

The Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

Contrasted Effects
An Ordinary Man

DECEMBER 8, 1953

W. M. C.
NOV 3 0 '53
TAKOMA PARK, D. C.





CAA PHOTO

Be Ye Also Ready

"In the event of an enemy attack this highway may be closed." That sign on a road I recently traveled was not placed there by whim or fancy, or in an endeavor to frighten. It was placed there because the danger of an enemy attack is real and not imaginary. It was placed there because someone, somewhere, loves peace instead of war; yet that one is sensible to the fact that in a span of time not much greater than from morning breakfast to evening dinner, an enemy could leave his home base to bring destruction to any spot on our world.

There was something very matter-of-fact in the newspaper announcement about the military plane that exploded in mid-air, showering the ground with deadly missiles. According to a report credited to the Air Force public information office, it was fully armed, because it was part of the round-the-clock air defense of a major city.

So they will not have to land to load ammunition if they are in the air at the time of an emergency, the planes are fully loaded at all times, the story reported. "If they're going to do a job in case of emergency, they should be ready now," the spokesman said.

"This highway may be closed." "Be ready now." These are mighty mottoes for every Christian. In the event of temptations' attack the access highway to our hearts *must* be closed. We must "be ready now" if we would be secure in the hour of surprise.

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

1954 Have you been watching our "Coming in 1954!" announcements? They have been appearing in every issue since the October color number. Our readers in 1954 can be assured of the finest reading menu ever prepared by our worldwide corps of *Youth's INSTRUCTOR* authors. About fifty regular contributors and nearly 250 free-lance writers will present the stories, articles, poetry, and special features that have long made the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* a favorite in the homes of Seventh-day Adventists around the world.

AVIATION December 17 will mark the fiftieth anniversary of flight. Not long after that historic achievement the United States Government purchased the first heavier-than-air machine. For an eye-witness account of the test flights of the Wright brothers' airplane, watch for Thelma Wellman's center-spread story in the December 15 issue.

INVITATION Have we ever asked you to read a particular *INSTRUCTOR* story? Have we ever urged you to make any article a "must" on your reading diet? Oh, we have suggested, we have recommended, we have teased you into reading some, mayhap. But this time, we are inviting you right out to read our center spread "An Ordinary Man." The names will be unfamiliar to many of you. But put the name of your own father into this story, and feel what it does for you.

LINES The "Lines Written by a Crippled Girl" on page 6 came to us on a two-penny postal card from Orange, New Jersey. Out of the crucible of suffering comes often that heightened sense of values so easily forgot by the well and the strong.

CLARION Where is Aruba? When Theodore T. Ramsey's manuscript on *Clarion* ("How Long Is Your Faith?" p. 15) reached the *INSTRUCTOR* office, some of us had to check our maps to locate the home of the author. Aruba is one of the Netherlands possessions in the Lesser Antilles, lying some twenty miles off the northernmost tip of Venezuela, S.A.

COVER A howling wind and falling snow outside only add to the warmth of the fireplace, when young people get together. An H. A. Roberts photo.

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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Should he save his packing boxes with the thought of leaving college? It was hard to ignore the

DOLLAR SIGNS

By CAROL A. RHODES

BRUCE, if you will stay here for three more months," proposed Mr. Wilson, placing his hand on Bruce's shoulder, "you will be assigned manager of this store, or of one like it. Your salary will begin at seventy-five dollars a week, with a raise for each of the three months following. You will then receive a guaranteed wage of ninety dollars a week, plus commissions. This will amount to about five thousand dollars a year."

Mr. Wilson glanced around the store. Raising his eyebrows, he continued, "After all, lad, I never went to college, and look where I am!"

A bewildered Bruce gazed out into the busy thoroughfare. He stared at the shop across the street, seeing nothing. The employer's last statement resounded in his ears. "I never went to college, and look where I am!"

Bruce worked in this large, new supermarket on Main Street in Kinley. It was an attractive building. The interior was kept immaculate; the floors were scrubbed every night; the shelves were always in perfect order; the packages of frozen corn, peas, and mixed vegetables looked as though they were standing for inspection. The personnel tried, and succeeded, in living up to its reputation—it was the "friendly store."

For some time Bruce had been employed here. His job was to keep the shelves in order and to run a cash register on busy days. Mr. Wilson was fond of him and encouraged him to continue in the store. "Bruce," remarked his employer, "you know the routine and you fit well into this line of business."

The proposition offered to Bruce troubled him. He had considered going to college. Now his going appeared doubtful. Why should he go to college when he could earn more money in one year working in the store than he would pay out for his entire college education.

"I could purchase that new car I've been wanting," he thought, "and I could certainly use some new clothes."

This was a difficult decision for an eighteen-year-old to make.

Bruce had been reared in a Seventh-day Adventist home where high ideals and standards were taught and lived. During his early childhood, although many times he had only bread and tomatoes to eat, it was as common to talk of Christian education as it was to put on shoes. The goal of obtaining a Christian education had been placed almost first in the activities of the Nelson home. Although there were many reasons for Bruce's staying at home, yet there was that pull to go on. Three older children were in college at the time.

Would he do right in breaking this family tradition?

Even though he was undecided about going himself, Bruce would expound to his friends, "Every Christian young person should have at least one year of college. You need the Christian environment and association."

Bruce turned to his work with more enthusiasm. The store seemed to take on a new look. Dollar signs flashed momentarily on the shelves as he placed new stock on them. But the thought of going to college still possessed him, and he finally prepared to go.

It was a reluctant young Bruce who finally packed his boxes, and with the last good-bys and handclaps, was off to college.

"Fifteen fifty-six," emphasized the professor, "was the Battle of . . ."

"What does this have to do with the twentieth century?" Bruce mumbled to himself. The only numbers he could see were ninety dollars a week.

And in the cafeteria, "The same mashed potatoes, the same parsleyed cottage cheese, the same vegetables. I'm certainly not going to discard my packing boxes yet," he exclaimed. And again dollar signs flickered before his eyes as he thought of his mother's cooking.

Bruce braved the rigid routine until Thanksgiving, then three more weeks until Christmas, and soon the semester ended. In March his indifferent attitude



CAREW, FROM MONKMEYER

Bruce turned to his work with enthusiasm. The store seemed to take on a new look. Dollar signs flashed momentarily on the shelves as he placed new stock on them, and almost covered up everything else.

disappeared. "Only a few months of school are left, and I must settle down," he contended with himself. He began to fall more in line with the ideals of a Christian college.

During a colporteur rally at the college, Bruce made some definite decisions. No persuasion was needed to encourage him to canvass. He was inspired to go, and with positiveness he signed the contract to canvass during the approaching summer. The business proposal in his hometown grocery store was of the dim past now.

However, only a short time after he had made his decision, he received a letter from his former store manager boss. Momentarily his colporteur plans began to fade, and those dollar signs again flitted before his eyes. Mr. Wilson was urging

him to return to the store on an assured salary. But Bruce had made his decision. No, he would not return to the store. There was this new adventure, and he was determined to keep one hand on the brief case and the other hand in God's.

The young colporteur encountered many thrilling experiences in his work. As he went from door to door, he met different types of people, from the man who puts the core in flashlight batteries to the man who puts the filling in teeth. These people lived in houses from the squalid one-room apartment type to the sprawling country mansion type. Their problems varied from those of the man who feared the atom bomb to those of the woman whose husband had been killed.

One woman interrupted Bruce's canvass with, "Why is there so much strife and

turmoil in the world today?" After conversing with her about insecurity in the world, he showed her from the Bible various reasons for the many hardships. Experiences such as this one strengthened the faith of those he canvassed and, in turn, established more firmly his own faith and convictions. He realized the deep desires of individuals today. Though living in sin, they are yearning for something solid to which they may cling.

"Souls are dying without hope," Bruce thought to himself, "a hope I thank God for. Just think of the opportunities I could have missed for ninety dollars a week."

He no longer saves his packing boxes with the thought of leaving college. He no longer has visions of dollar signs. He sees the needs of sin-stricken and helpless humanity.



The Long Short Cut

By BETTY G. DAVENPORT

IN SCHOOL I learned that "the shortest distance between two points is a straight line."

Now, in geometry that is most important to know, but along the road of life, sometimes we believe it so firmly that we cannot accept any other answer.

A group of young people set out early one morning to climb a mountain. They were on vacation from school, and adventure seemed the order of the day. The sight of this mountain proved challenging as its lofty head lifted high in the early morning light. We left the cars at the foot of the trail and began the stiff climb back and forth over the switchbacks, through patches of heavy sagebrush and then through manzanita bushes, up and around rocks and boulders. Finally, after several hours, the summit was reached. There is always a glorious reaction in reaching the very top of a mountain, of standing on top of the world and looking down upon things so shortly left behind. There is recompense in the feeling of struggle well accomplished and glory in conquest.

After a time of exploration and a good

lunch we were ready for our return trip.

"The car should be right down there," someone said, pointing straight down the mountainside. "See, there's the road we came on. Let's head straight down this way and get there quicker."

Several of us had hiked a great deal and knew the inadvisability of leaving the trail, but it did seem so much shorter, and knowing the terrain fairly well we could hardly get lost.

The folly of our idea did not take long in manifesting itself, however. The sagebrush that appeared so harmless beside the trail was now almost impenetrable—not only stiff and matted and unyielding—but it scraped our legs unmercifully as we attempted to break our way through step by step. The manzanita bushes proved to be the same, only they grew higher and scratched our arms and faces as well, and cut our visibility to zero. In time we became detached from one another.

Right here we would have been sensible to admit our mistake, return to the top of the mountain, and find the trail again. However, we were on our way, and

plunged headlong through the brush, on and on. Slowly we inched our way down rocky gullies, slipping and often sliding down over steep, rocky places and on through the endless tangle of brambles and brush.

What of that straight line we were talking about? Oh, yes! Our route was as straight as possible, and we all found our way eventually to the car without serious mishap. But it had taken much, much longer than it would have had we gone by the trail. What about that "shortest distance between two points"?

Many people are so busy seeking short cuts along the way of life that they have no patience to see the way that God has planned for them. Life holds its store of sorrow, illness, or heartbreak along the way. We often seek the shortest route to avoid all this.

The safest way to our destination is to stay by the trail. We will reach our goals in life—you and me. The trail is footworn and well marked. The signpost has weathered many a storm, but the words are plainly visible: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Contrasted EFFECTS

By ALTA HILLIARD CHRISTENSEN

YOU missionaries are ruining primitive people. They are better off without Christianity."

The man who said this, Claude Bennett, was speaking to Pastor Calvin Parker, pioneer missionary on the South Pacific island of Achin, in the New Hebrides. Mr. Bennett was a graduate of Cambridge University, and had been sent by an ethnological society to the New Hebrides to study the folklore of the islanders. Religion was something he held in disdain.

"The world has advanced beyond the stage of thinking that the Bible is sacredly inspired," he went on. "Many churches nowadays are backing down on their former belief in it. Notice what leading ministers everywhere are saying about the unreliability of the Bible. They realize that we can't swallow it all as people used to. We're entering an age of enlightenment."

The two men were walking along the beach. It was southern summer, in the year 1913. Both of them were bareheaded and in shirt sleeves, but otherwise their appearance presented as great a study in contrasts as did their ideas and opinions. Bennett was short and thickset, and wore khaki shorts, but Pastor Parker was tall and slender, and was clad in gray cotton trousers.

While Mr. Bennett talked, Pastor Parker looked at the scene before them. Milelong breakers were thundering in to shore, their spray tinted with rainbow hues as they fell in foam on the wet, yellow sand. The beach was strewn with beautiful shells, no two alike. Beyond, the green heights of Malekula, which they called the mainland, rose above the narrow strip of blue ocean that separated little Achin from its mother isle.

Native gardens could be seen clearly over there, under the lacy foliage of casuarina trees. He noticed a canoe making its way across the water toward one of those gardens. As usual, a woman was paddling the raft while her husband sat idle. When they reached the shore the man jumped out first, leaving his wife

to pull the canoe up on the sand. The clothing of each was not much more than a fig leaf apiece.

