

The
Youth's
INSTRUCTOR

JANUARY 5, 1954

Sibande, the Little Black Rooster

Time Out

Bible Lesson for January 16



43851





Tracks

"If you'll follow in my tracks, girls, it will be easier." The girls, enjoying their very first trip to the snow, were testing out all the pleasures the snow makes possible. But on the uphill climb, the soft, yielding substance made the going difficult, and following in their father's footsteps took some of the work out of their play.

In 1954 would it not be wonderful if each professing, practicing Christian resolved so to live that others influenced by his walk would find the way less rugged?

A young man attending Union College in Nebraska spoke to me after a talk to the class of which he was a member. "I have seen you somewhere before," he said. "Have you ever visited Shenandoah Valley Academy in Virginia?"

"No," I answered. And then as he insisted that he had seen me on some occasion in the Shenandoah Valley, it came to me that in company with my family I had visited the Endless Caverns of Virginia last fall.

"That's it!" he replied. "I was the guide on that trip through the caverns." "But I didn't see you," I protested. "Oh, I was the guide who brought up the rear of the group going through!" And we had thought him to be a fellow sight-seer! Who can know just when he is witnessing? The practice of our lives and the profession of our lips ought to be one and the same always.

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

VETERAN "DEAR DEAN: Thanks so much for your visit. My roommate Dale heard your plea for a picture and had his special photographer, complete with kodak Brownie, come to the hospital. Respectfully yours, MILO LOYE." This brief note, with the accompanying picture of the author on the center-spread story, gives a brief view of Mr. Loye's optimism. His salutation to "dean" is reminiscent of an enjoyable period of association at La Sierra College. Visiting him in November, I found him enthusiastic with the prospects of one day being able to resume a normally active life. "You know, dean," he said, "it's a wonderful feeling to go over to the pathologist and see the slides that show what came out of me! [He has had two successful chest operations.] Wouldn't it be wonderful if the Great Physician could incise the sin from our lives in the same way?" Yes, Mr. Loye, He does just that when our hearts are placed in His expert care.

EDWARDS For a recent Share Your Faith experience in the life of the author of "Sibande," see the Josephine Cunningham Edwards reference in Carol Hetzell's "The Big Story" of the December 15, 1953, INSTRUCTOR.

SOLDIERS "Noncombatancy principles do not develop cowards, they develop heroes." Thus writes Carlyle B. Haynes in "For Outstanding Bravery," page 6. In a very real sense Seventh-day Adventist youth in the armed services are "made a spectacle [margin, "theatre"] unto the world, and to angels, and to men." Their witness to the pure principles of Christianity has an incalculable influence on their associates. Let us continue to remember them in our prayers and with our letters throughout the days of 1954.

ANCIENT The devices of Spiritualism have assumed modern garb in many lands, but whether in ancient dress or modern, the objectives of Satan have not changed. For a story from old Spain, see next week's INSTRUCTOR, "In the Name of Jesus of Nazareth," by David Rose.

COVER Grant M. Haist, from Don Knight.

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.

Sadly the heathen mother saw her little "black rooster"

carried off to a faraway mission station.



SIBANDE

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS

FIRST OF NINE PARTS

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

"You, boy," he said, tenderly, "see that you get well with your leg sickness quickly, and come back to this village. Do not allow these white missionaries to teach you anything about the religion they follow after, for we all know that there is much witchcraft and there are many spirits to please. These they know nothing about.

"You may let them try their magic on your leg, for I am sure some witchcraft here is preventing the good cures we have tried from healing you. Everything we have tried has failed us."

Sibande looked up into the black wrinkled face of his father.

"I will try to hurry this business of getting well," he promised with a wan smile on his little face. "But these sores can eat like driver ants, till the flesh is all gone from the bones. Then too, Father, it may be that their magic will take a long time, and we cannot hurry the magic."

The old chief nodded wisely, secretly pleased at the wisdom of his son.

Sibande's mother came out of her hut, tears sliding down her cheeks as she looked down at her little boy. She had loved him so dearly that when he was born she named him eleven names, each one dearer than the first.

True, she had not known to write down his birthday, for all this folderol the Europeans had brought in seemed like catching time in a fishnet. It was a great mystery to her. But she could tell everyone that he was born when mangoes hung yellow and ripe from the trees. And it was the year after the drought that had killed all the beans, when everyone had to search for leaves and roots in the bush.

Sadly the heathen mother saw her little Sibande, her little "black rooster," carried

off to a faraway mission station in a machila, a hammock made of loosely woven native grasses. When the half-naked carriers shouldered the long carrying pole and trotted away, her whole body shook with convulsive sobs. She went back into her mud hut and wept for a long time, for she well knew she might never see her little boy any more.

Poor heathen mother! She had no God to pray to; no precious promises to finger mentally, as one touches creamy rose-tinged pearls.

The day was very hot as the little party jogged along through the bush. Sometimes they went through strips of forest where the shade felt very good to their hot bodies, but more often they were in the boiling sun, for there are not many trees in that part of the country.

Sibande was clad only in a ragged and filthy loincloth. He had eaten a papaya before he left that morning, and the juice had dried stickily on his wizened chest, making little winding rivulets in the dirt there.

His leg had been plastered with fresh cow dung only that morning and then wrapped in green banana leaves. He did not know it then, but he would have felt much better if the sloughing sore had been cleansed and dressed with nice clean bandages. But how could he know that? Not one person in his whole village could read or write. Their whole lives were bound about and fettered with every kind of superstition.

And so, in this way, was Sibande sent many long miles to a mission of the Christian religion. He was sent for bodily healing only, the old chief had stipulated.

The carriers started off at a little jogging



Sibande looked up fearfully at the strange faces, but he saw only interest and kindness written there. His own face was so thin that he seemed to be all eyes. He had suffered a great deal.

dogtrot, with the machila swaying from the poles. At first Sibande's leg hurt fearfully, especially as the cow dung dried and the rough edges of the crude machila rubbed it harshly. Who was there to see? Who was there to care? The little boy did not know then that there is a God in heaven who does see and care, so he cried and cried for a long time. After a while he fell asleep.

When he awakened it was almost dark. The machila still swung and swung to the rhythm of the pounding footfalls. Then night closed in, but Sibande could see many lights ahead.

"What is that, Kachule?" he asked.

"That is mission we go for to see, Kamfumu [Little Chief]."

"Oh! Are we nearly there? I am so

tired and thirsty and hungry. And my leg feels like the rats are eating it off."

"We are near, Kamfumu. Have patience."

Sibande sat up when they entered the mission gates. Here was a miracle. The road was wide, and trees had been planted. He saw houses here and there, and a church. Everywhere were cleanliness and flowers. The boy had never seen anything like it in his life. In his village no effort was made for beauty, for no one knew beauty to be anything of value.

Then they stood in front of the mission house. It was wide and dark except off in two rooms where some petromax lights were burning. It may be the time of eating for those white missionaries. The sounds of voices and of dishes could be heard.

"Odi! Odi!" cried Kachule, the head carrier. That means something like, "I am here. May I be received?"

"Odi! Odi!" he cried out again.

Presently a light moved. They had been heard. The missionary came out on the veranda to see what was wanted at that hour.

"*Moni, moni, Bwana,*" greeted Kachule, the spokesman. "*Moni, moni. Bwana wa mfumu wathu ali kudwala.*"

"*Moni, moni,*" the missionary replied to the greeting. "So the child of your chief is ill, is he? Well, I am not a doctor, but we will see what we can do. We will take him over there to the dispensary building and I will call my wife. We will have a look at him."

In a few minutes he reappeared with a big petromax lantern, and Missionary Jones went ahead and opened the door of the clean little room of the dispensary opposite.

Sibande looked up fearfully at the strange white faces. He saw only interest and kindness written there. His own face was so thin that he seemed to be all eyes. Fear was fluttering there.

"*Moni, Bwana,*" he said weakly.

"Why, *moni*, my child," the missionary answered. "What seems to be the matter with you?"

"My leg, sir. It is as if the rats are chewing it."

"Well, let's have a look."

By that time a white woman came in. She had on a cool, clean dress, and her face too seemed to be kind. They lifted the little lad up on the table, which they covered first with papers.

The cow dung was so dry by then that the leaves were sealed into a hardened sheath on his little leg. Every effort to take it off caused agonies to Sibande. Yet he did not cry out or make any trouble. The tears just streamed from his eyes and his little mouth screwed up from the pain.

"Why, Stella, we've got to soak this off," cried the missionary. "This must be terrible pain. I'll tell you, you go get Ciuchi and tell him to bring a big tub of water. You fix the boy some food—lots of milk and some of the food we had for supper. His stomach is a regular little concave here."

In a few minutes two boys carried in a long bathtub, and it was filled with warm rain water. Sibande was divested of his loincloth, set down into it, dung poultice and all. While his leg soaked, the two African men gave Sibande the first real bath he had ever had in his life. Even his woolly head was soaped and washed, and black water ran all over his face in tiny rivulets. Then, kneeling down, probing gently, loosening, tugging here and pulling there, the missionary removed the great poultice. The child was lifted again onto the table and dried; then a clean nightgown was slipped over his head.

[This is the first installment of a nine-part serial. Part 2 will appear next week.]

Mr. Moody's Good Habit



By IVY R. DOHERTY

IT may have been New Year's day when Dwight L. Moody made his resolve which grew into a habit of speaking to one person every day about his relationship to Christ and the things of heaven. Anyway, I like to think of it that way, as a kind of New Year's promise to God.

One night when walking wearily home from his place of work, Mr. Moody remembered with some regrets that the day had passed without his having taken the opportunity to speak of Christ to some person. Across the street he saw a man leaning against a lamp post, so he boldly went across to ask, "Are you a Christian?"

The response was oaths and cursings and, "If you weren't a kind of a preacher I'd push you into that ditch!"

A heavyhearted Mr. Moody went on his way. News of the incident soon reached the ears of his employer and he was asked to refrain from offending people in that way.

Two weeks passed and one night when Mr. Moody was at study he was startled

by a fierce pounding at his front door. Because he feared the house was on fire he rushed breathlessly downstairs. Imagine his surprise when he opened the door to find looking into his eyes his acquaintance who had been offended by his zeal for Christ.

"Mr. Moody," cried he with anguished voice, "since you spoke to me that night I have had no peace day or night. I knew I was not a Christian then, and that is why I put on such an injured and angry air at your question. God is calling me and I want you to show me how to become a Christian."

Would we be setting too great, too embarrassing a task for ourselves to vow to speak to someone of Christ every day? Sometimes our fields are very limited, but if we are in earnest, the Lord will open the way. Most young people these days are attending school or working in the company of other young people and there should be a chance to speak a word for Christ.

How about it?



A. DEVANEY

Are You a WAYMARK?

By DR. HAROLD W. MOODY

CURTIS was the son of good parents. His mother was spoken of as the kindest woman in town. As Curtis grew older, and the years progressed, he began to drink, until he was intoxicated most of the time. He was often in jail, forty years a confirmed alcoholic, seldom sober.

One night while sleeping he suddenly awoke. Smoke was filling the room. The man sleeping with him had been smoking. Both were drunk as usual. The cigarette ashes had fallen to the sheets, and now

the bed was on fire. Curtis jumped up, pulled his friend from the bed, and ran to safety. But he was painfully burned.

Two weeks later, on Christmas Eve, he came to the hospital. The burn was now infected. He was in severe pain, but drunk as usual. When he came in I could see the broken, drunken, dirty man that he was. But I could also see in him the image of God. Here was a soul whom God loved. Early the next morning another Seventh-day Adventist doctor and I talked to him. We told of a life to come, of a

better way to live here. He promised to quit. Having treated numerous alcoholics previously, we had little hope.

A year has passed now and Curtis has quit. His life is changed. There is a smile on his face. His clothes are clean. He feels well again. A medical specialist who has known this man for years said recently, "I don't know what you did, but you must have prayed for him." What if we had said nothing to Curtis? What if we had not prayed for him?

