

The Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

JANUARY 12, 1954

In the Name of Jesus of Nazareth

The Snow

Bible Lesson for January 23

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REVIEW PICTURES

MICHELANGELO, SCULPTOR

The Measure of the Stature

The young shoe clerk and I had been discussing, rather casually, some problems of modern youth. He made the observation that it seemed hard for a young person in the teens to maintain his individuality, for it appeared so important to do the things the crowd was doing.

"For instance," he commented, "I wish I'd never started to smoke. But I thought it was smart. I started when I was only fifteen years old."

One of the most offensive practices of our age is the use of tobacco. Now, through scientific research, it is being established that the smoking of cigarettes has definite bearing on the frequency of cancer of the lungs. Seventh-day Adventists have had the weight of Scripture and of the Spirit of prophecy behind them in their stand against the use of all things harmful to the body temple. Now, with such reputable periodicals as *Christian Herald*, *Time*, *Wall Street Journal*, and *Reader's Digest* publicizing the findings brought forth from medical research, we have tangible evidence that we have not followed cunningly devised fables in our abstinence from tobacco.

So often I have stood before the reproduction of Michelangelo's *David* in Forest Lawn, Glendale, California, and wondered whether that statue did not approximate the stature from which man has fallen. Though we cannot add one cubit to our height, we can, through right thinking and pure living, preserve the bodies God gave us for our witness to the world of the truths we hold.

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

NIGHT "I'm sorry for you, ma'am," the attendant said. "This happens over and over again. It sometimes takes only a glass to set them on the long trail that leads to this." This observation from Mildred Thorman's "A Call in the Night" emphasizes the everlasting importance of refraining from the first step in a wrong course of action. Watch for this story in the January 19 INSTRUCTOR.

TINSEL We think the poet of our page 14 poem has caught some of the fine meaning of the birth of Jesus. How many of the millions who celebrated Christmas, even at the time of the celebration, thought of the One who constituted the greatest gift?

WORDCRAFT What is the longest word in the English language? Beginning next week Nathaniel Krum not only will give the answer to the question, but in a continuing series of word studies, will probe the mysteries of some word origins. And a note in this column next week will also tell about Mr. Krum.

APO Our author of "The Windows Are Open," who joined her soldier husband shortly after he was stationed overseas, now has an APO c/o Postmaster address. Writing to one of the editorial families, she mentioned: "Wish I could hear your shoes tripping up our three flights of steps. Wish also I could bake you some cookies, but—guess what—no oven! My specialty is doughnuts these days, and I do have my customers, though they prefer 'ch-ing gum,' the only American word in their vocabulary. Our landlady has five children. Did I tell you about her before? She has known the Advent message for five years. A French colporteur sold her a book. But her husband was opposed, and she never joined our church. Last September [1952] her husband finally became more interested, and she says he accepted what he knew of it. Three days later he died. She has been studying with our pastor here, and July 12 she was baptized."

COVER Edler, 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.

The purposes of the Eternal do not change.

We may be certain that now as always

The Windows Are Open

By BETTY McEACHERN BAHR

YOU'VE felt them sprinkled on you. Favors, I mean. You might have shouted, "What luck!" or you might have breathed a "Thank You, dear Lord." Little things like—

A watch. A tiny but essential part of a nurse's uniform, it is. Yet there, I'd sent it down the laundry chute, pinned on my contagion gown. The efficiency of the laundry crew was marvelous, and when I hastened over to ask permission to search through Ward A's basket, they pointed to the boiling vats. "We'll save the pieces of your watch when we drain the tubs," was all the consolation they could give me.

Instinctively I prayed for some way to have a watch, for student nurses don't buy watches every day.

"Telephone!"

I scrubbed my hands and trembled.

"Come on back to the laundry, Miss," and I was there almost before he hung up the receiver. "What luck for you, Miss. Saw a white cloth behind the tubs and took a look at it before throwing it in the wash. Here's your watch, Miss." It ticked like my heart. Luck? Why not give the credit to our Father?

And that necessary money for college. The school was filled with students and probably with nearly as many answers to prayer as my own. And my name appeared in the "M" column, just that inconspicuously. I didn't make the headlines when it was my turn in that long line to step up and pay my entrance fee and begin registration. Yet to me my presence there was an answer to my mother's prayer, and came only a few hours before she passed away. God arranged it like this:

Down the hall from where my own dear mother lay dying, another of my patients had suffered much, but was now improving. She did not know of the crisis in my mother's condition, and sent for me that afternoon. "A little present for you, dearie," she said, and her husband handed me an envelope. I couldn't stay,

for my heart was too filled with sorrow.

Back in my mother's room I opened it to find a check for \$100! My mother was too weak to talk, but conscious, and together we knew what it was for. I hastened to give them our thanks, and told them our story. Then she told me hers. She had been impressed to make the gift. What happiness and comfort to know that God was especially near at this time!

Three days later, Mother's Day, I brought my Other Mother a tiny present, and what a surprise I received! "How much *is* the expense for a year at college, dearie?" and a check sufficient for my needs was placed in my bewildered hands. How can I ever repay them? How can I ever return my thanks to God? I feel I must broadcast God's wonderful works. The truth I want to publish is that these

are not great answers to a great person's prayer, and that this could just as well be your story too.

There are scores of incidents that God has had a definite hand in. Help with term papers, a stumbled-onto dime when you've lost your carfare home, a Christian husband made exactly to your dream order, an apartment just when you need it most, a letter from home when you need a boost.

God does not close the windows of heaven, but continues to pour out blessing after blessing upon all of us. I wish that everyone could know the full import of these words: "'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' Do we take Him at His word?" It's as simple as that.



Down the hall from where my own mother lay dying, another of my patients had suffered much, but was now improving. Although she did not know of my mother's condition, she sent for me to come.

Those Extra WIVES!

By E. WILLMORE TARR



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Sambo, his wife, and his brother Dalton were happy to be members of the remnant church, but what could they possibly do to convert their father? He was interested, but he had three wives too many.

THE father of Songelwayo Woodman Sambo agreed that it was the truth, but what could he do with wife No. 2 and wife No. 3 and wife No. 4? He was willing to give up the three wives, he told Sambo, but according to custom their young children must go with them, and this he felt he could not do. So the third angel's message lay dormant in his heart.

Sambo was born into this Central African family twenty-six years ago. When he had passed the eighth standard (tenth grade), he was baptized by immersion into a well-known Christian church, but somehow he felt that he had not yet found what he believed to be true.

In 1945, at the age of eighteen, Sambo met an old friend at Mzimba, Nyasaland.

This friend was studying lessons from the Voice of Prophecy in Cape Town, and Sambo asked what they were about. His friend gave him one of the lessons, and he found it so interesting that he wrote to the Voice of Prophecy and soon obtained the course for himself.

For a number of years Sambo studied the various courses offered by the Voice of Prophecy. He felt that he had found the truth, but decided he would be quite certain before he accepted the new doctrine. Then again, there seemed to be so many obstacles in the way. There was his job as an accountant in the treasury department of the government, and there was the active opposition of an uncle. A great struggle went on in Sambo's heart.

Meanwhile he persuaded his two

brothers—Boston, five years younger, and Dalton, eight years his junior, who with him were sons of wife No. 1—to send for the Voice of Prophecy lessons and study for themselves. They did so, and whenever their enthusiasm seemed to wane, he would offer timely help and persuade them not to give up.

Even though busy, he found time to teach the Voice of Prophecy lessons to his young wife, Emily. She liked what she heard, and before long began keeping the Sabbath. Sambo also translated the English lessons and articles from *The Signs of the Times* into the local African language and sent them to his father and mother, who could not read English. After some time the father replied that he agreed that this was the truth, but the problem of the wives stood in the way of his acceptance of this newly found truth.

In 1951, Sambo, who is a keen student of contemporary affairs, wrote an article for an African newspaper on moral rearmament. It pointed out that the troubles we find in the world today are due to the fact that God is left out of our reckoning and that His Word is ignored and men are going contrary to its teachings. All this time Sambo was still working on the Sabbath.

Down in Beira, some hundreds of miles away, a fine African man who had become a Seventh-day Adventist only a few years before, and is a much-valued secretary in a large company, read Sambo's article and wrote to him: "I see by your article in the newspaper that you believe in God's Word, and I believe you must be keeping God's commandments. If this is true, I am very happy, for I also am a keeper of God's commandments."

Sambo replied to Daniel Harawa's letter and said: "I am sorry to say I am not a commandment-keeping man at the moment, since I am breaking the true Sabbath of God. True, I am keeping the other nine commandments, but am breaking the fourth."

Sambo's letter was a real challenge to Harawa, and he immediately sent books to his new friend and wrote encouraging letters. These continued throughout 1951 and 1952, and even though they never met they became fast friends.

In December, 1952, Sambo went on a short vacation to his parents' home, and encouraged them and his brothers to get into the habit of having family prayers every evening. He urged them to accept the Bible truth, but they had not yet come to a decision when he returned to his work. A few weeks later he rejoiced to hear from them that all the family but the father had begun keeping the Sabbath.

Sambo felt that the time had now come when he too must make a definite decision. He wrote to the Voice of Prophecy headquarters in Cape Town and also to his friend Daniel Harawa, asking them to pray for him, because he was going to

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Prayers in Beartooth Pass

By DWIGHT S. WALLACK

IF YOU are traveling through Yellowstone National Park and are looking for some extra adventure, take U.S. Highway 12 east from the northeast entrance of the park. It will lead you to some amazing views through and over the top of Beartooth Pass.

In this area U.S. 12 is called the Red Lodge-Cooke City High Road. It is an engineering marvel that climbs into the clouds. With its five and one-half per cent grades it is a high-gear route all the way. It's a thrilling drive, which will leave you some vivid memories and possibly will give you even more thrills than you bargained for. At least that is what happened to us the day we came over Beartooth Plateau, and God answered our prayers in a way we shall never forget. All this adds up to the favorite story of junior boy Jerry, on how God answers prayer for people today.

Our journey had started normally enough just a few days before from the heart of San Francisco. We had been thrilled and blessed by attendance at the 1950 General Conference, and were on our way home to northern Michigan. There were five of us in the car—my wife Ann and me, our children Jerry and Judy, and a friend, Alf Lohne, now president of the West Nordic Union.

We had a good time together viewing the wonders of Yellowstone and enjoying almost as much the thrill of teaching Alf Lohne how to drive an automobile. After a full day in Yellowstone we left one of America's favorite national parks and headed toward the High Road.

At the little town of Cooke we stopped for gasoline and asked how far it was to Red Lodge. The friendly attendant told us it was sixty-five miles,

and that we could make it in about three hours. I wondered at that as he smiled us on our way, but we soon discovered the reasons for both the smile and the time involved. It is not a road that lends itself to speed, and there are many overlooks where you'll want to stop and enjoy the view. Outside Cooke we began the gradual ascent of the Beartooth Range, doubling back and forth across the mountain like a spider weaving a web.

A must stop is Inspiration Point (altitude 8,745 feet), where a parking area offers a magnificent view of the densely timbered Clark Fork Valley and the high peaks we had left behind in Yellowstone. Then at nine thousand feet we paused at Beartooth Lake, set like a blue jewel at the foot of majestic Beartooth Butte. The projecting rock formation here is the Bear's Tooth, from which the mountain range gets its name.

While we were trying, through the drizzle of fog and rain, to see the wonders spread out before us, a man excitedly called to us, "Say, mister, you've got a bad gasoline leak it looks to me. We've been

following you from the last overlook and have been anxious to tell you about it."