Pastor Parker watched the woman pick up the canoe and carry it behind her husband far up on the Malekula beach. Evidently the man became displeased with the way she did it, for he snatched up a

have settled that question once for all in my life. I used to be an infidel. Experience has taught me how empty, vain, and hopeless the position of the atheist is. I would rather die with a hope than without one."

"These people were happy enough before the missionaries interfered with them," Mr. Bennett persisted. He spoke as though his statement was sufficient proof.

"Why did you come to Achin to begin your work?" Pastor Parker asked.

"The British commissioner at Vila advised me to. He recommended this island as the best."

"Did he give a reason?"

"He said he thought I would find Achin the safest place in the New Hebrides."

"Do you know why?"

Mr. Bennett shook his head dubiously and made no other answer.

"It is the only island in the group on which we have a permanent mission station," Pastor Parker informed him significantly, "and ours is the only mission station on the island. When Mrs. Parker and I came here a year ago, we had to face all sorts of dangers among unfriendly cannibals, but the God in whom we



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Above: More than seven hundred native delegates were present at the Seventh-day Adventist conference meeting at Nadrau, Fiji. Right: An Adventist native minister, his wife, and children.

long, heavy stick and beat her bare body unmercifully. Her cries rang out over the water, but there was nothing the missionary or anyone else could do about it. Mr. Bennett seemed not to notice.

Finally the stick broke in the beating, and the man threw it away. The woman went to the garden and began work. Her husband lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

"These islands," Pastor Parker thought, "reveal a marked contrast between the beauty of God's creation in nature and the revolting degradation to which man has lowered himself." Aloud he said to Mr. Bennett, "Nothing you may say will influence me against the reality of God. I



trusted has protected us hour by hour."

He paused. Mr. Bennett smiled with a tinge of scorn. "I haven't seen any cause for fear," he said. "Don't you think most of your danger was imaginary?"

Pastor Parker looked at him deprecatively. "A year has made a change," he said. "Three times we had to barricade our house to save our lives. Now we don't even lock the doors. It has taken a great deal of work and patience to win the confidence of the people, but success is worth it. We never break our word to them, no matter how difficult it may be for us to keep it. They know that. And they know that we will come at any time of the day or night in answer to a call to treat someone who is sick. We are teaching them how to take care of their health by cleanliness, proper food, and so on. We're also trying to show them the value of human life, teaching them not to bury babies alive when the mother dies. It's been their custom to bury the living baby with the dead mother."

Mr. Bennett made no comment. He looked as though he did not believe Pastor Parker's statement. Presently he declared, "Christianity has a disastrous effect on every native race it touches. It takes away the virility of the people and makes them decadent."

"How many native races have you visited before Christianity touched them?" the older man asked.

Bennett hesitated. He had not expected that question, and he didn't care to answer. But his companion repeated it.

"We'll, none," he confessed. Then he added quickly, "But look at Malekula. Look at the ruin Christianity is bringing to the people there."

"What ruin?" the missionary asked in surprise.

"Why," answered the young man, "they are dying off."

"Tell me," Pastor Parker said, "are there any Christian missions on Malekula? Are any of those people professing Christianity? I know of none."

"I supposed your mission extended influence over there," Mr. Bennett countered.

"Have you been on Malekula?"

"Not yet."

"If you knew anything about conditions over there you would never make such statements," Pastor Parker told him. "That which is depopulating Malekula," he said, "is the fratricidal strife that the people are carrying on among themselves. It is not due to Christianity, for none of them are Christians. They know nothing whatever about Christianity. There is not a single Christian mission of any denomination on that island. There will be someday. Christianity comes to save them from their spirit of killing and to put the spirit of love in their hearts. If you have no faith in Christian missions and believe the heathen are better off without them, why didn't you go to Malekula to begin your folklore study?"

"The commissioner warned me. I didn't want to risk being eaten."

Pastor Parker stooped and picked up a conch shell, examined it, then looked Mr. Bennett in the eye and said forcefully, "You wouldn't venture. You prefer to follow after the missionary, who risks his life to make them quiet and harmless."

They turned from the beach and walked slowly toward the house. "Well, Mr. Parker," the younger man said in a patronizing, yet defiant manner, "I can see you are sincere, and I want to be fair. But I don't believe a word of your religion,



Lines Written by a Crippled Girl

By L. THOMAS

To walk, I cannot use my feet.

I cannot use my hands to eat.

But oh! I have my eyes to see.

Dear God, You are so good to me.

and I will tell you that I have been warning your natives against you and your propaganda. I've advised them to be themselves, not copyists."

The missionary stopped short and faced his guest. For a moment he was too stunned to speak. He and Mrs. Parker had made this stranger welcome in their home. They had provided him with shelter, Mrs. Parker had cooked delicious meals for him, they had given him free use of their books and their piano, and this was his return! The courtesy of a man who considered himself far superior to missionaries!

Now he understood why the Achinese people had seemed cool and distant the last two weeks. Their suspicions had been reawakened.

He said in a firm tone, "Mr. Bennett, to your great shame you have done this. You have trampled on our hospitality and used our good will to undermine the work that we have been doing to uplift these people. The course that you are pursuing is taking away from them the reins of self-control. It will be only a short time until you'll see them tearing at one another's throats as they used to."

Mr. Bennett laughed. "What I've been telling them will never result in such a state of affairs as that," he scoffed.

"You are not acquainted with the native nature when it is out from under the control and restraint of the hand of God," Pastor Parker told him.

They had reached the veranda of the mission house. Before going to his room Mr. Bennett admitted, "Your principles seem to have a genuine ring, Mr. Parker. I never thought of things in just that way before. You've given me something new to think about."

Three weeks after this conversation Pastor and Mrs. Parker were eating breakfast at daylight, as usual, when suddenly the sound of native tom-toms sent shivers through them.

"Listen," Pastor Parker said to his wife, "there's trouble. That's the call to war."

At that moment they heard the mission gate click, then footsteps running up the gravel path. It was Claude Bennett.

"Come quickly, Mr. Parker," he called in a terrified voice from the doorway, "the people are going to fight. Nothing I can say or do will stop them, though I've been out all night trying."

He was white as a sheet, and was trembling. "All I can say only makes them more determined to fight," he said as he entered the room and grasped the back of a chair. "If anyone can stop them, Mr. Parker, you can."

Pastor Parker ate the last mouthful of his cooked cereal, then said, "This is the result of what you've been telling them. It's the fruit of your teaching, just as I warned you."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Bennett countered. But he looked still more uncomfortable. "How can it be my fault?" he argued.

"I have no time to explain now," Pastor Parker said, and away he went on the run to the next town, which he knew would be foremost in making war.

He recorded the experience in his journal. "I found all the paths covered up," he wrote, "with brush and trees over them. This is what they do when there is hostility between the tribes."

"There were no signs of life in the town, so I turned back into the bush, and after some time of hunting I found the old chief and his men with their bodies painted black and their hair studded with feathers. They were on the alert and were very watchful. They skulked up and down the line where they expected to make their attack."

"The chief scowled at me. I talked earnestly with him and pointed out what would result from such a break in the feelings of good will. I asked him if he did not think it would be better for us to try to stop the war. He said he would be willing if the chiefs of the other three towns were. I said to him, 'Look, do not start to do any fighting until I return. Promise me that you will not.'

To page 21

An Associated Press executive called the story of Robert Salau a \$3,000,000 job of publicity.

THE BIG STORY

By M. CAROL HETZELL

PART TWO

THE lean, gray-haired man rested his tall frame against the edge of the door and whistled softly. His eyes took in the horizons of his domain—one room, a desk, a chair, a sleeping typewriter, and emptiness.

It was December 9, 1942. Seventh-day Adventist press relations were at low ebb. Although little candles of press publicity flickered here and there, no organized work had been in progress since the death two years before of W. L. Burgan, who had begun the publicity work in 1912 with a hearty send-off from Carlyle B. Haynes, instigator of the idea.

J. R. Ferren, ex-circulation manager of periodicals for the Pacific Press Publishing Association and newly appointed director of Adventist press relations, straightened his shoulders, turned his back on the emptiness of his office, and set a direct course for the newspaper offices of downtown Washington, D.C. Might as well get acquainted with the men he would be dealing with—begin right at the beginning.

Mr. Ferren's first meetings with the editors were followed up with news stories on local events and General Conference actions. Then points somewhat more

distant captured his attention. Union sessions began to be haunted by an energetic figure with a lively pencil and a knack for getting news of the occasions printed. Conference workers gradually became aware of a vast new field of possibilities for reaching the multitudes.

When the press director returned to his office from field trips now, it was not quite so empty. Clippings were coming in from the conferences, and there were letters of inquiry piling up. Also a small office force had been added—a part-time stenographer.

"But how," worried the director, "can we utilize the tremendous possibilities dormant in the local churches? There lies the most urgent need for active press relations."

The answer grew from a mimeographed news release sent out to all church pastors. The story, containing blank spaces to be filled in by the pastor before he handed it to his newspaper editor, reported the local church's annual business meeting. The plan was without precedent. More than postage stamps carried that release forth from the office. It was well stamped with much prayer.

Within two or three weeks clippings of the story began to come in from all over the country. The Press Relations Bureau had struck oil!

Other subjects were chalked up for similar news coverage—special offerings, special Sabbaths, Missionary Volunteer activities, Junior camps, church schools, Ingathering, child evangelism institutes, Dorcas Welfare activities, Weeks of Prayer, camp meetings. A seemingly endless list of subjects unfolded. It was time for a full-time stenographer.

And it was time for something else—something that General Conference action quickly provided. Each church was to elect a church press secretary. He would receive the general releases and after proper treatment give them to the newspaper in his area. Furthermore, he would keep an eagle eye open for other news possibilities and feel free to seek assistance from press relations headquarters in the handling of unusual stories. Tools for news writing—instructions and facts—were provided each new person appointed.

Now the Seventh-day Adventist Church was breaking ground in a field hardly touched by other denominations. Conference press relations secretaries were appointed. "Workshop" became a familiar word as local press secretaries gathered to study how to do their job better under the direction of the General Conference press director.

As demands from the field increased, the Press Bureau staff expanded, and the year 1949 opened with Helen Carpenter, an experienced reporter, and Helen Smith putting their shoulders to the wheel, besides the full-time secretary, Lydia Schander. That was the year of the "big bonanza."



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

J. R. Ferren, director of the General Conference Bureau of Press Relations, shows Ruth Michaelis, a visiting press secretary from Ohio, some of the results of intelligent work with the public press.

Early in May word reached headquarters announcing that on May 24 Robert Salau, of Vella Lavella, Solomon Islands, friend of many a GI during World War II, would arrive in New York City. Here was a human-interest story with a powerful local angle three thousand miles wide. Helen Carpenter was dispatched to cover the occasion.

What happened when Salau arrived in New York made church publicity history. Miss Carpenter had aroused sufficient interest in stony-eyed metropolitan editors to send a cutter loaded with reporters and photographers out to meet the ship carrying the popular South Sea Islander. Included in the boatload was Miss Carpenter, dispensing advance information. The next day every newspaper in New York carried pictures and stories of the native with the spear and the Bible.

After that there was no need to stir the fires of interest. They flamed in every communications medium in the country—press, radio, TV, news-reels. When the blaze had subsided, Bob Winokur, Associated Press executive, wrote the General Conference office:

"I thought you might be interested to know what a beautiful job of public relations work your representatives did in New York on the Salau story. . . . To the minds of some of my associates here it was a \$3,000,000 job of publicity. I believe, though, because of the extensive use of the Salau story throughout the country via the various services and periodicals, not to mention television and radio and movie films, I place the value of the publicity at over \$5,000,000."

Large triumphs are gratefully received. But such news nuggets as Pastor Salau do

not turn up every day. A strong program must therefore be built around what can and does happen in the local church. For this reason Press Relations Director Ferren and his three assistant directors, Helen Smith, Howard B. Weeks, and Cecil Coffey, maintain a lively instructional program for pastors and church press secretaries. When camp meetings unfold their tents, the staff travels to the four corners of the North American continent, giving a practical demonstration, through camp meeting coverage, of how to get news into the papers, and teaching through instruction periods the techniques of dealing with the press.

Does it pay off, teaching the niceties of news reporting to the church press secretaries?

