

# The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

They Wanted Wings  
Vacation at Christmastime  
DECEMBER 15, 1953

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KABEL ART PHOTO

## Do You Forget?

Some things we ought to remember. Other things we do well to forget. The same author who wrote that "it is a sin to forget" also counseled to "forgetfulness of the dark passages" in one's experience. "The remembrance of the unpleasant past only saddens the present."

The lady told me her name when we met on the Michigan campground after a service in the youth tent. She seemed pleased to renew a contact that had first been made during school days more than twenty years before.

I looked at her, repeated her name, may even have asked her to spell it for me. But if it had been worth a million dollars to remember, I would have forfeited the million. Though I tried to recall her then, as I have since, the memory of that person is gone. She will forgive me I know, even as I would forgive one who had forgotten me.

"But do you know," I told her, "ashamed as I am to have forgotten, my forgetting is a reminder of one of the most precious truths in God's Word. God forgets too. He forgets my sins when I have acceptably confessed them to Him!"

"I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." God promises to forgive and forget. Accept Him at His word.

*Walter Crandall*

## Grace Notes

**WINGS** For a factual story on the growth of an age of flight, see our center spread. After you have read it, ask yourself some questions. Does the invention and development of the airplane in the span of only half a century add any weight to your belief in an oft-quoted sentence, "Great changes are soon to take place in our world, and the final movements will be rapid ones"? Does the speed of modern planes add emphasis to the concept of "flying" as set forth in Revelation 14? Does the knowledge of these things true the compass or accelerate the pace of our efforts in personal Christian growth?

**BETHLEHEM** We ought to think of John 3:16 when we think of the Christmas season, for in that shining promise is revealed the sum of God's love for man. In this time of glaring show windows and blaring tunes, it is good to be reminded that selflessness is basic in those who would be good. Next week brings an article and a story of interest at this season. Alvin W. Fiedler writes "Dennis King and the Angel Choir," and Romilda Guthrie tells of "Christmas Behind Barbed Wire."

**BELLS** From a reader: "Just a few lines to let you know about how much I enjoyed the series of articles entitled, 'The Highway of the Bells,' which were in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, August 11 to September 22. You see I'm a post card collector, or in other words, a 'deltiologist,' and I have nearly all the missions spoken of in the articles. . . . And speaking of cards, I have over 4,400. It's a hobby well worth having. . . . Mr. Jones and associate [Mildred C. Abbott] are to be congratulated for gathering up such vital information. . . . It's exactly what I was trying to find to go along with my mission cards. Sincerely yours, L. F." [This is just one of many expressions of appreciation for the missions' stories. We print this one for its reference to a wholesome hobby.]

**COVER** What a thrill to witness the first flight of heavier-than-air craft at Kitty Hawk fifty years ago! Courtesy SKF Industries. Benton Clark, Artist.

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.



For a new kind of family reunion, try a

# Vacation at Christmastime

By LESLIE AND MADGE MORRILL

**I**F YOU want to see the nation dressed in her best and gayest mood, you should plan a cross-country drive at Christmastime. Every little village you pass through, every big city you come to, and even the lone store at the country crossroad will be decked out in its most brilliant reds and greens and illuminated with tinsel and colored lights. The small farmhouse by the side of the road will have its wreath of fir and holly, and the town house will be resplendent with huge Roman candles beside the door and life-size angels who guard a front-lawn nativity scene.

Last year when we were planning what we should do with the two-week winter holiday that our school would give us, we decided to use the time as a money-saving device: we would fly from San Francisco to Detroit—scheduling our flight on a family-rate day, when wife goes for half price—and then drive back a factory-delivered car during the rest of the two-week holiday.

We had never thought of a trip at that time of the year as being a vacation, but much to our surprise we found this one to be the most enjoyable vacation we had ever taken.

Being a tourist in midwinter is something of a novelty. Tourist homes where the owners live the year round give you a welcome that you don't find during the summer rush, and prices are considerably lower. Restaurant waiters have time to be more courteous, because there is not the patronage of the regular summer trade. Even souvenir counters and post-card racks are almost idle, and you can find plenty of elbow room while a smiling clerk waits for your decision.

The beauty spots of your country are an open sesame at Christmastime, and you may drive your car to the very edge of a beautiful panorama, where the no-parking sign is covered with icicles, and you may park as long as you wish and view the wonderland from the comfort of your heated car. Sight-seeing is much more convenient at this time of year than it is in the summer, when one must park his car a long way from the scenic rail and then do a marathon walk to reach the viewing place.

Nature may not be so pleasant during her wintertime, but she is certainly more ostentatious. We never hope to see anything more breath taking than what we saw one morning from the hotel window at Mammoth Cave—cardinals in the snow, like bright-red jewels ornamenting an ermine robe; we never hope to watch a more unusual sight than what we saw along the banks of frozen Niagara Falls—brilliantly colored pheasants walking under the snow-bent shrubs, as much at ease in their winter home as the ones we had seen among the summer grasses in the California lowlands.

Niagara Falls was in winter display. Icicles hanging down from the rocky rim were so long and so close together that one could imagine some master decorator had hung a magnificent crystal portiere beside the falls. The banks along the channel were so fantastically beautiful with their festoons of frozen spray and a layer of fresh snow that one could believe in a fairy world where trees and rocks were dusted over with powdered sugar. The falls themselves were masterful as they hung in space, half frozen, half leaping, and waiting to be flung down upon the giant snow-frosted rocks at the bottom of the gorge.

Another memory picture that thrills us every time we recall it is that of Grand Canyon in wintertime. The sun had gone down by the time we drove up to the El Tovar Hotel parking area, and there was no one around, because of the flurry of snow that had sent the guests inside. A few yards away we saw a handrailing that ran along a stone embankment. We hurried from the car toward the place, hoping that the last bit of light hanging under the canopy of dark clouds would be enough to give us a glimpse of the world-famous gorge.

We peered down into a black chasm, and clung to the rail. We felt as if we were standing on the brink of eternity and might fall off into it. We felt a silence as deep as the deepness before us. For a moment we seemed to lose all sense of space and size and proportion. Then we noticed long, white fingers of land pointing down and down, and we realized they were shoulders of the rock precipice be-



In winter the cascading water of Niagara Falls becomes a wonderland of unsurpassed magnificence.



low us, but we could only guess at the depth of the canyon.

Next morning the clouds were still over the gorge, and as the sun brought daylight, the clouds put on a spectacular drama. Like massive curtains, they began to roll back in sections, showing but one portion of the canyon at a time. We were amazed at the brilliant interior of the canyon as each set of the stage opened up. Along the rim where we stood the colors were muted by the snow, but down in the depths below the colors became heady and hilarious as the sun slanted through the clouds and played upon the marbled walls like a giant stage light spotting out each new crevice and fold of the canyon.

When we left in the late afternoon we remarked, "We don't think we will care to come back in the summertime; nothing can ever equal what we saw today. We'd rather remember the canyon this way."

Unusual sights are to be found when least expected if one is traveling during nature's winter festival. We walked with friends down to the shores of Lake Michigan. "What lovely sand dunes!" we exclaimed as we viewed the crumpled shore line. Our friends disillusioned us. What we saw were not sand dunes; they were *ice dunes*—waves that were frozen. Each wave that washed up on the shore was frozen before it had time to recede; like Lot's wife, it was changed into a thing of permanency before it had time to turn back.

When you drive in the wintertime the rough and barren spots of the landscape are softened and mellowed by the richness of a nature that tries to cover her scars. Ugly rocks and fallen tree trunks are turned into things of beauty as the fresh snow piles layer upon layer to make a marblelike statue out of even the most grotesque trunk. Little slums of water that might be only hog wallows in the summer heat are fascinating treasures of ice and snow and trickling water.

The humble homes you pass as you drive through towns are not the plain, bare houses of chimneys, roofs, and clapboards; they are all part of a kaleidoscope of Christmas-card scenes.

Side roads are closed or blocked, so you drive through the main thoroughfares, down into the very heart of the large city. But the traffic is not heavy, and you follow the highway markers and the light signals; you see the city square, the hub from which radiates the business of the metropolis; you notice that the statues in the park are veiled with thin wisps of white; and the tall, tall buildings are laced and interwoven with patterns of lights and evergreen trees and blinking candles. You are entranced with the fairyland that has transformed the plainest building into a Cinderella whose dazzling marquee extends to the Christmas tree that crowns her dome.

Even the air is filled with music and song at Christmastime. You drive through

towns and villages, and everywhere you hear the whispers of chimes as churches give out their glad songs. In the large cities you hear music coming from the great stores as the crowds of people move in and out of the doors. If you stop your car at an intersection, you hear music sifting through from the car radios, and the whole atmosphere blends in with the theme of the season.

You stop overnight in a town, and a group of children come to your window and serenade you with carols; the sight of their sweet, young faces looking up at you fills your heart with a warmth that you have seldom felt before. You dress and go out to the nearest church and sit in the crowded pews to join the worshippers who sing their candlelight hymns. You walk back to your room, you pass the homes whose windows are lighted with candles, and you hear a sweet cadence coming through the doors as families join in singing carols and noels.

You return to your room, and you are filled with a deep and abiding peace and joy that no other time of the year could give you.

Miles have gone by swiftly, and the days of your vacation are almost past. Your car is on the final stretch toward home. You think back over your trip and recall the high spots:

On a hill in Ohio you slowed up for a crowd of boys who were getting ready to toboggan down, and they whistled loudly and shouted to you, "Hi, there, neighbors. Tell Santa to bring us a car like that."

In Kentucky you stopped at a dime store, and you noticed by one of the counters a tiny tot who was clinging to her mother's skirts with one hand and was holding a bag of candy with the other hand, and she looked up at you and held out her bag as she said, "Take tum tandy."

At a country store in Tennessee the man gave you a little nut-shell souvenir, "Just 'cause it's Christmas," and he walked out to your car with you.

In Oklahoma the filling-station man tipped his cap, and held out something as he said, "Happy New Year! Let me give you one of our calendars."

In New Mexico a traffic officer standing in the middle of the street directing traffic, glanced at your license plate, and waved a hand of the law in friendly gesture as he called, "Come again."

In Arizona the garageman reached over to a stack of packages by his cash register and handed you one with the comment, "It's been nice knowing you, have one of our memo pads, and stop in again next time."

You drive on toward home, but the usual nostalgic feeling of coming home is absent this time because you have been *at home* in all the States you touched. You feel as though you have been attending a family reunion all the way across the continent. Neighbors all. Good will everywhere. That's a nation at Christmastime.



## Straight Talk

### MORE LUNG CANCER!

There appears to be a definite connection between cancer of the lung and heavy smoking, reports Dr. William Law Watson, associate professor of surgery at Cornell University and chief of thoracic surgery at the Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases in New York.

"We don't know the cause of cancer of the lung, but continued smoking over a period of years presupposes susceptible persons to cancer of the lung."

Dr. Watson says the number of male patients with lung cancer in his hospital has risen rapidly in the past 27 years. In 1926 there were only two patients with cancer of the lung. However, in 1951, there were 218 cases; in 1952 there were 220 cases, and as many can be expected for 1953. The figures for women patients have been virtually unchanged.

Statistics show that 98.2 per cent of the

male patients with cancer of the lung were moderate to heavy smokers over a period of 20 years.

### DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY!

A man who had a rare talent as a musician and who once amassed a fortune of \$100,000 lay in a Chicago morgue for ten days, unidentified. Picked up after being fatally struck down by a hit-and-run motorist on the West Side skid row, he was finally identified as Dr. Thomas E. Christensen, a former dentist and also first violinist in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The Associated Press story does not fill in all the details, but it quotes an old friend of Dr. Christensen's as saying, "For some reason he threw away both his careers in music and dentistry. It was a tragic thing. Neither his friends nor his family could help him. Eventually he alienated nearly everybody who knew him." Alcohol is not mentioned, but a man doesn't usually become a skid row derelict without it.



# Six Months LEFT for GOD

By ARNOLD JOHNSON



"DOCTOR, let me know the straight of it. How sick am I?"

The doctor thought a moment before speaking. "Arnold," he began, "after studying your X-rays thoroughly, I am of the opinion that you have had tuberculosis

for at least nine months. You must realize the importance of early diagnosis and treatment of this disease. Some persons have a strong enough resistance to fight the disease successfully, and are cured after several years of rest, treatment, and proper diet. Others are not so fortunate.

"Now I can tell you this: If you enter a sanatorium immediately, you stand a fair chance of recovery. If you do nothing, I should judge you have only six months in which to get your business affairs straight and your will made out."

Had I heard right? Or was I having a horrible dream? I, who up to a few months ago had been active, healthy, and robust, was being told that I had only six months to live. Such things happen to other people, but this *couldn't* happen to me. Why, I *couldn't* die. How could I tell my wife? What would happen to her and our two boys, four and six years old? And, furthermore, I wasn't ready to die—wasn't ready to meet God!

I walked out of the doctor's office in a daze and drove home, scarcely realizing what I was doing. It was about lunchtime when I finally got there. Lorraine was happy to see me, for usually I lunched with a customer and did not reach home till late at night.

Neither Lorraine nor I liked the long hours away from home, necessitated by my job as salesman for a large wholesale machine and industrial supply company. There were other things too that she did not like about my job. It kept me working on Sabbath and associating with men who

smoked, drank, and gambled. She knew that recently I had engaged in all those practices.

I evidently was not very good at covering up my feelings, for as soon as Lorraine saw my face, she became suspicious that something had gone wrong. When she started to kiss me, I turned my head and asked her to sit down. I had something to tell her. Thoroughly frightened, she listened as I told her what the doctor had told me. I saw her face turn pale and take on an expression of hopelessness and fear.

How I dreaded to cause her this pain. I loved her dearly, though I had become so wrapped up in my job that lately I had preferred the company of my godless associates to an evening with my family. But what a wonderful wife she had been, never nagging or condemning, but continually praying to her heavenly Father for my conversion.

As a boy I had been brought up to attend Sabbath school and church with my mother each Sabbath, but as I grew

older I forgot my early teaching and drifted away from everything religious. I was proud of the fact that my wife was a Seventh-day Adventist and was training our children to love this faith. If I were ever to turn to God, I knew that this was the only faith that held to standards I would accept. However, I had not recently given any thoughts to God or things religious—not till this morning, when I had been told I had only six months to live.

Lorraine helped me to bed and then sat beside me endeavoring to quiet my fears and encouraging me as we planned our future. Fortunately, my wife was a dietitian and knew just what kinds of food I needed. I received excellent care and gained ten pounds during the month I was waiting to be admitted to the hospital. More satisfying than the healthful diet she gave me was the spiritual food she was supplying. Never before had she been able to talk to me about God.

We were drawn very close together as we discussed our lives and the possible reasons for what had just come upon us. I asked questions about her faith, matters I had never bothered about before. The more we talked of God and His goodness and His love for us, the more I felt myself drawn to Him. Before I left to enter the hospital, my wife and I began to pray together. Then I made the decision to give to God what little life I had left.

Immediately I felt a heavy burden drop off my shoulders. I had gained access to a wonderful power and strength with which I could solve my problems. Now I could take my perplexities to God, and from Him receive guidance.

Just before Christmas, 1948, my wife and my sister drove me the thirty-five miles to the hospital where I was to live for an indefinite period of time. Upon



A. DEVANEY

After my X-rays and examinations, my treatments began, treatments indicating my serious condition.

[Mr. Johnson particularly likes machine work, making tools and dies. At the time this story was submitted he was enrolled for studies in agriculture at Madison College, Tennessee. Someday he hopes to be able to start an orphanage.]



reaching the institution, I was placed in a wheel chair and, with a mask tied over my mouth and nose, was rolled to the admittance desk. Then I was taken to my room, where I had to say good-bye to my wife and my sister. We both tried to be brave and cheerful, but I had a feeling that I would never again return home. Yet, strange to say, I was calm and composed. My newly found faith in God sustained me.

After my X-rays and examinations, my treatments began, treatments that indicated my serious condition. The first ordeal was a right phrenic nerve crush. After six months I was told that my tests were still positive, that I must submit to a different type of treatment—pneumoperitoneum. By means of a needle, two quarts

of air were introduced into the peritoneal cavity. This air produced a pressure against the diaphragm, which in turn collapsed the lung. The treatment was successful, and in a few months my tests were negative.

By this time I had been removed from my tiny single room to a ward with other bed patients, whose companionship I enjoyed. I soon became engaged in conversation upon religious topics with a bed neighbor. One day he asked me why I chose Saturday as my day of rest and worship. He also asked about the Voice of Prophecy radio program, to which I listened. The next Sunday he was listening with me to H. M. S. Richards and the King's Herald.

I learned that he had been a Catholic

all his life, but that he felt the need of something he did not now possess. As I told him about the Bible correspondence course, he expressed his desire to enroll, and before long he was studying the lessons and filling in the test papers. One day he told me he wished his mother might see for herself, as he had been seeing, the many things in the Bible that he had never before known. Upon his request I sent in her name, asking that the course in Spanish be sent to her.

On one occasion another patient left his bed, went over to the bed of this young man, who was working on his Bible lessons, and snatched them away from him, throwing them into the trash can. He proceeded to scold him for reading any religious literature other than Catholic. I prayed about the occurrence and was very happy when the boy asked me how he might reorder those lessons.

One morning before I was to go to surgery, I was very much frightened and nervous, for I did not know what the future held for me. Just the night before, two of our fellow patients had passed away. I opened my Bible, not knowing exactly what to turn to. As I glanced down at the page, the first words that caught my eye were those of Psalms 118:6: "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me?"

As I read, the first few words of this verse gave me so much strength and so calmed me that I experienced first a feeling of strength and then one of calmness. I could feel something going through my entire body.

At the hospital it seemed that the main protein food for tubercular patients was pork in all forms. Even the vegetables were prepared with shredded pork. After several days of leaving such food on my tray, the dietitian paid me a visit, questioning me about my strange actions. I explained to her that I was a Seventh-day Adventist and did not eat pork. She left, but it was only a few minutes till two doctors were in my room, telling me what a foolish idea I held to and that I must eat pork in large quantities if I was to get well.

So the pork continued to be served to me, and I continued to leave it on my tray. I had eaten plenty of pork during my lifetime, but when I gave myself to God just before coming to the hospital, I made a complete surrender. I concluded that if I died because I refused to eat unclean meats, God must intend that I die. But I had faith to believe that if God wanted me to recover, He would see that something to take the place of the unclean meat would be substituted.

Our church elder, who often visited me at the hospital, talked with the doctors twice, explaining our position on clean and unclean meats. Finally they agreed to substitute something for the pork, but insisted that I would have to eat the vege-

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## Teen-age Diary

By JOAN

### Dear Diary,



Mr. Rickey Boy's tail is just high enough to sweep all the knickknacks off the coffee table (it's never had any coffee on it). He comes into the house—after properly knocking

or scratching at the door—with great dignity. But as soon as he makes his grand entry he breaks down and acts the part of a very excited dog that has just met an acceptable master for the first time!

Because he is so large, we each take up positions about the living room to guard the valuables, and direct his greetings in the right channels.

This morning he left smudges on the window above the planter and dog hair in front of the fireplace. You'd think we'd lose patience with him, but we don't. I think we greet him with as much enthusiasm as he does us.

He's just a dog, you may say, but to us he's more than that. He's our friend.

Recently, the thought came to me that no matter what anyone told Rickey about us he'd never believe it! That's loyalty for you!

Loyalty is one of the most important virtues, and a virtue that I wish to be-

come a very real part of my personality. You see, I have many wonderful friends, and I love them, but once in a while someone will drop a hint to me that Grace or Jennifer has been talking behind my back or otherwise betraying our friendship.

One day I'd heard such talk, and humanlike I believed it. Before I realized it I'd said things that were carried back to Jennifer. Really, the chaos that followed took several weeks to untangle. Did I learn my lesson? From now on I'll never believe a word of gossip no matter how expertly it is presented!

I've decided that if a dumb dog can learn loyalty, certainly I should be able to develop it into an art. What with brain power and will to do.

Dear Diary, here are some of the rules I've accepted as an aid in the development of loyalty:

1. When in doubt say nothing.
2. Place yourself in your friend's position, walk in his shoes, and try to understand.
3. Be frank. Never hesitate to ask a friend whether he has failed you. You'll always win his respect by going directly to him rather than lashing out with unkind words that will no doubt return to him.
4. "Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds; you can't do that way when you're flying words."





# And Now, PEACE of MIND

By BONNIE HAMLIN

**S**ACORRO walked slowly home from the school bus stop one bright Thursday afternoon with thoughts ringing in her mind.

"Where will I go when I die? I certainly don't want to burn forever, as I've been taught; or if I'm good, will I be a saint and fly around in the heavens all the time? Surely there must be some other answer. An infallible God didn't create man for just that reason; or if He did, I don't want anything to do with such a God."

The more she thought of it, the more angry and confused she became. Her pace suddenly changed, and she began to run. She reached the house, opened the door, and ran into her bedroom. Slamming the door, she entered and threw herself on the bed. A few minutes later her older sister, María, walked into the bedroom, sat down beside her, and asked pleasantly, "Sacorro,

whatever got into you? Did something go wrong at school?"

No answer.

"Sacorro," she said with a higher and more harsh voice, trying to get some words out of her, "What is the matter?"

"You wouldn't understand if I told you," came a weeping reply.

"I might if you'd tell me. That's why I'm here," returned María.

"Well," said Sacorro reluctantly, thinking that she should tell someone, "do you know where you will go when you die?"

"Why, certainly," María exclaimed, "If I'm bad I will go to purgatory and burn and burn and burn until someone goes to the priest and prays me out of purgatory, and then I will turn into a saint, who will fly around the heavens."

"Do you think that God, who created us, would want us to go to purgatory, and

if no one would come and pray us out, would allow us to burn forever? If God is that mean, I don't want anything to do with Him. Oh, God couldn't be that mean even if the clergymen do tell us that," sniffled Sacorro, with tears rolling down from her big brown eyes.

María listened intently to every sincere word that Sacorro blurted out, and she too began to wonder. How could God do that to His people?

"Oh, my! Supper isn't ready, and Paul will be home for supper in half an hour," María said, glancing at the clock on the dresser. "Sacorro, come and help me get supper so it will be ready when Paul gets home."

They went to the kitchen arm in arm and prepared supper, hoping that all would go well.

