

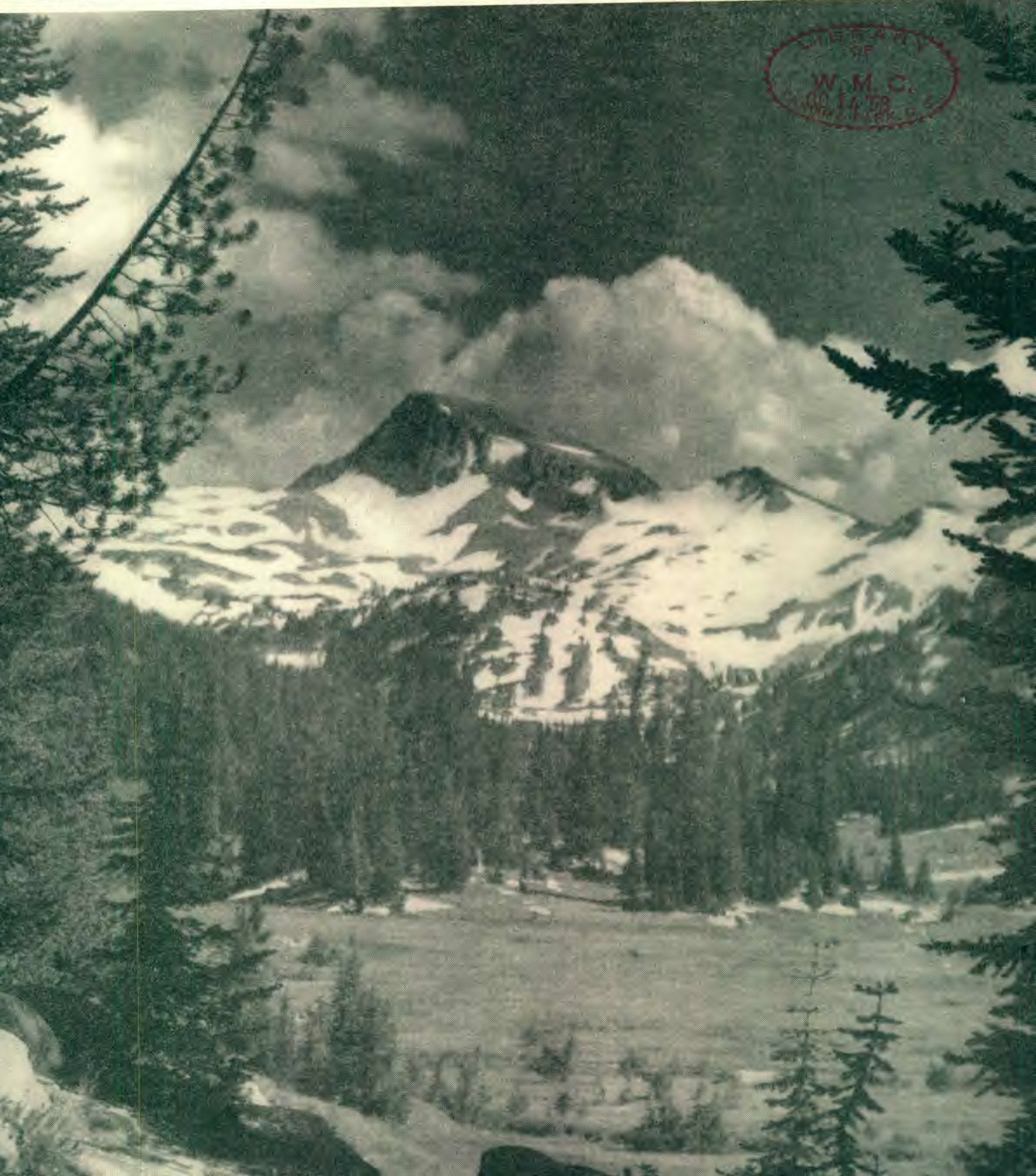
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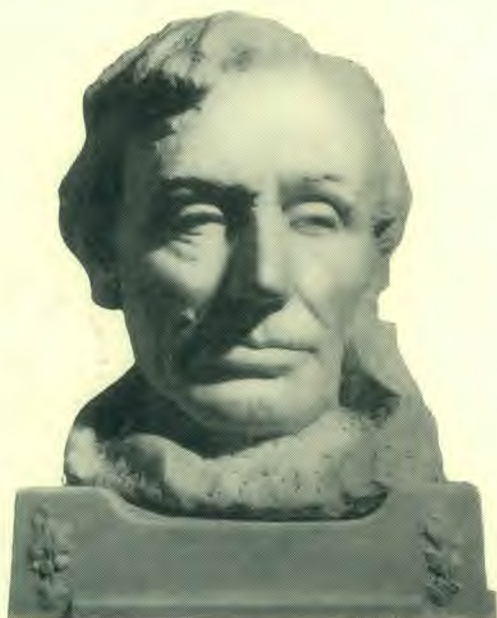
INSTRUCTOR

This Same Jesus, Our Lord
The Width of Time

OCTOBER 27, 1953

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JOHN GUTZON BORGLUM, SCULPTOR

Objective

By **RAYMOND F. COTTRELL**

A group of college students were looking for their respective places at a banquet. Their manifest eagerness and pleasure reminded me that as Christian young people they were also engaged in the less obvious task of finding the places marked out for them in life.

Before Jesus clothed His divinity with humanity the plan for His life lay before Him, perfect in every detail. Every moment was to be lived according to that plan; yet, as He walked among men, He was guided step by step by the Father's will. Every Christian youth should cherish the fixed conviction that God has as clearly defined a plan for his life. "Not more surely is the place prepared for us in the heavenly mansions than is the special place designated on earth where we are to work for God." One of life's great thrills is finding that place and filling it to capacity.

A young immigrant arrived in New York with a supreme ambition burning in his heart—to carve a colossal bust of Abraham Lincoln. Years later another ship arrived from Athens with a shapeless slab of Parian marble. Those who would view the masterpiece of John Gutzon Borglum, sculptured from that stone, will find it in the rotunda of the United States Capitol.

May the eternal ages gaze upon the masterpiece of your life-work, enshrined not in Parian marble but in vibrant immortality, walking the streets of gold in the capital of the universe.

Grace Notes

GARDENER When Raymond Forrest Cottrell made his move from California to Washington, D.C., last year, he brought his garden with him! With him, that is, in a freezer on a moving van, the driver of which had been instructed to "plug in" the electricity when he made his stop each night. The plug-ins, plus dry ice, kept a galaxy of fruits and vegetables, preserved from the Cottrell garden at Angwin, in perfect condition. Gardening tops the list of hobbies that help to keep this associate editor of the new *Seventh-day Adventist Bible Commentary* physically fit. As a boy in Shanghai, Mr. Cottrell was given a refracting telescope by his father. Returning to the States, he sold it to augment school finances. Those school days saw him graduate from a two-year ministerial curriculum at Southern California Junior College (now La Sierra College) in 1930. Between 1930 and 1941, when he graduated from Pacific Union College, was a decade of denominational service. He was academy principal in California, ministerial intern in Arizona and Utah, evangelist and school man in Manchuria, and principal of the Manchurian Union Training Institute. Ten years of Bible teaching in the Pacific Union College, and its preparatory school, preceded his present work on the *Bible Commentary*.

QUESTION Focus this week comments on one facet only of an article with the provocative title, "What Do You Want Most Out of Life?" Significant for its omission as a life goal was service to humanity. The article is in the August 23 issue of *This Week Magazine*, a supplement in many Sunday newspapers in America.

FINIS Next week will bring the concluding articles of our continuous reporting on the Pan-American Youth Congress. A few featured articles may later appear as the publication schedule permits.

COVER Don Palmer's "On the Trail to Mirror Lake" is one of the pictures submitted for illustrating our center spread story, "Lost Lake—Three Miles."

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

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

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The post office will not forward second-class matter even though you leave a forwarding address. Send both the old and the new address to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR before you move.

There were luscious apples, too, and corn for

popping on cold winter nights.

Clouds of Glory

By HAROLD BRITTON



THE sound of water dripping from the eaves penetrates every corner of my college room. It is exactly like the summer rain that I heard falling on the roof of my faraway home, and its monotonous music fills me with

nostalgia that I cannot suppress. So I lay aside my notebook and return in memory to that loved place and its beauty.

I count over the things I love best at home: the smell of new-mown hay; the loud, rollicking laughter of the haying crew at night, when after supper we sat together on the bench outside the kitchen door and watched the sun set through golden clouds. The shadows stretched and swayed. Somehow it seemed that conversation slowed with the setting sun; and when at last the light was entirely gone, we left one by one with only a quiet Good night.

Nothing I have known can compare to the smell of newly plowed earth in the spring, and there is no feeling like that sense of prosperity that comes from seeing a bountiful harvest in the autumn. Where again can I find that joy of lying by the old swimming hole, absorbing the soothing rays of the warm summer sun, or playing truant to linger beneath the caressing waters in the early days of spring.

It does not seem very long since I received my first introduction to farm life. I was seven when my parents decided to move from the city to a farm. Here there was such a variety of new things for my boyish mind to explore!

There was the half-grown porcupine that, much to my mother's horror, I caught and carried home with only a minimum of damage to myself. There

were four baby wood mice that I raised after their nest had been destroyed by a construction crew. They came to a very violent end when I forgot to put the cat out while we were away. There was the chipmunk I rescued from our old tomcat. (All the gratitude I got for that was a bite on the finger!) Squirrels, skunks, rabbits, birds, groundhogs, and many an animal, large and small, found refuge in our home at one time or another.

The landscape around our farm was a constant source of interest and joy. The towering hills in the distance seemed surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery, and I solemnly vowed to see someday what was behind their adventure-filled peaks. The lore of the forest called me with an irresistible force, and most of my free hours were spent in this secluded atmosphere.

With each changing season I became more and more bound to my farm home.

I remember winter more vividly than

the other seasons because it concerned us the longest of all. First there was preparation for the coming months. During the summer we stored the barns with fresh, sweet-smelling hay. In the latter part of August the grain was harvested, and we filled the granary to overflowing with food for horses and cows. Pumpkins, squash, potatoes, turnips, beets, onions, carrots, and many other vegetables were stored in the cellar for our own use. There were luscious apples too, and corn for popping on the cold winter nights when we would be snowbound.

At the same time we were preparing for the winter ahead, many changes were occurring throughout the countryside. The maple trees blossomed in crimson and vermilion, and the birches and beeches were painted in gold. Elm trees were transformed from their summer color to russet brown, and the conifer trees retained a fresh green, lending contrast to the bright display around them. Leaves were strewn on the valley floor, and the trees stood atremble as a chill wind sent a message of warning. A covey of blackbirds was etched against a leaden sky.

With the setting sun the wild geese took wing to keep an ancient tryst. Asters made their last brave stand against the frost, and the curling petals of chrysanthemums around the front porch heralded the approaching days of winter. The deer and smaller woodland inhabitants received from their Maker a warmer coat for winter. Bears, sleepy from the weight they acquired during late summer, began to search for dens, and one by one they went into hibernation.

Winter came in dazzling glory. The snow piled higher and higher with winds that swept hills bare and drifted valleys full.



JOHN KAREL

The landscape around our farm was a constant source of interest and joy.

[The author wrote this article because "so many people (especially young people) know the joy and the blessing that come from living and working on a good farm and being in close contact with nature." A freshman last year at Atlantic Union College, Mr. Britton is enrolled in premedical studies, hoping someday to be a missionary doctor.]

Winters are always severe at home. As the pulse of a hibernating animal slows almost to imperceptibility, so life slows from activity to a slower routine of sleepy existence. Daytime is only a few hours in length and is usually bitter cold.

As the evenings changed to night I

sudden drop in temperature may split a tree with a crack like a rifle shot, always startling no matter how often you've heard it.

The mornings were strange—breakfast was eaten long before daylight. The hours that followed were sometimes still and

show their leaf buds. A few days later someone would excitedly report the first robin and then a bluebird. And then we knew spring was really back.

These are a few of the memories that are dear to me. And who can look upon these things and live so close to God's created things without seeing His glory in all such beauty? From these experiences I have received an impression of God's goodness far more impressive than I could ever have felt had we remained in the city.

Responsibility, it is said, comes with knowledge, and that applied to my case. As I grew older, my responsibilities were greater, and the time I had previously devoted to studying nature was now spent in work. But there were short periods of time when I could seek solitude, and because these times were more and more rare, they meant all the more to me.

I began to think about the intricacies of God's world and to wonder how all these marvelous things came to be. The fact that there was an all-powerful Being, who had made this place I called home so beautiful, seemed an obvious truth to me. I had not heard of God except in a casual manner, for my parents did not know the blessing that comes from a life of Christian dedication. But not long after my realization of God's existence, my parents heard and accepted the Advent message.

Now everything took on an even deeper meaning. The Sabbath could be devoted to study in God's book of nature.

When I decided to leave my home to attend a Christian college and prepare for service in God's work, I knew it was to be a sorrowful and difficult departure. My time would have to be spent in classrooms, study halls, and libraries, and little time would be left for the type of pleasures I had learned so to enjoy.

The change in environment was, indeed, very distressing to me, but I found there were other activities to take the place of those I had once had and lost. I could find much pleasure sitting under a tree somewhere on a quiet Sabbath afternoon and studying God's Word. I could continue to learn more about the Creator, and now I could find out more of His relationship to and connection with man. I enjoyed the new ideas I was hearing, and I found that school life was inspiring and enjoyable.

Yet I still long for my old home. And my longing is made sharper by the realization that I shall never again be an explorer in its woods or a youthful participant in its pleasures. When I see a beautiful sunset or a rainbow after a summer rain, I feel an acute homesickness.

