

# The Youth

INSTRUCTOR

Across the Pacific  
Missionary Wife

101  
140

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CHARLES CAREY

## Growth

The two elderly women looked at me with that speculative expression which seems to ask, "Is he quite sane?" Really I should not have wondered at their initial response to my rather abrupt declaration.

We were standing in the bus terminal before the door that would open to our bus for Riverside. It was a Friday, and I was returning home after another week of schoolwork in Los Angeles. My occupation of the minutes while waiting for our bus to be called was studying a textbook. It dealt with some of the meanings of human behavior. At that point in the book the idea of change was set forth as one of the "permanent" characteristics of all things, animate and inanimate. Entering into conversation with the two women near me, I expressed the thought that the process of change is going on all the time.

"That door," I said, "has changed since we've been standing here." It was then they gave me the surprised look! "A hundred years from now you would agree that the wood of that door would have changed, would you not?" I asked, and they quickly assented. "Well, the change one sees ultimately is in process right now." And I think they caught the point.

Just so, imperceptibly, irresistibly, do our lives change. Paul wrote, "I die daily." Every day he died a little more, the old nature of sin giving way to the new nature of righteousness. It was the process of sanctification.

*Walter T. Crandall*

## Grace Notes

**PACIFIC** "Across the Pacific" is the first of four thrilling accounts of the pioneer days of our mission work in some of the Pacific Islands. Regular readers will welcome back our author, Alta Hilliard Christensen. Her articles will appear during the next three months.

**INTERPRET** A query to the poet of "The Call," page 10, brought this interpretation: "So often the young person of very sensitive nature surprises us by his superb courage in the face of danger, or when the inner voice calls him to serve in some remote and desolate place." Mrs. Townsend has caught the poignant spirit of a great heart.

**ALoud** In reference to poetry we have often wondered whether people ever read poetry aloud these days? The added dimension of sound is often all it takes to bring luster to the message. Even we read it more than once, sometimes, discovering that repetition uncovers unsuspected treasures.

**MESSAGES** Pastor Jemison, "I Didn't Know," MVYA section, reports a real adventure episode in the life of a boy. Young person, if you have failed to read *Messages to Young People*, by Ellen White, begin reading it today. It can change your life!

**JUNIOR** With this issue the staff of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR welcomes a new member into the family of Seventh-day Adventist periodicals. *Junior Guide* is our Junior youth section, come of age, grown up to the stature of a journal our Junior youth will accept with enthusiasm. Lest anyone fail to secure the first issues, the INSTRUCTOR will continue to publish for a time the Junior Sabbath school lessons and some stories for Juniors.

**DIARY** Next week will bring the first page of Teen-age Diary, by Joan. Written by a teen-age girl, it is in the language and on the level of interests and events that we believe will bring reading pleasure and profit to everyone.

**COVER** Ewing Galloway. Where the Appalachian Trail crosses the Delaware Water Gap.

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.



*He drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to her. It was from the Foreign Mission Board.*

# ACROSS THE PACIFIC

By ALTA HILLIARD CHRISTENSEN

CALVIN put his hand in the inner pocket of his coat to make sure the letter was still there. It was. "Myrtle, dear," he called to his wife, "please come here!"

Immediately Myrtle appeared in the doorway of the living room, with six-month-old Ramona in her arms. The baby laughed at her father and clutched at her mother's brown hair, pulling a strand loose from the braided coronet.

"Ouch!" Myrtle said. Then she asked her husband, "What is it, Calvin?"

He took the baby and seated himself next to the rocking chair into which she had dropped. He stretched his long legs and looked at her fondly. "I love you in that pink dress," he said. "It makes your round, rosy cheeks and your brown eyes beautiful. To me, anyway," he added with a glint of mischief in his own blue eyes.

"And I love your wavy hair all tousled like that," Myrtle laughed back. "But what did you want, Calvin?"

He became serious. "Darling," he said, "tell me something. Think carefully before you answer. It's this: If the Foreign Mission Board of the General Conference should ask us whether we have convictions about any of these four places, China, India, Fiji, or Honolulu, would you have a choice?"

Myrtle did not hesitate. "Yes," she said. "I'd choose Fiji."

Calvin caught his breath in surprise. "Are you *sure, really sure?*" he asked earnestly.

"Yes, Calvin, I'm sure," she told him.

"That settles it," he answered. He drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to her. It was from the Foreign Mission Board of the General Conference, and it contained the question he had just asked her. When Myrtle had read it, she looked at her husband with shining eyes.

"O Calvin!" she exclaimed softly. "But what about your meetings here in Jasper? How do *you* feel about leaving Minnesota?"

Baby Ramona had fallen asleep. Calvin crossed the room and laid her on the couch, then came back and stood by the window. A March blizzard was raging



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Pastor and Mrs. C. H. Parker, who labored so earnestly for the people of Fiji.

outside. "Going to be a wild, cold night," he thought. But he did not think of canceling the appointment for his seventhirty lecture in the schoolhouse. He never tried to shirk.

"Calvin Parker's one of the most conscientious, energetic young ministers we've ever seen graduated from Union College," one of the faculty members had said when Calvin began his lifework of preaching.

"How do I feel about leaving Minnesota?" he repeated in response to his wife. "I think it is God's call," he said. "God laid Fiji on my heart while I was in college. I never told anyone. He sent a dream to me, night after night, the same dream, over and over again. I saw naked, dark-skinned people wading into the ocean toward me, and from under overhanging trees I saw hands stretched out to me. As plainly as if someone in the room had spoken, I heard the words, 'Will you not come over and help us?' They seemed to be island people, and every time I awoke from that dream the name Fiji was on my mind. I had never given a thought to Fiji, never read about it, and could remember scarcely anything that I had learned about it in geography classes in grade school.

Yet it was impressed on my mind. Now comes this letter, and—your choice. I thought you'd say India."

Myrtle shook her head. "No," she answered, "the doctor vetoed India for me five years ago when I was in training in the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Plans had to be changed. Georgia Burrus had to go without me."

"I know that must have been a keen disappointment for you," Calvin said sympathetically. He left the window and sat down beside her again.

She looked at him with a smile. "God was leading us together," she said. "I'm so happy with you, dear."

"I couldn't be happy without you," he answered fondly. "Together we'll follow God's leading to Fiji."

This was 1898. July found the three of them on board the R.M.S. *Warrimoo*, outward bound across the Pacific from Vancouver, British Columbia. With them was J. E. Fulton.

Eighteen days of sailing, broken by an interesting stop at Honolulu, brought them among the high, rugged Fiji Islands. Through the opening of the coral reef that surrounds Viti Levu, the largest island



of the group, they entered the beautiful harbor of Suva, capital city of this crown colony of Great Britain.

Here they seemed to be in a different world. About seventy years before, God had used Protestant missionaries to convert the Fijian people from cannibalism to Christianity, and at the time of the Parkers' arrival many of the islanders were members of churches. The influence of the white man had not been altogether ideal, however.

Calvin and Myrtle adapted themselves readily to the situation and began missionary work. They learned the language, cared for the sick, and taught the Bible to the people at every opportunity.

One day the Fijian pastor of a Protestant church invited Pastor Parker to come to his town, Suvavou, and hold meetings in his church. The invitation was accepted, and meetings were held every night for two weeks. An old chief attended regularly and was delighted with what he heard.

"Mr. Parker," he asked, "why do you not come and live in Suvavou?"

"We are planning to hold meetings in another place," Pastor Parker told him. "We are building houses there."

The old chief answered forcefully, "Mr. Parker, I desire very greatly to the end that a cyclone will blow very hard and tear your houses all to pieces and cast them down here at Suvavou, and then build them again here in our midst."

After much prayer Pastor Fulton and

Pastor Parker decided that Suvavou was the place to establish mission work. The old chief and his people gave them ten acres of land, with a good sea frontage. This was the first Seventh-day Adventist mission station in Fiji.

One day while Pastor Parker was working on the new building, a Fijian man in passing stopped and asked for work. Pastor Parker was alone. He assigned the man the task of pulling nails out of boards he wanted to use.

When the man had drawn out two or three nails he asked abruptly, "Are you a Jew?"

"Why do you ask?" Pastor Parker countered.

"I have heard that you keep your Sunday on Saturday," he said, "and that was the day on which the Jews kept their Sabbath."

Pastor Parker tried to explain that there is no Jewish Sabbath, and that the Bible teaches that the seventh day, Saturday, is the Sabbath of the Lord, for everyone.

"No," said the man. "Saturday is the sixth day. Sunday is the seventh day."

Our missionary opened a Fijian Bible and showed him the fourth commandment and several New Testament scriptures pointing out the Sabbath. Then he handed him a calendar.

The man studied the texts and the calendar by turns. He was profoundly puzzled.

A tall Fijian youth came by and stopped to hear the discussion. He and the man

who was supposed to be pulling nails became very much excited as they studied together. Pastor Parker resumed his work, leaving them to draw their own conclusions.

"This may be worth much more than his pulling nails," he thought.

Presently the second young man came to Pastor Parker and said, "Missionary, I desire to stay with you, and work. My name is Elisha Bakavu."

"I'm sorry, but I have no work for a boy," Pastor Parker answered.

"Let me be nurse boy to your baby," Elisha pleaded, "for I want to go to school to you. You do not need to pay me anything."

Calvin went to consult Myrtle. "Let him come," she said. "It will be good missionary work. I'll be glad to provide food for him."

No sooner had Elisha heard the word of acceptance than he called to someone standing by the roadside, "Ilisami, you come here!"

Immediately a thick-set young Fijian with a pipe in his mouth appeared in the new mission house. Elisha talked with him a few moments, then said to Pastor Parker, "This boy comes from the same island I do. Please take him on with me to work for you."

"This could go on interminably," Pastor Parker thought. Aloud he said, "Elisha, I agreed to take you as a special favor. I can't take any more boys, especially a tobacco user."

Elisha talked with Ilisami again. Then he said, "He will throw away his pipe and never use it again. We came from the island of Lau because we felt impressed to leave our homes and come to Suva to look for a school that would teach us the true meaning of the Bible. We want you to teach us."

He won.

Meanwhile, the first man returned to pulling nails. He worked the rest of the day. When Pastor Parker paid him, he said, "My name is Simon. I am captain of a boat that sails for Lau early tomorrow morning. I thank you for explaining the Sabbath to me. Now I want to shake hands with you. I am going back to Lau, and I do not know when we will meet again. But I want you to know that I am going to obey God and keep His Sabbath, as He has commanded, on the seventh day, which is Saturday."

Three years later Pastor and Mrs. Parker were transferred to Lau. At the close of the first Friday evening vesper service a man rose and asked permission to speak. Pastor Parker looked at him closely. "Simon!" he exclaimed.

"Do you remember the day I pulled nails for you?" Simon asked. "And do you remember the promise I made?"

"Indeed I do! I've never forgotten!"

"I have kept that promise to the letter," Simon told him, "though I have been

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# Straight Talk

## HOW MUCH ALCOHOL?

The behavior of an individual under the influence of alcohol is directly related to the degree of concentration of alcohol in the brain. This, in turn, depends upon the degree of concentration in the blood. Concentration in the blood and the brain depends upon several factors:

1. Kind of beverage consumed.
2. Amount of alcohol consumed.
3. Amount and kind of food in the stomach.
4. Rate of drinking.
5. Rate of absorption.
6. Size and weight of individual.
7. Rate of oxidation.
8. Rate of elimination.

The amount of alcohol in the blood is the net result of the amount of alcohol absorbed less the amount oxidized by the liver and eliminated through the lungs and the kidneys. The amount of alcohol in the stomach is only one factor determining concentration in the system.

## BLOOD BROTHERS!

The Luce publications' reputation for patronizing the liquor industry is reflected in the fact that their three journals—*Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*—accepted and published more than 14.5 million dollars' worth of advertising from brewers and distillers during 1952! Is it any wonder, then, that the March number of *Fortune* should come out with what Fred D. L. Squires calls "an elaborate 8,000-word eulogy of booze." Written by Gilbert Burck, dean of the board of editors, the article makes this self-incriminating statement:

"What business would do without spirits is not at all a humorous question. With a 'quick' drink under his belt at day's end, . . . he [the most tempered and durable executive] finds himself swiftly shedding vexations and tribulations. His interests and talk descend easily to the important trivia of the times—politics, sports, women, kids."

The long-time attempt to make liquor "belong" is at its zenith.



# Do You Belittle Sin?

By R. R. BIETZ

*The Wednesday Morning Watch at PAYC, by the President of the Southern California Conference*

**I** WANT to talk to you this morning about something that has never changed. If it has changed at all, it has become worse. In nature it is still the same devastating thing. It is sin. As I talk to you about sin you will think about the Saviour, I am sure.

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

To ignore sin, to make light of it, not to recognize its terrible nature, is simply to delude ourselves. One of the greatest deceptions that is taking hold of the thinking of modern man is the falsehood that sin belonged to someone else—it belonged to our forefathers, to the horse-and-buggy days, to the era of the celluloid collar—but we have nothing to do with it.

Two students were walking leisurely across the campus of one of our modern universities. They were discussing a lecture they had just heard in the assembly hall. The speaker in the course of his lecture had mentioned the word *sin* quite frequently. While these students were moving along, one said to the other, "What did he mean by sin?"

The other replied rather airily, "Well, that had something to do with Adam and Eve 'way back there in the garden."

Recently a book was published on religious meanings, and in that book the word *sin* was never used once. Someone questioned the author as to why *sin* was not used. He said, "Oh, well, there ought not to be such a thing anyhow."

Right. There ought not to be. God never intended that there should be sin. He created mankind without sin and placed him in a beautiful sinless world. But the horrible fact is that there is sin, and it is everywhere. We cannot deny it. It is here. You may not know it, but it is here nevertheless.

To eliminate the word *sin* from a book does not eliminate the fact of sin. For sin does not make its exit with the word; it is still here. More sobering is the fact that sin is within our own hearts. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto

the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment."