Members of the Fresno, California, church need no convincing as to the value of telling the public about Seventh-day Adventist activities. Besides having a very active Dorcas Welfare Society, the church has a press secretary who keeps the community posted on, among other things, the activities of the society.

One day Dorcas Leader Mrs. Marie Bruland answered her phone to hear a strange voice on the other end.

"Are you the Mrs. Bruland who has been leading out in the fine work being done by the Adventist welfare organization?" a man's voice inquired.

"Yes, I am," the Dorcas leader replied.

"Well, I'm not a member of your church, but if what the papers say about your work is true—and I'm sure it is—I'd like to have a part in it. Could I send you a contribution?"

After Mrs. Bruland's astonished eyebrows had dropped, she gathered the strength to suggest that he send his check to the church treasurer, with a note designating the project to which he wished the check assigned. She gave him the name and address, and the caller thanked her and hung up.

Next Sabbath the church treasurer sent Mrs. Bruland's eyebrows up again. The check had come in, and it was for one hundred dollars. But that wasn't the end.

Over a period of two years or more the one hundred dollar checks came in regularly, a healthy transfusion for the sustenance of the local Dorcas welfare work. Then came the climax.

The church decided to establish welfare headquarters in a new \$80,000 auditorium being erected on the conference campground. News of the decision made its way into the newspapers via the usual channels. Then was established forever in the minds of Fresno church members the value of good church publicity. The man with the open newspaper made a clean sweep with a check for \$5,000 to go toward the building that was to house an organization so necessary to the community.

The "big story" had a faithful teller in Fresno.

Continued next week

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR



Teen-age Diary

By JOAN

Dear Diary,

Confidentially, I made a discovery today. Always before, I had thought of folks with bad manners as people without manners. Actually, we all have manners, whether we wish to admit it or not! The point is, what kind of manners do we have?

Moving into the dormitory with a crowd of girls really exposes one's manners to the world, as it were. Of course, there are table manners and church manners, but of all the manners I believe our room manners are most important. Living with a roommate will either place a strain on manners or bring out their beauty.

I have a darling roommate, and I believe we will be very happy together. We will keep our room clean and orderly—a most important factor in friendship.

Today, we went for a walk to Linda Falls, and, would you believe it, they are almost dried up. After the rains the fields will turn green again and the falls will liven up.

It was fun roaming over the familiar campus again, greeting old friends and meeting the new. One of the most interesting girls on the campus comes from

China. Phoebe won the trophy last year in the amateur hour. If you'd like to hear a real pianist, she is the girl to listen to. We roomed near each other last year. She's a wonderful person to know. Folks who make good are always nice to know, and take their friendships as seriously as they do their lifework.

There's another girl from Iran, from whom I have learned a great deal. I had always thought of people from across the globe as being quite different from us. But I wish you could get acquainted with Ellen. Her smile is always the same, and her manners too. Thoughtful, kind, and best of all, loving and helpful. What a wonderful, well-mannered friend!

You'll love Millie too. Millie is a girl who has pulled her own oars and gone a long way up the river. I am not sure where her port of entry will be, but you can tell by her manners and cheerful disposition that Millie will arrive, and with flying colors.

Oh, it's wonderful, Diary, to know such people. I shall be glad to introduce them to you as we go along through another happy school year, and your pages will be "filled with music, and the cares that infest the day, shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."

SEGUNDO BALDEON and his wife, Leonidas Lopez de Baldeon, lived in a small house high up in the Andes Mountains near the little mining town of Tarma, Peru. They were a hard-working couple, and it seemed as though they were going to be very prosperous. But, somehow, the money they earned seemed to disappear in thin air. They never were able to have anything extra, and sometimes they hardly had enough.

Segundo was distressed at the outcome of all his hard labor, little dreaming that much of it was his own fault. He would often take all their earnings into a tavern and would just as often spend every cent, coming home very drunk. The next day he would hardly feel like working, and so would stay at home all day. He did not realize what was happening to all their hopes and plans, or that he was ruining their chances of progress.

Not far from Segundo and his wife lived the Paredes family, who were faithful Seventh-day Adventists. They paid an honest tithe and lived up to all the doctrines of the church. They said little about religion to their neighbors, but they lived such good Christian lives that everyone respected them. In times of need, it was always the Paredes family who would come to their friends' aid before anyone else even thought of helping out.

The Paredeses were relatively new in the community, but there was not a person around who didn't know about them, especially when harvesttime arrived. Even though Señor Paredes had little to start with, when he harvested the crops he always had more than most of the men in his neighborhood.

Segundo and Leonidas also noticed the difference in their harvest, but, after much discussion, they decided it was just their friends' good fortune, and forgot about it. Segundo kept on with his drinking and spending, and things continued with

very little change in their everyday life.

The years passed rapidly, and Segundo never ceased to wonder at the constant good luck that his friend Paredes was having. Finally, when Segundo and Leonidas had both reached the age of sixty, all they owned after those many years of hard work was their small house and a patch of ground near it. Segundo began to get desperate. He thought and thought. Finally one day he decided he was going to get to the bottom of all his troubles if he possibly could.

As soon as they sat down to supper that night he asked, "Leonidas, what do you suppose is the reason we haven't done as well as we had planned?"

"Well, dear, I don't know. We've worked hard all our lives and tried to save something. We've done our best to succeed and be prosperous, but all of our neighbors have more than we do, even those who are

younger. I don't understand what could be wrong with us," she answered.

Segundo was silent for a long time. He was going over and over again all that had happened in the last few years. He thought of the arrival of the Paredes family, of their large harvests, and of all that they had done for their neighbors.

Leonidas had thought about it, perhaps even more than Segundo had. She also had wondered about the Paredeses. She had often wished that she knew for sure just what it was that made them so prosperous. She was more than willing when, just before he left the table, he suggested, "Why don't we go over to the Paredeses and see if they can help us out?"

She hurriedly finished her work, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and was ready to go. They were so eager to get there that it seemed to take them forever to cover the short distance, but in reality it was only a little while before they arrived and were royally welcomed.

After talking of many things, Segundo finally disclosed the reason for their visit. Señor Paredes was delighted to tell them about paying tithe, and of all the changes that had come into their lives after they had accepted the teachings of Seventh-day Adventists. Segundo and Leonidas listened spellbound while Señor Paredes told them of the love of Jesus and how He had died for them. They talked long into the night, and when the Baldeons started for home they were happier than they had been for many a day.

They talked about it for several days, and finally decided to pay tithe for one year and see whether there was any difference in their fortune.

Accordingly, when January 1 of the new year came around they began to pay tithe. Although it was all so different and so hard to get into the habit of paying tithe, they never forgot to lay aside for the

DOES IT PAY?

By MARJORIE MORTON



WESLEY AMUNDSEN

Sometimes Segundo wished he and his wife could forget what they had learned about Adventists and go back to their old life, for it was hard to quit drinking. But she made him keep the agreement.

Lord's work one tenth of all they earned.

During the year the Baldeons and the Paredes became close friends. They were often seen together, and the women were always running back and forth between the two houses. As their friendship grew, the Paredes began telling them more about their religion and the happiness and joy they found in their Saviour's love.

Leonidas was soon intensely interested in what Señora Paredes told her. She longed to go all the way and serve the Lord for the rest of her life, but, as Segundo had never mentioned it, she kept waiting for him to make up his mind, and tried to go on in the same old way.

Segundo still spent much of their money on alcoholic beverages, and although he was impressed with the talks that he had with Señor Paredes, he really hadn't taken

them to heart enough to give them much serious thought.

That autumn when they harvested their crops, Segundo found that the harvest was much better than in former years, and that even though they had paid out tithe, the cash they received was more than they had gotten in any previous year.

Segundo was elated at his success, and after talking it over, he and his wife decided they would keep on paying tithe. Then Leonidas saw her opportunity and immediately suggested, "Segundo, don't you think that since we've prospered so much just this year by paying tithe, we would prosper just that much more if we'd go all the way and attend the church of our friends? That would mean you'd give up your drinking, because they are against anything like that."

She was so eager that just to please her he finally consented, and the next Sabbath found them both attending our Adventist church.

Sometimes Segundo wished they could go back to their old way of living, for it was hard for him to quit drinking. Leonidas knew this, but she insisted that he keep his part of the agreement, and she refused to give him any money for liquor. Finally he succeeded in overcoming the habit.

It was during this second year that they bought Bibles, one apiece, and began to search for truth themselves. They became members of the baptismal class, and after two years of faithful study they were both buried in the waters of baptism by a minister, and are now members of our little Tarma church.

I Want to Be Home for Christmas

By GEORGE S. ASHLOCK



I WANT to go home for Christmas," thought Bud as he bowed his knees, placing his request before God. He had served now nearly three years in the United States Army Air Corps.

Every day during the last week of November he continued this very same prayer. A positive answer to his prayer was very possible, for this was right after the war, when men were being discharged from the service. Those who had acquired enough discharge points were being sent to separation centers and were receiving the freedom that Bud longed for so much.

Bud realized that his request was a personal desire, but still it had been three years since he had been home for Christmas; that was just previous to his induction at Kalamazoo, Michigan. But now, here at Oakland, California, he desired to see the fruition of his hopes.

Time passed. November was gone, and December came. Bud carefully watched

the lists of men who were to report to separation centers, but his name was nowhere to be found. With great anticipation he searched, but disappointment met him every time. Christmas came, and still Bud was in Oakland. "Well, maybe God has some other plan, maybe something better," he thought hopefully.

During the few months he was stationed at Oakland, Bud had attended the church and evangelistic services at the East Oakland Seventh-day Adventist church. His attitudes and desires were indeed being elevated. Gradually the Spirit of God was working on his heart.

One Sunday evening in January, Bud chatted with A. O. Sage, the church pastor, after the meeting. "You know, Pastor Sage, if I didn't feel so unworthy, I believe I might think of taking the ministerial course when I go home."

"Well, son, if you feel that way about it, you need not fear. Pray about the matter this week, and the Lord will re-

veal to you what His will for you is."

Bud left the church that Sunday evening with a real desire to know God's will. That week he prayed earnestly that God would guide him in his decision.

By next Sunday he was firmly convinced that he should choose the ministry as his lifework. Pastor Sage rejoiced with him in his decision.

But God works in strange ways. Bud had no more than made his decision to work for God than the happy word came that he was to report to the separation center to be discharged that weekend. Two prayers, one to be home and the other to know the Lord's will, were both answered within one short week.

I am Bud.

The Lord must have been waiting for my decision before He made possible my discharge. It was all a part of God's plan. Had the Lord granted my selfish request to be home for Christmas, I might never have chosen to prepare for the ministry.

MV Youth in Action

Master Guides at Avondale

By Desmond B. Hills

The Master Guide Society at the Australasian Missionary College this year is planning to excel its own Australasian Division record for the largest number of Master Guides invested at one time. This record was set in November, 1952, when thirty candidates were invested at Avondale, during a service conducted by Pastor E. E. White, who is now our college principal. Included in this group was the president of the North New South Wales Conference, Pastor D. Sibley, and his wife.

So as to help the prospective Master Guides complete the seventeen requirements, the society officers each year conduct several training camps. The first one for 1953 was held just recently at the conference campsite at Eraring on the shores of a lake about eight miles from the college. The total attendance at this camp, including Junior Missionary Volunteers, was seventy. Although the time was restricted to three days, fifty successfully completed the reptile MV Honor, and all took part in star study, tracking and trailing, forum discussions, and other phases of MV classwork. Daily inspection was conducted, and with the counselors' unit reports, the leaders determined which units should raise the JMV flag.

Pastor L. A. Dyason, our local conference MV secretary, and his assistant, Miss V. Flanigan, added much by their presence and counsel to the success of the

camp. Through the devotional meetings conducted by Pastor Dyason, many young people were brought nearer to the greatest of all Master Guides—the Man Christ Jesus.

The large number of Junior Missionary Volunteers in the area provide ample scope for the Master Guides to complete their requirement of leading a group of Junior youth. The JMV department of the Avondale Master Guide Club is divided into four societies. The total average attendance each Sabbath afternoon, of Junior youth and counselors, is 180. A big feature of our society activities is the MV Honors, as the following figures show. For the period February, 1952, to June, 1953, 1,036 were issued.