But I hope that someday, when my schoolwork is completed, I shall be able to return to that scene of my happy, boyhood days. And I shall urge all parents to do for their children what mine did for me and to give their boys and girls impressions of beauty to enrich their lives.



Life's Mysteries

By EUGENE LINCOLN

So many things there are I do not understand;
How can a sound be placed within two wires
And carried under sea and over land
Or hurtled through the space from tall steel spires?
And though I know 'tis true—I see it everywhere—
I cannot tell you how God hears and answers prayer.

I cannot understand what puts a tree or flower
Or other plant within a tiny cell,
And hides it deep within a seed; or the Great Power
That calls it into being; these things I cannot tell.
But this I surely know: that same Omnipotence
Can cleanse the vilest sinner who repents.

I have not power to probe the mysteries of the sky,
Nor can I learn the secrets of the earth;
And though I spend my life inquiring how and why,
I cannot span the mighty heaven's girth.
But I can tell you this: though they be great or small—
It matters not—all things are His; His love upholds them all.

remember the light of a full moon challenging the cold coruscation of the northern lights. The temperature dropped to zero, ten, twenty, thirty, and at times even forty below. Everything was blanketed with a glistening cover of frost.

Frost is a funny thing. It seems to come down like a light snowfall, but a few feet above the ground there is nothing. It adheres to anything warmer than itself. A thin sheet of it over the snow crackles and sputters like a dry cedar log on a fire. The sharp contraction caused by a

cold, or there might be a wind making the day even colder. Some days were dull gray with the threat of a storm in the air. Hard, cold days they were, and after a few months of such weather I was more than ready to welcome the warm days of spring.

Spring came slowly like an approaching storm. The days became warmer, and the spring thaw set in. There were many days of rain, a cold, unpleasant rain; but one morning I would awake to find the snow nearly gone and the trees beginning to

This Same Jesus, Our Lord and Christ

By EDWARD HEPPENSTALL

Bible Truth for Modern Youth sermon at PAYC

PROBABLY the earliest baptismal creed of the church was "Jesus is Lord, my Lord." "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ. Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?"¹

Then Paul declares in Romans that if you confess with your lips that Jesus is Lord, and if you believe with all your hearts, you will be saved.²

And again, in Philippians 2 he says, "Therefore God has highly exalted him and bestowed on him the name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."³

That Christ is Lord is not proved by doctrine. He is Lord by divine proclamation. These texts that I have just read to you are not something to argue about. They are an announcement—a divine declaration—for it matters not how much we argue about the text. We are confronted with the finality of God that is independent of your opinion and mine.

Because He is Lord, every man, woman, and child will have to reckon with Him. And the Bible is filled with men and women who have faced the issue, making Jesus Christ Lord. Is Jesus Christ Lord to you? The answer that you can give determines the genuineness of your Christian experience.

When we say that Jesus is Lord, how much is involved? How and when is He Lord in your life?

First of all, because He is Lord by divine proclamation, it becomes imperative to ask of ourselves: What type of religion would make Jesus Christ Lord? Would Jesus approve of the type of Christianity that we are producing today in our Missionary Volunteer Societies?

Some say the question is very simply answered. Here are the texts: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father



CHARLES CAREY
Professor Heppenstall is head of the department of religion at La Sierra College, California.

which is in heaven." "And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"⁴

The way to make Jesus Christ Lord, then, is simply to do the will of our heavenly Father. All we have to do is to fulfill the requirements that God has set down. God has prescribed a certain set of laws and regulations for Missionary Volunteers, and all we have to do is to live up to those to our very utmost, and then we know that Jesus is Lord.

Would Jesus approve of that type of Christianity?

Jesus opposed the way the Jews lived their religion. The Jews lived under the conviction that God had prescribed the law of Moses, which ought to be kept at any price and by any method. Keep that law by hook or by crook, but keep it. Yet they rejected Him when He claimed to be their Lord. They had seven hundred things that couldn't be done on Saturday to be sure that they kept holy the seventh day of the week. They had thousands of requirements, thousands of them, in order that they might save themselves from defilement. Yet they crucified their King.

I ask you: Who was it that crucified

Jesus? Was it the harlots and the murderers? Was it Barabbas? No, it was the religious people, the men who made the greatest profession of religion.

Let me ask you, Would Jesus oppose the Christian life conceived as unswerving obedience to the Ten Commandments? I believe He would.

Would Jesus oppose a religion that places almost all of its stress upon will power? I believe He would.

Would Jesus oppose religion as a set of rules that men must minutely and absolutely obey? I believe He would.

Why? Because Jesus can never become Lord in our lives simply by scrupulous obedience to a pattern of set rules, laws, and regulations. Paul speaks of that as the dominion of law, not the dominion of Christ. Now, obedience to the commandments may be an evidence that Christ is Lord, but He is not Lord *because* we try to keep His commandments.

That does not mean that our standards, our ideals, and our doctrines are not right. But allegiance to the Missionary Volunteer standards cannot be forced upon you or me. All too often that is the way they are introduced. All too often such efforts and attitudes involve a state of tension in which the moral and the spiritual machinery are forever creaking and groaning and straining to achieve the ideal. I have heard too many Seventh-day Adventist young people groan over the hardness of the way, that it is impossible to keep the commandments of God.

At the same time, both in the Bible and in the Spirit of prophecy, obedience—complete obedience—to the law of God is required. Jesus cannot be satisfied with any type of religious living that does not lead His followers to live like Christ. And how is it to be done?

"Covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way."⁵ What Jesus put above external devotion to His commandments was love. This was the more excellent way that Paul set over against such things as eloquence, prophecy, profound knowledge, and even such virtue as the sacrifice of life itself.

The sermon on the mount and *Messengers to Young People* are not a new set

of regulations and rules for Seventh-day Adventists. They are a revelation of what will happen to you when you fall in love with Jesus Christ.

"My son, give me thine heart" is the appeal of Christ. The Bible speaks of the heart as the outward and visible sign of

inward and vital forces of the life. When Jesus Christ asks for your heart He is seeking to be Lord at the inner shrine—the inner place where we think and feel and love and move.

If Jesus had given us just a set of laws and commandments and standards, and

we are judged by the overt act and the external requirements, His claim to Lordship possibly could not stand very much scrutiny, because He would be Lord only over our actions and not over our hearts. There would be still the major part of a man's life that Jesus Christ would not control.

We cannot be saved by personal effort, by cultural enlightenment, by assertions of will, by personal resolutions, by orthodoxy of belief, by going to church and MV meetings, unless the very core of our souls has been captured by Jesus Christ. It cannot be captured by force. It can only be captured by love.

In matters of ordinary morals it is certainly healthy to call on people to muster whatever forces they are capable of fathering and exercise them to the utmost. But you know, even in this moral reference most of us are worse than we think. Our lack of love, our inhumanity to man, our jealousy, our hostility, our smallness, our meanness, our impurity of mind—all are an indication of the depths of sin at the core of our beings.

The deepest meaning of sin is found in this lack of love to God and to man. The ills that constitute this lack sprawl all over our lives and in our churches and in our MV Societies, and from this sin within all of us we cannot be saved either by personal effort or by anything that is naturally human, but only by the supernatural power of a loving God.

Jesus Christ is not a moral, social, intellectual theme; He is Lord of heaven and earth. And every strand in the garment of Christ's righteousness that we are to wear is of love. The warp is God's love for man, and the woof is our love for God and for man. You know, love is the only quality that can make men holy and righteous. It is the only quality that can produce the obedience that God requires.

"Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain," is an example. I have made the observation in college that when a young man is in love with a young woman he doesn't mind walking the second mile, or the third. Love is careless of limits, and insofar as a man measures out his deeds and the number of tracts he has given out and the money he has raised for Ingathering, he is not a Christian. The argument of external obedience to God's requirements is that he who has done so much need do no more. Love declares that he who has done so much is bound to do more.

"The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law."⁶

Men easily slip into the notion that the spirit is an easier master—more sympathetic and less exacting. It is not so. A rule can be obeyed; it is then done with. The spirit is never done with. If the commandment requires that I give a tenth of

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H. M. LAMBERT

Of Trees and People

By BETTY GARVIN DAVENPORT

Autumn is a lovely time of year. The trees are wearing glorious colors—brilliant yellow of the maples, deep, deep red of the oaks, blazing scarlet of the sumac, and in between, above and below, all shades of gold, orange, green, and soft tan blending into dark brown.

I thought, "I must remember this glorious wonderland so truly painted from God's brightest colors." So I took my camera and walked out among the trees. This was autumn in her loveliest mood.

But as I readied my camera I mused, "This is not as colorful as I had thought." My eyes went skyward where a cloud had slowly covered the brightness of the sun and then slow realization came to me. The trees were colorful in themselves, but it was the reflection of the sun that brought out their colors and made them beautiful.

How like the trees some people are. They seek to attain beauty within themselves—fine clothing, social graces, special attainments. Yes, truly, by these things their lives are made colorful. But something is lacking. It is the light! It is the reflection of the light from heaven in their lives that brings out the beauty.

AFTER the close of the meetings held by Mr. Black and the organization of the new church, Mr. Edwards began bringing home books and pamphlets that were neither from the Baptists nor from any other church body we had ever heard of before. He would spend much time perusing them. Sometimes he would read extracts aloud to his wife, but she was quick to see where they were not in accord with the Bible. When such discrepancies were called to his attention, Mr. Edwards used to frown and lay the books aside for a time. Quite frequently he would bring home some new gem of religious literature, only to see its luster grow dim when compared with the pure radiance of God's Holy Word. He became rather moody at times and finally ceased attending church regularly.

He seldom preached during those years, except for an occasional funeral service or wedding ceremony. Also a strange situation developed in the Edwards home, caused by changes in their worship. Friday evenings at sundown—Sabbath eve, they called it—if Mr. Edwards was not about the house, Mrs. Edwards used to gather the children who were at home into the living room for worship. If there was time, they would sing such dear old songs as:

"Day is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee;
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!"

Another favorite was "Safely Through

Another Week." Sometimes they sang:

"Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has blessed."

On those Friday evenings I used to miss the tenor and baritone voices of Merlin and Clyde, and Mr. Edwards' deep bass. In time Calvin's voice changed from a boyish treble to a rich, mellow bass, strongly resembling that of Mr. Edwards. Whenever possible there was sundown worship on Saturday evening as the Sabbath ended and a new week began. Our favorite song then was:

"Closing Sabbath! Ah, how soon
Have thy sacred moments passed:
Scarcely shines the morn, the noon,
Ere the evening brings thy last!
And another Sabbath flies,
Solemn witness! to the skies."

There were other changes too in the home. Maye, the oldest daughter, married and went to live in one of those divided homes, from which, it is said, "the shadows are never lifted." Before the Sabbath evangelist came, she had been engaged to a young bachelor farmer, who lived on his homestead a few miles distant. Her fiancé had strongly opposed the doctrines of the young minister, of which he knew little since he refused to attend the meetings. Still he was not willing for the engagement to be broken, even when he learned that Maye would not give up her new-found faith. Dick was a good man and a good husband. He had no bad habits, was kind, and a good provider, so that theirs might have been a very happy home but for the matter of religion.

Dick disapproved of his wife's attending church services on Saturday, so in order to have peace she stayed away. Even so, Dick was inclined to be somewhat sullen over the weekends, though of a naturally jolly, good-natured disposition. Occasionally Maye came home to spend Sabbath afternoon. But when we would sing the old hymns it used to make me sad to see the tears come into her dark eyes and note how her voice would sometimes quaver while we were singing her favorite songs. I still remember one song she loved so well:

"O safe to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee."



EWING GALLOWAY

As the old chapel organ tells the story, "Mr. Edwards, with his two sons, had acquired a complete grain harvesting and threshing outfit. This necessitated the keeping of many hired hands; so during the summer there was often a group of young men boarding at the home."

Autobiography of a Chapel Organ

By MRS. R. B. SHEFFER

PART TWO

It was while we were living there on the rented farm that the terrible fire occurred. The owner of the farm had sold it to a widow who had four children. We moved our things into half of the house and they occupied the other half, while our new house, a sod one, was being built on a piece of school land that Mr. Edwards was leasing for a term of years, about a half day's journey away by horse and carriage. The young man of the family that occupied the other half of the house smoked a pipe. None of our family used

tobacco in any form. One day at the noon hour, Frank, the young man, thoughtlessly laid his smoldering pipe down in the barn when he went to the house for his dinner. Our menfolk had already gone in to eat their noon meal, leaving the horses tied in their stalls eating their rations before returning to their work in the fields. Fortunately Merlin had that day tied his team to the wagon bed and fed them there. Mr. Edwards and Clyde each owned a team, and these were tied in the barn together with two or three extra horses.

Suddenly a commotion roused the men from their after-dinner rest. Smoke and flames were pouring from the barn and the adjoining corncrib. Merlin and Frank reached the scene of the fire first. The shrill neighing of the frightened horses was terrible to hear.

Merlin opened his jackknife as he ran, and rushing into the stable, he cut the tie ropes, but the horses in panic refused to leave their stalls. He tried leading them to the door, but the crazed animals rushed back into the blazing barn. He stayed as long as he possibly could, vainly trying to save some of the horses, but it was hopeless. He narrowly escaped being trampled on and burned to death himself. He chanced to be wearing a close-fitting wool cap and jacket; but for this he would probably have been very seriously burned. As it was, his hands and face were painfully scorched and blistered. It was many weeks before the burns were completely healed. Fortunately there were no permanent scars. Everyone knew what had caused the fire, and Frank vowed then and there never to smoke a pipe again. I wish I could say he kept that pledge, but I fear he did not. Generous neighbors got together a sum of money with which Mr. Edwards purchased a team, so necessary for moving and for breaking the ground for the crops that coming spring.