No matter what people say, sin is still the innermost problem of human life. The consequences of sin are seen everywhere. It is not necessary for me to read newspaper clippings about crime, murder, dope addiction, divorce, and hundreds of other sins to prove that sin has a devastating nature. We all know it.

Sin is a terrible thing. Dorothy Thompson said some time ago, "When civilized man with his science, his technique, his organization, his power, loses his soul he becomes the most terrible monster in all the world." Something demoniac in human nature has taken the best and turned it into the worst. And what is it? Sin.

In spite of all the evidence of sin, man still does not want to admit that he is a sinner. Sir Oliver Lodge said a few decades ago that modern man is not bothering with sin. True, he isn't. But it is equally true that sin is bothering modern man and bothering him plenty, to the extent that he is just about ready to fall apart.

Of course, man does not blame his condition upon sin. He says it is frustration and fear. He does not like to be called a sinner. If you talk with him and tell him he is a sinner, he becomes uneasy and squirms in his chair. If you talk to him about insecurity and complexes, he feels a little better. That doesn't sound quite so bad.

I gave a book to our neighbor just a few weeks ago. I thought it was a very fine book and didn't think it had the preacher attitude in it. She brought it back and said, "It's a good book, but the author is moralizing. He is telling me that I'm a sinner. He's telling me what to do, and I don't like to hear it."

That's the modern attitude today, and God forbid that Seventh-day Adventist youth should imbibe it.

We may call sin by any name we

wish. We may invent any new term for it, but it is still the same old evil. It smells just as bad as it did when David fell into it centuries ago. It is the same terrible thing that caused Achan's death. It is the same disease that caused Judas to commit suicide.

"In vain we call old notions fudge,  
And bend our conscience to our dealing;  
The Ten Commandments will not budge,  
And stealing *will* continue stealing."

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Stealing is stealing whether the act is committed in the palatial mansions in Beverly Hills or in lesser quarters in the Bowery. Sin is not relative. It is the same type of thing on Boston's Beacon Hill as it is on skid row.

Sin in the slums appears horrible and terrible and gross. It staggers down the street with oath and blasphemings. It follows in the vice that is unmentionable. And then again it dresses up. It moves



H. A. ROBERTS

No matter what people say, sin is still the innermost problem of life.



into the best quarters. It joins the upper strata of society. It puts on a new appearance entirely, and it is no longer supposed to be indecent or obscene. It has a good reputation.

No, it doesn't. It's still the same thing. You cannot ignore it, and you cannot deny it; its nature has not changed.

A prominent theologian says in one of his books: "The whole furniture of the Pauline doctrine of human sinfulness no longer makes any appeal to the modern mind. It is simply dead and gone and of interest only to the antiquarian but with no point of wider contact with moral consciousness of the present hour. To say 'in Adam's fall we sinned all' is to say absolutely nothing to this modern generation."

If that is true (and to a large extent it is), it is also true that someone along the line has failed to preach and to teach that sin is the transgression of a holy, just, and good law of God.

We read from inspiration's pen, "It is the tempter's work to belittle sin."<sup>1</sup> It seems as though he has made a pretty good job of it in this twentieth century. He has made the path of the transgressor easy and inviting and has blinded the mind to the warnings of the Lord.

You can never nullify sin by ignoring it and saying, "It belongs to our forefathers." It's very much in evidence today in our lives.

More and more tools are being developed to help us understand ourselves, and that is good. I believe we ought to understand ourselves and other people better than we do. Sometimes we have a rude awakening to find out why we do certain things. But we must not stop there. That is not sufficient.

If we want to know why we tick as we do or why we don't tick as we should, we go into the office of a specialist in human behavior. He opens our mind, and he pulls out all the machinery. He tells us, "Now, this little wheel was bent when you were an infant six years old by a certain little situation that came about."

"Oh, yes, I remember, long, long ago."

"This wheel over here—you see these cogs that are broken out of this little wheel?"

"Yes."

"That happened in your early adolescent years."

"That's right. I did a lot of foolish things when I was an adolescent."

"And here is another wheel that was bent in your older adolescent years."

And so he analyzes and diagnoses us, and he tells us why we act as we do. He tells us just exactly how the machinery works. To know ourselves, to have our innermost life laid bare, is good. But it is not good enough.

As someone has said:

"To the counselors rare went a man of despair  
Who wished to regain his composure.

With his psyche exposed and his ego laid bare,

Well, the poor man died of exposure."

That can easily happen. But if bringing my sins to the surface leads me to the foot of the cross, then I say there is salvation in exposure; there is salvation in diagnosis; there is salvation in analysis. But to leave it there after we have had ourselves laid bare and have had ourselves exposed—there is no salvation in that, only despair and discouragement.

Aren't we glad this morning that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just



## Into the Night

By AUDA BOOROM HIEBERT

Into the night

The train speeds on,

Into the dark

Toward home and dawn;

Nothing of landmarks

Come into view—

I'm trusting the Driver

To carry me through.

to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness"? There is a solution to the problem, and the solution is found in "Christ Above All." "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." There is only one name, and that name is Jesus.

"There is but one power that can break the hold of evil from the hearts of men, and that is the power of God in Jesus Christ. . . . His grace alone can enable us to resist and subdue the tendencies of our fallen nature."<sup>2</sup> We need to recognize our sins and to bring them to Christ, and He will have mercy and pardon.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Here we have the promise of a change in nature. There are those who say that nature can't be changed. Once a drunkard, always a drunkard. Once you use tobacco you can never quit. I don't believe that—and neither do you. For I read, "The Christian's life is not a modification or improvement of the old, but a transforma-

tion of nature. There is a death to self and sin, and a new life altogether."<sup>3</sup>

Human nature is said to be the most plastic part of the living world. "Of all the animals it is man in whom heredity counts for least, and the conscious, building force is foremost. Consider that his infancy is longest, his instincts least fixed, his brain most unfinished at birth, his power of habit making and habit changing most marked, his susceptibility to actual impressions keenest. To anyone who has searched the dogma that human nature never changes it is fair to say human nature does change." It certainly does, especially if you have the power of God to do it with.

Surely at the beginning of this congress we should come with the attitude of sinners saved by grace, confessing our sins to the Lord Jesus Christ and asking Him to take them away.

We all need the experience of sins forgiven, but I want to go a step farther: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of this world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." I believe that we need to emphasize more than we do the keeping power of God's grace. For we need to experience not only being saved from sin but also being kept day by day and moment by moment from this terrible disease of sin.

The grace of God, which can pull a man out of the gutter of sin, can also keep him from taking Satan's escalator into the miry pit of sin. The grace of God, which helps a man to overcome vile habits, can also keep him from ever falling into those habits. The power of God, which can lift young people from the lowest rung of society's ladder and make them clean and respectable, can also prevent them from ever falling down that low if they will only give that power a chance.

Does not Jude say, "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy"? Isn't that a promise?

A mother took her little boy to the art gallery to show her son that beautiful painting *The Light of the World*, by William Holman Hunt. As they were looking she said, "You know, as long as Christ stands at the door there is nothing He can do except knock and knock and knock. The door must be opened from the inside before Jesus can get in." Then she concluded, "Son, if Jesus, the Light of the world, knocks at your heart door, you must open the door."

And the young lad looked at his mother with a beaming confidence in his face, "Why, Mother, I have never shut the door in Jesus' face."

I am glad that there are hundreds and thousands of young people growing up in Seventh-day Adventist homes who have never really shut the door in the face of Jesus. We all shut it, I suppose, for a

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# ALWAYS A DECEIVER

By DELMAR BURKE

**W**OULD you join us in a little binge?" he asked me as he approached the mission jeep in which I was sitting while waiting for a motor tune-up.

"Pardon me," I said, not understanding his statement.

"Would you join us in a little party?" he repeated, thrusting his head in at the door on the opposite side from me. His noxious, liquor breath hit me in the face, and I at once knew what the "little party" was all about.

"No, thank you," I answered firmly.

"It will be about six-thirty, so you had better come along," he insisted.

"I never drink, I am a teetotaler," I said.

"Better come along and have a softy anyway. I'll let you make up your mind," he said walking away.

The mechanic was rather amused at the little conversation, and informed me freely about my would-be host.

"Yes," he continued, "he has been drinking heavily since he has been here installing a government radio outfit. Persons like him think that because they are big and husky it doesn't hurt them, but sooner or later it gets the best of them down. I know, for I was once in that place myself. He has been complaining of his stomach the past few days. They know around here that I don't drink, but someone is always trying to get me to drink. Some even try to slip liquor into my soft drinks. They say to me, 'You don't look happy,' and I tell them, 'I am, only I don't have that liquor grin on my face like you do!'"

We continued to talk about the evils of liquor and how expensive the drinking habit is in addition to bringing in its train many evils. "You take Mrs. Blank, who lives down by the river in that nice house. She has everything she wishes. Her husband tries to make her happy, but she is ruining their home with her drinking. He has quit because his stomach will not take it, but nothing will stop her. That is all she is interested in. Just this week he bought her a lovely present, but it did not

interest her in the least. Had it been a case of whisky, she would have been happy."

Yes, she would have been "happy" as long as the case of liquor lasted, but what about the aftereffect? That is Demon Alcohol for you. He is a deceiver first and last.

An English friend and I sat in the parlor of the Fairmount Hotel in Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, talking of world conditions; and as we talked, men and women gathered about tables in the lovely courtyard outside for their "sundowner," as they call it out here. We could hear their gay laughter to the accompaniment of clinking glasses and bottles. Looking out through the open door, we could see the servants hurrying about trying to satisfy everybody's thirst. To one side an extra table was loaded with bottles and glasses, and at some signal all the men dived for it.

There was pushing, shoving, grabbing of bottles as though some madness had seized them and everyone wanted all for himself.

Not long after the greedy gulping about the table, some were sprawling helplessly here and there while others argued and laughed loudly. "Isn't that a disgraceful condition for human beings to get into!" remarked my friend.

"Yes," I agreed. "They are no longer human when under the control of King Alcohol, for he makes demons out of men."

"Where can we get someone to take your place?" I asked Charles, our house-boy, who is a faithful and good Christian and whom we plan to use as a much-needed evangelist.

"I don't know, sir," he admitted, "most of those who work as house servants drink."

Alcohol has not only invaded the homes of Europeans in Africa but also the homes of the Africans. A large percentage of the people make their own brew from their scant mealie supply, and this results in much hunger and misery. Others make it for sale and sell it to the repatriates from the mines in Johannesburg who have learned to drink while there. Thus the habit is spread to the remotest places.

The "sundowner" is the common evil gathering in this part of the world where men try to drown their sorrows and cares. As is the case everywhere else, they drown their morals and happiness instead and strengthen the hand of the enemy of all good.

One evening as I sat in our mission home reading and meditating, the sound of laughter and loud voices fell on my ears. I walked out on the veranda to listen and learn what was going on. Less than a block away is another European home, where a government doctor lives, and there a "sundowner" was in progress.

Is there any wonder that there is so much misunderstanding, hatred, oppression, misery in the world? Where alcohol is king that is always true.

My mechanic friend said, "The only safe way is never to taste the stuff." Yes, that is the only safe way; so, reader, do not let alcohol or any of its friends deceive you. It is an enemy always.

H. M. LAMBERT



Friendly relationship between neighbors is something to be carefully cultivated. Whisky does not add to such friendships. It kills them.



# HERO of the PHILIPPINES

By IRENE WAKEHAM

**J**OSE RIZAL (Ho-say Ree-sahl) has been called the George Washington of the Philippines, yet he never wore his country's uniform, much less commanded an army. He never held any public office, and died before a firing squad at the age of thirty-five.

Fifty years passed after his death before his country received the liberty he longed for. Yet the titles of his biographies, *The Great Malayan*, *The Hero of the Filipinos*, *Pride of the Malay Race*, show the esteem in which his fellow countrymen hold him. One of the main avenues in Manila bears his name, as does the adjoining province, in which Philippine Union College is situated. Scores of schools and colleges and business firms are named in his honor. I have seen dozens of statues of him in the plazas of little Philippine towns, and hundreds more keep his memory fresh before the school children of the young republic.

Even girls are named after him—Rizala or Rizalina. December 30, the day of his death, is Rizal Day, celebrated throughout the Philippines with parades and patriotic speeches. His face, like Washington's, appears on the most common stamps and currency of his country. What manner of man, then, was this youthful hero whose life has been an ideal to so many young Filipinos?

But for his untimely death, he might be alive today, a white-haired sage of ninety-two. Rizal was born June 19, 1861, the seventh of eleven children, with only one brother, ten years his senior. His mother, schooled beyond the average for women of her time, recited verses in Spanish and Tagalog to her children and taught them her faith in the saints and in the wise ancient proverbs of her people. At the age of eight, José was already writing poetry.

The harsh punishments every schoolboy got in those days rankled, but he craved knowledge above all else. He learned rapidly, easily surpassing his older classmates, and throughout his school life constantly won medals and prizes for his brilliant record.

The second half of the nineteenth century, a time of unrest and tension, was a good time to be alive for a youth of Rizal's patriotic leanings. The native Filipinos, contemptuously called *Indios* by the Spaniards, were growing more and more restive under the combination of church and state



José Rizal played a part in the chain of events that brought Protestantism to the Philippines.

that ruled with oppressive cruelty. When José was only about ten years old his innocent mother was unjustly imprisoned, forced to walk the thirty kilometers to her jail, and held for two and a half years, till it pleased the governor to release her in response to the pleas of her youngest child, four-year-old Soledad.

About the same time three Filipino priests, campaigning for rights that were theirs by decree but never in practice, were tried on a trumped-up charge and executed. So Rizal learned young that there were ideals for which a man could gladly give his life.

José's brother Paciano had collected funds for one of these men, Father Burgos, to help him carry on the activities for which he lost his life. Because they felt he was tainted by his association with a rebel, the authorities refused Paciano permission to take his examinations in Manila; and quitting his studies he returned to the family home in Calamba to be a farmer. The family name of Mercado being under suspect because of Paciano, José was advised to use the second surname, Rizal, when he went to Manila to

study, a name he was later to endow with far greater infamy—or glory.