The responsibility of organizing these Master Guide activities, including the societies and camps, rests with R. B. Watts, of the college faculty, W. O. Broad, of the Avondale village church, and D. B. Hills, assistant preceptor. The aim is to train Adventist young people to be effective shepherds for the lambs of the flock, for in this work there is no greater qualification than that of being a Master Guide.

MV's on the Air

By Warren N. Wittenberg

Sixty seconds!
Thirty seconds!
Fifteen seconds!
Stand by, five, four, three, two! Then

the program director or station announcer quickly points to the first speaker indicating that "we're on the air," and it is time for him to speak. Exciting, thrilling, and sometimes dramatic is this business of broadcasting our blessed truth. Ships at sea, great transcontinental planes, automobiles by the hundreds or thousands, homes, stores, factories, hospitals, restaurants, and even liquor bars may have their radios tuned your way.

Here is a Share Your Faith venture that has unlimited possibilities. Whether the broadcast originates in a radio studio or from a church, it stretches your imagination to think of the possibilities for good that can result from informing people of the truth, wooing them to Christ.

John, in the book of Revelation, saw an "angel fly in the midst of heaven" carrying God's last message to this needy generation. The conference-employed ministers are not to be the only preachers of truth. We believe that there should be and could be hundreds and thousands of youthful lay broadcasters sending this wonderful message of salvation in the "midst of heaven."

Most broadcasting stations, especially in small cities, are eager to find good live programs of local talent that have public appeal. Oftentimes they will be glad to sustain such a program without any charge. Usually when your objectives are explained and you prayerfully approach a station manager, he will give you a reasonable rate, if he does make a charge.

Your MV Society no doubt would financially support a radio broadcast in a strong way. It takes hard work, much prayer, and careful cooperation, but it is being done by some MV Societies and can be done by many more. Radio work for Christ has compensations in abundance.

There are many different types of broadcasts that Missionary Volunteers might carry out. The ordinary church service or straight preaching type program might seem the easiest to some, but it certainly is the hardest approach to getting a good audience. Here are a few suggestions:

1. For a fifteen-minute weekly broadcast a group of two or three youth might, in fast-moving style like a newscast, point up outstanding items in the week's news that are a fulfillment of Bible predictions. Of course, this type of program, like all others, should be sprinkled with plenty of good music either live or recorded.

2. Then there is the round-table, or panel-discussion, type of broadcast. In this type of program one youth might pose as a doubter, another as a modernist, and another as a Bible-believing Christian.

3. In some cases where the station gives free time, a good-will form of broadcast may be desirable. In this a number of youth can participate in reading poems or encouraging statements and providing music to cheer and uplift the outlook of the listeners. By getting the cooperation

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DESMOND B. HILLS

Although they had but three days, Master Guides who attended the training camp near Australasian Missionary College took part in many phases of MV classwork. Fifty earned an honor in reptiles.

"And their works do follow them."

AN ORDINARY MAN

By MILDRED McCLARY TYMESON

IT'S always the same. No matter how hard I try, I can't concentrate on what they're saying. The good preachers might just as well stay at home, as far as I'm concerned, and save their oratory. I'm listening to what for me are far better sermons.

It isn't that I'm not appreciative of a well-turned phrase or a carefully molded thought. It's just that I sit here during every Southern New England camp meeting living in a world all my own. The minute I sit down, I hear those strange far-off trumpets blowing.

You would say that there is absolutely nothing here to so distract me. And you would be right. The building itself is an ordinary camp meeting auditorium, seating, I suppose, about thirty-five hundred people. Architects might well criticize its lines or its construction. I wouldn't know.

All I know is that while I sit here, my heart pushes up the rafters and extends the arches until the building has the proportions of a Gothic cathedral. Rough pine becomes marble and stone, and the dirt floor is transformed into costly mosaics.

There are forty-four posts. I know. I've counted them. And loved every one of them. Because, you see, it was my father who built this building.

And every year I tell myself that before it is too late I must write down these things about my father—my father, who might seem to you to be a very ordinary man. He has had the average amount of good and bad fortune. He has lived far more than the three score and ten years allotted to the average man, and in that time has known the average number of people who did not like him, but far more than the average number of people who did.

I wonder whether in God's books there is such a thing as an ordinary man. There must be moments when the Father looks down at these myriads of creatures He has created—flesh and blood of such varied and complex combinations—and decides that He in truth cannot call any one of them ordinary.

It seems to me that one of the most extraordinary things about my father is that all his life he has done with his hands



H. E. BATTERSBY

the work of a practical man. But look deep into his brooding blue eyes, and you will know his secret; for all his life, too, he has been tortured with the vague dreams and uneasy moods of a poet. With a sensitive temperament he never has had the grace or ability to express, he has done the ordinary work from day to day that falls to the lot of what we call ordinary men.

There were few who knew this about my father. I sometimes wonder whether I myself have ever truly known it, or if I have merely sensed it in those rare, searing moments of revelation.

The memories I have of him as I sit here are obviously unrelated, but somehow, in some consciousness, they must fit a sure pattern of meaning.

I remember, first of all, that his major gesture to us as a family was one of sacrifice—not of money, necessarily, although that was indeed part of it—but of choice of work. Very early in our lives he made a decision that, in his judgment, seemed best to guarantee our remaining a Seventh-day Adventist family.

Being an Adventist was very important to my father. His grandmother and father, before he was born, were listed as the first members of the Canadian Conference. He had also gone to one of the denomination's

first church schools. His teacher had been Rowena Purdon, conducting her first school after graduating in South Lancaster's first senior class. One of his classmates was Clifton Taylor.

My father learned the carpenter's trade when a boy. One of the first things he did with his tools was to build a carriage shed for the South Stukely church under the guidance of Pastor George Skinner. (His son, Pastor Lawrence Skinner, was just a baby at the time.) Soon after this initiation, my father branched out into what was then considered a successful contracting business in a little resort town of Knowlton, a town that snuggles close around the clear blue waters of Brome Lake. The Knowlton Sanitarium was thriving at the time; down by the old mill, Henry Libby (the father of Pastor Raymond H. Libby) was living with his family.

It was an important day to us as a family when A. V. Olson, then president of the Eastern Canadian Union, urged my father to go to Oshawa, Ontario, to build some of the college buildings there. It was a big decision to make. It meant a real loss of economic security, a loss that he finally translated as gain because it would guarantee an opportunity for his children to re-

ceive their training in Christian schools.

I was just six years old when we moved to Oshawa. I remember now all the familiar faces of those days. Eric Jones, Maynard Campbell, B. M. Heald, Nelson Saunders, George Butler, were just out of school, doing their first conference work. I remember Harold Richards, who came to visit, and the girl who later became his wife—Mabel Eastman. Minnie Abrey and Hubert Martin were experiencing their first years as deans, but we called them preceptress and preceptor then. The farm manager was L. N. Holm. Prof. A. J. Olson was president of the school, and Pastor D. J. C. Barrett was president of the Ontario Conference.

Earl Beatty was business manager. Bertha Shannon, who later became his wife, was still going to school. Other students were Archie Rawson and his wife-to-be, Elsie Lewis; Leslie Davies, who played the violin in the school orchestra, and his sisters lived a short way from the college. Lewis Hartin was another good student. Terence Martin was there, and Bertha Dower, the future Mrs. Martin.

There were several French-speaking students—Oliver Passebois, the Vuilleumier girls, and a tall, gangling youth named F. Charpiot. Also living in Oshawa then

many who have devoted their lives in one way or another to the Adventist cause and its principles.

The paths separated—as paths have a way of doing. My mother, as “Mrs. Mac,” became the school mother in Oshawa, and then in Mount Vernon, Ohio, to scores of students who have become leaders, missionaries, and teachers. My sister and I were given what our parents had tried so hard to give us—a Christian education.

It was not a perfect life. It had its normal share of error and injury. We often rebelled at the year-in and year-out living in dormitories, eating in school cafeterias, and being a faculty member’s children (a stigma all its own, which psychologists might do well to study).

My father continued to build churches and schools for our denomination in Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and even in several countries of South and Central America. You may never even have heard of him. But to me he is the symbol of scores of Adventist laymen who contribute to the church in just as complete a way as any missionary, as any preacher. I speak for them, for my father’s sake.

Even after his day of retirement, he was asked to return to build this building where I sit. The building of it is a story

marked for easy placing. Now when I look at these boards marked “top” and “bottom,” “47,” “58,” or “29,” my heart swells with admiration for a man who planned so well that he was able to see a completed achievement in each small board he sawed.

You will notice these reinforcements, probably, and think some of them are unnecessary. But you will never smile as do my sister and I when we remember how my father would sacrifice anything—yes, anything—for stability and sturdiness. We remember the kitchen chair that needed fixing and ended up looking like a fortress, so that in his words it would be “good and strong.”

As we sit here—my sister and I—I do not know her memories, but I know they are just as precious, just as overwhelmingly wistful, as my own.

I know I remember a man whose gentleness was almost a stubbornness, and his stubbornness almost a gentleness. I remember a father who shared with me the little ritual, when I was a child, of asking forgiveness at the end of each day for anything in which we had failed each other. I know that ever since it has been easier to ask for forgiveness, and also easier to forgive.

I remember the man whose gentleness carried over into his speech, so much so that my mother gave us the early rule: “You may say anything you hear your father say.” To this day I have never heard him say more, when irritated, than the quaint Yankee phrase: “Wouldn’t that frost you?”

I remember a man who was outraged at the thought of owing a debt over night. The suggestion of a charge account was admission of crime. And I shall never find a better economic rule than the one he told me applies to every material thing, whether it be a magazine or a car: “Never buy anything unless you have money enough to buy two.”

My father has always had a quiet, dry humor. I shall never forget, for instance, the time when we were extolling the virtues of the new pressure cookers that would cook vegetables in two or three minutes. My father looked up meekly and pleaded: “But when would you have time to set the table?”

We had a stock of family stories. The punch lines were applicable for many occasions. There was, for instance, the story about the man who always exaggerated. He was telling once about the barn he built which was, he said, 350 feet wide and 600 feet long. Just then he caught his wife’s disapproving eye and added quickly, “and an inch high.” Many is the time when we were enthusiastically relating some measure of personal accomplishment, that my father would whittle us back to size by saying under his breath, “Yes, and an inch high.”

There was the story about the neighbor

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TINKEY STUDIO

Whether the building be like the frame pavilion on the Southern New England campground or a large university building, it represents the fulfillment of the dream and planning of its builder.

was Elihu Wood, another saintly man who has contributed so much to the Adventist cause by the labor of his hands. It was he who built the Canadian Press, where people like Charles Maracle and Virgil Clymer learned the printer’s trade.

Elihu Wood’s son, Wilton, was in grade school with my sister and me. Also among our playmates were the children of W. R. French, and I remember, too, Carrie Stray, the daughter of Pastor F. W. Stray, and the mother of Fred Crump.

Yes, it was a land of beginnings for

in itself. And in that story I find a philosophy.

The winter was long and stormy, that year in which my father planned this building. But it was not an idle one for him. When spring came, every rafter, every two-by-four, every pillar and its reinforcements had been cut and numbered. Because of this solitary winter’s work the building became a reality in just a comparatively few days. Like a giant jig-saw puzzle the pieces fitted together, only in this case, the pieces had all been

The Furnace

By A. W. SPALDING



There smites a cry upon the ear,
The death wail of a world
Twisting in mortal agony
And grappling hard with fear.
Up from the hell where it lies hurled,
Piercingly, thrillingly,
That cry:
"God! God! Where art Thou, God?
We die!"

And the heavens of brass resound
To the clang of an iron earth,
And the yellow haze of the battleground,
Red-streaked with demon lightnings, drops
Its mordant mantle where the dead are found.

O Earth! Earth! Earth!
Thy slain they lie uncovered—men
Upon the fields of hate, and babes at futile birth.
And here life stops! forever stops!
But from the livid hades hear again
The sobbing breath:
"O God; O God! Suffer us not to die
This bitter death!"

This is the voice of Earth!
Of men, and women, and their children fair,
Now wraiths of fear and hunger and despairing hate—
They who have lost their God, this is their prayer.
A voice from the four winds of universal fate!
A voice! Is there no ear for it to echo in?
Has God forgot the world, and left it to its sin?