Besides the pipe the occupants of the other side of the house brought with them some other very unpleasant elements. There was the type of songs they sang, and the language they used. We tried to ignore these things. For some reason unknown to us, every Sabbath, when Mrs. Edwards and the children would gather round me to sing hymns, Libby, the oldest girl, would get as close to the dividing partition as possible and sing, at the top of her shrill voice, songs that were not at all in accord with the spirit of worship. This continued week after week, till we were forced to admit that it was no accident. Mrs. Edwards and the children, weather permitting, would take their songbooks and go for a long walk where they could sing without interference, but also without my help.

One evening Libby gave a party for her young friends.

There were "music"—such as I had never heard before—and shuffling and thumping and stamping of heavy-soled shoes and much loud laughter and foolish calls. I thought they needed someone to go in and teach them manners; for even if the music was not the best, still the guests should have had the courtesy to keep quiet and listen. But I guess I was just not wise to their way of doing things; for I heard someone say they were dancing, and that sort of thing was customary at a country dance.

I was very thankful that our family did not have to depend on dancing for their recreation. How glad we all were when at

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Teen-age Diary

By JOAN

Dear Diary,

While mother took the plates out to the patio tonight I read my mail. In it was a letter from Jannie, one of my best friends, who still lives in the city.

"I should think you would be bored by your life in the country. Is there anything at all to do?" she asked. "And can your father make a living there?"

Several years ago when the doctors told my parents to move me into the country for my health, father said, "I'd love to live in the country" (he looked pensive, for he had been reared on the farm himself and had always wished that I might have that privilege), "but I doubt if it would be possible to make enough to provide the necessities of life for my little family."

Then smiling, he went on, "I have it. You and mother move to the country and live until you get well and I'll remain here and bring in the money."

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed," mother quoted, "nothing shall be impossible unto you."

I read Jannie's letter to dad while we ate supper. I shall never forget the twinkle in his eye as he winked at mother. "Tell Jannie that I never made a better living, and that you have never lived better," he said. "And all because of a little seed."

"A little seed?" I asked.

"Yes," dad grinned. "Mother pasted it on the cover of my date book. I had to

look at it a hundred times a day and it did something to me. By beholding we become changed."

"Corn?" I asked teasingly.

"No, mustard!" Dad's eyes danced. "A little mustard seed, and the daily sight of it changed our lives! You see mother believes in the psychology of Christ. You remember how He illustrated everything with a tangible object, and the results—well, they are exactly as promised."

A mustard seed is mighty small. I have some pasted with Scotch tape on my books and notebooks now too, and I'm going to put one on my diary as a continual reminder. It really doesn't take much faith then, does it, to make life turn into what we dream?

"If ye have faith."



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

MV Youth in Action

The Sydney Youth Festival

By Ernest H. J. Steed

Above the rostrum hung a chart depicting an immense world, brilliantly lighted, with the motto "Aflame for Christ" and a large torch outlined across the center. On each side of the rostrum hung two large banners with the words "1953 Adventist Youth Congress" written in gold letters superimposed on two flaming torches.

The big day had arrived after three months of intense planning and hard work by the youth department of the Greater Sydney Conference, assisted by an advisory committee and by many other people. News of the coming event had gone far and wide, and youth of every society eagerly awaited the occasion.

Crowds of young people could be seen heading for the assembly hall in Margaret Street for an all-day program, on Sabbath, July 18.

Colorful badges, a souvenir program, and a congress songbook were issued to each Missionary Volunteer, indicating that he was a delegate.

The congress opened as a procession of national delegates from thirteen countries, followed by society representatives with banners, led the way toward the rostrum. Newspaper cameras flashed as the event was recorded for the millions to see. Next came the members of the Bible forum, and, holding high a special torch made by Stan Baldwin, of the western suburbs youth group, was Pastor R. A. Salton (seventy-six), symbolizing the pioneers.

All was tense as the nationals, in attractive, colorful costumes, with youth society banners above them, stood awaiting the passing of the torch. Pastor L. A. Butler, president of the Greater Sydney Conference, received the torch on behalf of the youth, and the congress was declared open.

Pastor George Burnside, guest speaker for the youth service, is an evangelist well known for his forthright addresses. "Too many young people are living a purposeless life," he said. "No one who has ever succeeded in life has as his aim just a good time."

He recalled that Daniel "purposed in his heart." "Having a strong decision, a will to succeed for God, resolved that come what may I will be true to God—is the way to life in its fullness," said Pastor Burnside. "When we will to serve God

the power to achieve is immediately ours through the grace of Jesus Christ."

Under the direction of A. Lyndon Knight, the North Shore Youth Choir, with Pastor K. Mead as leader, and four trumpeters of the Sydney Advent Band, announced the afternoon "Panorama of Progress."

Pastor S. T. Leeder, youth director of the conference, who has worked energetically for the youth, reported on the growth of the MV work in this field.

Three Solomon Islands boys, with Allan Tilley, told of the medical missionary in his fight to save life. One of the lads was present because of the faithfulness of a medical missionary.

Christ's ambassadors in military camp! Who could imagine such a thing? But it is true, for Len Tuckwell feelingly expressed his joy at being able to help other lads know of Jesus. He was able to witness before captains and other officers. Even at the meal table, in standing true to health principles, he could testify to his faith.

Sydney is a large city; therefore it has become necessary to organize the youth societies into fellowships. In reporting on these various youth groups, each represent-

ative gave good news of active Share Your Faith projects such as carol singing, food baskets for the needy, visiting aged and unfortunates, choir participation in missions, evangelistic campaigns, youth open-air missions, and general social service assistance. Most impressive was the fact that not one member of the western suburbs group has left the church over the past ten years.

Radio is virtually flying in the midst of heaven with the latter-day message, reaching the millions of earth, said Pastor L. C. Naden. Representative of the hundreds who are entering the church through this influence were two young people. They expressed their joy in now being believers

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SYDNEY MORNING HERALD

Above: Pastor R. A. Salton, representing the pioneers of the Advent Movement, carried the torch into the assembly hall at the opening of the youth congress. Below: The procession of nationals moves up the steps into the hall, followed by representatives of the MV Societies.

A DOUBLE BLESSING

By HAZEL MARIE JOHNSON

MRS. BUTLER rose from her knees and began preparing breakfast. Hurrying around, she could not but think how many times she had made her request to God, a God in whom she put much trust and hope, and felt that if it was His will, He would send her two little girls to love and train, to teach of a loving heavenly Father.

Just then Father Butler came in. "Breakfast ready? I have some surgery to do this morning, and today is generally a busy one for me in the office."

As he ate, Mrs. Butler sat down to talk to him for a few minutes. She mentioned what she had just been thinking.

"Yes," said her husband, "I think it would be nice to adopt two little girls." Then he added, "Something will happen, or in some way, if the Lord is willing, our prayers will be answered." And so it was that as both went off to work that morning, Dr. Butler to the hospital and later on to the office, and Mrs. Butler to the office where she worked assisting her husband, that they left it all in the Lord's hands.

After a very busy morning Mrs. Butler went home a few minutes earlier than her husband to prepare dinner. Right in the midst of her work the telephone rang. It was Dr. Butler calling. "Yes, dinner is almost ready. What? Oh, you're just teasing me! Yes, I'll be right down!"

Mrs. Butler hung up. Had she really heard right? It seemed impossible to think that this very minute, waiting in the office, were two little orphan girls. Twins, Dr.

Butler had said, with no mother or father to love them and no real home to call their own.

All the way down to the office Mrs. Butler kept thinking, "I wonder how they look, poor little things, so in need of a home." Then almost before she knew it, she was looking down on the little blond curly head and then into the bright blue eyes of Marie, four and a half years old, a small, thin little figure. Marie, who seemed to be naturally friendly, immediately took a liking to Mother Butler and ran into her outstretched arms. Then and there, although Marie was young, she sensed love in Dr. and Mrs. Butler's eyes and in their every manner—a love and security that she had lacked so far in her young life and for which she longed.

It wasn't until after the excitement had abated a little that Mrs. Butler realized that Dr. Butler had said that there were two little girls. So she immediately inquired, "Where is the other twin?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Wilson who had brought them, "they are not twins, but there is not much difference in their ages, for they are only fourteen months apart, and they do look much alike. But Jean, the younger girl, is larger, and I didn't have decent clothes for her. What Marie is wearing now is not hers. In fact, all they have is a sunsuit apiece, and Jean has an old pair of brown shoes that long ago passed their life of usefulness. They really don't have anything decent to their names."

Mrs. Wilson then made arrangements to bring both girls and their meager belongings to their new home.

The first few days meant much adjustment, not only for Jean and Marie to their new surroundings, but for Mother Butler, who realized it was no small task to be the mother and guardian of two active little girls.

All their lives Jean and Marie had been shifted from place to place, and had not received the training that should have been given them.

Although they looked so much alike as to be mistakenly called twins, they were distinctly different. Jean was fond of the big out-of-doors, and never tired of climbing some of the big trees that surrounded the old farmhouse or exploring a small woods at the back of the farm. She also was thoroughly contented if she could ride on the tractor with Father Butler, who liked to do a little farming, more or less as a hobby, in his spare time. Later on, when Jean was a bit older, she learned to drive the tractor herself, which was helpful.

But Marie was of an opposite nature. She loved to help mother clean house and early showed a great love for music, often sitting by the hour at the piano, singing

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H. M. LAMBERT

Every day Dr. and Mrs. Butler asked God for guidance in training the two little girls they had taken in.



ONE of the guests at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II was Queen Salote of the Tonga Islands. Perhaps you heard or saw the acclaim given her as she rode past the watching millions.

From her palace in Nukualofa, Tongatabu, Queen Salote Tubou rules forty thousand subjects in the last surviving native kingdom of the South Pacific. This is the Tonga archipelago, which Captain Cook in 1773 named the Friendly Islands. These islands were first discovered in 1616 by the navigators Lemaire and Schouten. In 1900 the kingdom became a British protectorate.

Tongatabu, which name means "sacred isle," is the largest of the Friendly Islands, but it is only about thirty miles long, a flat coral crescent on blue tropic waters. Beautiful white roads thread their way through its luxuriant vegetation under hundreds of coconut palms. It is so flat that it has been nicknamed "The Pancake." A deep, rich mold is mixed with its fertile sand and in this grow delicious oranges, pineapples, and other tropical fruits in abundance, besides the common vegetables.

Queen Salote belongs to a race of giants. Her grandfather, King George Tubou I of Tonga, was over six feet five inches tall and his build was in proportion. Her father, George Tubou II, was about the same size. She herself is three inches over six feet and weighs more than 300 pounds, but she is not obese. The breadth of her shoulders reveals tremendous muscular strength.

The Tongan people are distinguished not only for size and symmetry of form but also for handsome features. Their skin is a light-brown color, and many of them are fair enough to pass for Europeans.

Intellectually they are the most advanced of the South Sea Islanders. Queen Salote is European educated, and her son, Prince Tungi, who is premier, attended Oxford University in England.

The Tongans are also noted for their musical talent. Said to be the sweetest singers in the South Pacific, they hold many concerts. One writer has said that when their leader strikes the first note, a volume of musical sound rolls upward and carries one away, and one listens in rapture to the perfect time and soul-stirring harmony. At a mission conference held in Nukualofa in 1949 the singing by church choirs was an outstanding feature. One church, to the surprise of visitors, sang the Hallelujah Chorus from memory without accompaniment. The rendition was beautiful.

The first Seventh-day Adventist missionaries to locate in Tonga were Pastor and Mrs. Edward Hilliard, who went out from America on the fourth voyage of the missionary ship *Pitcairn*. They arrived at Tongatabu on September 6, 1895. It was a Friday afternoon when they landed, and

In a South Pacific Kingdom

By ALTA HILLIARD CHRISTENSEN



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Above: The rulers of Tonga belong to a race of giants. Seen here is King George Tubou II, a well-proportioned man of about six feet five inches. Below: A view of Nukualofa, Tongatabu.

the ship did not stay long, because the captain wished to set sail before sunset ushered in the Sabbath hours.

As the two stood on the beach and watched the disappearance of the little ship that had been their home for four months on the heaving ocean, they felt very much alone. Everything around them was strange and different. They were among a different race of people, whose language they could not speak or understand. Their homeland and all that had ever been familiar was far, far away.

They seemed to be on another world.

When the white sails of the *Pitcairn* had slipped into the mist, Pastor Hilliard remarked pensively, "It will be a year before we see that boat again." He turned to his wife and saw tears in her eyes. He placed his arm about her waist and drew her head down on his shoulder. "We have each other," he whispered.

"We'll keep busy," she said in a choked voice. "Time goes faster when you're

busy." Then, smiling through her tears, she added, "And we won't have to be seasick any more for a whole year!"

"Remembering that will help," he agreed. "We certainly have been 'rocked in the cradle of the deep' in that sailing vessel."

The *Pitcairn* was only 10 feet in depth with a tonnage of 171 gross, 115 net. It was 93.50 feet long and 27.20 feet wide. What courage the pioneer missionaries possessed who ventured across the vast Pacific Ocean in that small craft! They often said in later years that they went out as Abraham who obeyed the call "not knowing whither he went."

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There is something odd about these hills—every time you think you are at the top, you reach the peak only to find another one beckoning farther on.

LOST LAKE

Three Miles



By DOROTHY DYE SCHAFFNER

A WEEK'S hiking trip in the Wallowa Mountains? Oh, you lucky people!"

Anticipation, mingled with the duties of gathering sturdy shoes, visor caps, sunglasses, sleeping bags, and planning menus to include light and easily packed foods, made our week of preparation fly. At one o'clock of a July day our group of eleven met on the Walla Walla College (Washington) campus in front of Columbia Auditorium and packed ourselves and the food into Don Palmer's new station wagon and our car. Eugene Winter, of the physical education department of W.W.C., our leader for the trip, told us where to meet as we left College Place, and started south down the highway.