Men in their extremity often turn to God. This gives the Christian doctor unequalled opportunity to point men to Him who alone can bring relief.

"Set thee up waymarks, make thee high heaps: set thine heart toward the highway."

The beginning of a new year is an excellent time to consider whether you are a Christian waymark. Now, with God's help, is the time for a change if you are not. Christians are waymarks, landmarks, along the highway of life, placed there to bring help to others now and eternally.

Every person who professes Christ is suited by his environment, his knowledge, and his convictions to speak to men where they are. But before profession must come confession, confession that Christ is Lord of our lives, confession of sins, confession of our inabilities and Christ's abilities. The life must come before the words. Many are watching you to see whether your life is like the Master you profess.

Here in the South, where I live, there are just a few Seventh-day Adventists. Our example therefore is extremely important. Many have told us how they have watched to see whether we live as we profess. Our presence in this city has been made easy by the consistent living of previous Seventh-day Adventist interns, residents, and staff members. It is true that many are watching you to see whether sincerity is the rule of your life. Men are hesitant to affiliate themselves with anything that is not superior to that which they already have. What example does your life give?

Why is it that more persons do not join the church and profess Him? From the Spirit of prophecy we find this answer: "The Lord does not now work to bring many souls into the truth, because of the church members who have never been converted and those who were once converted but who have backslidden. What influence would these unconsecrated members have on new converts?" What type of church member are you? Are you a waymark? Let us remember that the world will rarely believe what the minister preaches, but they will believe what the church lives.

Recently I was out enrolling families in the Bible correspondence course with one of the local church elders. He had been a Seventh-day Adventist forty years. Everyone in town knew him, and it was relatively easy to secure enrollments because of his good influence.

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BEFORE the truce, reports came again and again from the dangerous front-line fighting in Korea of Adventist soldiers who, by "outstanding devotion to duty and courage," bestowed the highest credit not only upon themselves but upon their church and its teachings.

Among the latest of these stories to come through is the account of two Adventist lads whose homes are in Honolulu, Hawaii, buddies at home before the draft called them, and buddies at the fighting front.

The Honolulu *Star Bulletin* of September 7, 1953, tells the story of one of them in this fashion:

"Hero Conscientious Objector
Defends Non-Combat View

"A Honolulu soldier, a conscientious objector and now holder of the nation's third highest combat award, says of war:

"Let others carry the guns. They have their job, I have mine."

"Staff Sergeant John F. Orso, 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. Purvis L. Orso, 437

Kauhane Street, received the Silver Star when he 'braved direct fire' to aid wounded soldiers.

"The action for which he was decorated took place April 4 when communist forces attacked a United Nations outpost at Sandbag Castle in North Korea.

"The Army credited Orso, a medical aid man with the 45th Infantry Division, with making his way through heavy enemy fire to organize litter teams 'despite grave personal risk.'

"Orso is at Schofield Barracks, being processed for discharge.

"Personnel records at Fort Shafter show that Orso was inducted October 30, 1951, at the Hawaiian Infantry Training Center and at that time said he was opposed to carrying a rifle.

"Selective Service here 'put him in a special classification for conscientious objectors and when Orso was drafted he was sent to Fort Sam Houston to become a medical aid man.

"A member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, Orso said his religious training

led him to become an objector to carrying arms. Even after a year of combat, he hasn't changed his mind.

"I had all kinds of chances to carry and use weapons in Korea,' he said, 'but I didn't want them. Those who carry guns have their jobs. I have mine.'

"Orso said he has a brother at school in Tennessee who also registered as a conscientious objector and served 18 months in the Army.

"The youth, a former Pearl Harbor Shipyard employe, shrugged off the action which brought him the Silver Star.

"He said that after he had cared for three wounded men in the outpost an 'alert squad' was sent out to look for prisoners.

"They were ambushed,' he said, 'and I had to go out again and bring back the wounded.'

"Orso has received one Bronze Star Medal and may get another. The first was earned in February on the same Sandbag Castle—a hill in North Korea—when Orso carried three wounded soldiers to safety. He isn't certain of the circumstances surrounding the other. His citation from the Army reads in part:

"His outstanding devotion to duty and courage . . . was a source of inspiration to the injured. His gallant initiative and medical skill saved the lives of several wounded comrades and reflect the highest credit upon Sergeant Orso and the U.S. Army."

The story of Samuel (Doug) Waterhouse, also of Honolulu, was told in the columns of the official Army newspaper in Korea, *The Stars and Stripes*, in its issue of February 23, 1953, in the course of an account of an uphill battle against an outnumbering enemy. Here it is:

"Preceded by a shower of mortar and artillery fire, a patrol of nine men moved across 'No Man's Valley' and up 'South Horseshoe Slope' with orders to keep going until the enemy was engaged. This little group climbed to within ten yards of the Communist trenches on top of the slope when a flurry of fire, burp guns and grenades met them. . . .

"After making a radio call for aid from their own lines, this group fought back in a bitter twenty-minute battle. Our soldiers were forced back down the slope. . . . One of the soldiers reported when they got back to base: . . .

"We would have had an even rougher time, but Waterhouse really came through."

The article states: "Pfc. Samuel Waterhouse is a Seventh-day Adventist Medical Platoonsman. He executed the evacuation of the wounded under constant danger of enemy fire."

These brave lads went to the front unarmed, carrying out the teachings of their church by devoting themselves to saving men's lives rather than taking them. The noncombatancy principles do not, as some think, develop cowards; they develop heroes.

For Outstanding BRAVERY

By CARLYLE B. HAYNES



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Samuel (Doug) Waterhouse (left) and John Orso received recognition for their examples of Christian bravery as they worked under heavy enemy fire to bring their wounded companions to relative safety.

TELEVISION or THEATER?

By EARL T. PREST



THESE narrow-minded, bigoted Adventists are too much for me," stormed Charles as he took his seat at the desk opposite me.

"What's the trouble, pal? This is too beautiful a day for you to let minor

things bother you like that."

But Charles gazed into space as if he had not heard me. A long period of silence followed, and then he blurted out in an angered tone: "I just don't understand what the difference is between watching a TV show at home and attending the theater. After all, the pictures are the same." His voice quieted a bit as he questioned, "What do you think, Tom?"

What is the difference? I thought to myself, and cautiously replied, "I can best answer it this way, Charles. Which feels worse in your eyes, a piece of soot or a grain of sand?"

"That beats anything yet," he growled. "You think they're both bad."

"Let me explain. I've had several people ask me that same question lately. And they expect that a senior ministerial student should be able to give a definite, concrete response. But before presenting my belief and conviction on the subject I want to know why you asked."

"Well, Tom, it all started when I was called into the office for practically no reason at all, and I was lectured as though I had committed an unpardonable crime. I still can't figure out how Dr. Newberg found out so soon, but—you see Saturday night I didn't want to go to that dry lyceum program, so I borrowed Glen's car and took Marian for a ride. We drove out Osborne Avenue and on out by the new drive-in. I suggested we spend the evening there, and Marian didn't disapprove of the idea, so we were soon enjoying ourselves. It was really a good, clean show too. Ever since then I've been wondering why some folks are so narrow-



EWING GALLOWAY

Along with the good it accomplishes, television also brings the theater into the home. Many young people are honestly puzzled about how to choose programs that will not stifle character growth.

minded as to think that attending the theater is any more harmful than watching TV. Personally, I can't see any difference. What do you think?"

"I know how you feel, Charles, for I was faced with the same problem for several months. Like you, I believed that our denominational standards were too rigid and even inconsistent regarding movies, sports, and other amusements. There appeared to be little if any logic in the argument that the environment would exert an evil and demoralizing influence. I well knew that the vulgar, joking men where I work are a much more corrupting influence. Besides that, with whom do you associate at a drive-in? No one, of course, other than the one who accompanies you.

"While I was trying to find a solution to this problem I was impressed with the thought that the Author of all wisdom and knowledge could straighten it all out for me. That night before retiring I prayed for a definite conviction and a reason for that conviction, so that I might be able to give a reasonable explanation to others.

"The thoughts that followed revolved around the principles that Christ set forth in His summary of the law. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy

mind, and with all thy strength. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

"As I analyzed this text I could see that salvation is a personal matter. We must not take as our pattern the examples of others. Nor can we safely judge ourselves by the standards others employ. If Pastor Smith, for example, is seen at a theater, that doesn't mean that God will sanction my attendance there. Rationalization to excuse ourselves is merely a deceptive manner of putting self first, before God, and then making ourselves believe that we are justified in the sight of God.

"You know, Charles, I can see now that I had been putting myself first, even before God, by trying to justify the practices that my selfish nature craved. As I see it now I had practically forgotten God, and my time was devoted to satisfying my lust for pleasure, excitement, and fun. It is through this medium that self-seeking and selfishness coil themselves so slyly about us in such a seemingly innocent and gradual manner that our minds become paralyzed. By the pleasure of our undisciplined participation and by the pleasure of the amusement itself, we are blinded to the effects this influence exerts upon our thinking.

"Charles, I hope you don't feel that I'm

[The need for clear thinking" on the matter of television led Mr. Prest to prepare this article for the INSTRUCTOR while he was attending Atlantic Union College last year. To meet school expenses, Mr. Prest has worked as college night watchman, custodian, plastic machine operator, and colporteur during summer vacations. His choice of lifework is that of the ministry.]

preaching to you, but you can readily see that the very condition we were both in when we could not see the harm just goes to prove the truth of what I am saying, doesn't it?"

Tom could see that what he was saying made sense to his friend.

"It surely does, Tom. I never thought of it in that light before, but now that you analyze it in view of the principle laid down by Christ, it is not such a problem after all. You implied that it is time consuming and crowds Christ out of one's

life. I know that to be true, regardless of whether you spend considerable time on either TV or movies at the theater, but would you say that it is wrong to go to a drive-in theater perhaps once or twice a year if one were to choose carefully a good show?"

"That's where another principle applies, Charles. Influence, along with time, is a priceless talent. We are held accountable to God for the use we make of it, and, as with all our other talents, it can be used either to promote evil or promote good.

"To love your neighbor as yourself includes living in such a manner that your words and actions have an uplifting influence on his life. We think that we are all intelligent enough to be able to choose only the good and to stop at the proper time, but actually, are we? No one likes to admit it, but there are only a very few who could remain masters of themselves in these decisions. Possibly you may be one of those well-disciplined persons, but that friend of yours may not be.

"If you were to give your little brother a drink of beer and were to drink some yourself in his presence, you would be largely responsible for him should he develop a craving for it, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly."

"The same is true with attending the theater. If, for example, our leaders should sanction theater attendance, they would be partially responsible for the influence of these moving pictures on the persons attending them. And for the resulting spiritual decline, God would hold them accountable.

"By beholding we become changed. What we take into our thinking will soon be apparent to others. For this reason we should guard carefully the avenues to our mind lest we be weakened and cause others to decline spiritually with us. Here is a statement I keep in my files. It's by Ellen G. White, and I find it concise yet clear on this subject:

"Among the most dangerous resorts for pleasure is the theater. Instead of being a school for morality and virtue, as is so often claimed, it is the very hotbed of immorality. Vicious habits and sinful propensities are strengthened and confirmed by these entertainments. Low songs, lewd gestures, expressions, and attitudes, deprave the imagination and debase the morals. Every youth who habitually attends such exhibitions will be corrupted in principle. There is no influence in our land more powerful to poison the imagination, to destroy religious impressions, and to blunt the relish for tranquil pleasures and sober realities of life, than theatrical amusements.

"The love for these scenes increases with every indulgence, as the desire for intoxicating drink strengthens with its use."

"I am sure that this is just as true concerning TV when one sees the same type of performance. I can testify that many young people believe that as long as they see and enjoy these amusements at home it is perfectly all right. But the results are tragic. A theological student, who was a friend of mine, purchased a TV set, and became so intrigued with it that he even began watching the ball games during the Sabbath hours. Today he is smoking, drinking, and working on God's holy day. He thought he was one of those strong intellectual persons who could choose wisely, but did he? I am sure no one will

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Teen-age Diary

By JOAN

Dear Diary,

1954! Can it be possible? Time, like water over a falls, simply does not stop! Sometimes I wish we could dam it up somewhere back stream and linger a little longer over the bright moments of life, which seem to pass all too quickly.