I hastened to the rear of the car to find a small but steady stream of gasoline flowing from the bottom of the tank. Examination soon showed what had happened, and explained the scraping sound I had heard while pulling away from the last overlook. We had gone over a large rock that had hit the plug at the bottom of the tank and almost torn it out.

We plugged the leak as best we could and headed on toward the peak, highly concerned over the fact that our gasoline gauge then showed only one-quarter full! And we were still some thirty or forty miles from Red Lodge, where we could repair and refill our rapidly draining gasoline tank.

The weather was terrible as we twisted around Frozen Man's Curve, overlooking tiny Frozen Lake, the surface of which is ice covered all through the summer. The fog was thick, but through it was pouring a mixture of rain, sleet, and snow. The air was cold, the storm was taking away the wonderful view we had anticipated,

and our gasoline was still trickling away. At the summit (altitude 10,943 feet) the storm was so bad we missed entirely some of the most beautiful scenery in all America. It is said that from this point on clear days visibility extends across some two hundred miles of the Montana-Wyoming Rockies. We did not even pause here, but started our long descent toward Red Lodge.

We spoke very little, but realized as our gasoline gauge fell toward the empty mark that it was most unlikely we would ever make the remaining mileage without some miracle of practical help. I am sure we had all prayed even before

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J. A. HOLTON

After a full day in Yellowstone we left what is one of America's favorite parks and headed toward the Red Lodge-Cooke City High Road. Soon we were wishing for a gasoline station!

A Snowy DELIVERANCE

By HELEN WEISZ

DONNA and Jim sat silently gazing out of the queerly frosted window of the slow little country train. The passing view looked like a winter wonderland, the kind you see on Christmas cards. Darkness was coming on, and snow was beginning to fall. Little beams of light from snow-covered houses could be seen spotting the country landscape.

Jim turned to his sister Donna, and exclaimed, "In about fifteen minutes we'll be there! Won't it be grand to see Uncle Dan and Aunt Mary?"

Donna smiled at her young brother's eagerness and replied, "It certainly will. It will seem almost like coming home."

Donna and Jim's mother had died when they were very young. The dark shadow of sorrow again had touched their young lives when not long after that their father was killed in an accident. Uncle Dan and Aunt Mary had taken Donna and Jim into their simple farm home for several months, and had been like a father and a mother to them. Now they were coming home from a boarding school to spend Christmas vacation at the home that they had learned to love.

As the train pulled into the station they

saw Uncle Dan standing on the platform eagerly scanning the faces in the train. His eyes lighted on them; he smiled and waved. Hurriedly gathering their baggage, Donna and Jim got off the train. Rushing over to Uncle Dan, they threw their arms around him in joy. He hugged them both, and his eyes grew misty with joy. Releasing them he said, "The car is right over here. Let's hurry and get started for home, because I don't like the looks of this snow. A blizzard is forecast."

They quickly climbed into the old car and started for the farm, which was about five miles away. The snow was now coming down in a thick, swirling mass. A strong wind had started to blow and was whirling the snow around in furious gusts.

By this time it was completely dark, and Uncle Dan had a hard time seeing the road and avoiding the snow drifts.

"Do you think we'll make it home?" asked Jim anxiously.

"Yes, I can still see the road pretty well. If nothing happens to the car, we should make it," reassured Uncle Dan.

They drove on in silence, all eyes straining to see ahead. Suddenly the engine began to cough, and with each wheeze their hearts choked with fear. With one

last convulsive shudder it stopped. Uncle Dan quickly got out of the car and lifted the hood. He looked inside. The motor was wet from the falling snow. Getting back into the car, he tried again and again to start it, but was unable to do so.

Uncle Dan realized that if they sat there in the car all night or until someone came to rescue them, they would all freeze to death. So turning to Donna and Jim he said, "We aren't too far from the Smith's farm. The best thing for us to do is to walk there and telephone Aunt Mary that we are all right, so she won't worry."

Upon hearing this, Donna opened her suitcase and put on all the warm clothes she had in it. Uncle Dan and Jim also bundled up as much as they could, for well they knew the danger of freezing. Before they left the car each one silently petitioned the heavenly Father to guide them through the storm and keep them safe.

Uncle Dan took a blanket from the car, and they all stepped out in the stormy darkness of the night. Holding the blanket in front of them as a shelter from the stinging wind, they battled their way step by step through snowdrifts. The snow was soft and loose, and they sank in deep, sometimes almost up to their hips. Struggling along in silence, for they had no breath to talk, each was silently pleading with the Father to look down with mercy on the three forlorn figures fighting their way along, and to deliver them from the storm.

After what seemed hours and hours to the weary strugglers, they saw a light in the distance. It seemed like a beacon of hope. Spurred on by it, they continued to fight the elements, and at last, half frozen, they stumbled up the steps of the Smith farmhouse. Welcome hands assisted them inside and helped them take off their heavy extra clothes.

Hearing how far they had walked in the fierce storm, Mrs. Smith exclaimed, "Surely the Lord must have been with you and guided you, or you would never have been able to reach here."

Uncle Dan called up Aunt Mary on the telephone and told her of their safe arrival. She was relieved to hear his voice and to know that he and Donna and Jim were safe, for she had been worried. After she finished speaking to Uncle Jim, she knelt down and thanked God for answering her prayers that her loved ones would be kept safe.

Donna, Jim, and Uncle Dan decided to stay all night at the Smith home. Before going to bed they all knelt to give thanks to God for delivering them. Donna and Jim resolved in their youthful hearts always to remember to call upon God daily for help and guidance.

A. DEVANEY



The Smith's house was like a beacon of hope for the three who had struggled through the drifts.



Sibande was thankful that he had a papaya when the others told him about Sabbath school offerings. He certainly had nothing else to give.

DRESSING Sibande's terrible ulcer was very painful, and took the missionaries a long time. When they were finished, the boy was given a big glass of milk, a dish of porridge, and some bananas.

Then they turned down a bed in one of the little rooms that opened off the dispensary. Sibande slept in a bed for the first time in his life. The principal carrier slept on the floor beside the bed, so he could watch over Sibande as he slept. Wasn't he responsible for him? Wasn't Sibande their big chief's son? This magic of the white man might be all right, but there had been many tales floating about that the white people were always roasting black people in order to get their medicine. Then they had heard that the meat of the black man was a favorite food to some of these white ones. Ha! Kachule determined to see that they did not do anything like that with their little Kamfumu!

Sibande lay for a full month on the dispensary bed while his sore slowly improved. He sent the carriers home after two weeks, telling Kachule to come once a month and bring him news of home. At the end of this time he was allowed to walk perhaps five minutes a day. Then he had to lie down again and rest.

Then something happened. Drove of boys of all sizes and all states of dress and undress crowded and jammed the yard of the mission. Long waiting lines stood outside the door of the missionary. People ran to and fro, and everyone seemed to be busy and full of his own interests. Sibande

could not get anyone's attention. What was this? Was someone sick or dead? Was it a court trial for thieving or for a murder? He hopped to the door and watched with great interest. Presently a boy came near enough to the dispensary to be hailed.

"Inu! Inu!" cried Sibande to attract the lad's attention. The boy turned.

"Is this a *mlandu* [court case]? Why are all these people gathering about?"

The boy laughed. "You are a *wopusa* [foolish one]. Did you not know that this is a school? These boys are here for learning. See? I am already enrolled. I am in Sub B. I have learned to read, and now I am ready to learn even more things, such as sums, so those who sell cannot cheat and steal from me. I want to be a wise one."

"I want to go to school too," Sibande offered.

"What is your standard? How much have you learned already?" asked the boy.

Sibande spread out his hands. "Me, I have learned nothing. Already my heart is melting with shame. But how can I go about it? Who must I see? What does it cost?"

"See the missionary, and be quick, you boy. This is a small school, and it gets filled up quickly. Even now you may be late."

After a while the missionary's wife came in to see about his leg and to change the dressing. Sibande spoke to her hesitatingly about the matter on his mind.

"Do you think I might go to school?" he asked shyly.

The missionary woman looked at him keenly.

"Do you *want* to go?" she asked.

"Oh! very, very much!" The boy clasped

his small hands and looked pleadingly up into the woman's face.

"Well, I will speak for a place for you right now before Class I is full. Then I'll get some boys to carry you to and from school until your leg is better."

And the good woman went immediately to the office, and a place was made for Sibande to go to school. He hunted among the possessions he had brought from home until he found the small skin bag his mother had given him to hold money. He extracted the right amount, and paid his school fees. Then he lay down on his bed and slept a long time. He was very happy, and now he did not want to go home, for school seemed to be very interesting.

The next day two of the big boys made a saddle of their hands and carried Sibande off to school. He looked at everything with unprejudiced eyes. The school was very poor. The floor was dirt, smeared with mud. The seats were built up of home-burnt bricks and smeared with the same crude sealer. The teacher's table was rickety. Slates were cracked and broken, and the few books were terribly ragged and dog-eared.

But Sibande had never seen anything any better, so he was far from critical. His own home was wattle and daub, and he was the son of a chief. That anyone else had much better hardly occurred to the boy. All of his life he had slept on a mat rolled up right in a blanket to keep the mosquitoes from biting him.



"I brought a little hen with me to school. Gogo told me to roast her, but I brought her alive, for she lays many eggs. See?"

SIBANDE

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS

PART TWO

He was placed in Class I. There were many older than he, and some few a little younger. But no one felt self-conscious those days, for one learned when the chance came, or when the awakening came. There were grown-up men in the class, and there was a woman or two with a babe tied to her back sitting side by side with the little ones. All were absorbed in this new business of reading and writing and doing sums, which had so lately come into the country.

In the front of the room hung a chart, on which had been carefully lettered some of the easiest words. Later, as the big sheets were turned, they noticed that the

words grew much harder. Grown men who had faced lions and leopards stood bathed in perspiration trying to comprehend the mysteries of this queer scratching called writing. It was beyond the ability of many, and they had to quit and go back to the bush in discouragement.

But Nyasaland was beginning to stir in her long, long sleep. People all over the tiny country were growing slowly conscious of the great value of school education.

Sibande's little mind was sharp, and it was not long until he could read several lessons. With some money that his father, the chief, had given him, he bought a

slate and a pencil and began to copy laboriously the lessons he had learned to read. He could handle the bow and arrow, the ax, the hide knife, and the hoe, but that slate pencil! How it cramped the fingers! And the fingers also, they were like stupid sheep who would not go where they were bidden! But gradually it grew easier for him, and soon he was able to write quickly and quite well. This made the boy very happy.

But a stranger surprise awaited the boy. When Saturday came his friends came after him again.

"You, Sibande, would you like to go to church?" they asked.

"To what?" queried the boy with surprise.

"Why, to church, to Sabbath school, boy. All the others go."

"But this is Saturday," Sibande protested. "It is Sunday I have noticed that the *azungu* ones [white missionaries] do sacrifices to their gods."

"Oh, they don't do sacrifices," laughed one boy. "That is the heathen way. But many churches do call their people to pray on Sunday—that is very true."

"Even so," added another, "these *Akristu* are different ones. These are the *Akristu* of the whole Book. *Akristu* of the seventh day. You see it is set down in the Holy Book to keep this Saturday. *Akristu* of other churches say it makes no difference. But our *azungu* think it does."

"Well, what does it matter to me?" questioned Sibande, reasonably. "I will go, but the old one has already told me to receive healing, but I must not listen when they try to teach me their religions. But I think I can go. I need not believe their talk, and it does get very wearisome, this staying in the bed all the time."