Listen! Another Voice, unshaken, strong,
Calm as the solitude between far stars:
"Father, it is the hour! the hour of anguish that
must be,
Of blood, and damning crimes, and diabolic wars,
Of weakness trampled by gigantic wrong.
For he, the rebel first, who sought Thy throne,
And veiled in falsehood all his fell design,
He must work out this measure of his own,
And let the ruined world stand forth his sign.
Then shall the righteous universe Thy justice see,
And win eternal peace from out Earth's agony."

But list! That Voice of calm is choked with grief;
Gethsemane descends again!

The God becomes the sufferer with men,
An advocate; a sacrifice; of sinners chief!
Like blood the words upspued:
"My God! My God! Forsake them not,
My multitude."

Uplifted now against a grisly sky
The outline of a cross;
And those who are appointed there to die
Pass on phantasmally—
Men maimed and haggard, wives whose sunken eyes
are wells of loss,
And staring babes that suck the funereal air for food.

Again that pleading Voice, their Spokesman, cries:
"Give Me, My God, My multitude,
For whom I died! The score of centuries have sped
As time's iron harrows o'er the backs of men,
Since I endured the cross for them. Oh, when shall
That dark symbol cease to mark the dead,
And only blaze its purchased glory through the skies?"

And is there answer? Yea, from many a tongue
Of earth and sea and sky, God speaks His will:
"There shall be time no longer!" Far is flung
That golden oriflamme of hope. And still,
"There shall be time no longer!" boom earth's tones—
From hell-mouthed mortars, gluttonous of men;
From fiery mountains, raining molten stones;
From muttering mobs of hate. And yet again,
"There shall be time no more"—the sea's wild cry,
Crammed with its dead, and swallowing earth's in-
crease.

"There shall be time no longer," echoes back the sky;
"Nor time, nor war, but everlasting peace."

Then shall the righteous, molten in the fire
(This furnace heated seven times again),
Reflect the face of God to His desire,
And hear the great, approving, last "Amen!"
And looking up, shall see the glorious train
Of heaven's host and heaven's Monarch sweep
With lambent falchions all the night away.
And they shall shout whose wont it was to weep,
And they acclaim whose habit was to pray.
Echo, ye heavens, with the mighty strain
Of them who sing:
"Our God! Our God! Salvation is in Him,
Our glorious King!"

How Long Is Your FAITH?

By THEODORE T. RAMSEY

MAY a teen-age girl rightfully turn against her mother in the quest for a Christian education?

Clarion was left by her mother to be cared for by her grandmother as a little three-year-old tot. Both parents sought employment away from their home island in the Dutch West Indies.

An earnest layman, a shipbuilder, was engaged to work in the vicinity of her grandmother's home. There he secured a house and began a series of cottage meetings. The second evening grandmother took Clarion along with her, and they together became charter members of this Sabbath school. They both accepted the faith of the remnant church, and later Clarion was baptized at the age of nine. Her dream was to give her life unreservedly to her Master.

To divert her from her future goal, her mother sent her off to a convent high school on a neighboring island, but to little avail. After two years her mother recalled her, this time to live at home.

The home happened to be in the vicinity of the Seventh-day Adventist church, where Clarion enjoyed church fellowship. As she grew older and her desire to dedicate her life to the cause of Christ became stronger, the problem of a Christian education became the concern of her young heart.

Her mother consented for her to take a course in typing, shorthand, and music. Graduating from the classical arts, she was offered employment in a local oil refinery. Sabbath freedom was not allowed her, so she declined employment.

Her mother, who was before a passive persecutor, grew to be fanatically hostile and brutal. Clarion began to experience fear from which there seemed no apparent escape. Nervous spells came on her; yet she found joy if after being flogged she would be allowed to attend Sabbath worship.

Often, as I saw her, I wondered about the dual expression on her face, but at

long last I discovered that her life was filled with that melody of persecution that harmonizes with the peace of God. How it tore at my soul when with an uncomplaining smile she showed me scars upon her body!

When she refused to apostatize in favor of her mother's church, all rights, privileges, and freedoms were denied her; and soon she was subjected to bodily harm. But Clarion kept the faith, knowing that respite would come someday, somehow.

I gave her assurances from personal childhood experience and pointed her to the Scriptures for comfort and courage, and continued daily petitions.

To avoid an attack early one Sabbath morning, she fled from home. She went to the home of some of her early childhood

acquaintances, but that evening she was to experience extreme suffering.

She went to her father, who was divorced from her mother, for protection and sympathy. But her mother was not long in finding her. After promising that she would not beat the girl again, she took the girl home.

Strangely enough, she began to rant on the way, and Clarion tried to appease her by throwing her arms around her mother's shoulders. "Mommie," she said, "let us forget it; we are on the street. Wait until we reach home."

That night Clarion nearly lost her life. Fortunately a man came to the rescue of the helpless girl, who escaped in rags.

In her bewilderment she came to a family who were of like faith. The mother, whose only daughter is Clarion's age, was able to render aid and transportation to the minister's house. The pastor arranged for her lodging with another family.

Meanwhile, Clarion's mother, finding all past efforts to induce her daughter to return home fruitless, employed a lawyer, who placed the case before the judge of the high court. The judge decided that Clarion must return home to her mother's jurisdiction, because she was still in need of parental care.

Asking for the privilege to speak, she declared: "Your Honorable Judge of the Queen's Court, I respect your decision, but may I add that I have not willfully deserted my home and mother, but have had to flee for aid from the cruel beatings I have been subjected to because I would not yield my conscientious belief in the Bible way of obedience to God and accept her way of worship. I can produce a medical testimony as a certificate proving the wounds and body blows I have suffered from the hand of my mother; therefore, I would rather die than to accept further torture."

The judge, accepting further corroborative evidence, rescinded his order. He said, "Our laws do not permit persecution, especially on religious dogmas. I rescind my aforesaid decision on this case. Clarion, you are at liberty and are set on your own parole."

Her persistent mother thought to take the matter in her own hands. But circumstances were taking a shape that her mother was totally unaware of. Clarion's father was approached in the interest of holding himself responsible for giving Clarion a Christian education. He instantly agreed.

During the entire course of her predicament the church members never ceased their petitions to God on her behalf; for Clarion was a blessing in her music, secretaryship, and other ministry in and out of the church.

She flew to Jamaica that September, carrying with her clothing and other gifts, well wishes, and prayers that God will bless her as she trains in our school for the Master's service.



PEARL W. HOWARD

The front of one of our Seventh-day Adventist churches in the Netherlands West Indies.

Even Monkeys Can Do It

By RICHARD PAULSON

IN SOME places in the United States the use of a commodity known as snuff is very popular. If one does not have a craving for the loathsome stuff, he is considered antisocial. In fact, a young woman visiting in certain sections does not "belong" unless she also engages in this "delight." More widespread is the practice of chewing tobacco. Most of us have had the unfortunate experience of being around tobacco chewers, whose conversations are frequently punctuated with

amber emissions of tobacco juice. A more revolting habit is truly hard to find.

Tobacco in its more sophisticated forms is no less harmful, however. The sleek cigarette, the executive's cigar, and the venerable philosopher's pipe are causing more than their share of heart and lung disorders. Tobacco ranks high as a suspected cause of the dreaded cancer.

Those who because of their social circumstances fancy themselves more civilized than their brethren fall prey to many

inane advertisements. The cigarette companies with their slogans "——means fine tobacco," "For a treat instead of a treatment ——," and "More doctors smoke —— than any other cigarette" are inducing the so-called educated into believing that life without Lady Nicotine would be dreary. The fact that doctors smoke a particular brand of cigarette proves nothing, because some doctors have even committed suicide, and that certainly is far from healthy. The tobacco companies take advantage of holidays and dates of sentimental value. Prior to Mother's Day each year one may see advertisements featuring dear old grandma in her old-fashioned rocker taking a "pleasurable puff" on a cigarette, with her knitting laid beside the carton on the table.

Women have acquired the smoking habit to such an extent that it is common to see them indulging anywhere in public. Several years ago it was considered most daring for a woman to be seen with a cigarette in her hand. Today coeds on the American campus "get a lift" between classes with a few puffs on a highly advertised weed. College maintenance workers bemoan the endless chore of gleaning lipstick-stained stubs from the campus green, but the smoking still goes on. The members of the fair sex, who generally seek ultradaintiness, violate their own rule by using tobacco, which certainly detracts from their femininity in more ways than one.

Why do people smoke? Smokers usually answer that question with "Oh, it gives you a lift," or, "It's just something to do." There are plenty of people who smoke, individuals whom we all know. We have beloved friends or relatives who are addicted to the habit. These nice persons do not know why they smoke, either. They think that it is the vogue, and because Sir Walter Raleigh did, they do.

A confirmed smoker will spend his last few cents on cigarettes before he will buy bread. He will always want a smoke when he is injured, depressed, or tired. He will pick up cigarette butts off the street if he must. The enslaved smoker will do anything for a smoke—his only means of

To page 19

CHARLES CAREY

Smoking is a vile habit. It irritates the air passages and often causes a chronic cough. Worst of all, the habit usually enslaves the smoker.

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR



BEFORE THEY CALL

By FRANCES L. MARTZ

THE boat was anchored in the Liverpool harbor. It was eight o'clock in the morning. In the main lounge sat a missionary nurse returning to the United States for furlough from West Africa. The order had been given that everyone was to disembark in three hours.

As she sat conversing with a missionary family who had been delightful acquaintances on the two-week voyage to Liverpool from Lagos, the thought suddenly came to her, "I must send a telegram to my friends in London to notify them of my arrival, so they can meet me. How could I have forgotten?"

Quickly she arose and went to the office to arrange for it. As she reached into her purse to pay for the telegram, imagine her embarrassment when she realized she did not have enough English currency to send it! What could she do? The telegram had to be sent from the boat, for all passengers going into London must go directly to the waiting boat train if they wished to make direct connections. There would be no time to get any currency changed before boarding the train in the rush, and much less time to send a telegram.

Of course she remembered how kind and helpful the workers from our own transportation office always are in arranging every detail so traveling will be more enjoyable, and how they are always right on hand to meet every missionary as they travel from country to country. But she had planned to stay with her friends during her short stay in London, and she must let them know where to meet her.

There is a rule on board ship that all currency must be changed the day before disembarking—and now no one was willing to accept West African money because of its uselessness to them in any other country. Since the necessary arrangements for the ticket into London had been previously taken care of on the boat, she had felt there was no need for the change to

English currency until she called the office in Edgware. For the first time in her life she found herself among strangers, without money, at least as far as sending a telegram was concerned.

Slowly she went back and sat down—not daring to mention her predicament. Resolving never to let it happen again,

she prayed that the Lord would help her solve her problem so that the telegram could be sent.

Suddenly she heard her name called over the loud-speaker. She was asked to report to the Chief Purser's office immediately. Upon reaching the office she was addressed by the Chief Purser, "Madam, we have just received a cable from your London transportation office informing us you were on board, and asking us to advance you some money if you needed it." A silent prayer of thanks went up to our heavenly Father for His watchcare over us wherever we may be.

The officer continued, "As you know, it is not our policy to do this for our passengers, but we meet many Seventh-day Adventists on our lines, and we are always glad to accommodate them."

As far as I know, and I am speaking in behalf of our West African workers, the experience of receiving such a cable unless there had been some notification, had not been known. I am fully convinced that the Lord cares for each of His children on land, sea, or in the air, and that He answered this prayer to convince this nurse that His promises are true.

How do I know? Because I was the nurse on this boat!



EYE CATCHERS

The nurse knew that she would not have time to send a telegram when the boat docked, because she would have to hurry to catch the boat train. How could she notify her friends of her arrival?

An Ordinary Man

From page 13

who was a milquetoast little man. He had a husky, strong wife, who bravely killed a bear that threatened their home. Ever afterward, "Betsey and I—we killed the bear" was his proud announcement. So when we were inclined to borrow the fringe of someone else's accomplishment, we were gently reprimanded: "Yes, Betsey and you—you killed the bear."

All these little stories and family traditions come swarming back to my mind as I sit here. I especially remember the great concern of my father for us.