It is the time of year for new resolutions. But as I check back it seems to me that the resolutions I made last year and the year before are about as good today as they were then.

I like the decoration Mother used for the MV Society. It expresses the way I feel. There was a brown road winding through a forest of evergreen to the snow peaks beyond. On one side of the road she had a sign which read, "ROAD OPEN," and on the other there was a highway sign '54.

And so the '54 highway of life is open. All we need to do is travel on to the peaks of accomplishment. A resolution now and then will surely help, but the main thing to do is to pack up and begin to move.

My father is in the insurance business. We meet and become friends with many fine people. Not long ago the coach of a famous Eastern football team insured his California ranch home and his car with Dad. I was interested to learn about football. It seemed that there is split-second timing throughout the game, and unless a man responds with accurate and controlled action, one second of time can lose the game.

In other words, when it's time to move, a slow man can lose the game. The coach is there to pick the winners! I had only

thought of a coach as a teacher before, but that is only half of it. If he wishes to remain a coach and retain his job, he must be a good judge of teams and men. Players must work together too, and being a good sport is imperative. Every player must feel that the rest of the team is doing its best. Loyalty, then, is very important also. In games this is called "the old school spirit."

One bad apple in the barrel of life can spoil the picture too. And it's surprising how "just" a teen-ager can have influence even with adults.

I became acquainted with a young woman once who was very insecure. By picking on others she felt that she strengthened her position in life. It wasn't long until the entire school she attended began to lose the game. They had a reputation, and it wasn't good!

As Seventh-day Adventist young people playing the game of life for a goal beyond this world's achievements, let's pull together—for the 1954 road is wide open!



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

MV

Youth in Action

It Was Wonderful

By Warren N. Wittenberg

Ohio youth are still talking about their youth congress held on the Mount Vernon Academy campus October 3. From the very beginning of the 9 A.M. song service led by MVA student Norman Sooy until the benediction by ministerial intern Ted Pohlman at about nine o'clock Saturday night, hundreds and hundreds of attentive Ohio youth packed the physical education building.

George Liscombe, conference Sabbath school leader, directed the interesting congress Sabbath school in which John Miklos taught the lesson, Mount Vernon Academy students with attractive visual aids conducted the review, and Capt. L. E. C. Joers gave the mission talk. The Mount Vernonaires and the Academy Girls' Trio provided music.

T. E. Lucas, associate world Adventist youth leader, preached a stirring sermon. In his own earnest, forthright, but enthusiastic manner he read from an authentic General Conference document about the 1907 meeting on this same MVA campus at which time the Missionary Volunteer organization was given birth. We felt as though we were gathered on holy ground as details of this historic meeting were cited and organization speeches were quoted. More than ever before we were proud to be Adventist youth—Missionary Volunteers for Christ. At the close of his sermon Pastor Lucas made an earnest appeal, to which hundreds of youth responded, pledging, with God's help, to live up to the high principles of the MV Legion of Honor.

In the afternoon Christian education was highlighted by E. J. Barnes, Ohio educational superintendent, and President W. H. Shephard, of Washington Missionary College. They were assisted by a group of Ohio students from the college.

Prof. J. R. Shull, Mount Vernon Academy principal, interviewed three MVA students who were successful in earning scholarships through colporteur work last summer. Recent Ohio SYF experiences were presented in the latter part of the afternoon while Arthur J. Patzer, Columbia Union youth leader, presided.

We enjoyed the reproduction of a Toledo MV Society street meeting and an Akron Pathfinder campfire gathering. We were all thrilled with the testimony of Delores Sipes, who is becoming a Seventh-day Adventist as a result of a Swanton MV Society picnic. We saw reproduced on the

platform her father's fruit stand, where she was helping her sister one Sabbath afternoon when Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Wolfe called on her to invite her to MV meeting. Another SYF feature of the congress was the soul-winning exploits of Ken and Betty Lacy and their fellow Emvees of Elyria, Ohio.

In the evening a wave of laughter rippled over the large congress audience as what appeared to be a big transcontinental bus moved onto the platform and stopped behind speaker T. E. Lucas, who was reviewing some of the highlights of the great Pan-American Youth Congress. The cardboard-and-wood bus was a facsimile of the PAYC Ohio chartered bus. Through the windows of the bus could be seen the actual faces of some of our Ohio delegates, who were called on one by one to say a few words.

To climax this 1953 Ohio Youth Congress, Dr. L. E. C. Joers, successful Adventist physician and surgeon and U.S. Navy captain now on active duty at Great Lakes Naval Training Center, told of answered prayer, God's wonderful deliverances, and Share Your Faith experiences during World War II. These stories, along with Dr. Joers' afternoon sermon, filled Ohio youth with a solemn joy. They were led to realize the seriousness of the times in which we live and the joy of trusting in God. Many responded to the captain's appeal to join in a new dedication to Christ and His work.

Yes, it was wonderful, this 1953 Ohio

Youth Congress, and we know that its fruitage will be seen in greatly accelerated spiritual advancement and SYF activity among Adventist youth of the Buckeye State.

A Pioneer Visits

By Maurice J. Montgomery

Ernest E. Farnsworth, eighty, son of the first Sabbathkeeping Adventist in all the world, when he addressed Atlantic Union College students last year, said that he was one of an unbroken chain of Farnsworth boys who attended old South Lancaster Academy between 1882, when the school was founded, and 1896. His father, William Farnsworth, was a believer in the Second Advent as it was preached through New England during the early 1840's by William Miller, and in 1844 he became the first of a company of Advent believers in Washington, New Hampshire, to practice and advocate the keeping of the Seventh-day Sabbath.

"The campus of Atlantic Union College has changed so much that I cannot find my way around," he said, "but I am glad to see that the new college administration building has been named after Stephen N. Haskell, who founded the school."

Mr. Farnsworth continued, "I am glad to find that the students of Atlantic Union College, as at other of our schools, are keenly interested in the background of our denominational work, and I believe that as time goes on we should refresh our knowledge of those early times, when the Lord so clearly led us by the hand into the light that shines upon us today."

This was Mr. Farnsworth's first visit to South Lancaster in fifty years. He mentioned that he and his brother Alton, eighty-six, of Alberta, Canada, are the last living links between those early pioneers and the work of the church today.



WARREN N. WHITTENBERG

Laughter rippled over the audience at the recent Ohio Youth Congress as what appeared to be a transcontinental bus came to a stop behind T. E. Lucas, who was reviewing the Pan-American Congress.

Twelve o'Clock DEADLINE

By LOIS LaCONDRE

MRS. FULTON was standing at the door to her apartment as her two small children started down the stairs. Each step of the dilapidated tenement building creaked. "Yes, Mommie," was the faithful reply of seven-year-old Beverly when her mother promised to bring lunch at noon. The girl stopped for a minute to readjust her shoe soles. Mother had cut up a pasteboard box to cover the holes that had worn in Bev's shoes.

When Mrs. Fulton could no longer hear her children's footsteps, she rushed to the window to watch them as they walked down the street. Beverly pulled her shabby, faded wool scarf tightly about her

as she turned the corner facing the frosty winds on Lexington Avenue. Mrs. Fulton knew that the walk to school would be a miserable one, and that right now the cold winds were biting her tiny daughter's cheeks. But she knew that Beverly and

Gary would soon forget. Once they had seen their friends, and could huddle about a warm radiator, their troubles would be ended.

Mrs. Fulton, a fastidious housewife, turned now to pursue her daily chores. The kitchen was sparkling. Every pot and pan was in place, and every crumb swept out. Pushing an old-fashioned chair into its usual place, the faithful mother stared at the uncovered floor with its many splinters. She shook her head in disgust. Something had to be done about this. Everyday one of the children came hopping on one foot with a splinter in the other. She attempted to pat the lumps out of the cushion of the upholstered chair. After every stroke the broken springs popped up again. But the family could continue with these conditions. They had been existing this way for some time now. The immediate problem was how to get lunch for her children today.

Mr. Fulton had been "laid off" his job two weeks ago. From his meager earnings not even the thriftiest could have saved a dollar for a rainy day. The groceries had dwindled to a box of oatmeal, which the family had eaten for dinner the night before. The baby, who had arrived recently, increased the number of children to four, and increased the needs and wants to an all-time high. Knowing that Daddy had only enough money to carry out his job-hunting expedition, Mother had refrained from telling him the details of her plight.

Beverly had awakened at the usual time in spite of the fact that Mother had not called her. Mrs. Fulton had attempted vainly to discourage the child from going to school.

"But, Mommie," Beverly had protested, "I can walk to school if you don't have carfare."

"I have no breakfast or lunch for you, Beverly. What will you eat? There's just enough milk for the baby."

Beverly's big brown eyes looked pleadingly at Mother as she said, "I don't have to eat, and maybe Jesus will get lunch for me if I pray."

Mrs. Fulton was silent for a moment. The persistence of her child was too much for her to bear. Maybe Jesus would help her to get lunch for them.

The young housewife fell on her knees by her bedside, "Dear God, help me. What shall I do? Please help me just to trust you as my children trust me." She blinked her eyes, and an independent tear traveled down her freckled cheek. Mrs. Fulton pulled the top drawer out and emptied its contents on the bed. Perhaps—she never would have admitted it to anyone, but as she searched through the heap of letters, she was hoping to find money with which to buy lunch for her children. After every letter was carefully examined, she realized how silly it was to expect such a miracle. As any tidy housewife would do, Mrs. Fulton picked up every stray bit of paper

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The persistence of her child was too much for Mrs. Fulton to bear. The words, "Maybe Jesus will get lunch for me," kept ringing in her thoughts.



H. M. LAMBERT

"My name is Webster," he said politely. "I understand you folks are keeping the Sabbath."

BRIGHT JOURNEY

By MARYANE G. MYERS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION



LIFE is one road after another," thought Matilda as she stepped on the path, glazed with sunshine, that wound into the heart of Watchtower Park.

It was May, and the tall trees lifted green umbrellas to make a pleasant shade on smooth, sun-tinted grass. Here and there were beds of flowers, vying in color splendor, inviting butterflies to taste their dewy sweetness. Each exquisitely fashioned bud and leaf revealed a gift of divine love.

The girl turned to her companion. "I could stay here forever, Jennie," she said. "It is so lovely and peaceful; something like heaven, I imagine."

Jennie laughed. "It is beautiful. But I brought you to see the amusements. Uncle brought a crowd out last week. We had a wonderful time." She took Matilda's arm and they walked along together.

They hadn't gone far when the beauty of the park was left behind, and they found themselves in a dusty area filled with concessions and booths. In noisy confusion people shuffled through the dust from one whirling ride to another. Others were lining the booths, eating half-cooked hamburgers and drinking colored ades of

dubious origin. There were also games of chance that seemed to be popular.

A surge of unhappiness came over Matilda. "And I thought this was like heaven a moment ago," she said to herself. "Instead, it's like the theaters, inviting on the outside, questionable within. Should I really be here?" She loved Jennie and decided to be as jolly as possible. "But I'm not coming back," she promised herself.

"Let's ride on something!"

"Do we have to?"

"Of course. It's fun!"

The girl looked about. Finally she pointed to a huge structure with small cars traveling up and down over a curved track with terrific speed. The occupants of the cars were screaming madly. "I'll try that."

"I'm not sure—" Jennie stopped abruptly, then whispered, "There's Jack Morris. He's coming our way."

"A friend?"

"Just acquaintance. But he seems nice."

The young man greeted them politely. After a brief visit he suggested they go on some rides.

Jennie laughed. "Matilda and I can't agree. She wants to go on the Lightning."

Matilda was pleased with her friend's progress in English. "I wish I had time for lessons," she reflected.