It is not easy to trace the source of Rizal's youthful passion for his own country rather than for Spain. He seems almost to have thought it up by himself. The Spanish Jesuits who were his professors in Manila certainly did nothing to instill in the minds of their students any love for their native land. All patriotism was directed toward Spain, just as in the early days of America the loyalty of the colonists was directed to England.

A prize-winning poem that Rizal wrote in his later teens marks the first clear expression of his belief that the Philippines, the whole archipelago, not just one's native region, was the motherland of all Filipinos. True, Spain had brought the Christian religion to the islands; Rizal himself during those years was a practicing Catholic, confessing and communing regularly, and committing himself to the protection of the virgin. His whole education and culture were Spanish. Yet throughout his life his devotion was to the Filipinos, humble, oppressed, downtrodden.

Distressed by the multiplied acts of injustice and oppression around him constantly, Rizal at twenty determined to go abroad to complete his education, to prepare himself fitly to defend his faith in the common people of his country. In Madrid he earned the Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Medicine degrees, along with a wealth of privately acquired information in art and literature, in languages, and in almost every branch of science. And always he was writing, writing—either pure literature or politics and often combining the two.

He stirred the patriotic zeal of the Filipino colony in Spain, though sometimes he despaired of interesting his indolent young fellow students in anything more serious than a banquet or a game of chance. With youthful optimism he believed that once their enthusiasm for reforms was aroused, they would forget their pet vices. His contributions even reached the press of his native land, to kindle hope in patient Filipino hearts.

*Noli me Tangere* ("Touch Me Not") was the title Rizal chose for his first book. Of it he wrote to a friend:

"The book contains things of which no one among ourselves has spoken up to



the present; they are so delicate that they cannot be touched by anybody. . . . I have described the social condition, the life, our beliefs, our hopes, our desires, our grievances, our griefs; I have unmasked hypocrisy, which, under the guise of religion, came to impoverish and to brutalize us; I have distinguished true religion from the false, from superstition, from that which traffics with the Holy Word to extract money. . . . The facts I narrate are all true and have actually happened; I can prove them."

Knowing the vengeful spirit of the authorities, Rizal had bitter moments of doubt before deciding to publish the work. Fully aware of the personal danger, he had an edition of two thousand copies printed in Berlin. Then, having traveled widely in Europe, he determined, against the advice of family and compatriots, to return to Manila. Happily his book was not yet widely known, and his return passed quietly.

In addition to his regular medical course, Rizal had specialized in ophthalmology in Paris, and one of his first patients after his return was his own mother. She had become nearly blind from cataracts, which her son successfully removed. The family were fearful for his safety and reluctant to let him leave home, so he settled at the old homestead to practice his profession and to continue his literary work. He tried in many ways to share the benefits of his foreign travel, opening a gymnasium, so his townsmen could learn sports other than cockfighting. But peace was not for him.

After examining the *Noli* a faculty committee of the University of Santo Tomás reported to the governor that they "unanimously found it heretical, impious, and scandalous to the religious order, and unpatriotic and subversive to public order, libelous to the government of Spain and to its political policies in these islands. . . . If it should circulate in the Philippines, it would cause very grave damage to the faith and to the morale, and would lessen or extinguish the love of these natives for Spain."

Unconvinced by this report—for he himself had liberal leanings—the governor sent the book to the permanent censorship commission, which likewise recommended "that the importation, reproduction, and circulation of this pernicious book in the islands be absolutely prohibited."

Unable to resist the pressure of the religious corporations, the governor quietly advised Rizal to leave the country. So José took the savings of his six months as a medical man and returned to freedom in Europe, this time going by way of Japan and the United States. In London he continued his study and research, and contributed a steady stream of political articles to various publications, striving always to encourage and unite his countrymen in their devotion to reform.

With his tempered, scholarly mind Rizal could not bring himself to side wholly with the proponents of violent revolution. In the heat of indignation over some fresh injustice he sometimes made inflammatory statements, but to the end of his life he maintained that he was working for reform, not for separation from Spain.

He felt that his countrymen should progress gradually, through education, toward free institutions and self government. He wanted them to be like the molave, a beautiful Philippine hardwood, rather than like the weak, ephemeral bamboo. He was sure violent revolt of the masses would solve nothing. He abhorred the thought of bloodshed. Yet in the ultimate hour of trial he was gladly and proudly to pour out his own blood to further the cause of a free Philippines, walking with dignity and honor the path of national independence.

These were years of alternate hope and despair. One month he would be jubilant over the establishment of a liberal government in Spain with fair promises of reform in the Philippines; the next he would be sick at heart over some fresh calamity. It seemed that the stranglehold of the religious corporations on the governors of his land would never be broken. At times he was even attacked by his own compatriots, jealous of his growing prestige and shamed by his exemplary life.

Bitterly unhappy over news from the Philippines of the persecution and banishment of his relatives, who now proudly bore the family name of Rizal instead of Mercado as a badge of defiance to the authorities, Rizal now suffered the keenest disappointment of all. His fiancée was to marry another man. For years he had been engaged to Leonor Rivera, the "butterfly of Kamiling," a beautiful girl whom he idealized with all his poetic nature.



KENNETH P. SIMPSON

In such a village as this native barrio José Rizal was born. He was called the George Washington of the Philippines, yet he did not hold a public office and died before the firing squad.



Her parents opposed the match, unwilling to have her marry a man so hated by the friars and so likely to suffer persecution.

Rizal's own family likewise opposed the marriage, and with the filial respect of a true Oriental, Rizal had not gone to Leonor's home town during his brief stay in the Philippines. The lovers had faithfully written, even though each wondered about the other's fidelity, since Leonor's mother was intercepting the girl's mail, and neither received the letters the other wrote.

A young British engineer building a railroad nearby was courting Leonor, and after two years of separation and silence she yielded to her mother's insistence, and was then allowed to write her farewell to

ents: "If you could permit me to join you there, how happy would I be! Maybe everything would be different. Give me then this leave, and I will come at once. I hope, I am sure, that we shall come out all right."

Rizal believed with all his heart that his place was in his homeland, where he wanted his doctrines to bear fruit. But his family knew there were no constitutional guarantees of freedom in the Philippines as in other countries. In two weeks his father and brother joined him in Hong Kong, and later his mother and four sisters. He obtained a license and opened his office, determined to earn money to repay his family for what they had lost on his behalf. Though quickly successful in prac-

announcing his arrival in Manila, Rizal wrote: "They say that for a long time my aged parents, my relatives, friends, and even individuals unknown to me have been cruelly persecuted on my account. I now present myself to take upon me so many persecutions, to answer the charges they may desire to prefer against me in order to get over with that matter so painful to the innocent and sad to Your Excellency's government, which has interest in being known by its sense of justice."

Governor Despujol had come to the Philippines to rectify the mistakes of his predecessors and to make the Filipinos contented with their lot. Unfortunately he had antagonized the friars, who were working for his removal. In response to Rizal's plea he pardoned his father and sisters, and Rizal at once wrote them to return to the Philippines. Despujol tried to dissuade him from his Borneo project, however, promising him protection and lands in his own country.

In quick visits to points of interest in the nearby provinces, Rizal made many speeches urging the formation in every town of a Filipino League. Then Despujol, yielding to pressure by the religious corporations, in a final effort to make peace with them, ordered Rizal's arrest on July 7, accused him of possessing literature inimical to the church, held him incommunicado in Fort Santiago for a week, then secretly transferred him to a warship that called in Manila Bay, with sealed orders to the captain to be opened on the high seas.

Despujol's order banished Rizal indefinitely to Dapitan, a lonely outpost on the northwestern coast of Mindanao, the large southern island of the archipelago. Though Rizal had pleaded with the governor not to punish him by banishment where his social instincts and active mental life could only stagnate, he wrote to his parents, "I am going happy in the knowledge that the governor general has granted you liberty, and because I believe that wherever I might go I shall always be in the hands of God, who has control over the destinies of all men."

With the loss of Rizal's temperate leadership, the Filipino League died, and in its place rose the Katipunan, a secret society dedicated to revolution. The unlettered sons of the soil could see no solution but armed revolt.

In exile Rizal soon won the confidence and respect of his guards. Though stemming from a culture where deceit and treachery abounded, Rizal himself had a high code of personal integrity. Feeling keenly the injustice of his deportation, he nevertheless pledged his word as a man of honor that he would not try to escape or to communicate with his friends. Knowing that these were the strongest possible chains to one of his character, his guards allowed him to live a fairly normal life. After a while his mother and sister Trinidad joined him. *To page 20*



## The Call

By OLIVE E. TOWNSEND

When April hail beat low the gold of daffodils,  
I heard you weep;  
When night winds roughly tore the oak's flamingo cape,  
You did not sleep.

When sparrows in the eaves returned to find no young,  
You grieved, but, dear,  
The day you left to help a blind and groping world,  
You shed no tear.

Rizal. Still devoted to her former fiancé, the reluctant bride found little happiness in her marriage, and died about two years later. Bitterly Rizal explained to a friend a few months after the break, "Oh, don't be surprised that a Filipino woman has preferred the name Kipping to that of Rizal. Don't wonder—an Englishman is a free man and I am not."

To the suffering youth a friend wrote: "I know your heartaches, but you are one of the heroes who conquer pains caused by woman because you pursue a nobler aim. You have a brave heart, and a nobler woman looks at you with love: your country."

Brave heart or not, Rizal, like Lincoln, was haunted by premonitions that his own end would come early and in violence. His strong will and rational mind freed his waking hours from depression, but again and again he was tormented by dreams of his dark future. To one he wrote, "I shall die by a firing squad on Bagumbayan Field."

Having published a third book, and weary of his wanderings about Europe, Rizal longed to return to the Philippines and his oppressed family. He sailed for Hong Kong, and there wrote to his par-

tice, he continued his labor for the uplift of his countrymen. He was working on twin projects, the organization of a Filipino League, and the founding of a Filipino colony in Borneo under the willing protection of the British.

He knew he would have to go to Manila personally to make arrangements for this colony, because the governor failed to answer his letters. He wondered how safe he would be there. The current governor, it was reported, had liberal tendencies. The Spanish consul in Hong Kong assured the doctor that he would be immune from harm or arrest. Nevertheless, one of Rizal's pen names, Laong Laan, meant in Tagalog "Prepared Beforehand." So before sailing for Manila in June, 1892, he left behind two letters, to be opened only after his death. In the one to his beloved family he said, in part:

"A man ought to die for his duty and his convictions. I hold to all the ideas that I have published concerning the condition and the future of my country, and I shall die willingly for her, and even more willingly procure justice and tranquillity for you all. . . . I risk my life gladly to save so many innocent persons."

In a respectful letter to the governor



# Desert Giants

By MABEL EARP CASON

**D**AWN was breaking one morning forty-two years ago as I peered through the Pullman window at the landscape speeding by. Giant fingers, pointing skyward across a jagged line of hills that rimmed the horizon, were silhouetted against the rose and gold of the eastern sky.

As I stepped from the car when the train had halted at the lone station house, I was thrilled with the magic of that unearthly scene. The cool, silent green giants, the saguaros, aloof among grotesque clumps of cholla and feathery paloverde, fired my imagination.

After twenty years on the desert and twenty years away, saguaro stirs me to this day as it did at that first sight.

The saguaro, or giant cactus (*Carnegiea gigantea*), is one of the most remarkable plants on the globe and is found only in the southwestern corner of Arizona and northwestern Sonora (Mexico) with three very small areas in the southeastern part of California's desert. Early Western travelers called it "God's green fingers," "desert tombstones" and "desert sentinel," according to the circumstances under which they first saw it. Saguaro is the name given it by the primitive Indians in days long gone.

Rearing its fluted, pale-green columns forty or fifty feet into the air, it may send up one or more branches, which appear in their earliest stages as small green balls on the side of the parent stem, curving upward as they grow. The ridges of its vertical flutings are edged with rosettes of sharp spines.

Drinking greedily of the infrequent rains of the desert, sometimes sucking up as much as a ton of water from one rainfall, the furrows of its flutes fill out and store the precious moisture against the long dry spells, during which they will shrink deep as their store is used. The collected moisture may have to last for several years.

Here on a barren mountaintop stands a lone sentinel cactus, and there a forest of green giants marches in fantastic formation for miles across the desert slopes. The tip of each upreaching column will be crowned in May with a circlet of waxy, cream-white blooms, each two or three inches in diameter. Arizona has chosen this blossom for her State flower.

Toward the end of June, when the crimson egg-shaped fruit begins to ripen, a host of desert dwellers come to share saguaro's bounty. Birds eat the fruit from its tips, for when fully ripe the fruit splits into segments resembling flower petals. Then the saguaro seems to be crowned with bright-red blossoms instead of white.

Animals collect at the foot of the great cactus to eat the fruit that falls to the ground. But the chief beneficiaries are the Pima and Papago Indians, though the younger generation are departing to some extent from the customs of their fathers. From mid-June to mid-July these Indians live in temporary camps in the saguaro fields on the slopes of the nearby hills while they harvest the crop.

Before the white man taught him the use of his utensils and his prepared foods, the Pima, and more especially the Papago, depended largely upon this giant vegetable for sustenance. The fruit he gathers into baskets and boils down into a thick syrup, to be stored in earthenware or basketware jars for winter use. The dried seeds his wife grinds on her metate into meal for baking and brewing. He carries sacks of the seeds home to feed to his fowls. He and his family live on the fresh fruit while it lasts. Its red, juicy flesh is a palatable and refreshing food, yielding considerable nourishment.

Shortly after the harvest the Papago and his friends of neighboring villages hold a festival, the greatest of the year. It is called "*navaitá*," derived from *navait*, their word for the fermented wine of the saguaro fruit. Following two days

and nights of singing and dancing, with a prayer for rain, much of the wine is consumed. This is also a part of the rain-prayer ceremonial, but since all partake freely of the wine, the concluding part of the festival bears little resemblance to the white man's idea of a religious affair.