"Well, you will like it, you will see," promised one of the boys. "First, there is the *Sabata skulu*. Here we just sing many different songs that we have learned. Me, I have learned many," he added proudly. "Then we recite verses from the Bible, which they write down for us all to learn. Then we listen to stories and study the Bible. Then the missionary stands up and preaches. But, Sibande, have you got an offering? We like to take an offering when we go into the house of God. It is the gift. Not that He needs it, no, but to show we love Him."

"Yes," eagerly supplied the other boy. "Our missionary says that when we give our hearts and our gifts to the great God, He will open up the windows of *Kumwamba* and will pour out so many blessings we cannot receive them all. He also says that it is a shameful thing to go before God without an offering unless we are sick, or so old and poor we are unable to find anything."

Sibande looked up quickly, a flicker of pride in his young eyes.

"But I am the son of Malipanga, the chief," he said proudly. "I cannot bring

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Teen-age Diary

By JOAN

Dear Diary.

After several days of rain the sun came out today, though the forecast is for high fog and more rain tomorrow.

Arlene and I walked down to the falls, and found them quite full of water for this time of year. On one of the great granite boulders we rested above the singing waters and watched the clouds, like scoops of ice cream, stacked above the blue mountain ridges to the east.

On our way back to the campus we came upon a doe and her half-grown fawn. I've heard that when the deer come down to the lower altitudes to graze in the early fall, that means a heavy winter. Of course it may not be altogether true, but I hope it is. There is something about the snow and rain that makes life cozy and interesting. On such winter days I like to read. Sometimes Arlene reads to me, and again I read to her.

On our hike to the falls we decided to organize a reading club. "There's Merilie and Rosalie, the twins," I told her, "whose mother writes for our papers, and Eugenia and Sandra, and Virginia would be interested too. Then perhaps we could eventually turn it into a writers' club."

One of the most important ways of learning to write is simply to do a great deal of reading. Placing words end to end then becomes a natural, inevitable ability.

Good reading also develops character. Not long ago our English teacher gave us

a list of books that she felt would add to our mental growth, but the little outline of the type of reading to choose seemed even more important to me, since it would guide us forever—even after some of the present reading material has gone out of use.

I'm going to copy this outline on your pages, Diary, and refer to it whenever I'm in doubt.

1. Read anything that deals truly with nature and the Bible.
2. Factual material is usually acceptable (there are some exceptions).
3. Books dealing with crafts are good.
4. Biographies of successful people.
5. History and the development of the arts.
6. Authentic travel material.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

REMEMBER when you stood tall and straight against the back porch door casing, and Mother or Dad leveled across from your head with a ruler or yardstick and made a mark to show how tall you were? There were other marks there, some lower, some higher. That mark up high was the one you wanted to reach! And then you took the yardstick and measured.

We have come to depend a great deal upon measurements of one kind or another. We measure weights, volumes, color intensities, temperatures, light values, tensile strength, speed, acceleration, and the flow of electrons. We measure pressure, sound, money, area, time, and distance. Perhaps we are most familiar with measurements of distance, commonly called linear measure.

When we measure a room for carpets, or when we measure our bodies for clothing, we use the measurements common in the construction trades—the yard and foot and the inch with its fractions down to a sixteenth. The draftsman and the cabinet-maker will carry their measurements down to a finer fraction, perhaps even to a sixty fourth of an inch. The civil engineer, laying out bridges and highways, surveying land for boundaries and property lines, will divide the foot into tenths and hundredths. He will use a sixty-six foot chain of a hundred “links” with which to divide land into acres. The ship’s navigator will use nautical miles, and measure his ship’s speed in knots. He will sound the ocean’s depth in fathoms.

The precision machinist might work to a variance of a ten thousandth of an inch, and the scientist might, through his microscope, measure in microns, or even so minute a measurement as a micromicron, which, being a billionth of a millimeter, would be about four one-hundred billionths of an inch, or more exactly, .0000000003937 inches! This measurement is completely beyond our comprehension, but no more so than the other extreme of measurement that is used by our friends the astronomers. They measure in light-years, which we remember is the distance in miles that light will travel in a year, at the rate of about 186,000 miles per second.

We are told that the most remote spot in the heavens visible to the naked eye is a star cluster in Andromeda, 800,000 light-years away. This measurement, too, is incomprehensible. Using 186,000 miles per second as a unit of measure, this distance is over four and two-thirds billion billion miles. In numbers it would be 4,700,000,000,000,000,000. If we were to let each of these miles be represented by a pin whose head measures one sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and could stick these pins into earth or water as closely as possible, we would have a solid belt of pins encircling the earth at the equator, and more than

FROM MICROMICRONS TO LIGHT-YEARS

By *RICHARD A. GIBSON*

180 miles in width! What units of measure must the Creator have used when He made all these wonders of the universe! “Where wast thou,” He asked Job, “when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . . Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?”

Truly the mind of man has devised manifold means of measuring for things tangible, and for things intangible, such as electricity, light, sound, or time. However, man has chosen the wrong standard for what is probably the most important measure—the measure of himself. We seem to think very highly of our own achievements, and must agree with Paul that we have difficulty getting out of our own line of vision. He calls it boasting, and

stretching ourselves beyond our measure.

Of those who are so ready to commend themselves, he says in 2 Corinthians 10, “They, measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise.” And, if man in his attempt to measure himself is “not wise,” he must look to the all-wise Creator to do the measuring.

There must certainly be some standard that God uses in measuring man’s achievements. If we read Paul’s letter a bit further, we find that he was referring to service we render to others as God’s basis for measurement. Jesus had outlined the law as the standard of achievement, and then amplified it when he commissioned the rich young man to “sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have



DAVID W. CORSON, FROM A. DEVANEY

Here in the Palomar Observatory, as in other observatories around the world, the light-year is the yardstick of astronomical space. It amounts to four and two-thirds billion billion miles.

[This article was prepared during the author's freshman year at Pacific Union College.]

treasure in heaven: and come and follow me."

This young man was apparently like so many of the rest of us. He was measuring himself by himself, by his own standard of righteousness. He couldn't quite measure up to the standard Jesus had set.

The record of Matthew says he "went away sorrowful." He couldn't seem to follow through. The Master had something to say about that too, as recorded by Luke: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." One must follow

all the way or he will never measure up!

Abraham, you will remember, was called to serve God in a new place. His plan and direction was to go to the land of Canaan. Terah, Abraham's father, also planned to go to Canaan, but for some reason the city of Haran must have had attraction, for we are told that they came and "dwelt there. . . . And Terah died in Haran." They had set out to go into the land of Canaan, but "Terah died in Haran."

God was not satisfied that Abraham should stop short of the goal. He, like Terah, might die in Haran. In the first verse of Genesis 12, the Lord told him to get "out of thy country, . . . and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee." There is no record of another stopping place such as Haran, for verse four says that "they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came." Abraham was a man who could follow through. He was meeting God's standard of measurement.

Nor was this the end to God's measuring of Abraham. The sacrifice that he was called upon to make in later years meant even more than giving up his own life. It meant the giving up of his son of promise. "No other test could have caused Abraham such torture of soul as did the offering of his son," wrote Ellen G. White. From the same source we read that as they made their way toward Moriah, "none but God could understand how great was the father's sacrifice in yielding up his son to death; Abraham desired that none but God should witness the parting scene. He bade his servants remain behind, saying, 'I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again unto you.'

"The wood was laid upon Isaac, the one to be offered, the father took the knife and the fire, and together they ascended toward the mountain summit, the younger man wondering whence, so far from folds and flocks, the offering was to come. At last he spoke, 'My father, 'behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?' O, what a test was this! How the endearing words, 'My father,' pierced Abraham's heart! Not yet—he could not tell him now, 'My son,' he said, 'God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering.'" When this experience was over, Abraham received the commendation, "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me."

We are sometimes perplexed in viewing the various measuring devices God uses on His people. We must keep in mind that "true . . . sanctification consists in the cheerful performance of daily duties in perfect obedience to the will of God," and that "however lowly, any work done for God with a full surrender of self, is as acceptable to Him as the highest service." Joseph proved his measure, first as a humble house servant, and then as a prisoner,

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When the Reign of Sin Is Broken

By INEZ BRASIER

When the reign of sin is over
And our hearts awake to sing,
We shall hear the "well done" spoken
By our Saviour and our King:
"Come, ye blessed of My Father,
To the home prepared for you;
Where the loved of heaven gather,
Ye shall know My care anew."

Shall we then recall the roughness
Of the paths that seemed so dim,
When our days were filled with trouble
As we sought to follow Him?
Oh, forgot the trials of earth
When we see our Saviour's face,
And when low we kneel to praise Him,
Trophies of His matchless grace.



FREEDOM, VALVOLINE OIL CO.

MV Youth in Action

First African Youth Congress

By W. V. Norcott

The questions come thick and fast.

"Pastor, will eight hundred loaves of bread be enough? and six cases of jam? and ten bags of cabbages? and thirty cases of tomatoes? and two hundred pounds of sugar? And where are the pots and pans?"

"Muruti [Pastor], did you see how small is the kitchen? It is as wide as my two arms stretched out both ways. It has iron on three sides only and nothing on the door side, with very little roof. And the fire she is on the floor, with the pots sitting in her."

I understand that the 7 by 7 foot kitchen is wholly open on one side, and that there is no hearth or stove, but I also understand that there is a determination to cook and satisfy some one thousand hungry youth from Basutoland, Swaziland, and Transvaal, as well as Zulus from Natal and Zululand and Xosas from the Transkei.

The government was giving special permission for all of these men and women of Africa to come to Mahlamola location at Bloemfontein for the first union-wide African youth congress of Seventh-day Adventists. Each one was to wear a badge so that the police would recognize him.

Here come the Bethel group from the South African Union training school—young men and women having come four hundred miles by bus to sing the message that hundreds will take home to sing in their societies. Their seats are all ready on the platform. How happy they look!

More and more people are coming by bus, by train, and by car. Township people stand and gape as they see them come with great yellow congress stickers on all of their luggage and on the bus and car windows. Never has a thing like this happened to Mahlamola.

Some of the delegates may have spent a whole month's wages to get to the congress and then have very little left with which to buy food. There are no African hotels and restaurants, and many of the young people may come with something to keep body and soul together over Sabbath. But we must lay in stores for Sunday and Monday.

While they have been registering, the day has sped on, and time for the evening meeting has arrived. How good it is to hear so many members from so many scattered churches and isolated companies singing so heartily the good old songs of the third angel's message!



Pastor R. S. Watts, president of the Southern African Division, was one of the speakers at the first African youth congress, at Bloemfontein.

The songs of the Bethel choir thrill a breathless audience; the harmonies of their male quartet will be carried to every corner of this far-flung field. The haunting strains of "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" will be remembered again and again in months to come to bring the young people face to face with a personal Saviour on a glorified cross. What will be the influence of these songs, these sermons, and these workshops during this week-end?

As Pastor H. M. S. Richards uses Jesus' promise to His Missionary Volunteers, he startles his hearers with its simplicity. The assistant MV leader of the North Bantu Mission Field remarks significantly: "Pastor Richards lifted out of John 14:1-3 four reasons why we should not fear; they were there all the while but we did not see them."

As meeting follows meeting the week-end seems to hurry by too quickly. Already little groups are reminding one another of the things they will remember—the gasp of surprise as Pastor Unger suddenly brandished the murderously sharp Mau Mau knife such as was used in Kenya to kill men and women. But such knives could not frighten God's people. Did the pastor not tell how the MV's there stayed on in the worst Mau Mau districts and trusted in their God? Did he not prove that the colporteurs still carry the gospel-filled books? His voice was a voice of courage that would be heard in every little out-of-the-way society.

"That big man with the strong voice—"

"His name is Watts. He came from Korea, where the people have been fighting, and he is now our division president."