There was a time when my life was despaired of, when the dreaded word of cancer was discussed freely with my doctors and my family. There was an interval between two operations when uncertainty was our daily lot. And it was only after the second operation, with its great mercy of deliverance, that my father told me his experience. It is something I have never told until now. Perhaps he too has never told. It was a simple little manifestation of faith, but to us two whom it concerned the most, it is a precious, shared knowledge.

He was walking down the street of the little Vermont town where my parents lived. His heart was, as it had been for weeks, heavy with concern. All of a sudden, he looked up and saw a strange light in front of him. He thought at first that his eyes were playing a trick of focus. The light persisted, however, and shift his eyes as he might, it would not leave.

All the way down the street it led him until he entered into the house, and as he told me later, fell into his chair with a burst of relief and thankfulness—and wonder. This, he said, was a sign that all would be well with me. Whether it was or not, *you* can never know for sure. As for us, we just *know*. From that moment he had no more worries about my health, and several weeks later my doctors confirmed his faith.

I can remember, too, how just last year, in his seventy-sixth year, when the New England tornado, like a giant monster, strode through our town, leaving a great swath of utter destruction, my father, without hesitation, hired a taxi to drive him almost three hundred miles to see whether his children were safe.

I remember how long ago he told me something like this: "Time and time again, no matter how hard I have tried to bring about certain things, something better, of a nature I had never dreamed, comes about in its place. It has become a philosophy with me to trust this guidance." I too find that I have adopted that philosophy. I wonder, as I sit here, whether he can ever know how many times I have remembered his counsel.

Yes, he has been an ordinary man with ordinary foibles, ordinary weaknesses,

ordinary virtues, and all of them were wrapped in a volatile spirit that moved with even a hint of a breeze. But he had one deep disappointment—a disappointment I did not understand until recently. It was in one of those rare, revealing moments that I learned the story.



COMING

in



1954!

M. Dorothea Van Gundy

Nutritionist with the International Nutrition Research Foundation

Diet for Today

will present over a period of months both the history of diet and foods and the results of current studies and experiments concerning the foods we eat. Will there be recipes? Not exactly. But the articles will present the principles and practices of nutrition in a manner to help every new homemaker.

"My folks tell me," Mrs. Van Gundy writes, "that my earliest experience with food was when I was two years old. In some way I managed to get on top of the dining-room table, and when my parents found me I was mixing the sugar and butter together. I've been interested in cooking ever since!"



I have always known something of the strange, driving compulsion that forced my father to read. One of my first remembrances of him is his reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and his reciting the names of the kingdoms for us. I remember how, with the help of Floyd Rittenhouse in Ohio, he learned to read Spanish quite fluently. He

also knew French. But not until last summer did I know the full story behind this compulsion for knowledge.

My father was having a mood that day. He called himself a failure in no uncertain terms. "I never went to school like you did," he said, almost bitterly.

True, he went to what they called a Select School in the old days, under the principalship of Prof. Walter Blake, who taught everything from first-grade reading to college-grade trigonometry. The great day came, however, when it was decided that he could go to the academy in South Lancaster.

It was a happy lad who packed his little battered suitcase for the trip from Canada. The night was clear and cool, that night before he was to go. He followed his father out to the barn to help for the last time with the chores. And then it happened. He looked down and saw his father's worn moccasins patiently treading the path before him. The sight of them was like a flashing pain, for they reminded him of the failing health and great needs of his father. In an instant he knew he could not go to school. He would have to stay at home. And a man's whole future was determined in that one swift instant of decision and sacrifice.

Now I shall ever be haunted by the thought of a man working with chisels and hammers when he wanted to work with ideas and books. I find myself sitting here, weeping because of a pair of worn moccasins, a symbol of defeated dreams. I weep for the nearness that comes with the thought of dearness. I sit and look at these marked rafters, which for me are a marked bible. I see the forgiveness, the gentleness, the goodness of a man whose hands have fashioned this pine cathedral. And my heart seeks for and knows the answer when it asks: "Can a man possibly be ordinary—he who builds a shrine where his child may worship?"

MV Youth in Action

From page 11

of local florists, free bouquets might be secured to distribute to sick and aged folks who can be recommended by your listeners through the mail. This plan has been worked very successfully by more than one Adventist youth broadcast.

4. A more difficult kind of broadcast is what might be called a dramatized program, where a story or incident is reconstructed each time. The very successful Your Story Hour broadcast put on by Adventist youth in Michigan is an example of this type. A good script writer and program director are needed, and much rehearsing is necessary in the dramatized broadcast.

5. Another approach to a youth broadcast is the temperance program. In this,

different youth could represent successful athletes or youth in other activities who do not drink. They could read their testimonies in favor of total abstinence. When possible, interviews may be conducted with such people in person.

6. The morning or evening meditations idea for a radio program is also good. Quiet, worshipful thoughts from such good books as *Steps to Christ* or *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, with soft music, a poem or two, and a key thought to begin or end the day may characterize this type of program. Sometimes, but not always, the Morning Watch reading or text can be used.

Shall we not have more Adventist youth radio broadcasts? Let's send God's message through the air in a dignified but happy and youthful way. Write to the General Conference Radio Department for suggestions and ideas. Be sure to offer our free Bible correspondence courses at each broadcast.

Plan and rehearse carefully with the aid of a tape or wire recorder. Present the *best music only*, whether alive or by recordings. God will surely bless your MV Society as He has others who have shared their faith by means of the miracle of radio. Let us put MV's on the air.

Even Monkeys Can Do It

From page 16

lifting himself out of the miserable state of depression into which he has sunk. The invigorating influence of the cigarette is false. The habitual user will come to depend on this unreal satisfaction all because of his own folly in taking the first smoke.

It is true that many highly capable and intelligent people are tobacco users. They derive some sort of absurd thrill out of it, apparently. But if one stops to analyze the habit of smoking, he cannot but see how amazingly foolish it is. First of all, we

WIT Sharpeners

A Word Square

By CLYDE ROSSER

1. A Roman emperor of Paul's day.
2. Level; uniform.
3. Genuine; true.
4. Alone in its class.

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Word Pyramid

By R. H. WOOLSEY

Each successive word is built by rearranging the preceding word and adding one letter.

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1. Personal pronoun.
2. Within.
3. Harass.
4. Yearn.
5. Marsh Bird.
6. Piano.
7. Fee.

Keys on page 23

know that God did not create man to blow smoke out of his nose or mouth, much less harbor it in his lungs. Second, it does one no good, but actually much physical harm. Third, if it were vital to human needs, primeval man would doubtless have established such a practice. Fourth, it is a great waste of time and money. Fifth, it stains hands, fingers, teeth, and causes an unpleasant odor, which reeks from every pore of the body. Last, it requires no special intelligence, nor does it contribute toward a distinctive sophistication, because—even monkeys can do it.

There is no question about it, smoking is a vile habit. It irritates the air passages and often causes a chronic cough. Worst of all, the habit frequently makes a slave of a person, so that he cannot stop smoking without a severe struggle. Some people find it impossible to break the habit.

Jesus Christ definitely warns against

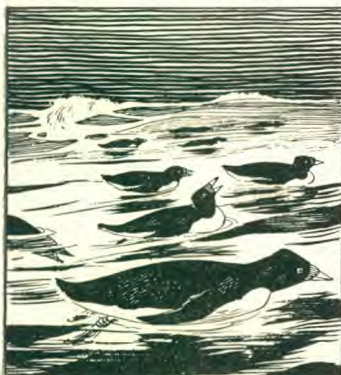
deliberate weakening of physical powers and of undue indulgences. "Take heed to yourselves," He said, "lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." Individuals who are slaves to a habit surely will not be mentally or physically alert in times of great crisis.

No young person can be at his best if he smokes. One can scarcely go anywhere today without seeing a youth with a cigarette in his hand or mouth. This fact only emphasizes the extent to which a great and free people have become enslaved. Modern society has made the dollar go up in smoke as surely as though the match had been placed to it. For example, the annual tobacco crop of the United States is valued at \$225,000,000.

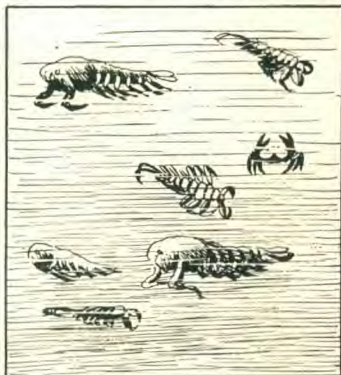
Seventy-five per cent of that nation's population go about daily benumbed and stupefied, handicapped and restricted phys-

The Penguins, NO. 9 - By Harry Baerg

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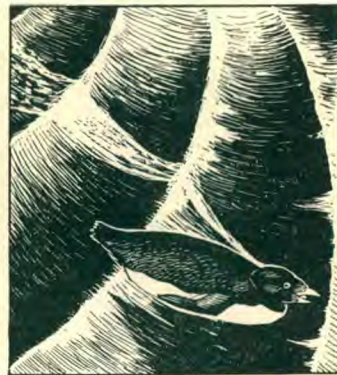
1. Feeding penguins are a busy lot. On the surface they swim like ducks, but most of the time they race under water, filling their crops with many varieties of smaller sea creatures.



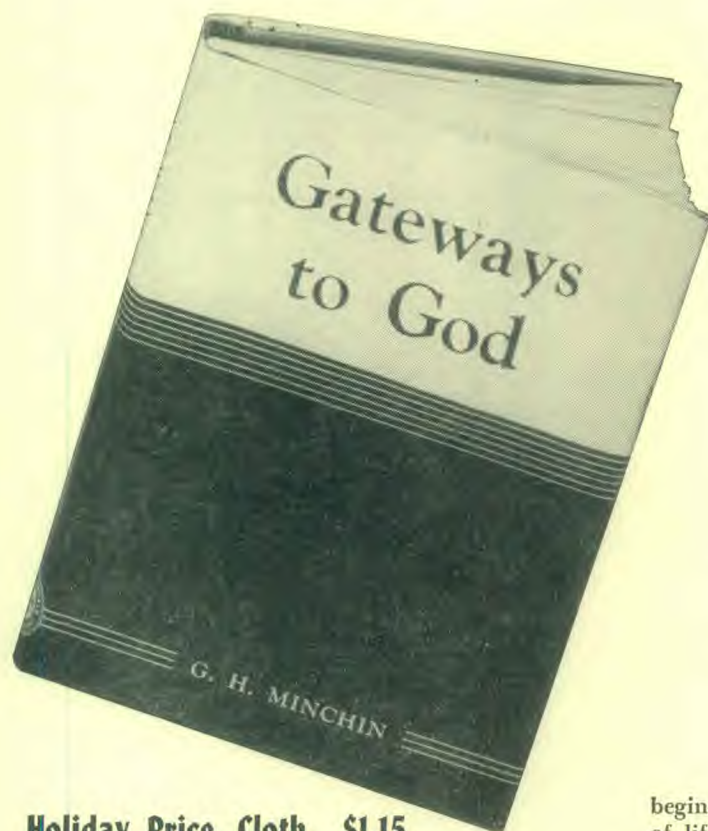
2. They live mostly on the numerous shrimplike and crablike creatures that are especially plentiful in the waters of polar seas. The diet of the baleen whales also consists of this "krill."



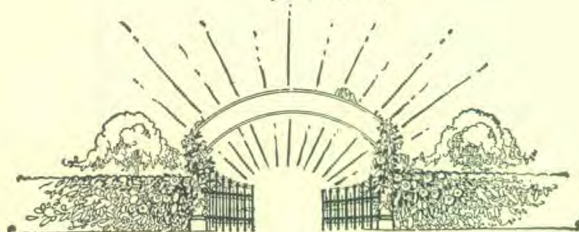
3. In addition to these prawns and crustaceans, the penguins also feed on the numerous small fish that they catch under water and are able to swallow with very little difficulty.



4. Often when food is abundant, penguins will feed until they can hold no more. Then they will throw it all up as a milky streak in the water and start all over again like gluttons.