This account of the customs of the Papago in relation to the saguaro is still true of the older and more conservative of the Indians. Some of those youth who have been educated by the white man and who have partaken of his religion look with some disdain upon the work of the harvest and the religious ceremonials connected with it.

The upright ribs that enclose the pulp of the saguaro, tall as the giant itself, are of strong, light elastic wands an inch or more thick. These are left standing after the saguaro has died and the flesh has decayed and fallen. The Papago finds many uses for them. He uses them in the construction of his strong, cozy little mud-and-stick home. From them he builds his chicken coops, traps, and other utensils. Also from two of them, fastened together endwise, he makes the long stick that he uses to bring down the saguaro fruit.

The fibrous tissue bags that are formed as the sap flows and hardens around the holes made in the saguaro's body by the woodpeckers, make useful water bottles or drinking vessels for the Indians.

Is it any wonder then that the Papago begins his year with the saguaro harvest



M. CASON, ARTIST

The tip of each upreaching column of the giant cactus is crowned in May with a circlet of waxy, cream-white blossoms, about two inches across.



or that he considers it a crime willfully to destroy one of these marvelous plants?

When the desert woodpecker (the red-shafted or the gilded woodpecker) has finished with the nest hole he has drilled in the saguaro, it becomes a home for the elf owl, falcon, flycatcher, or bat. Even the wild bees may use it to store honey.

The root system of the saguaro is quite extensive, but lies so near the surface of the ground, to catch the quickly vanishing treasure of the desert rains, that one wonders how it maintains its upright posture in the violent desert storms.

Since the saguaro grows only four inches a year, and that only after it has lived several years, a plant forty feet tall has

lived a very long time. A plant two years old may be scarcely as large as a boy's marble and has not yet developed spines. It cannot bear the heat of the sun, so grows up among some sort of protecting shrubbery, such as the creosote bush, brittlebush, paloverde, or ironwood.

Unlike the flesh of the barrel cactus, or bisnaga, the flesh of the saguaro is not palatable, having a rather bitter, oily taste, though rabbits gnaw its base. I know one tenderfoot who was lost on the desert in the early summer. By chewing its flesh he maintained life for four days until the search party arrived and he was rescued.

Looking about for a good location for clothesline posts in my hillside back yard

in a desert mining town, I discovered that three tall, armless saguaros stood in ideal arrangement for a triangular clothesyard. So for many a Monday the clothes fluttered gaily on lines that stretched between those bizarre living posts.

Arizona has enacted laws to protect her unique heritage of saguaro forests, and the National Park Service has set up the Saguaro National Monument seventeen miles east of Tucson. These measures are necessary to preserve for future generations the serene giant of the desert country, for, if our type of civilization extends itself much farther in the desert, the giant cactus, like the dodo, will soon be a fantastic figure from the past.

## The Coronation Comes to Gwelo

By EDNA MAE CHRISTOPH

**I**N FARAWAY London myriads of people lined the streets waiting for a glimpse of their queen. In millions of homes in the United States and throughout the world eager viewers were expectantly awaiting the ceremony before their television sets while others had to be content with listening to the broadcast over their radios. The entire world united in interest in and enthusiasm for this colorful history-making coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

And here in Southern Rhodesia, at Lower Gwelo Mission, this day was also marked with a special program. Behind the Central Primary School a new flagpole, set up especially for the day, stood straight and tall in the morning sun. Behind it, benches were set up for the mission staff, and in a roped-off section complete with crepe paper streamers the five hundred school children were to take their places.

Walking up from my house, I heard the sound of marching feet as the boys, led by their drillmasters, were going to their place around the flagpole, swinging their arms as only Africans do. Following them, the girls marched from their dormitory, dressed in their green school uniforms and singing as they came. Nearest the flagpole stood the little children from the kraal school, most of them understanding little, but enjoying the holiday



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

One of the sports the students at Gwelo enjoyed on coronation day is pictured here—a sack race.

and doing their best to stand like soldiers of the queen.

Solemnly Jacob and David, teacher training students, marched to their places at the pole and raised the Union Jack as all present stood at attention. Led by one of the African staff members, all the children lustily sang "God Save Our Gracious Queen." What matter if some of the younger ones couldn't pronounce the words correctly? Still they sang with all the enthusiasm of loyal British subjects.

Principal P. B. Fairchild with his in-

terpreter read the prepared message from the governor general of Southern Rhodesia, and Teacher Mpofu then read from the queen's message her request for her subjects' prayers. In response Tim Gorle, of the mission staff, prayed for the queen, for her subjects, and for the empire.

Before the broadcast of the coronation ceremony sweets donated by the African council and the native department of the government were distributed to the students. How quickly the lines formed as with outstretched hands the children received their gifts.

At eleven o'clock the bell rang and all met in the camp meeting enclosure to listen to the broadcast from London.

Just before the Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, station switched to the B.B.C. in London, an erect scarlet- and purple-robed man with a walking stick slowly made his way to the enclosure, followed by his man in waiting. The chief of this area had come to share in our celebration. How quickly the students moved aside to let their chief through to his place of honor on the front bench immediately in front of the wireless set where Teacher Ndhlovu helped him to understand the ceremony!

Then Big Ben announced the broadcast. Through the next two hours all sat listening to the crowning of the new sovereign of the British Empire amid all the splendor and pageantry of the occasion. Sitting around on the ground, the children did their best to understand the proceedings; even though they did not catch each word, they were impressed. Had they not been told all about the ceremony in class the day before?

As the homage ceremony came to a close, all were dismissed for dinner, with games and sports to follow in the afternoon and fireworks at Gwelo in the evening.



## I Didn't Know

By T. H. Jemison

If Don did not finish his assignments, he would fail in the course. But Don did not like Bible study, and was not at all inclined to do the necessary hard work. The academy teacher knew he could not give a grade unless the lessons were completed.

He did not want to give Don an "F," so he made this suggestion. (Perhaps it was not good teaching procedure to go so far afield for make-up work, but the teacher felt that the lad was more important than the study of any particular subject at the moment.) "Don, if you'll read *Messages to Young People* carefully, make a complete outline of it, and come and discuss each section of it with me, so that I know you have grasped the ideas, I'll give you a grade for your Bible class. The grade won't be as high as if you had done all the regular assignments, but it will be better than a failure."

Rather reluctantly Don agreed to tackle the assignment. At least it was better than going back to make up a dozen past lessons—and he really did not want to fail in the course and have to repeat it. A few days later he came in for the first discussion, bubbling over with enthusiasm—an enthusiasm he had never shown in connection with any of his other studies.

"This is the most interesting book I've ever read," he declared with real emphasis and conviction. "I didn't know Sister

# MV Youth in Action



ALICE M. MORSE

This group of young people were invested in the Friends Missionary Volunteer class on July 4 at the Hong Kong Pioneer Memorial Mission School.



PHOTO, LEONA CARSCALLEN

From southern California to Siam! Dr. and Mrs. Ervin O. Winton are shown preparing to go as medical missionaries to Bhuket Mission Clinic, a Seventh-day Adventist institution in a remote section of Thailand (Siam). Assisting in the packing process are their two children, Bill, two, and Mary, one. The family left their Redlands, California, home July 8 to fly to Bangkok and begin their five-year term of service overseas. Newly appointed as medical director of the mission hospital, Dr. Winton has just concluded his year of internship at Loma Linda Sanitarium and Hospital. He graduated from La Sierra College in '48 and received his M.D. degree from the College of Medical Evangelists in '52.—LEONA CARSCALLEN.

White had written anything like that."

Many others are just as unaware as was Don of the kind of subject matter in this wonderful book and of its practical value to today's young people. What a pity that through ignorance we deprive ourselves of just the things we need to help us live victoriously today. Do you ever feel the need for counsel about your associations with other young men and women? All the basic principles governing such fellowship are stated here simply, sensibly, and practically. Are you faced with questions concerning your spiritual growth? Here are step-by-step suggestions telling how you can make real strides forward in your Christian life. Have you wondered about how to use your money to best advantage? Saving, economy, spending wisely, planning for the future, are all dealt with helpfully. In fact, there is no phase of the life of the Christian young person untouched in the thought-provoking chapters of *Messages to Young People*.

Ellen G. White loved young people. She was interested in them. She knew them by personal association in her own home, in the churches, and socially. She had four boys of her own and cared for many other young men and women in her home through a long period of years. The messages that God gave her for the youth were written out lovingly and understandingly, with a keen desire to see young people become all it is possible for them to be with God's help. These are personal messages for you; they are waiting for you to

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*We hear often of the exploits of the missionary husband.*

*Here is the story of a*

# Missionary Wife

By NELLIE WALTON

I OPENED my eyes at six o'clock in the morning, wondering what the day would bring forth. My thoughts were soon interrupted by my little girl Hilary, who is three years old, calling, "Mommy, I want to get out of di bed." Then Margaret, who is nine years old, called out for me to come and braid her hair because she wanted to go out quickly to feed the baby chickens. We have about eighteen baby chicks just now, which we hope will survive the hawks.

"Please, Ma," called a voice from outside. It was Apollos, the houseboy, whom we often call Lightning because he is so slow. "There is a letter for master." What! have they come already with letters? Surely they can give my husband time to get washed and shaved. The letter read: "Teacher Agharamanze is suffering from stomach-ache. Please send him some better medicine."

"All right," I said, "tell the man to wait." Eventually I managed to get downstairs. Outside stood a crowd of schoolboys, waiting for treatment of various kinds. Some had boils, some had wounds, and others had sundry skin troubles. I attended to about half of the boys, and then went in for my breakfast.

"Please, Ma, I want the money for the market," called another voice. It was Sunday, the cook boy. Yes, I must give him the money, for the market is a long way off, and if he does not go early, things will be sold out. He usually goes to market on a bicycle, but it is a very ancient one and usually needs repairing before he can ride it. After breakfast we had worship, and then I remembered that the man was still waiting for the "stomach-ache medicine." So after worship I supplied his need, and then went on to treat the remainder of the schoolboys.

"Please, Ma," echoed Apollos' voice, "I want some soap." I had forgotten the soap, so I brought him the soap and carried on with the schoolboys. I had only three left when suddenly the alarm clock rang. Ah,

that was to remind me that it was time for Margaret's lessons to begin.

I had barely begun with the lessons when the washerman arrived, so I went upstairs for the soiled clothes. "Gooda morning, Madam," this was spoken with a voice obviously meant to draw my attention. "What! are *you* here again?" It was our friend the old Hausa man, an itinerant peddler of leather, brass, and raffia goods. "Gooda morning, Madam, I bring fine t'ing for you today."

"Sorry, but I have no time now." However, nothing daunted, he began to spread out his wares on the veranda, and when I came down with my clothes there was hardly a space left to put my foot, for silk scarves, ebony beads, ivory inkstands, brass trays, raffia mats, sandals, giant lizard skins, and scores of other things almost covered the floor.

"Please, Madam, I bring this special for you today," he said forcing a beautiful snakeskin bag into my hand.

"Please, Ma," called Apollos, "don't forget the three schoolboys." Oh, yes, I *must* see to them, but what was I doing? Of course! Margaret's lessons. I glanced over to the office. A deputation from one of the churches had just arrived to see my husband.

"Mommy, come quick, and see what Hilary is doing." I hurried in, and there she was, our little three-year-old, polishing all the furniture with the metal polish. What a mess it looked, covered with white streaks.

"Oh, you naughty girl," I exclaimed, and began to wipe off the metal polish from the chairs with a cloth. So there I was, with the metal polish and the cloth in one hand and the Hausa man's snakeskin bag in the other.

"Please, Mommy, do come and get my lessons ready. I want to finish early today."

"Please, Madam, what about the bag?" Margaret's lessons, the Hausa man's bag, and those schoolboys too! I told the Hausa man that I did not want the bag and went

out to finish treating the schoolboys. It is strange, but even though there is a government hospital not very far away, all who can do so prefer to come to the mission. But what about the thousands who live far away from *any* help?

So back to Margaret's lessons. She does not really get on with her studies as she would in a school. What can one expect with no competition? But she does well considering, and teaching is a novel but trying experience for me.

"Mommy, what is a demonstrative adjective?" So back I went to her with the explanation. Oh, and now I remembered, my husband was due at Amuzu to meet the chiefs there today. He was to be away for lunch and should take something with him. He needed a bottle of water and some sandwiches, since he would only be away



The missionary wife has little time to spare for herself. Days and weeks are all filled with countless activities, as caring for helpless, orphaned babies and treating the



for the half day. He sometimes goes away for long periods when he has to visit far-distant places or when he goes to Accra for the union committee meetings.

"Oh, now the filter is empty! Why is it that the boy always forgets to boil water for the filter. Apollos, please light the kerosene stove quickly and boil some water while I make the sandwiches." But the sandwiches were not so easily made. The feet of the food cabinet stand in water to keep the ants out. I really do not know how they manage to get in, but they do. They were in the bread now—tiny, tiny ants. How fortunate that I had another loaf put away in the tin box. I suppose the boy had forgotten to fill up the safe feet tins with water, and it evaporates quickly.

"Oh, my! What is all that screaming in the yard?" I hurried outside to investigate, knocking over one of the Hausa man's brass trays to add to the commotion. A



crowd of girls from the girls' school were there, and they had a girl about twelve years old they had brought over to see me.

"Quiet, girls. What is the matter?"

"Please, Ma, it is Bessy. She has pushed a crochet hook right into her finger." And it *was* in, believe me! So I seated the girl on the steps while I said good-by to my husband. My, it was hot out there. I ought not to have gone out without my helmet. How thankful I was when the crochet hook finally came out of the finger; and with some antiseptic, a bandage, a dose of *sal volatile*, and a liberal application of kind words, the girl was sent on her way. And now, about those examination papers. My husband left me the Missionary Volunteer Bible doctrines examination papers to mark. Perhaps I would have time at least to begin on them now. At any rate the Hausa man had tired of waiting and had begun to pack up his things.