Paul arrived home just as his wife and her sister put the final touches on the meal. The girls sat down at the table, neither one saying anything, and all the time Paul was wondering what was the matter with the two. Finally he said angrily, "What is the matter with you two? Since I've come home you haven't said a word."

"Shall I tell him?" said Sacorro half afraid.

"Well, maybe *he'll* know the answer if you ask him," María said, hoping Paul would agree with them both and answer the question.

Sacorro proceeded to tell him the thoughts that she had had on her way home from school—thoughts that were deep in her heart—"Where will I go when I die?"

Flabbergasted, big-eyed, Paul thought for a minute before he could answer the question, and then the words came.

"I've been wondering about that for a long time myself, and I'm glad you asked the question, because I didn't want to ask you two, fearing that I might be thought crazy. I was taught as a boy that when I die I will either fly around the heavens forever or go to purgatory until someone prays me out."

"That's what we have thought," interrupted the girls.

Solemnly Paul continued, "But I've gone home many a time from church wondering whether that was right. I finally came to the realization that I must be wrong, and tried to dismiss it from my mind. But every once in a while it would come to my mind."

They were all tired, for they had been up late every night for the past week; so he decided that all should lay aside the question and go to bed early. They would discuss the matter when everyone had had a good night's sleep.

"I'll stack the dishes and do them in the morning," María said, hardly able to keep her eyes open.

"You two can go to bed and I'll do them. I have studies glaring me in the face anyway," said Sacorro.



MONKMEYER

How happy Sacorro was when she was invited to live with her sister María and her husband Paul. Up to that time she had lived in a detention home, and also with families who had different beliefs.



"O.K., but don't stay up too late, for you have to go to school tomorrow," María answered, rather pleased that someone would do them.

That night Sacorro was restless, tossing and turning for a long time. She began to think of her early childhood.

Sacorro, one of nine children, had been taken away from her mother when her father had died because the county claimed the mother was unfit to care for all the children. She was in a detention home for about a year. The authorities finally found a home where they thought she

could be loved like other children, but the people of the house treated her as if she didn't exist, and scolded her for no reason at all. Finally, back to the detention home she went.

The county found another home for her, but she was treated the same way—unwanted. Her foster parents would tell her that if she wasn't good she would go to purgatory and burn and burn. They taught her that she shouldn't drink or smoke or use God's name in vain. She went into another home remembering what she had learned, and found drinking,

smoking, and the using of God's name in vain. When Sunday came she was not taken to church. It went on like this for about four years. Sacorro didn't know what was right or wrong. She sometimes wished she could be fortunate and be loved and trained in only one way.

When María got married she offered to care for her, and Sacorro went to her home. At last, with this pleasant thought in mind, she drifted off to sleep.

One sunny day there came a knock on her porch door.

"Sacorro, will you please answer the door," came María's voice from the kitchen.

"All right," replied Sacorro.

She opened the door and there stood a young woman.

"Hello," a sweet voice said. "I'm visiting in the neighborhood to tell you and your neighbors about a book called *Bible Readings for the Home*."

"Won't you please come in," invited Sacorro; "my sister will be here in a minute."

The colporteur, Mrs. Worthington, walked into the house and noticed that the living room was covered with images of saints. She sat down at the request of Sacorro, and while waiting for María to join them, Sacorro politely asked, "What is the book about?"

Just as Mrs. Worthington began to answer, in came María. The two girls listened carefully to the visitor. When the talk was over she requested that they kneel and have prayer, to ask God to guide them in their everyday experiences. They knelt, and asked Sacorro to pray. Sacorro, dumfounded, didn't know what to do.

"I don't know how to pray her way," she murmured to herself, for something inside told her that this woman didn't pray to images, but to Christ, who came down and died on Calvary's tree.

Mrs. Worthington must have known that neither one wanted to pray; so she lifted her face toward heaven and began to pray. Sacorro and María watched her, and in a little bit their faces too were lifted to heaven and their eyes were closed. Each word from Mrs. Worthington's prayer touched Sacorro's and María's hearts. They began to feel different inside, as though someone with greater power was hearing their prayer.

Just before Mrs. Worthington left she asked whether they would like to have her send someone to their home on Sunday so the husband could listen too—someone to help them to study the Bible. The answer was Yes.

About a week later Mrs. Worthington brought Miss Hill, a Bible instructor to their door. Paul invited them in, and María offered the two women a cup of coffee, but they refused it.

"How strange! Usually people never refuse a cup of coffee when it's offered to them," María thought to herself.

## The New Chinkombero Ngwazi

By J. W. HAARHOFF

**W**E FOUND Chinkombero working with the African builder when my wife and I first came to Lake View Mission in the Central Province of Nyasaland. He was a heathen and followed all the practices of the heathen around him. At one time when I shot a leopard Chinkombero was the happiest person, because he just hoped to get the meat to eat. Native-brewed beer was a daily requirement as far as he was concerned, and he smoked or chewed tobacco incessantly. He was ragged and dirty, and his language was not of the best.

Chinkombero was allowed to work until he had to start climbing scaffolds. Then the builder stated that the old man was too unsteady and weak to climb, and that we should pay him off. My wife felt a great burden for this old heathen and so agreed to take him on as a garden boy, to keep the lawn trimmed and the weeds down around the house. In spite of invitations to attend church with us he would not come. We gave him some old clothes and often fed him when he had nothing of his own to eat. Kindness played a great part in the work of the Spirit on this man's heart.

The great day dawned when one Sabbath we walked into Sabbath school and saw the old man sitting in the church in his rags. Our efforts were renewed, and we had more courage to think that one day he would accept the Lord as his Saviour and leave off his ways of heathenism. A few weeks later he began attending the class for the ones who are just trying to find out what Christianity is all about. We call this the Hearers' Class.

Chinkombero made his decision. He took off his bangle, threw his tobacco away, and said he would never drink beer again. He now wanted to follow the God that these missionaries had come to teach

them about. After two years of faithful study he was led into the baptismal pool, and there laid down the old life of heathenism that had been his for more than eighty years. Today he is one of the shining lights in the Lake View Mission church. He tells others of the love of God and what the power of God did for a sinner like him.

When the time came for our coastal furlough, we wanted someone whom we could trust and with whom we could leave all our belongings for six months. We chose Chinkombero, and he stayed at our home. When we returned we found everything in good order. What a reward for the kindnesses we had shown him and the prayers we had prayed.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

At first Chinkombero was a heathen and followed all the practices of the heathen around him.



*The long arm of the Press Bureau, through its system of monthly "alerts," is helping to tell*

# THE BIG STORY

By CAROL HETZELL

## PART THREE

**F**IVE hundred dollars! Dr. and Mrs. Ervin Winton,\* slated for a post at the Bhuket Mission Hospital and Clinic in Thailand, tried to conceal their astonishment as they eyed the generous check just received.

"This is more than kind of you, sir," Dr. Winton told the physician seated at the ample mahogany desk before him. "You can be sure that this is one check that will give you far more than your money's worth. From what I hear about my new mission post it can most certainly use some new equipment. Being in practice yourself, you can readily appreciate what this means."

The other man gestured to indicate his office. "I've got everything I need here to do a good job. You could have the same if you choose to stay in this country. There's no reason why you should have to work with inferior equipment simply because you choose to practice your profession in a mission field."

Dr. Winton rose. "Well, we certainly do thank you, doctor. We'll be getting in touch with you after we arrive over there, to let you know how things are shaping up."

"Please do," Dr. Winton's check-writing host walked with the young couple to the door. "And good luck to you."

The Winton automobile did not turn its nose immediately toward home. Instead it made a beeline for the College of Medical Evangelists and its public relations office.

"Just see what has come of your story in the newspapers about our leaving for the mission field!" the doctor exclaimed as he walked into press relations headquarters waving the precious green slip

of paper. Hard on his heels was Mrs. Winton wearing an oversize smile.

Art Sutton, La Sierra College student doing press relations work for C.M.E.'s public relations office during the summer months, matched the grins on the faces of his visitors.

For Art the Winton story had simply been part of his job. Earlier that week a notice had come from the Pacific Union public relations office announcing that a Dr. and Mrs. Ervin Winton, at the Loma Linda branch of the College of Medical Evangelists, would be sailing for mission service in Thailand soon and that possibly he could arrange for a story in the newspapers.

That was an assignment, and as a good reporter Art saw that the story got into

as many papers as possible. Glamorized by a picture of the Wintons packing for the overseas trip, the story appeared in five newspapers, including the Los Angeles Times and the Redlands Facts.

It was the editor of the Facts who received the call from a non-Adventist doctor who wanted to get in touch with the Wintons, and through Art the contact was completed.

Each month the General Conference Bureau of Press Relations, as one of its services, sends out similar "alerts" to conference press secretaries in areas where mission appointees have their homes. And each month the alerts are passed on to the key men and women in the areas who will make the necessary contacts with the press. In this way thousands of people are reading about Seventh-day Adventist mission work.

"Reading?" you say. "How do you know people actually read these stories about missionaries? Maybe the Winton story was an exception."

Last spring Mrs. Josephine Cunningham Edwards, little anticipating the consequences, consented to let Bill Oliphant of the Pacific Union public relations office arrange an interview for her with Dan L. Thrapp, religion editor of the Los Angeles Times.

The interview developed into a 33-column-inch story with a two-column picture in the Sunday edition of the Times (cir. 759,683). At the time Mrs. Edwards was enrolled in several courses at the University of Southern California.

On the following Tuesday, when Mrs. Edwards entered the John Hancock building to attend one of her classes, she saw the head of the department putting her Times story on the bulletin board.

"Congratulations," the professor said. "One of the graduate students phoned me



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Learning how to tell the "Big Story," church press secretaries get down to business under the guidance of Helen F. Smith, assistant secretary, General Conference Bureau of Press Relations.

\* See THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, October 6, 1953, page 13.



about your story, and I've just tacked it up on the bulletin board. Now, Mrs. Edwards, I want you to give a series of talks in my class about your work in Africa."

Rather surprised that anyone had noticed the story, Mrs. Edwards readily consented and proceeded to her script-writing class. There she found that her public had grown. She was greeted by a volley of congratulations from the students, several of whom were passing around clippings of the newspaper story:

After class the celebrity sought a peaceful moment in the library. But not for her the bliss of anonymity. At the library an Army colonel stepped up to her. "You're Mrs. Edwards," he announced. "I recognized you from the picture in the *Times*." The colonel wanted to talk about Africa. She gladly obliged.

The instructor of Mrs. Edwards' next class had also seen the story and invited the returned missionary to participate in a series of telecasts scheduled to go into operation in the summer.

There was still one more class. Mrs. Edwards drew a deep breath and entered the door. The students already assembled turned to look at her. One of them clutched the familiar clipping. After the congratulations had died down the speech teacher said, "Mrs. Edwards, your first assignment will be to tell us about your work in Africa."

Does anyone see the stories in the public press? What a wealth of opportunity unfolded through one newspaper feature for a missionary to tell the "big story."

Alerts, general releases, workshops, on-the-spot coverage for camp meetings, conference sessions, and other special occasions—these form but a small portion of the services dispensed by the General Conference Bureau of Press Relations in telling the "big story."

When R. A. Anderson held the big evangelistic campaign in New York City's Carnegie Hall, a Press Bureau representative was on hand to see that the city heard about the meetings. Through radio, tele-

vision, news releases, and advertisements, handbills, post cards, posters, and streetcar and subway display cards the word got around. For the meetings themselves the press relations man suggested interesting devices that would appeal to the public and the press.