We rolled through the Langdon Lake region, arriving several hours later at the little town of Lostine, Oregon. Here we turned off the paved highway at a sign proclaiming the country ahead of us to be the "Switzerland of America." We waited on the grass in the shade of a church until the station wagon drove gaily past us, its occupants waving their ice-cream bars in our indignant faces. We wished we had thought of buying some too, but now had to hurry to catch up.

Our two cars jolted along by the Lostine River until we reached French Camp, where we pitched out tents for the night and had our first meal together. At its close we felt that our group was a very congenial one, and began to look forward with even more anticipation to the days ahead. My husband and I felt a bit at home already with Rose Reuer, Margie Warner, and Marie Klein, the three nurses

who had ridden with us. Eugene Winter and Ed Ammundsen, a minister, we had known before. Don Palmer, a natural-born clown, Pauline Howerton, Beverly Bunnell, also a nurse, and Mrs. Margaret de Strode were the remaining members of our group.

Our sleep that night was punctuated by the constant serenade of the rushing Lostine River and the tinkle of bells on some of the horses that were to pack our food the following day. We were a mile or two from the end of the road and from the beginning of our week of hiking.

Monday.—"Let's use up some of these fresh potatoes for breakfast—and some eggs. Then we won't have to pack them," suggested Beverly.

After breakfast a common question was "Anybody have more room in his box?" As we loaded our week's supply of food and our bedrolls on the horses, we found that we would need to rent two more horses than we had planned. We guessed we would not starve! Even with the extra horses, our back packs grew rather heavy as we put all the straggle ends into them. Several, wondering at their unusually heavy packs, found in them frying pans belonging to someone else.

"Lost Lake—Three Miles," rang out Ed's voice as he read the sign at the start of the gently sloping trail, ceilinged by green branches. The climb was steady, and we welcomed the five-minute rest periods that Gene called.

As the trail grew steeper we wanted a rest at almost every turn in the zigzag

trail. When the pack horses passed us the rider assured us that the steepest part of the journey was now behind us, and this added much to our enjoyment of the fairly level and deep-green meadows.

Lunch tasted good eaten beside Lost Lake, which seemed more like a wide place in a river than a lake. We all relaxed for a while, and some took pictures of the water and trees with the snow-patched hills as a background. "Oh, those fluffy white clouds—and what a rich blue sky!" was the delighted remark from Margie, one of the photographers. Leaving our first lake, we set out through the lovely valley toward our destination of Mirror Lake—four miles.

Before going far we had to remove our boots, roll up our pants legs, and wade the icy waters of one end of Lost Lake to reach the path beckoning on the other side. As we followed the trail worn deep by winter rains, an occasional ground squirrel darted across our path. Feeling our warm arms and faces, we wondered at the remaining snow on the hills around us.

As the meadows ended, we climbed again steeply for a way, and then the trail dropped down a bit into the valley floored by Mirror Lake. High rugged peaks, whose sides showed tantalizing spots for snow sliding, surrounded this, our camping spot for the week.

"Let's see—this will probably be the best place for the girls' big tent," Gene remarked as he looked about on a fairly level rock ledge near the lake. My husband

and I chose the next rock mezzanine about one hundred yards up the mountain for our camp. The trees were just right for stringing our tent up so that it faced the lake. Gene, Ed, and Don were on our level about twenty-five yards away, just beyond the snowbank that was to serve as our mutual refrigerator.

As we were eating our first supper a little later on a rock table (what wonderful

tents, noticing the moon shining on the trees high above us, but it did not rise quite enough to look down into our sheltered valley of Mirror Lake.

"Marlowe, what was that!"

"Oh, probably one of the bears we were talking about in the campfire stories tonight."

Weariness was a better aid to sleep than my husband's helpful reply.

"Yes, but probably we'd better hike some this afternoon, so that we won't get too stiff," suggested Mrs. De Strode.

Who would have thought it could be such fun to make a cupboard in the trees, gather rocks for chairs around our rock table, and reorganize a waist-high rock stove in the ledge that formed one wall of our camp! Gene and Don showed us how to make a high log-cabin-type stove and a table of boughs. Rose Reuer, taking this trip for college credit, was given the job of making a garbage pit.

But it was not all work for Rose. She succeeded quite well in making a good snow slide near the girls' camp by using her feet and a cooky sheet. We did not see her sliding any more though after she landed in the creek at the foot of the slide. The numerous snowbanks in shaded and sheltered parts of this area surely add to its beauty and comfort.

The short hike to Moccasin Lake this afternoon seemed just right after our seven-mile trek of yesterday. Scorning the easier trail, we followed a babbling stream that in places was still blanketed by snow. Our combined rock-throwing efforts failed to make the covered places cave in and the rocks just plunked dully on top, mocking our attempts to hurry nature. The short-cut route we chose led us by a thrilling waterfall that caused Beverly to exclaim, "Oh, I want a picture of that!"

A chorus of "Me too's" was followed by much clicking of shutters, and the waterfall became and remained one of the favorite spots of the trip.

After playing lazy around the large boot



DON PALMER

Above: Lost Lake seemed more like a very wide place in a river than a lake. Right: Sabbath school time found every member of our group seated on ready-made stone davenport on a ledge about twenty-five feet above Mirror Lake. Below: Another lake we visited was Sunshine Lake.



seasoning the out-of-doors gives to common, ordinary food!), Marlowe whispered to me, "Look over to the right slowly." A deer was coming quietly down the hill beside our camp. She paused on the other side of our table not more than five feet away and calmly looked us over. After munching on the leaves around our camp for a few minutes, she proceeded over to the girls' camp and peered over the rocks at them. When she had meandered away up the hillside, we all found our voices again and called back and forth between the camps about our visitor.

Tonight our campfire and devotional time seemed even more wonderful than had our first one together, for we were farther away from our usual worldly cares, and we had drawn nearer to our Creator. Gene told us tonight of some non-Adventist groups that do this type of camping and of some of their experiences. He expressed the hope that our group would be the first of many such groups of Adventist young people who would find richer Christian experiences through communing with nature together. Living like this is probably the only physical preparation we can make for the time of trouble, which seems less forbidding after even these few hours in such Edenic surroundings.

Happily and wearily we went to our

Tuesday.—We rose at six o'clock, voluntarily. Vacation or not, the sunshine was beckoning, the lake sparkling, and our appetites awakened quickly at the thoughts of potatoes and eggs. After all, we went to bed much earlier last night than we ever do at home—nice to have no telephone here to disturb my doctor husband.

"Shall we straighten our camp up this morning? We had a strenuous day yesterday," remarked our congenial leader.

of Moccasin Lake and refreshing our feet in the water that had quite recently been snow (and felt like it!), we took the trail back to camp. This route too had its reward—Sunshine Lake—a small, round one with snow sliding into it at several places. Storm clouds and a cool breeze sent us scurrying for cover, but no storm materialized. That was an experience yet to come.

"Did you hear that car?" queried Don. After stopping to listen, we felt foolish.

The ever-present background of rushing water wherever we were during our week of hiking had been mistaken for the sound of automobiles!

Our visitor of yesterday, the deer, appeared again at suppertime, and everyone moved slowly for cameras. "Hope it isn't too dark already," remarked Marlowe.

The evening sunset reflected in Mirror Lake filled us with awe and reverence as we gathered for our campfire. The evening's hush and the kindred spirit present

Pauline also gave us some appropriate food for thought with her quotation from David Grayson: "I do not have to make over the universe; I have only to do my job, great or small, and to look often at the trees and the hills and the sky, and be friendly with all men." The moon was again shining on the hills 'way above us as we tried out the echo possibilities in our lake valley. Gene's high-pitched Hellos and Meows came back to us ridiculously well.

"Please get the chilled grapefruit juice for breakfast, Marlowe." Our cache in the snow made an excellent "snowbox" for our perishables and was only a few steps from camp.

"Oh, look back! Anybody have a flag? I feel like a conqueror."

Breathless from the climb and the view, we paused atop one of the mountains that formed the Mirror Lake basin and looked down toward our lake home. All the cameras were clicking as we tried to capture the scene from our eight-thousand-foot altitude. Then we looked down the other side of the mountain to our destination—Minam Lake.

"Is the trail over that way? I don't see it over here," called Gene as we crossed a huge snow field just below the crest.

Not being able to find the trail, we made our own almost straight down the mountainside toward Minam Lake. We were there in an hour, our descent speeded by sliding down snowbanks.

Whether the rugged path we had chosen coming down or the thought of returning up it made us the most tired, I do not know, but noontime found us *almost* more tired than hungry. Rose had a chance to prove her saying, "I'll never turn down a carrot," as she helped out on several of the lunches.

Dipping our feet into the cold waters of the lake refreshed them and us for the return trip over the mountain. Leaving Minam Lake at 1:25 P.M., we were able to find and follow the trail this time, arriving at the top by three o'clock. We slipped, slid, and slithered down the half-covered-with-snow mountain and were back to camp in forty-five minutes. Clothes wet from being used as sleds dried out quickly in the sun, and other evidences of the sun's warmth showed plainly on blistered necks and arms.

After our strenuous day's exertion the beans, cutlets, and salad with camp biscuits (made in the frying pan) tasted more delicious than any fancy meal ever served. Just as the last luscious morsel of biscuit and honey was sliding down, the sky darkened rapidly, the wind began to blow, and Gene called, "Get ready for rain."

We hurried to dig ditches around the tent and put all our food and some dry wood under shelter. It did not look as though this would be a false alarm.

"I'm so glad I packed that old plastic tablecloth at the last minute. It will make a fine cover for the food cupboard."

Then the rains came, the winds blew, but our tent held firm. The thunder crashed over our heads, and hail as big as peas pelted down while the wind tried its best to make off with our tent. We remembered Gene's poem and felt a satisfied thrill as we rode out the storm.

Gradually the sky lightened, and the pitter-patter on our tent roof died out as the storm passed over. We ventured out, curious to see how the others had fared.

The Width of Time



By MARY GUSTAFSON

The blast of time splits wide the hours of day
And leaves the seconds dangled on the sill
Of now. The best is chosen as the will
Of quiet mind makes use of them its way.
Each has its spark of brief communique,
Its moment of the doing and the thrill
Of making known a newer height of hill;
A larger bridge to span a larger bay.

Then let the mind hold and accentuate
The crux of knowledge tempered well with wit
Of what the days and years accumulate.
Each moment counts; a small conclusive bit,
A snatch of wisdom or a heap of hate,
Are all contained within the width of it.

added to our enjoyment of the worship period. Then we sang some "rounds" and some appropriate parodies like "There's a long, long nail a-grinding up through the sole of my shoe." Each one was asked to do something at our campfire program tonight. After Gene gave us a poem by an unknown author as his contribution, everyone was silent for a few moments. Later all clamored for copies.

"Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them;
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane;
The palms of your hands will thicken
And the skin of your cheeks will tan.
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy—
But you'll walk like a man."

The sleeping bag and air mattress felt good after our day in the open.

Wednesday.—The Sabbath school lessons this quarter have seemed good when studied at home, but they are wonderfully inspiring when enjoyed between glances out of the tent flap at the lake in the distance. Even the well-known texts acquired new significance and blessings.

"Oh, honey, that's c-c-c-cold!" The afterglow of a bathing suit bath in a partly frozen lake was very refreshing. At least the sun was warm. As we returned to our tent the heather flowers in bloom all around one side of our camp looked to us like a planned garden. Glancing down at the girls' camp, we noticed that the sun was starting the three girls out of their bedrolls—they slept sans tent last night.

As we went down the hill toward the girls' camp, we could hear voices singing "My Only Hope." Surely even the heavenly beings were thrilled, as we were, to hear the words of confidence and hope carried so sweetly across the lake after the storm. We joined them in singing "Sunshine and Rain" and "It's Just Like His Great Love." Our song fest lasted quite a while with each person choosing a favorite song. Our hearts sang too, thankful for a "shelter in the time of storm."

A double, deeply brilliant rainbow also thrilled us with the renewed promises of God. Later the sun came out brightly, and the rosy-clad mountains were pictured in Mirror Lake. Without the preceding storm we could not have felt so strongly "God, Thou art!"

As our evening devotional period began, we sang "In the Garden" while viewing the now black-and-white effect of the mountains in the lake as the sun slipped behind the hills. The day's reading from the Morning Watch book for this year seemed written just for us in this setting. One sentence read, "Let the soul be drawn out and upward, that God may grant us a breath of the heavenly atmosphere." This day has been a stirring, even-better-than-camp-meeting experience.

Thursday.—A few drops of rain sizzled into our frying pan while we were making French toast this morning for breakfast and caused us to wonder whether our experience of last night was to be repeated. But the clouds rolled over as we tidied our camp and set off for another day of adventure.

Our hike today was easier than yesterday. Our legs enjoyed the almost level trail as we headed for Douglas Lake—three miles from "home." Two smaller, very green lakes named Craig and Crescent were ohed and ahed at briefly on the way.

Lunchtime found us all sitting on a mound of large rocks in the welcome shade of a big tree overlooking Douglas Lake. After eating our lunch we enjoyed taking turns in a rubber boat left at the lake. It was fun to be *on* the water for a change instead of simply walking around it. The lake's many inlets and points made boating especially interesting.

"Let's go home by a new trail—this sign says it isn't any farther."

"Yes, let's, Don. Our day's trip will be a circle then, won't it?"

Leaving a few behind who were still boating, we walked up the trail.

Clouds threatened us, and then rolled over several times until we felt as if we were playing hide-and-go-seek with the storm. Finally it really did rain, and we scurried into the good shelter of a clump of dense trees. Time passed as swiftly as the storm, and we felt chagrined when the following members of our group found us still in our tree shelter—talking!

