Medical Evangelists, hoping soon to be a foreign missionary, one is a nurse in the United States Army, who plans to be a missionary, and I am here in the mission service. None of us will ever forget the inspiring mission program and the consecration services of that congress."

Thank God for that one hundred per cent report from one group of delegates six years ago! I think that's a wonderful report. And she adds that her brother is also a delegate to this congress, and that he and his wife are present. "They are hoping to find a place in the mission field also," she adds.

The inevitable result of a congress like this, if we approach it with open hearts and minds and the willingness for God to lead us, is that the Spirit of the Lord will take possession of us and make us doubly fruitful and doubly consecrated as we go back to our homes.

Another inevitable result is the impression that we make on the minds of the friends we meet in a place like this. The hotelkeepers, the maintenance people in this building, the newspaper people, the photographers, those we meet on the street casually. All comment upon the character of Seventh-day Adventist youth and upon the difference they see in the hearts and lives and the countenances of these young people. We know that God will bless you as you associate here with the fine people of San Francisco.

Two years ago in Paris the newspapers received word long before the European youth congress convened that the Missionary Volunteers of Europe were coming together—five thousand of them. They said, "*Qui sont les Missionnaires Volontaires?*" ("Who are the Missionary Volunteers?") And they said, "They are the ones who drink water and do not smoke." They considered that really newsworthy in Paris. I think it is newsworthy everywhere. One of the newspapers made a little error and said, in the French, that the reason they do not smoke is that they drink so much water.

I think we ought to open our program with a clear understanding of the objectives of this congress—why we are here, what we must direct ourselves to as we come together faithfully at every appointment in this place:

1. To exalt Christ above all.
2. To unite Adventist youth of the Americas in fellowship and in seeking the power of God to live and to witness for Jesus Christ.
3. To establish outposts for Christ through Share Your Faith evangelism.

This congress is designed to put you in tune with God's purpose for you.

I heard an eminent speaker in Washington, D.C., say recently that in the

public schools one of the major pedagogical problems is tone deafness. I think this is true also in its application to the spiritual realm. In the deeper spiritual discussions the average young person just doesn't know what you are talking about. At the best, young people without the spiritual ingredients are unfirm and immature.

What does one do with tone deafness? What is the cure? In the spiritual sense there is no trick method, there is no golden key that you can turn in some dramatic moment to possess a firm faith in God. A firm faith is the result of self-discipline and concern. Seventh-day Adventists should know that.

I think we have reached the time, as we near the return of Jesus to this world, when Seventh-day Adventist young people need a great faith in God. Great faith means to be tuned to the voice of God. Great faith is Jacob wrestling all night with the angel of power. Great faith is that which wrestles with our problems until they are solved in God's way. Great

faith is to read the Bible until the Bible reads to us.

Great faith is that which possessed Abraham and Isaac as they journeyed along to the land of Moriah, side by side, the aged father of 120 and the boy of 20 just entering manhood. The father and son journeyed in silence while Abraham pondered his heavy secret. He had no heart for words. His thoughts were of his only son, his miracle son whom God had given him.

In a large sense we are represented in this experience. Isaac is a symbol of God's remnant young people—you who are come to this congress. Isaac shared in his father's faith. He felt he was being honored in being called a sacrifice for God. He believed it so intently that he helped his father's nervous hands prepare the altar and tie the ropes about him. He encouraged his father. He did that which every Christian youth should do today—show reverence and obedience to his parents, encourage them and the older members of the church. The church today

is languishing for that sort of leadership from its youth. We should feel honored in being called to give our lives in a sacrifice for God.

We have with us tonight representatives from a land where greater persecution has been felt than in any other part of the world in recent years. Those young people are the happiest, the most noble, youth I have ever met. They feel honored to sacrifice for God.

And so, imagine the joy that Abraham felt when his uplifted hand was stayed, and he saw and quickly offered the ram that was caught in the thicket.

You know, when you and I were doomed to death by transgression of the law of God, the Father, looking upon His Son Jesus Christ, said to us who are the sinners, "Live, I have found a ransom." Oh, thank God for that great gift of Jesus.

Behold your ransom—Jesus, the young man, the innocent one, the willing one, our offering. Doesn't He deserve the highest place we can give? Doesn't He deserve the greatest elevation our lives can offer? Dare any man say, "What has Christ contributed to me? What does He mean to me?"

Listen to His unique contribution: Socrates taught for forty years, Plato taught for fifty years, Aristotle for forty more, and Jesus for only three years. Yet those three years infinitely transcend in influence the combined efforts of 130 years of teaching of three of the greatest men of all antiquity.

Jesus painted no pictures that I know of, except word pictures. Yet the paintings of Raphael, Michelangelo, and Da Vinci received their inspiration from Him. Jesus wrote no poetry, but Dante, and Milton, and scores of the world's greatest poets were inspired by Him. Jesus composed no music, still Haydn, Handel, Beethoven, Bach, and Mendelssohn reached their highest perfection, their highest melody, in the hymns and symphonies and oratorios that were written in His praise.

Thus, every sphere of human greatness has been incomparably enriched by the humble Carpenter, our Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

But His unique contribution to the race of men is the salvation of our souls, the gift of eternal life. How happy we should be for that great contribution that no other could give, can give, or will give to us. Philosophy could not accomplish that, nor art, nor literature, nor music. Only Jesus Christ can break the power of sin. Only He can speak power to the strengthless soul or life to the one who is dead. Only Jesus.

Yes, the world admires Christ from afar off. Some adopt Him as their example. Some try to pattern their lives after Him. But a few open the doors of their hearts and invite Him in to be their Saviour. This is the experience we recommend to every one of you tonight who

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The Morning Watch

By DONALD A. WEBSTER

DLACING Jesus first in the day made "Christ Above All" a reality during the Pan-American Youth Congress. Every morning at eight o'clock, Wednesday through Friday, thousands of young people reconsecrated their lives to God for another day. They made this their very first work. This was the spark that fired the hearts of all for the congress.

It was here that we learned, with R. R. Bietz, president of the Southern California Conference, that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." It was here also that we saw Jesus and learned that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." We were drawn to Calvary. Sin can only be estimated in the light of the cross. Sin has not changed. Neither has the saving power of Christ changed.

C. E. Moseley, North American Colored Department secretary, prepared our

hearts to make "Christ Above All" for another day. "Satan plays upon our weaknesses and doubts," he pointed out. We anticipated his attacks, so prayed and studied God's Word. Our weaknesses became strong points through prayer, and through the Word our doubts turned to certainties.

We learned the song of Moses and the Lamb on Friday morning with Andrew C. Fearing, president of the Nevada-Utah Conference. It was a song of the experience we needed for that day and every day. Decision, patience, faith, courage, and obedience are included in the stanzas of this song. We determined, by God's grace, to sing this song until Jesus comes again.

We attended the Morning Watch not only to learn more about Christ—this we could do at home by reading a book—but to gain a deeper experience in Christ. No one was disappointed. We left with the greatest of all gifts, "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

MV Youth in Action

Objective: an Education

By Barbara L. Wheeler

"Don't worry, Mother," Louis, the twelve-year-old son, reassured her. "I will put forth a double effort in selling *El Centinela* [our *Signs* and health combination magazine]. You need not fear, Mother, Jesus will bless me in my colporteur work, and we will have enough to eat."

The father of the family had broken the distracting news. He had lost his job, and this was nothing short of a calamity.

Mother Leonor cast a grateful look at her stalwart young son, noting the determined look in his deep brown eyes, but she could not see that a heavy heart was beating under the thin little tan shirt. Louis was a brave little lad; so he carefully put his dream aside and threw his whole heart and soul into his sales work, with the heavy responsibility of feeding the large family resting on his slim young shoulders.

The dream? Louis had had a great longing in his heart ever since he had heard the choir of the Colegio Adventista Dominicano sing in his home town, the thriving little city of San Francisco de Marcoris, nestled among the extensive cacao and rice plantations and verdant grazing lands of the Dominican Republic. Somehow, some way he must attend school at the colegio. He was confident that the way would open by September, when the classes would begin.

Through the summer he worked valiantly and unselfishly, but with the one dream and the one goal ever before him. How earnestly he prayed that his father would get work, so that he could be free to turn his dream into a reality! It was a great day for Louis when his father came home and announced that he had work at last. With God's help, Louis was sure that he would soon be at the colegio.

When the director of the school came to his town in search of prospective students, Louis was ready to make his appeal.

"Señor director, would you please give me the opportunity to prove myself? I am sure that I can sell enough *Centinelas* to meet my expenses at the school. I long to go to the colegio!"

The director looked at the boy and loved him for his earnest zeal and ambition. In the brown-eyed youth he could see a precious jewel who would one day do great things for the cause of God.

"Louis, I cannot say Yes right now, as

much as I would like to. But let us pray about it, and before school starts, I'll let you know whether we can allow you to come."

The weeks passed by, and Louis worked, waited, and prayed for the final word. Back in the colegio the director and his wife discussed the problem of Louis, and decided that he surely deserved this wonderful opportunity for which he was longing. So a letter was sent to missionary-minded friends across the waters, and in a short time the answer came, and with it a substantial check, which would enable



PHOTO, COURTESY OF BARBARA L. WHEELER

Louis made his dream of attending Colegio Adventista Dominicano come true by selling magazines.

Louis to pay his opening fees and deposit at the school. And from there on he would have to prove to the world that he was a little man who could stand on his own two feet.

Back in San Francisco, Louis had had no word from the school. It was the week before school should start. With strong faith, Louis packed his suitcase, sold *Centinelas*, prayed much, and waited for the letter.

The day the letter came was a great one for Louis. He fondly bade his loved ones good-by, squared his shoulders, and set out to make his own way in the world. Walking under the palm-shaded lawns of the campus, he thanked Jesus that he had

at last arrived at his destination, the school of his dreams.

Louis and God are partners, and he has promised Him one fifth of his earning for tithe and offerings. So hand in hand with his dearest Friend he set forth into the great city of Ciudad Trujillo to begin his colporteur work there.

Louis is an eighth grader, and classes are from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. This enables him to sell all afternoon. The city is eight miles from the school, and there are certain afternoons when the school pickup truck does not go into town. With his never-failing smile, he sets out by foot and is soon given a ride by some friendly truck driver or other kind motorist.

His first school year is drawing to a close. Do you think he has had success? Great and marvelous have been his experiences as this little man has walked with God up and down the streets of Ciudad Trujillo, selling with great success our wonderful truth-filled literature.

The bill in the office? There isn't any! And to make this true story even more wonderful, Louis decided that he wanted his sister to have piano lessons, so these also were added to his account.

Louis, with his sunny smile, cheerful optimistic disposition, firm faith, and strong determination, is day by day preparing himself for the great work that God would have him do in preparing the people of Santo Domingo (Dominican Republic) for the soon coming of Jesus.

1,000-Mile Ingathering Tour

By Arthur G. Hill

If you could have looked along a dusty country road one bright Sunday morning, you would have seen a heavily laden car bearing five enthusiastic young men from the Australasian Missionary College, speeding out into the central interior of New South Wales an appeal for missions [Ingathering] work.

As we began our calls, one good woman showed her appreciation of the work the missionaries are doing in the islands by donating five pounds to the cause. A man added his testimony by relating his opinions, which he formed from four years of experience among the natives in New Guinea during the war. The Adventist mission, he stated, was doing an excellent work among the people. He found that even though the native boys were without a white spiritual leader during the occupation, they remained faithful and true to the principles upheld by our organization, and would not waver even in the face of death.