When the Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital recently opened its new \$4,000,000 building, a Press Bureau representative turned his hand to help with public relations planning for the occasion.

When the medical cadets enroll for two weeks' training at Camp Desmond T. Doss near Lansing, Michigan, the Press Bureau sees that the country hears about it through every possible medium, including the newsreels.

These instances could be multiplied many times over in the course of a year. And while all this field work is going on, the home-biding portion of the staff maintains agile fingers by supplying evangelistic advertising helps upon request, pictures and mats of General Conference officials who will be visiting the field, assistance to other departments in planning promotional campaigns, encouragement and suggestions for church booths at State and county fairs, suggestions for highway markers to enable motorists to find the local church, information folders to step up the "staying power" of brief contacts with non-Adventist executives, and so on.

Each month a four-page press relations journal called *News Beat* carries word of the latest developments in the field of press relations into the homes of church press secretaries, pastors, and conference workers. The news-packed little paper also invades institutional offices and classrooms.

Here too at press relations headquarters pulses the heart of the Adventist Collegiate Press Association, whose purpose is to lift the standards of the denomination's college papers and knit the thinking of Adventist students.

Extracurricular activities come under the heading of special interviews. People who the Press Bureau feels have an unusual story find themselves lined up for interviews with local newspaper editors, columnists for the Associated Press or United Press, well-known radio or television interviewers. Then the long arm of the Press Bureau follows them across the country. Their itinerary is checked, and a picture taken by the bureau's photographer is sent out with a suggestive story to be used when occasion presents.

Office routine? Yes, there is a bit of routine too—letters of encouragement to be sent out, thousands of clippings to be filed, tabulations of coverage, notations made of progress throughout the field, lists to be kept up to date, articles for denominational periodicals (like the *INSTRUCTOR*) to be written, and a hundred and one other items that can use up the precious minutes, but all so necessary in telling the "big story."

*Concluded next week*

**THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR**



## Stay on Course

By JAMES H. STIRLING

**D**ECEPTIVE guide signals have complicated air navigation in recent months for pilots in Japan. Enemy radio transmitters operating from the nearby mainland and from submarines in the open Pacific have sent strong signals of the same frequency as radio homing beacons.

"If we followed the signals as we fly north from Tokyo to the island of Hokkaido, we would crash into mountains," said one pilot who had received the treacherous signals. "If we followed similar signals as we fly south from Hokkaido toward Tokyo, we would soon be lost over the Pacific."

The only safety for airmen receiving such signals, the pilot said, is for them to learn to rely on other trustworthy navigational aids.

The great adversary of mankind uses similar tactics to lure men and women from the way of eternal life.

"What's wrong with watching a tele-

vision program?" someone asks. What's the harm in other kinds of recreation and amusement—skating, music, reading? In all of these there are the right and the wrong, with consequences as important as our eternal destination. If we are to tell the false from the true, we must take our bearings from the great Source of all truth.

We must learn to test our directions by the Bible, and through prayer find the course approved by the great Master Pilot. He has promised, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, or when ye turn to the left."

One wise in the ways of Christian living has said, "Those who accept the one principle of making the service of God supreme, will find perplexities vanish, and a plain path before their feet."

Applying this principle, you will be surprised at how readily you will stay on course.



# MV Youth in Action

## The Bible—Your Password

By Arne M. Dahlsten

Four young GI's stood in line waiting their turn to register at the hotel. Rooms were hard to get, and these boys had planned every minute during those hot days in basic training to come into town Friday evening. This was the time, looked forward to by all the Seventh-day Adventist boys in the service, when they could escape the many duties commonly connected with "GI parties" held in the barracks every Friday night. Although we were excused from duty sunset Friday till sunset Sabbath, we still were in the way at the barracks. So as many as could went into the small local town to attend the

meeting in the evening, to stay overnight, and also to attend the church services held the following morning.

But the clerk said, "Sorry, fellows, but we have no rooms. You can try the other hotel up the street."

It was so peaceful to be away from the camp, and the four men simply couldn't return. It wouldn't hurt to ask again, just to make sure. The woman at the desk might have one room, and we could make out fine. The hard floor would be better than to return to camp.

Stepping forward, one of the boys asked again whether there were any rooms for the four of us, or even one room. But the woman only shook her head slowly as she looked them over from head to foot.

"Sorry, fellows, how about trying the other one down the street—"

While she was saying these few words, one of the young men put his Bible and *Quarterly* on the desk.

Suddenly, the woman's eyes became alive as she looked with interest from the Bible to the men. Then leaning closer, over the desk, she asked hurriedly, "You study the Bible, yes? You go to church tonight and in the morning?"

The answer given to each question was Yes. She raised both of her hands and exclaimed, "We have rooms for nice men like you." Reaching for the register, she explained that she and her husband had great respect for those boys who come in from camp on Friday evenings, "to go to church," and that they had decided to save enough rooms just for them. Therefore she had turned other boys away and had put up the "No Vacancy" sign in the window.

Thank God that Seventh-day Adventist boys are in the habit of carrying their Bibles. Wasn't it the Bible that had opened the way for those boys?

Let us not hide our lamp under a  
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U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Sgt. Randall R. Parish, of Wrens, Georgia (right), is congratulated by Maj. Gen. George E. Armstrong, Surgeon General, U.S. Army, as the top honor student in a class of 47 in this year's Advanced Medical Technician Course at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, Washington, D.C. Maj. Isabelle A. Mason, director of the course, looks on.

Sgt. Carl Dameron, another of the graduates, and Sgt. Parish are the first two Seventh-day Adventist boys to complete this training. They have both been assigned to Camp Pickett, Virginia, as instructors.



*The gospel story is going with greater speed today*

*because two brothers said*

# THEY WANTED WINGS

By THELMA WELLMAN

**L**IGHTS gleamed on decorations and medals, on women's smart evening gowns and jewels, and on the uniforms of the U.S. Air Force Band. The International Air Pioneers, having returned from Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, were further celebrating fifty years of reaching out to new horizons through powered flight at the Mayflower Hotel, in Washington, D.C. It was October, 1953.

Even though her bright eyes were not missing an iota of the vivid celebration, Katherine Stinson Otero must have recalled the adventures of the early days in 1912 when she was the first aviatrix to own and operate a flying school and to achieve distance flight records. In a few years her fame had grown so great that the Japanese Government had asked her to come over and demonstrate her skill.

And on the Japanese boat coming back to the United States, with her wonderful Stinson airplane snugly stowed away in the hold, she was the VIP among the passengers, tagged about everywhere by children and teen-agers. Cooperative in deck sports, unaffectedly charming to all, she was the embodiment of adventure and daring to one missionary's daughter who could say, "I once met Katherine Stinson, and heard her talk."

What a contrast between this scene with its overtones of triumph and the early days of struggle and disappointment! It seems incredible that when Milton Wright, father of the famous Wright brothers, hurried to the office of the Dayton (Ohio) *Journal* to give the news of the first epochal flight over the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk that he was impatiently brushed off by the editor!

The pre-Christmas trade in the Dayton stores had been brisk, and that worthy man was much more interested in chronicling advertisers' statistics than in giving space to what might well be merely an absurd tale concocted to get publicity for the bicycle shop operated by the younger Wrights. This cold reception proved once more that the inventor's path is lonely and often unrewarded. In fact, although the



AIR FORCE PHOTO

Wright boys had made many additional flights after the first, these had been witnessed by only a few spectators, and it was not until 1908 that the unusual news reached the public.

Although their father, a bishop in the United Brethren Church, wanted them to become ministers in that denomination, the boys' mechanical bent and ingenuity triumphed over his desires. Fascinated by a flying toy powered with rubber bands that the father had brought home, they made others like it, and Orville, particularly, became skillful in building and flying kites. Thus he was early becoming acquainted with the ways of air currents. Both Wilbur and Orville read of the design and use of gliders in Germany, and had also written to the Smithsonian Institution for information on the Langley experiments with model aircraft.

In the bicycle shop in Dayton they tried their hands at constructing a glider kite, and then later, in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, they assembled the first large glider. In experimenting with this, they

Orville Wright with his passenger, Lieutenant Lahm of the United States Army, as they prepared to launch their historic flight at Fort Myer, Virginia, July 27, 1909. The Army, about to purchase the plane, stipulated that in this first of two tests, the machine stay aloft for an hour. Orville Wright circled the parade grounds about seventy-five times and set a record of one hour, twelve minutes, and forty seconds aloft. Right: Memorial at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.



SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION PHOTO

developed efficient construction and became skillful in operation of controls.

The next step was to develop a machine that would be powered with an engine and propellers. No engine that would meet their specifications was obtainable; hence the mechanic in their shop ingeniously constructed one that would be suitable. After the first flight, the intense in-



terest that spurred them on was vividly described by their father. Said he: "For several years they have read up on aeronautics as a physician would read his books, and they have studied, discussed and experimented together. Natural workmen, they have invented, constructed and operated their gliders and finally their Wright Flyer, jointly, all at their own personal expense. About equal credit is due each." Success was no accident, but the result of years of concentrated study and controlled experimentation.

What exhilaration must have filled Orville's heart on that cold, windy December 17, 1903, when he settled himself firmly in the hip saddle, the restraining wire was released, and after a run of forty feet on the rail the Flyer rose into the air! Even though the flight lasted but twelve seconds, it was a remarkable feat—the consummation of one of man's most enduring dreams. Three more flights were made the same day, the longest one covering 852 feet in 59 seconds. Insatiable work-



ers, the brothers continually strove to improve their product, and the machine built in 1905 was much stronger, with changes in controls and surfaces. Distance and duration of flight increased, with a record flight of 24 1/5 miles in 38 minutes 3 seconds.

At last their exploits were beginning to attract attention, and filled with patriot-

ism, they offered their machine to the government to be used as a military accessory. Inquiry through their local congressman merely met with a curt "Not interested," and three direct inquiries to the Army brought similar results. But after further demonstrations at Kitty Hawk, this time viewed by amazed reporters in ambush, there was a slightly more favorable atmosphere.

Undoubtedly, the success of Wilbur in France as he demonstrated the superiority of his machine over others in an hour's flight and also in flights in Germany and Italy had much to do with the dawning of international interest. Royalty journeyed to observe, and he was able to sell the manufacturing rights to the invention.

President Theodore Roosevelt, advocate of the vigorous life, was intrigued by the remarkable claims of the Wright brothers, and asked William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War, to investigate the military possibilities of their invention. Following a thorough survey, the authorities were at last convinced of the honest intentions of the inventors, and willing to sign their contract for \$25,000, barely sufficient to cover expenses should the plane succeed in the Army test. By this time there were a number of men in the Army who had fallen in love with aviation, but the great obstacle confronting them was the apparent impossibility of obtaining even so small a sum as that required.

It seemed that there was no help to be expected from Congress, still incensed over the loss of \$50,000 advanced to Prof. Samuel P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, for his unsuccessful experiment. As Brig. Gen. Frank P. Lahm, Ret., told the story in a recent *This Week*, three of the military officials ventured to approach Roosevelt in the White House. His resourcefulness challenged, The Rough Rider considered the matter thoughtfully for a few minutes and then had a sudden inspiration. Rushing to a filing cabinet, he extracted from it a thin folder, which contained a special fund appropriated by Congress ten years earlier. Needing only the President's signature to become valid, and with no accounting necessary, the sum exactly equaled the needed \$25,000. With this backing literally plucked from a file, the way was clear for one of the most important events of the time.