Instead of having our campfire near the

lake tonight, we gathered on a flat plateau of rock high above the camp on the side of the hill. We all silently agreed with the one voicing the prayer of thankfulness for such a beautiful spot, and prayed also that He would help us to be faithful that we might enjoy the far more beautiful earth made new.

Tonight was stunt night with each one having been forewarned. Don's stories kept us laughing, and the cloudy sky made a tornadolike setting for the moon's attempt to climb over the peak of Eagle Cap in the distance—a thrilling climax to another satisfying day.

Friday.—We were awakened, but not too early, by the spatter of rain on the tent. The sound soon faded though, and glorious sunshine sparkled on the rippled

surface of the lake as we ate the best-tasting breakfast in the world. Our hearts swelled with happiness as we sang, "Back of the clouds the sun is always shining."

"Dottie, are you ready?"

"Just putting my boots on."

"All right, we'll walk slowly," called Margie.

And so we were off to another day, another thrill, another lake. The sign today read "Glacier Lake, 3½ miles." We encountered many beautiful bubbling streams, some of which we had to cross. At one of these Marlowe up above with the movie camera called, "Somebody please fall in." The next person across, Marie, accidentally slipped off a rock and made a big splash as the camera ground away and the hills echoed with laughter.



Conducted by

ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

The Answers

TO "NAME THE HORSE" has not been too difficult for many of our readers. (See July 28 issue.) Most of the replies received are from the United States and Canada. We are happy to report that Stamp Corner readers are apparently on their toes and very well informed. "Name the Horse" has had such a good response that we can truthfully say it was best in a long line of such features. Still only about fifteen of the forty-eight States replied.

Most interested collectors replied from California and Michigan, and most of those who could name the horse could also answer the questions. Some could answer the questions, but not name the horse.

Of all the replies there seemed to be a difference of opinion as to the value and color of the high value. This particular one is valued at more than three dollars whether used or mint, so very few stamp collectors will have one in their albums. The two lower values are not too difficult to find, and we could tell that many of you had these in your books even though you did not tell us so.

Those who gave us simply the name of the horse probably had the stamp or had seen it and looked it up in the catalog (obtainable at any library) to discover its name. As we promised (for those who knew not where to look) here are the answers:

Name of horse:	Anzac
Date of issue:	1935
Status:	Commemorative
Issued for:	25th Anniversary of Reign of King George V
Country:	Australia
Values and Colors:	2d Red, 3d Blue, 2s Violet
Rider:	King George V

One reply came from New Durham, New Hampshire. But the writer was in such a hurry to post the reply that the return address and signature were completely forgotten. Please write and let us know who you are.

This brings to mind again that every once in a while the Stamp Corner receives requests for stamps, questions, and gifts of stamps for other people. When you forget to put your name and address somewhere inside the letter (it is altogether possible that *you* may have done this), there is no way for us to send your stamps, answer your questions, or thank you for your gifts. So if you haven't heard from us in response to your request or if you have moved and left no forwarding address, *please write again*, won't you? Many of our free stamps and letters to some of our readers have been returned to us, and all we can do is to wait and hope that they will write again and include their name and complete mailing address.

It has been brought to our attention that Imperial Reply Coupons, redeemable only in the British Empire, are cheaper than International Reply Coupons. The Stamp Corner *will* accept Imperial Reply Coupons, but remember, *whichever* coupon you purchase, it is good only for one single-rate surface letter. If you desire a reply by air, the price is two coupons in the Western Hemisphere, three coupons in Europe, and five coupons elsewhere. We cannot post a letter with stamps of another country. A reply coupon, obtainable from any post office in the world, is like an international money order for a letter's worth of postage stamps.

Memories of this day will include the way the snow turned orange when we walked on it or made holes in it with our walking sticks—must be some kind of chemical reaction.

The closer we came to the eight-thousand-five-hundred-foot Glacier Pass, the more we thought it was rightly named. That wind was cold! As we reached the top we took one look at the partially snow-and-ice-covered Glacier Lake and ran for a sheltered nook in which to eat our lunch. A tiny bit of sleet made us exclaim, "It's snowing!" Surely it was too cold to rain!

Our expert woodsmen *finally* got a bonfire going, and the warmth felt good. We played "Twenty Questions" as we ate.

"Shall we go on over to the top of Eagle Cap?" asked Ed. "It doesn't look far."

Thinking of the Sabbath preparations to be made, we decided to head for home and, taking a short cut, encountered the biggest snow fields yet seen (and felt!) on our trip. Sliding down the sometimes thirty- to forty-foot-deep banks of snow in the ravines was a high light of the whole week's trip. We remembered the road sign about this area being the "Switzerland of America" and truly felt as if we were in the Alps as we traversed snow-filled canyons and fairly flew down between the rocks. The amount of snow remaining here during the last of July made us shiveringly wonder what this place would be like in the winter and gave new significance to the text in Matthew 24:20, "But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter."

Marie, our performer at the creek crossing, said, "You'd better call me Klumsy Klein," as she fell down on one of the snow hills and slid quite a way before being able to stop—again at a time when the camera was watching.

The snow sliding made our descent time only one hour and a half. It had taken us almost three hours to climb the pass.

It was fun cooking potatoes and eggs for the potato salad, making pudding, gathering wood, and having everything in readiness for the even more wonderful day anticipated—the Sabbath.

It was cool tonight, and the two enormous campfires on our hill site added to our comfort. It seemed as though we never would tire of singing, and any of the loved gospel songs seemed appropriate. I remember especially "The Love of God."

Sabbath.—Sabbath school time found every member of our group seated on ready-made stone davenport on a ledge about twenty-five feet above the lake. Gene had asked me on Friday to be superintendent, and it was a joy to have everyone respond quickly and eagerly when requested to do something. Also unusual about our Sabbath school was the fact that *every* person present had a part.

Our singing "Safely Through Another Week" seemed fraught with deeper mean-

ing than usual. Noticeable to each of us were the earnestness of the prayers offered and the fuller significance enjoyed in the review and Sabbath school lesson as we worshiped together in our garden setting. The things of the world truly seemed very remote as we meditated on the words of the song "O Sabbath Rest by Galilee." "Shall We Gather at the River?" ringing



COMING in 1954!

SIBANDE

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS

"The sun was barely peeping over the horizon when the little group set out on the long, long journey. The dew lay on the long tangled grasses, and the dusty leaves of the twisted bush trees looked spattered and varicolored in the slanting red rays of the morning sun. The Chief Malipanga stooped and patted the cheeks of the small boy lying in the funny, home-woven hammock which the natives of that part of Africa called a machila.

"'You, boy,' he said, tenderly, 'see that you get well with your legsickness quickly. . . .'"

Thus begins the heart-warming story of Sibande, "little black rooster," son of a chieftain.

across the water made each of us long a bit more for our heavenly meeting and determine anew to be there.

As the benediction was given, the clouds moved away from the sun, and its warmth plus the warmth in our hearts made us linger at the spot made sacred by our moments together, and the assurance that "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

After dinner Sabbath it was a bit cool. As we started off for a short afternoon walk, we were inclined to put on all the available clothing. From the girls' tent we could hear Rose saying, "May I wear this sweater? Anybody going to wear this

jacket?" until everyone was laughing at her. After walking awhile we all started shedding the outer wraps, and Rose's tune changed to "Who wants to carry this sweater? Anybody need a jacket?"

For the first time we walked up the hill behind the camp past our campfire spot and were well repaid when we reached a peak part way up. Before us lay the panorama of six of the named lakes that we had visited during the week, besides numerous other smaller ones. There is something odd about these hills—every time you think you are at the top, you reach the peak only to find another one beckoning farther on. Living a Christian life is like that too. Again and again on this trip have we remembered the text "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

Our worship tonight at the close of the Sabbath marked the end of a week in His out-of-doors. We sang together "Thank You, Lord, for Saving My Soul" and "Share Your Faith." The scripture "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork" emphasized perfectly our mood and our surroundings. I thought of the lines by Wordsworth:

"And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

Many songs rang out across the lake before we tired of singing on this last evening together. As we turned to games and roasting marshmallows, the full moon made a sparkling wonderland of our valley with its lake floor and its snow-draped mountain walls. We were loath to leave our last campfire and its ideal location midway between the moon-blanketed peaks and the silvery lake. Those leading the way down to camp met two deer and shone their flashlights on them. The fascinated animals came up to within five feet of the lights before bounding away stiff-legged into the trees.

Sunday.—"Sunday morning! Oh! How can it be here so soon, Marlowe! Do we really have to break camp and leave?"

"Afraid so, Dottie. As soon as we finish breakfast you pack the food box, and I'll take down the tent."

"Hey, Don, you missed one!" Across our "refrigerator" we could see Don flipping flapjacks, and he really was good *most* of the time.

"The chipmunks will enjoy the rest of this dry bread. Let's spread it out here for them."

"O Do-on! Need some raisins for your lunch? How about crackers too and some candy?"

All of us tried to unload food on the others as we packed and repacked. We realized that we had brought enough food for several days more, in spite of the inroads our ravenous appetites had made on our larders.

"We made good use of the extra cans we found when we came—let's leave these for the next campers. They're handy for water and cooking."

Finally everything was tucked into the boxes or bedrolls, and we were ready to start down the trail, leaving the burdens behind for the horses that would be along shortly.

A warm sun, fluffy white clouds in a deep-blue sky, a sparkling ripple on "our" lake, and a wonderful feeling of well-being and peace made our memories of this last day a perfect finale to a perfect week. During this most wonderful of all vacations we had not missed the radio or newspapers or even *thought* of the cold war!

We all felt we could be happy hermits if we just had a group of hermits with us as congenial as the group we had learned to love this week. We had glimpsed only eight other people all week! The modern conveniences we were returning to had not been necessary for happiness this week.

Tangible souvenirs of the trip ranged from moss-covered branches for making Ming trees and wild flowers gathered on our hike to "buddy sticks" with hearts already carved on them by nature. Visible also were peeling arms and noses.

Tired though we were as we relaxed at the end of our journey, we all began planning eagerly for a similar trip next year. Never before had we had a vacation like this one! Never again would we let a summer pass without hoping and planning for another!

A Double Blessing

From page 10

and making up tunes before learning to play by note. And like all little girls, she never tired of playing house and, in a small way, copied what she had seen mother do, telling her dolls stories, and

scolding or praising them, whatever the occasion demanded in her imaginative mind.

Because both girls were so different in nature and disposition, Mrs. Butler would often have to come to the rescue of such problems as "Shall we play house or climb trees?" Mother would say, "Jean, you play house with Marie for a while; and then, Marie, you play whatever Jean wants to play." In this way she taught them to be unselfish and to share their fun with each other.

Bedtime was one of the best times of all for Jean and Marie, for they did so much enjoy their Sabbath school lessons and all the stories of Jesus, and it seemed to them that no one else in the whole world could make them as interesting as mother. And so, many times Mrs. Butler would have to tell several bedtime stories before they said their prayers, which they would repeat after her. They did not pray a form prayer, but they prayed as if they were praying to a friend who was interested in everything they did and said.

Every day Dr. and Mrs. Butler dedicated their lives anew to God, that they would be of the right character to guide Jean and Marie along the narrow pathway of life and truth. Their motto was, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

It was this desire "to train up a child in the way he should go" that made them feel that they would send the girls to church school, if it was at all in their power. There Christian education could be obtained in full accord with the principles of right living that had been taught at home.

Although there were many problems, both parents were willing to sacrifice to see their desires and hopes realized.

For the first two or three years their teacher stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Butler and drove back and forth to a neighboring town about fifteen miles away, where a thriving church school had been estab-

lished. Later on, a small church school was opened in their own home church. It was not very conveniently situated, and Mrs. Butler had to drive sixty miles a day going back and forth. The church rented an abandoned country school, remodeled it, and used it for a church school. But after the church repaired it, the public decided to reopen it to use for its children. This happened more than once. And so the time came when the church couldn't find a school to rent. Dr. and Mrs. Butler offered several rooms of their home to be used as a temporary schoolhouse until a new building could be built. It was here that Jean and Marie finished their last two years of elementary schooling.

Jean and Marie are both attending a Christian academy and are planning on furthering their education at a Christian college so as to prepare themselves to be workers in God's great vineyard.

Jean is very fond of children, so has a goal of being a teacher, either elementary or secondary, and Marie wishes to use her musical talent in some way and also be a Bible instructor. In some way they want to repay by their lives the many blessings that have been theirs from One who watches and cares for His own, and also to fulfill their foster mother's prayer request: "That they may be workers for Thee."

Autobiography of a Chapel Organ

From page 8

last our house was livable, and we could move in. I had heard about sod houses; in fact some of our neighbors, when we first arrived in Oklahoma, lived in sod houses. But I never saw one until we moved into our own. Mrs. Edwards had remarked on more than one occasion that she hoped never to have to live in a sod house. I was

The Penguins, No. 3 — By Harry Baerg

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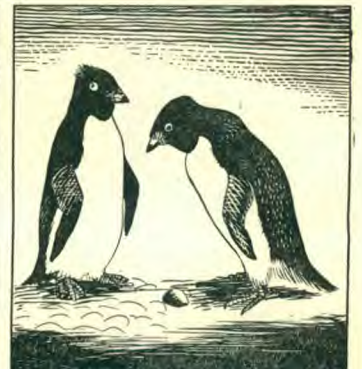
1. In the courting procedure the male picks up a pebble from a last year's nest and drops it before the female he has chosen as his prospective mate. This is his way of proposing to her.



2. When the male has done this, he straightens up and appears immensely pleased with himself. The female, on the other hand, usually looks unimpressed and eyes him disdainfully.