"I go, go," he said as he slid away. Who

was calling me now? It was Miss Nuka. What, mail from home? Who does not look forward to mail from home? It would be wonderful to get a letter. Yes, there was one for me! I hastened to open it. "Dear sister," it began, "we are wondering why we have not heard from you for so long—" Yes, it really seemed ages since I wrote to them.

I left the letter half read and went out to help Margaret with her lessons. Then it was time for lunch, so I prepared the meal, the children ate, and I put Hilary to bed.

I had almost finished my own lunch and was thinking about those Bible doctrines examination papers when Apollos came in to say there was a schoolboy outside who said he had a thorn in his foot and hoped I could do something to help him. I went out. It was obvious that he was in great pain. His foot was swollen to twice the normal size. After washing and bathing the foot in hot water and antiseptic, I could just see the end of what appeared to be a huge thorn. It was so big that I decided to tackle it with the dental forceps, because I had nothing else that seemed suitable at all, for we are not equipped for major medical work of any kind and do not have the training.

The boy was certainly brave, and after a considerable time working on it, I finally succeeded in getting it out, not a thorn but a fishbone, two-and-one-half inches long and one-fourth inch across the base. It had gone between the toes.

The blood poured out from the cavity, but after I had cleaned and dressed the wound, the boy turned to me and said, "Ma, it is a wonderful thing you have done for me today. God will bless you." These words set me to thinking. It never had occurred to me that anything I did was wonderful—only just a part of the work of a usual day. I am only a missionary's wife, caring for the home and doing what I can to help. If others notice, then perhaps God notices too. And then I remembered a card I had seen on a missionary's desk: "Today is the best day in the year."

Ah, there was the mission car. It would be my husband returning. Just as I stepped out to greet him someone touched me on the shoulder. I turned quickly, and there stood one of our teachers.

"Please, Ma, could you help my wife?" he requested. She raised her blouse and showed me her breast, frightfully swollen. It seemed best to take her down to the government hospital, so we turned the car around and were off.

We spent quite a while looking for the doctor, and when finally she did appear the woman flatly refused to go into the hospital. We talked and coaxed, but to no avail. It was rather embarrassing, but what could we do? We just had to make our apologies and take the woman back home. Poor souls—these people are so afraid of the hospitals, partly through ignorance and partly through justified fear. Then I

remembered that I had left our little girl asleep, but bless her heart, as we turned the car into the mission compound I could hear her singing the chorus we all love, "Roll, Roll Your Burdens Away."

As I got out of the car I paused. "What was that?"—such a horrible smell. Sitting on the edge of the path was an aged woman. I did not need to be told what was the matter with her. On her leg was a huge tropical ulcer so big that I could have put my fist into it. Since I knew she would not go to the hospital, I set about treating it. I remembered something Miss Nuka had read to me out of a letter from a friend. It had said, "What do you do for a little excitement in the mission field?" I laughed. It was getting late, and darkness falls quickly in the tropics. Ah-h, there was the night watchman. He was early today. "Please, Ma, I want some kerosene for my lamp." I could not help laughing, for he never used the lamp. He came to work with his sleeping mat, pillow, and blanket, and sometimes his snoring even awoke us in the night.

Time now to bathe the children! and as I went upstairs and looked away to the west I could see a glorious sunset. Truly God is wonderful. It was like a vision of heaven to see the sun sink softly and majestically behind the palm trees, and as the shadows lengthened and darkness fell, I thanked the heavenly Father for at least a small place in His work.

Downstairs once more, with the children's prayers said, I rested for a little while in the sitting room, but soon the boy called me outside. It was dark, but a little group approached with a small lantern. It was a familiar sight—three or four people with a small newborn baby in the arms of one. I knew only too well why they had come, for I had had many such experiences. The baby's mother had died when it was born, and they wanted me to take the child.

Poor little frail thing. My heart went out to it, but I could not possibly take in every little one that needed a mother's care. We had no facilities. So I gave the baby a feeding and a small garment to keep it warm and told the people who brought the child that if they would bring it back the next day, I would show them how to take care of it. "If I had money, I would build a home to take care of orphan babies," I said to myself as I turned to my household tasks.

And so the day closed. I was tired as I went back into the house—tired but happy. Surely God looks, and surely He takes note. It was but little I had done, but there is much joy in helping others, and I looked up at the little motto text on the wall and read it again! "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . , ye have done it unto me." I may never be great or famous or do anything very wonderful, but I would not for anything change my place as a missionary's wife.



# First Commencement at Zauditu

By E. L. MINCHIN

**Y**OUR Imperial Highness, the Crown Prince, ministers of state, the board and faculty of Empress Zauditu Memorial Hospital, members of the graduating class of 1953, ladies, and gentlemen:

I deeply appreciate your invitation for me to be your speaker on this important and historic occasion, which marks the graduation of the first class of nurses from the Empress Zauditu Memorial Hospital. To all of you, let me express my gratitude for the honor bestowed.

I warmly congratulate these fine young people upon the satisfactory completion of their course. I believe that they are the forerunners of a growing army of Ethiopian youth, who, catching the vision of the greatness and the sacredness of the mission of the Christian nurse, will go out from this institution to bring healing and blessing to multitudes in their beloved country.

You have chosen an excellent motto—one that I know will challenge you and inspire you through the years to come. "For God, Country, and Humanity."

[Commencement address at the Zauditu Memorial Hospital School of Nursing, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.]

Your choice indicates that you have an understanding of life's greatest values.

We live in a sick world. The importance of true medical missionary work is growing in proportion to the increase and deadliness of human diseases. Our ablest physicians and scientists in the world today do not hesitate to tell us that many of the modern diseases are not only physical but mental and spiritual. Diseases of the human mind are increasing, and call for more than the use of medicines or physical treatment. Their true remedies must reach into the realm of the spirit.

One notable mental doctor says, "Among all my patients over thirty-five years of age, there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that everyone of them felt ill because he had lost it, and none of them have been really healed who did not regain it." Surely this need for faith in God, as a primary remedy for disease now being widely proclaimed by eminent doctors and scientists, is a challenge to the Christian church. Yes, mankind needs God. We were made by Him and for Him. The great aim of life is to know God.

Jesus our Saviour recognized that the healing of the body was inseparable from the healing of the soul. With Him there could be no complete bodily restoration without spiritual recovery. He made each work of healing an occasion for implanting divine principles in the mind and soul. Wherever He went, He left gratitude, rejoicing, and health.

Today the same loving Saviour who healed the multitudes of Galilee feels for us now. This old world's heart is aching, aching fiercely in the night. The sacred mission of the nurse is to go out to the suffering multitudes and, with a strong and beautiful faith in God, impart that faith and peace to those to whom you minister.

The Seventh-day Adventist Church, along with other Christian bodies, places great emphasis on this aspect of our Master's teaching. Thousands of doctors and nurses trained in a chain of sanitariums and hospitals throughout the world are scattered over this earth, earnestly seeking to bring the ministry of healing to suffering humanity.

The second part of your motto indicates that this day you dedicate yourselves to the betterment and uplift of your beloved country. In this you are following the Scriptural injunction to "fear God. Honour the King." Your king is the head and symbol of your country. We give thanks to God today for the Christian emperor in Ethiopia, who seeks to lead his people in the ways of righteousness and peace. He graciously supports the work of those who seek the advancement and enlightenment of his country. You have pledged your loyalty anew to your country and join with your beloved emperor in his constant efforts on behalf of this land. You will seek to set an example to all of what true Christians and loyal citizens should be.

In the last words of your motto you pledge your whole lives to the service of humanity. I think today of the noble men and women of your profession who

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PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Sister (Nurse) Alma Binder pins badges on the graduates in the presence of the crown prince of Ethiopia. Right: The graduates with Sisters Bowen and Binder.



# True Friends

By GLENN AUFDERHAR

**D**ANNY, Danny," called mother, "it's time for you to get ready to go to grandma's."

Danny, playing Indian on the front porch, could not see mother, but the hospital smell of her uniform came through the blanket he was using for a tepee. Every time he saw mother in her crisp, white uniform or smelled the peculiar odor, he knew it was time for her to go to work, time for him to go to grandma's.

"All right, Mommy, I'll be right in as soon as my things are put away," answered Danny.

Danny did not mind going to grandma's. In fact, he liked it. On the way over there were the school grounds, with all the swings and playthings; there was the little woods, the store with goodies in the window, and a small workshop where men were busy making furniture. Then sometimes when he arrived at grandma's she had a job for him to do. Yes, the wages were cookies, but nevertheless they tasted better when he worked for them.

"If I am real good," thought Danny to himself, "maybe mommy and daddy will get me the tricycle I want for my birthday, since they won't let me have a puppy." With these thoughts in mind Danny hurried and greatly startled mother by getting ready to go in less time than it usually took.

Not that Danny was slow, but he was so inquisitive that even a strange box, a new flower, or a crumpled piece of paper, if hitherto unnoticed, would have to be inspected before anything else was done. For this reason mother sometimes had a full-time job just getting Danny started. That is the reason mother was surprised to see Danny clean and ready for his good-by kiss so soon.

"Good-by, son! Tell grandma that you are to start home at three. Do be careful, and be good, dear."

"I will, Mommy. I'll be careful," replied Danny as he started for grandma's house.

The first place of interest for Danny to pass was the school playground. Here

he stopped to watch several boys and girls playing and enjoying their summer vacation. Danny wanted to go over and play for a while, but since he knew grandma was waiting he hurried down the road. Soon he reached the turn for the path through the woods.

This part of the journey was always the most interesting; also it always took the most time. There were new flowers to look at and pick for grandma; there were beetles, spiders, toads, ants, and once in a while even a little garter snake to watch.

"What's that," Danny wondered with alarm! "There it is again!"

Danny, too frightened to run, stood in terror listening to a high-pitched quivering sound. Then Danny's keen eyes caught a glint of bright metal in the direction from which the sound came. Too frightened to investigate boldly, but too inquisitive to run the other way, he cautiously crept around a bush toward the noise. Drawing nearer, he realized that whatever was making the noise was in great pain and was not angry. The bright metal he had seen turned out to be a tin can to which a small wire was fastened.

The can was firmly hooked on a limb of a fallen tree while the wire went over the top and down the other side.

"What could it be?" queried Danny.

Unable to determine what it was, and unable to satisfy his curiosity and pity for the animal in distress, he carefully inched forward until he could touch the log.

Quivering with excitement, Danny thought to himself, "Shall I climb over the log or just pull the wire loose?"

Finally, he made up his mind. "I'm going to peek over the log." His heart beating like a trip hammer, Danny collected courage to lift his head slowly over the log.

"Oh!" cried Danny, his two eyes nearly popping out of his head and swelling up with tears at the same instant!

"Some mean, mean people!"

For there, before Danny's eyes, was a poor, helpless black dog hanging by a wire tied to his tail!

"Easy, boy," Danny said soothingly, "I'll have you free in just a minute. There, there, puppy, don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you."

Evidently some boys had tied some tin cans to the dog's tail. In trying to get away from his pursuers the dog had jumped over the log. The tin can caught on a branch, leaving the tortured dog suspended by his tail, with his front paws several inches from the ground. The wire by which the can was tied had cut unmercifully into the struggling dog's tail; his efforts to free himself had only caused more pain and injury.

Comforted by Danny's soothing voice, the dog stopped struggling, to let Danny help him. Gently the lad lifted his prize pup to the top of the log, where he removed the implement of cruelty from the puppy's tail.

As soon as the dog found himself free he bounded all over Danny, licking his hands, face, and hair. So thankful was



LINK, FROM LEWIS

It was only after an act of real heroism that Jack proved he deserved a new home with Danny.

[This article was written while the author was a student at Auburn Academy.]



the dog for his release that Danny thought he would completely wag off his injured tail.

The boy and the dog each knew he had found a real friend; and Danny, remembering that he was on his way to grandma's, started to run, with his new friend at his heels.

Danny arrived at grandma's with his dog still following him. Grandma helped him care for the injured puppy and allowed Danny to spend the rest of the time trying to decide on a name for the new pet.

"Let's see," thought Danny, "Daddy told me that tree over there is a jack pine. I'm going to call him Jack."

Jack and Danny spent the rest of the day getting acquainted. By the time the two arrived home they felt like old pals.

"Tony! Tony! Come here! See what I have!" Danny called as he and Jack came running toward the house.

Tony, Danny's older brother, came out to meet him. "Why are you so excited? Oh, what a pretty dog," commented Tony when he noticed Jack. "But why did you bring this dog home with you? You know the folks will not let you keep him, because he will just get killed; then we will all feel sad. But he is a pretty dog. Say! I'll hide him in the woodshed, then talk to the folks tonight; maybe they will let you keep him."

That night at supper Danny ate very little. He was too busy wondering whether he would be allowed to keep Jack. The problem was still on his mind when he went to bed.

"Oh, will they say I can keep him? I wish Tony would hurry!" With these thoughts keeping him awake, Danny waited in bed for Tony to bring him news of Jack's fate.

How long he waited he did not know, but Tony finally came. By the look on Tony's face Danny knew the answer, and when daddy made up his mind there was no way to change it.

"They won't let him stay," cried Danny, as he turned to bury his face in his pillow and cry himself to sleep.

The next morning, Danny's birthday, was bright and sunny; there was a cheery breakfast, a happy birthday song, but still a cloud of gloom hung over Danny. Even the bright-red tricycle he found as his birthday gift failed to make him happy. All he could think of was a poor black pup with big, sad eyes, pleading for a home with him.

Danny remembered little about that day. Jack followed Danny on his tricycle to grandma's. In the afternoon Jack started following him home, and Danny did not have the heart to send him away. Then, as the two traveled along, a group of boys rushed out toward them.

"Let's take that new tricycle!" cried one. "I'll knock the kid off!" hollered another.