Did he not make Nebuchadnezzar and the three Hebrew youth live again for us? Did you hear him say that those men had no fear, because they were faithful?"

"Yes, and his pictures made the Korean and Philippine MV's live for us, because they are faithful even in wartime. He even sang those strange words of their courage song."

Each early morning has begun with a talk fittingly called Early Morning Manna, and, as G. S. Stevenson stressed, should that morning worship-hour message be lost, it could not be found again during the rest of the day.

Uncle John Hnatyshyn has caught the imagination of the African youth. He loves them, and they love him. Will they ever forget that at the Olympic games the runners trained with blocks chained to their feet?

"The weights were there to train their muscles," delightedly exclaims one girl, "but when the weights were off the muscles were still there."

Strangely enough, the memory of Pastor Eva's quietly impressive summing up will always be Paul's injunction in Hebrews 12:1, "Let us lay aside every weight."

Intemperance has cursed South Africa, but in their Xosa and English dialog our Bethel students dramatically portrayed that curse and how it can be cured. The village drunkard is the cause of his young son's departure for that city where people are believed to walk on streets of gold—Johannesburg. There, enmeshed in its sordid drinking dens, he sinks into the gutter, only to find no gold there, and, like the prodigal, longs for relief. Soft strains of MV music lure him to a temperance program, where he shamefacedly confesses his fall and joyfully accepts Jesus as the drunkard's only hope.

With a deep sigh of relief every MV will take home to village or location the theme that Jesus can save Africa's drunkards.

They enjoyed too the Sabbath afternoon education program, "Looking Ahead!" From the cradle to the training school God has a plan for his boys and girls. How we agreed with the high school girls who remembered how they started school and who longed to go ahead to train as teachers or nurses or Bible instructors, so that they might go out to win men and women for Christ.

Everyone had looked forward to the colorful Master Guide investiture when twenty-seven African MV's were invested by Pastor Hnatyshyn, Pastor Scott, and I, assisted by other Master Guides.

Few Europeans can pronounce the click in the middle C of Pastor Jonah Bacela's seemingly easy name, but all could wel-

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In our controversy with the great adversary,

Christians have a sure weapon. It is found

In the NAME of JESUS of NAZARETH

By DAVID ROSE

HOW are you tonight, Maria?" I inquired of a young married woman who was making her way through the chattering crowd of people.

"Very bad," she replied, and I knew that she was telling the truth, although she had never before admitted it.

"Step over here to one side and explain what you mean."

Drawing a deep breath, as if hesitating to begin, she continued, "I don't have any faith." But she said it with an air of mystery—half in desperation, half in inquiry—which caused me to question her further as to the reason.

After a few moments of conversation it became evident that she was expressing the same ideas as those held by a good friend who was suspected of being a Spiritualist.

"You have been listening to Don Carlos," I observed.

"Yes, I have; I don't want to lie."

This gave me hope. At least her conscience would not permit her to lie. But she promptly added, "I do not believe in the Bible or in Christ."

"Do you believe in the devil?" I queried.

"No."

Seeking to hide my natural reaction to such confessions, I sought calmly to explain, "I feel that it is quite easy to believe in the devil," and from there I went on to relate to her the example of a certain concentration camp I had seen where 238,000 people had been tortured, starved, gassed, and burned. And then I reasoned with her, "People are sometimes cruel, but do you think they are cruel enough to do that without being driven by the devil?"

Without bothering to make a direct reply to my question she drew a further conclusion, "But I have committed the unpardonable sin."

Inviting her to step into a side room, I asked a few general questions in order to ease the strange atmosphere that seemed to pervade our conversation, but neither of

us found other topics interesting, so we soon came back to her problems.

"I neglected to pray, and now I cannot pray," she sighed.

"Then do you read the Bible?" I inquired.

"No, I can't."

Taking that as my cue, I came back to the problem of the unpardonable sin, and sought to explain it by quoting a long passage from the book of Mark in which the scribes accused Christ of casting out devils through Beelzebub. The scribes thereby committed the unpardonable sin, in that they attributed to the devil the works of the Holy Spirit.

"I understand," she said, but I could read on her face that the scripture passage had done more than explain the unpardonable sin. It had also uncovered a hidden problem in her soul.

How happy I was that I had almost finished memorizing the book of Mark in Spanish, because now it was standing me in good stead.

After a moment's silence Maria stated in an inquiring manner, "I am lost; my faith is gone." And then she confessed that the meetings she had been attending were a form of Spiritualism, and what was even worse, she was sometimes forced to go to the meetings against her own will.

"Yes, Maria," I replied, "but God can deliver you from this power just as Christ did when He was among men." And since she did not reply, I went one step further.

"Do you want to come back to God?"

An unusual silence came over her, so I waited. She was leaning lightly against a table in the center of the room, for to neither of us had it occurred that we were still standing. She was silently gazing toward the opposite wall, and although I could not see the expression of her face I concluded that she was weighing the matter.

After a brief silence I decided that perhaps the love of the world was holding her, but she replied, "No," and then she



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

made a peculiar movement with her head.

The reply left me in doubt, because Spanish people never shake their heads for a negation. Instead, they move their right forefinger back and forth quite energetically, describing a series of half circles pivoted from the wrist. However, further questioning only brought renewed affirmations that the world did not attract her.

Again I pressed for a decision, "Well, then, if the world does not hold you, why don't you come back to God?"

"But my faith is gone," she lamented.

"No, you have a little bit left, Maria, and if you want to return, it is sufficient."

"But I have such a tiny, tiny bit," and she went on to demonstrate. "When my husband tries to read the Bible it is impossible for me to listen."

Again I drew on the memorized passages quoting the weak faith of the father who brought his son to Christ with the request that He deliver him from the evil spirit, and how Christ did deliver him when the father exercised what little faith



Maria (left) was strangely retiring, although she seemed to want to follow Christ. Then, suddenly, as I pleaded with her, I realized that we were not alone in the room. Satan possessed her.

he had by crying, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

While I was learning those passages about Christ casting out the evil spirits, it had seemed to me as if I were wasting my time, but how well they served me in that moment.

Maria recognized that I was quoting long passages of Scripture even though I was trying to make it appear a narrative, and she seemed to appreciate it. Nevertheless, a strange fear crept over me that I was not quoting those passages to Maria only. It seemed as if there were present, listening, someone else who was very resentful.

Knocks at the door called away our attention, as people entered to get the belongings they had left there during the meeting. After the second person had entered I realized that the disturbance was causing us to lose ground, so I paid no more attention to the knocks.

By that time it had become clear that she was under the power of the evil one, but still I did not realize to what

extent. Unconsciously I had devised a plan: I would try to persuade her to return to God; then when she made her decision I would suggest that we pray that she be delivered from the evil power.

Everything grew quiet outside the door, as one by one the people left to go home. In harmony with my plan I continued to urge upon her the promises of the Bible and the Spirit of prophecy, periodically inviting her to return to God.

"Why don't you stop going to those meetings, Maria, and return to God?"

Again she fell into her customary silence, but suddenly her gaze shifted from the opposite wall toward me, her head lowered, and her eyes radiated a glassy fierceness wholly foreign to her nature.

She quickly turned her head away, but again, as if someone else were moving her head, that glassy stare shifted back to me, chilling me.

"I'm thirsty," she said, trying to break the mysterious spell that seemed to be holding her.

"There is a glass on that shelf," I told her, motioning toward the opposite corner.

As she lifted the glass of water to her lips, suddenly her hand began to shake violently, clicking the glass against her teeth. She wheeled around, turning her back to me in order to hide her embarrassment.

"Oh, Jesus, help me!" I pleaded in a whispered prayer, but realized that I had said it in English. My first impulse was to repeat the prayer in Spanish, but there was no time, since she was already coming back toward the table. Fortunately Heaven understands both languages.

"Would you like to come over to our home so that my wife could be with us?" I asked, because I was coming to realize that the situation was serious, and I wished for someone else to be with us.

"Yes, that's all right," she replied, but she seemed to be in a daze, and I feared that to break off the conversation then would probably mean to lose the opportunity.

We were both laboring under a tension that we tried to shake off as one does an awkward pause in a conversation, but to no avail. Even her taking a drink had not eased the atmosphere.

Consoling, I suggested, "I know that the power of the evil one causes great suffering."

Her mind seemed to clear. "Did you ever have a contact with Spiritualism?" she asked.

"No, but I——"

"I would advise you never to do so," she interrupted.

Then I explained to her that by playing with sin I had once put myself on Satan's ground, yet fortunately had turned back just in time. "It's all the same power, Maria, merely with different manifestations." And I went on to assure her, "Just as God delivered me, He can deliver you."

Again I probed deep into her soul with a pertinent suggestion, "Why don't you stop going to those meetings and come here, where the devil cannot bother you?" But I had not finished the sentence before I realized that I had misspoken.

"No, it's not that way," she affirmed. "Here is where I am bothered most." And then she explained: "I always get here about ten to twelve."

"Yes, and you always go out during the last prayer," I observed.

And then as if to make her indictment complete, she continued, "And I can't bear to hear the Bible read in church."

Often I had noticed that she was nervously biting her fingernails, fidgeting in her seat, and running in and out every few minutes when she was there. "Then

you are perfectly at ease while in the other meetings?"

"Yes, I am," she replied.

"Naturally, Maria, the devil is sure of you while you are there, but afraid he will lose you if you come to church."

Half lamenting her sad state, she gave a few more details, and added, "My husband scolds me repeatedly for going to those meetings, and for the way I act."

Her strange life caused her husband much mental anxiety. He would sometimes arrive home late in the evening from a long day's work, only to find that she had been impressed to go to one of those spiritualistic meetings instead of preparing him a warm meal.

"Why don't you stop all of that and come back to God?"

"If I could only believe that God would accept me."

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

She was feebly trying to grasp the promise.

"The promise is for you, Maria, for you!" I urged, but her faith faltered.

Reluctantly, and without realizing the full import of my words, I began to show her the similarity of her case to that of a Biblical example. "You are under the power of the evil one, Maria, the same way as the man who rushed toward the boat when Jesus arrived in the province of the Gadarenes," and after quoting the passage I went on to explain, "When the man approached Christ, he knelt down to worship Him, but it was the demons who controlled his voice against his will." Then trying to maintain a calm exterior, with which my inner feelings were not at all in harmony, I made the application: "You are in the same situation. You want to come back to God, but the devil makes you go to those meetings against your will."

Time and again during our long conversation I had urged her to return to God, but when the moment came for her to decide I was always met by that uncanny silence. Thinking therefore that stronger evidence was necessary, I again quoted fresh promises of God and gave new explanation to her problems. In this way the evening wore on.

We had talked for almost two hours, and each time I asked her to decide, the issue became clearer. Every new promise from the Bible and the Spirit of prophecy seemed an added defiance to Satan that God would deliver this soul from his power. And Maria was not the only one who was stretching her faith to the limit. In my own soul I too was struggling hard to keep pace with the promises of God. Frankly I was afraid, and sought for a promise that would bolster my faith as well as hers.

"God is willing to send all the angels of heaven to protect the weakest of His children from the power of Satan."

"But I am lost," she added.

"No, you are not lost; you are just a sheep that has strayed away into the mountains, and the Good Shepherd is searching for you."

She raised no more objections, so I dared make a further application of a promise of God: "Just the same as God would send every angel of heaven to protect the weakest of His children, He would also send every angel of heaven to rescue the weakest one from the power of Satan."

The poor girl tried hard to grasp the promise of God, but then she observed, "I fear that God cannot forgive me."

To remove this last doubt I cited to her the example of the man sick with the



Joy Marches On

By OLIVE E. TOWNSEND

Put away the tinsel, strip the tree!