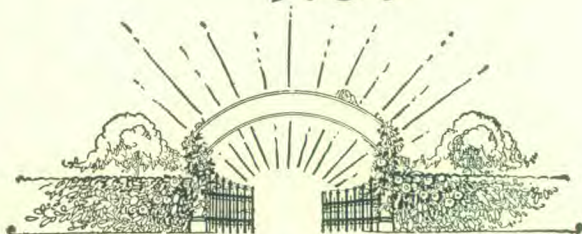
3. Then she pecks the proud suitor and unmercifully belabors him. He does not resist. In a fishwife's language, she appears to tell him just what she thinks of him and his gift.



4. The humbled wooer seems quite crestfallen and hangs his head. This changed attitude on his part affects his prospective bride. She appears to relent and the quarrel is soon over.



Aids to Daily Devotions During 1954



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By G. H. MINCHIN

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NEW

THE MORNING WATCH for JUNIOR YOUTH

The utility of the senior *Morning Watch* Calendar has been adapted in this new publication, an aid to daily worship for junior boys and girls. The Bible verse selections are from familiar scriptures, easy to memorize, and of special significance in the building of character and the cultivating of all the cherished Christian virtues. It will serve the long-recognized need for a daily devotional guide in church schools, JMV Societies, and the family circle. Printed throughout in attractive colors. Mailing envelope included.



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What more appropriate date and Bible text reminder could be hung on your kitchen or bedroom wall than this attractive four-color church calendar with a different picture for each month and an appropriate scripture promise for each day. Its overall size is 11 by 18 inches and its pictures 8 by 10 inches. The cover picture this year is a beautiful reproduction of Calderon's *Ruth and Naomi*. It has Sabbath sunset tables and the special campaign dates of the church.

PRICE, 50c

MORNING WATCH CALENDAR

Increasingly popular as a daily memory verse guide and as an excellent substitute for holiday greeting cards, the annual *Morning Watch* Calendar is fulfilling a unique service in Adventist homes. The 1954 edition has a lovely four-color reproduction of a garden scene from the old Sunny Lea Farm on the Mohawk Trail. Kept alongside your Bible, it will prove as always a stimulus to methodical daily worship. Mailing envelopes furnished.

PLAIN, 10c; DE LUXE, 25c



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ORDER OF YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

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therefore prepared for the worst. Really it was quite nice—after it was plastered and the ceiling and partitions were all put in. With pretty, crisp, ruffled curtains at the windows, whose broad ledges held blooming house plants, pictures hanging on the walls and rag rugs on the pine floors, it was very cheery and homelike. When summer came there were climbing balsam, cypress, and morning-glory vines all across the front and sides of the house. The natural grass, well cared for, formed a beautiful lawn, and beds of lovely blooming flowers produced a riot of color and beauty from early spring till late autumn. Then in the winter, when icicles, hanging from the eaves, formed glistening stalactites, which were met by icy stalagmite cones rising from the ground to form solid columns, they were a gorgeous sight, especially when covered with a fresh fall of snow. I learned that a sod house, summer or winter, could be a thing of beauty. Some of my happiest days were spent there.

Of course we were too far away to see Maye and her family very often; and since there were no other Sabbathkeepers living near, we had our own home Sabbath school. And though now Olive and Alice were away part of the time working, I was not lonely, for Jewell and Lucille sang together a great deal. Calvin and the older boys were home much of the time evenings, so there was still plenty of music in our house. Weekends usually brought the whole family together, and almost every Sunday, Uncle Ed and Aunt Maybelle would come over from their home nearby. Then we would really put on some genuine concerts. Uncle Ed was not religious, but he did like good music, and he especially loved singing hymns. I remember once hearing him say that for real harmony no other music, to his mind, could equal that majestic hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Strange—I do not understand it—but so far as I know Uncle Ed never became a follower of the One whose praises he loved so well to sing. Aunt Maybelle was Mrs. Edwards' youngest sister and an accomplished musician. I can still seem to see her with her lovely red-gold curls and eyes of sky blue. She and Jewell used to take turns playing the accompanying music for the song fest.

By this time Mr. Edwards with his two sons had acquired a complete grain harvesting and threshing outfit. This necessitated the keeping of many hired hands, so that during the summer months there was often a group of young men boarding at the home.

Evenings they used to gather in the living room with the family, while Jewell and I entertained them with instrumental music. Or perhaps there was singing—solos, duets, trios and quartets, or group singing. I was very popular those days, but I never let my popularity turn my head. Humbly I did my part in maintaining a happy household group.

Life in the sod house was never dull or uninteresting. It was there that Alice married, the fall that she was twenty. Her husband joined her in the colporteur work. In fact it was at a colporteur institute held in Oklahoma City and attended by Olive and Alice that Alice first met her future husband. He was very fond of singing, so he fitted into our family circle very well indeed.

The following autumn Olive was married and went to live in a faraway Northwestern State. I had often seen her husband, for he had a homestead a few miles from our place. He had supposed that he was the only Sabbathkeeper in that section of the country, where he alternately farmed and sold third-angel's-message-filled literature. Hearing of our family shortly after we moved into the community, he hunted us up, and often after that he joined us in our home Sabbath school.

Olive was our chief soloist then, and her beautiful voice was greatly missed when she went away. Jewell, our alto singer, now became our soloist. She taught music summers in a neighboring town, so was frequently away from home during the week. But I was not entirely neglected, for Mrs. Edwards, now quite frail, but courageously active still, divided her spare time between me and her garden and flowers.

Lucille used to come into the room in the twilight, and before the lamps were lighted she would play, soft and low, in a rather unaccustomed hand, the few songs she knew by heart. I still recollect them: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," "All for Jesus," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee." I used to love those twilight visits of the rather quiet, brown-eyed girl, whose love for music showed in her gentle touch rather than in her actual accomplishment as a musician. Olive and her husband, a few months after their marriage, were sent to the British Isles, where William was to take charge of the book sales work for that union conference. Before leaving for New York, where they would embark on an Atlantic Ocean voyage to their new field of labor, they came home from the Northwest for a visit with us.

One or two incidents occurring during that visit are indelibly etched upon my memory. First, an old-time friend of Mr. Edwards came to spend a few days at our home. He was a man slightly younger than Mr. Edwards, but in the prime of his life he had become a dope addict. Eventually the habit was overcome; but not before the narcotic had wrecked his health, and while Mr. Edwards was still a strong, hearty, vigorous man in his fifties, his friend appeared to be feeble and old. His hair was silver white, and his hands shook as with palsy. He had a kind face that bore traces of great suffering. One day while wandering about the house he paused as he came near me to run his

slender white fingers over the keyboard. Such strains of music as he produced! I marveled that these frail hands could play such tremendous chords and harmonies. But there was in all his music a wild, eerie quality that told of the turmoil and suffering of his years of struggle with the vice that so nearly wrecked his whole life. After playing for some time music that almost broke my heart with its intense feeling, suddenly he leaned back, closed his eyes, and the music changed to a soft chord. Then he began singing in a strangely sweet, very appealing tenor voice, a song I have never forgotten.

"Companions draw nigh; they say I must die;
Early the summons has come from on high.
The way is so dark and yet I must go.
O that such sorrow you never may know!"

"O will you not bow, and pray with me now?
Sad the regret, We have never learned how
To come before Him who only can save,
Leading in triumph through death and the grave."

"O will you not sing a song of His love,
How He came down from the mansions
above
To suffer and die on Calvary's tree
Bringing salvation to sinners like me?"

And then the pleading refrain:

"Only a prayer, only a tear;
O if sister or mother were here!
Only a song to comfort and cheer,
Only a word from that Book so dear."

The song continued on, to this sad conclusion:

"Alas it is so, and yet it must be,
No words of comfort or promise for me,
To die without God, or hope in His Son
Covered with darkness, bereaved, and undone!"

It seemed that he was singing his very own experience! Tears rolled down the visitor's pale, thin cheeks. He seemed utterly unconscious that anyone was listening. Never do I expect to hear such singing again.

As he sang, Olive, who had always been such a home-loving girl, stole away to her room, and burying her face in the pillows wept silently, touched by the pensive beauty of the song as sung by our strange guest. The fact that she would be leaving us in a few days, to be gone for years, so far from the home folks she held so dear, probably caused the tears, but it was the sad, sweet music that had unlocked the floodgate of her feelings to let the healing tears flow freely.

Another picture I recall. It was Sabbath, the last Sabbath that Olive and her William were spending at home before leaving for New York and then London. All the family were at home, and there had been a great deal of singing. Then someone called for the song "The Missionary's Farewell," which had long been a family favorite.

All went well for the first few lines, then one after another the voices grew

tremulous and began dropping out, till Olive alone was carrying bravely on. Then came that most pathetic clause:

"Father, mother, darling child,
I must bid you all adieu;
Far across the waters wild,
There's a work for me to do.

"Let me go, I cannot stay,
'Tis the Master calling me;
Let me go, I must obey;
Native land, farewell to thee."

Suddenly the rich, strong young voice broke, and then my tones were the only ones heard while tears were falling. Jewell carried on the accompaniment to the very end. But I felt her warm tears dropping softly on my keys as she played. Olive never came back to the old home again while I was there. When finally she with her husband and children did return to the States years later, it was to spend some months in labor in the Southland before returning to Oklahoma. But things were not the same.

The old sod house was only a memory. Near where it had stood a new house had been built by Mr. Edwards. Then later the family had moved far away to the Western Panhandle land. But I did not go with them, for before that time I went to live with Maye in her home. But that is getting ahead of my story.

Continued next week

MV Youth in Action

From page 9

in the Adventist Church. Two young children, who had studied the Bible course through Your Story Hour, were also presented to the youth assembly.

Pastor B. H. McMahon, Trans-Tasman Union youth leader, presented to the congress the MV Legion of Honor, a new feature.

More than two hundred young people stood immediately, indicating their desire to pledge to honor God in all that they behold, read, listen to, and speak, and in all their choice of associations and places where they may go.

A challenge to young people's leaders was made by Pastor E. J. Johanson, associate secretary of the Australasian Division. He called for them to promise to hold high the torch of truth. To this they each responded. Soon the individual lights were aflame, and the world chart was again fully lighted. What a moving sight it was to see almost fifteen hundred people then arise and take the pledge, with their hands lifted high, promising to carry aloft the torch of truth!

The evening program, after the screening of new religious films and choir and band items, led all to the crossroads of life in the soul-stirring program, "Youth at the Crossroads." Sport, fame, education,

and wealth pulled at the Christian, but they all were seen to be worthless compared with the life eternal. Hearts could not but be touched as the hymns, "Two Ways for Travelers," "Take My Life and Let It Be," and "He Died of a Broken Heart," were beautifully sung.

But this was not the end; it was proving to be only the happy beginning of a new spirit among Sydney Adventist youth.

Sunday saw 250 young people heading for Avondale in special carriages on a fast train. Fellowship lunch, meeting friends, seeing the coronation film, *A Queen Is Crowned*, and a glimpse of our missionary training ground no doubt remain as bright spots in the second day of the youth festival.

Interest had been strongly aroused, and the congress spirit burned brightly each night as groups of from sixty to ninety young people, in the sanitarium café, joined in the evening snack, watching most inspirational religious films, singing the congress choruses, and responding to the powerful words of selected speakers. Others at Wahroonga followed like meetings.

Best of all were the prayer bands. The ultimate was being reached as many consecrated their lives in service, praying fervently for stronger faith and power. Here we were seeing the results of our congress. With hearts aflame for Christ, they go forth to share their faith, to hold aloft the torch of truth in their homes, factories, and offices, and with every associate.

This Same Jesus, Our Lord and Christ

From page 6

my income and twenty-five cents a week to the Missionary Volunteer Society, when I have done that I need do no more. But if I am motivated by the love of Jesus Christ, there is not one nickel that I possess and not one of my talents that cannot be considered in the light of my devotion to Him.

But you ask, How are we to possess such love? It is not human to love like this. All ways of seeking love have just one thing in common: that of putting one's self in the presence of the lovable. Jesus is the world's greatest lover. It is in fellowship with Jesus that we come to learn the quality of true love. We must learn to place ourselves in His presence, where we can understand His great love for us.

"Often the youth cherish objects, pursuits, and pleasures that may not appear to be evil, but that fall short of the highest standard. They divert the life from its noblest aim. Arbitrary measures or direct denunciation may not avail in leading these youth to relinquish that which they hold dear. Let them be directed to something better. . . . Lead them to behold the One 'altogether lovely.' When once the gaze is fixed upon Him the life finds its center. The enthusiasm, the generous devotion, the passionate ardor of the youth find here their true object. Duty becomes a delight, and sacrifice a pleasure. To honor Christ, to become like Him, to work for Him, is the life's highest ambition and its greatest joy. 'The love of Christ constraineth.'"

Mrs. White further declares that it would be well for all of us to spend a thoughtful hour each day in the contemplation of the life of Christ. Why do we need time each day for reflection on the life of Christ? Because it is in His life and particularly in His death that we see the marvelous manifestation of the love of God.

When Christ cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" was the Father demanding the payment for the broken law? Was the Father demanding the ransom? Was the Son enduring injustice from His Father? Was the Father inflicting a wrong upon His innocent Son?

No, the Father and the Son are bound together. As co-Creators of all of us they were suffering for the sins of their beloved children that they brought into the world. Your sins and mine were being placed upon one member of the Trinity. It caused an interruption between the Father and the Son, and there came between the Father and the Son a sense of eternal separation. So terrible was this feeling that the physical heart of one of them was ruptured because of it.

They claimed the right to suffer for the

WILL YOU BE THERE?

OCTOBER 31—

MV Crusader Rally—Louisville, Kentucky.

NOVEMBER 7—

MV Crusader Rally—Orlando, Florida.
Associated MV Societies of Eastern Oklahoma—Tulsa, Oklahoma.