Aids to Daily Devotions During 1954



GATEWAYS TO GOD

By G. H. MINCHIN

Holiday Price, Cloth, \$1.15

De Luxe, 1.80

(GIFT BOXED)

Regular price, cloth, \$1.25; De Luxe, \$2.00

One of the best yet issued, this page-a-day devotional book begins where most of us are and leads step by step toward a new way of life free from worry and frustration into the peace and spiritual well-being that come through surrender to God. This daily guidance into God's sustaining poise and victorious power gives meaning and direction to life and shows those who want to walk the Christian way how to meet the practical problems of spiritual living. Order a personal copy and additional copies as gifts for your friends.



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.



PAPER, 10c

CHRISTIAN HOME CALENDAR

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



Prices 10% higher
in Canada

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necessary

ORDER OF YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, WASHINGTON 12, D.C.

ically and mentally, by tobacco. Smoking dulls a person's nerve responses. Perhaps many of the drivers who fail to respond readily when the red signal light changes to green are victims of the dulling qualities of tobacco. Their senses are clouded with its unhealthy influence.

In the midst of a world crisis, men and women are deliberately lessening their mental and physical vigor by depending on the false gratification that cigarettes afford. Every clear-thinking person, young or old, should do all he can to discourage the use of tobacco and rid the world of this subtle enemy.

Contrasted Effects

From page 6

"He promised. Then I began my hunt for the other three towns. I found all the men up near the big dancing ground of one. They were yelling and shouting, jumping about in a fiendish manner, brandishing their clubs and spears in a most frightful way, and bringing their clubs down on the roots of trees with a stunning sound. Then from every throat came their ear-splitting war whoop.

"I spoke to the two chiefs there, and they agreed that if the third chief would acquiesce, they would be willing to seek friendship again by talking the matter



NATURE TRAILS

Mooneye

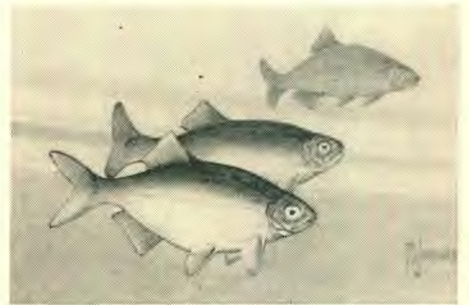
By E. LAURENCE PALMER

THE larger rivers and lakes of Eastern North America, from Hudson Bay through the Saint Lawrence region and the Great Lakes, south through the Mississippi valley to Alabama and Arkansas are the home of the mooneye. It is a member of the mooneye family of fishes and has as a close relative the somewhat smaller goldeye that commonly is more abundant.

The mooneye is a silver and olive fish that may give off a steel-blue luster from the olive-colored upper areas. The sides

are silvery. The related goldeye, or northern mooneye, averages under a foot in length and is usually about a pound in weight, though two-pound fish have been taken. Mooneyes of two pounds weight are not uncommon.

Naturally the mooneye gets its name from the rather large eyes. It is probable that other fish of equal length have eyes as large or larger without winning claim to the name. The reason the eye of a moon-eye appears so large is particularly because the head is relatively small.—National Wildlife Federation.



NATIONAL WILDLIFE FEDERATION PHOTO

over. I think they thought I could not find him, for he had hid himself. I found him alone, in dense shrubbery. He was a chief I had a great deal of influence over, as I had saved one of his wives."

Pastor Parker succeeded in getting all

four chiefs together to talk peace. "I thought that I had the situation gripped in my hands," he wrote, "when all of a sudden a little boy yelled out something that was like a lighted match to a powder magazine, and there was a great explosion of blood-curdling yelling. The mob threw dust into the air in clouds, like maddened bulls pawing; stones went hurtling by, muskets began to crack, and there was the ping of bullets and the whiz of arrows. Suddenly there was a mad rush from one side to attack the men on the other side. I jumped before the man who led the rush and braced my body against his. He was a large, muscular man. He tried to push me out of the way, but he could not.

"Bullets, arrows, spears, and stones were flying all around us. The noise was intensified by the sickening thud of the war clubs. I never expected to come out alive, but I kept braced up against this man.

"He said, 'Get out of the way, for we can do nothing as long as you are here.'

"At that moment I saw Mr. Bennett come running close to where I was. At sight of him the people seemed all the more determined. Everything that I could do seemed of no avail. I sent up that prayer of the disciples, 'Lord, save us: we perish.'

"Immediately there fell a great hush. The people on both sides stood still. One of the four chiefs, Bukerang, came running, holding aloft a small pig and crying out, 'Esu, esu ko ats. Bomulu, bomulu,' which means, 'Finished, finished forever. You go home, go home.'

"The people began to slink away. The pig was the peace offering. A prayer of thanksgiving went up from my heart.

"I spent the rest of the day until a late

Testimony of Thankfulness

By J. ERNEST EDWARDS

SIMON GIL, a Mexican lay preacher, earns his living as an itinerating merchant. He was making a flight from Tuxtla Gutierrez to Villa Flores in the state of Chiapas. The distance between these two towns is not far, but the flight was extremely dangerous because the plane was overloaded and was flying over a mountainous region.

With only one engine firing soon after the take-off, the plane was in critical danger of a crack-up. The passengers began to cry, scream, and curse the pilot and the aviation company, but Señor Gil just closed his eyes and in perfect peace prayed silently, asking God for protection. After what seemed hours of suspense they made a safe landing at Villa Flores.

There was no Seventh-day Adventist living in that city, but Señor Gil felt that he should give a public testimony, thanking God for His protecting care. Since it was Wednesday night, he went to prayer meeting at a Protestant church and asked

for the privilege of giving a personal testimony on God's providence. The pastor was away on his vacation, but permission was given by the leader of the meeting. After his striking testimony the people inquired whether he had some other message to give them. Gladly he began preaching the third angel's message to them. Tactfully he presented Bible truths and visited in the homes of the people.

A few weeks later the pastor returned and tried to arouse prejudice against Señor Gil when he discovered that he was a Seventh-day Adventist. But the seed had been sown and began to spring up. A new Sabbath school of sixty-eight was organized. Four businessmen joined this Sabbath school and closed their stores on Sabbath. Besides this Sabbath school the Sabbathkeepers there have organized twelve companies in nearby villages.

All this resulted from Simon Gil's miraculous deliverance and his testimony to God's protecting care.

hour that night with the different tribes, and I had the satisfaction of seeing them one again."

After the trouble was over, Mr. Bennett said to Pastor Parker, "I want to tell you something for your encouragement. When I went up to the dancing ground of the two towns that were to be attacked, I saw men sitting there calmly and I asked them, 'How can you sit thus?' They answered, 'We do not want to fight, and we will not, only to defend our dancing ground and towns if we are attacked.'"

"Why?" I asked.

"They told me, 'We belong to the school, and the missionary has taught us to love and not to fight. We have learned by our short experience that it is the best way.'"

"It was not long before some of the natives attempted to take the life of Mr. Bennett. He spent a whole night hiding in the bush," Pastor Parker recorded in his journal, "and he came to me the next morning and said that he would go out of his mind if I did not take him to another island. So I took him on the

launch to a small island not far away, where everything was quiet. Later he returned to England. Before he left, he acknowledged that he had taken an unwise course. We parted as friends."

Here was revealed the contrasted effects of atheism and Christianity. Today, as a result of that courageous mission work begun by Pastor and Mrs. Parker, a large proportion of the New Hebrides people are Christians, and they are working for the conversion of others. There are 1,460 Sabbath school members. Prospects for a large number of baptisms in the future are bright. Recently, converted people on Malekula sold in one day fifty-five copies of the book *God's Way Out*. A Malekula chief called all the people of his village to come and buy the books, and those who wished to understand were advised to go to the "Seventh-day teacher."

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

"The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."



Senior Youth Lesson

XII—The New Commandment

(December 19)

MEMORY VERSE: John 13:34, 35.

LESSON HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 504, 505, 677, 678.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1, 2; memorize John 13:34, 35.
3. Ques. 3-5.
4. Ques. 6-8.
5. Ques. 9-13.
6. Read *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 504, 505, 677, 678.
7. Review entire lesson.

The Supremacy of Divine Love

1. In His conversation with His disciples after the Lord's Supper, what new commandment did Jesus give? John 13:34.

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

NOTE.—"To the disciples this commandment was new; for they had not loved one another as Christ had loved them. He saw that new ideas and impulses must control them; that new principles must be practised by them; through His life and death they were to receive a new conception of love. The command to love one another had a new meaning in the light of His self-sacrifice. The whole work of grace is one continual service of love, of self-denying, self-sacrificing effort. During every hour of Christ's sojourn upon the earth, the love of God was flowing from Him in irrepressible streams. All who are imbued with His Spirit will love as He loved. The very principle that actuated Christ will actuate them in all their dealing one with another."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 677, 678.

2. How has God shown His love for man? 1 John 4:9, 10.

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

NOTE.—"The price paid for our redemption, the infinite sacrifice of our heavenly Father in giving His Son to die for us, should give us exalted conceptions of what we may become through Christ. . . . The matchless love of God for a world that did not love Him! The thought has a subduing power upon the soul, and brings the mind into captivity to the will of God. The more we study the divine character in the light of the cross, the more we see mercy, tenderness, and forgiveness blended with equity and justice, and the more clearly we discern innumerable evidences of a love that is infinite, and a tender pity surpassing a mother's yearning sympathy for her wayward child."—*Steps to Christ*, pp. 17, 18.

Christ the Supreme Revelation of God's Love

3. What did Jesus say was the measure of His love for His disciples? John 15:9.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."

4. What is the greatest evidence we have of Jesus' love for us? Verse 13; Rom. 5:7, 8.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

NOTE.—"That a man lay down his life for his friends." In the love of friendship this is its highest manifestation and proof; but another and a stronger form of love is that manifested by Christ, in dying for his enemies. . . . Let the . . . reader turn his astonished eyes to Jesus, pouring out his blood not for his friends but for his enemies, and in the agonies of death making supplication for his murderers."—*Clarke's Commentary* on John 15:3.

5. What assurance is given the Christian of the constancy of Christ's love? Rom. 8:35, 38, 39.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Love in Action

6. What two things, in their order, did Jesus do for us? Rev. 1:5.

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

NOTE.—Jesus first loved us, and then washed us. Love must precede service.

7. In what words did Jesus command us to love the unlovely, and for whom did He say we should pray? Matt. 5:44.

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

NOTE.—"Love and loyalty to Christ are the spring of all true service. In the heart touched by His love, there is begotten a desire to work for Him. Let this desire be encouraged and rightly guided."—*Education*, p. 268.

8. What specific example do we have of Christ's love for His enemies? Luke 23:34.

"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The Law of Love

9. Upon what does the law of God hang? Matt. 22:37-40.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

10. What is the fulfilling of the law? Rom. 13:10.

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

11. How shall men know that we are Christ's disciples? John 13:35.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

NOTE.—"Let Christians not make it possible for the enemy to point to them and say, Behold how these people, standing under the banner of Christ, hate one another. Christians are all members of one family, all children of the same heavenly Father, with the same blessed hope of immortality. Very close and tender should be the tie that binds them together."—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 550.

12. How are we enabled to understand and to experience the fullness of the love of Christ? Eph. 3:17-19.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."

NOTE.—"Love to God, zeal for His glory, was the controlling power in our Saviour's life. Love beautified and ennobled all His actions. Love is of God. The unconsecrated heart can not originate or produce it. It is found only in the heart where Jesus reigns. 'We love, because He first loved us.' In the heart renewed by divine grace, love is the principle of action. It modifies the character, governs the impulses, controls the passions, subdues enmity, and ennobles the affections. This love, cherished in the soul, sweetens the life, and sheds a refining influence on all around."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 64.

13. Because of God's love, what are we called? Through that love, what will we be like when He appears? 1 John 3:1, 2.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

Junior-YOUTH LESSON

XII—Remembering the Love of Jesus

(December 19)

LESSON TEXTS: Luke 10:26-37; Romans 8:35, 38, 39.

MEMORY VERSE: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." John 13:34, 35.

Guiding Thought

If you were asked, Which is the best-known and best-loved verse in the Bible? you would probably answer at once John 3:16! This verse of twenty-five words is loved because it tells the whole story of the love of God that led Him to send His only Son to die for a sinful world.