Jack smiled, as if he could read her thoughts. "I'll take you on the Lightning." He spoke slowly so that she could understand him.

His kindness gave her courage to venture a few words. "I want Jennie to go with us."

Still smiling at the girl, he spoke to her companion. "Come on, Jennie. We'll all have a fine afternoon together."

"I guess I'm as brave as Matilda," Jennie said. "I'll go."

Matilda didn't know how it happened, but soon Jack was spending several evenings a week with her. He had appointed himself as English teacher, and Matilda learned quickly. She liked this dark-haired young man.

Pleasant months went by, months that drew teacher and pupil together in a bond of love. Someday he will ask me to marry him, Matilda soliloquized. What shall I say?

And then it happened, one night as they lingered a moment at her gate, after a walk beneath countless stars. The girl had no difficulty in finding the right word. It was Yes.

Their wedding was a simple one. But Jack had a pleasant surprise for his bride—a honeymoon in Colorado. Matilda thrilled when she saw the Rockies. The tall mountains with snowy peaks among the clouds, and the tall, straight pine trees in the sweetly scented green forests reminded her of Sweden.

WASHINGTON "STAR"

Matilda tried to be jolly. Pointing to a huge structure with small cars traveling over a curved track with terrific speed, she said, "I'll try it."

"It is lovely, so much like home," she told her husband.

Jack looked up, past the mountains, into clear blue sky. "I'm glad you like it." He turned to his bride. "Soon we shall have our own home. There's a little place near Rock River in Illinois you will like. It isn't a large place, but it is pretty. I'm certain you will be happy there."

Matilda smiled up at her husband. "I'll always be happy wherever you are," she told him gently.

It didn't take long for Matilda to make a home out of the white cottage on the fruitful, small truck farm. Snowy white curtains hung against shining window-panes, and a garden of various-hued flowers on either side of the neat red brick walk created a picture of contentment.

This picturesque scene of rustic home life caused a young man to pause a moment before going up the walk. There was a silent prayer that the occupants of the house would not only purchase one of the small books he had for sale but would accept the message it contained, as well.

Matilda's smile, as she answered the knock on the door, was as cheerful as the bright flowers outside.

"Won't you come in?" she invited. And the man accepted her invitation.

Her husband was working in the back yard, so she quickly called him. And together they listened while the colporteur explained the wonderful little book in his tanned young hands.

The World's Crisis. Why had they never heard of it before? they wondered. And they had many questions to ask about the return of Jesus. This was wonderful news to them.

After the colporteur was gone, the young couple hastened through the evening chores so that they could study the little book with the great message. Evening after evening Jack read while Matilda hunted scriptures. It was like searching for precious treasures, the wonderful Bible promises.

"It seems we're keeping the wrong day," Jack admitted one night after hours of study.

"You mean we should keep Saturday instead of Sunday?"

"Yes. According to the Bible there has never been a change of God's holy day. The seventh is still His seal, the day He sanctified and set aside after He had finished creation."

Matilda nodded. "It seems that way to me too. What are we going to do about it?"

"There's only one thing to do," her husband replied as he rose thoughtfully. "We must keep the seventh day, for it is God's Sabbath."

Matilda arose and stood beside him. The hour was late, and they were both very tired, but a feeling of great joy that transcended anything she had ever known before swept over her. Jesus was coming soon. He would come and gather His

faithful ones together; then with the glory of the Saviour and all the heavenly host, they would all ascend to the heavenly city. Yes, they must be ready. And they could begin now by keeping His Sabbath.

"One step nearer heaven," she said.

Farewell

By ROBERT HARE

Farewell, old year, a long farewell,
Our lips in mournful accents tell.
Too swift thy fleeting hours have run
While tasks of duty wait undone;

Too soon the onward march of time
Breathes echo to thy farewell chime.
Take all the past, O passing year;
Its grief, its sorrow, doubt, and fear

Bear to oblivion's distant shore,
Where memory cannot reach them
more.

Take all the sadness, all the gloom,
As shadowy phantoms of the tomb;

Fold them in shrouds of changeless
night,

Beyond the range of thought or sight.
But leave, oh, leave, the hope, the joy,
Where memory in its loved employ

Can dwell mid visioned scenes of bliss
And dream of fairer realms than this.
Take all the lingering care and pain,
But give us back the peace again;

Take all the thorns and brown leaves
sear,

But leave the flowers to blossom here.
O aged year, a last adieu;
We meet no more where suns renew,

Or passing glories of the day
Fade into twilight shades away.
We meet no more where peace and
strife
Make up the sum of fleeting life.

Farewell, to meet where anthems clear
Welcome the new, the changeless
year.

"Let us pray that God will safely see us through all the way."

Saturday morning found Jack and his wife dressed in their best clothes. "What shall we do now?" Matilda wanted to know.

The husband wasn't quite certain. "I think we should pray and study the Bible," he told her, "and the Ten Commandments could be reviewed. The fourth

says not to do any work, but we could memorize the exact words."

"Jesus kept the Sabbath," Matilda said. "It makes me feel happy to know we're doing what He would like us to do."

"We're not to think our own thoughts nor say our own words. That might be difficult at first."

"But call the Sabbath a delight," the wife added. "Yes, it will be a delight to us. How thankful I am that we have been shown these wonderful truths out of the Bible. Do you suppose other people in America keep the seventh day?"

Jack wasn't sure. "If they study the Bible carefully some of the preachers must know about it."

The hours of their first Sabbath sped by. At sundown Matilda and Jack went for a walk down the country lane near their house. However, they hadn't gone far when they met a neighbor.

"Hope nobody was sick at your house. Didn't see you in the field today," he greeted Jack.

"No, we both feel fine. But we didn't work today. This is the Sabbath of the Lord, as spoken of in the Bible. This is the day we're keeping from now on."

The neighbor stopped. His mouth hung open, but it was a moment or two before he could speak. "Man, have you gone crazy? Saturday is for the Jews, not Christians."

"You're wrong," Jack said firmly, but there was kindness in his voice. "God made the seventh day holy back in the Garden of Eden. There weren't any Jews there. Only Adam and Eve. It's part of the Ten Commandments, but it was a commandment long before that. God loves His people, and He wants them to take time to study the Holy Scriptures, to rest and enjoy His day with Him."

The other man drew back as if a bit frightened. "I never heard such talk." And he hastened around them and on down the lane.

The next day was bright and sunny. Jack worked in the field while Matilda prepared dinner. Company was coming, and she was eager to see them. She didn't know the Watsons and Horners very well, but they were pleasant people, and she had good news to tell them.

After dinner the men went out into the field, and the three young women were alone in the large, neat kitchen.

Matilda hung up a snowy dishcloth and turned around to look at her guests. Her wonderful news couldn't be kept a moment longer.

"Girls, do you know that Saturday is the Sabbath?" she announced. "The Bible says it is, and that we are to keep it holy."

She didn't know what she had expected as a response, but somehow she felt disappointed. The two women turned and smiled at each other without saying a word. A queer lump came to the hostess' throat. Did they also think she was losing

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Friday Gifts



PERHAPS it is not a new idea to you, but it was to me. About three weeks ago at prayer meeting our minister told us about a friend of his, another minister. It seems that every Friday this friend buys some special little gift for his wife.

As he goes about his duties preparing for the Sabbath, such as filling the car with gas and buying the last-minute groceries, he chooses some little extra something for his loved one. Perhaps it is only a box of stationery, a small bouquet of violets, a pair of stockings, or even just a tiny bit of bright embroidery floss, but it is a special something just for her, reminding her again and again of his deep love for her.

How many of us remember to tell our loved ones daily that we love them, or remember to do little extra acts of kindness to show them that we really believe they are somebody special?

The Friday following this prayer meeting I happened to be in one of our big downtown stores. On display I found a small, inexpensive set of oil paints, just the thing to thrill my mother.

I bought it and brought it home. She is used to my bringing things home—groceries, clothing, flowers occasionally, and other articles that are necessary to daily living. But this was something just especially for her. She is the only artist in the family, and this gift was not to be shared with anyone else, it was for her, and her only.

Her joy was great indeed, and after the Sabbath she got so busy with that little set of oils that today, one week later, we have a beautiful picture on the wall. You see she shared her gift after all.

Today, before coming home to prepare for the Sabbath, I found another Friday gift for her, three in fact, for she is ill, and it seems that three gifts are more fun right now than just one. In a store I found a blue woolly bed jacket (Mother is confined to her bed a great deal). In another store I found a dozen jonquils for her tall vase and a tiny bunch of violets for her little vase.

Tonight she is so happy with her "specials" she can hardly go to sleep for thinking of them and reaching out to

smooth the soft woolly material of the jacket.

Why didn't I ever think of this before?

How many wives, after a hard day of getting the house clean, the food prepared, and the children dressed, would not welcome a little extra gift brought home by a loving (but sometimes forgetful) husband?

I'm reminded of a couple whom I knew many years ago. In fact I was only a little girl at the time. They were not a happy couple, but I was too young to understand why they were so miserable together.

He resented his wife's activities in a

woman's club. He resented it so strongly that she finally gave up all outside association and devoted all her time to the home and to the preparation of fine dinners for him and for their little child.

One day (the first club day she had given up) she spent extra hours in the kitchen preparing his favorite dinner, and especially his favorite dessert—apple pie.

That evening he ate his meal in his usual silence. Finally, after she had served the pie and he had tasted it, in fact was rapidly cleaning up his plate, she couldn't stand the silence any longer so she said, "How is the pie?"

Without looking up he answered, "It's all right. If it wasn't I would have told you."

This little wife went on cooking, year in and year out, but she didn't enjoy it as she would have had there been a word of appreciation now and then, or better still, a little extra something occasionally to show that he loved her.

Incidentally, she was one of the best cooks in the town in which they lived, and her husband used to brag to his friends about her exceptional ability. But never one word of appreciation to her.

The other day I drove into a filling station in my neighborhood, and the at-

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H. A. ROBERTS

How many wives, after a hard day of getting the house clean, the food prepared, and the children dressed for Sabbath, would not welcome a little extra gift brought home by a loving husband?



I was eager to don my white coat, fill my bag with impressive-looking instruments, and then—and then came

TIME

By MILO W. L.

My first year of medicine was so interesting that the lectures and laboratories seemed more fun than work, like a happy dream.

H. M. LAMBERT

Suddenly I felt uncomfortably warm, and began to perspire. I wanted to get outside the stuffy office. After thanking him I hurriedly left the office and boarded an elevator. I thought the elevator would never reach the ground floor. It seemed an eternity until I stepped outside the building into the cool, fresh air.

Nearby, the gently swaying palms of a lush green park seemed to beckon me. With heavy footsteps I walked over to a secluded corner to collect my thoughts. As it was late afternoon on a busy weekday, the park appeared to be deserted of human beings. Nearby there were some swans swimming lazily in a pond. It was restful, yet the tranquillity of the park did not keep back the roaring tide of thoughts that flooded my mind. "Why did this have to happen to me? What have I done to deserve T.B.? Is God punishing me? If so, what for?"

My thoughts partially untangled and retreated from the present confusion. After months of fighting in Europe with the Second Infantry Division, why had God brought me home unscathed? Why had He planted my feet on an Adventist college campus right after my discharge from the service? My enthusiasm for continuing my education wasn't running very high, and I really didn't have much of a goal in life.

During my first semester at college I made several trips to nearby Loma Linda. Just walking on the campus of our medical school and admiring the buildings proved to be contagious for me. My enthusiasm waxed great, and I launched out in premedicine. The days that followed

were happy ones. I had wonderful dormitory roommates, who helped me both spiritually and academically. I found many good Christian friends among the teachers and students.

I felt that God approved of my plans, because as soon as I graduated there was one of the highly coveted openings waiting for me in the freshman class at Loma Linda. When I received that acceptance to medical school I promised the Lord and myself that I would be a strengthening member of "the right arm of the message," and where He would call I would go.