NOVEMBER 14—

MV Crusader Rally—Atlanta, Georgia.

NOVEMBER 21—

Fall Talent Festival—Civic Auditorium, Pasadena, California.
MV Crusader Rally—Collegedale, Tennessee.

DECEMBER 12—

MV Crusader Rally—Raleigh, North Carolina.

Send listings of association meetings, rallies, congresses, and Senior camps for "Will You Be There?" at least six weeks in advance to the editor of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

children they had brought into the world—you and me. Don't ever forget: the ability to love is the ability to suffer. And if you have never lost a loved one, you don't understand what that means. Here was an experience that is utterly foreign to God, and here was the apparent abandonment of one member of the Trinity to eternal separation.

Of His chosen disciples and of His followers, of the thousands He had blessed and cured, not one was there to espouse His cause. No one was there who dared step out and say in the face of that infuriated crowd, "I know that man; I know Him to be the purest and the kindest, the greatest and the best of men. Crucify Him not. If you must crucify Him, then you must crucify me with Him."

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Were you there by Pilate when He was a coward? Were you there in Peter, the man who was afraid to witness for Jesus Christ? Were you there in the soldiers who just did their duty? Were you there in that crowd who cried, "Crucify him"? I was there, but it was not until I realized that I was there that I came to understand what it means to be saved by the love of God who died for me.

It is only those who know how love has saved them that can possibly respond to that kind of love.

"O, let thy love my heart constrain,—
Thy love, for every sinner free,—
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that rescued me,
That all mankind his love may prove—
That sovereign, everlasting love."
—CHARLES WESLEY.

To put ourselves in the presence of the world's greatest Lover means more than spending a thoughtful hour each day contemplating His love. When you fall in love it takes every part of you. When you come into the presence of the One altogether lovely, to fall in love with Him means that He must take all there is of you.

Nicodemus came to Jesus by night, and he said, "I accept that you are a rabbi and a great teacher. I accept that you come from God and that God is with you. That much I am willing to acknowledge." He was not contemplating any changes.

And Jesus looked at him and said, "Nicodemus, you need to be born again."

He wanted to have Jesus as any other religious leader did, but the one thing required of him he did not expect.

The rich young ruler came to Jesus and said, "I accept you, Jesus, as a teacher. As a matter of fact, you are the best teacher that I have ever known. I think you are the best preacher I have ever listened to. It would be wonderful to have you as the pastor of my church." He was not contemplating any major changes either.

And Jesus said to him, "Young man,

sell all that thou hast and give to the poor."

The one thing that the rich young ruler did not expect—that was it. He wouldn't accept it, and therefore Jesus could not become his Lord.

You will find in the presence of His wonderful love that there is neither excuse nor apology for the kind of life that many of us live, for the littleness and the irritation and the pointlessness that go into our daily lives.

You will find as you come into the presence of Jesus Christ there is permanent rebuke for selfishness and hate and pride and worldliness. You will find there the true motivation for a complete cleansing and power to live out the Missionary Volunteer Motto and Aim.

We shall find in the presence of Jesus Christ the power to remove irreverence from our churches and the callousness and indifference to our Lord from our hearts.

The Missionary Volunteer Motto and Aim and plan and purpose, if I know anything, raise no casual shrine in your life. They can rest with nothing less than that Christ shall be Lord in every part of your experience.

We may not have been the subjects of our Lord Jesus Christ as we should have been. But it is time for the world to know that the paramount claims that Jesus has upon our loyalty are such that the glory of our sovereigns in the world and other dictators pale before the rule of the love of Jesus Christ and His kingship.

May the world know that the love we bear for our Lord is greater than the affection that we bear for anybody else or anything else. The world must know that the love we bear for our Lord is greater than that the mother cherishes for her helpless babe at her breast, a stronger passion than the miser feels for the yellow gold that he clutches.

Then let us acknowledge Christ as Lord. Let Christ write the MV Motto and the Pledge deep within our hearts. And everywhere there will be thousands of Missionary Volunteers who rather than renounce their Lord will renounce their life. Let love triumph this day and every day.

As we behold our beloved Lord this morning in the heavenly sanctuary seated on the throne with His Father, let our love declare: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember Thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."¹ And if I do not own Thee as the Lord of my life, let me know no freedom. Give me Thy abundant grace this day to declare to the world that the love of Christ constraineth me.

¹ Acts 2:36, 37.

² See Rom. 10:9.

³ Phil. 2:9-11, R.S.V.

⁴ Matt. 7:21; Luke 6:46.

⁵ 1 Cor. 12:31.

⁶ Gal. 5:22, 23.

⁷ Education, pp. 296, 297.

⁸ Ps. 137:5, 6.

In a South Pacific Kingdom

From page 11

To be on a dot of land without any of the home associations and conveniences, facing possible sickness from strange tropical fevers, took courage too. But they had no thought of ever returning to America.

"We went to the islands expecting to remain there until the Lord came," they told friends afterward, "and we went for the purpose of helping the island people prepare for His coming."

Today the islands have radio communication with the rest of the world. There was none then. There was no transoceanic telephone or telegraph. They were not without mail though. A British steamer arrived every month, and when boxes of supplies came with the letters, the missionaries' hearts were doubly cheered.

On that first Friday afternoon they set out to find a place to stay and to obtain provisions for the Sabbath. They discovered that some English people from Auckland, New Zealand, kept a store in Nukualofa. These people were friendly and helped them find a place where they could stay for the weekend. In due time they were settled permanently.

"I think I'll try teaching school," Mrs. Hilliard told her husband one day. "We may influence parents through their children. While you're studying Tongan I'll teach English. Perhaps I'll learn Tongan that way."

The school was opened in the living room of their home, with one pupil. The second day two came. The number increased to fifty-five; then the school outgrew its quarters and a separate building for it became a necessity.

That first year brought trials as well as blessings. A hurricane, an earthquake, and sickness tested the courage of the missionaries. Under cover of darkness stealthy natives crept to open windows and stole whatever was within reach. Sheets disappeared mysteriously from their clothesline, and the feathers of their best laying hen were found scattered around the hen coop.

"We can't expect the people to learn if we give up," they said to each other. "If we're faithful, the Lord will work in and through us."

One afternoon when the last pupil had gone home, Pastor Hilliard said to his wife, "I have a surprise for you. You'd never guess, and I can't wait to tell you. King George Tubou is going to send his three nephews to our school!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed. It was all she could say for a minute, then she asked, "How do you know? Who told you? Are you sure it's true?"

"He sent a messenger here today to talk it over with me. The man spoke English well, and he told me that another school is being opened here, but the king

prefers to send his nephews to us. I'm sure, because he paid me the first month's tuition. They will begin tomorrow."

The nephews came, and the king was pleased. This was a wonderful recommendation. Chiefs followed the king's example and sent their children to the new mission school. Today some of these are leaders in the island kingdom.

All the pupils attended Sabbath school every Sabbath and delighted in learning the memory verses in both Tongan and English. They also memorized the books of the Bible, the Lord's prayer, and the Ten Commandments in both languages. They loved the Bible stories and studies, and they seemed especially interested in the texts on the state of the dead. No longer need they fear ghosts of the departed. They learned the uselessness of lighting bonfires to keep evil spirits away on the occasion of a death, and of keeping lighted lamps all around the house for the same purpose. They told their parents, and the parents came to Sabbath services too.

Pastor and Mrs. Hilliard took two children, a boy and a girl, into their home, and of these Pastor Hilliard wrote at that time:

"We would take more of these native children, but our home is not large enough to accommodate them. It is a real feast to hear them pray at the morning and evening worship. One evening the little boy made the following prayer: 'O Lord, we thank Thee for taking care of us all day. We thank Thee for our Sabbath school. Help us all to be good, so that we can go to heaven and see Paul, whom we have been learning about in our Sabbath school lessons, and talk with him about his being in prison, and with Peter and John and all the good people. Help us to be good in school, and not do any naughty things. Help us when we read the Bible to understand what we are reading about, for Jesus' sake. Amen.'"

"We love these children, and are trying to teach them the Holy Scriptures, hoping that in time they may be able to do something for the people around them. We are anxious to see these people break the cords of iniquity that are holding them so tightly."

The alertness of Tongan children impressed the missionaries. One afternoon Pastor Hilliard and a little Tongan boy, Taimani, which is the Tonganized form of "diamond," were out gathering wood when the sunset cannon was fired. Taimani's mind was on something else, and it startled him. He jumped. Jokingly Pastor Hilliard asked, "Where did it hit you, Diamond?"

"In the ear," was Taimani's prompt answer.

When the *Pitcairn* came in 1896 it brought company and assistance for the Hilliards. Pastor and Mrs. E. S. Butz, who had been with them on the voyage from America, had spent the year on

Pitcairn Island, and they now came on to Tonga. They brought two young Pitcairn Island women with them, Maria and Sara Young. Pastor and Mrs. Hilliard took Sara into their home, and the Butzes kept Maria. These girls proved to be of valuable assistance in mission work, especially in caring for the sick.

With the arrival of these persons, the first stage of pioneering ended, but Pastor and Mrs. Hilliard kept more busy than before, as the work grew.

An event that caused excitement throughout Tonga at this time was the marriage of the King, George Tubou II. The island was brought to the verge of civil war because the king's parliament objected to his choice and wished him to marry a girl of higher rank. No nation of Europe ever carried its ideas of rank to a more precise point than do the proud Tongans. Feeling ran high on both sides. Eventually the king's word settled the dispute. The wedding ceremony was performed with pomp and pageantry. Cannons were fired in a royal salute. It was a gala day in Nukualofa.

The missionaries were happy to accept an invitation to the wedding. This strengthened friendship and favor for their work. Later Maria was privileged to serve in the royal household as nurse. She counted it an opportunity.

Today there is a fine army of Adventist youth in Tonga. The school that began in Pastor and Mrs. Hilliard's home with one pupil is now replaced by Beulah Missionary School and several primary schools. They have an enrollment of four hundred. On one occasion the students, marching to the music of brass bands, helped form a guard of honor for Queen Salote in opening parliament.

These young people show a keen interest in Missionary Volunteer classes and activities. At one of the annual conferences in Nukualofa, twenty-seven Tongan Junior youth were invested, and the Tongan church school teacher, Seini (Jane) Moala, was invested as a Master Guide.

The investiture was a campfire meeting in the beautiful out-of-doors. While the song "O Set the Campfire Burning" rose from sixty throats, the fires representing the Friends, Companions, Guides, and Master Guides were lighted. One of the boys gave a talk explaining how we can listen to God's word by listening to the songs of the birds. His talk was followed by a song, "Listen to the Songbirds Sing." The boys whistled, representing the birds, while the girls sang. The JMV leader said, "This song was the talk of the meeting; it was sung so beautifully and the whistling was just wonderful. If the song had been whistled only, without the singing, you would have thought the real birds were doing it."

During the years that have come and gone since those pioneer days in Tonga, many missionaries have contributed to the

development of the work. Dr. and Mrs. M. G. Kellogg went there from Australia in 1897, and scores of others have followed.

Pastor and Mrs. Hilliard were called from Tonga to pioneer organized mission work on the island of Tasmania, and Pastor Hilliard was elected the first president of that conference. They now rest from their labors. Maria and Sara Young also have passed to their rest. Maria married an English trader who became a charter member of the church in Nukualofa. Of them it can be said, "Their works do follow them," for the influence of their godly lives continues. Their son is an active member of the church in their adopted island. Pastor and Mrs. Butz are still living, in Australia.

It is our privilege, yours and mine, to help finish the work begun by the Hilliards. We can hasten the day when "the isles, and the inhabitants thereof" shall "sing unto the Lord a new song," when the kings and queens of earth shall bring their glory to the coronation of King Jesus in the New Jerusalem.



Senior Youth Lesson

VI—Symbolic Bread

(November 7)

MEMORY VERSE: John 6:35.

LESSON HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 660, 661.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey entire lesson.
 2. Ques. 1-4.
 3. Ques. 5-8.
 4. Ques. 9-11.
 5. Ques. 12, 13; memorize John 6:35.
 6. Read *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 660, 661.
 7. Review entire lesson.
1. What two things did Jesus do before giving the bread to His disciples? What was done to Jesus' body? Matt. 26:26; 1 Cor. 11:24.
"Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it."
"And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat."
 2. What kind of sacrifice does God desire? Ps. 51:17.
"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Bread, Temporal and Spiritual

3. For what did Jesus teach His disciples to ask? What is the experience of those who serve Him? Matt. 6:11; Ps. 37:25.

"Give us this day our daily bread."
"I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

NOTE.—"The cross of Calvary is stamped on every loaf. It is reflected in every water-spring. All this Christ has taught in appointing the emblems of His great sacrifice. The light shining from that communion service in the upper chamber makes sacred the provisions for our daily life. The family board becomes as the table of the Lord, and every meal a sacrament."
—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 660.

4. Through the gift of the manna, what vital

lesson was taught to ancient Israel? Deut. 8:3. (Compare Matt. 4:4.)

"And he humbled thee, . . . and fed thee with manna . . . ; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."

Receiving and Giving Bread

5. What is promised to those who hunger for spiritual food? Matt. 5:6.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

6. What is the Christian's duty to the poor and the needy? What will be the result of such liberality? Isa. 58:7; Eccl. 11:1.

"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked that thou cover him."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

NOTE.—"All around us are heard the wails of a world's sorrow. On every hand are the needy and distressed. It is ours to aid in relieving and softening life's hardships and misery. The wants of the soul, only the love of Christ can satisfy. If Christ is abiding in us, our hearts will be full of divine sympathy. The sealed fountains of earnest, Christlike love will be unsealed."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 719.

7. What three things were done with the bread and the fishes when Jesus fed the multitude? John 6:11.

"Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down; and likewise of the fishes as much as they would."