In the making of history there is nothing equal to the word of a really competent eyewitness. He can capture attention because of human interest touches. Consequently, when I learned that Sanford Harlan, of the Art Department of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, had actually seen the first official test of the Wright Flyer at Fort Myer, Virginia, I hastened over to interview him.

"What made you so much interested in flying?" I queried.

"Well, while in grade school in southern Michigan I had many a laugh with my boyhood friends over the comic poem by

John T. Trowbridge, 'Darius Green and His Flying Machine,' in which he pokes fun at the inventor. We had a jolly time re-enacting some of the dramatic scenes of the mischances befalling poor Darius. The idea that there could be a machine that would actually fly was absurd. The thing in those days was the balloon ascension, a dramatic feature at county fairs and entertainments. Why, a neighbor of mine, a few years older, was the acrobatic balloonist of our town, and a man of real importance to us boys."

"How about Mr. Trowbridge, the poet? Did he ever change his mind about the practicability of flying?"

"Indeed he did! His life extended thirteen years into the aviation era, so he lived to know of a really successful heavier-than-air flying machine."

"When did you first hear of the Wright brothers' work, Mr. Harlan?"

"One evening in December, 1903, after a long day's work at the drawing board in the Review and Herald Office in Battle Creek, I noted an inconspicuous item in the local paper relating the successful flights of a machine built and operated by the Wright brothers. Even though short, these flights marked the beginning of man's conquest of the air. About this time I moved to Washington, and I was determined to see this wonderful new machine fly just as soon as I could.

"The War Department was finally interested after some of their representatives had been attracted by the success of Orville Wright's demonstrations on the parade ground at Fort Myer," continued Mr. Harlan. "But some of their requirements seemed pretty difficult to us. The machine must be able to stay airborne for an hour and to fly at least forty miles an hour. As I remember it, the other rule was that the machine should make a cross-country flight of about ten miles. The first attempt in September, 1908, was marred by an unfortunate accident in which the Army observer riding with Orville was killed."

"What was your impression of the inventors' ability to cope with the problems confronting them?"

"They were noted for continuous caution as well as daring. That is what enabled them to succeed in their great enterprise. July 26, 1909, was first announced for the trial, but canceled because of stormy winds. However, July 27 was a beautiful day, and I determined not to miss seeing those tests."

"Did you go off on the adventure alone?"

"No, indeed," replied Mr. Harlan, his blue eyes sparkling. "Immediately after work at 4:30, my fiancée and I boarded the trolley car that seemed to creep along through the city, over the bridge, and to the grounds of the Fort Myer military reservation in Virginia. The great event was to take place at six o'clock, and we were anxious to join the thousands who

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# Growing Intellectually

By DONALD E. DIRKSEN



A. DEVANEY

The more we learn here on earth, the better we will be prepared for the great school of heaven.

**€** EVERYONE should have at least an eighth-grade education. But what about that education; will any school do, or must a school have certain standards?

Alexander Pope in his *Moral Essays* says, "Tis education forms the common mind; just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Our first eight grades are a basis for our future education, and we should attend schools with high Christian standards in our elementary years. Building our character is like building a skyscraper; the durability of the structure depends on the foundation we can build it upon and be certain that the structure of our soul will last.

Even before the first grades of school a

person must have been taught right habits and given right ideals. Christ was the example for young people in His home life; and if we strive to follow His example, the result will reveal itself in our lives. If we combine a Christlike home life with a Christian education and then follow in the Master's footsteps, the result will be eternal life with our Lord and Master.

Just what is a Christian education? Ellen G. White tells us that "true education means more than the perusal of a certain course of study. It means more than a preparation for the life that now is. . . . It is the harmonious development of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual powers. It prepares the student for

the joy of service in this world, and for the higher joy of wider service in the world to come."

Now that we know what higher education is, what will it accomplish for us? It will enable us better to understand the truths of God's Word, which will, in turn, prepare us for the kingdom in which Christ will be with His redeemed throughout all eternity.

Jesus said, "Ye are the light of the world. . . . Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." If we learn to study the Bible and comprehend its truths, we are able to dig beneath the rubbish and dust of error that have buried the precious jewels of truth found in God's Word. When we have uncovered these jewels they will be a source of delight and inspiration, not only to us, but also to those to whom we present these truths.

The more we learn here on earth, the better we are prepared for the school of heaven. We will perfect in heaven that which we learn here. Paul says "that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened." The greatest of all sciences, the science of redemption, the science "kept in silence through times eternal" will be the subject of study of God's redeemed throughout eternity. It will increase the mental powers as no other study can.

Redemption is a subject that cannot be exhausted. Studying it diligently will take as long as time shall last. The redeemed will study the plan of redemption forever, and new parts of it will be constantly brought to their attention by the One who has untold treasures of wisdom. "And they shall all be taught of God."

If we listen to the instruction and wisdom of the Great Teacher, we will be prepared for the instruction of the higher school of knowledge from which no one will ever graduate.

Francis Bacon said: "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had

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**I**F THERE is such a thing as eternal life, we certainly won't get it, because we don't live right," said young Mrs. Nehrein one day to her husband, Ernest, an employee of the old Imperial German Railway.

This happened only a few years before the turn of the century in a suburb of Berlin, where the young couple were then living. They had a nice home, and Papa Nehrein had an excellent position and frequent chances for advancement. He had already been promoted once, and another promotion was just around the corner.

Yet somehow in their busy lives something seemed very conspicuous by its absence. To be sure, they read their Bibles occasionally. Mrs. Nehrein even attended the services of the state church once in a while, but her soul's deep yearning for spiritual food was tantalizingly not satisfied. She would enviously watch some of the devout worshipers, while her own heart kept wandering from one worldly triviality to another. "If I could only concentrate as well as these people do," she often said to herself.

But then again, maybe the other people who could listen so attentively to the Sunday morning sermon did not have quite as many things to worry about as this young housewife. Two children had already come to bless the home, and it was no longer an easy matter to make ends meet.

Perhaps it would be a good idea if one

of their rooms were rented, she began to think. She recognized full well that it would take away from the *Gemütlichkeit* (coziness) of their home, but the prospect of going into debt was no pleasant thought either.

However, she did not have to remain undecided for long. One day the woman who was living on the floor below them and who herself had subrented part of

her apartment, rang the Nehreins' doorbell.

"I have a very nice young woman here who is looking for a place to stay," she began pleasantly, "and since I have no vacancies at present, I was wondering whether you might be able to accommodate her. Her name is Amanda Kross, and she goes out and does housework in the homes of people."

Young Mrs. Nehrein was happily surprised, but her husband was against it. "She's a good girl, and she is baptized too," pleaded the woman from downstairs.

"That's nothing, so are we," replied the Nehreins in unison.

"Yes, but you have been baptized by the devil," snapped Amanda hastily, revealing more zeal than knowledge. She, a girl in her twenties, was one of the few members of the Seventh-day Adventist church in Berlin.

Notwithstanding her first and inconsiderately blunt appraisal of the Nehreins' religious experience, Amanda moved in the very next day, a Friday. She even mustered enough courage to invite them to a series of Bible studies she was attending with punctilious regularity and great joy. The third angel's message had recently entered the capital of old Germany—in the year 1894, to be exact. Through these cottage meetings that were being held in various parts of the metropolitan area, the membership was continually growing, while, at the same time, the new converts were being more firmly established in the "faith which was once delivered unto the saints."

One evening Mrs. Nehrein decided to accompany her new roomer to the Bible study. In the modest home where the study was being held a small group of people was already present. The topic of the evening was the millennium, and Amanda's landlady was delighted with

# JEWELS from GERMANY

By PAUL K. FREIWIRTH



H. A. ROBERTS

Mr. Nehrein, who was an employee of the old Imperial German Railway, had no sympathy for those who taught the new doctrines. He began to blame his slightest reverses on the faith of Amanda.



the clear presentation of Bible truth. Full of enthusiasm, she rushed home to tell her husband all about it, but—

"If I catch you going to those meetings again, I'm going to throw all the dishes and everything right out of this window," was his unexpectedly harsh reaction to his wife's account of what she had learned.

As most young wives would do under similar circumstances, Mrs. Nehrein went to seek comfort from her mother, but here her disappointment was even greater. "God save me from the shame and disgrace of having my daughter apostatize from the church," she screamed hysterically.

In her great hunger for truth and her eagerness to follow the series of Bible studies, Mrs. Nehrein continued to attend them anyhow. For some mysterious reason her husband did not carry out his threat to resort to violence, but she noticed that a strange restlessness was getting the better of him. He was beginning to blame the slightest reverses in his life on that strange faith of Amanda. Like the apostle Paul of old, he was embarking upon the hopeless venture of trying to kick against the pricks of his hitherto inactive conscience.

One evening after his wife and Miss Kross had gone to the meeting he began to read the Bible. Thoroughly disgusted with the earnest exhortations to a holy and circumspect life that he found therein, he flung the Book away, muttering to himself angrily, "Now I'm through with this stuff, and for once I'm going to enjoy a really pleasant evening." He hurriedly got dressed, and with the momentary feeling of exhilaration that accompanies a sense of relief, he headed for the nearest restaurant. As he was about to open the door, a voice thundered at him, "*Und wegen Gotteswort willst du da hinein gehen* (So it is because of God's Word that you want to go in here)?" He looked around and stood speechless, having heard a voice, but seeing no one. Awe-struck and trembling, he went back home and picked up the Book he had just a few minutes before thrown down. Its crumpled and dirty pages fell open to Isaiah 43: "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for *I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.*" With tears in his eyes, he then and there promised to surrender his life to God, but he kept his decision to himself.

Shortly after this happened, in the summer of 1898, Mrs. Nehrein left Berlin for a brief vacation. Her husband did not want to begin attending the Bible studies without her. When, after a month or so, the affairs of the household began to get out of his control, he sent her an urgent letter to return. She quickly complied. On the first Monday after her return Mr. Nehrein had decided in his own mind that this time he had to go to the Bible study. He was unwilling to make the suggestion

himself, though, and to his chagrin his wife did not seem to be planning to attend either. His mental anguish became unbearable, and, supper finished, he started to pace nervously to and fro in the hall.

"What's the matter with you tonight?" asked Mrs. Nehrein curiously. "I've never seen you act like this before. You're worse than a lion in a cage!"

"Why aren't you going to the meeting tonight?" asked her husband.

"I'd go, if you would come along," was

---

## Mother Nature's Bad Child

By MARIAN GRAHAM FISHER

Thin and lithe and sleek and strong  
Through the wilds he moves along;  
Graceful, ruthless, stalked with fear,  
Plunders cattle, kills the deer!  
Noiseless as a shadow glides,  
Never misses, slips, or slides;  
Tawny as a fallen leaf,  
Life as empty . . . span as brief.  
He is monarch of the hills,  
Flaunts his power, threatens, kills.  
Have you seen him . . . guessed his name?  
Ask the ranger of his fame;  
Dusky cougar of the wild—  
Nature's strange, delinquent child.

---

the calm reply of Mrs. Nehrein. To her utter amazement, her husband enthusiastically suggested they go.