Driving across the plains in the blazing noonday sun, on our way to the next town, we saw a group of ten emus break from the stunted, sun-scorched trees and race parallel with the road to the huge partially grass-covered sand dune that lay a short

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Mountains and Men

By E. A. BOEHM

IN NORTHEAST NEW GUINEA there are half a million people who are some of the most primitive in the world, only a few years separated from stone axes and bows and arrows. Some are still cannibals. Many of them cannot even speak pidgin English.

But the gospel is going to them. The work began about fifteen years ago. Five years later we still had no baptized believers. In 1944 we baptized the first highland native, Pastor Masive.

At the 1950 General Conference our leaders made an aim to double the membership of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in the next quadrennium. We then had 273 baptized people in our territory. I am glad to report that at the close of 1952 we had 710 baptized members. We have more than doubled our membership.

Apart from these members we have twelve thousand people who claim to be Adventists. If you ask them what religion they belong to, they say, "Seven Day." Some of them know very little about it, but they are influenced by our teaching. I believe we have a potential church membership of six thousand, for that is the number in our Sabbath schools. We have 742 candidates now in baptismal classes. So you see the church is growing in our section.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace," says the prophet Isaiah. We have thirteen European missionaries in the mountains who are publishing the good tidings and 114 national missionaries who are publishing peace, and the feet of these men are beautiful. The feet of our national workers are calloused and scarred, but Isaiah says they are beautiful because they carry the news of salvation. We have six national ordained ministers. At the last camp meeting in July after four were ordained, they baptized some of their own people.

Tavi, one of our highland natives, is an earnest winner of souls and is working in the cannibal country. God has given him a natural ability for evangelism, a technique and methods by which he is able to help these people. He travels around a great deal and is constantly on the move with the Picture Roll under his arm.

On one occasion he came to a place

where the people were all sitting around crying. He discovered that a young girl had died. What did Tavi do? With his sympathetic nature, he sat down and cried too. He mourned with them.

After a time he said, "We must bury the girl," and took a spade and started to dig a grave. But the mother of the girl jumped up and said, "You are not going to bury her. We are going to cut her up and cook and eat her." But Tavi went on digging in spite of the protests and objections. He dug a very deep grave so the people would not dig the body up again. When he had finished burying the girl he spoke to them about Jesus' coming again. He said Jesus is coming soon and will raise the

girl to life. He concluded, "Don't you dig her up. You let her rest here till Jesus comes to raise her."

I think that was all very beautiful.

As Tavi visits the people and shows his Picture Roll, they generally ask for a teacher. He cannot supply teachers, but he says, "I will mark this village. He plants a tanket, saying, "This is where a church will be built." This is something the people understand. All over the mountains Tavi has been preaching the Advent message and marking the villages.

There are other teachers in our territory doing a similar work. Just recently I was interested to see wonderful things as some of us visited the cannibal areas of Kainantu. I expected to see filthy people and villages, but instead I saw clean villages and the people also were clean and bright. We were the first white people to enter in one place. We remarked on the cleanliness of the inhabitants. Pastor Sobusobu, who was with us, said, "When I was here a year ago these people were living like pigs." Some little girls indicated to us that they could count up to twenty. It is amazing what has been done by our native teachers in twelve months.

One chief sent us a letter. It was nothing but a length of grass tied in three knots. The bearer said we could not read it any more than they could read our letters, but he would read it to us. The first knot asked, "Why did you not come to see me?" The second knot said, "We want the Seven Day Mission," and the third promised, "When you come to see me I will get all my people to help you."

Our greatest problem is to know how to enter all the doors that are open to us. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."



R. R. Figuhr, vice-president of the General Conference, holds the chief's "letter" in his hand. It was nothing but a length of grass tied in three knots, but each knot meant something.

TANGANYIKA SAFARI

By ERNEST D. HANSON

PART TWO

AFTER a day back at Mbeya spent in cleaning, and in purchasing gasoline and supplies, we three missionaries left at 4:30 A.M. for Tabora, 340 miles to the north. In the first forty-five miles we crossed an eight-thousand-foot ridge, then dropped down onto a plateau of scrub brush and forest four thousand feet lower.

We arrived at the old mining town of Chunya at 6:45 A.M., and while waiting for the inmates of the lone, tumble-down hotel to waken, we plugged in my electric shaver on the car and allowed it to do its usual work. Chunya is now a ghost town but was once a thriving typical "Wild West" gold-mining town.

At the hotel we were offered one egg, a piece of bread, and a cup of tea each. This was evidently all the proprietress deemed necessary for our breakfast, but we had other ideas. We offered the cook-boy eggs from our own store if he would fry them for us, but when she saw the boy carrying the eggs, she returned them, producing instead a little oatmeal porridge and two fried eggs for each of us. The porridge must have belonged to the dachshund, for he followed it into the dining room, barking vociferously. We begged a little hot water, making Postum from our own supplies.

At this town we bought gasoline, which was to be the last available for three hundred miles across the lonely bush. We had traveled about twenty-five miles when I suddenly saw a ten-foot mamba stretched full length across the road, sunning himself. This is the most poisonous snake in Africa. It is both lightning quick and belligerent. We closed the car windows and increased our speed toward him. As we came near he reared his head up even with the top of the hood in an effort to flip back out of our way. We struck him, but though somewhat crippled, he moved off into the bush, holding his head some three feet above the ground. We did *not* follow

him to see whether he would succumb to his injuries.

A person bitten by a mamba has no chance of recovery unless he receives an injection of snake serum within ten minutes of the time he is bitten. Two years ago one of our missionaries in Southern Rhodesia was bitten on the end of the finger by a black mamba. He rushed to the mission dispensary less than one hundred yards distant, where he was promptly given an injection of the serum. In spite of the promptness with which he was injected and the youthfulness of the snake, the entire arm became black and many months passed before recovery was complete.

When we were yet 168 miles from Tabora, we turned onto a secondary road

that led through lonely bush and swamp country, but which at this time of year is hot and dry. In all this distance we passed only two moving vehicles. The road had a high grass center, and often sand or stone would hit the lower parts of the car. In the twenty miles of swamp country there were eighteen or twenty bridges that had broken down and been carried away. We could not see the depressions until we were on the edge of them. They were usually about four feet deep and fifteen feet long. Twice we stopped the car only after sliding into the drift. Fortunately, they were dry. Though we scraped our bumpers, we were able to get out.

For 250 miles of the run between Chunya and Tabora we passed beehives



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

A leper suffering from the nodular form of leprosy arrived at the Heri Mission Hospital the same day we did. There was *no* room for him, but the doctor finally managed to find him a place.

by the hundreds. I counted twenty in a single mile, and that number included only those near the road. In one or two instances we discovered that the hives extended far back into the forest. The Africans make these hives from a strong bark taken from a special kind of tree. They are shaped like a log twelve inches in diameter, by three feet in length. Bark ends are sewed on with bark cords. Wax is arranged in rows on the inside to attract the bees. We saw one camp of eleven boys making hives and gathering honey and wax. The commercial product is the wax. The hives are hung from the branches of large trees at a height of fifteen or twenty feet.

As we journeyed on we were severely bitten with tsetse flies that swarmed into the car whenever it slowed down, since it was too warm to keep the windows closed. We hoped none of those flies were infected with sleeping sickness. There were also myriads of tiny flies that tried to get into our mouths, eyes, and ears. One found its way into Dr. Taylor's ear, and though we tried to drown it, we were not successful in removing it until we arrived at Tabora.

By that time Pastor Reid was seeking for help to dig a chigger flea out of his toe. The day before, he had placed his bare feet on the ground and one of these fleas had clung fast. If they are not removed when the foot begins to itch, an infection develops that may become very serious, especially if the flea gets under the toenail—a favorite place.

Along this road we saw five large giraffes, many monkeys and baboons, also a beautiful sable antelope. As we came within fifty miles of Tabora we passed hundreds of mango trees in full bloom. This was a beautiful sight, the closely knit branches covering an area of up to sixty or seventy feet in diameter. Mango trees were first brought into this area by the slave traders one to two centuries ago. The trade routes can be identified by these mango trees. The large green-and-red oval fruit, with its sweet yellow flesh surrounding the solid stone, is a favorite fruit of Africa.

We arrived in Tabora in time for an 8:30 P.M. dinner. The hotel formerly built for the German Crown Prince in 1914 and later operated by a Greek, is now managed by the East African Railways. It is clean and the food is reasonably good. The three of us were placed in one room, and we were happy to get under our mosquito nets for a sound sleep. We left the car at this place temporarily.

Our nine-day-old train reservations had not as yet been confirmed at Dar es Salaam, as we discovered by checking at the station. We bought tickets, therefore, with the understanding that we might have to sit all night in the dining car. The conductor finally placed us in the compartment of a coach otherwise occupied by Indians.

All through the night our train rattled and labored through the marshes and over the volcanic mountain rim that borders Lake Tanganyika. About eight o'clock in the morning we pulled into Kigoma, 2,500 feet above sea level on the shore of the lake. It was necessary to fight off swarms of African boys who began to fight over our luggage. We handed our fifteen pieces to two of the boys who carried them out to the road. We gener-



House on a Hill

By MYRLE TABLER

Let me build my house on top of the hill,
While the valley road goes by,
And call mankind where the winds blow
clean
And they see the genial sky.

Let me open my doors where laurel blows
And the pines are whispering;
From toilsome road let them climb my
hill
And list to orioles sing.

Let me build my life on higher ground,
On soil where the saints have trod;
Let me help mankind to the hills of faith
Where they hear the voice of God.

ously gave them one shilling (14 cents), though they professed dissatisfaction with their pay.

After Dr. Taylor had bought fruit and vegetables for the mission, we loaded our luggage onto the hospital truck. A few miles from town we came to an African market, where hundreds of people were buying or selling bananas, cassava (from which tapioca is made), snuff, fish, salt, sweet potatoes, an unfermented drink made from millet, and sugar. Dr. Taylor bought a ton of cassava roots for his leper colony for 65 shillings (\$9.10), since at the hospital forty miles farther on, it would have cost him \$14.

Over bone-shaking bumps we slowly made our way in the direction of the five-thousand-foot highlands on the borders of

Urundi in the Congo. On the load sat a leper woman on her way to the hospital. As we drove into the yard of the doctor's home, we looked down on the new hospital buildings facing the rolling hills and the banana shambas (gardens) of this thickly settled country.

There still remains work to be done on the hospital building, but we are hoping to open it officially in the near future. It will be necessary to put up with some discomforts for a while. At present eleven patients are kept in mud huts, and a separate enclosure half a mile distant houses the thirty-three lepers. This work can be enlarged to the limit of our financial ability.

Dr. Taylor is known as "the preaching doctor." In addition to his hospital work, he visits several dispensaries. His wife, the former Elizabeth Sturgess, grew up in the Congo, where her father pioneered the medical work at Songa and Ngoma. The day we arrived at Heri a leper arrived suffering from the nodular form of the disease. He was a terrible sight. There was no room for him, but the doctor finally decided to squeeze him into the already crowded quarters.

That weekend a hundred people attended the first camp meeting in this area. Five heathen took their stand for Christ on Sabbath and nine others were baptized. Twenty-six have been baptized in the past year. As a result of nearly six years of work, first by a layman and more recently by the doctor and the evangelist, there are forty baptized members and forty in the baptismal classes. Now that we have broken through the prejudice, we feel confident that the next three years will see hundreds of heathen accepting Christianity.

The British colonial government will not permit any mission society to open a school within a radius of three to five miles of any other society unless the area is very thickly populated. This also applies to church schools. With this in mind, other church groups blanket with school-sites any areas where they may have work, though they often actually operate these schools only when another mission society attempts to secure a schoolsite. This scheme makes it difficult for us to obtain a foothold in these old established centers.