Set the house in order, burn debris!

But cherish the Spirit, and let there be

Continuing joy in His company.

palsy, who was ill because of his own sins, and showed her how instead of censoring the man's sins Christ had tenderly treated his soul's disease by assuring him: "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

"If I could only be sure God is calling me," she muttered.

Suddenly a convincing argument came to my mind. "Look, Maria, God is using me to extend the invitation to you to return to Him. I had no intention of talking to you tonight, but I was impressed to do so." There was hope in her eyes as I finished the sentence, so I continued, "As the servant of God I invite you to return to Him."

In order to make the final invitation I had moved one step closer to her and held my hands lightly outstretched in an air of appeal, but once I completed the invitation I dropped my hands and involuntarily stepped back.

During our conversation every promise had been presented as if against hard resistance by the power of the evil one in her. And, too, it seemed as if something were transpiring all around us. The struggle was becoming intense, yet some of my fears had been banished, because I felt that Heaven had sent angels to help us, and that God had used me to extend to her the invitation to return to Him.

Another promise came to my mind that I had never before used. "Maria, God sent His only-begotten Son to the world. He sent Him to pay the price for man's sins. He sent Him to deliver men from the power of the devil. He died to deliver you. And now He has ascended to heaven and is set down at the right hand of the power of God. He has the power to deliver you."

Her mind was clear, and she was grasping the promise, so I urged her to return to God. She seemed about to say Yes. Soon I could have prayer. She opened her mouth as if to reply, when suddenly she was seized by an unseen power that forced her backward toward the other side of the room.

An instant later I too was struck by a crushing, strangling force. My hands were pinned to my sides. It seemed to me that I was jerked about three feet into the air, although in reality my feet never left the floor. I could scarcely think, and the air was so heavy I could hardly breathe.

Dazed and surprised in the first moments of the shock, I could only gaze as she, completely dominated by the satanic power, was being pushed backward toward the wall. Although during our conversation my faith had falteringly grasped the promises of God to the extent that I thought God would deliver her, yet not once had I thought of a direct intervention. But by the time she had been pushed backward four or five steps, the closing passages of the texts I had been quoting flashed into my mind.

Mustering my strength, I forced my right hand high above my head and shouted with all my might, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth," and then striking toward her with my arm, as if giving an order to a company of soldiers, I commanded, "Come out of her!" Then lifting my hand again and repeating the gesture, I added, "Thou unclean spirit." I felt a greater freedom, but wanted to make sure that she was entirely free, so I nervously repeated the command.

Barely had I finished repeating the command when the girl looked up with a surprised twinkle in her eye and calmly walked back to the table, completely normal.

"Let us pray now," I suggested, and Maria threw herself into the nearest chair, too weak to kneel, as I thanked God for the deliverance He had wrought and besought Him that the evil spirits be not

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SABBATH SCHOOL



On Becoming a Christian---Steps to Christ

LESSON FOR JANUARY 23

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty" (2 Cor. 6:17, 18).

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: What would you do if you were chosen to represent your school at the nation's capital?

What would you do if your Government invited you to be its representative to a foreign court?

What are you doing now since God has chosen you to represent His kingdom here on earth?

FOR SUNDAY

1. What must be the experience of everyone who would be a true Christian (Rev. 18:4)?

"And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

2. What is the easiest and only satisfactory way to come out of the world (Isa. 1:19)?

"If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land."

NOTE.—"The surrender of all our powers to God greatly simplifies the problem of life. It weakens and cuts short a thousand struggles with the passions of the natural heart. Religion is as a golden cord that binds the souls of both youth and aged to Christ. Through it the willing and obedient are brought safely through dark and intricate paths to the city of God."—MRS. E. G. WHITE in *Youth's Instructor*, Feb. 2, 1893.

3. When I give up the world and follow Christ, what do I become (Rom. 8:14)?

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

FOR MONDAY

4. What great advantages do I have in becoming a member of the family of God (verses 16, 17)?

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

NOTE.—"You will ever find with the true Christian a marked cheerfulness, a holy, happy confidence in God, a submission to His providences, that is refreshing to the soul. . . . True religion is seen in the daily deportment. The life of the Christian is characterized by earnest, unselfish working to do others good and to glorify God. His path is not dark and gloomy."—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 377.

5. Although it is God who elects me to be His child, what part have I to do (2 Peter 1:10)?

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall."

6. How do I make my election sure (verses 5-7)?

"Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge;

and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity."

FOR TUESDAY

7. What is the condition of one who fails to add Christian graces to his life (verse 9)?

"He that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins."

8. What figure of speech did Jesus use to represent the experience of becoming a Christian (John 3:3)?

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

9. What steps are necessary for me to take in order to be God's child (Acts 2:38; 1 John 1:9)?

"Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

FOR WEDNESDAY

10. What happens if I try to "forget" my sins and not make them right (Prov. 28:13)?

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

NOTE.—"If there have been difficulties, brethren and sisters,—if envy, malice, bitterness, evil surmising have existed, confess these sins, not in a general way, but go to your brethren and sisters personally. Be definite."—MRS. E. G. WHITE, in *Review and Herald*, Dec. 16, 1884.

11. How does God regard my kind, helpful deeds to others (Matt. 25:40)?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

12. How does God regard my neglect or mistreatment of others (verse 45)?

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

FOR THURSDAY

13. As a Christian what am I to others (Matt. 5:14)?

"Ye are the light of the world."

NOTE.—"The Christian is the world's light, and the only Bible that many read. . . . Day by day, though unconsciously to himself, he is working out before men and angels a vast, sublime experiment. He is showing what the Gospel can do for fallen human beings."—MRS. E. G. WHITE in *Signs of the Times*, July 10, 1901.

14. What is my chief business as a Christian (Matt. 28:19, 20)?

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

FOR FRIDAY

Give one minute to each question:

a. From my actions what ideas do my classmates have of my home?

b. From my actions what ideas do strangers have of the school I attend?

c. From my actions what ideas do my friends have of Christianity?

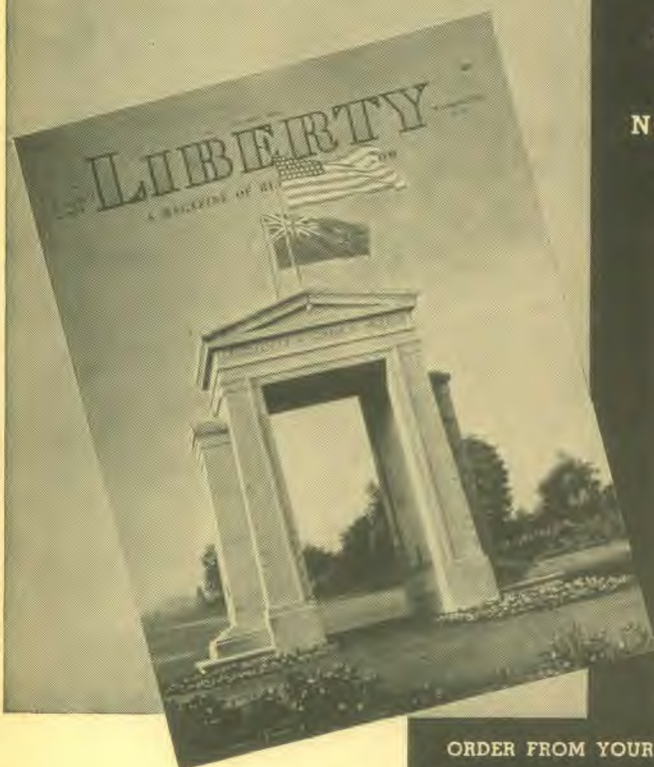
Here is a problem: George will be a senior in the academy next year if he can earn enough money this summer. He can get a job that will pay \$1.25 per hour. Past experience reveals he can earn \$1 an hour in the colporteur work. Should he take the job or canvass this summer?



AFTER CARL GOTTLIB SCHONHERR



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SKATING on SUNDAY

By MRS. JOHN UNDERHILL

SAY, Dad, do you care if I build a dam out in the pasture? You know that little place where the two peninsulas come close together in the river? Well, if I build a dam across that place I can make a good skating pond. It will soon be cold enough to freeze over, so I can skate on it. And in summer it will make a good pond for the cattle."

Johnny stood waiting for Father Wills to give his consent. Father was thoughtful for a few seconds, then he said, "That might be a good idea, son. Of course you realize it will mean a lot of hard work, carrying rock and digging dirt to fill in, but it will help to build good, firm muscles. Go ahead, son, and do a good job."

So Johnny took the shovel, swung it up on his shoulder, and with a merry whistle on his lips and a song in his heart he went out across the pasture to the river. He began his work immediately, and by noon he had made good progress. For several days Johnny worked on the dam, carrying stones and clods of earth. Finally the dam was finished, and he stood back to admire his work, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"I guess I'd be a good beaver," he chuckled to himself in pride. "It's a pretty good job, if I do say so myself. Now to wait for the pond to freeze over. Will I ever have fun! Guess I'd better go home now and sharpen up my skates."

Thanksgiving Day came, and the weather turned colder. Usually Johnny did not welcome the cold, for when ice formed on the water supply it was much harder to do the chores. But now, with the new skating pond to be frozen, it was a different story. Johnny was *glad* it was freezing weather. By Saturday night the ice was really hard on the pond.

"It must be at least five inches thick,"

Obeying the impulse to try out his skates on the new skating pond, he ran from little Harry and hid until he was sure all was clear.

H. A. ROBERTS



mused Johnny. "Guess I'll try it out tomorrow afternoon."

Then Johnny became thoughtful: Tomorrow was Sunday—church day. Father Wills was very strict regarding Sunday; no member of the Wills family did any work or pursued any pleasure on Sunday. It was part of their religion. Skating on Sunday? It was unthinkable. Johnny knew his dad.

Sunday morning dawned, still and cold. The Wills family went to church as usual. Dad was very firm about church attendance. To him there was no excuse for absence from church, not even zero weather. Nothing except illness kept the members of the Wills family at home when they were supposed to be in church. So today, even though it was bitter cold, they all bundled up with scarves and mittens and went to church.

After dinner Father Wills went to visit a sick neighbor, and Mother settled in a comfortable chair to read. Little Harry, aged four, was tugging at his overshoes. He was going outside for just a little while, even though it was cold. Mother knew he would not stay long, so she made no objection.

"I guess I'll go outside too," said Johnny, putting on his warm cap and mittens. He played tag with little Harry for a few minutes, then he thought of the pond. What fun it would be to try it—right now! Mother was reading, Dad was away, and Harry would soon go inside because it was cold; his nose and cheeks were already quite red.

Obeying the impulse to try out his skates on the smooth ice, he ran from little Harry, went for his skates, and hid behind the woodshed until he was sure Harry had given up looking for him. Then he hurried down to the pond and buckled on his skates. He had a very guilty feeling down inside his warm jacket. It bothered him not a little. What would Father Wills say if he knew? But Dad would be gone for an hour at least, and Johnny was sure no one had seen him go. He hoped little Harry had not seen him, but maybe Harry would not tell. Skating on Sunday? Well, it was wonderful at any rate. The ice was perfect; his skates were sharpened just right. He had worked so hard and waited so long to enjoy this pleasure. As he stood on the glistening ice, and felt the sting of the cold, sharp wind as it whistled past his face, he soon lost that guilty feeling.

Swing-slide, swing-slide, out around the pond he went. Johnny loved to skate. All the hard work to build the dam now seemed as nothing, for this was fun—even if it *was* Sunday!

Then as Johnny turned to come back to the path, he saw little Harry coming down to the pond. Harry *had* seen him, and had followed him.