His new ardor was destined to be dampened at the very first meeting, though. The kissing among the brethren and among the sisters was just as repulsive to him as the study of the evening, the Sabbath. He felt that this topic had been chosen just because of him, and when the speaker asked him as he was leaving how he had enjoyed it, it was taken as insult upon injury!

The same mysterious power that kept him from throwing the dishes out of the window several months previously, now led him to continue to attend the studies with his wife, and they eagerly drank in the wonderful truths of God's Word. Only unexpected sickness kept them from being baptized at Christmastime, but they planned to take this sacred step the following spring. Mr. Nehrein let it be

known that he was planning to sever connections with the railway. The officials advised him against making such a rash move. It just was not the order of the day for young men with families and promising careers before them to resign of their own accord.

The railway officials were not the only ones against this decision. The greatest test came to him from the least-expected source. The day before the scheduled baptism, and after the public examination had already been made, Mrs. Nehrein approached her husband with this proposition: "Why don't you wait for your baptism until you've earned some more money first?" The surprised man was momentarily speechless. Then, all of a sudden, something inexplicable moved him to sing the well-loved German hymn, *Komm zu dem Heiland, komme noch heut'* (Come to the Saviour, come yet today). The moving words of this hymn convinced Mrs. Nehrein of the danger of her proposition, and she urged her husband to go through with his decision to change from the Prussian intercity trains to the one bound for the New Jerusalem.

After his baptism Mr. Nehrein joined the small corps of colporteurs, a custom frequently followed by new converts in those early days. At first, going was hard, and oftentimes the Nehreins were asked by the church treasurer whether they were paying an honest tithe, for it seemed humanly impossible that a family could exist on the income their tithe indicated. To make things worse, Mrs. Nehrein was ailing from time to time, and frequently they had fewer marks to their name than there were mouths to feed, for there were five children. With the psalmist they could declare confidently and from experience, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

After three years of faithful service Mr. Nehrein was elected colporteur leader of the East German Conference, which extended over the eastern third of the old Reich. Within the next seventeen years, because of the exigencies of the work, the Nehrein family had to move no less than seventeen times! The word *hardship* could not be found in their vocabulary though, and the joy of seeing others embrace the truth more than compensated for any privations suffered.

After World War I, Mr. Nehrein was called to the pastorate of the Seventh-day Adventist church in Bremerhaven. With his family he came to New York City in the early thirties, where he continued to labor for several years. About the most difficult thing he ever did was to go on sustentation, after having served the cause he loved for more than four decades. He retired from the organized work only to become a very active layman.

"When I first became a Seventh-day Adventist," he testified at the fiftieth an-

To page 19





"H, DADDY, please catch it for us. Quick, before the dogs get her. My, but isn't that the bushiest tail you ever saw on a gray squirrel?"

"Yes, she's a pretty thing. We'll see what we can do, but we wouldn't want to scare her."

Dad, my brother Bill, and I had gone over to the neighbors to see their fine registered Pomeranian dogs. As was their usual custom, the dogs were making the forest ring with their small, but frequent yaps.

As we were standing there admiring the puppies, suddenly a young gray squirrel broke from the cover of the trees and ran up on the wire that fenced in the dogs. Whether she had been frightened by the barking of the dogs till she didn't realize what she was doing or whether she thought we would protect her, I'll never know. At any rate we caught her. The marvel was that she seemed utterly unafraid of us. We were a happy group as we carried her home and showed Mother our new pet.

"Shall we make a pen for her so she won't be able to escape?" questioned Bill.

"No," replied Bob, "she seems perfectly contented. Let's leave her free to make her own decision whether she wants to live with us or obey the call of the wild."

"I'll tell you, boys; let's compromise by making her a warm, comfortable bed on the back porch," suggested Dad. That seemed a good idea to us all, so Mother gave us soft material for the nest.

Next we tried to reach her heart by way of her stomach. That first afternoon there were five of us trying to feed her at the same time, all of us vying for her friendship by offering her food we thought a squirrel would like. It was remarkable to watch her impartiality. It didn't make any difference who had the most food or the best or who was the smoothest talker, it was Bosco's privilege to make up her own mind, and in all your life you never met a more independent little soul.

I'll never cease to marvel at her complete lack of fear of human beings. We allowed her to run over our shoulders, arms, and legs, but she never tried to take any advantage or to run away. She showed her appreciation for the bed we had made by sleeping in it for a few nights. But before long I saw her carrying twigs and other building material to the top of a nearby fir tree. "Dad! Bill!" I called. "Come here and see what Bosco is doing."

"What? Where? I don't see her," said Bill.

"Up there," I replied, pointing. "She evidently prefers her own type of architecture, and is locating her home where she supposes we won't bother her."

"I wonder whether she will come back for her meals," said Bill.

"Oh, I think so, at least for a while," replied Dad.

Having finished her task, she moved

# BOSCO

By ELMER ROBERT WELLS

into her new bedroom, but still regarded the kitchen or the back porch as her dining room, and came regularly for her breakfast.

When I did my afternoon chores, she was on hand to ride around on my shoulders and supervise the job.

After the work was done she would hop from my shoulder, scamper up the nearest tree, and perch on the lowest limb as if to dare me to catch her. She would look down at me with a wise look as if to say, "Catch me if you think you are big enough." I would usually take her up on the dare, and then would follow a time-consuming chase through the treetops, out on the limbs, and around the trunk. After a while she would let me catch her, but not until I was thoroughly tired of tree climbing for the day.

When friends or relatives would come they would marvel at how a wild creature could be so tame. I will never forget the surprise on my uncle's face when I met him with a squirrel on my shoulder. He was in for even a bigger surprise when I transferred her to his shoulder and gave him some nuts to feed her. "I don't understand this at all," he said; "she lives out in the woods, yet she will eat nuts from my hand as though I were an old friend."

Bosco, not knowing that she was the center of the conversation, would thoroughly investigate every pocket and cuff for nuts that might be hidden. When she was all through they were both satisfied, one because of a full stomach and the other because of such close contact with a wild creature.

To page 21



OLIVE KRUM HAGMANN

We tried to reach her heart by way of her stomach. That afternoon there were five of us trying to feed her at the same time, all vying for her friendship by offering her food we thought she'd like.



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## And Now, Peace of Mind

From page 8

Miss Hill showed them pictures on creation. They didn't quite understand but listened intently to the well-chosen words.

Miss Hill continued coming to their home for three months, and at the close of every lesson a prayer of praise was offered, which brought them closer to their Creator. Everything seemed so real to them. It made good sense.

One day Mrs. Worthington and Miss Hill went to the minister of the Spanish Seventh-day Adventist church and told him that there was a family that seemed very interested in the third-angel's message and that wanted more light.

A week or two later there was a knock on the door. Sacorro answered, and at first she thought the man was a priest, for he was dressed in black.

"Is the man of the house at home?" asked the minister.

"I think you'll find him in the garage fixing the car," said Sacorro, pointing in the direction of the garage.

After the minister found Paul and told him who he was and why he was there, they both walked back to the house and Paul invited him in. That night he told them the difference between light and darkness and how they affect our lives. He concluded with a prayer.

About two months later the subject of the evening was, Where will you go when you die? The minister made it so plain to them that even a little child could have understood.

When the minister left, Sacorro lifted her head to heaven with tears of happiness.

"O God, at last I have found the true answer. You didn't come to destroy people, but you came to save us sinners."

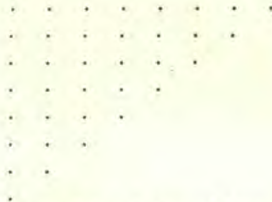
After a year of faithful study with the minister, Sacorro took her stand for Christ and was baptized. About six months after

## WIT Sharpeners

### Word Half-Square

By R. H. WOOLSEY

The words read the same horizontally and vertically.



1. Early king of ten tribes of Israel.
2. Component.
3. Amount refunded.
4. Nebraskan city.
5. Greek letter.
6. Single.
7. By.
8. Consonant.

Key on page 23

Sacorro was baptized, María's heart opened to receive Christ, and she was buried in baptism.

The girls are still praying that Paul will soon accept Christ and learn the satisfaction there is in living His life.

### Jewels From Germany

From page 16

niversary of his baptism, "we were preaching in only forty-four languages, but today we are laboring in more than nine hundred."

Now most people, when they get older, begin to lose most of the skills they possessed in their younger days, but the very opposite has been true of Mr. Nehrein. In the last few years, when his feet have not been as willing to do his bidding as before, and inclement weather has forced him to stay home much of the time, he has acquired a skill possessed perhaps by no other Adventist preacher, active or retired. Mrs. Nehrein tells how many a night she has been awakened from her sleep and kept awake as her husband has begun to give a convincing and complete Bible study in his sleep! A bit unusual, you may say, but not for a man whose one supreme interest has been the progress of the work to which he has devoted the best years of his life, and which he loves even more now than half a century ago. Furthermore, do you not think this is better than if the preacher is awake and the congregation asleep?

### MV Youth in Action

From page 11

bushel, but let it shine out in the darkness around us. It will bring encouragement to others who might not have the courage to do the same. It might strike a chord of response to those who need help.

A Christian is known by his good works. Why, then, should we hide the best opportunity of presenting Christ to the world, by our actions, by our speech, and by our everyday living?

Sitting on my bunk in the barracks one day, I suddenly heard my name called, and a friend ran jubilantly up to me holding a small book in his hand.

"Look, look," he said, pointing to a paragraph in the book. "Look, there is the name of your church. When I read it I remembered that you are one too. It says that on this island the missionaries are

## The Penguins, No. 10 — By Harry Baerg

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1. In swimming under water the penguin uses his feet and tail as a rudder and swims with his flippers; they are much like a seal's flippers. The feathers are short and scalelike.



2. When penguins are about to come in from the water, they will bob up about thirty-five yards from shore in order to estimate their distance and look for a perfect landing spot.



3. Then, swimming under water, the whole band will go racing for the shore. At exactly the right spot they will come shooting up out of the water and land five feet above on the ice.



4. Penguins are graceful divers and can plunge into the water with hardly a splash. They dive from ledges that are twelve feet high, but the danger to them is not how far they plunge.



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mostly Lutherans and Seventh-day Adventists."

To say the least, I was as joyful as he, not realizing that anyone would remark about it, especially in a book of that type, and best of all, because someone had associated me with the name of my church. That is a testimony in itself.

The world is opening its eyes to the Seventh-day Adventists, and we should take this opportunity to present to them the message of truth. The next time you feel ashamed to carry your Bible openly, or to even admit that you are an Adventist, remember that you will be respected for your true and fearless sincerity. Be proud of your God and your religion.

---

## Six Months Left for God

*From page 6*

tables containing shredded pork, because the hospital could not prepare special dishes for one patient.

Again my wife came to the rescue. She began preparing vegetables and plenty of good protein foods for me, bringing them the thirty-five miles twice a week and sometimes three times a week. This she continued to do for twelve months.

Despite the statement of the doctors and the seven dietitians on the hospital staff that I must have the pork if I were to get well, at the end of twelve months I had improved so rapidly and so satisfactorily that they gave their consent to my going home and continuing my cure under the care of my wife. The triumph I felt at the doctors' verdict must have been similar to that felt by Daniel and the three Hebrew children when they were pronounced "fairer and fatter" than the rest.