This Waha country is of volcanic origin and is subject to frequent earthquakes. Early in 1952 a series of very severe shocks completely demolished seven Catholic, Anglican, and Swedish missions, severely damaging others. It also destroyed a large school at Kasulu, forty miles from Heri. Providentially none of our buildings were shaken down, though one chimney was badly broken and serious cracks were opened in every building, especially in the corners.

Here we visited the local chief, who has thirty thousand people under him. He was friendly, giving us a dozen eggs,

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The Shepherds

By DOROTHY FOREMAN BELTZ

THEY went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains. . . . The Shepherds, . . . whose names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, Sincere, took them by the hand."—JOHN BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Thus, perhaps you have come to the first Friday evening of this new school year. You are now alone within the four walls of your own private section of the big school home, from whence through your doors comes the drifting montage of sound, so dear and familiar to your older schoolmates, to remind you that your family now numbers 150 rather than 5. One hundred and fifty—plus one.

Perhaps you are convinced by now that you have reached the Delectable Mountains; perhaps with such a lump of homesickness caught in your throat, you are not so sure. Maybe you are positively skeptical of all the "general confusion of newness." No matter—if you will take time during these Sabbath hours to begin to find out what's what and who's who.

Of course taking time to sort out your thinking will not reveal at once all the why's and what's and who's. But you can start. Would you be willing to start with your dean?

Recall the names of the shepherds who welcomed the pilgrim, Christian, to the Delectable Mountains. Hyphenate these names and precede them with the title *Dean*. Then let me take you by the hand for a few moments to tell you about your dean—to introduce you to Dean Knowledge-Experience-Watchful-Sincere.

Dean Knowledge has a vast respect for the potentialities that can be developed through mental training and acquaintance with the great knowables of the universe. Dean Knowledge is interested in your intellectual progress and feels a personal responsibility for providing an unexcelled environment for study for the development of your mind. Your dean is jealous of every shallow interest or willful interference that threatens your intellectual progress.

Dean Knowledge sometimes may seem to be almost too severe a guardian of the study periods, too vigilant a traffic officer on the Highroad to Wisdom, but can you really want your dean to be careless of your mental safety?

Dean Experience is eager that you do not learn about life by the prodigiously time-consuming, dangerous trial-and-error method. Your dean knows that those who refuse to learn from the experience of others come to the end of life without yet having reached the developmental stage in which they can make original contributions to life. Dean Experience has seen too many battered, frustrated individuals who have chosen to make the "same old mistake" in life.

Dean Experience explains patiently over and over that this or that way of living has long ago been discovered to be polluted, barren, rocky, dangerous. Your dean is interested in uncovering the pitfalls of wrong associations, of bluffing through life, of worldly longings, of

shabby choices, of artificiality. Your dean wants you to know, but not by trial and error, that the paths of lowered ideals of courtship and marriage and "escape" amusements are very steep, very slippery, and end suddenly at a precipice.

And if sometimes Dean Experience seems excessively grieved at your insistence that you try and err for yourself, just remember that your dean sees magnificent possibilities of your becoming the self-controlled, poised, productive, progressive, spiritual-minded individual God so nobly planned you should be.

Dean Watchful! Aha, you snort, the nickname should be spy. But you are simply uninformed and out of date. There was a day—of odious memory but happily now ending rapidly—when Dean Watchful was not considered doing full duty if sneaks were not tracked down by counter-sneaking. Dean Watchful almost resigned permanently under that regime, then decided to stay on and demonstrate that watching is as far above policing as heaven is above earth. Dean Watchful watches for souls as they that must give account. Your dean—God has said it—will be held responsible for every wrong thing that happens that he could have prevented—as responsible as if he had done the thing himself.

But Dean Watchful also notices the effects of your little and big disappointments you never mention to anyone, notices when life piles up on you a little too fast, watches to see whether you are lonely, senses when friendships have "let you down," is concerned at tiny evidences of overweariness, lack of sleep, a too-economical program of nutrition, feels your strains and tensions, grieves over your defeats, rejoices over your victories, admires your new clothing, understands that your letting off a little steam is not wickedly intentional.

In fact, Dean Watchful in many ways you do not guess is easing a tension here, drawing off a bit of steam there, trying to provide space for laughter at this pressure

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EWING GALLOWAY

Does that first letter home from school reveal just a little twinge of homesickness? Are you a bit skeptical of all the "confusion of newness"?



H. A. ROBERTS

Does God Love You?

By RICHARD A. RENTFRO

WHEN the small daughter of the distinguished sculptress, Sally James Farnum, was asked which child was her mother's favorite, the little girl, according to Francis Newton in *This Week*, promptly replied: "She loves Jimmie best because he's the oldest; and she loves Johnny best because he's the youngest; and she loves me best because I'm the only girl!"

It would be difficult to find an incident that could more lucidly explain God's all-embracing love for His children. It is wonderful to know that God loves you very personally, no matter what your experience has been. His love transcends the barriers of race, creed, or color, and you are very precious in His sight.

Man may be ever so helpless in his sins, but God's love is always near. I like these descriptive words of the apostle Paul when he said, "For when we were still helpless, at the decisive moment Christ died for us godless men. Why, a man will hardly give his life for an upright person, though perhaps for a really good man some may be brave enough to die. But God proves

His love for us by the fact that Christ died for us when we were still sinners."

It was long before sunrise on a winter morning when I drove from my home in Reno to witness the execution of a killer in the Nevada State lethal gas chamber at Carson City. As a pastor, I had been interested in the sociological background of this man. Why had he committed this terrible crime? It had happened just a short distance from our home. There in my pocket rested the oddest invitation I had ever received. It read:

"CARSON CITY, NEVADA
October 17, 1949

"MR. RICHARD A. RENTFRO,

"You are respectfully invited to attend the execution of

[name withheld]

to be held at the Nevada State Prison at Carson City, Nevada, at the hour of 5:30 A.M., October 18, 1949.

"This invitation must be presented at the Gate, and is not transferable.

"[Signed] RICHARD H. SHEEHY
Warden, Nevada State Penitentiary."
Sobering thoughts went through my

mind as I drove those thirty-some miles. The time had arrived. I stood in the walled prison yard. The snow was gently falling as a priest read the final rites. In the brightly lighted lethal gas chamber was one man who was paying his debt to society. And yet, God loved even this man and would save him for eternity if he called upon the name of Jesus—for had not the Master saved the thief on the cross that day so long ago?

I stood close to the killer. Would I have been willing to change places with him just then? It would be an almost impossible thing to do, wouldn't it? And yet "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Yes, "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Love is the very basis of God's universal government. In fact, "God is love." Are not the words of John precious to the troubled, sin-sick, and lonesome heart: "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us."

And yet someone says, "It all seems very encouraging, but if I am to be honest with myself—I must admit that at the present time I have no great love for God. I know I should, but it just isn't there. What am I to do? How can God love me when I have no love for Him?"

Remember the words from the Bible, "Herein is love, *not that we loved God, but that he loved us.*" His love for us is the important thing. The fact that one of His children has not yet learned to love Him does not lessen His great and all-surrounding love for you. He will love you whether you love Him or not. A gracious God indeed!

It is somewhat like that sweet little baby who perhaps lives at your house. Has that baby ever done anything for you?

"No," you answer, "I can't say that he has."

Does he ever do any of the work around the home or pay any of the bills?

"No, actually, he doesn't pay for anything."

And yet you love that precious gift, don't you? The fact that he fails to express his appreciation does in no way lessen your love for him. And so it is with God's unending love for you. Remember, you are very precious in God's sight.

Even today, some peoples of the earth think of God as a fearful ruler—almost a tyrant—but how encouraging it is to know that His own Word teaches that "God is love." Every good thought or

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*Pathos and joy highlight the
history of the missions.*

The Highway of the Bells

By ELTON A. JONES

PART 6

IT IS about thirty-five miles in a northeasterly direction to the next old mission in the chain—San Juan Bautista (St. John the Baptist). Leaving U.S. 101 and turning off to the east, one arrives at San Juan Bautista in a beautiful valley of the same name.

Of all the missions perhaps the name of this one is most appropriate. Since the word *mission* comes from the Latin word *mitto*, which means "I send," San Juan Bautista is felicitously named.

It is said that Helen Hunt Jackson visited the valley years ago and thought seriously of making it the setting for her story *Ramona*. The reason given for her changed mind is that some overinquisitive woman could not learn the exact reason she wanted her house and so refused to rent it. So the chance of fame to San Juan "went a-glimmering."

In this fertile valley the mission site was selected where two wells were found. A little river was here too, but it was much too small for the mission's needs. On the day of Saint John the Baptist, June 24, 1797, Fray Lasuen, the padre-president, in his seventy-seventh year said the mass,

and with an earnest prayer launched the fifteenth mission, speaking chronologically, and also the fifteenth geographically as we travel north from San Diego, the Mother of the Missions.

Construction had already begun on some of the buildings, and by the end of the year the settlement included an adobe tile-roofed church, a granary, cook-house, guardhouse, and a few dwellings.

San Juan Bautista had an auspicious beginning. Crops were plentiful, and by 1800 nearly six hundred pagan Indians had been converted. That year earthquakes shook the region and damaged the buildings. The necessary repairs were made, and in 1803 the cornerstone was laid for a new and larger church; the first was hopelessly overcrowded. This is the third largest mission church, being 210 x 77 feet, and the ceiling is 55 feet from the floor. It has a capacity of about one thousand (one writer says two thousand), and nine years were spent in its construction. Originally it had three aisles, and was the only mission church so arranged. Instead of one, there are three naves. The walls are adobe; the roof, tile. It was formally dedicated on June 23, 1812.

This is one of the missions famous for

its music. Padre Tapis composed much music for use of the missions. Here at San Juan Bautista there are three large volumes from his pen. Much of the music was on parchment. One of the musical stories is rather amusing. Among the relics of the mission is an old barrel organ. It is thought that it was a present to Fray Lasuen by Mr. George Vancouver. It was built in London in 1735 by Benjamin Dobson, is some four feet tall, and for years was kept in the choir loft. On the barrel is a list of its tunes: "Go to the Devil," "Spanish Waltz," "College Hornpipe," "Lady Campbell's Reel." Since neither the padre nor the Indians could read English, perhaps the names meant but little. According to all accounts the Indians greatly enjoyed the music!

During its thirty-seven years 4,100 were baptized, and 3,000 were buried at San Juan Bautista. The great church occupies one side of the garden, the monastery, 270 feet long, another side, and a beautiful corridor spans the front and faces the plaza. Here is one of the few places where a bit of the original El Camino Real can be seen.

The next mission in the chain is about forty-five miles northwest of San Juan Bautista. It is in fact one of the series of old missions, but Santa Cruz is off the trail of El Camino Real, which followed what is now U.S. 101 to San Jose. It was the twelfth mission founded, and the sixteenth in our northward trek.

Its establishment fell to the lot of Padre Serra's successor, Fray Lasuen. The site chosen was on the north shore of Monterey Bay, with the bay before it and with a background of fine redwoods. It was beautiful, but its history did not measure up to its beauties. On September 25, 1791, Lasuen raised the cross and sang the first mass.

Building was begun promptly, but when the rainy season arrived the location proved to be too near the river, and in another two years it was moved to higher

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PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



Mission Santa Clara de Asís (left) stands sedately on the campus of the University of Santa Clara. Mission San Juan Bautista is host to some fine old trees.

Now popularly called T.L.C.,

it cannot be required—

THAT SECOND MILE

By MAXINE ATTEBERRY, R.N.

JESUS said, "And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." We have for the most part associated that text with "turning the other cheek" and loving our enemies. In reality it could be classed with the beatitudes. Blessed is he that goes the second mile, for rich will be his reward.