NOTE.—First He gave thanks for the food, then He broke it and distributed it to the disciples, and then the disciples distributed it to the people. This is a fitting example of how we are to pass on to others the blessings that God gives to us.

8. What command did Jesus give to Peter that illustrates how we should pass on the bread of life to others? John 21:15, 16.

"Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. . . . Feed my sheep."

The Living Bread

9. Who is the living Bread, and how do we receive Him? John 6:48-56.

"I am that bread of life. . . . I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. . . . Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. . . . He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him."

10. How did Jesus explain what He meant by eating His flesh and drinking His blood? Verse 63.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

NOTE.—"Fill the whole heart with the words of God. They are the living water, quenching your burning thirst. They are the living bread from heaven. Jesus declares, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.' And He explains Himself by saying, 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.' Our bodies are built up from what we eat and drink; and as in the natural economy, so in the spiritual economy: it is what we meditate upon that will give tone and strength to our spiritual nature."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 93.

11. What two uses did the apostle Paul tell us to make of the Word? 2 Tim. 2:15; 4:2.

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God." "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine."

NOTE.—"Men of ability have devoted a lifetime of study and prayer to the searching of the Scriptures, and yet there are many portions of the Bible that have not been fully explored. Some passages of Scripture will never be perfectly comprehended until in the future life Christ shall explain them. There are mysteries to be unraveled, statements that human minds cannot harmonize."—*Gospel Workers*, p. 312.

12. What kind of famine was foretold by the prophet Amos? Amos 8:11.

"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord."

NOTE.—"In that day, multitudes will desire the shelter of God's mercy which they have so long despised."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 629. How important that we fill our minds with the Word of God now while we have our Bibles, in order that in the time of trouble we shall not be among that number who shall be "wandering from sea to sea, and from the north to the east, to seek the Word of the Lord."

13. Of what are the righteous assured, particularly in the time of trouble? Isa. 33:15, 16.

"He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure."

Junior-YOUTH LESSON

VI—Remembering the Body of Jesus

(November 7)

LESSON TEXTS: John 6:26-34, 48-58.

MEMORY VERSE: "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." John 6:35.

Guiding Thought

If you were to go for several hours, even days, without anything to eat, what kind of food do you think you would want most? Probably a fine loaf or crisp roll of bread would appeal to you more than anything else. Bread is sometimes called the staff of life, for we depend on it so much. That is why Jesus used it as a symbol of the spiritual food we need. He took the two little loaves and five small fishes that made up a boy's lunch, asked God's blessing on them, broke them in pieces—and they stretched to feed more than five thousand people. This He did not only to show that God cares for the physical needs of His children but also to teach a most important lesson: that in order to have eternal life one must eat of the living bread, that is, accept Christ, believe in His saving power, and obey His word. It is of this lesson that we are reminded at the Lord's Supper when we eat the bread that symbolizes Christ's broken body.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Christ, the Provider

1. While the memory of seeing Jesus feed the five thousand was still fresh in the minds of the disciples, Christ taught them that spiritual food is of much greater importance than physical food. "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you." He told them. Then what did He declare Himself to be? John 6:48.

2. How necessary is it for us to take and use the spiritual bread of which Christ tells us? Verses 53-56.

NOTE.—"Fill the whole heart with the words of God. They are the living water, quenching your burning thirst. They are the living bread from heaven. . . . Our bodies are built up from what we eat and drink; and as in the natural economy, so in the spiritual economy: it is what we meditate upon that will give tone and strength to our spiritual nature."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 93.

"Those who receive and assimilate this word, making it a part of every action, of every attribute of character, will grow strong in the strength of God."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 300.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Christ Provides Us With Our Daily Bread

3. For what are we to ask God daily? Matt. 6:11.

NOTE.—"The prayer for daily bread includes not only food to sustain the body, but that spiritual bread which will nourish the soul unto life everlasting. . . . Our Saviour is the bread of life, and

it is by beholding His love, by receiving it into the soul, that we feed upon the bread which came down from heaven. We receive Christ through His Word; and the Holy Spirit is given to open the Word of God to our understanding, and bring home its truths to our hearts."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 164, 165.

4. How did David, when he was an old man, testify to the care God gives His children? Ps. 37:25.

5. Through Isaiah God gives us a wonderful promise of His care in the last days when the enemies of His children will plot to stamp and starve them out. Read this promise in Isaiah 33:15-17.

ASSIGNMENT 4

Christ Provides Us With Spiritual Food

6. What need have men always been in danger of forgetting? Deut. 8:3.

NOTE.—"As our physical life is sustained by food, so our spiritual life is sustained by the word of God. And every soul is to receive life from God's word for himself. As we must eat for ourselves in order to receive nourishment, so we must receive the word for ourselves. We are not to obtain it merely through the medium of another's mind. We should carefully study the Bible, asking God for the aid of the Holy Spirit, that we may understand His word."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 390.

7. How did Christ, by His example, teach us to be aware of the fact that spiritual bread is more important than the temporal bread we eat? Matt. 4:1-4.

8. What did Christ promise those who feel this need of spiritual food? Matt. 5:6.

ASSIGNMENT 5

The Broken Bread and Christ's Broken Body

9. What did Christ do with the bread at the Last Supper? Matt. 26:26.

10. Of what is the broken bread a symbol? 1 Cor. 11:24.

NOTE.—As Christ broke the bread at the Last Supper, He said, "This is my body, which is broken for you." As He hung upon the cross His body was indeed broken—broken for the salvation of whoever would accept His sacrifice.

11. What makes a gift or sacrifice on our part acceptable to God? Ps. 34:18.

NOTE.—As Christ's body was broken with nails, a crown of thorns, and a spear for our salvation, so our world-loving hearts must be broken with repentance, confession, and obedience before we can have a part with Christ.

ASSIGNMENT 6

Sharing the Bread

12. What did Isaiah say was the duty and privilege of those who are blessed with the gifts of God? Isa. 58:7, 8.

13. One of the principles of Christianity is to share what we receive. The light that comes from Jesus, the Light of the world, must shine from our lives also to enlighten those still in the darkness of sin. So when we are fed with the bread of life by partaking of Jesus' life and sacrifice, we have a responsibility to others. How did Jesus express this responsibility to His disciple Peter? John 21:15-17.

NOTE.—"When we pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' we ask for others as well as ourselves. And we acknowledge that what God gives us is not for ourselves alone. God gives to us in trust, that we may feed the hungry."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 163, 164.

ASSIGNMENT 7

WRITE BELOW the names of any Bible stories you can remember in which bread was miraculously provided:

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.....
.....
.....
.....

These chapters may help you: Exodus 16, 1 Kings 17, 2 Kings 4, and Matthew 14 and 15.

Greater than any of these miracles is the miracle through which Christ's broken body provides spiritual bread that imparts His nature to all who accept His sacrifice, study His Word, and conform their lives to His teachings.

► MILLIONS of acres of now almost unutilized Australian territory may be open for agricultural use by an amazingly simple reclamation project. Soil experts have discovered that productive earth must contain certain quantities of "trace elements"—minute quantities of, for instance, zinc, copper, sulfur, and molybdenum. The associate chief of Australia's Division of Plant Industry estimates that 340 million acres of unimproved land can be converted, wherever the Australian climate permits, into lush grazing ground for sheep. In the southeast of South Australia, reports *Science News Letter*, the addition of superphosphate, copper, and zinc has been found to change the ratio of productivity from one sheep to 20 acres to two sheep an acre. However, in the great deserts of central Australia, extreme aridity continues to defy agricultural development.

► LOVE, faithfulness, and devotion are no longer considered prime essentials to a happy marriage, according to a report in *This Week Magazine*. National surveys and wide-scale studies show rather that men want their wives to be good cooks and good housekeepers, and that women want their husbands above all else to be good breadwinners. Faithfulness ran a poor second. Only a small minority of those responding to the survey gave love top priority.

► THE Military Air Transport Service of the United States has in 5 years carried 1.9 million passengers almost 4 billion passenger-miles, to say nothing of carrying 316,000 tons of cargo and mail. This is the equivalent, according to *Planes*, of picking up all persons in the entire State of Kansas and depositing them—along with 632 million pounds of their personal possessions—2,000 miles away from home above the Arctic Circle.

► A WOMAN's desire for an alligator handbag may be fulfilled by a new leather kit on the market. The kit includes all the materials needed for assembling an alligator handbag, and it can be put together without special tools or previous leather-working experience.

► THE Southern Garment Manufacturers Association convention was told recently that the traditional men's business suit with matching coat, pants, and vest is fast disappearing. The trend is toward more comfortable clothes for work and leisure.

► THE State of Minnesota was owned successively by England, Spain, and France before it became a part of the United States through the Louisiana Purchase.

► MODERN hotels are being built in Karachi, the capital of Pakistan, by women carrying concrete in baskets on their heads and men shaping bricks by hand.

► ONE of a bird's three eyelids keeps the eye moist, reports *Science News Letter*, and also doubles as a light filter.

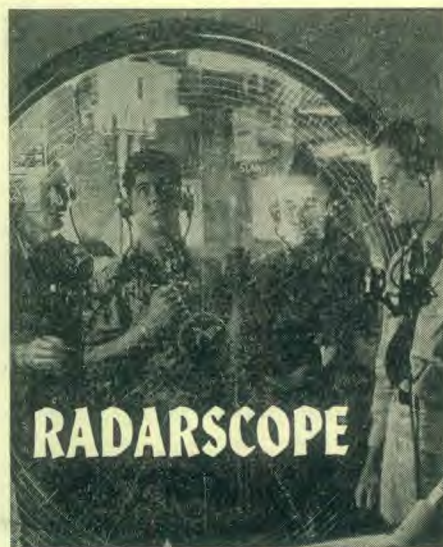
► THE type of radar that is used for coastal defense is capable of scanning 300,000 cubic miles of space.

► CANADIAN manufacturers sold more than 104,000 automobile radios in 1952.

► ALUMINUM is not found in a metallic state in nature.

► SOME 38,000 American Indian children are enrolled in Government-operated schools.

► E. LEITZ, Inc., of Wetzlar, Germany, has manufactured its 600,000th Leica camera since it began operation of the 35mm. miniature in 1924.



► THE widest streets in the United States, according to the Haskin Service, are Florida Walk, New Orleans, 438 feet; Jefferson Davis Parkway, New Orleans, 267 feet; Detroit Super Highway, 204 feet; and Claiborne Avenue, New Orleans, 191 feet.

► If brain waves are any indication, coffee has a more powerful smell than onions or camphor, for instance. Studies by two Rochester doctors using recordings of brain waves to show the responses of the olfactory nerve, reveal that greatest stimulation comes from smells of valerian, coffee, lilac perfume, cloves, benzene, peppermint, lavender, and lemon.

► "Frog breathing" is the name given to a new trick discovered by two polio patients at Rancho Los Amigos Respirator Center at Hondo, California. Using his tongue as a pump and certain muscles of throat and neck, the patient is able to gulp little mouthfuls of air down into his lungs. The trick is to swallow the mouthfuls of air into the lungs and not into the stomach. Some who have perfected the technique are able to stay out of iron lungs, tank respirators, or chest respirators from 10 to 14 hours at a time. But since "frog breathing" is not automatic, they must return to a respirator or a rocking bed at night while they sleep.

► THE work of the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., is really nationwide. Although during the 1953 fiscal year some 30,000 books and periodicals were lent to members of Congress and 104,500 to Federal agencies, a notable number were lent to other libraries in the United States. The 1,540 libraries in every State but Nevada that used the interlibrary service borrowed 17,000 books, manuscripts, and maps. The Library of Congress is proud of its record of providing the "unusual book to fill the unusual need." One library in Florida needed a book about earthworms because the town's worms, which were apparently needed for agricultural and economic reasons, were subject to a rare disease. The book sent by the Library of Congress told remedies and saved the "earthworm industry."

► A BLOODLIKE fluid actually flows through the arteries and veins of a realistic plastic mannequin at the U.S. Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Maryland. Devised by the Navy for the teaching of first aid for civil defense purposes, the mannequin can be used to demonstrate the treatment of wounds and the actual stoppage of blood. The fluid used for blood is a mixture of glycerin, water, and vegetable dye. And blood pressure is controlled by a pump system. Portions of the mannequin's body are pliable—the lips can be opened and the throat is soft enough for surgical demonstration of the insertion of tubes to aid breathing.

► EARLY estimates reveal that almost 37 million students are enrolled this year in schools of the United States. Twenty-seven million are elementary school children, 7.3 million are enrolled in secondary schools, and 2.5 million in colleges and universities. Although about 50,000 new classrooms were built last year, there is still need for 345,000 public elementary and secondary school classrooms.

► A KANSAS farmer was recently bitten by a copperhead snake while stacking his hay. The snake was in one of the bales. When the bale was opened, it was discovered that the snake had only six inches of body, the rest having been severed by the mowing machine. What was left of the snake was killed. The man recovered.

► FOR the first time in history the parliament of Denmark now includes two representatives from the arctic island of Greenland. Nine thousand persons voted in Greenland's first election.

► MORE than 1.5 million persons visit Washington, D.C., every year.

► ABOUT 80 per cent of the world's supply of mica is found in India.

Focus

Young people who dream of happy marriage may be disillusioned to learn that the foundation of the twentieth-century American home is more money than it is love, more security than faithfulness. If the husband can bring home enough money, and the wife can turn it into good food and an attractive home, then the marriage is all that can be hoped for. According to the surveys.

According to the Bible, young people's dreams are to be taken more seriously. Love, faithfulness, and devotion are divine principles. "Marriage," says the Spirit of prophecy, "will be as it were the very beginning of love. . . . The love that binds heart to heart is a foretaste of the joys of heaven."

DON YOST.