"Come on, get 'em!"

Danny was petrified with fear as the

largest boy was reaching out to grab him. Then came a vicious snarl; a black form hurtled through space and struck the bully in the back. The assailant tore away some clothing as he darted off toward another victim. The boys fled in frenzy and fear from the black beast!

Danny, wide-mouthed with amazement, tried to thank Jack for protecting him against the boys; then the two hurried home.

Excitedly Danny bolted through the front door hollering, "Mommy, Daddy!"

It was not until the whole story had been related that Danny stopped for breath. He then sank to the floor, where he lay with his arms around his precious hero, Jack.

Mother looked at daddy; a wink, a nod, then daddy spoke. "Danny, don't you think we should make some plans for a doghouse? A good dog like yours must have a house!"

A joyful "Oh!" escaped Danny's lips, then the boy and dog relaxed as they nestled close together on the rug before the fire.

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## *First Commencement at Zauditu*

*From page 16*

in every land, like their Master, seek not to be ministered unto but to minister. My own life has been blessed as I have seen these messengers of mercy in many of the dark lands of the world, giving their lives in loving and sacrificial service for the suffering.

Well do I remember visiting last year a lonely mission outpost in north Nigeria where a young missionary doctor and his wife were running a poorly equipped and quite primitive hospital for the suffering multitudes around them. These young people could have stayed in their homeland practicing their profession and enjoying the comforts of life, but the love of Christ and humanity sent them to that uninviting land. Here they lost themselves in service for those needy people. At first this young doctor's operating table was a rough bench, his scalpel was a razor blade, and his sterilizers were the pans from his kitchen.

For a whole week I watched the wonderful ministry of these young people. One morning for five hours, in the fierce tropical heat, this man attended the sick as they came into his little mud clinic. These poor people walked or were carried from many miles distant. Here was a mother feeding her baby at the breast but with her own hands and feet rotting with leprosy. Here was a father carrying his little son unconscious with meningitis. Others came with great tropical ulcers and many other sicknesses. Patiently hour after hour this devoted Christian doctor ministered to their needs with the help of a faithful African nurse.

Across the way I looked into a little mud dispensary where the doctor's young wife was mixing medicines and dispensing them to the sick. I saw her wiping her brow repeatedly in that terrible humid heat. As I witnessed her patient and loving ministry in the midst of filth, disease, and heat and remembered that this work went on day after day, month after month, unheralded and unsung, I felt a better man myself for having witnessed such love for humanity. The gratitude of those poor people and the smile of God is their reward. For our Master said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Graduation does not mark the end of your learning. There should be no end to your efforts to increase your efficiency and usefulness. Strive for greater and still greater skill and perfection in the performance of your tasks. In the strictest sense we never graduate. There are greater heights to be reached. You now enter a wider sphere of service, where the knowledge you have already attained will be put to practical use. You may never be a Florence Nightingale, but you can emulate her wonderful example. You can all resolve to do your best.

Some will have five talents, some two, and I think most of us have only one. Let there be no jealousy or envy. The reward is not based on the number or the brilliance of our talents but on our faithfulness in the use of what is given. You should be content with no mean attainments. "Balanced by religious principle, you may climb to any heights you may please."

The greater our knowledge and experience and the heavier our responsibilities, the more humble we should be. To be truly great is to be humble. It is to be merciful, to be kindly toward all men of whatever class or creed. This old world has seen enough of selfishness, bigotry, greed, and hatred. Today, while many nations of earth are still engaged in bitter strife and struggle, the words of the gentle Master still hold true for all men: "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be chiefest, shall be servant of all."

Under the influence of the teaching of the Spirit of Christ, we have come to see that it is our privilege and duty to minister to the wounded and sick pilgrims on life's journey as did the good Samaritan to the needy man on the Jericho road. Our pity, sympathy, and ministry should overleap all barriers and prejudices. We are to show mercy to all men of every land and creed. We are neighbors to millions of hungry, crippled, suffering, handicapped lives. What if we were in their places? If we were pain stricken, crippled, and broken, and they were here today in our places in health and plenty, what would we wish that they would do for us?

The influence of a truly good and humble man cannot be measured. What



a man is and not what he says is the secret of his influence. The story is told of that great Christian and scientist Sir Henry Drummond of Scotland. It is said that he was one of Scotland's greatest Christians. The sick, the discouraged, the lonely, and the aged all sought the comfort of his presence. One night an old Scottish woman came to him and asked him to visit her dying husband. She explained that her husband could not see or hear or talk to him, but begged that he go and visit him.

"But, my good lady," replied Mr. Drummond, "if he cannot see me or hear me or talk to me, what would be the use of my going to visit him?"

"It is true, sir," pleaded the old woman in her quaint Scottish accent, "he canna see ye and he canna talk to ye and he canna hear ye—but, oh, if he could only get a breath o' ye aboot him before he dies."

Such was the holy influence of this great Christian that his very presence brought comfort and blessing to the sick and dying. Such a ministry may be yours. As you go forth in your chosen and sacred profession may you be as lights in the world. Ever keep in view the life of unselfish service of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

### Across the Pacific

From page 4

persecuted, threatened with banishment, tried by the court, put in prison, and my name has been trampled in the dirt. I have not been of two minds. I have kept the way of the Lord. I would like to be baptized."

For the rest of his life he was a devoted church member, though he was the only Sabbathkeeper on the island where he lived.

Of Elisha and Ilisami, Pastor Parker wrote, "I don't know how we could have

got along without those boys. They took an interest in our work as if it were their own. They carried the timber for the mission house, they planted our gardens, they ran errands, they did anything we asked, and they always refused to take any money. We made it up to them in clothes and other gifts. Ilisami died of influenza. He was faithful to the last. Elisha is studying for the ministry."

These were the first fruits of their labors. There were many more. Rich and marvelous were the experiences among the dark-skinned people of Calvin's dream. After long years of service he wrote, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." In the resurrection morning they will hear that song of praise from many hearts in Fiji, across the Pacific.

### MV Youth in Action

From page 13

take them, learn to know them, and put them into practice in your everyday life.

Clear, pointed, sensible, reasonable, balanced, inspiring, enlightening, understandable, applicable—if you read carefully and prayerfully, you will declare that each of these adjectives can well be attached to describe the kind of counsel in *Messages to Young People*. Read it once, and you will want to read it again, and to refer to it over and over when you want some specific help. Read it straight through to begin with, so that you will know what is in it. Then make it a daily companion and guide to Christian development.

### Pioneer Memorial Church

By Alice M. Morse

During the past school year a beginning was made in promoting the Missionary Volunteer classwork with the children and youth of the Pioneer Memorial church, Hong Kong. For the most part, those who

participated in this activity were the teachers and pupils of the primary school.

Since nothing to speak of had previously been attempted in this type of work, most of the activity was in the Friends group. The pastor of the church, Chue Tin-ming, together with the teachers, worked enthusiastically with the pupils on all the required projects.

The evening of July 4 was appointed as investiture night. An interesting program was arranged in which various individuals, singly or in groups, recited the memory requirements; summarized book club books completed; demonstrated knot tying; or reported on other activities required.

The program was in charge of Samuel Young, head teacher of the school. The presentation of pins was made by W. A. Hilliard, president of the mission. The total number of Friends pins awarded was forty-two.

Master Guides who greatly helped throughout the instructional period were W. A. Hilliard and H. H. Morse.

### Do You Belittle Sin?

From page 6

moment. But there are a large number who have kept that door open, and by so doing they are going from grace to grace and from glory to glory, becoming more like the Master.

Hollywood and New York are spending millions of dollars to dramatize sin. They expose the sins of David in technicolor, and now I suppose they will expose it in three dimensions soon. But my Book tells me that the sins of David were cast into the depths of the sea. Let's leave them there. They are not good to look at. Even if you put them in color, they are still ugly.

We are told, "It is not wise to gather together all the unpleasant recollections of our past life—its iniquities and disap-

## Silvermane, the Timber Wolf, No. 15 — By Harry Baerg

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1. The wolves followed the snowshoe tracks, stopping occasionally to howl. When they came to woods where the arctic hares were plentiful, they forgot about the tracks and hunted there.



2. The prospector making the tracks heard the wolves coming nearer on his trail, and he fled in terror, with visions of ravenous beasts. He would have a big story to tell later at camp.



3. The pack of wolves hunted for sheep, moose, and hares throughout the winter months. One of Silvermane's joys was to howl and sing his eerie song to the moon in the frozen woods.



4. Although he was a kindly animal, his life was filled with much necessary bloodshed. It will not be until the new earth that the wolf and the lamb shall feed together in peace.



pointments—to talk over them and mourn over them until we are overwhelmed and discouraged.”<sup>4</sup>

I have noticed in talking with young men who have come back from the battle front, who have seen the horrors of war, who have seen sin and the terrible consequences of sin, that they don't like to talk about it. They would like to write the entire chapter off and forget about it. And if they do talk about it, they do it under protest. Why? Because it's so horrible.

I think we ought to forget our sins and move on, and stop sinning.

Paul did not say, “Finally, my brethren, whatsoever is false, whatsoever is dishonorable, whatsoever is unjust, whatsoever is ugly, whatsoever is mean, if there be any corruption, if there be any scandal, think on these things. What you have learned and what you have received and heard from gossipers and tattletales keep in mind, and may God help you.” No, he didn't say that.

Paul said, “Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, . . . think on these things.”

But you say, “You have to see the horrors of sin.”

Yes, you have to see the horror of sin. Do you know how? The book *Steps to Christ* tells us, “The exceeding sinfulness of sin can be estimated only in the light of the cross.”<sup>5</sup> If you want to see how horrible sin is and its nature, look at Jesus Christ. What did it do to the Saviour on the cross?

“See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.”

See Joseph in Potiphar's house. Away from the good influence of his home, he felt the world pulling at his coattail trying to drag him down. See the power of God coming in and surrounding that young man. He cries out, “How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?” There you see the keeping power of God in action. We need that power today as we go down the streets and see sin with all its glitter and all of its glamour. We need to be kept from sinning.

Husbands and wives need the power to keep their homes together. There are altogether too many divorces today over any and every trifle that comes along. I have talked with couples who, after they have been divorced, tell about the great power of God and how He can forgive that sin. Granted that He can, but if He is powerful enough to forgive the sin, isn't that power also there to hold the home together in the first place?

To some parents the pulling power of the divorce courts seems to have greater effect than the pulling power of God.

Paul says, “For though he was crucified through weakness, yet he liveth by the power of God.” Jesus lived by the power. “For we also are weak in him, but we shall live with him by the power of God toward you.”

There is sin in the world. You can't deny it; you can't ignore it; you can't explain it away. But you can confess it, and it is gone if you believe that God has forgiven you. From there we can go on and be kept by His mighty power.

When I was in the Missionary Volun-



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teer work many years ago, it used to be my chore to get the summer camp ready before the campers came. One day I was repairing the docks. My little boy, who was about three years old, was lying on the other end of the dock looking down into the water. He was fascinated by the little fish swimming by. I was getting quite busy with the repairs. I did look up occasionally, but once I missed. During that moment the little lad fell into the water. I ran along the dock, and looking down, I saw the little boy lying on the bottom of the lake. He was three feet down on his back, struggling and taking water in by the gallon, it seemed.

I jumped down quickly and pulled him out. He seemed to be gone. Then, all of a sudden he started to cough. Water came out. Then a pitiful little cry. I worked with him for quite a while. I worked hard. His face was ghastly pale, and I think mine was white. I was frightened.

After a while he came to, and I picked him up. He put his little arms around my neck and again let out that pitiful cry, a cry of joy and pity and anguish. All his emotions, I think, were mixed up in that one cry. He said to me, “Daddy, you almost ‘loosed’ me, didn't you?”

I have never forgotten that. I experienced there for just a moment, it seemed, how the heart of God must be touched when we respond to Jesus Christ's coming down and pulling us out of the ocean of sin. How happy the heart of God must be! How happy I was that I didn't lose that little boy, and how glad he was that he wasn't lost!

Aren't you glad that Jesus came to save us from our sins? I am asking you now, Are there any sins in your heart that are not yet confessed? If so, will you bow your head at this very moment and ask God to take away that sin and cleanse you from all unrighteousness? But more than that, shall we not open our heart's door and invite Jesus to come in with that overflowing power and to keep us—keep us within His arms saved from this evil world?

<sup>1</sup> *Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 680.

<sup>2</sup> *Ministry of Healing*, p. 428.

<sup>3</sup> *The Desire of Ages*, p. 172.

<sup>4</sup> *Steps to Christ*, p. 122.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 36.

## Hero of the Philippines

From page 10

He tried hard to fill the hours that stretched long before him. He studied and classified the flora and fauna; he taught the village boys arithmetic and geography and rhetoric; he practiced his profession, with special attention to the poor, whom he treated free; a good-sized fee he collected from a wealthy visitor enabled him to electrify the town; he devised and helped build a viaduct to improve the water supply; he bought land and engaged in progressive farming.

But in spite of all he could do, after the tumultuous activity of his adult years, the stagnation of his exile was almost more than he could endure. One day in despair he penned a frantic appeal for pardon. Then mastering himself, he rewrote it, simply stating his loyalty and asking for a review of his case. It was the dignified request of a proud and innocent man, but remained unanswered. At another time he asked to be transferred to the Ilocos region, so he could do more etymological research with another Filipino dialect. Likewise no reply.

Yet as the years of his exile dragged



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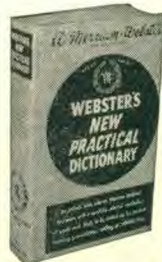
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on, Rizal's crusading spirit was never quenched. His old friends, the Jesuit professors in Manila, whom he still respected for their advanced educational ideas, labored mightily to bring him back to the fold from which he had so long been straying. "Father, you do not convince me," was his invariable reply. "I do not believe in the Eucharist, or in the ceremonies which constitute the Catholic religion."