"Be careful, Harry," called Johnny. "The ice is very slippery."

But even as he spoke, little Harry stepped out on the pond. His feet slipped out from under him and he fell, hitting the back of his head on the hard ice.

Johnny quickly skated up to him. Little

Harry lay on the cold ice, so still—he did not even move or cry. Johnny touched him; called to him, but there was no response. A sudden fear gripped the older lad's heart. Was Harry dead? Surely this could not happen to his little brother, whom he loved! Johnny knelt down on the ice beside him. He put his face down close to his. He was still breathing—but he was so still.

Quickly Johnny took off his skates and buckled them together, putting them over his shoulder. Then he tenderly gathered little Harry up in his arms. He must carry him home to Mother as quickly as possible. It must have been a terrible bump. Poor little fellow!

It was about a half mile from the pond to the house. The little bundle in Johnny's arms seemed to grow heavier as also did the big lump in his heart. Did this happen because he had gone skating on Sunday? Was innocent little Harry being punished this way because Johnny had disobeyed in seeking his own pleasure?

"Please don't let him die," Johnny prayed. "It was all my fault."

Little Harry moaned piteously as Johnny placed him on the bed in Mother's care. Mother did not scold Johnny when he told her what had happened. Her chief concern was little Harry. She removed his outer clothing and tenderly bathed the bruised place on his head. Johnny watched, silently saying to himself, "Please don't let him die. It was all my fault for skating on Sunday."

Soon little Harry opened his eyes and looked around the room. Then he began to cry.

"He will be all right now, Johnny," said Mother. With a deep sigh of relief the boy went into the other room and sat down in a chair.

"I wonder what Dad will say," he said to himself. "Maybe if he sees me reading the Bible when he comes in, he will not be cross with me."

So Johnny took down the Bible and started reading at the beginning of Genesis. It might really shock Dad to see his fourteen-year-old son reading the Good Book without being told to do so.

The story of creation was not new to Johnny, but to read it for himself seemed to make it more interesting. He had not quite finished the first chapter when Dad walked in. He gave his son a rather surprised glance, then turned to speak to little Harry, who was feeling quite like himself again, except for a headache.

"I fell on the ice and bumped my head," said Harry.

Johnny bent lower and concentrated on his reading: "And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

Johnny glanced up at Dad out of the corner of his eye. Dad did not seem cross. Johnny continued reading.

"And on the seventh day God ended

his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."

Johnny noticed a little "z" beside the words "on the seventh day." There was a little "z" in the margin, which referred to Exodus 20:11. Johnny had often seen Dad look up a marginal reference. Perhaps



The Snow

By JOSEPH TWING

The snow is falling thick and fast
Upon the frozen ground,
And though we hear the whistling
wind
The snow makes not a sound.

It covers all the works of man
Beneath a coat of white,
And seems to heal the ugly scars
That man has brought to light.

The sunlight sparkles on the snow
And looks as if it were
A thousand diamonds in the fields,
As breezes softly stir.

My life has scars that sin has made
And on my heart are seen,
So let Thy Spirit, like the snow,
Descend and make me clean.

it would make a good impression on Dad if he too looked up a reference. So he turned to the book of Exodus and read: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it."

Johnny looked up at the calendar on the wall, then read that verse over again. It said it was the seventh day that the Lord blessed as the Sabbath. Now, either the Bible was wrong or the calendar was

wrong, because Sunday was the first day of the week according to the calendar on the wall.

Johnny was puzzled. He turned back to the second chapter of Genesis and read that portion again: "And God blessed the seventh day." He pondered over it for several minutes. Father Wills settled himself in his usual place to spend the remainder of the afternoon reading. It really did surprise him that his son John had taken a sudden interest in reading the Bible.

"Say, Dad," began Johnny, looking up from his reading, "is the calendar wrong or is the Bible wrong?"

"They are both right, Son, and both to be relied on. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it seems that something is wrong somewhere, for if God made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh, and blessed the seventh day for the Sabbath, then—then we're keeping the wrong day, aren't we, Dad?"

Father Wills was a bit surprised at the question, but he said slowly, "Yes, son, the Bible *does* say that. But you see, since Jesus was resurrected from the grave on Sunday, which is the first day of the week, we keep that day holy instead of the Sabbath day, to celebrate that event. Neither the Bible nor the calendar is wrong. Does that answer your question, son?"

"I—I guess so. Then it would not be breaking a direct command of God to go skating on Sunday, would it, Dad?"

It was Dad's turn to stammer. "Well—no, I guess not."

Johnny was not fully satisfied with Dad's answers. Reliving the scene in retrospect, John Wills says, "If only a Seventh-day Adventist colporteur had visited our home at that time, how different my life would have been."

For several years Johnny continued to keep Sunday, as he had been taught in his youth, but he was still uncertain in his mind. The Bible was right; the calendar was right. Dad said so. Then why keep Sunday holy as a sabbath, if both the Bible and the calendar said the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord? It really puzzled him.

Years passed, John was happily married and living on a farm in eastern Nebraska. He and his wife, Carrie, were kept busy with the many duties on the farm, but their evenings were spent in reading or in just talking things over. They enjoyed these quiet times together.

One day the mail carrier brought a little package of religious tracts from Carrie's sister Louise, who lived in Colorado. That evening after the chores were done, they sat down to examine the contents of that package. John glanced over the titles, then exclaimed, "Say! this is what I have wanted to find out for a long, long time. Ever since I was just a boy I have wondered why we keep Sunday holy, when God blessed the seventh day. Perhaps this little tract will explain." To page 21

Opportunity for a LIFETIME

By BEVERLY CAMPBELL



THE ensilage cutter hungrily chewed the cornstalks and yellow ears into fine pieces and blew them thirty feet into the sky and over into the silo with that peculiar wail of the blower fan. The young man feeding the machine

and running the Fordson tractor was Bob Landon, a tall youth of seventeen.

Bob had been working around the twin ports of Duluth and Superior and the twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul. His father and mother were Seventh-day Adventists, but his mother died when he was six, and a few years later his father too passed away. He had quit school in the fifth grade, and there were times in the hard years that followed when he had not remained true to his father's faith. How-

[Majors sometimes become minors, and vice versa. Should that happen to the author, she might someday become an artist, or a teacher of art, instead of a secretary, the vocation for which she is now preparing. She was enrolled in Cedar Lake Academy when this story was written.]

ever, now, through the influence of a porteur, he had secured this job in a Christian farm home in the dairy State of Wisconsin.

The future had not been very well planned by Bob. Most of the time he spent living in the present, and so it was on this autumn day in silo-filling time.

Schools were starting, and when this day's work was through and the chores were done, a church school teacher came to the Johnson home for board and room while teaching her church school five miles away. She was tall, dark, and bookish.

Johnson's was a large dairy farm, and there was much fall work to do, such as harvesting and threshing the grain and plowing the fields for spring use. The winters were rugged, the snow sometimes piling three feet high and the temperature dropping many degrees below zero. The car could be used for transportation to town and church until heavy snows came, and then Bob used the horses and bobsled or the little horse Blacky and the cutter to get around.

Bob was given the job of transporting Miss Stella to and from the little school

and church. Oftentimes she would draw him into conversation about himself and his past and the future. One day she asked him point-blank, "Have you ever thought of finishing up your schoolwork?"

To the tall youth this seemed absurd and impossible, but Miss Stella Hanley said she would do everything within her power to make it easy for him. The farmer, too, agreed with her.

It was the day after Christmas, a cold frosty day, and the cutter with the little high-spirited black horse was merrily making its way to the little schoolhouse. Bob had picked up several pupils, and with the teacher they were off for school. The schoolhouse was a small white one, situated on a hill where the snow reigned supreme and piled in irregular mounds.

Bob was given the largest desk back in the corner by the old wood-devouring stove. There he studied faithfully day after day, and it took courage, for the village folks and neighbors laughed scornfully. "What is a grown man doing in grade school with small children?" they would say.

As time wore on, the month of May came, and when school was out it was found that Bob had completed his schoolwork, except eighth-grade arithmetic and English. Seeing how well he had done, Miss Hanley invited him to care for her parents' farm during the summer, and in exchange the Hanleys would help him finish the eighth grade and pay part of his way to the academy.

Summer over, Bob was on his way to academy. He threw himself into his studies, and since he was earning his way through school, he worked equally hard on the farm. Each morning and evening it was his job to milk and care for sixteen cows, and getting up at five o'clock each morning made it hard for him to keep awake during his classes.

Bob did various jobs while he was in the academy. He barbered in the dormitory for fifteen to twenty cents and gave Swedish massages and treatments to folks in the village and elsewhere. He was a farm boy and a monitor for a time. Besides doing general job printing, he did bookbinding and was linotype operator.

To page 23



Bob threw himself into his studies, and he worked equally hard on the farm. Each morning and evening it was his job to milk and care for sixteen cows.

In the Name of Jesus of Nazareth

From page 14

permitted to molest her in the future.

Upon opening the door I found the young woman's husband, who, unknown to me, had been waiting and who, incidentally, had witnessed the climax through the glass door.

As I sat down and began to relate the wonderful experience to him I realized that I was shivering violently as if from a cold chill and that I was very weak.

The daughter of the church caretaker obligingly prepared us a hot drink, and I repeated the strange story to a few people who came in, noticing at the same time that Maria was listening very interestedly. A few days later I asked her, "Maria, what were you thinking about during those strange periods of silence that came over you when I invited you to come back to God?" She looked at me with a puzzled look on her face, for although she remembered many of the details very well, yet *the enemy had not permitted her to hear the direct invitations to return to God.*

A complete transformation has taken place in Maria. The dark cloud of pessimism has completely vanished from her face, and she repeats over and over, "I'm very happy now!"

There has also been a noted change in Maria's daily life. She is making up for the months in which she could not pray

or study the Bible, and Sabbath school finds her always on time. And as one would naturally expect of a person recently delivered from Satan's power, everywhere she goes she joyfully recounts the story of what great things the Lord has done for her.

Prayers in Beartooth Pass

From page 5

Judy said, "Daddy, we better pray for Jesus to help us get to that town."

We had prayer, and continued on down the switchbacks through the swirling storm. To save gasoline I would kill the engine in places that did not seem too steep a downgrade. This, however, failed to work, because the windshield was soon covered with slushy snow, and it became impossible for us to see. The descent was so steep that the brakes would soon have worn out.

By the time we were about twenty miles from Red Lodge our gasoline gauge showed empty, but somehow that engine kept going, and we kept silently praying.

Those last miles slid by in a hurry, and when we reached the west edge of Red Lodge our gasoline gauge was peacefully resting down in the left-hand bottom of the dial. It did not have the slightest tendency to move; it had gone to rest several miles back.

The very first business place we saw on the outskirts of Red Lodge was a garage

that specialized in my make of car and sold my favorite gasoline. I drove around to the west-side entrance and inside over the hoist, and turned off the motor. Then we thanked God for getting us safely through to Red Lodge.

It was just a few moments before the attendant came to find out our wants. We told him of the damage to the tank, and he suggested that it would be best to run the car up on the hoist for inspection. But the car was not quite in the right place; it was too far forward. I restarted the engine and backed up about eight inches before he signaled that our position was right. I stopped, but before I could reach over to turn off the engine, *it* stopped. We were finally out of gas.

We had made the thirty- to forty-mile trip over stormy Beartooth Pass with enough gasoline to get us just where we needed to be—with eight whole inches to spare!

Sibande

From page 8

shame to my father or to our tribe by going to church as a poor one. What are you going to take?"