To me the freshman year of medicine went by like a happy dream. I was so completely enthralled that the lectures and laboratories almost seemed more like fun than work. The first year wasn't all memorizing formulas or laboring in odorous dissection rooms. Often my roommate and I would be preparing parts for Sabbath school programs, or trying out on each other a sermon that one of us had to deliver the following Sabbath in one of the neighboring churches, or attempting to devise some entertainment for a class party. Sometimes when our feelings were in a strictly noncurricular mood we would wander over to the nurses' dormitory and try to amuse the young women with our "scintillating conversation." So went the first year of medicine.

How well I remember beginning the second year. My enthusiasm was soaring to even greater heights. My roommate and I vowed to strike awe in the hearts of the faculty with the enormity of our academic accomplishments that second year. With grim determination we continued our pursuit of medical knowledge.

The weeks quickly slipped by, and one of my extra projects began to show results. I became enamored of one of the young women in the nursing school. I strongly considered making the supreme sacrifice of giving up my bachelorhood.

About halfway through the year some clouds began to gather on the horizon

I WAS going through the motions of browsing through the array of magazines in the doctor's office. However, my interest was not with the magazines; it was centered on the others seated in the waiting room. Some were looking through the magazines, pausing here and there at some colorful advertisement that momentarily arrested their attention. A woman was busily engaged in a frantic search through her small son's pockets for a handkerchief, to render first aid to his running nose. A well-dressed, middle-aged man gazed out the window with a vacant stare.

"Why are these people waiting? Could they have the same disease as I? None of them seems to have a pale complexion and hollow cheeks. They all look like the people I meet every day on the streets." Such were the thoughts that were going through my mind.

My speculations about the patients were cut short. My name was called, and I was ushered in to the doctor. After the examination and review of the X-rays, the doctor took me into his private consultation room. Although I had anticipated this occasion and tried to steel myself, I still felt an ominous dread creep over me as I seated myself. I don't recall exactly what the doctor said, but he confirmed my worst fears. I had tuberculosis!



The author.

of my happy experience. A study of the student chest X-rays had revealed some questionable areas on my X-ray. I was called in to the Loma Linda hospital and thoroughly examined and given a series of

tests, all of which seemed to be negative. Since I seemed to be in perfect health, I was permitted to continue my schoolwork.

The sophomore year ended. I was asked to report back to the hospital before leaving for the summer. Again I was thoroughly examined, and again the results were negative. The doctors gave me permission to come back for the junior year.

In the fall I reported to the Los Angeles division of the school. This was going to be my first year of clinical medicine. I was eager to don my white coat, fill my black bag with impressive-looking instruments, and wander through the hospital wards in the wake of the instructor, snatching up the crumbs of knowledge he would let fall.

After the first quarter of the school year was over I was called in for more examinations. This was becoming almost routine to me. However, at the conclusion of the examination I didn't get the routine answer.

The "spots" on my lungs had undergone some growth since the last X-rays. It was recommended that I consult with the school's chief of chest diseases. An appointment was made for me, and I went out to the office where he practiced. It was he who recommended immediate hospitalization. It was his office that I had just left.

I must have sat in the park for quite a while, because my reverie was interrupted by the cool evening breeze chilling me. Looking around, I noticed that the sun was a golden disk disappearing behind

the row of palm trees on the far side of the park. Shadows were beginning to lengthen. It was time to drive home.

Finding a tuberculosis hospital that had an empty bed proved to be a disheartening task. There were some plush sanatoriums that had empty beds, but their fees were more than my depleted pocketbook could stand. The moderately priced hospitals were full, and the free county hospital had a six-month waiting list.

During those hectic days I was staying with a very hospitable and sympathetic family in the Los Angeles suburb of Glendale. By now the news that I was a tubercular was rapidly seeping out. Fearing that this family would suffer some sort of social ostracism for housing a tubercular, I redoubled my efforts to find a hospital that would take me. The task proved to be well-nigh impossible.

I was fervently praying that God would quickly find a place for me. Several weeks went by, and nothing seemed to change except my increasing anxiety. But my extremity was God's opportunity, and finally an answer to my prayer began to take shape. On one of my frequent trips to the nearby Veterans Hospital I was told that a bed "might" be available sometime in the indefinite future.

One Friday morning I drove out again to the Veterans Hospital to be sure that the admitting office there had not forgotten me and to see the progress of my name on their waiting list. I was disappointed to find that the regular admitting physician was on leave for a few days. Nevertheless I took out my X-rays and the papers that the school had given me and showed them to the new doctor. I had little hope of getting any information. He studied the X-rays at length and then turned to me, "If you can be back here before four-thirty ready to start your hospitalization, I'll get

you a bed." Just what I had been praying for! God was answering my prayers!

I raced into Los Angeles and got my former roommate from Loma Linda to help me arrange for the storage of my belongings, sell my car, and to pack some personal items and books into a suitcase to take to the hospital. We frantically dashed around closing out my affairs.

The big clock in the hospital corridor showed 4 o'clock as we rushed up to the admission desk. We made it, with thirty minutes to spare. The admission procedure did not take long, and soon I was shown to a ward and given a bed. I had just changed into my white hospital pajamas and crawled into my new bed when I noticed the sun was going down behind the hills. My first Sabbath in the hospital had begun.

That was December 28, 1951, and I'm still spending my Sabbaths here in the hospital. I don't know how much longer I'll be here. But I have no fear for the future, because my faith and trust is in the One who says, "I have seen his ways, and I will heal him."

It is altogether possible that *you* may have to take time out for one reason or another. And if such should be your lot, take courage, because "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." What at first appears to be a bitter disappointment may turn out to be a soul-strengthening experience. That has been my personal observation.

[The plan for this article was first expressed to Mr. Loye in October of 1952. In February of 1953 the definite assignment was made, with the January 5, 1954, issue in mind, and Mr. Loye began writing at once. Then a setback suffered in March made the writing of the story appear doubtful. But Mr. Loye was not the kind to show a give-up spirit, and in due course the manuscript reached the INSTRUCTOR office. As is our custom on receipt of an assigned article, a check in token of appreciation was forwarded to the author. And once again we were baffled, for the author returned the check! We were able finally to reach a compromise, and he accepted some books instead. Someday it will be a very real pleasure to address this determined young man as Dr. Loye.]



STANFORD RESEARCH INSTITUTE

In the fall of my junior year I reported to the Los Angeles division of the College of Medical Evangelists. This was going to be my first year of clinical medicine. But my days were numbered.

The CALL That JACK HEARD

By AVONNE NOTTELSON

THE rain the night before had washed the dirt and grime from the grass and flowers, and left them looking bright and happy and nodding to each other as if they were carrying on a conversation of their own.

On this particular August day, Mary Smith laid her youngest child, Marie, on a blanket in the house, where she contentedly lay cooing to herself and playing with her toys; she took Larry, who was almost a year and a half old, outside with her to help her scrape potatoes. But Larry, it seemed, had no intention of scraping potatoes, for he was busy with some of his playthings a short distance from her.

As she sat there on an old board-covered well, Mary looked around her and wondered at the beauties of nature. The trees swayed gently as a soft breeze played hide-and-seek in their branches; the grass was soft and green and looked like a huge soft carpet under a vast blue sky that had scarcely a cloud in it. Here and there a bright-feathered bird would flit from tree to tree, and she could hear the buzzing of a bee and the song of a meadow lark.

She and Jack had a pretty home, although it was not finished yet; but they were looking forward to the day when they would put the finishing touches on it. The summer after they were married she and her husband had begun to build their home, and as soon as it was possible they had moved in.

Today her husband was in a field some distance away, setting up oats. It was near threshing time, and he had been working hard these last few days to get the oats hauled up to the barn. Mary wished that she could be out there to help him, but since this was not possible, she had busied herself around the house, and finally, deciding it was too hot indoors, had taken the potatoes out by the old well to peel.

As Mary sat there intent on her thoughts, she was suddenly startled by the whinny of a horse. Looking up, she saw that one of their old farm horses was

loose and was coming out in the road. Setting her potatoes on the well, and cautioning Larry to stay where he was, she ran after the horse to head him off.

She had not gone very far, however, when, hearing the sounds of galloping hoofs, she looked back and saw their younger horse coming toward the well, where Baby Larry was playing. She stopped and tried to run back, but she seemed paralyzed. Before her very eyes she saw the horse run across the old well and whinny as he felt the boards give beneath him. She watched him frantically pull his legs from the rotten boards and heard the sickening crash as the top of the well, with Larry on it, went crashing to the bottom.

It was as if her very world had ended. In her mind's eye she could see her boy at the bottom of the well, trying to reach fresh air, for she knew there was at least five feet of water in the well.

The next few seconds seemed like hours to Mary as she finally got up enough strength to move. She ran to the well, and looking down, saw Larry, one arm over a board, lying with his face down in the water. Everything went black before her eyes, but she knew she had to do something; she just could not faint!

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide

H. A. ROBERTS

Many a time has the old wooden top of a well given way.

under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust."

Instantly Mary dropped to her knees and prayed as she had never prayed before. Rising, she called, and used the last bit of strength she possessed. "Jack, Jack, please come home quickly!"

From then on everything went black for Mary. Jack, over in the next field, heard Mary's frantic call for help, and in a matter of seconds was down into the well, taking Baby Larry in his arms. He carried him out of the well to safety. It was only then that the neighbor woman arrived. She too had heard Mary's cry for help and had come over as quickly as possible.

Maybe to some it is a mystery how Jack got to the well before the neighbor, but to Mary and Jack it was no mystery. To them it was only one more prayer answered by a loving heavenly Father.

Larry recovered very rapidly, and except for a few cuts and bruises he was not harmed. In his fall to the bottom he had somehow been knocked unconscious by one of the boards, and therefore had not swallowed too much of the water while lying face down in the well. He too has come to believe that it was prayer that saved him from drowning in the well that tragic summer day.



SABBATH SCHOOL



What Does God Mean to Me?

LESSON FOR JANUARY 16

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else" (Isa. 45:22).

LESSON SURVEY: See how many of the lesson scriptures you are familiar with without reading them. Read the ones that are unfamiliar to you, so you may have a general idea of the whole lesson.

THINK IT OVER: a. If before the Battle of Arbela you had been given the opportunity to join either army, would you have chosen Alexander or Darius as your commander?

b. If before the Battle of Waterloo you had been given the opportunity to join either army, would

you have chosen Napoleon or Wellington as your general?

c. If before the last great battle you have the opportunity to join either side, will you choose Christ or Satan as your leader?

History tells us who won in a and b; the Bible tells us who will be victorious in c.

IN THIS ISSUE

With this issue, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR discontinues publication of the Junior Youth Sabbath school lessons. "Junior Guide," which begins volume 2 this month in its colorful new format, will continue to publish the lessons.

The Senior Youth lessons will hereafter appear on page 15 of the regular issues, and on page 17 of the color numbers. As an added convenience our title box on the cover will designate the date of the lesson contained in the issue.

FOR SUNDAY

1. According to the Bible, how many gods are there (Eph. 4:4-6)?

"There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

2. What is His official position (Jer. 10:6, 7)?

"Forasmuch as there is none like unto thee, O Lord; thou art great, and thy name is great in might. Who would not fear [respect] thee, O King of nations?"

3. How long will He reign (verse 10)?

"But the Lord is the true God, he is the living God, and an everlasting king."

FOR MONDAY

4. How do the great men of earth compare with God (Isa. 40:22-24)?

"It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in: that bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity. . . . He shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble."

5. What great feats can God perform that men cannot do (verses 12-15)?

"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? . . . Behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing."

6. What can be said of His endurance (verse 28)?

"Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?"

FOR TUESDAY

7. How majestic is He (verses 9, 10)?

"Lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him."

8. What is the supreme proof of His power (verse 26)?

"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth."

9. How is God's tender regard expressed (verses 1, 11)?

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

FOR WEDNESDAY

10. Would this great King ever take notice of me (Rev. 3:20)?

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

11. In contrast with God, how insignificant is man (Ps. 144:3, 4)?

"Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him! Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away."