At another time he was offered a professorship in a Manila university, a hacienda (farm), and a hundred thousand pesos if he would retract what he had written. With a flash of his old temper Rizal refused.

At last, six months after he had submitted it, his request to be sent as an army doctor to Cuba, then racked with yellow fever, was granted. He was to go to Spain, thence to be sent to Cuba, and he carried with him recommendations in Governor Blanco's handwriting, which read:

"I recommend to you with real interest Dr. José Rizal, who leaves for Spain to place himself at the disposal of the government as a volunteer army doctor in Cuba. His conduct during the four years he has been in exile in Dapitan has been exemplary, and he is, in my opinion, the more worthy of pardon and benevolence because he is in no way associated with the extravagant attempts which we are now deploring, neither in conspiracy nor in the secret societies which have been formed."

For the Katipunan had been discovered and had launched its attack. Rizal, know-

ing the Filipinos were not yet united or prepared in any way for liberty, deplored the bloodshed. He had arrived in Manila from Dapitan just in time to miss a ship sailing for Spain, and had to wait a month for another. This month he spent in voluntary seclusion on a cruiser anchored in the bay, unwilling to become involved in the premature, bloody uprising. On September 3, 1896, he left Manila, but the upheaval continued. He wrote to his mother, "We are all in the hands of Divine Providence. Not all who go to Cuba die; and in the end, if one has to die, let one die at least doing something good."

On the way a compatriot, fearing Spanish reprisals, abandoned ship and remained in Singapore, a free man. Rizal wondered whether he should do likewise, and talked it over with a liberal fellow passenger, a Spaniard. He had Blanco's written statement of his innocence, and yet—

"I should stay behind with Roxas—what would you advise me to do?"

"I dare not, Rizal. Consult your conscience."

"No! A fugitive? Never! They would declare me an accomplice in the insurrection. . . . Blanco will save me, in any case."

But Blanco, though believing Rizal to be innocent, yielded to pressure and cabled the ship's captain at Port Said to arrest Rizal and ship him back to Manila for trial. Rizal cried in the arms of the friend who brought him the news.

Friends abroad, knowing he was doomed if he ever reached the Philippines again, tried to get him released in Europe,

but were unsuccessful. In November he was back in Fort Santiago in Manila. Knowing that even after his four years of exile his name was still being used as a war cry by the insurgents, he volunteered to write a manifesto which said in part:

"COUNTRYMEN: I have given proofs that I am most anxious for liberties for our country, and I still desire them. But I place as a prior condition the education of the people, that by means of instruction and industry our country may have an individuality of its own and make itself worthy of these liberties. I have recommended in my writings the study of civic virtues, without which there is no redemption. . . . Holding these ideas, I cannot do less than condemn, and I do condemn, this uprising as absurd, savage, and plotted behind my back—it dishonors us Filipinos and discredits those that could plead our cause. I abhor its criminal methods and disclaim all part in it, pitying from the bottom of my heart the unwary who have allowed themselves to be deceived."

But the authorities interpreted the manifesto as saying, "Since we have no possible chance of success this time, we'll just wait and try again later." It was never published. Rizal had been the hero of the disaffected Filipinos for too long; his name was on the lips of every captured insurgent. Though his accusers found no evidence of his direct connection with the uprising, he was tried before a court-martial on December 26 for having incited and promoted sedition and rebellion. The prosecutor closed his speech with a request for his life, saying:



Conducted by

ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

### First-Day Covers

**T**HE subject of first-day covers is an ever-present one. New stamps are being issued continually somewhere on earth, and that makes us wonder whether we should collect all first-day covers.

A first-day cover, you know, is an envelope bearing stamps postmarked on the first day the stamps were issued. The envelope usually has what is known as a cachet. This is a picture or some appropriate wording concerning the new issue of stamps printed, engraved, or embossed on the front of the envelope.

First-day covers are interesting philatelic and educational material. But it is not wise to buy first-day covers expecting

someday to turn them into needed cash. Many have done this and have had to sell them at cost or less. The only thing about first-day covers that is worth remembering is that if you get all new stamps on covers as they come out through the post offices of the world you will be sure of not missing any stamps and you will always be able to keep your stamps in order. This method also helps you to know why some of our stamps are issued.

It is important to keep in mind that all envelopes bearing cachets are *not* first-day covers. Sometimes collectors will have cacheted envelopes and not want to waste them, so will send them through the mail, using any issue for postage. In the United States the average three cent stamp on a nicely cacheted envelope sells for twenty to twenty-five cents at the time it is issued these days. The price is not likely to rise rapidly for a long time.

Stamps on covers from overseas are not always on the standard-size envelope. However, those who collect worldwide stamps will find that an occasional cover from another country bearing stamps canceled on the first day of issue makes an appealing and beautiful addition to any collection.

### Stamp Exchange

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

David Dee, Jr., 131 9th St., New Manila, Quezon City, Philippines (1,100 stamps), has many Philippine stamps to exchange for worldwide issues.

James Jamieson, Rt. 3, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania (10,000 stamps), would like to correspond with those having Canadian to exchange for United States and worldwide issues.

Tan Eng Chong, 91 Muntri St., Penang, Malaya (beginner), has about 2,000 duplicates from Malaya, Sarawak, Borneo, Brunei, Vietnam, Burma, Thailand, and India that he would like to exchange with collectors living in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, South Africa, and the countries of South America.

Michael Coetzee, P.O. Box 1133, Port Elizabeth, Cape Province, South Africa (1,000), has South African, Rhodesian, Basutoland, and worldwide to trade for worldwide stamps.

Mildred Berggren, 422 Columbia St., Houston 7, Texas (1,500), wishes to exchange her duplicates for worldwide issues.



"I ask in the name of His Majesty, the King—God bless him—the death penalty for Don José Rizal Mercado, as the author of all these crimes. . . . You are going to decide, in the solemn role of judges, the destiny of Rizal. But in the solemn moment of your decision, do not forget that justice is asked by the many victims who fell because of the insurrection, who sleep in eternal repose under this soil which will always be Spain's."

Blanco, who later declared he would never have consented to the death sentence for Rizal, had been replaced. His successor had no such scruples. The morning of December 29 Rizal in his cell at Fort Santiago was told he would be shot on Bagumbayan Field at seven o'clock the next morning.

Throughout his life Rizal had found release for his turbulent spirit in writing. And now, facing the supreme adventure, he poured out his heart in verse. But he whose barbed pen had so often dealt in satire and irony, at the end brought no railing accusation. In his "Ultimo Adios" there is no word of bitterness or recrimination, nothing but love for his sorrowing country. Of many English translations available, I quote from one of the simplest the memorable opening verses:

"Farewell, dear fatherland, clime of the sun  
caressed,  
Pearl of the Orient sea, our Eden lost!  
Gladly now I go to give thee this faded life's  
best,  
And were it brighter, fresher, or more blest,  
Still would I give it thee, nor count the cost.

"On the field of battle, 'midst the frenzy of  
fight,  
Others have given their lives, without doubt  
or heed;  
The place matters not—cypress or laurel or  
lily white,  
Scaffold or open plain, combat or martyr-  
dom's plight,  
'Tis ever the same, to serve our home and  
country's need.

"I die just when I see the dawn break  
Through the gloom of night, to herald the  
day.  
And if color is lacking, my blood thou shalt  
take,  
Poured out at need for thy dear sake,  
To dye with its crimson thy waking ray."

In a letter to his brother Paciano, along with expressions of affection for his family, he said: "I assure you, brother, that I die innocent of this crime of rebellion. That my former writings may have contributed toward it, I cannot wholly deny; but then I thought I had expiated for the past in my deportation. . . . Ask our father to forgive me for the pain I have unwillingly caused him."

Early in the morning of December 30 his sister Trinidad was allowed to bid Rizal farewell in his cell. He had nothing to leave her, since all his property was forfeited to the government, but as a relic he gave her the small alcohol lamp he had used during his imprisonment. He re-

marked quietly in English so the guards would not hear, "There is something inside." He had drained the alcohol and inserted a folded paper containing the poem, his "Last Farewell." Doña Trinidad, the last surviving sister of the national hero, died in May, 1951, at the age of eighty-three, and in harmony with her last wish the historic alcohol lamp was again burned at her bier.

His elbows tied loosely together behind him, Rizal walked with his escort from his cell in the fort to Bagumbayan Field, overlooking Manila Bay. The morning was crisp and bright, with Corregidor clear on the horizon. The crowd formed in a huge square, open on the side facing the bay. Turning to the Jesuit priest who accompanied him, Rizal said, "Father, I forgive everyone from the bottom of my heart. I have no resentment toward anybody—believe me, your reverence."

Upon being shown the place where he was to stand, he shook hands warmly with the lieutenant who had defended him at his trial, and bade farewell to the priest, who was openly weeping. Less than ten feet away was a squad of eight Filipino soldiers who were to execute the condemned man. Behind them was another squad of Spanish soldiers, lest they refuse at the last moment.

Rizal turned as the officer in charge directed him, then quickly whirled around, protesting against being shot from behind.

"Impossible," replied the officer. "My orders are to shoot you in the back."

"But I have not been a traitor to my country or to the Spanish nation!"

"I have my orders—my duty is to obey them."

"Very well, then—shoot me as you wish."

The officer agreed, however, to Rizal's request that he be shot through the heart rather than the head, and did not force him to kneel or to be blindfolded. At that moment the Spanish military doctor, amazed at Rizal's composure, stepped up and said to the prisoner, "Comrade, may I feel your pulse?"

Rizal held out his shackled arm, to let the doctor feel his heartbeat, firm and normal. His calm was not feigned. With everything ready, the soldiers raised their rifles, and the officer dropped his arm, the signal to fire. The hero of the Filipinos fell dead, to be enshrined forever in the hearts of his countrymen.

A year and a half later Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay, and Spain lost forever her richest Oriental possession. Divine Providence had decreed that the millions of Filipinos should hear the gospel, and José Rizal had played well and honorably his part in the chain of events that brought Protestantism to these islands. In the decades following his death tens of thousands of his countrymen have found and embraced the gospel truth for these times.



## Senior Youth Lesson

### III—Who Shall Be the Greatest?

(October 17)

MEMORY VERSE: Psalms 18:35.

LESSON HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 432-442.

#### Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1, 2; memorize Ps. 18:35.
3. Ques. 3-6.
4. Ques. 7-10.
5. Ques. 11-13.
6. Read *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 432-442.
7. Review entire lesson.

#### Jesus Discusses Greatness

1. With what embarrassing question to His disciples did Jesus open the subject of greatness prior to the supper in the upper room? Mark 9:33, 34.

"He asked them, 'What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way? But they held their peace: for by the way they had disputed among themselves, who should be the greatest.'"

NOTE—"The error of the twelve lay not in their desire to be great in the Kingdom of Heaven but in their ideal of greatness. What makes a man great in the world's sight is superiority to his fellows; but in the Kingdom of Heaven he is the greatest who is

the readiest to serve and who has ever a large tenderness for such as need service most—the weak and helpless whom the world despises and tramples under foot. Such was the spirit of Jesus."—DAVID SMITH, *The Days of His Flesh*, pp. 283, 284.

2. What did Christ teach about greatness? What effective illustration did He employ? Verses 35-37; Matt. 18:2-4; Matt. 20:26, 27.

"If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all. And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them: and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them, 'Whoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me: and whoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.'"

"Whoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

NOTE—"Very tenderly, yet with solemn emphasis, Jesus tried to correct the evil. He showed what is the principle that bears sway in the kingdom of heaven, and in what true greatness consists, as estimated by the standard of the courts above. Those who were actuated by pride and love of distinction, were thinking of themselves, and of the rewards they were to have, rather than how they were to render back to God the gifts they had received. They would have no place in the kingdom of heaven, for they were identified with the ranks of Satan."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 436.

#### Thoughts on Greatness, Humility, and Honor

3. Whom does God exalt? Whom does He humble? Isa. 10:33; Matt. 23:12.

"Behold, the Lord, the Lord of hosts, shall lop the bough with terror: and the high ones of stature shall be hewn down, and the haughty shall be humbled."

"And whoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

NOTE—"Among the peculiarities which should distinguish God's people from the world in these last days, is their humility and meekness. . . . Instead of being ambitious to be equal to another in honor and position, or perhaps even higher, we should seek to be



4. How does Solomon contrast pride and humility? Prov. 15:33; 16:18.

"The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honour is humility."

"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

5. How did Lucifer exalt himself? What will be his final end? Isa. 14:12-15; Rev. 20:10.

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High."

"And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever."

6. What is God's attitude toward the proud? To whom does He give grace? With whom does He dwell? 1 Peter 5:5; Isa. 57:15.

"All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble."

"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

NOTE.—"The proud heart strives to earn salvation; but both our title to heaven and our fitness for it are found in the righteousness of Christ. The Lord can do nothing toward the recovery of man until, convinced of his own weakness, and stripped of all self-sufficiency, he yields himself to the control of God. Then he can receive the gift that God is waiting to bestow. From the soul that feels his need, nothing is withheld. He has unrestricted access to Him in whom all fulness dwells."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 300.

7. In what is the Christian counseled to seek for true honor? Rom. 2:7.

"To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life."

#### Examples of True Greatness

8. How did Moses demonstrate his great unselfishness? Ex. 32:31, 32.

"And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Ob, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made themselves gods of gold. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written."

9. How did Paul's experience compare with that of Moses? Rom. 9:3.

"I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

10. How did David manifest his unselfish spirit? 2 Sam. 24:17; Ps. 35:11-13.

"And David spake unto the Lord when he saw the angel that smote the people, and said, Lo, I have sinned, and I have done wickedly: but these sheep, what have they done? let thine hand, I pray thee, be against me, and against my father's house."

"False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things that I knew not. They rewarded me evil for good to the spoiling of my soul. But as for me, when they were sick, my clothing was sackcloth; I humbled my soul with fasting; and my prayer returned into mine own bosom."