It is the second mile that makes the difference between the *student* of nursing and the one who is merely enrolled in a school of nursing. The one studies for the sake of learning. The other studies for the sake of getting by. The one accepts an assignment as a challenge. The other wants the instructor to set prescribed limits for the assignment. One goes beyond the call of duty. The other hopes that duty will not call very loud.

School is the only place I have found where people habitually endeavor to get less than they pay for. In school it seems to be popular to make a poor bargain. One is heard to boast, "Listen, I got by in pharmacology without ever cracking a book." And her envious classmates think she is smart. If that same person said, "Look, I have managed to sell my car for \$500 less than it was worth," would she be considered smart? No, we would call her a fool. What is the difference?

In the first instance the girl sold herself short. She has laid a shoddy foundation for the practice of nursing that may even cost some innocent person his life.

And we think she's smart!

In the second instance she has only cheated her bank account, which may or may not be easily replaced, and we say she is a fool. Perhaps she is, but where is our sense of values? By whose standards are we estimating our loss or gain?

You have pledged yourself to get a professional education. It will cost you time, effort, money. The money may not

come from your own billfold, but the time and effort are an irredeemable part of your life.

In order to get that degree and that R.N., you must meet certain minimum requirements. And if you meet those minimums, you'll get by. We will give you your degree, and if you reach the passing line set by the Board of Nurse Examiners, they will give you an R.N. But if you stop with the minimum, if you are satisfied with just getting by, you are making a very poor bargain.

It's the second mile that determines whether you are a professional person and not just another nurse. It's the willingness to get below the surface that pays the dividends in satisfaction from your efforts. As someone has said, "What small potatoes we all are compared with what we might be, if only we were willing to plow deep enough." You must meet our minimums. Are you willing to plow deep enough to meet your own maximum? It is up to you.

Your faculty draws the bottom line below which you may not go and remain in the school. But only you and God know where above that bottom line your line of accomplishment ought to be.

"Our Heavenly Father requires no more nor less than He has given us ability to do," wrote Ellen G. White. "We shall individually be held responsible for doing one jot less than we have ability to do. The Lord measures with exactness every possibility for service. . . . For all that we might become through the right use of our talents God holds us responsible. We shall be judged according to what we ought to have done, but did not accomplish because we did not use our powers to glorify God." Dare you accept a C when you could have had an A?

The story is told of Jim, who went to see his employer to find out why he had been passed by so many times when promotions were in order. The employer, being a wise man, did not immediately

give him an explanation. Instead he said, "It will be a few minutes before I can discuss this with you, Jim. While you wait, will you go down to the stock room and get a ream of company letterheads? I seem to be out of stationery in the office."

Jim cheerfully went and shortly returned with the requested paper. "Thanks, Jim. I presume you checked the paper out on the list that hangs by the door."

"No. I didn't see any list, but I will go and do it immediately. It will take only a minute." This time he was rather surprised to see on the stock room door a large sign, "PLEASE CHECK ON THE LIST BELOW ALL MATERIALS TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM."

Jim returned to the office to be met with the question, "Did you notice how much paper was left in stock? If I remember correctly, we are getting low." Jim retraced his steps to bring back the report—there was no more paper. He had brought up the last ream.

"Thanks. Now, Jim, sit down. You have just finished a good demonstration of the reason why no promotions come your way. You made three trips to the stock room when one should have been sufficient. That sign has been on the door for years, and any observant person would have noted without being told that there was no more paper on the shelf. If you want to advance in this business, Jim, *you must learn to see what you look at.*"

This is a good motto for everyone who would advance, regardless of his business: *Learn to see what you look at.*

I knew a patient once who had called at frequent intervals all morning. Her requests all seemed trivial, and the one who answered her numerous calls classified it as "just wanting attention." After the change of shifts the new nurse answered the same kind of call. This nurse stayed and chatted for a moment. Then before leaving she adjusted the Venetian blinds only a fraction of an inch.

[A talk given at capping exercises to college students of nursing at a sophomore class recognition ceremony. Miss Atteberry is the assistant dean, School of Nursing, College of Medical Evangelists, the Los Angeles campus. —EDITOR.]

But that fraction eliminated an irritating glare that not even the patient had recognized. And that fraction also eliminated the exasperating calls.

The first nurse was answering calls. The second was answering needs. There is a difference. She also saw what she looked at.

May I draw a few more pictures? A student of nursing was sent on a home call one day. She found her patient, an old man, suffering from a decompensated heart, living alone in one room with a pull-down bed. He had been told that he should rest frequently during the day, but the bed came down with difficulty, and it was a large double bed that almost completely filled the room and must be pushed up between times to allow him to get about. The result—he did not lie down by day at all. It required too much effort.

as instructed, she wrote her progress recording in the chart, but she did not write "Finis" to her effort. She saw a problem to be solved, and she proceeded to check on community agencies until she found a solution. A small single bed that the patient could get on a loan basis solved the problem, left a grateful patient, and gave the nurse a heap of satisfaction.

And there is that religious patient, a chronic invalid who has become dependent on the visits of the student nurses for her regular treatments, plus some spiritual uplift. At the close of one of these visits, as the student appeared ready to leave, the patient asked anxiously, "Don't I get my *Signs* today? They always leave me a paper to read."

The nurse, who had been hesitating, wondering whether she should offer a paper to one of her religious persuasion, readily produced it.

and a student assigned to accompany her for purposes of observation. This student, in addition to learning the principles and purposes of the test, which was a part of her assignment, took time out to learn more of the mechanics of the test, that she might be able honestly to reassure her patient that she would not have to have her hair cut, that the electrodes did not hurt, that there was no electric shock connected with the test, and a number of other similar questions. Simple? Certainly! But think of the peace of mind it afforded the patient.

These are not fairy tales. We have students in our school of nursing who do that kind of work. I can give you more illustrations. There was the nurse who read the patient's history carefully enough to note the suggestion of the possibility of enlarged glands; so on her routine visit she checked the patient thoroughly and found an unsuspected nodule behind one ear, which the biopsy later revealed as malignant. There is no doubt but that nurse's carefulness, beyond the call of an assignment, saved or markedly prolonged that patient's life.

Then there were the two girls who took their knowledge of crutch walking into the home of an employee where one was "sweating out" a fractured leg without benefit of expert nursing care.

Second-mile nursing is what is meant by real nursing. It is nursing the whole patient; it is nursing with the heart as well as with the head. I recall hearing the late Dr. Comstock say, "It makes little difference what *disease* the patient has, but it is vitally important what *patient* the disease has."

Personal interest, now popularly called T.L.C. (tender loving care), cannot be a requirement. If given at all it is a freewill offering. You have chosen a profession that will require much of you. I trust you have also chosen a Master who wants even more of you. The depths of your consecration to the One will largely determine the heights you will reach in the other. You have been richly endowed with many talents, but they are not to be used selfishly.

"Your mind has been given you that you may understand how to work. Your eyes were given you that you might be keen to discern your God-given opportunities. Your ears are to listen for the commands of God. Your knees are to bow three times a day in heartfelt prayer. Your feet are to run in the way of God's commandments. Thought, effort, talent, should be put into exercise," that you may be graduated with honors from the school of nursing? Yes, but more important, that you may be promoted into the school above. You have no right to put a low estimate upon yourself or your abilities. You rob yourself and you rob God when you do less than your best.

Will you accept the challenge of the second mile?



PHOTO, BLACK STAR

It's the second mile that determines whether you are a professional person or just another nurse.

The patient continued, "You know, there was one of you nurses whom I liked ever so much. She would say as she handed me the paper, 'Now here, Mrs. Blank, is an article you would enjoy reading.' Then she would give me the high points of the article, just enough to arouse my interest before she left. I always appreciated that."

Would you take time to read the paper beforehand, in order to find something of particular interest to someone?

Here is another example of second-mile work: There was an apprehensive patient scheduled for an electro-encephalogram

This was not the first student who had visited this man, but it was the first one who thought beyond the minimum requirements of this home visit: a check of the apical pulse by stethoscope, a bit of counsel regarding his medication (as per the doctor's instructions), a progress recording on the chart. Finis.

This girl fulfilled the requirements of the visit: she checked the apical pulse by stethoscope, she gave her bit of counsel

South American Treasure

By LUISA POST EVERIST

as told to Eva Mae Baerg*

THE caravan wound its way across the mighty Andes in search of a new land. With three other families from California, my father, mother, and oldest sister were on their way from Valparaíso, Chile, to Argentina.

There were few trains and no airplanes or automobiles ninety years ago. These pioneers made up a caravan of fifty mules, two for each rider, and several pack mules. Baby Stella was cradled in a basket on one of these mules, with a pack on the opposite side to balance the load. It took the party about two weeks to cross the mountains in this fashion.

Mother afterward used to tell us children about this adventurous trip. She thought it was delightful going up and down the valleys and dales. Some places the path was on the very edge of the mountainside, with a ledge just wide enough for a footing. A misstep of the mule and they would have been dashed to the bottom of the precipice. When they came to such places the guide would call out to all riders to drop the reins and remain perfectly quiet. Then the mules understood, and would tread their way without guidance.

There were no railways in Argentina in those days, only stagecoaches. These coaches were drawn by six sleek horses, each horse with his rider. The figurehead driver sat up in the front of the carriage. He held no reins. His task was to look after the passengers and their luggage, which was piled on top of the coach. The

riders would drive as fast as they could make the horses run, each with his *rebenque* (whip), laying it on as hard and fast as possible. After hours they would come to a *posta* (relay station), and fresh horses and riders would hook on. Then, off they would go again at full tilt.

My mother told us afterward that when our family got into the stagecoach and the carriage started up, the whole situation seemed so queer that she laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

At night they would put up at one of the relay stations, where there was some sort of lodging. It took three weeks to make the trip from Mendoza, Argentina, down to Buenos Aires. Within three months they went up north to the Chaco and founded the *Colonia California* in the province of Santa Fe. There two boys, Amos and John, were born into our family.

It was rumored that the Indians were beginning to get restless and were making plans to come down onto the colony and slaughter all the white people. This word was brought to the settlers by a little Indian boy whom mother had protected. There was little time. Father put his important documents and belongings of value down into a dry well, and took mother and the three children to a safe place prepared by the little Indian boy. There they hid for two days. Fortunately, nothing happened,

As we were plodding along, suddenly something gave way, the cart tongue flew up, and the cart tipped back. All the trunks and luggage, with us sitting on top, slid gently down into the mud.

and they were able to return to the colony. The other families who had scattered to hide out returned also.

Later it was discovered that the wicked Indian chief had been blinded. When passing under a thorn tree the branches had pierced his eyes. Mother was a woman of prayer, and she always said that she was sure this was the answer to her fervent petitions.

Notwithstanding, my parents thought it best to come away before another attack might occur; so they sold out and came down to Buenos Aires again. Here they learned of a new country opening up in Uruguay, where the government was offering land for colonization. They took passage on a river steamer and crossed over the River Plate to the adjoining country. Here they bought a beautiful piece of land without house or fence. Soon they purchased several cows, and made and sold butter, which was in great demand. With the proceeds they were able to put up fences and a small house. Mother used to say that the fence was made of butter. However, it is still standing after seventy years. There my brother Henry and I were born.

In the year 1881 mother took us five children back to California for a visit to her people. Meanwhile father rented out the farm in Uruguay and went back to Argentina to visit the colony in Santa Fe. There the people were making great propaganda for the planting of sugar cane. He

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JOHN GOWLEY, ARTIST

JAKE was not even human. There is no use beating around the bush with a fancy introduction leading up to the grand revelation of who he was. Jake was a cat, a plain house cat, one of the many we always had at home when I was a boy.

Not much to look at, Jake. His coloring was a conglomerate mixture of black and white, with great blotches of yellowish orange, which clearly marked him as one of unpedigreed parentage and unknown ancestry.