12. What false idea blinds some young people (Isa. 40:27)?

"Why sayest thou, . . . My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?"

FOR THURSDAY

13. a. How can I have security (Ps. 16:8)?

"I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

b. How can I have strength (Isa. 40:31)?

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

NOTE.—"Gospel religion is Christ in the life,—a living, active principle. It is the grace of Christ revealed in character and wrought out in good works. The principles of the gospel can not be disconnected from any department of practical life. Every line of Christian experience and labor is to be a representation of the life of Christ."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 384.

14. Whom only should I worship and serve (Matt. 4:10)?

"Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

15. Why does God take notice of me (John 3:16)?

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

FOR FRIDAY

Study Exodus 20:3 very carefully. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." What are some "gods" that young people listen to today instead of Jehovah?

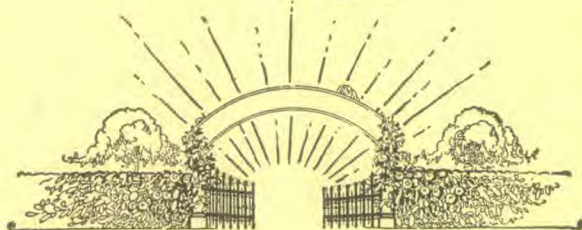
Here is a problem: Louise is going home during the spring vacation. She is wondering what plan to follow when she goes to church Sabbath. Should she have a nice visit with her friends whom she hasn't seen since Christmas, or listen to the sermon? After all, the sermons at the academy are especially for the young people, but at home, well, they are for everybody. Still Louise is puzzled. Could using church time for social purposes be breaking the first commandment?



T. K. MARTIN, ARTIST



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THE darkening clouds were mingling overhead and the full moon was only partially visible as the sharp northeast wind whistled around the corners of the shed. Darkness had settled down to end another cold and bleak January day.

Farmer Brown put down the hay and scattered the straw; he turned in the sheep and then disappeared into the night.

Molly, one of the nicest ewes in the shed, had been the pet of the family since her mother had died when she was just a tiny lamb. She moved restlessly about the shed, hunting for a warm place where the straw was thickest. This was to be an eventful night, for she would have a baby lamb by her side when the farmer returned on the morrow!

The moon rose higher and the winds droned in the huge oak trees as one of the cows mooed softly to the young calf in the little stall behind the hayrack. Other than this, the night was still, except for the usual munching of hay and the padded steps of the animals as they moved from place to place.

As the early morning came on, the winds died down and the full moon broke through the clouds and shone with all its magnificent beauty on the dark, quiet earth. The man in the moon seemed to radiate a huge, glowing smile on the tiny shed of the Brown farm. The bright morning star glistened and twinkled merrily in the eastern sky, as though it were joining the moon in welcoming the baby lamb.

Molly nosed her infant fondly as he struggled to stand on his wobbly little legs. She encouraged him by calling softly, to which call he would give a faint little cry. His struggles seemed in vain, for he would almost be standing; then he would get overbalanced. His little legs seemed to go in all directions, pitching him into the soft straw with such a thud that it would make his long, fuzzy ears flop madly, and with a groan of despair he would lie quietly and rest.

But Molly was persistent, and with a soft bleat, she nudged again, and so the little one struggled once more to his feet, swaying to and fro. This time he stood, though very shakily. Suddenly he realized he had accomplished his hard task, and with a look at his mother to see if she was watching, he gave a little cry of joy and wiggled his tail delightedly. Oops! Down he went again. But he knew he could stand now, so nothing could stop the little fellow from struggling to his feet time and time again.

The eastern sky grew rosy and then golden as the sun peeped over the horizon and glistened on the heavy dew that had covered everything during the night. The little English sparrows and juncos chattered noisily and flitted from pillar to post in search of their breakfast as Farmer Brown rounded the corner of the barn, whistling merrily.

An Adventure With MOLLY

By SHIRLEY LEEPER

The huge golden collie ran briskly to the pasture to bring up the yearling heifers for their morning feeding of shelled corn and oats.

Farmer Brown hung up the milk bucket, mixed up the feed for the sheep, and headed for the shed. He stepped inside, cleaned out the trough, and fed the sheep. His eyes quickly scanned the herd for Molly. Molly usually met him at the door and nudged at the bucket or nibbled his trouser leg until she was fed her share from the bucket. She had always been fed separately, from the bucket, instead of with the other sheep in the trough; but this morning Molly didn't meet him at the door or nudge at the bucket.

Mr. Brown searched the herd more closely, but there was no sign of the large prize ewe. With a troubled expression on his face, he turned to get a bale of clover hay to place in the rack on the other side. As he reached for the hay he stopped

abruptly. He stared, and with a low exclamation he fell on his knees beside the lamb and fondled it.

"Well Molly, old girl!" he exclaimed in a half whisper. "You had me scared half to death."

Molly licked her lamb lovingly and then nuzzled eagerly for the bucket.

"He's a dandy little fellow, Molly, a dandy! We'll call him Georgie. Do you like that name, little fella?"

Georgie nibbled the big man's hand and watched with curiosity as he disappeared around the stacked hay. He lay down and watched his mother eating. His little head began to nod and his long ears flopped to and fro. Finally, with a little sigh of contentment, Georgie's little head drooped, his eyes closed, and he fell asleep.

He dreamed of the healthy and contented life he would live on the Brown farm—if lambs can dream!



A. PEVANEY

Of all the sheep on the farm, Molly was the nicest. She had been a pet since she was a lamb.

her mind? The silence was terrible. She wished they would say something. But instead they just stood there smiling.

Finally Marie Horner reached out and put an arm around Matilda's shoulder. "Yes, dear," she said softly, "we know

know that others believe in keeping the seventh day too?"

Jack nodded. "I believe we're on the right track."

Matilda was sure of it the next Tuesday when a kindly looking elderly man knocked on their door.

"My name is Webster," he said politely. "I understand you folks are keeping the Sabbath."



Grindstone or Steppingstone

By MINA E. CARPENTER

Don't be a grindstone, grinding out your troubles,

Nine chances out of ten you'll find they're only bubbles.

Rather be a steppingstone, paving way for mortals,

Whom you meet along life's way, to enter heaven's portals.

that Saturday is the Sabbath. In fact, that's the day we go to church. You see, we're both Seventh-day Adventists."

"Seventh-day Advents," Matilda said.

"Adventists," Doris Watson replied. "We believe that Jesus is coming back to earth soon, and we keep the seventh day according to instruction in the Bible."

Matilda was so happy that great tears came into her eyes. "Please tell me more about it. You mean there's a church where we can go to study God's Word on the Sabbath?" The guests nodded. "We're happy to talk about it," one of them said as they went into the living room for a Bible study.

After the guests were gone Matilda questioned her husband. "Did you tell the men that we are now keeping the Sabbath?"

Jack shook his head.

"You should have," his wife reminded. "Both families belong to the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Aren't you happy to

The young housewife happily welcomed him. "Yes, we keep it the best we know how."

Pastor Webster sat down and smiled at the young woman. "Are there any questions you would like to ask?"

"So many," she spoke frankly. "Our neighbors tell us that only Jews keep the Sabbath. I wish I knew Bible texts to quote to them."

"Perhaps you and your husband would be interested in Bible studies."

Matilda admitted that they would like to study. "But Jack isn't here now. You would have to talk to him about the time of study."

Pastor Webster agreed with her and asked for a Bible. "Let us have a brief study on Romans 3 and 4."

The young woman was delighted, and as they were concluding their study the husband was seen coming up the road.

Jack was as enthusiastic as his wife to begin Bible studies with Pastor Webster.

The first few lessons were absorbing for both husband and wife. And then something happened to Jack. Matilda sensed something was wrong. The husband began making excuses whenever Pastor Webster was expected.

"I have to go to town today," he would tell her, or, "I won't be able to study with you today. There's too much work to be done."

Matilda made one excuse after another, until she finally had to confess that her husband was losing interest.

"I've known that for a long time," Pastor Webster remarked kindly. "Tobacco isn't easy for some to give up. Perhaps that is the reason he is avoiding further study."

The wife was at a loss for words. She only knew that as they neared the baptismal date her husband seemed to grow more indifferent.

As the minister was leaving she implored him to keep praying for them. "I believe all things are possible with God."

But later, alone in the room where they had studied, she sank down on her knees and poured out an aching heart to her heavenly Father. She knew that her faith should never waver, but sometimes she would remember an indifferent remark or a fearful dream of walking over a beautiful bridge alone, and panic would seize her. She couldn't be baptized without Jack, she would cry in one breath, and then reason in the next that she must take her stand whatever the cost, even if it meant walking alone. But not really alone, because now she felt the blessed presence of the Lord. "Increase my faith, my strength," she prayed.

Just as she rose from her knees her husband came into the house. His bright smile told her that something pleasant had happened.

"I had a talk with Pastor Webster," he said unceremoniously. "I plan to be baptized with you next Sabbath."

"I'm so glad, so very glad," she told him, while her heart, in more abundant language in her native tongue, sang a song of rejoicing and thanksgiving to a Father who still and will forever hear prayers of those who love and trust.

"That is, if it doesn't rain," the husband added.

"Of course it won't rain."

But a few days later on Friday the rain started in the morning and seemed to empty its leaden buckets on the community. Matilda looked at the dark, watery sky. And again she prayed with all her heart. They were to be baptized in a river, but if the rain continued it would be impossible. Nothing must hinder Jack now that he had made up his mind to go forward with her.

The following day was bright and sunny, as if there had never been a rain.

"I don't see how it happened," Jack said, as they started out for church.

Matilda smiled and looked ahead. "Life

is full of roads, but this one is the most important—the acceptance of Christ and life eternal,” she thought to herself, then remembered that her husband had been talking about the rain disappearing and the beauty of the day.

She placed a gentle hand on his arm. “God is very good,” she said softly. And they started up the sunlit highway together.

Television or Theater?

From page 8

be led to God through his influence unless he changes.

“No, Charles, I have found that the principles that God gave to man and that were lived out in the life of Christ are as eternal as their Giver. If we are guided by these principles, our choices will be wise, our influence will be good, and we shall have eternal life. It is therefore of great importance that our thinking be well guarded, for it controls our every action. When Christ taught that a man who hates his brother is a murderer, He was putting the emphasis right where it belongs—on one’s thoughts.

“Just before the captivity of Judah, God sent Isaiah, Jeremiah, and other prophets to warn Jerusalem of the impending judgments. The message of Isaiah was: ‘Behold your God!’ And later John the Baptist proclaimed: ‘Behold the Lamb of God.’ The inhabitants of Zion who were beholding other gods were taken captive.

“A parallel condition exists today. If we do not learn from the results of their failure to heed this call, then God’s judgments will likewise fall on us. Christians the world over are beholding the gods of pleasure, and many are rejecting the messages of the prophets. But I believe, Charles, that our one purpose in this life should be to call men and women everywhere to behold our God, don’t you?”

“I guess that’s right, Tom. It really is contradictory and hypocritical to profess a belief in the soon coming of our Saviour and let others go on unwarned while we waste our time and talents enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season and saying by our actions that we believe our Lord delayeth His coming.”

¹ Mark 12:30, 31.

² Messages to Young People, p. 380.

Friday Gifts

From page 13

tendant, who had waited on me before and had evidently noted my out-of-State license plate, said, “Say, I see you have a California license now. Have you taken your driver’s test too?”

I told him that I had, and that I was

delighted over passing the test, (They grade you here, and I surely studied hard before facing the examiners.)

He said, “You know, my wife got that same grade. She beat me by four points! She really is a wonder!” And he went on telling me how “smart” he thought his wife was, how she could beat him in lots of things, and how lucky he was to have her for a wife.

Some time later when I saw the wife I congratulated her on getting a good grade in her test, and I told her about all the wonderful things her husband had said about her.

She surprised me when she said, “’S funny, but he never has told me all that. I’m sure glad to know he feels that way about me. I had no idea he cared any more.”