"God has bound our hearts to Him by unnumbered tokens in heaven and in earth. Through the things of nature, and the deepest and tenderest earthly ties that human hearts can know, He has sought to reveal Himself to us. Yet these but imperfectly represent His love. Though all these evidences have been given, the enemy of good blinded the minds of men, so that they looked upon God with fear; they thought of Him as severe and unforgiving. Satan led men to conceive of God as a being whose chief attribute is stern justice,—one who is a severe judge, a harsh, exacting creditor. He pictured the Creator as a being who is watching with jealous eye to discern the errors and mistakes of men, that He may visit judgments upon them. It was to remove this dark shadow, by revealing to the world the infinite love of God, that Jesus came to live among men."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 11.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Christ Gives a New Commandment

1. When Jesus and His disciples gathered together for their last Passover supper, what sentiments crowded out the love, sympathy, and kindness that should have been uppermost in the hearts of the disciples? Luke 22:24.

2. By the simple act of kneeling down to wash His disciples' feet, Christ changed the current of their thoughts. Ashamed of their pride and ill feeling toward one another, they were now in a frame of mind to accept what Christ had to teach them. What did He give them? John 13:34.

NOTE.—It was a new commandment only in the sense that it was a forgotten one. Centuries before, Moses had taught Israel that the basis of the law is love. (Deut. 10:12.) The keeping of the law became a difficult task for the Israelites, because they lost their love for God and their neighbors. "If Christ dwells in us, we shall reveal His unselfish love toward all with whom we have to do."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 162.

ASSIGNMENT 3

A Story That Illustrates True Love

3. One day a lawyer accosted Christ with the question, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus did not directly answer him, but asked him two questions. What were they? Luke 10:26.

4. What was the lawyer's reply? Verse 27.

5. Jesus commended the lawyer for his correct reply. Then He told a story to illustrate what we need to do to inherit eternal life. Recall this story as it is told in verses 30-37.

NOTE.—"In the story of the good Samaritan, Jesus gave a picture of Himself and His mission. Man had been deceived, bruised, robbed, and ruined by Satan, and left to perish; but the Saviour had compassion on our helpless condition. He left His glory, to come to our rescue. He found us ready to die, and He undertook our case. He healed our wounds. He covered us with His robe of righteousness. He opened to us a refuge of safety, and made complete provision for us at His own charges. He died to redeem us. Pointing to His own example, He says to His followers, 'These things I command you, that ye love one another.' 'As I have loved you, that ye also love one another.'"—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 503, 504.

ASSIGNMENT 4

Love in Action

6. In what words did Christ declare the greatness of His love for us? John 15:9, 13.

7. In what way has Christ shown that love? Rom. 5:8.

8. Can anything or anyone come between us and the love God the Father and Christ the Son have for us? Rom. 8:35, 38, 39.

NOTE.—"When Christ took human nature upon Him, He bound humanity to Himself by a tie of love that can never be broken by any power save the choice of man himself. Satan will constantly present allurements to induce us to break this tie,—to choose to separate ourselves from Christ. Here is where we need to watch, to strive, to pray, that nothing may entice us

to choose another master; for we are always free to do this. But let us keep our eyes fixed upon Christ, and He will preserve us. Looking unto Jesus, we are safe. Nothing can pluck us out of His hand. In constantly beholding Him, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 77.

ASSIGNMENT 5

We Must Demonstrate Christ's Love

9. When another lawyer approached Jesus one day and asked Him which was the greatest commandment, what was our Lord's reply? Matt. 22:35-40.

NOTE.—"Both these commandments are an expression of the principle of love. The first cannot be kept and the second broken, nor can the second be kept while the first is broken. When God has His rightful place on the throne of the heart, the right place will be given to our neighbor. We shall love him as ourselves. . . . Thus Christ taught His hearers that the law of God is not so many separate precepts, some of which are of great importance, while others are of small importance, and may with impunity be ignored. Our Lord presents the first four and the last six commandments as a divine whole, and teaches that love to God will be shown by obedience to all His commandments."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 607.

10. How can we have that love that enables us to keep the law? Rom. 5:5.

11. When the world sees a group of people that act on the principle of love, of what is it aware? John 13:35.

ASSIGNMENT 6

We Must Love Those Who Do Not Love Us

12. Most people can love those who love them, but what is the Christian called to do? Matt. 5:44.

NOTE.—"To be kind to the unthankful and to the evil, to do good hoping for nothing again, is the insignia of the royalty of heaven, the sure token by which the children of the Highest reveal their high estate."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 115.

13. In what trying circumstances did Christ set us an example in loving those who despitefully used Him? Luke 23:34.

ASSIGNMENT 7

When the famous Norwegian explorer Fridtjof Nansen was on one of his expeditions in the Far North, he tried at one point to measure the depth of the ocean. Nowadays the measurements are taken by electric sound waves, but in Nansen's time it was accomplished by tying a heavy weight to a long rope. Nansen let down a long rope, but it did not touch bottom. He wrote down in his record, "Deeper than that!" The next day he took a longer line, but it too was inadequate to reach the ocean bed, and he wrote down, "Deeper than that!" in his record once again. Finally he tied all the available lines together and let them down. Still the bottom was not reached. He never did find how deep the ocean was at that point—only that it was deeper than the length of his combined lines.

God's love for us is like the depth of that ocean bed. We can never plumb it. Paul writes in Ephesians 3:17-19: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

WORD SQUARE

N E R O
E V E N
R E A L
O N L Y

WORD PYRAMID

I
N P
P I N E
S P I N E T
S T I P E N D



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► AMERICANS are said to eat each year 570 million pounds of macaroni, spaghetti, and vermicelli, as well as about 200 million pounds of egg noodles and 10.3 million pounds of plain noodles.

► THE first Australian commemorative stamp to be printed in two colors recently went on sale. It marks the 25th anniversary of the official establishment of the Young Farmers' clubs in Australia. The design shows a boy and a girl alongside a calf.

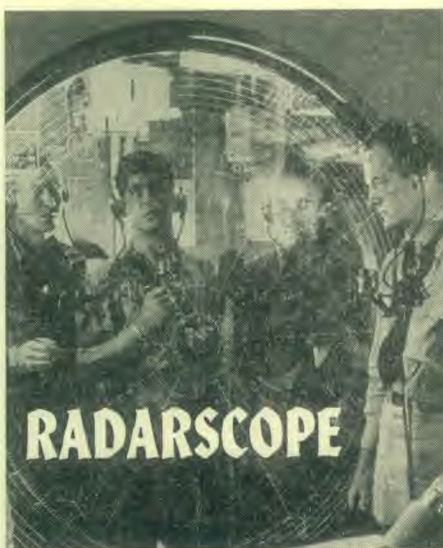
► SOME professional baseball players are now wearing caps especially designed to protect them from being hit in the head by a pitched ball. Made of tough polyester resins, the cap shields the wearer's temples and areas over the ears, and resists the violent impact of fast-pitched, batted, or thrown balls.

► SOMEONE has a \$350 parking fee to pay at a Washington, D.C., parking lot. But the owner of the lot doesn't know who it is. For some six months a late model auto has remained unclaimed while the parking fee climbs \$1.50 each day. Attempts to trace the owner through the registration of the car have proved unsuccessful.

► A "WATER SHOE" recently patented by Ludwig A. Geiger, of New York City, may make it possible for people to walk on the surface of the water. One of the styles resembles a deep, rectangular dish that has inflatable walls, according to *Science News Letter*. Air is trapped inside the inverted dish as each step is taken. This air, along with the air in the inflated walls, buoys up the wearer.

► No one has yet been able to explain what causes the Pascagoula River of Mississippi to "sing." This river, known as "The Singing River," produces a mysterious "music" that sounds much like that made by a swarm of bees. According to the *Washington Star*, it can best be heard in the stillness of summer evenings. Legend has it that the music is the chant of Indian tribesmen who, facing defeat, marched into the river to their deaths.

► BRITISH tax payers stand to save about £200,000 (\$560,000) a year because sugar is no longer rationed. After fourteen years of receiving between 8 and 12 ounces of sugar a person each week, British housewives no longer need carry their ration books when they want to buy sugar. The saving in taxes will come because some 500 government workers will no longer be needed to fill out a million forms a year for this branch of the rationing program. Only fats, cheese, and meat are still under rationing in England.



► A CATERPILLARLIKE creature that is neither insect nor worm is being studied at the tropical research center of the Smithsonian Institution in the Panama Canal Zone. *Peripatus* by name, it is claimed to be a "missing link," because it possesses characteristics of both insects and worms. Like insects, it has paired legs, one or two pairs of which are modified into jaws, according to the scientists. But like worms, its internal structure is somewhat segmented. The *peripatus* is found in Africa, Southern Asia, Australia, New Zealand, South and Central America, and the West Indies except Cuba, some fifty species being known to science. Its fossil remains are claimed to be "half a billion years old."

► SOME districts of Ontario, Canada, are being invaded by starving black bears searching for food. According to the *United Press*, police warned mothers to keep a constant eye on children during daylight hours and bring them in off the streets at night.

► ONE of the safest jobs in the United States is working in an ammunition plant of the United States Army. In 1952 this kind of work was only one fourth as hazardous as that in the average factory.

► A HOUSE with no insulation requires more than one and one-half times as much fuel as a well-insulated home of the same construction.

► ABOUT seven million children in the United States are learning to play musical instruments.

► THE Des Moines (Iowa) Municipal Band recently completed its seventh season—and its 43d consecutive concert—without ever being rained on.

► OF East Java's 18 million citizens, only 6 million can read and write. But at present more than 800,000 persons are taking literacy courses. In 1952, literacy schools graduated 280,000 pupils.

► EGYPT's new constitution places women on a complete political, social, and economic equality with men. It specifies that everyone is entitled to all rights and freedoms mentioned, without regard to race, color, sex, religion, or social origin.

► ALTHOUGH President Dwight D. Eisenhower stated at the beginning of his administration that he would follow the practice of holding a news conference once a week, the *New York Times* reports that during his first eight months in office he held only fourteen, or less than two a month.

► THE work of Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield in a big program of improvement of postal service is cutting the estimated deficit of the department by nearly \$1 million a day. According to his report the Post Office Department has been "clogged with antiquated methods, expensive fussiness and just plain bad habits."

► DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA schools suffered \$63,000 damage at the hands of juvenile vandals last year. Breaking into schools nearly 170 times, youngsters broke 8,300 window panes, to say nothing of forcing doors, emptying fire extinguishers, spilling ink indiscriminately, breaking desks and lockers, and leaving ice cream to spoil in open refrigerators.

► THE 12-month period extending from December, 1953, to December, 1954, has been proclaimed a Marian Year by Pope Pius XII. It is to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The encyclical letter that carried this proclamation also urged all the "faithful" to join together in prayers that the church might "finally be allowed to enjoy the freedom that is her right."

► A 69-year-old scientist and his son recently descended 10,334 feet into the Tyrrhenian Sea to set a new record for deep-sea diving. They used a diving box 52 feet long and 13 feet wide amidships that was lowered by cable from the surface. Prof. Auguste Piccard and his son Jacques rode in a small windowed compartment suspended beneath the diving box. A searchlight mounted in the hull allowed them to see in the inky blackness of the sea depths.

► THE habits of lake perch have been studied in a Wisconsin lake by Drs. Arthur D. Hasler and James R. Villemonte, of the University of Wisconsin. Using an echo-sounding device, they located perch schools and found that as sunset approached, the fish began to concentrate in shallower water and then settle, until finally their echo blended with the echo from the bottom of the lake. A diver sent down to observe them with artificial light found them resting with their fins touching the sand. At daybreak they arose, congregated in schools, and moved out toward deeper water.

Focus

What is a "missing link"?

It is a weak spot in science's organization of creatures, from the simplest to the most complex. It is a gap in the chain to which the theory of evolution is anchored.

Scientists in the Panama Canal Zone are closely studying the *peripatus*, "trying to piece together the fragmentary story of the evolution of the invertebrates—animals without backbones." Fragmentary indeed are the parts of the story of evolution that can be supported alone by fact.

The simple, factual story of creation found in Genesis 1 reveals that God made creatures of all kinds. The *peripatus* may not fit into scientists' organization of creatures, but it does fit into God's. "The earth is full of thy riches," declares the psalmist. "So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts."

DON YOST.