But to me, a boy of twelve, Jake was a beautiful animal, "superhuman," "super-intelligent," "supereverything." He was no common ordinary everyday cat when it came to using his head.

Perhaps after you hear the story of my friend of years ago you will understand and appreciate the justifiable pride of a young lad in his pet's greatness and superiority.

There were always plenty of cats and kittens, as well as other pets, at home. For this reason the birth and early kittenhood of our hero are somewhat veiled in the obscurity of forgetfulness. This matter is unimportant anyway. It is the interesting things he did as he developed into cathood for which I remember him.

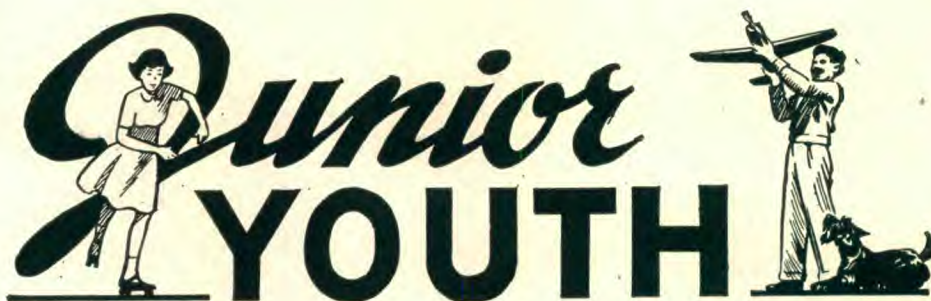
He seemed so human in his way of thinking things through. Deciding what it was he wanted, he would observe human beings to see what they would do to get the same thing.

For instance, when he wanted to get into the house on a cold day when the door was closed, he would not just sit outside and meow as his less-intelligent fellow cats would do. No, he had a better way. He noted how human beings did it. He would do the same way.

Our door was one of those that have one large pane of glass for the upper half. Of course a pair of curtains on the inside kept one from peering within. At the base of the glass part and on a level with the doorknob was a narrow decorative ledge.

Naturally Jake was too short to reach the doorknob, but this ledge solved that problem for him. How he did it we do not know, but he would balance himself on this ledge with three feet and with the fourth he would turn the oval-shaped knob back and forth with a great deal of noise. Anyone within, hearing the signal, would of course quietly open the door. Then you should see the smart young cat strut around! He had opened the door the same way master always did. And to his dying day I suppose Jake believed that it was his turning of the knob that made the door open.

Strange as it may seem, our cat had music in his soul, most definitely. He was eager to develop this natural gift of his. He derived real enjoyment watching dad play his violin. He seemed particularly to enjoy that selection called "Pop Goes the Weasel," in which the violinist picks the string with his finger to produce the sound



*Human, did you say? Well, not quite,
but almost.*

JAKE

By ALBERT N. SHAFER



Jake seemed so human in his way of thinking things through. When he decided what he wanted, he observed human beings to see how they did it.

of "pop" each time the line is reached, "Pop goes the weasel."

And in his feline mind he thought to himself, "I'd like to do that. Of course I don't suppose I could ever learn to handle the bow, but I do believe I could do the 'pop' part." So Jake watched his chance, and one day it came.

Strolling into the living room, he found no one there. And—there on the table dad had left the violin lying, outside of its case. What an opportunity! And no one in sight. Here was his one big chance to learn to "pop" the violin. Quickly springing to the table, he approached the fascinating instrument with eager, noiseless tread.

"Ah, now let's see. Just hook your nail over the string, pull, and let go. My, that's not hard. Pop! I do believe I can do it as well as the master can."

"Pop! pop! pop!" as he scratched his horny paws across the vibrant strings. "Now I must practice for a little more staccato in my touch," thought the musically-minded feline. "Pop! pop! pop—"

"S-s-scat! Get off that table! Sho-o-o-o-o! S-s-s-scat!" staccatoed a sudden voice that sounded most convincingly to Jake as though it meant business. From his hide-away poor Jake must have thought, "What unappreciative folks live in this house."

But Jake could not give up his musical ambitions. If people would not let him learn the violin, he would learn the piano. That instrument seemed to be made more for cats anyway. But poor Jake! What he took to be his golden opportunity turned out to be base metal, plus a good lecture and a spanking.

It was the occasion of the weekly gathering of a few church members at our home for prayer meeting. Jake sat fascinated as sister played the hymns for the singing. It was all so simple, thought Jake. All she did was to press down the keys and the music poured forth. He could do that.

Soon sister was finished playing. Then Jake noticed that everyone immediately got down on his knees and buried his face in his hands. Now was his opportunity.

With one springlike leap he landed in a perfect four-point landing upon the bass keys. Bang! "My, I can make louder music than sister can." With that he proceeded to march trebleward. What music! He had never heard anything like it. He was an

accomplished musician without a single lesson! Reaching the end of the keyboard, he promptly turned about and marched bassward.

But hardly had he begun to glory in his accomplishment and the good turn he was doing for the guests when he felt a strong arm sweep him right off the piano! But not a word was said to him, and the people kept right on kneeling. What queer beings, these human folk! How ungrateful!

Coming home from school one afternoon, I noticed the big iron soup kettle on the back of the kitchen coal range. "Soup or beans?" I wondered. Upon investigation what was my surprise to find snugly curled up inside the large kettle our hero Jake enjoying one of the warmest beds he had ever known. It was not exactly hot, being on the back of the stove, but it was very warm; evidently just right for a cat. Without disturbing his peaceful slumbers, I rushed into another room with, "O Mother, do you want to see something cute? Come out in the kitchen, quick."

But again mother's sense of humor failed her. She didn't think it so cute. It meant that they would have to wash that kettle all over again before she could boil the potatoes for supper. In my own soul I resented that insinuation, for Jake was one of the cleanest animals anywhere on earth. And he didn't like it either. But he got even with me for telling on him.

I took an awful scolding one day from mother. Three times, she said, she had had to straighten out the short runner rug between the kitchen and the dining room. Three times today she had found it gathered all up in a bunch. But I confessed I knew nothing about it. However, I was the only one who could have done it, so, of course, I was responsible. I didn't know who did it; I couldn't defend myself. My brother and sister were too old for capers like that. I was the baby, and I had to take the punishment.

But when a little later mother again threatened to give me a good spanking if I didn't leave that rug alone, I determined to solve the mystery and vindicate my name. From my hiding I watched that rug. Could my brother be mean enough to do it and make me suffer this torture? I was sure my sister wouldn't do such a thing. That would be beneath the dignity of a nineteen-year-old girl.

I did not have to wait long. The evil perpetrator walked right into the trap. From my hiding place I saw him walk up to the rug, and with two feet bunch up the rug from one end and then do likewise with the other, after which he walked off with an air of triumph to watch results. And would you believe it, the conspirator of my downfall was none other than my beloved friend, Jake! Yes, even he. Now we were even.

With all his mischief I dearly loved that purring quadruped. This was graphically

To page 17

SILVIA

By ORVAL R. SCULLY



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

When Silvia's mother counseled her to await baptism until she was sure she could withstand the pressure of the temptations that Satan uses, the girl decided to prove herself.

THE grades had just been passed out, and Silvia rather hesitatingly opened hers. Suddenly she gave a little squeal of delight, for she had received a C in history. Now, ordinarily a C in history would have brought tears to Silvia's eyes, for she was an A student. But this time was different.

Silvia is a girl of fifteen, whose mother is a member of the Seventh-day Adventist church in Punta Arenas, the southernmost city on the continent of South America. Silvia wanted to join the church, but her mother had suffered so much for her faith that she counseled her youngest daughter to wait until she was sure she could withstand the pressure of the temptations that Satan so often uses to discourage young people who are striving to be true to God and at the same time must attend public school. So Silvia decided to prove herself. If when the school year was over she had been found faithful in keep-

ing the commandments of God, she would be baptized.

All had gone well for most of the school year. True, she had refused to attend classes on the Sabbath, but her grade-point average was still the highest in her class of more than a hundred girls. Then came the semi-final examinations. When her history teacher, who was also director of the school, announced that the examination would be held on Saturday, Silvia almost cried. This particular teacher was the most difficult and unreasonable of all.

When class was over, Silvia tried to ask permission for taking her examination on another day, but the teacher would not listen to her. Her final words were that Silvia must appear for the examination or receive an F.

A very disheartened Silvia appeared before her pastor to ask his counsel and prayers. The entire church united in prayer. Sabbath morning she was at Sabbath school bright and early, but it was not always easy to keep her thoughts on the lesson study or on the sermon. In the

afternoon her secretary's report for the young people's meeting began with the familiar words: "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath—"

For that reason this report card day was one never to be forgotten for Silvia. For there shining up at her was a C instead of an F. Her teacher had averaged her daily grade in with the F and had given her a passing grade. Although not what she had deserved, for she had never fallen below a B, it was still high enough to make Silvia the only girl in her class to be excused from her final examinations.

Now Silvia attends the baptismal class with a new interest, for she knows she has learned to trust Him who causes the faithful to "ride upon the high places of the earth." Silvia is also praying that the way may open up for her to continue her education in our training school at Chillán, Chile, and prepare herself for wider service in the cause of God.

MV Youth in Action

From page 5

distance ahead. On passing them with the car, we were surprised to see that they were traveling at almost forty miles an hour.

Our next contact was with an old man sitting on his front steps, with his whisky bottle in his hand, and feeling a little the worse for his indulgence in a small drink. He gave quite a surprising donation, for one so influenced.

Traveling back to our campsite late one night, we stopped our car to assist another traveler who was having trouble with his carburetor, and after we found and repaired the fault for him, he offered us a drink. We naturally declined. We did suggest, however, that if he would really like to help us he could do so by giving a donation to the mission work. "Why, gladly," he said, and pulled a pound note out of his wallet.

The swollen waters of the Barwon and Hamoi rivers, which meet at the township of Walgett, were slowly receding, and many cars were getting bogged down in the mud. This sight discouraged us from going any farther into the west; so turning the car around, we headed for home. At approximately seven thirty in the evening, along the dark and quiet country road, without any warning, the headlights of the car suddenly showed that there was no road just ahead, for it turned very sharply to the left. The driver swung the wheel hard to the left to avoid going over an embankment, and in so doing the car skidded in the loose gravel. The next moment there was a rending crash, and timber and debris flew everywhere as the car crashed into the safety rails on the approach to a bridge. Providence was surely watching over us that night, for although the fenders on one side were extensively damaged, not one of the party was hurt, and we were able to continue our journey that same night, for we still

had the use of both head lamps. Before resuming our tour, however, we knelt down right where we were and uttered praises and thanks unto God in prayer.

In the early hours of the following morning, just as our car reached the summit of the mountains, there in the distance we could see the twinkling lights

He placed me in a little cage,
Away from the gardens fair;
But I must sing the sweetest songs
Because He placed me there.
Not beat my wings against the cage
If it's my Maker's will,
But raise my voice to heaven's gate
And sing the louder still!

—Selected.

of Avondale. What a thrill it gave us as we realized that we were nearly home, and with one accord we sang lustily the words of that beautiful hymn—

"Just over the mountains in the Promised Land,

Lies the holy city built by God's own hand;
As our weary footsteps gain the mountain's crest,

We can view our homeland of eternal rest."

As day broke we arrived at college. We were tired, for we had traveled a thousand miles, but full of joy, for, with the Lord's help, we had been able to gather two hundred and thirty pounds [\$515] to further the work of missions.

To Know Christ Better

From page 4

has not done so. Invite Jesus in, personally, at the time of this youth congress. If that is your determination, if that is why you have come, for a deeper, richer, fuller

experience in Jesus Christ, then He will occupy the highest place in your heart during this congress, and it will not be in vain. Its saving influence will be felt not only throughout your life but in all corners of the world as a result of this meeting.