This isn’t written in criticism of husbands in general, or of wives, or of daughters or sons. I simply can’t help wondering why we don’t tell our loved ones the nice things we know about them, while we have them with us. Why aren’t we lavish with our praise, our gifts, and our love?

I’m so thankful that this minister’s idea

of a Friday present was told to me in time for me to make my mother’s life a little happier while she is still with me.

A Tuesday present or a Thursday present would be just as good, wouldn’t it? However, since I’ve started the Friday-present idea I believe I’ll stay with it, for the results have been such happy ones.

Won’t you join me?

Twelve o’Clock Deadline

From page 10

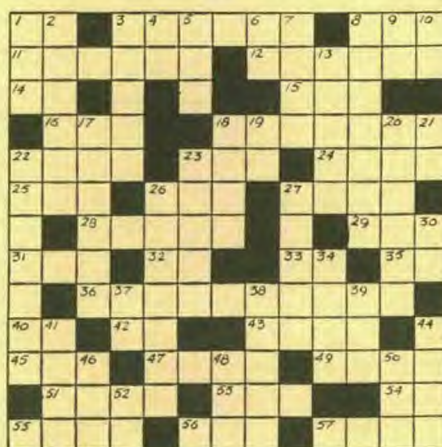
and dumped the scraps into a trash can.

A knock at the door startled her as she replaced the drawer. A feeling of hope surged within her at the thought that this might be the answer to her prayer. She rushed to the door. Her countenance, once lined with despair, now radiated trust, faith, and belief. She pulled the door open. Her hope plunged with a great crash, and a look of sadness flitted across her face.

“O Mrs. Johnson,” blurted the frustrated mother, “come in, do come in.”



Flattery



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Across

- 1 Old Carthusian
- 3 “why shouldst thou . . . to thy hurt” 2 Kings 14:10
- 8 “I know . . . to give flattering titles” Job 32:22
- 11 “find more . . . than he that flattereth” Prov. 28:23
- 12 “With her much fair . . .” Prov. 7:21
- 14 Foot
- 15 Grandson of Benjamin 1 Chron. 7:7
- 16 Egg of a louse
- 18 Lawfully
- 22 “speak vanity every one . . . his neighbour” Ps. 12:2
- 23 “did flatter . . . with their mouth” Ps. 78:36
- 24 “lying tongue hateth those . . . are afflicted by it” Prov. 26:28

- 25 Ancient Italian goddess of the harvest
 - 26 “O taste and . . . that the Lord is good” Ps. 34:8
 - 27 “If any man among you . . . to be religious” James 1:26
 - 28 Ourwards
 - 29 “though they be . . . like crimson” Isa. 1:18
 - 31 One of a native people of Bengal
 - 32 Railroad
 - 33 “flattering . . . her lips” Prov. 7:21
 - 35 Company
 - 36 “he . . . himself in his own eyes” Ps. 36:2
 - 40 Trust receipts
 - 42 Important city of lower Egypt Gen. 41:45
 - 43 Change direction
 - 45 “sold all that he . . .” Matt. 13:46
 - 47 “neither let me . . . flattering titles” Job 32:21
 - 49 “it is . . . to seek the Lord” Hosea 10:12
 - 51 “no . . . any vain vision nor flattering divination” Eze. 12:24
 - 53 Inches
 - 54 “drop . . . a honey comb” Prov. 5:3
 - 55 “which flattereth . . . her words” Prov. 7:5
 - 56 “speaketh flattery to . . . friends” Job 17:5
 - 57 “with flattering . . .” Ps. 12:2
- Our text is 3, 8, 22, 23, 24, 36, 55, 56 and 57 combined

Down

- 1 “The Lord shall cut . . . all flattering lips” Ps. 12:3
- 2 Well-known plant
- 3 “her . . . is smoother than oil” Prov. 5:3
- 4 Evangelical Union
- 5 “and . . . ground into watersprings” Ps. 107:35
- 6 Linnaean Society
- 7 Narrative poem
- 8 “ . . . at any time used we flattering words” 1 Thess. 2:5
- 9 Same as 1 across
- 10 Territory of Hawaii
- 13 One of the Erites Num. 26:16
- 17 Emphasized form of “it”
- 18 “they . . . unto him with their tongues” Ps. 78:36
- 19 Plural ending of certain Hebrew words
- 20 Son of Methuselah Gen. 5:25
- 21 Yukon Territory
- 22 “a flattering mouth . . . ruin” Prov. 26:28
- 23 “with a double . . . do they speak” Ps. 12:2
- 26 “may keep thee from the . . . woman” Prov. 7:5
- 27 “multitude stood on the . . .” Matt. 13:2
- 30 “such as . . . wickedly against the covenant shall he corrupt by flatteries” Dan. 11:32
- 34 “spreadeth a net for him . . .” Prov. 29:5
- 37 “and . . . I am with you always” Matt. 28:20
- 38 Levels
- 39 Prefix meaning three
- 41 Branches (Biol.)
- 44 “much . . . do lying lips a prince” Prov. 17:7
- 46 Speck
- 48 Number of chapter in Proverbs beginning “My son, keep my words”
- 50 Chart
- 52 Right hand

Key on page 23

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THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR

"Thank you," replied the sick neighbor as she stepped inside. "Mrs. Fulton, I've come to ask a favor of you." She spoke timidly, then hesitated for a moment, brushing a few strands of mixed gray hair in place. "Would you go to the store for me?" The older woman then looked Mrs. Fulton straight in the face. "I need a bottle of milk."

"Why, yes, I'll go." Mrs. Fulton stretched out her hand to receive the quarter.

The young woman slipped quickly into her coat and hurried down the steps. Reaching the porch, she stumbled and fell. She lay on the sidewalk with her two palms flat on the dirty ground. Quickly she braced herself up. The twenty-five cents had disappeared. Annoyed with the whole accident, she brushed the dirt off her clothes and began to search for the money. She limped over to the curb. Perhaps it had rolled off the sidewalk. Almost immediately she saw it, and it lay side by side with a dollar bill. She grabbed both pieces of money, and hurried on to the store. Now she could buy lunch for her children.

Her neighbor was standing at her door when she returned. Mrs. Fulton was still limping, and Mrs. Johnson immediately detected it. After one question Mrs. Fulton broke down and told the story of the morning. She did not neglect to emphasize the financial status of her little family. As she spoke a lump swelled in her throat and her eyes flooded. Moved by the story, Mrs. Johnson patted the younger woman on the shoulder and excused herself. Upon returning she encouraged the woman to feel free to let her know when she got into such predicaments. Through sobs Mrs. Fulton thanked her kind neighbor for the five-dollar bill she had just handed her.

Mother turned and looked at the clock. It was almost lunchtime. Dressing as rapidly as she possibly could, she thought seriously of how she would spend the



Morning Prayer

By NONA KEEN DUFFY

Thank You for a restful night
And thank You for the sun
That wakes us up with rosy beams
When sleepy time is done.

Thank You too for food and home,
For parents loved and dear;
And for Your guidance through this day
And all the happy year!

money. A few minutes later she was boarding the northbound bus. Ten minutes later she entered the school building to hear the twelve o'clock bell. She hastened to Beverly's classroom, but her steps halted as she listened to the voices of many little children praying:

"God is grace, God is good,
And we thank Him for our food,
By His hands we all are fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

And Mother prayed also.

grace to live for Christ. One writer has said "that Christianity working in the heart is greater than when explained and enforced in many books."

You would think me insane if I seldom talked to my wife or if I failed to read her letters while she was away on vacation. Yet there are many who fail to study daily the letters from heaven—God's Word.

Surrender of some of the legitimate activities of life will have to be made in order that we may devote all our energy to God. Often we hear people say that religion is all right but that it is primarily for children and old people. I say I have not turned to religion because of age. I have turned to religion because it is the best method for living now and eternally. I have not turned to religion because I am afraid of the consequences. I have turned because I know that the way of Christ is best.

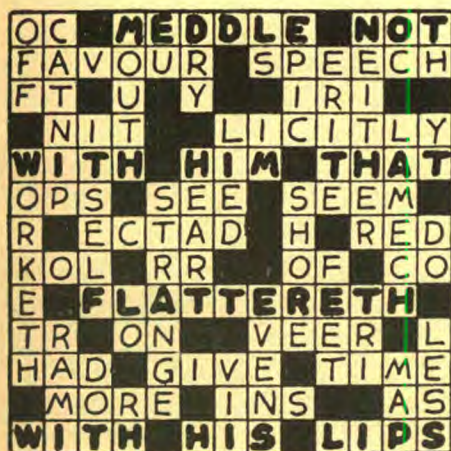
It pays to be a Christian. Frequently persons stop me in the hospital and tell me that since we talked about smoking they have quit, and how much improved they feel. Often calls come for me to pray with and for patients, to study the Bible with them, to help them spiritually and physically. And as I take advantage of the opportunities God gives me for witnessing, I find more and more opportunities as the days progress.

It takes real men and women to live the Christian life, not weak, vacillating, storm-blown people. The gospel of Christ is the preaching of a Man who lived and died and lived again that we might live and never die. I have learned not to be ashamed of the gospel of Christ. Christianity is a privilege, not something to be ashamed of. D. L. Moody said, "I do not believe there is any false religion in the world that men are not proud of. The only religion of which I have ever heard that men were ashamed of, is the religion of Jesus Christ."

Are you a waymark? Jesus is soon to come. The new year brings us one year closer to the greatest of all events. With increased education, money, or talent comes a danger that we shall be satisfied with what we have instead of what we are. There must be more than a belief; there must be a heart yielded to God.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners



Are You a Waymark?

From page 5

Why do Christians profess to love God and then only live halfheartedly for Him? Why do men give up some things and retain others, when true happiness comes from complete surrender of self?

Let us resolve that during this new year we shall move in the realm of the Spirit and spiritual things. For real joy and happiness, make the work of God and the church first in your life.

There are no short cuts to victorious Christian living. The study of the Bible, together with prayer and service to others, is the secret. Make certain that every day you spend time with Him who gave His life for you. Christian experience that gives men grace to die for Christ gives men

IN THIS ISSUE

With this issue, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR discontinues publication of the Junior Youth Sabbath school lessons. "Junior Guide," which begins volume 2 this month in its colorful new format, will continue to publish the lessons.

The Senior Youth lessons will hereafter appear on page 15 of the regular issues, and on page 17 of the color numbers. As an added convenience our title box on the cover will designate the date of the lesson contained in the issue.

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All in God's Providence

By ALFARETTA C. JOHNSON

I CANNOT accept a check you have already signed without identification, miss," he was saying in a stern voice.

"To my knowledge, sir, you nodded and indicated that I should," I began. It was of no avail. I had stood behind the last customer in the bank and waited for a nod from the bank clerk before entering my signature in a clear hand. Now I was informed that he did not approve of my gesture. Was I ever going to get my check cashed? That first money from home was sorely needed.

"You may call the Women's Hospital," I ventured timidly.

"You will have to produce someone who knows this bank and whom we know, and only then can I accept this check as yours." That was the sentence of doom. Those cold, hard words came rushing into my soul as if all heaven had sent a cloudburst into that dreary, strange town. I had just arrived from Boston for this hospital affiliation that very weekend. Now what was I to do?

I knew only one person in that town. She and I had entered the dietetic internship at the Boston City Hospital together, and she lived in this Boston suburb. Only last night I had been at a party at Mary's home and had met her fine parents. If only I had not been stationed at that teller's window I could have gone to the phone and called her mother. Prayers were beginning to go up to God from my faint heart. "O God, I am in real need. Do something now." When a person is in a difficult place he feels his need of divine help. I was powerless. Not even the hospital administrators had met me yet. They could not even verify my being in the city. I could have returned this uncashed check to my home, but I did not even have a three-cent stamp. Mother had been kind to fortify my reserve cash.

Seconds rolled into minutes and the bank clerk began shifting his pen. I could see that he was irritated. Others were impatiently waiting for me to leave. Still holding in one hand my empty purse and in the other the check, I chanced to

look out of the window. There, to my utter amazement, were Mary and her mother walking past.