At home I continued to gain weight and improve steadily. It has now been nearly four years since I left the hospital, and not once have I had a setback. For all of this I thank the God of heaven, who has seen fit to extend my six months of life, which I had given to Him, into years, every one of which I have dedicated to His service.

At the present I am attending one of our Seventh-day Adventist colleges, preparing myself for God's service. My only regret is that I wasted so many years, but I thank my heavenly Father that I found Him in time to dedicate the best years of my life to Him.

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## Bosco

*From page 17*

A neighbor boy came down many a time to play with Bosco. He often said he wondered what it would have been like to live in the Garden of Eden, since playing with one wild animal was so much fun.

By now summer was almost past, and we began to notice that Bosco was eating more. She began to store in her cheek pockets many of the nuts we gave her, and then deposit them in cracks and crannies of an old snag near her nest. On the face of this dead fir there was many a fast and noisy battle with jays and woodpeckers that were either trying to steal her food or use the snag for a storage house of their own.

One afternoon I climbed to look into her nest, and saw that she had been lining it with moss, string, and other soft, warm building material. As autumn wore on, her trips to the snag became more and more frequent. At times she would have so much food in her cheek pouches that it would look as though her head had grown to twice its normal size.

For a few days she almost quit her job of laying up stores. She seemed to be well pleased with the stock she had stowed away and decided to have some relaxation before she went in for her long winter's sleep. Then one cold, late-autumn morning, Billy rushed into the house dragging a sheet of cold air with him and shouting, "Bosco's gone. She hasn't eaten what we left last night, and I can't find her anywhere."

"Well, that isn't too unreasonable," said Mother. "After all, it is about time she went into hibernation."

"I know," Bill answered, "but I do wish she would stay a little longer."

Only once, on a very warm day, did we see her during the winter. She was out on the snag consuming some of her stored food. However, at the base of the snag, we saw her tracks several times.

One warm spring morning while I was standing on the back porch, she suddenly came running toward me from the nearby

woods. You can imagine the rejoicing that went on in our family at the return of our pet. The relationship between us seemed the same as before. Then we began to notice that she would be gone for ever-lengthening periods of time. One day she didn't show up at all. Bill expressed well the feelings of all of us when he said, "Now that she has gone, I only hope that she hasn't been hurt, but even then I still wish she were here."

Personally, I believe that she had found her Prince Charming and had set up housekeeping with him somewhere in the woods.

---

## They Wanted Wings

*From page 13*

were already there. Although eventually there were from six to ten thousand people around the edges, we were able to find a good place where there was a view of the entire site. There were hawkers in those days too, just as there are at the inauguration parades today. From them we bought small pillows on which to sit, since there were no reviewing stands, and the ground was hard."

"What important people were present?"

"The President and many other high executive and Congressional officials passed right in front of us as they took their places to view the scene. Now all was ready."

"There it went, launched from a monorail by means of a 1,400-pound weight dropped from a tower. No wheels had yet been developed, but it was sent into the air on skids. No comfortable seats either, both pilot and passenger were out in the open, with their feet resting on a slender

---

## Spiders

*By R. L. HUBBS*

FOR a little insect to be collecting bubbles seems passing strange. The female of a certain species of water spider ingeniously entangles an air bubble in the hairy fuzz under her body and takes it down into the water and releases it under her anchored nest. Mrs. Spider continues this procedure until the nest is inflated. Thus below the surface of the water she has a buoyant home for her young—free from attack from the air and yet suspended above the bottom where voracious marauders crawl about and the denizens of the deep seek what they may devour.

What an accurate compounding of materials this Lilliputian performs in order to achieve the correct chemical synthesis for the web! It takes exact amounts of

raw materials and, perhaps, the proper catalytic agent to make a web strong enough to hold the nest as it rides the tide. The engineering involved in the design, the construction, and the aeronautics is intriguing almost beyond belief. All this cannot be accounted for on a basis of chance. The spider's knowledge of these arts and sciences is not so baffling to the Christian as it is to the agnostic. The believer in the Inspired Word knows that the story of creation can explain it all.

Spiders are not loathsome if you know about their surprising skills and activities. Your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary can tell you how to earn an Honor token by learning more about these ingenious and clever creatures.



piece of wood. Again and again they circled the field, flying very low, so that we could see the tense expressions on the face of Orville and the military observer accompanying him. The suspense seemed to grow as the end of the required hour approached. Fifty-eight minutes, fifty-nine! Would they make it?



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Londonderry

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"Not only did they pass the test requirements but continued until they exceeded Wilbur Wright's previous flight. A loud cheer went up from thousands of throats as the record of one hour, twelve minutes and forty seconds was made at a speed of nearly forty-three miles an hour. When the plane descended for a safe landing, President Taft and other officials rushed up to congratulate the inventor on his success, and the air arm of our defense was started right there."

"It must have been a real inspiration to you."

"I have never forgotten it, Miss Wellman. You know I read not long ago that the first flight in North Carolina caused a chain reaction as revolutionary as the A-bomb's explosion over Hiroshima."

After I left, I thought of the advances that have been made in transportation alone. Now, when a missionary is stricken with polio far in the interior he can be flown out in an iron lung to have his life saved. When our General Conference men go to overseas fields to encourage the missionaries and study their problems, the trips can be made in comfort and with remarkable speed. Surely the symbol of the Advent Movement is to be found in the flying angels in the midst of heaven bearing the message of God to men.

From 45 miles an hour to 750; from the fragile framework of the early Wright planes, which cost a mere \$1,500, to the gigantic, jet-engined airplanes, which may cost many million dollars; from a two-man venture to an international industry that has blotted out frontiers and conquered the seven seas—what gigantic progress for just fifty years! What hath God wrought!

## Growing Intellectually

From page 14

need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not." There are many ways by which we may learn a great deal more than merely our regular studies outlined in school. One of these ways is by reading enlightening material.

We should select our reading matter carefully and then read it in such a way as to obtain the greatest amount of knowledge from it; in this way we may increase our mental capabilities immensely. Besides doing all these things, reading is a most pleasurable way of spending leisure time, and it truly "maketh a full man."

Another way to increase our mental powers is by conversation with others. This broadens our outlook on various subjects. Many times the reason a disagreement reaches large proportions is that one person does not consider properly the other person's viewpoint, and even war may result. Probably the reason a person can't consider the other viewpoint properly is that he is narrowminded from lack of discussion on the subject.

Since we know that we should study to show ourselves approved unto God, we should delve deeply into the storehouse of the fine arts. Song is very valuable as a means of education, and we ought to learn more about it. Many times we gain new courage, hope, and inspiration from music, and it is also a most effective way of impressing the truth upon the hearts of others.

In these times it is becoming increasingly difficult to enter the type of lifework

you want and to be a success without going further than high school. The further we go in school, the more we see to learn and understand. "There is no branch of legitimate business for which the Bible does not afford an essential preparation." So, if while going higher in school we constantly consult the divine teachings of the Bible, we will be much better prepared for our occupation.

"The world does not so much need men of great intellect as of noble character. It needs men in whom ability is controlled by steadfast principle."

## SABBATH SCHOOL



### Senior Youth Lesson

#### XIII—That They May Be One

(December 26)

MEMORY VERSE: John 17:21.

LESSON HELPS: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 672, 673; *Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 87-96.

#### Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1, 2; memorize John 17:21.
3. Ques. 3-6.
4. Ques. 7-10.
5. Ques. 11-13.
6. Read *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 672, 673; *Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 87-96.
7. Review entire lesson.

#### Close of the Upper Room Service

1. What final declaration did Jesus make in the upper room? Mark 14:25.

"I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God."

2. What was the fitting conclusion to the service in the upper room? Verse 26.

"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives."

NOTE.—"Before leaving the upper chamber, the Saviour led His disciples in a song of praise. His voice was heard, not in the strains of some mournful lament, but in the joyful notes of the Passover hallel:—

"O praise the Lord, all ye nations;  
Praise Him, all ye people.  
For His merciful kindness is great toward us,  
And the truth of the Lord endureth forever.  
Praise ye the Lord."

—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 672.

#### Christ's Prayer for His Church

3. In His prayer for His disciples what did Jesus say constituted eternal life? John 17:1-3.

"Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee; as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

4. For whom especially did He pray? Verses 9, 20.

"I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine." "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word."

NOTE.—"All that Christ was to the first disciples, He desires to be to His children to-day; for in that last prayer, with the little band of disciples gathered about Him, He said, 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word.'—*Steps to Christ*, p. 80.



5. From what did He pray that His disciples should be protected? Verses 11, 15.

"Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are." "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

6. What experience did He long for His followers to have? Verses 21-23.

"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. . . . I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me."

NOTE.—"Christ prayed for His disciples 'that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.' The unity of believers is to be an evidence to the world of the divine power and mission of Christ. This should be the mighty argument to convince the world that Christ is the Son of God, the Redeemer of fallen man. The love existing between believers is to be similar to the love existing between the Father and the Son. And this love in the soul is the evidence of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit."—MRS. E. G. WHITE in *Signs of the Times*, April 13, 1891.

#### Unity and Its Results

7. How had the Son and the Father glorified each other? Verses 4, 10.

"I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." "And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them."

8. What had Christ done for His disciples? What had they come to know? Verses 6-8.

"I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word. Now they have known that all things whatsoever thou hast given me are of thee. For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me."

NOTE.—"The unity of the church is the convincing evidence that God has sent Jesus into the world as its Redeemer. This is an argument which worldlings cannot controvert. Therefore Satan is constantly working to prevent this union and harmony, that unbelievers, by witnessing backsliding, dissension, and strife among professed Christians, may become disgusted with religion and be confirmed in their impenitence."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 620.

9. What standard of holiness did Jesus expect His disciples to reach? How could they attain it? Verse 17.

"Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth."

10. Through being one with Christ, what do we become? Rev. 1:6; Rom. 8:16, 17.

"And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father."

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."

#### Conclusion

11. If we fail to partake of the Lord's cup, of whose cup do we drink? 1 Cor. 10:21.

"Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils: ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of devils."

12. In what words does the apostle Paul emphasize the oneness of the true followers of Christ? Eph. 5:30.

"For we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones."

13. What final happiness did Christ pray for on behalf of His followers? When will this experience be realized? John 17:24; 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

"Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

"The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout . . . and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

## Junior-YOUTH LESSON

### XIII—The Results of Remembering Jesus

(December 26)

LESSON TEXT: 2 Peter 1:12-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth." 2 Peter 1:12.

#### Guiding Thought

"Have you ever watched a hawk in pursuit of a timid dove? Instinct has taught the dove that in order for the hawk to seize his prey, he must gain a loftier flight than his victim. So she rises higher and still higher in the blue dome of heaven, ever pursued by the hawk, which is seeking to obtain the advantage. But in vain. The dove is safe as long as she allows nothing to stop her in her flight, or draw her earthward; but let her once falter, and take a lower flight, and her watchful enemy will swoop down upon his victim. Again and again have we watched this scene with almost breathless interest, all our sympathies with the little dove. How sad we should have felt to see it fall a victim to the cruel hawk!"