I would like to have you, in response to this humble appeal, repeat our Pan-American Youth Congress Prayer of Dedication:

"Lord, take my heart; for I can not give it. It is Thy property. Keep it pure, for I can not keep it for Thee. Save me in spite of myself, my weak, unchristlike self. Mold me, fashion me, raise me into a pure and holy atmosphere, where the rich current of Thy love can flow through my soul." "Help me to do my best. Teach me how to do better work. Give me energy and cheerfulness. Help me to bring into my service the loving ministry of the Saviour." Amen.

Jake

From page 16

demonstrated when the family attempted to make a gift of him to a distant farmer who was in need of a cat to rid his place of mice.

I heard him say that he would call for him Thursday morning and take him to his farm quite some distance away. I say, I heard the conversation! Mother would have given quite a bit if I hadn't heard what was said.

I said nothing, but Jake and I had other plans for Thursday morning. We watched, and when we saw that hated farmer wagon appearing over the distant knoll, we quietly sneaked up into our attic, where there were so many nice hiding places, places where only a small boy with his cat could crawl.

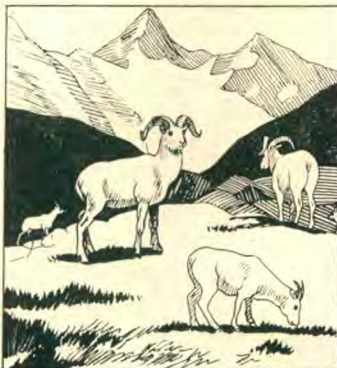
"Well, I've come to take poor old Jake away from you," announced the jovial

Silvermane, the Timber Wolf, No. 12 — By Harry Baerg

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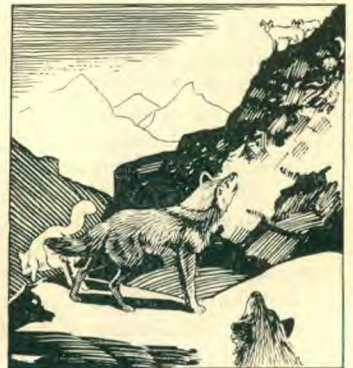
1. When the older wolves started up the hill to hunt, the cubs began to follow. Silvermane just turned to look at them without making a sound. The cubs stopped immediately and returned.



2. The wolves were not after ground squirrels, and the caribou herd had moved away. But higher up on the mountain was a flock of white sheep. These were what the wolves were after.



3. When the wolves came in close and started after them, the sheep bounded up the rocky cliffs at such a speed that the wolves could not hope to follow. Mountain sheep like rough rocks.



4. Soon the sheep were safely up the cliffs. The wolves looked at them with longing, but knew better than to chase. They turned away to find another band where they might have a better chance.

farmer as the door was opened to his knock.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson. So you want our good old Jake. That ought not to be hard, for I haven't seen Albert around for a long time. He is the only one who would offer any serious objections. Wait, I'll call Jake."

But after some moments mother returned, saying that Jake didn't seem to be around at the moment, but that if he would wait around awhile, the cat would surely show up. Jake had heard mother call for him, and in his foolish ignorance would have been glad to answer the call, but he was not permitted.

And Jake did not show up until hours later, not until we both saw from the attic window a rear view of Mr. Johnson's wagon disappearing over the distant knoll.

The Highway of the Bells

From page 11

ground. On February 27, 1793, was laid the cornerstone of the new building, the dimensions of which were 113 x 29 feet, with a ceiling 26 feet high. It was dedicated on May 10, 1794.

The fields were productive and crops were good. Spiritual success, however, was not so encouraging. After five years there were only 523 names on the list of converts. This was in 1796.

One of the stories of this mission is wholly unhappy. It was about 1797 that a new priest named Quintana was brought in. He ruled the Indians with cruelty and was in turn cordially hated by them. He had been ill for a time, and was found dead in bed in 1812 and duly buried. Later one man overheard some snatches of conversation discussing his murder. Why the visible marks of murder were overlooked by those who prepared the body for burial seems peculiar. At any rate, five Indians were taken to be the murderers, and four of them did not survive the two hundred lashes and working in chains that was their punishment. A sorry story from all angles.

Other troubles plagued the Mission of the Holy Cross. The pueblo was handy to the mission, and morals crumbled. The end came in 1834, when it was among the first to be secularized.

Nothing much remains of Santa Cruz. For fifty years nothing was done about it. But in 1931 the town was given a replica, much reduced in size, of the old church. It stands about 250 feet from the original location of the church. This is the "mission" the traveler sees today.

By way of California 17 highway back to U.S. 101 from Santa Cruz it is only about thirty-five miles to our next mission—Santa Clara de Asís, named in honor of Saint Clare of Assisi, foundess of the order of Franciscan nuns. But little of

what is seen as Santa Clara Mission today was of the original structure—only an adobe storeroom! As in some other places the mission gave the town its name.

Although founded January 12, 1777, the mission had to be moved from its location two years later to higher land. Three years later it was again moved, and the second church was built and dedicated May 15, 1784. It is said to have been the finest building in California when completed.

The earthquake of 1812 took its toll of

Believe It or Not

but Judge Charles C. Marbury, of Prince George's County Circuit Court of Maryland, threw out an on-sale beer license granted Flue Brothers Restaurant at College Park, where the University of Maryland is situated. He suggested that the county liquor board officials who had approved the license, even though 73 per cent of the persons living in the vicinity of the restaurant were opposed to the license, pay more heed to public sentiment in the granting of alcoholic beverage licenses.

"One might question," said Judge Marbury, "whether the board had not acted arbitrarily and contrary to the public interest."

Dr. H. C. Byrd, president of the University of Maryland, and the mayor and council of College Park strongly opposed the license and appealed its approval by the board to the circuit court. The college community already has nineteen liquor outlets.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG.

damage at Santa Clara, and while it was being repaired another temblor in 1818 caused another removal, this time to the Valley of the Oaks. Much material was salvaged from the former building, and the new church was dedicated on the eve of Saint Clare, August 11; 1822.

A beautiful boulevard, The Alameda, lined with fine trees, connects Santa Clara with San Jose four miles away. The origin of this avenue is found in the story of the mission. Fray Magin Catala came here in 1794, and was regarded by many as almost a saint. He was to have spiritual oversight of the San Joseans, but they were less concerned than he and did not attend his church. To make it agreeable

and even pleasant for them to travel the four miles, he cleared a road from the pueblo to the door of his church and planted three rows of black willow trees. The middle row had to yield to the march of progress in 1890, and only a few of the original trees can be found. They have been replaced by others more suitable.

Santa Clara was one of the most prosperous of the missions. During its period as a mission it made more than 8,600 converts. As the eighteenth century passed, it was the banner mission, having not quite 1,250 resident Indians.

This mission was one of the last to bow before the secularization, but was taken over on December 28, 1836, by José Ramon Estrada. In three short years its population dropped to three hundred. Probably the smallest number was 130, not long before Governor Pico sold the orchards for \$1,200. The deed was later pronounced invalid, and in 1864 the mission was returned to church ownership.

The present church is on the campus of the University of Santa Clara, and is in constant use. In 1855 Santa Clara College was granted its charter, and is supposed to be the oldest college in California. It is operated by the Jesuits.

In the library are several relics and items of interest. One is a painting of Fray Catala's *Beautiful Way*. Here reposes the old choral—139 pages—bound exquisitely, and the mission registers; the ancient keys, however, are kept in the museum.

[This is the sixth installment of a seven-part serial. Part 7 will appear next week.]

The Shepherds

From page 9

point, explaining you at your best when someone else sees you at your worst, smoothing out a situation that threatens your unsuspecting self, planning experiences that will develop in you social poise, and tastes and appreciations for what is truly beautiful and good.

No, Dean Watchful is not a "watchbird watching you," but one who looks for the best in you, and for you. And if sometimes your dean seems a bit ubiquitous (a new word to you? Look it up!), just imagine how you would feel if no one cared about you thus.

Dean Sincere loves "deaning" and considers it the best-ever opportunity to know, be with, and have young people as special friends. Therefore you will find if you will look, that your dean's apartment is a relaxed, charming, friendly place, arranged so for you. Don't be afraid to ask to come in for a long chat. Don't hesitate to drop by in your goings and comings for a moment to say, "It's an A," or, "That letter just came," or, "I want to show you—" or "What do you think—?" or, "Guess what—" or, "Am I ever dis-

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gusted—" Dean Sincere is a "talkable" person.

And of course you may be sure that your dean is a genuine person, honest and true blue, who can keep confidences forever, and who really, no matter what, likes you for yourself alone. Your happiness is your dean's business and joy.

Won't you this year let your dean take you by the hand and lead you over the Delectable Mountains?

Tanganyika Safari

From page 8

but he did not invite us to the beer drink for which he was then preparing. On the road we passed a wedding procession of about thirty people. The bride's face was covered with the brightly colored cloth that the African girls in this area wear when they appear in public. Her face would not be seen until the bridegroom took her home. Groups in the procession took turns in carrying the bride until the home was reached.

The Waha huts are surrounded by plantations of beer bananas. Around them is a rough fence of stakes driven into the ground. There are usually three or four huts grouped around an open space. These are built of long, supple sticks and are thatched with grass, being arranged in the shape of a hemisphere. The inside of the hut is divided into sections by reed mats draped between stakes. In these huts live people, cattle, goats, and chickens. I took pictures of two cows having a horn spread of more than six feet. Though it may seem unbelievable, these cows angle their horns through the doors of these huts.

Continued next week

Does God Love You?

From page 10

action begins with our heavenly Father.

You say that you have no real love for God? But you do! That kind deed, that smile, your spirit of willingness to be a blessing to others, shows a real and a deep love for God. Yes, it is God who implants in your heart the desire to help others. Every good thing you ever do is the result of the quiet urging of God's Spirit. And your thoughtfulness and kindness to others are love's gifts to Him. Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Years ago in England, in the royal palace, Princess Margaret listened to the king's personal physician forbid her to go to the bedside of her dying daughter. The little girl was infected with diphtheria. Her fever was high. No one was



A Word Diamond

By CLYDE ROSSER

1. A consonant.
2. Possessed; owned.
3. Husband of Jael (Judges 4:17).
4. An ancient city used as a symbol of an apostate power.
5. To dig; to make laborious research.
6. A deer.
7. A consonant.

allowed in the room, save the doctor and a nurse or two. Margaret's mother heart felt as though it would almost die within her as she thought of her precious darling so fevered, so sick, so delirious.

Presently the princess was seized with an impelling urge to go into the sickroom. No one seemed to be around. She looked down the long palace corridors. They were empty; it was quiet. Quickly she slipped into her tiny daughter's room. She bent tenderly over the little form. Momentarily the child seemed to become aware of her mother's presence. From her fevered, burning lips she whispered, "Mother, you've come. Kiss me. I thought that you didn't love me any more. Kiss me, Mother." As that mother gazed into those eyes, quickly she kissed her little daughter and held her fast in her arms.

The little girl died that night and was laid to rest at the top of a hill. That mother's loving embrace had its price: four days later the casket of the princess-mother was carried to the top of the same hill. Truly, "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

But you say, "I believe that I could give my life for someone I love dearly in this life—perhaps for my child or life companion. That would not be so difficult. I would just naturally want to do all I could for him." And yet, did not Jesus say, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in

What Hymn?

By M. M. RABUKA

Do we know all the words to the familiar hymns we sing? From what songs, all of them in *Church Hymnal*, are the following words taken?

1. "The Judge will come, and will take His people
Where they will not die."
2. "A foretaste of Eden
This moment we share."
3. "In joy or in sorrow
Still follow thy Lord."
4. "In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain."
5. "So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven."