"I see a friend," and I handed the teller the check. He looked perplexed.

"Hello, Mary," I said breathlessly.

"Why, what are you doing here in the middle of the afternoon?" she began.

"Could you step inside and identify me?" I mentioned in as unobtrusive a manner as possible so as not to incite any further comments.

"Gladly."

"This is Mary and her mother," I smiled in the broadest possible smile. The teller looked at Mary's mother and immediately indicated that they had met. Her account was there too. Fortunately, this was a small town as suburbs go. God was very near all this time. The teller cashed the check. I was very grateful that Mary and her mother too could see the way Providence takes our hand.

Turning to the bank clerk as I received the fifty dollars, I said demurely, "You were very considerate."

"You're welcome," he said, as if nothing had ever made him tense.

"Thank you, Mary and Mrs. Jones, for helping to answer my prayers," was all I could say.

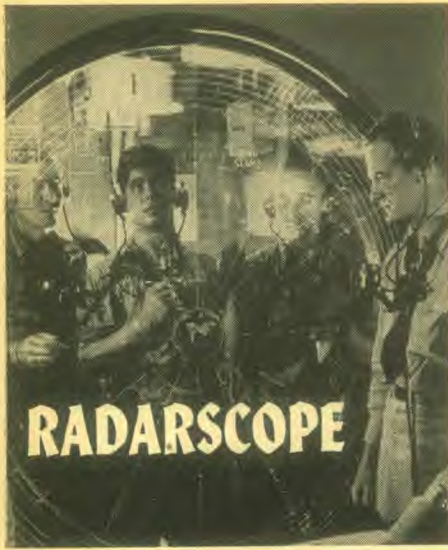
They knew.

That night as I entered that little white-walled room with the snowy linens and the unpacked luggage, I knelt down and said, "Thank you, Lord. I now believe."



H. M. LAMBERT

"You will have to produce someone who knows this bank and whom we know, and only then can I accept this check as yours," the teller stated tersely. Those cold words were like a sentence of doom.



► THE aircraft industry has a name for its constant attempt to reduce electronics and equipment to their very tiniest dimensions. It is "miniaturization." For instance, one manufacturer is producing tiny electric circuits, 50 of which can be fitted onto a plastic base measuring no more than three inches by three inches. Another example is the cabin pressure regulator that used to weigh ten pounds. Now it weighs only one pound.

► ABANDONED refrigerators were responsible for the death of 14 American children during the first 10 months of 1953. Three died under similar circumstances in Canada. Action is being taken by many communities to see that abandoned refrigerators are removed or that the doors and locks are dismantled, in order to prevent further back yard tragedies.

► Did you know that there are such things as heavyweight, middleweight, and lightweight crickets? In China cricket fighting is a national pastime, and, according to the National Geographic Society, records of celebrated fighters are kept like those of race horses in other countries.

► FOR \$23,750, D. C. Culbertson of Arlington, Virginia, has become the owner of an island in the Potomac River. Called Jenkins Island, it includes a farm and a six-room brick dwelling house, and is 250 acres in size.

► THE use of a new heat-absorbing glass has been found to keep a room 10 to 20 degrees cooler in the summer than ordinary window glass. Its manufacturer also claims that it cuts down the fading of fabrics in store window displays.

► THE State of Virginia's Alcoholic Beverage Control Board seized \$125,728 worth of distilling equipment from 79 illegal stills during the month of September.

► A TYPICAL major aircraft manufacturer now finds it necessary to produce more than 2 million square feet of blueprints each month.

► BEFORE the coming of the white man, buffalo herds in the United States totaled about 60 million head.

► SYNTHETIC horsehair is being manufactured from the casein in milk.

► DURING a recent four-month period, Cuba exported \$12.7 million worth of leaf tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, and scrap.

► VARIOUS types of headdress 20 to 30 feet in height were displayed at a recent four-day celebration held by 10,000 natives at Madang, in northern New Guinea.

► A BANK in Searcy, Arkansas, set out a make-your-own-change jar with \$15 in it. After three months' use by customers of the bank, there was more money in it than when it was placed there.

► A PROFESSIONAL chauffeur in Sweden may not drive for more than five consecutive hours. The law also stipulates that he must have a half hour's rest before driving anymore. Legislators believe that fatigue at the wheel is almost as dangerous as drunken driving.

► TOUGH special-purpose vacuum tubes play a major role in modern aircraft performance. On a typical mission flown by 30 heavy bombers, the planes' tubes operate a total of 1.5 million hours—equal to running a home radio for 30 years. But to carry the comparison further, that home radio would have to be placed in a 200-degree oven and be dropped on the floor every 10 minutes.

► EARLY in October the United States Post Office Department inaugurated an air-mail experiment—for about a year it will send a limited volume of three-cent, first-class mail by air from Washington, D.C., to Chicago, Illinois. This means that a letter mailed in Washington in the morning, or even that noon, can reach Chicago the same day. This plan may be expanded later if tests show the public will benefit.

► A FAKE has been uncovered. It is the Piltdown man, an evolutionary "link" with modern man reconstructed from skull fragments and a suspiciously apelike jaw found fossilized in a Sussex, England, gravel pit in 1911. Some anthropologists who, according to *Time*, "often jump to conclusions as quickly as a monkey jumps on a banana," felt that the contrast between the skull and jaw "proved" the discovery to be one of many sought-for missing links between apes and men. Others doubted. Now, careful analysis has indicated that the skull fragments are some 900,000 years younger than first claimed and that the jaw is probably from a modern orangutan. It had been treated to make it look older, and the teeth had been pared to make them appear more or less human.

► THE Dominican Republic has agreed to take in Michael Patrick O'Brien, the man without a country. Mr. O'Brien has for two years been shuttling between Oriental ports and on a trans-Atlantic liner trying to find some country that would accept him. He was recently allowed to go ashore at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in anticipation of leaving the next day by plane for the Dominican Republic.

► THE oil motor that has proved successful in powering propellers of ships has been used by a German inventor in producing a new-type city bus. A central 175-horsepower Diesel engine in turn drives an oil pump that forces oil to each of four oil motors at the four wheels. According to *Science News Letter*, this system has proved highly flexible, because the oil pump can be carried anywhere in the bus. It even can be towed in a trailer.

► BY the middle of 1955, motorists will be able to make a circuit tour from the United States, through Mexico, across to Cuba, back to Florida. The final highway link is a 200-mile stretch of the Caribbean Highway in Yucatán. When this section is finished, drivers will ferry their cars from Puerto Progreso to Cuba, and later from Havana to Miami, Florida.

► THE seashore sand at Beppu in Japan has unusual qualities that bring thousands of people there who hope to receive cures for their ailments. The sand is black, hot to the touch, and gives off sulphur fumes. People will cover themselves with the pulverized volcanic debris and lie for hours, or even days.

► A RECENTLY concluded United States-Spanish defense pact may open Cadiz to American warships. This Atlantic port of Spain served as home base for Christopher Columbus when he sailed for the New World.

► URANIUM, now widely sought in the manufacture of atomic devices, used to be merely a by-product of radium and vanadium mines. It was considered useful for coloring glass, pottery, and artificial teeth.

► THE city of Boulder, Colorado, owns exclusive rights to a mile-square ice sheet, the largest glacier in Colorado. The ice forms the water reservoir for the city of Boulder.

► A COIN minted in Carthage about 300 B.C. has been found in Hardwick Park, Chesterfield, England. On it appears the figure of a horse.

► ELECTRICITY was first used to light passenger trains in America in 1887.

Focus

Human beings have had a skeleton in their ancestral closet. Although many anthropologists have questioned the Piltdown man during the forty-two years since he was discovered, thousands of students have been taught that he belonged in the chart of man's ancestors.

The unknown man or men who palmed off this prehistoric ape man on science may not have seriously affected the theories of evolution, but they certainly helped to lead many further away from the Bible truth that man was created in the image of God.

It is a subtle device of Satan to make us believe that mankind is slowly improving, for this does away with the need of a Saviour. He cleverly cloaks the world's moral degradation with progress in many fields. Only those with keen spiritual insight can see through the giant evolutionary hoax itself.

DON YOST.

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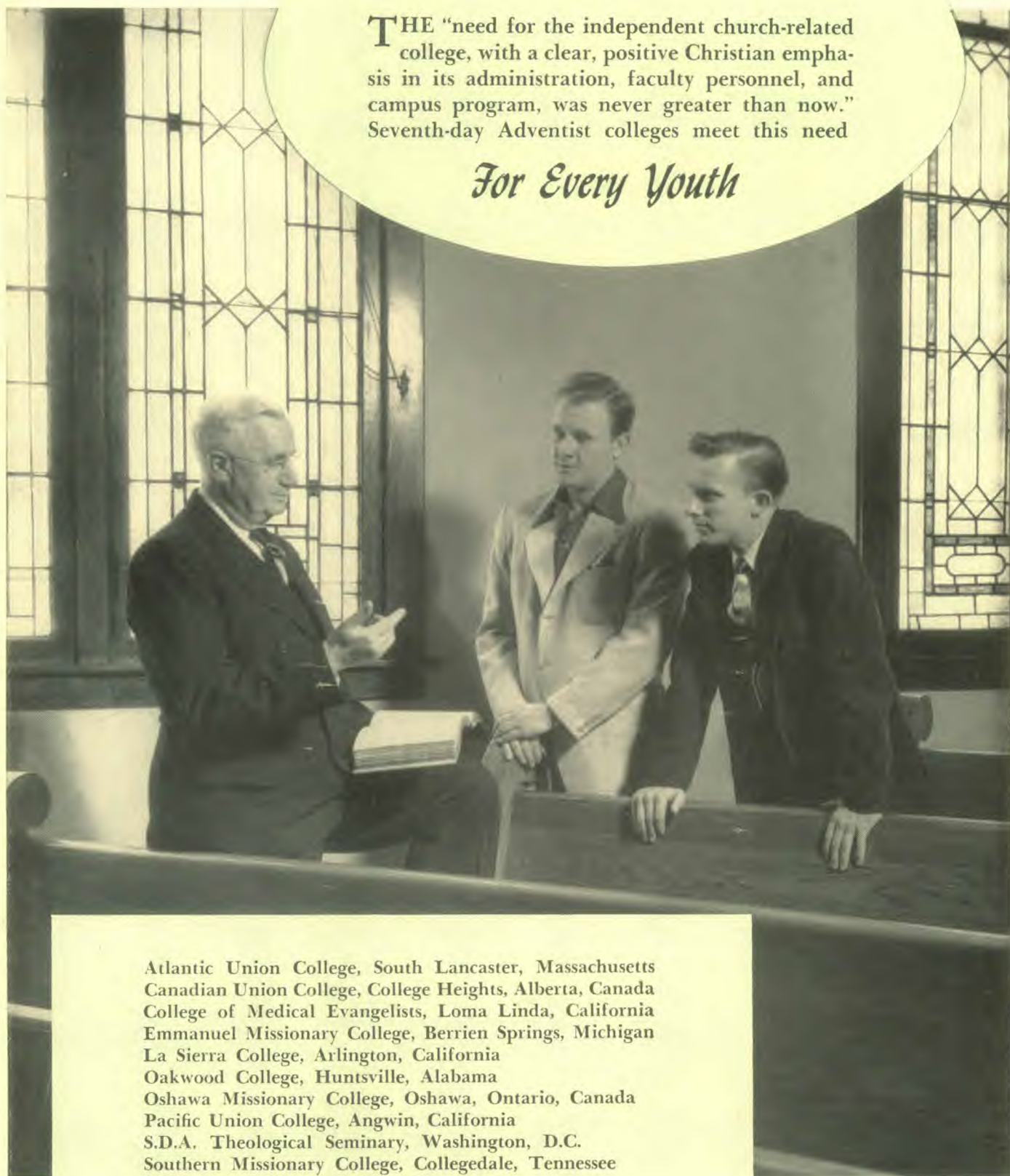
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