"We have before us a warfare,—a lifelong conflict with Satan and his seductive temptations. The enemy will use every argument, every deception, to entangle the soul; and in order to win the crown of life, we must put forth earnest, persevering effort. . . . By faith we must rise higher and still higher in the attainment of the graces of Christ. By daily contemplating His matchless charms, we must grow more and more into His glorious image. While we thus live in communion with Heaven, Satan will lay his nets for us in vain."—*Messages to Young People*, pp. 103, 104.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the guiding thought.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

##### Remembering Jesus Makes Him More Real to Us

1. What did Peter feel it his duty to do for the members of his flock? 2 Peter 1:12, 13.

NOTE.—Peter felt that he was getting old, and would soon be taken away from those to whom he had taught the gospel. His great desire for his flock was that they should keep the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ in remembrance. He did not want them to think of the stories he had told them as "cunningly devised fables." He would express the same desire if he were here today. We need to keep the remembrance of Jesus fresh in our minds so that we can live for and serve Him and build characters that we can take into eternity.

2. What does Peter say we have that is like a light that will shine till the Daystar (Christ) arise in our hearts? Verse 19.

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

##### Remembering Jesus Gives Us Power

3. What plant reminds us of Jesus and how divine power can flow in a continual stream to those who keep Him in their thoughts continually? What will this power help us to do? John 15:1, 4, 5.

4. Whom has Jesus given to help us remember His words? John 14:26.

NOTE.—"When Christ ascended to the Father, He did not leave His followers without help. The Holy Spirit, as His representative, and the heavenly angels, as ministering spirits, are sent forth to aid those who against great odds are fighting the good fight of faith. Ever remember that Jesus is your helper. . . . He is watching over you, and if you are willing to be guided by Him, He will throw around you influences for good that will enable you to accomplish all His will for you."—*Ibid.*, p. 17.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

##### Remembering Jesus Helps Us to Develop a Character Like His

5. When Jesus gave up the glories of heaven, to what kind of home did He come? John 1:46.

NOTE.—"In the providence of God, His [Christ's] early life was passed in Nazareth, where the inhabitants were of that character that He was continually exposed to temptations, and it was necessary for Him to be guarded in order to remain pure and spotless amid so much sin and wickedness. Christ did not select this place Himself. His Heavenly Father chose this place for Him, where His character would be tested and tried in a variety of ways. The early life of Christ was subjected to severe trials, hardships, and conflicts, that He might develop the perfect character which makes Him a perfect example for children, youth, and manhood."—*Ibid.*, p. 78.

6. Christ was subject to temptations greater than those of anyone who has ever lived, yet He had no help that is not available to us to overcome temptation. Did He ever yield to temptation? Heb. 4:15.

7. As followers of Christ, should we expect suffering and persecution? Matt. 10:16-20.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

##### Remembering Jesus Helps Us Help Others

8. When Peter and John remembered Jesus, what did they do for a poor lame man? Acts 3:6. What did they suffer after that? Acts 4:3. What brave words did they utter when they were told not to preach Christ any more? Acts 5:29.

9. When Paul and Silas remembered Jesus, what did they do for a poor young woman who was possessed with an evil spirit? Acts 16:18. What did Paul and Silas suffer after that? Verse 23. What glorious thoughts came to Paul's mind when he was called upon to suffer? Rom. 8:18.

10. What promise is made for all who remember Jesus and try to do good as He did? Verse 17.

NOTE.—"Our mission is the same as that of our Master, of whom it is written that He went about doing good and healing all who were oppressed by Satan."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 225.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

##### Remembering Jesus Gives Us Something to Look Forward To

11. What will the King say to His fruitless children in the day when He comes with His rewards? Matt. 25: 41, 45.

12. What will the King say to His fruitful children in that same great day? Verses 34, 40.

NOTE.—"The Lord has a special work to do for us individually. As we see the wickedness of the world brought to light in the courts of justice and published in the daily papers, let us draw near to God, and by living faith lay hold of His promises, that the grace of Christ may be manifest in us. We may have an influence, a powerful influence, in the world. If the convicting power of God is with us, we shall be enabled to lead souls that are in sin to conversion."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 26.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

In this week's lesson we have learned that remembering Jesus does five things for us. Here are the five things, but the words have been jumbled up. Unscramble them:

HELPS GIVES POWER HIM OTHERS US TO GIVES US REAL LIKE CHARACTER SOMETHING US TO LOOK MAKES HELP TO MORE DEVELOP US A HIS FORWARD HELPS US.

Makes \_\_\_\_\_  
Gives \_\_\_\_\_  
Helps \_\_\_\_\_  
Helps \_\_\_\_\_  
Gives \_\_\_\_\_

## KEY

Wit Sharpeners

#### WORD HALF-SQUARE

J E R O B O A M  
E L E M E N T  
R E B A T E  
O M A H A  
B E T A  
O N E  
A T  
M



► A MICRO-BALANCE capable of weighing one three billionth of an ounce has been made.

► SINCE the initial strike in Klondike Valley was made in 1896, creeks in this Yukon Territory have yielded \$215 million in gold.

► FOSSIL remains of four different types of mammals have recently been uncovered in a remote area in the northern part of South Australia. This was the continent's first discovery along this line.

► THE Dominion of Canada was one of the few leading world traders to increase the volume of both its imports and exports in 1952. Total trade amounted to \$581 for every person in Canada, a figure topped only by New Zealand. The Dominion ranked the third largest trading country.

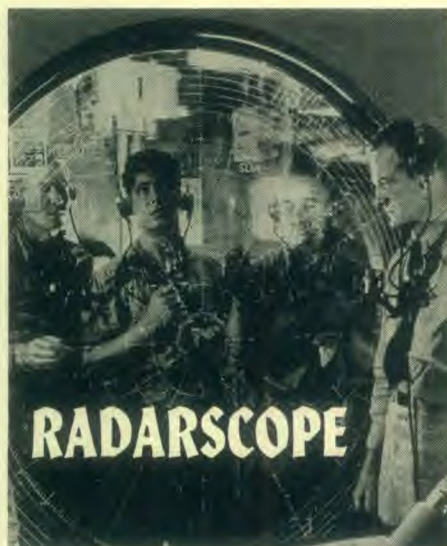
► THE petroleum industry is using small rubber balls now in helping to pump oil from the depths of the earth. The balls are propelled down one pipe by natural gas in such a way that they will force a load of oil up another pipe. The gas is recaptured at the end of the ball's round trip and used over and over again.

► THE Assistant Secretary of Defense for the United States believes that doctors are in danger of forgetting how to use sympathy in dealing with their patients. Dr. Melvin A. Casberg, in speaking before the largest freshman class in the history of the George Washington University School of Medicine (Washington, D.C.), predicted that they would "get better results with more of the human approach toward their patients."

► THE proprietor of a café in Boston was hoping to secure a café liquor license. Chairman Mary E. Driscoll of the licensing board was inspecting his store to see what kind of food he served. Inside the refrigerator were assorted steaks and chops, and everything looked in order. But when Mrs. Driscoll got outside, she had a strange feeling about the meat, and returned to look again. All the "choice" cuts were just brightly colored cardboard.

► DELICATE heart surgery can now be performed on dogs whose hearts have been stopped by electric shock. When surgery is completed—and already such stopping has been prolonged up to 72 minutes—stronger electric shock starts the heart beating normally again. During surgery a heart-lung machine keeps the animals alive. This method, if perfected, will permit new kinds of surgery on children's hearts, especially when there is a defect in the wall separating the two lower chambers, or ventricles, of the heart.

► It is a well-known fact that old people rapidly decline when they lose contact with the younger generation. To find a solution to this problem of mental isolation due to old age, social workers in Vienna, Austria, are creating "artificial grandparents" by giving old folks someone to belong to outside the family. According to Dr. Hans Hoff, prominent Vienna psychiatrist, when older people are given a chance to mingle with children, they soon forget the years separating the scooter from the armchair.



► A WAD of chewing gum was more than a nuisance in East Hartford, Connecticut, recently. A teen-ager threw a wad at the side of an automobile halted at an intersection for a red light. The impact startled the driver and his foot slipped off the clutch. The car lurched forward, injuring two pedestrians crossing the street.

► THE Prestwick Pioneer is claimed to be the world's slowest airplane. Tested by the Royal Air Force in Singapore recently, it was found to handle beautifully at 30 miles an hour. It has a wing span of 50 feet, but is capable of climbing at 700 feet a minute with a top speed of 130 miles an hour.

► THE Bell Telephone System operates more than four fifths of the telephones in the United States. Independent telephone companies serve two thirds of the United States area.

► A MEMBER of Britain's Invalid Tricycle Association recently crossed the Alps on his motor tricycle. He is O. A. Denly, a disabled navy officer.

► TEN men work every day except Sunday caring for the 18 acres that surround the White House.

► HISTORIC Williamsburg, Virginia, a town rebuilt in the colonial flavor, has opened an 18th century bakery where bread and cake will be turned out with the recipes, methods, and equipment used 200 years ago.

► WHEN one of his turkeys could not eat because of a stiff neck, owner Grady Gilliland, of Childress, Texas, took the hungry bird to his veterinarian. The doctor found an 11½ inch-long, stiff weed stalk in the bird's neck.

► THE first fine imitation pearls produced in Western Europe were made in the 17th century by Jacquín, a rosary maker of Paris. He coated the inner surface of a thin, opalescent glass sphere first with parchment sizing, then with pearl essence. Finally he filled the hollow middle with white wax.

► IN the high mountains of northwestern United States are snow-and-ice areas called "grasshopper glaciers." They contain perfectly preserved bodies of grasshoppers in various layers. Such layers may be the remnants of vast grasshopper flights, suggests the Smithsonian Institution, part of migrations recurring at irregular intervals over several centuries.

► ONE step toward a balanced budget and a better national economy, although a small one, was made by U.S. Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks when he discovered that his office and nearby offices were spending \$1,000 a year for newspapers and \$5,000 a year for magazines. He ordered many subscriptions to be cut. In another section of the Department of Commerce he found 400 employees served with 600 telephones.

► GRANTS of \$1,944,151.64 were given by the National Fund for Medical Education to the 79 medical schools in America last July. About half of the nearly two-million-dollar fund came from business corporations, and half from the medical profession itself, through the American Medical Education Foundation. Purpose of the National Fund is to provide financial support for American medical colleges so that they need not lower their standards or reduce the number of graduating doctors.

► ARTERIES taken from calves and a pig and transplanted some three years ago to human beings who needed "replacements" are functioning normally, and the unusual operation by which this was done is now judged successful. In some way the method used seemed to change the arteries chemically so that they could be tolerated in the body of a human being or another animal. Normally, foreign tissue introduced into the body is not tolerated. The arteries were quick-frozen and dried under a vacuum, according to the Associated Press. Then they were sterilized by ethylene oxide, used to sterilize spices and drugs. The dried arteries were kept in sealed containers in a vacuum at room temperature, ready for use after being soaked in water. Actually, the animal arteries are not now alive; the human body simply used them as a scaffold, replacing the artery tissue with new tissue of its own. But the all-important elastic tissue of the animal artery has been kept intact.

## Focus

Does the patient need a doctor or a minister? The illness is serious, but the symptoms are elusive. Perhaps the heart is sick, not the body. So with tender insight the doctor applies the spiritual remedy needed,

and the illness is cured.

A thoughtful doctor high in the United States Government is warning that the rapid advances in medical knowledge should never outweigh the "importance of human warmth."

A human being may do well without his appendix or his tonsils, but not without his heart—a heart warmed by thoughtfulness and love. The call is for professional men and women who blend the Christian graces with thorough medical knowledge. We call them medical evangelists.

DON YOST.