11. How did John the Baptist show his greatness and his unselfish spirit? John 3:30.

"He must increase, but I must decrease."

#### Jesus, the Supreme Example

12. How does the apostle Paul speak of the humility of mind of Jesus? Phil. 2:5-8.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

13. In all of His ministry whom did Jesus honor or glorify? What had been His purpose in coming to this earth? John 17:4; Matt. 20:28.

"I have glorified thee on the earth."

"Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

## Junior-YOUTH LESSON

### III—Remembering the Greatness of Jesus

(October 17)

LESSON TEXTS: Mark 9:33, 34; Matthew 18:2-4; Philippians 2:5-9.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Matthew 20:27.

#### Guiding Thought

If you had lived in Christ's day and He had come up to you and asked you to follow Him as one of His disciples, how honored you would have felt! What a privilege it would have been to have gone with Him everywhere, to have seen Him make useless muscles active, to have seen His touch bring sight to blind eyes, to have heard His word call to life a dead body, and to have seen peace and joy and happiness replace doubt and despair and unhappiness in the faces of those to whom Christ spoke! That was the privilege the twelve disciples enjoyed. It was a privilege that was to become their responsibility after Christ's death and resurrection. They were to scatter among the nations and do and speak as they had seen and heard Him do. But they were not yet ready. Although they had observed and helped their Teacher, they had failed to get ready in one vital thing—they did not have His spirit of true greatness. Their idea of greatness was to be in a position to command, to give orders, and to be waited on. They did not see that Christ achieved greatness by serving others. In this lesson we shall see how Christ and the Scriptures and the lives of great men teach us how to be truly great through being humble.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

##### The Disciples' Dispute

1. Journeying to Capernaum one day, the disciples were engaged in conversation among themselves. Contrary to their usual practice, they did not include Jesus in their discussion. But His discerning power sensed that they were talking of something that would hurt themselves and hinder the cause of God. When they arrived at their destination, what pointed question did Jesus ask? Mark 9:33.

2. The very question acted as a reproof to the disciples. What did shame cause them to do? Verse 34.

NOTE.—"The presence of Jesus, and His question, put the matter in an entirely different light from that in which it had appeared to them while they were contending by the way. Shame and self-condemnation kept them silent. Jesus had told them that He was to die for their sake, and their selfish ambition was in painful contrast to His unselfish love."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 435.

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

##### A Child Becomes an Object Lesson

3. After Jesus had, by His question, exposed the pride in the hearts of the disciples, He said to them, "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant to all." To make His lesson more clear, by what startling action did He teach a lesson to the disciples? Matt. 18:2, 3.

4. What qualities that little children possess did Jesus set up for an example to His disciples? Verse 4.

NOTE.—"It was not enough for the disciples of Jesus to be instructed as to the nature of His kingdom. What they needed was a change of heart that would bring them into harmony with its principles. Calling a little child to Him, Jesus set him in the midst of them; then tenderly folding the little one in His arms He said, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' The simplicity, the self-forgetfulness, and the confiding love of a little child are the attributes that Heaven values. These are the characteristics of real greatness."—*Ibid.*, p. 437.

5. When, upon a previous occasion, the mother of James and John had asked Jesus to permit her two sons to sit the closest to Him in His kingdom, how had Christ defined true greatness? Matt. 20:26, 27.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

##### What Pride Does for Man

6. What famous proverb about pride and its results comes to us through Solomon? Prov. 16:18.

7. With whom did the sin of pride originate? Isa. 14:12-15.

NOTE.—"The strife for the highest place was the outworking of that same spirit which was the beginning of the great controversy in the worlds above, and which had brought Christ from heaven to die. . . . The desire for self-exaltation had brought strife into the heavenly courts, and had banished a multitude of the hosts of God. Had Lucifer really desired to be like the Most High, he would never have deserted his appointed place in heaven; for the spirit of the Most High is manifested in unselfish ministry. Lucifer desired God's power, but not His character. He sought for himself the highest place, and every being who is actuated by his spirit will do the same."—*Ibid.*, pp. 435, 436.

8. Pride is a barrier between God and man. God cannot help the one who is proud and haughty in spirit. However, what will He do for the one who has a humble spirit? James 4:6.

NOTE.—The prophet Isaiah tells us that God says, "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Isa. 57:15.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

##### Men Who Won Through Humility

9. The men who have won real victories in Bible history have been men who have first won the victory over self-seeking. How did Moses, in his prayer for the children of Israel, show that he would rather forfeit eternal life for himself than have them lost to God's kingdom? Ex. 32:31, 32.

10. Mordecai, the cousin-guardian of Esther, is another example of those who forgot self in seeking the good of others. What is said of him in Esther 9:4 and 10:3 (first and second phrases)?

11. John the Baptist was a famous evangelist long before the public had heard of Jesus, the Great Teacher. John knew that Jesus would have a much greater following than he had ever had, but he was not jealous. What words of his show his great spirit? John 3:30.

NOTE.—When David disobeyed God and ordered Israel to be numbered, God reproved him and threatened to punish his subjects, but David pleaded that he only should be punished and that his people were as sheep led by him to do wrong. Paul is another example of true greatness. Pleading for his kinsmen, he once said he could wish that he were accursed if that might save them. Although he was a great missionary, in one of his epistles he calls himself "the least of the apostles."

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

##### Jesus the Supreme Example

12. In what beautiful words does Paul describe the greatness of Jesus in humbling Himself for man's sake? Phil. 2:5-8.

13. How did Jesus' own words bear witness to His humility and to His desire to sacrifice Himself for the good of others? Matt. 20:28.

14. What reward will He receive because He so humbled Himself for our sakes? Phil. 2:9.

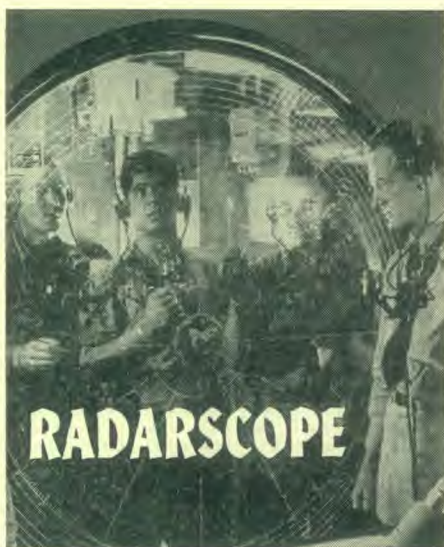
NOTE.—"In stooping to take upon Himself humanity, Christ revealed a character the opposite of the character of Satan. But He stepped still lower in the path of humiliation. Being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."—*Ibid.*, p. 25.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

LUCIFER	MOSES
MORDECAI	DAVID
PAUL	JESUS
JOHN THE BAPTIST	

- Put a single line under the name of the one of whom it was said that he sought "the wealth of his people."
- Put a double line under the name of the one who said of Christ, "He must increase, but I must decrease."
- Put a circle around the name of the one of whom it was said, "He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death."
- Put a square around the name of the one who begged for punishment for himself and for his subjects to be spared.
- Put a line through the name of the one who said, "I will be like the most High."
- Put a wavy line under the name of the one who prayed, "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written."
- Put a dotted line under the name of the one who called himself "the least of the apostles."





► It now costs 15 cents to take what used to be a nickel ride on a New York subway.

► WHEN giraffes fight they swing their long necks like clubs, trying to knock each other off balance.

► THE female hornbill, an African bird, walls herself up with mud inside a hollow tree at nesting time, with only a small hole left so that her mate can bring food. When her brood is ready to fly, she breaks out of the self-made prison.

► EL SALVADOR, the "Little Thumb of America," is the world's third largest producer of coffee. This smallest country in the Western Hemisphere is a 160-by-60-mile rectangle lying between the Pacific coast and the mountain backbone of Central America.

► THE Pacific Ocean extends as far east as the longitude of Portland, Maine. It is a fact that if a seaplane took off from Portland, on the Atlantic coast of North America, and flew due south, it could land in the harbor of Iquique, Chile, on the Pacific coast of South America!

► IN a typical year the 100-mile-long Suez Canal handles more than 12,000 vessels, twice the traffic of the Panama Canal, reports the National Geographic Society. It is surpassed in tonnage only by the Great Lakes' Soo Canal. The 99-year concession is in the hands of an international company that operates the canal as a public trust. It will run out in 1968. At that time control reverts to the Egyptian Government.

► A NAVY pilot recently parachuted from his stricken jet plane at an altitude of 35,000 feet, traveling between 750 and 760 miles an hour. Because of the position he was in the cockpit he could not open the canopy, and when his seat exploded out he was shot right through the glass. The force of the air around him tore off his helmet, glasses, mask, and oxygen bottle. He reported that he blacked out three times before reaching an altitude of 15,000 where there is enough oxygen for a man to live. Fortunately, a farmer followed his slow descent and was ready to pick him up when he landed. He suffered only from minor bruises.

► ONLY 200 feet from the peak of a dormant volcano in Alaska, scientists have established a new observing station to gather information on cosmic rays. More than 35 landings and take-offs have already been made atop 14,006-foot-high Mt. Wrangell to bring in equipment and personnel. The expedition, under the leadership of Dr. Serge A. Korff, is considering using the volcanic steam that issues constantly from vents near the top to heat its two huts.

► SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL is Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports. Before the time of William the Conqueror the Cinque (pronounced Sink) Ports furnished fleets of ships and seamen to defend England's shores and carry her armies abroad. The five original towns were Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich. Today only Dover has a harbor worthy of the name.

► It's the men who wear the veils among the Tuareg tribes of the central and western Sahara Desert. Twenty-four hours a day the male nomads wear long cloths wound around head and face, leaving only the eyes and the tip of the nose exposed.

► CAN you imagine how custodians at Blarney Castle, Eire, begin the day? Their first duty is to scrub the lipstick off the Blarney stone.

► THREE original manuscripts and a letter written by Beethoven have been found in Russia in the collection of N. P. Yussupov, reports a Moscow music magazine.

► ITALY has harvested this summer her largest wheat crop in history.

► WOMEN working in United States aircraft plants draw \$11 million in pay every week.

► HURRICANES form over all tropical oceans except the South Atlantic, but never over the continents.

► A TINY storage battery has been made for use in a flashlight instead of the conventional dry cell. It will give the flashlight an estimated life of 2,400 hours.

► THE Japanese Government is searching the former navy fuel depot near Nagoya in hope of recovering about \$560,000 worth of tin ingots supposed to have been taken from the Eastern Smelting Company of London in Southeast Asia during World War II.

► AN invention of John H. Just, of Syracuse, New York, is designed to seriously discourage the congregation of birds on city buildings. When a pigeon or starling comes within range of the three-wire high-voltage device, a spark shoots out and crackles through the bird's feathers. The spark will not hurt the bird, the inventor claims, but it will ruffle his dignity.

► AFTER walking 15,000 miles' worth of leather off their shoes, 68 mailmen in 4 Philadelphia suburbs learned that their experiment had proved successful. The United States Department of Agriculture wanted to know whether a leather-tanning extract from the canaigre weed of the Southwest was as good as the vegetable mixtures imported for tanning leather. They found that leather tanned with 50 per cent mixture of the foreign product and the weed extract was just as good.

## The Walk of Light

The sixth walk to which the apostle Paul refers in his Ephesian letter is brought to view in Ephesians 5:8: "Walk as children of light." The thought connected with these words is indeed significant for Seventh-day Adventist young people.

We remember the statement of our Lord: "Ye are the light of the world." And again the words of John as recorded in his Gospel, chapter 1, verse 4, speaking of our Christ: "In him was life; and the life was the light of men." Just so we as His followers are to be children of light. That this may be our privilege and that it is definitely our responsibility is set forth in the eighth chapter of John and the twelfth verse: "Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

In the sermon on the mount our Saviour says: "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." Our Lord is here talking about a great Share Your Faith program. He is talking about letting our light shine. He makes the further statement: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." In this He sets forth the basis for sharing our faith.

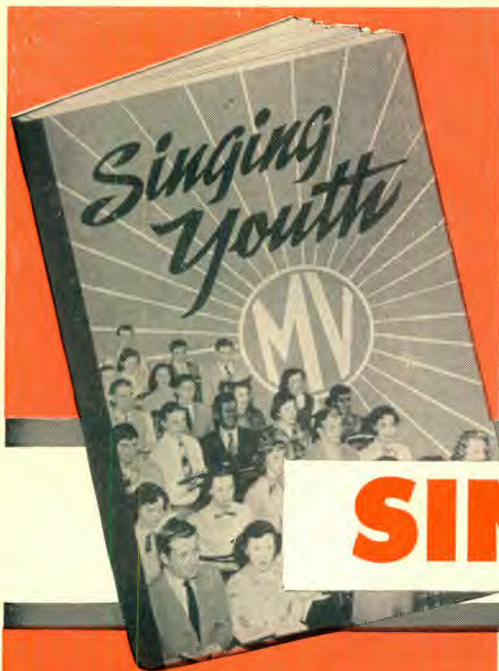
Paul admonishes, "Walk as children of light." He places before us the responsibility of maintaining a uniform walk, not as children of darkness walk today or children of disobedience, or, as the margin states, "unbelief." But we are admonished, "Now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light. . . . And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."

Christian young people, and especially Seventh-day Adventist young people, are to show forth the fruits of the Spirit, and when this is done we shall be genuinely working as children of light. The Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference is leading out in a great Share Your Faith crusade, a crusade that is sponsored by Adventist youth in all sections of the world. Thus is brought to fruition the statement of Ellen G. White recorded in the *Review and Herald* of October 13, 1904: "Light will be communicated to every city and town. The earth will be filled with the knowledge of salvation. So abundantly will the renewing Spirit of God have crowned with success the intensely active agencies, that light of present truth will be seen flashing everywhere."

And so from St. John's to Kenmare, from Johannesburg to Manila, and from Kansas City to Bern, Seventh-day Adventist young people walk as children of the light, sharing their faith for God.

R. J. CHRISTIAN.





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