"Well," answered his friend, "I brought a little hen with me to school. My old *gogo* [grandmother] gave her to me, and told me to roast her for my journey. But I brought her alive, and she lays many eggs. See? I brought an egg." And he displayed the small egg wrapped in a leaf.

"I have a very large papaya," Sibande said thoughtfully. "My father sent it and many other things to me yesterday by Mpanga, the carrier. Would that be a good offering? Does the God eat it?"

Both African boys laughed at that funny thing.

"No! No! Sibande!" cried Sanjuchi. "We take these things as offerings, then they are sold to get money to start up more schools to convert those *Akunja* [heathen] ones who do not know there is such a thing as a God in heaven. Most of the time the *azungu* missionaries are very glad to buy the things we bring, for they need the beans and the eggs and the fruits."

[This is the second installment of a nine-part serial. Part 3 will appear next week.]

Those Extra Wives!

From page 4

approach his chief in the department on July 14, and, telling him of his new faith, would request that he be given his Sabbaths free. He stated that he had decided that if his request was not favorably considered, he would resign from his post.

On the great day Sambo told the head

Is Everybody Cheating?

By KRAID I. ASHBAUGH

"IS EVERYBODY cheating?" a widely read news magazine recently asked.

"And why not?" answer the modern cynics. "Every man has his price."

In other words, if a man is paid enough, he can be persuaded to sell his honor, these sneering faultfinders insist. But are they correct?

When Thomas E. Dewey was prosecuting attorney in New York he achieved a lasting reputation as an enforcer of the law without fear or favor. Naturally the characters of the underworld did not appreciate his work. Threatening letters, anonymous phone calls, and covert warnings were used against Mr. Dewey; but he remained unmoved, carrying out the work entrusted to him by loyal citizens.

One day one of the representatives of a lawless set approached the young attorney with a sum of money running into five figures, which he wished to present to Mr.

Dewey as a "gift." All that the gang he represented wished in exchange for this gratuity was a little gentler dealing with a certain problem of law. The prosecuting attorney flatly refused to consider this proposition.

"Why, look," the shady character tried to argue, "with ten thousand dollars you could go a long, long way."

"Yes, but I'd always know I was a cheap cad," said Mr. Dewey, ushering the man from his office.

No, everybody is not cheating, although the proportion of those who are not may be small. If you are of that select group who can, as did Mr. Dewey, give the lie to the scoffer who jeers, "Every man has his price," then you are wanted and needed, since "the greatest want of the world is the want of men,—men who will not be bought or sold; men who in their inmost souls are true and honest."

of his department that he must have his Sabbaths free, but that he would be glad to make up on Sundays any lost time. The chief proved sympathetic, and Sambo began keeping the Sabbath.

Sambo was not yet satisfied, for his father had not joined the family in their new worship. He finally persuaded him to send away two of his three extra wives with their children. Arrangements must still be made for the future of the third wife.

Perhaps the greatest day in the lives of the family came in July, 1953, when Sambo, with his wife, Emily, and Boston and Dalton were all baptized into God's remnant church. The mother and Boston's wife will be baptized soon, and Sambo is hoping that his father will be ready before long. Thus a family of seven, with their children, are today happily serving Jesus through the God-given energy and enthusiasm of an earnest young seeker after truth in Central East Africa.

Sambo conducts a little Sabbath school in Mzimba, and Boston leads another at his home. In the Sambo family the Voice of Prophecy has been instrumental in kindling a fire that is burning brightly in one of the dark corners of Africa.

From Micromicrons to Light-Years

From page 10

spending years in an Egyptian dungeon. Moses was measured by two forty-year periods in the wilderness: the first with flocks of sheep, and the second with hundreds of thousands of complaining refugees from bondage.

Mordecai met the test of measure through years of patient watching at the palace gate of a heathen king. We ought to mention Daniel and his three companions, who were measured, not so much by the tests of lions' den or fiery furnace, as by the less spectacular but equally important day-by-day living that these men had experienced from early youth! "Only by faithfulness in the little things can the soul be trained to act with fidelity under larger responsibilities."

There is an endless list of those who have served in one way or another, a few whose measure has been capped by some recorded display of effort or sacrifice, and the uncounted many, who, unsung and unheard of, have lived their lives devoted to selfless service for others. These have come up to the measure, God's measure, of man's worth for all time.

This is the measure that must be met by each person seeking eternal life, and provision is amply made whereby he might achieve it. The requirements are no more difficult for us than for the rich young man who could not measure up, and so "went away sorrowful." The pro-

vision was his, as well as ours, but he did not choose to accept it. Paul points it out to us in the fourth chapter of Ephesians: "But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

In a world whose standards of measure have fallen so low, where men measure themselves by their own low values, Christian youth are faced with a tremendous opportunity; given this measure of grace, they can live out, day by day, the life described by the great apostle in this same chapter of Ephesians, walking "worthy of the vocation wherewith ye were called, with all lowliness and meekness, with



Geography Quiz

By GOLDIE CAVINESS

1. Where and what is Martha's Vineyard?
2. To what country does Baja California belong?
3. Yellowstone National Park is in what three States?
4. How long is the Panama Canal?
5. To whom does the island of St. Helena belong?
6. Kalamazoo is in Michigan; where is Timbuktu?

Key on page 23

longsuffering, forbearing one another in love, . . . till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

The text says that to "every one" is given this gift of grace, and that "all" will come up to the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." True, some have been given fewer talents than others, but through this gift of grace we may "grow up into him in all things."

"However small your talent, God has a place for it. That one talent, wisely used, will accomplish its appointed work. By faithfulness in little duties, we are to work on the plan of addition, and God will work for us on the plan of multiplication." We may not reach the full measure in one hour, or one day, or one month, for the continued effort each day is that which will contribute toward our goal.

We cannot measure our relation to God by some unit commonly thought of in taking measurements. We cannot use

microns or light-years; we cannot use milligrams or tons; we cannot use degrees, or pounds, or centimeters, or miles, or gallons, or ounces, or miles. We must use the same standard of measurement the Eternal Judge uses day by day, His own eternal law of love and service, as measured out for us by His Son.

As has been often repeated, it is much easier to die for Christ than to live for Him. With Paul, we must recognize that "for me to live is Christ," and the work of coming up to the measure is to serve day by day. With the passing of years we may or may not have reached some coveted height, measuring our physical growth with marks on the door casing, but with Paul, we must say, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

MV Youth in Action

From page 11

come the example of this elderly district leader and hope that our African Master Guides will be true leaders, who will hold aloft the torch of truth for their boys and girls, doing their work thoroughly and courageously.

The first South African youth congress is over. Reluctantly hundreds have turned toward home feeling, as one society leader expressed it, that it was wonderful to be at congress, where God was.

For many months P. H. Coetzee, South African Union Conference MV department secretary, had planned for this great weekend. As we stood in his office, tired and worn, our one hope and aim was that "Africa for Christ" should not merely be painted across the map of Africa as it was on our banner, but also inscribed in the hearts of all Africa's MV's.

Skating on Sunday

From page 18

Then John and his wife read and re-read those tracts. The more they read and studied, the more they were convinced that the seventh day on the calendar was the Sabbath day of the Bible.

Carrie was so thrilled over the newly discovered truth that she shared the good news with her friends at the next club meeting. But her enthusiasm was somewhat wilted when she arrived at home in time to prepare supper for John.

While John was washing up at the sink, Carrie said, "If my sister Louise were here, I'd just wring her neck for sending us those tracts!"

"Why, Carrie—I don't understand. I

thought you felt the same way I do about what we have read in them. What is wrong?"

"Oh, I know the tracts are right, and we should follow them. But if Louise had not sent them, we would not have known. I felt the same way you do until I talked with the women at the club. At first they laughed at me, and then when they found I was serious, they pitied me because I had ever given it serious thought. John, if you had heard what they said about a certain insignificant sect who keep Saturday for Sunday and have a lot of other foolish ideas—well, perhaps you too would think a little more about it before deciding, even though we have proved from the Bible that it is right."

"But Carrie—we had planned to start

keeping the Sabbath together," began John, pulling out a chair and seating himself at the table.

"No, I just can't do it now," said Carrie, placing the steaming bowls of food on the table. "I can't now, after what the women at the club said. They are all quite well informed, and I rely on their good judgment."

"But we can also rely on the Bible," said John huskily.

"Oh, if Louise had not sent us those tracts!" said Carrie as she seated herself at the table.

John ate his supper in silence. He was hungry, but his food did not have its usual appeal. His heart was too heavy. How happy he had been when they had decided to keep the next Sabbath together.

But now the women of the club had influenced Carrie against it. John knew in his heart that in spite of this, *he* must go on to follow the Lord in keeping the seventh-day Sabbath, even if he must do so without Carrie.

It was haying time. The busy season was here, and John worked early and late to get the hay put up while the weather was favorable. There was not much time for reading now. When John came in from the field he was too tired to concentrate on reading, but he did a lot of thinking while he was out working.

Then came a welcome letter from John's brother Arthur saying he was coming to spend a day to help him put up hay. "I'll be there so we can get started early Saturday morning," Arthur wrote in his letter. Suddenly John's heart seemed to miss a beat. "Saturday morning." He read it over again. Even though he needed the help so badly, he knew that he must stand for the right, even if it meant he would have to put up the hay alone.

Carrie thought it all foolishness to turn down a perfectly good offer of assistance when the hay was ready and the weather might change, but John was firm. He would "remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." Even while he labored in the hot sun alone, John had a song in his heart, knowing that he was doing God's will. He would rather have that joy and peace in his heart, even though he must work alone.

During that summer John learned of some religious meetings that were being held in a park in a nearby town. As often as he could, John attended these meetings, and listened with an open heart and mind as Pastor Miller presented the wonderful truths found in God's Holy Word. At the end of the meetings a baptism was held, and John Wills was one of the candidates.

With a light heart he returned to the little farm, happy that he had taken this important step. His only regret was that Carrie had not taken that step with him. If only she had joined him, his joy would have been complete.

When John arrived home he had to face a strange situation. During his absence one of his wife's sisters had come with a truck and had taken Carrie, the sewing machine, and other articles of furniture, and had gone to the city, leaving John alone with his new-found faith, his Bible, and his God.

Thinking this sudden impulse would not be lasting, John went to the city to plead with Carrie to forget all this foolishness and come back home. Her relatives endeavored to influence Carrie against John and his religion. But finally she decided to come home, for, after all, they had been happy together. Perhaps they could still be happy, in spite of the fact that John had become a Seventh-day Adventist.

Carrie had to admit to herself that there had been a change in John. He was so



NATURE TRAILS

Ross's Goose

By E. LAURENCE PALMER

IN WINTER in the valleys of central California one may still see good-sized flocks of small, snow-white geese. The Ross's goose is about one-half the weight of the lesser snow goose, and it is often found in flocks of its larger relatives.

The Ross's goose is snow-white except for black primary wing feathers, the four outermost of which are margined. The bill is red or pale purple with a black edge, and the upper bill is warty or wrinkled near the base, a characteristic not to be found in the larger snow goose. This warty bill gives the bird such common names as "little wavy," "horned wavy," and "scabby-nosed wavy." It is probably the smallest of North American geese, being about the size of a mallard.

Ross's goose is named after B. R. Ross, who in 1861 was chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and had been a correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution. He sent the specimens from Great Slave Lake.

It was not until 1935 that serious efforts were made to discover the nesting ground of this goose, and not until the last day of June, 1940, when the actual breeding ground was discovered. The first breeding birds were discovered on a lake that is a tributary of the Perry River about fifty miles north of the Arctic Circle.