Quiz in Verse

By NELLIE M. BUTLER

1. How many chapters in Jude are found?
2. What scripture proves that the earth is round?
3. Who fled, when afraid, to the king of Gath?
4. What greatly lightens the Christian path?
5. What way is best to choose in our youth?
6. What book is found right before Ruth?

Keys on page 23

heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

Have faith in God, "for He careth for you"—individually and personally. Won't you, this day, give Him your life fully and completely?

"When God paints hillside flowers,
There's no easel but the ground,
And no brushes but the sunbeams,
And no paint tubes scattered round.

"In quietness, the sunshine
Of His love brings red and blue,
Yellow, purple, green, and orange—
Here's my heart, Lord, paint it too!"
—NATHANIEL KRUM.

South American Treasure

From page 14

bought a plantation, and joining with several other planters, put up a sugar mill. When we returned from the States we went directly to the plantation.

I was only four years old, but I have a vivid picture of that last year in the Chaco. I can still see father, sitting erect on horseback, with a revolver in his belt, commanding the 250 Guarani workmen as he shouted at the top of his voice. This seemed to be the only way to keep the workers in order and at work.

We lived in a comfortable little house made of adobe, with a hall, living-dining room, three bedrooms, and a kitchen.

WILL YOU BE THERE?

OCTOBER 2-4, 1953—

Master Guide and Pathfinder Leaders' Camp—Southeastern California.

OCTOBER 16-18, 1953—

New Jersey Appalachian Trail Hike (for men 18 years and older).

What I remember with horror is the snakes. They were always appearing when one least expected them. One evening the boys were in the dining room, playing the accordion. My sister was coming along the hall from the kitchen, bringing the food. Suddenly she felt her legs all tangled up as with a long rope. But it turned out to be a long snake, which had come in at the sound of music. Some think that music enchants snakes.

Father had many snake stories to tell. He said there was a kind of snake that looked just like a stick of wood. If it were lying across the road, one would have to go out of his way not to step on it.

We stayed only a short time on the plantation. Since there were no schools or any means of education there, we came back to Uruguay. I shall never forget the day we left for Buenos Aires en route to Uruguay. The nearest port was about ten miles away, and our only conveyance was a two-wheeled cart drawn by two plodding bullocks.

The rain was pouring down. As we were plodding along, suddenly something gave way in the harness, the cart tongue flew up, and the cart tipped back. All the trunks and luggage, with us sitting on top, slid gently down into the slushing mud. What a sight we were! A kind neighbor who was accompanying us on horseback picked me up, mud and all, and put me under his poncho.

After replacing everything and everybody in the cart, we arrived at a place on the banks of a stream where two canoes were awaiting us. Our luggage was placed in one and we scrambled into the other. Half the time the boatmen had to get out and push the canoes through the shallow stream, while another man went ahead, cutting away the water plants—beautiful victoria regia lily plants as big as cart wheels and many other lovely flowers—to make space for us to pass. Finally, after traveling all day, we arrived at the port, where we spent the night, taking the passenger steamer next morning for Rosario and then on down to the city of Buenos Aires.

My two eldest brothers were at this time left in Buenos Aires for schooling, and we went on to Uruguay, back to the old homestead. Father set up a flour mill and went in for extensive wheat farming. He

brought out from the United States one of the first harvesting machines known in the country.

In the year 1888 mother again went back to California, taking the five children with her. This time we traveled up the East Coast, landing in Boston. At the hotel where we were staying a woman came into the sitting room complaining of being weary because she had traveled for two days. Mother turned to her and said, "I've been traveling with my five children for two months."

The woman held up her hands in amazement and asked where in the wide world she had come from. When mother explained that she had come from South America, the woman was even more surprised, and exclaimed, "Why, you are as white as we are!"

Then mother put her arm around me and said, "Yes, and this little girl was born in South America."

The woman jumped up and hurried out to call her children. They were delighted to see a little South American "Indian" who could speak English and was even whiter than they. On our return to Uruguay two years later, my two eldest brothers were this time left in San Francisco to study engineering.

In 1894 the Seventh-day Adventist doctrines were brought to us by father's youngest sister, Lucy Post, whom he had not seen since she was two years old. She came to find South American treasure.

We lived not far from the river, and whenever a ship came into port, everyone left his work and went down to greet the passengers, to find out what cargo the

ship carried and to pick up bits of news from the other side of the world.

One day, as my father was milling about in the crowd, he heard a feminine voice shouting, "Post! Post!" Aunt Lucy did not know what he looked like, nor whether he was there, but supposed someone surely would know whom she was calling. All eyes turned upon this young American woman, and father at once recognized her as his little sister, whom he had not seen since childhood. How happy they were to be reunited again! Soon he had bundled her and her baggage into his big wagon, and they were bounding over the country roads to the ranch.

Lucy Post was the first Bible instructor to come to Argentina, but she first came to our home to present the Bible truth to us. Though she did not know Spanish yet, she visited other English-speaking families and was able to begin a Sabbath school. This was carried on for several years, with the help of Mrs. Fontana, a faithful Adventist. Later Aunt Lucy went to Buenos Aires, where she labored as Bible instructor for many years.

Meanwhile father had heard of a gold rush to Alaska, and he enthusiastically interested several young men in going with him on a two-year expedition. This was his last such trip, for within a few years he passed away. Mother outlived him by exactly ten years.

How thankful we were that Aunt Lucy had been willing to come to our adopted land to bring us the message of present truth and make it possible for us to be reunited someday in the eternal kingdom of God.



Senior Youth Lesson

XIII—Heavenly Joy for the Righteous

(September 26)

MEMORY VERSE: Revelation 7:13, 14.

LESSON HELPS: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 651, 652, 658-661, 674-678; *Education*, pp. 301-309.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1-4 and notes.
3. Ques. 5-7 and notes.
4. Ques. 8, 9 and notes; read the *Great Controversy*, pp. 651, 652.
5. Ques. 10-12 and note; read *The Great Controversy*, pp. 658-661.
6. Read *The Great Controversy*, pp. 674-678 and *Education*, pp. 301-309.
7. Review entire lesson.

A New Heaven and Earth

1. What did the prophet see after the complete destruction of the earth? Who will inherit this new earth? Rev. 21:1, 6, 7.

NOTE.—"A fear of making the future inheritance seem too material has led many to spiritualize away the very truths which lead us to look

upon it as our home. Christ assured His disciples that He went to prepare mansions for them in the Father's house. Those who accept the teachings of God's word will not be wholly ignorant concerning the heavenly abode."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 674, 675.

2. What was God's purpose in creating this earth? How will this purpose be fulfilled? Isa. 45:18; Ps. 37:29; Micah 4:8.

NOTE.—"God created the earth to be the abode of holy, happy beings. . . . That purpose will be fulfilled, when, renewed by the power of God, and freed from sin and sorrow, it shall become the eternal abode of the redeemed."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 67.

3. How much can we understand about the home that Christ has gone to prepare for us? 1 Cor. 2:9; Isa. 64:4.

4. What are we told about the new earth that makes us know it is going to be a happy and pleasant place to live? Isa. 51:3; 65:19, 21, 22, 25.

NOTE.—"There every power will be developed, every capability increased. The grandest enterprises will be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations will be reached, the highest ambitions realized. And still there will arise new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend, fresh objects to call forth the powers of body and mind and soul."—*Education*, p. 307.

The Science and the Song of Heaven

5. What will be the central theme of the song of the redeemed? Rev. 5:9.

6. What does God promise to reveal to His people in the ages to come? Eph. 2:6, 7.

NOTE.—"And the years of eternity, as they roll, will bring richer and still more glorious revelations of God and of Christ. As knowledge is progressive, so will love, reverence, and hap-

piness increase. The more men learn of God, the greater will be their admiration of His character."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 678.

7. What assurance do we have that we shall know our friends and loved ones in the new earth? 1 Cor. 13:12.

NOTE.—"There the redeemed shall 'know, even as also they are known.' The loves and sympathies which God Himself has planted in the soul, shall there find truest and sweetest exercise. The pure communion with holy beings, the harmonious social life with the blessed angels and with the faithful ones of all ages, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, the sacred ties that bind together 'the whole family in heaven and earth,'—these help to constitute the happiness of the redeemed."—*Ibid.*, p. 677.

The Hiding of Christ's Power

8. What alone remains as a reminder of the price Christ paid to ransom the redeemed? Hab. 3:4, margin; Zech. 13:6.

NOTE.—"One reminder alone remains: our Redeemer will ever bear the marks of His crucifixion. Upon His wounded head, upon His side, His hands and feet, are the only traces of the cruel work that sin has wrought."—*Ibid.*, p. 674.

9. What cleansing power has made it possible for the saints to stand before the throne of God? Rev. 7:9, 13, 14.

NOTE.—"We have boldness now through the blood of the Sacrifice. We shall have boldness then through the same precious blood. The power that has redeemed us, is the same as that which will keep us, now, and then, and forever. It is not of ourselves, but all of Him who has loved us and washed us in His own precious blood. Now and to all eternity He is our substitute and surety and Saviour. When in the eternal world we reign with Him, His head and hands and feet and side will witness to the fact that the power which has redeemed us and made us kings and priests unto God reached us in the crimson tide which flowed from His wounded side in the dark day of His humiliation. Throughout those eternal years, when His glory shall cover the heavens, and His praise shall fill the earth, when His brightness shall be as the light, 'bright beams' will come 'out of His side,' and there, forever, will be 'the hiding of His power.' Hab. 3:3, 4, margin."—*The Atoning Work of Christ*, p. 215.

The Love and Power of Christ

10. If we let Christ dwell in our hearts by faith, what will He accomplish for us? Eph. 3:17-19.

11. What course should we follow while waiting for our Lord's return? Luke 21:36; Rev. 22:7.

12. Who alone is entitled to receive glory and honor for the eternal salvation of the redeemed? Jude 24, 25; Rev. 5:12, 13.

NOTE.—"Then, in the results of His work, Christ will behold its recompense. In that great multitude which no man could number, presented 'faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.' He whose blood has redeemed and whose life has taught us, 'shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.'"—*Education*, p. 309.

Junior-YOUTH LESSON

XIII—How the Entrance to Canaan Taught of the New Earth

(September 26)

LESSON TEXTS: Deuteronomy 8:1-9; Revelation 21:1, 9-27.

MEMORY VERSE: "For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him." Isaiah 64:4.

Guiding Thought

"A reward is offered!" How much more earnestly we work or search when we know that an award awaits our efforts! In our search for truth and righteousness and in our fight against sin, we are spurred on to greater effort because "a reward is offered." The Word of

God is full of promises of rewards. Adam and Eve were made happy by the promise that one day their beautiful Eden home would be restored. Abraham, promised that his heirs would inherit a land of God's own choosing and special blessing, was cheered by the thought that his spiritual heirs would one day be given the reward of "a better country." Moses, seeing the Promised Land stretched out before him, died happy in the knowledge that not only would the Israel he had led out of Egypt inherit Canaan but that all God's children who, like Israel, had learned obedience and faith would one day inhabit heavenly Canaan. We today, leaving the ways and attractions of the world to follow Jesus, look forward to a great reward—the new heaven and the new earth, a great "recompence of the reward."

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Called to a Promised Country

1. To whom did God first give the promise of a land on which His special blessing would rest? Gen. 12:1-4.

NOTE.—In spite of the fact that it was many years before that land became a reality, the faith of the patriarchs never dimmed. Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph believed and repeated the promise. So sure were Jacob and Joseph that the children of Israel would leave Egypt and return to the land they had left, that they gave orders for their bodies to be buried there.

2. Although Abraham believed that his descendants would one day occupy the Land of Promise on earth, to what greater reward did he look forward? Heb. 11:8-10.

NOTE.—"The gift to Abraham and his seed included not merely the land of Canaan, but the whole earth."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 170.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Called From an Alien Land

3. Abraham was called to leave the progressive, highly civilized city of Ur because its influences made it hard for him and his family to live godly lives. From what conditions were the children of Israel called? Ex. 1:11-14.

4. From what are the children of the Advent Movement called? 1 Peter 2:9.

NOTE.—As Abraham was called to leave a worldly city shrouded in the darkness of heathenism, and as Israel were called to leave a city where the darkness of oppression made it hard for them to enjoy life and to keep God's commandments, so God's people are being called today to leave the dark ways and tainted pleasures of the world to walk in the light of His truth.

ASSIGNMENT 4

God Watches Over His Pilgrim Children

5. As the children of Israel made their journey to the Land of Promise, did they meet with hardships and problems? Deut. 8:2, 3.

6. Did God leave them to solve their own difficulties? Ps. 105:43, 44.

NOTE.—The trials that came to them were to discipline them and to teach them that God can meet every extremity. "Victims of lifelong slavery, they were ignorant, untrained, degraded. They had little knowledge of God, and little faith in Him. They were confused by false teachings, and corrupted by their long contact with heathenism. God desired to lift them to a higher moral level; and to this end He sought to give them a knowledge of Himself. In His dealings with the wanderers in the desert, in all their marchings to and fro, in their exposure to hunger, thirst, and weariness, in their peril from heathen foes, and in the manifestation of His providence for their relief, God was seeking to strengthen their faith by revealing to them the power that was continually working for their good."—*Education*, p. 34.

7. As we, the children of the Advent Movement, make our way from the world to the heavenly Canaan, can we expect trials, and can we look for help too? Ps. 107:1-7.

ASSIGNMENT 5

The Vision of the Promised Land

8. Just before the time came to cross the Jordan and enter the Promised Land, what vision did the Lord give to Moses? Deut. 34:1-4.

NOTE.—"He seemed to be looking upon a second Eden. There were mountains clothed

with cedars of Lebanon, hills gray with olives and fragrant with the odor of the vine, wide green plains bright with flowers and rich in fruitfulness, here the palm-trees of the tropics, there waving fields of wheat and barley, sunny valleys musical with the ripple of brooks and the song of birds, goodly cities and fair gardens, lakes rich in 'the abundance of the seas,' grazing flocks upon the hillsides, and even amid the rocks the wild bee's hoarded treasures." "Still another scene opens to his view,—the earth freed from the curse, lovelier than the fair land of promise so lately spread out before him. . . . With joy unutterable, Moses looks upon the scene,—the fulfillment of a more glorious deliverance than his brightest hopes have ever pictured. Their earthly wanderings forever past, the Israel of God have at last entered the goodly land."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 472, 477.

9. What vision has given courage and inspiration to pilgrims on the way to the heavenly Canaan in every age since Christ? Rev. 21:1, 5-7.

10. To encourage us who live in the last days of spiritual darkness, what visions have been given to us as we strive to enter the Promised Land?

Answer.—Ellen G. White, the prophet of the Second Advent Movement, was given visions of the land that has been promised those who are faithful. In her first vision she was shown how God leads and protects His people in the last days, and she saw the beauties and joys of that Promised Land. Read of this vision in *Early Writings*, pages 13-20.

ASSIGNMENT 6

The Promised Land at Last

11. Who are to live in the Promised Land? Ps. 37:29.

NOTE.—"God created the earth to be the abode of holy, happy beings. . . . That purpose will be fulfilled, when, renewed by the power of God, and freed from sin and sorrow, it shall become the eternal abode of the redeemed. . . . 'And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him.'"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 67.

12. In place of hardships and trials and sorrows what will be found there? Isa. 51:3.

13. What song will be continually on the lips of those who dwell in that land, and why will they love to sing it? Rev. 5:9-13.

ASSIGNMENT 7

That City Over There

By James Marchman Hammond

Are you looking for that city,
As did Abraham of old,
With its precious stone foundation
And its streets transparent gold;
With its crystal river flowing,
Yielding waters pure and good,
And its tree of life e'er blooming,
Always bearing perfect food?

Glorious mansions in that city,
Mansions charming to behold,
Mansions that await the faithful—
Yea, the half has not been told;
Mansions built by master builders—
God the Father, Christ the Son—
Perfect in their architecture,
Structures like them, nay, there're none.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

A WORD DIAMOND

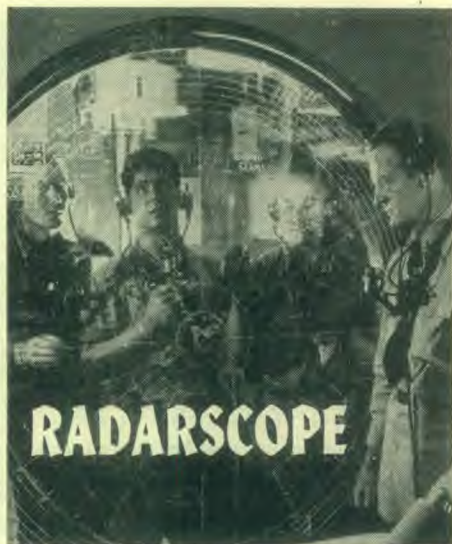
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WHAT HYMN?

1. 547. 2. 601. 3. 603. 4. 258. 5. 104.

QUIZ IN VERSE

1. One. 2. Isa. 40:22. 3. 1 Sam. 21:10.
4. Ps. 119:105. 5. Eccl. 12:1. 6. Judges.



► THERE are now more than 3,500 known species of cockroaches in the world, according to the Smithsonian Institution.

► It is possible to drive to Holy Island, off England's Northumbrian coast, but you will have to drive across a 3-mile sandbar awash in the North Sea's tides.

► SCIENTIST F. C. LEONARD has calculated that meteoric material falling to the earth probably amounts to about 6,000 metric tons a day.

► THE huge arctic island of Greenland is generally considered to be a part of the North American continent, because its nearest neighbor is the Canadian island of Ellesmere.

► THE British royal collection awaits a portrait of the new queen. In keeping with custom, Queen Elizabeth will sit for the portrait in either her coronation robes or robes of state with her royal regalia. She has chosen 60-year-old James Gunn, one of Britain's outstanding portrait painters, to paint her state portrait.

► FOR nearly a year and a half Dr. Thomas R. Fisher had a \$9,600-a-year job as assistant director of education and training for the Technical Co-operation Administration of the United States State Department. During that time, he reported to a House Government Operations subcommittee, nobody gave him any specific work to do. He never had more than a 3-minute conversation with his superior and was never told what the administration's formal education plan was.

► TIMBUKTU is not as far away as it used to be. The long, penetrating arms of civilization are beginning to reach toward this almost mythological African town. A weekly commercial flight across French West Africa from Bamako to Gao now stops at Goundam, just 70 miles from Timbuktu, a sun-baked village on the Sahara's southern edge. Lying 800 miles from the nearest coast, it remains a vital trade crossroads for the vast West African hump, reports the National Geographic Society. Rice is the chief food of the 7,000 people of this town that has no paved streets, autos, electricity, sewage or water system, restaurants, or hotels.

► A GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER national monument was dedicated last July on a farm near Joplin, Missouri. It was here that the leading Negro agricultural scientist and educator was born about 1864. Plans for the monument include the construction of a duplicate of the log cabin in which Dr. Carver was born and also a museum to house relics of the famed scientist's life and examples of his work in agricultural chemistry. A bronze bust of Dr. Carver and a plaque set in stone dedicating the national memorial have been placed in a central location on the farm property.

► THE sisal industry of East Africa provides about one third of the total number of wage-earning jobs available to the nearly 7,500,000 Africans of Tanganyika. It is the territory's most important product, its biggest export, and a most trustworthy source of income. But it is probably the world's lowest-wage and lowest-profit industry. Each of the 135,000 to 160,000 workers is paid, including bonus, between three and five dollars a month.

► A PICTURE "inlay" process developed by British Broadcasting Corporation television engineers will soon be producing spectacular backgrounds for TV scenes. The new equipment lets a TV producer "punch holes" into the live TV picture, reports *Science News Letter*. Background scenery is fed into the holes from post-card-sized photographs.

► A 15-year study of 14 transit companies reveals that trolley coaches are more economical to operate than motor coaches. Although bus fuel is cheaper than electricity per mile, when all factors are taken into consideration trolleys averaged at least 3.5 cents less to run per mile than busses.

► A COLLAPSIBLE stretcher that may be carried in the trunk of a car has been invented by Odysseus Stassinis, of Charlotte, North Carolina. It should prove itself particularly valuable in disaster areas.

► If all the common salt in sea water could be extracted, reports the National Geographic Society, it is estimated that there would be enough to cover all land areas to a depth of about 110 feet.

► ALTHOUGH "A Mighty Fortress" is regarded as Martin Luther's masterpiece of hymn writing, he is credited with having written 36 other hymns.

► THE world's record speed on rails has stood since 1905, when a Pennsylvania Railroad steam train rolled 3 miles in Ohio in 85 seconds, at a rate of 127.06 miles an hour.

► THE great levee system along the banks of the Mississippi River is almost 500 miles longer than the Great Wall of China.

► THE cigar store Indian population in the United States has dwindled from 100,000 in 1900 to only about 3,000 at the present time.

► QUEEN ELIZABETH is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, is 6 feet 2 inches tall.

► THERE is an island in the mouth of the Amazon River of South America that is about the size of Denmark. It is called Marajó Island.

► A NEW mild, creamy, smooth cheese that ripens in one or two months and is suitable for factory production was announced at the American Dairy Science Association recently. As yet it has no name.

► THERE are four "United States" in the Western Hemisphere—the United States of (North) America, the United Mexican States, the United States of Brazil, and the United States of Venezuela.

► THERE were about 17,000 suicide deaths in the United States last year. This is a record low, and indicates, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company statisticians point out, "a good index of the psychological and economic well-being of our people."

► To date 130 varieties of minerals have been discovered in the Crestmore quarry near Riverside, California. The two most recent finds are scawtite and afwillite. Although neither of these minerals has any commercial value, they are both of interest to geologists because of their rarity and unusual structure.

► HEPTATITIS X is the name given to a new canine disease that is slowly spreading through the United States. Nearly 100 per cent fatal, this liver infection often produces anemia and a yellowish discoloration of the mucus membranes. The exact cause of the new malady has not been found.

► DOUGHNUTLIKE mothballs that can be strung on clothes hangers like beads are now available. They are said to be more efficient than spherical ones because of their extra vaporizing areas. And their octagonal shape keeps them from rolling under beds and dressers when dropped.

► A GIANT camera used to reduce and enlarge wall charts and blueprints is being used in the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation of San Diego, California. It is so large that the front is in one room and the rear is in another. Designed to use film 3½ feet wide and 4 feet high, the mechanism is 29 feet long, 10 feet high, and has a copy board 12 by 5 feet. The rear room is designed to double as a darkroom, so that film can be transferred directly from the camera to the developing trays.

Focus

New diseases crop up with annoying frequency these days. With God-given talent and understanding, technicians in the medical profession work to thwart the germ warfare of the race's enemy. But it all seems to no avail.

We all rejoiced when DDT was put on the market; houseflies were on their last wings, we were sure. Antihistamines promised to relieve greatly the irritations of the common cold. We have been disappointed. Houseflies have developed an amazing immunity to DDT, and people have as many sniffles now as they ever did.

By the time we recover from the disappointment, another X disease has attacked us. The conquest of the "X's" is never complete. How we long for the eternal health of our homeland!

DON YOST.