The nest is built on the ground and has an over-all diameter of about one foot. The eggs are laid in a cavity about two and one-

half inches deep and five inches across, completely surrounded with a downy rim. The normal number of eggs is four, but the number may vary from two to six. The eggs are approximately two and three-fourths inches long and nearly two inches thick.

Probably the members of the species all nest in a relatively small area, but the individual nests are usually at least from three to thirty feet away from each other. The eggs are creamy white. This fowl was one of the last of the North American birds to have kept its breeding ground a secret.

In the days of market shooting in California great numbers of these choice-fleshed geese were shot. The size of the flocks used to be enormous, some including as many as several thousand birds. Although the species is now protected by law, there are probably less than 5,000 left at the present time.—National Wildlife Federation.



NATIONAL WILDLIFE FEDERATION PHOTO

happy—always singing at his work. He was never cross, he never lost his temper, but was patient, considerate, and cheerful. Maybe they could be happy together, after all, in spite of their difference in religion.

Everything went along smoothly for about a year. It was nearing camp meeting time, and John was making plans to attend the meetings. It would be a wonderful experience to meet with a group of God's people on the campgrounds. But about that same time Carrie's relatives came for a visit and, as before, there was arguing and bitter criticism. Many harsh words were spoken.

One evening John felt he could stand the false accusations no longer. So to avoid losing his temper and saying back to them words that he might later regret, he silently went out to the barn to spend the night in the haymow, where he could lie on the fragrant new hay and watch the stars through the large hay door and where he could pray to the loving Father in heaven, who understands.

There was much confusion in the house after he left. John could tell there was something about to happen. He could hear the relatives helping Carrie take things out to the car, and then, as they drove away, he heard disrespectful things said that were certainly meant for his ears.

John remained in the haymow that night. He prayed for grace to carry on alone without his wife, for he knew that this time she would not return.

John made arrangements for someone to care for the farm while he went to attend camp meeting. And what a wonderful camp meeting that was! The Spirit of God seemed very near to John as the love of his brethren was made manifest in this his time of trouble. His fellow believers were very kind to him. Through them he learned of an Adventist family who wanted a place to live and work. So John made arrangements for them to come to his farm to help him, to keep house for him, and in turn, he would make a home for them.

It was not long until John learned the sad news that his wife, Carrie, had passed away. Poor Carrie! John often wondered whether she had made her peace with the Lord before the end came.

The little family stayed on the farm with John for about a year. Then Jim Hanson came to make his home with John, to help him with the farmwork and keep him company.

Jim was a good man, a devout Christian, and they had many good talks together about the goodness of the Lord. They sang the gospel songs together, and, whenever possible, they attended church and Sabbath school and other meetings of worship. For eight years John and Jim worked the farm together. Then they decided they needed a change, and moved into town to live in a home for elderly people. Here they could have church privileges and be among their friends. They

found the fellowship of the Adventist people very cheering and comforting, and a rest from farm work was also very welcome.

John has never regretted taking his stand for the Lord. Many times he has given his testimony to those who are interested. He told his story to one of the nurses in the nursing home in which he has found a haven of refuge in his declining years. To her he told this story of his experience, which began when he was but a young boy and went skating on Sunday.

Opportunity for a Lifetime

From page 19

Once he printed a half-million handbills for J. C. Penney. During these days the wages were low. The least Bob received was fifteen cents an hour, and he counted himself lucky to receive forty cents an hour.

During the summer, since he had no real home, he stayed at the academy and worked. The work was hard, but there was play mixed in too. At night, when work was over, away a group would go to some favorite swimming spot.

During this time he became acquainted with a brilliant Irish girl, Kathleen, who was musically talented. She was later to become his wife.

College days came, with many new experiences and friends. Kathleen now shared with him the trials and happinesses that were his. He toiled long days in the bookbindery and press, and came home tired each day. But his grades were good, and he was graduated with honors in the field of education. On he went to the university, and there he received his Master of Arts degree.

This is the story of how a boy, with very little of this world's goods, started out with courage at the bottom of the ladder and with success as his goal reached the top with flying colors.

At the end of my interview with this self-made man in his office in a State college, I asked him this question, "What would you say were your happiest days?" He leaned forward over his neat desk with a smile, as he said, "My academy days. During those days I was preparing for service, and they were the happiest. Now I have the opportunity to witness for Him."

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

GEOGRAPHY QUIZ

1. An island off the southeastern coast of Massachusetts.
2. Mexico.
3. Wyoming, Idaho, Montana.
4. 40.3 statute miles or 50.7 nautical miles.
5. Great Britain.
6. French West Africa.



"Hello! Judy,

will you go to MV meeting with us tonight? Yes, mommy and I both enjoy the programs now that they are taken from the MV KIT."

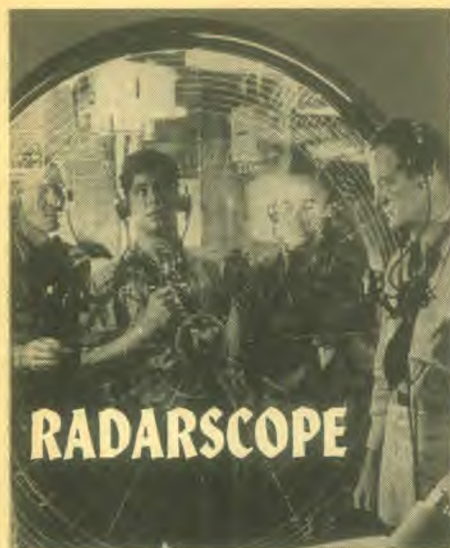


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► **ISTANBUL**, Turkey, is only 8 hours' flying time from Paris and 20 from New York. It is considered a major stop in flight schedules of 16 international airlines.

► An illustrated book describing the large stamp collection of the late King George VI sells for \$180 a copy. It is the most expensive piece of philatelic literature ever printed.

► **BIHAR** state has suffered the worst flood in modern Indian history. Of the 40 million persons who make their home in this state, 2 million became homeless. Crop damage has been estimated at \$120 million.

► The world's first "aluminum skyscraper" is going up in Pittsburgh. The 410-foot-tall, 30-floor building has the usual basic steel framework, but the outside and inside wall paneling, as well as the wiring and plumbing, are of aluminum.

► By figuring out the amount of gasoline consumed in the State of Connecticut, the safety commission has estimated that during the first 6 months of 1953 automobiles traveled 3.8 billion miles on Connecticut's highways. Yet the longest trip you can take in that State without doubling back is 128 miles from Greenwich in the southwest corner to Thompson in the northeast.

► The 300-foot-long frieze in the rotunda of the United States Capitol is finished. It portrays a panorama of American history from Columbus' landing to man's first powered flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Work was begun by Constantino Brumidi in 1877, reports the National Geographic Society. The technique used for the frieze entails laying a half-inch thickness of fresh wet plaster, upon which the artist paints with water-mixed pigments. As the plaster hardens, the fresco becomes lighter and more sparkling as the white lime and sand in the plaster shine through. It assumes a color and hardness not unlike marble, durable for centuries. The painting, done in successive sections, leaves irregular hairline cracks where the plaster meets. As has been done for centuries, these are filled in and touched up with a tempera paint made of cottage cheese, lime, and pigment. Once set, the odd substance holds like iron.

► **THERE** are five small observatories in the world, all on the same parallel of latitude—39 degrees, 8 minutes north. They operate nightly to plot the stars in an endeavor to keep track of the earth's ever-changing latitude. These observatories are located at Mizusawa on Honshu Island, Japan; Kitab, Turkistan; Carloforte, on San Pietro Island, off the southwestern coast of Sardinia; Gaithersburg, Maryland, U.S.A.; and Ukiah, California, U.S.A. By comparing notes on identical stars the astronomers who operate these observatories are able to plot such cycles as the Chandlerian period, a 14-month cycle, during which the axis of the earth at the North Pole may shift as much as 60 feet. Observations made are sent to the International Latitude Services central office near Turin, Italy. The results, published periodically, serve as a valuable guide to map makers all over the world.

► **DESPITE** claims made by dentifrice makers in recent months, no tooth paste or tooth powder has yet been found that will actually prevent tooth decay or gum disorders. According to a report given before the American Dental Association in Cleveland recently, the toothbrush, if properly used, still does more to keep the teeth and gums healthy than any medicine or chemical put into tooth pastes and powders, all the way from enzymes to penicillin.

► **WATER** pressure at great depths in the ocean is so great that few creatures can exist. At four miles down, for example, ocean water crushes with a weight of 640 times that of the atmosphere, or four and a half tons to the square inch, according to the National Geographic Society. Man can stand little more pressure under water than 65 pounds to the square inch.

► **DR. JOHN B. MACDONALD**, of the University of Toronto, reports that more than half of the population suffers from fever blisters or cold sores. This condition, termed scientifically herpes simplex, is caused by a virus. But there is no specific antibiotic treatment for it.

► **THE** first quadruple amputee of the Korean War has a son. The baby, Don Eugene Smith, was born at the Washington Sanitarium and Hospital in Takoma Park, Maryland.

► **ORDINARY** kinds of glass turn brown when exposed to intense gamma rays and so cannot be used in observers' windows at atomic energy installations.

► **ALTHOUGH** there are 7,000 psychiatrists in the United States, twice as many more are needed, it is estimated.

► **SHOULD** plans be carried out for a new cement plant that is proposed for Ecuador, it will become the largest industrial establishment in that country.

► **PARIS** has about one tree for every ten inhabitants. A recent count shows that more than 400,000 trees grow on the boulevards and avenues and in the parks of the French capital.

► **IN** 1927 only 8.1 per cent of Turkey's population could read and write. A year later a phonetic Latin alphabet was devised to replace the Arabic script that made writing and reading difficult. Since that time literacy has climbed until now it is 65 per cent.

► **A** TUNNEL cut through one of the mountains in Iran is carrying enough water to irrigate 50,000 acres in a dry valley where people have long had to buy their own food. The government hopes that the farmers will now be able to raise enough for their own needs and have some left to sell to other parts of the country.

► **IN** Charleston, Missouri, lives a dog named Gick. His home is on top of his master's house, and he reaches it by means of a ladder. From the room a plank leads out over a backyard lake, and the dog seems to enjoy the 30-foot dive into the water. But he shows signs of being somewhat human, because he will not dive unless there is someone around to applaud.

► **THE** teens are the healthiest years of life, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York. But of all the diseases that cause death in the teen-age period, cancer leads the list. Next come heart diseases, including rheumatic fever. The greatest threat to teen-age life, however, comes in deaths of violence, chiefly accidents. Other findings by the insurance company indicate that a high portion of teen-agers have poor teeth and defective vision, and many, particularly girls, show the effects of poor dietary habits.

► **RIGHT** on the heels of the announcement that color television would soon be available in the United States, word came from Brig. Gen. David Sarnoff, board chairman of the National Broadcasting Company and Radio Corporation of America, indicating that many television programs may eventually be made on tape recordings instead of film. This means that the electrical impulses that form the television picture will be recorded on a half-inch-wide tape, along with the sound, and can be played back through the television set over and over again. The process that has been developed will work for either color or black and white TV, and can be used in the home.

Focus

The job of living has so many distractions that the demand for psychiatric help is vastly greater than the supply. This is the direct result of our supercharged way of life.

After a day of difficult office work, in which only the mind is taxed, many try unsuccessfully to relax in a TV chair or a theater seat, when they ought to go to work in the garden. Others who labor all day should cultivate their minds instead of wanting to be entertained. "A well-balanced mind," warns the Spirit of prophecy, "is not usually obtained in the devotion of the physical powers to amusements."

The science of psychiatry claims to be greatly misunderstood, but if its correct principles were rightly applied, there would probably be no need of psychiatrists.

DON YOST.