

The
Youth's
INSTRUCTOR

JANUARY 19, 1954

**A Wagonload of Gold
Tumbleweed**

Bible Lesson for January 30

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T. K. MARTIN

Remember the Difference

As one newspaper columnist reported, "The Supreme Court Chamber was packed with spectators." It was true. Even the alcoves for the press were crowded to standing-room-only capacity. Outside the closed doors of the chamber several hundred hopeful visitors waited fruitlessly for a view of the historic ceremony.

Even as we waited for the moment that would mark the entry of the members of the court, conversation was hushed, restrained. A correspondent seated at my left posed the question, "Wonder what would happen if when Ike comes in someone would break out with applause?"

But there was silence in the chamber as President Eisenhower entered to witness the ceremony in which a new Chief Justice would take the oath of office. No applause greeted Earl Warren, the new Chief Justice. And none greeted Vice-President Nixon. There was no applause at any time.

It was an occasion marked with solemnity throughout. Flash bulbs, microphones, motion-picture and television cameras—all were absent. The same audience might have reacted differently to the same men had they been seen under different circumstances in other places. But this was the Supreme Court of the United States, most powerful tribunal in the nation.

It was a solemn reminder that though I may walk with Jesus daily in a friendly manner as becomes a younger brother, when I enter His sanctuary to worship, reverence only is appropriate. We need always to be mindful of the difference between the holy and the profane.

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

TRAVELERS When economic hardships of the depression of the '30s tore families apart, hundreds of teen-age boys took to the road. Hardened by life in the raw, they constituted a real law-enforcement problem. Beginning next week is the heart-warming story in three parts of how some of them were reclaimed. Watch for "Travelers Anonymous," by Evangeline H. Carr.

SYMBOLS It was the church school teacher and INSTRUCTOR contributor, Nellie M. Butler, who first encouraged Nathaniel Krum to study the symbols we call words. She did it by emphasizing the importance of prefixes and suffixes. Four years of work in the school press earned his way through Mount Vernon Academy, and another four years in the pressroom made studies possible at Washington Missionary College. Then followed eight years as factory superintendent of the Sentinel Publishing Company in South Africa, including two years as associate editor of the African *Signs of the Times*. Returning to the States in 1937, he became foreman of the pressroom and typeroom at Washington Missionary College Press, until 1946, when he joined the R&H as a compositor. Shortly thereafter he became proofroom supervisor, the post he now holds. His very first writing was done on a wall in his room at the age of eleven, inspired by boyhood troubles with an obstreperous horse. *Our Little Friend* published the piece, Two booklets of his have appeared, *Songs in the Night*, and *God Walks the Hills and Other Poems*, and his poetry has appeared in nearly one hundred periodicals and magazines. But Mr. Krum is not all one-sided. He is a trail overseer of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, and for fifteen consecutive years has been a member of the WMC A Cappella Choir. His "Wordcraft" will be a weekly feature.

COVER J. B. Guss photo. Even though January 19 is midwinter where this issue was produced, the editors are conscious of the fact that when the INSTRUCTOR begins circling the earth in its weekly visits, it always finds summer somewhere!

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.

How would you like your salary

to be paid with

A Wagonload of Gold

By CLARA M. STRIPLIN

LATE one afternoon, only a half hour before dismissal, I heard a knock on the schoolroom door. Upon opening it, I practically froze in my steps. It was the county school superintendent, and he wanted to visit our little church school!

Many things stampeded through my thinking, even while I was awkwardly inviting him to the one and only chair in the room, the one at my desk. It had been in November, the year before, that the chairman of the church school board had come to our home telling us of the recent ill-health of the teacher and asking whether I would go and hold things together until she was able to return. He knew I had just finished high school. He knew I wasn't prepared, but he, as well as the whole church, also knew that someday I hoped to be a teacher, and that perhaps I could handle the situation for a few days.

Only a few Seventh-day Adventists lived in our little paper-mill town. In fact, Sabbath school and church services were held in our home most of my young life. It was not until I was of high school age that the membership of the church had grown enough for a church to be built. That was when the school was launched.

Life had been a little drab for me in those days. My father was not an Adventist, and my mother had not seen the necessity of sending me away to a boarding academy. Class plays, dances, parties, and even debates and oratorical contests came on Friday night. However, Mother felt sorry for me when it came time to graduate, because this event, too, was scheduled for Friday night. She made an appointment with the city school superintendent, and to the consternation of many, graduation exercises were shifted for the first and last time to Thursday evening.

That summer my lifelong desire to become a teacher seemed beyond reach. How could I make my goal? The State teachers' college was in a different city, and I had no money to go to one of our Adventist colleges. All summer long no one appeared on the scene to solicit students for our college, so when September came, I was still in my dilemma. Finally Mother helped me in my decision to stay

at home a year. By the next year I would be a little older, and perhaps the financial problem would be a little easier to solve.

That November, however, I accepted temporarily the responsibility of the little home-town church school, determined to do my best. To my dismay, the regular teacher's health did not improve, and soon she succumbed to the effects of tuberculosis. This left me in full charge.

The following summer I attended summer school, and eagerly drank in the latest methods for teaching reading and Bible, for I felt particularly lacking in these areas. Now this school year found me teaching in the same church school, with only a little more preparation than I had had the year before.

Now the county school superintendent had come.



A. DEVANEY

My lifelong desire to become a teacher seemed beyond reach until one November I accepted temporarily the responsibility of the little home-town church school, determined to do the best I could.

I recalled that his wife and daughter were Adventists and attended our church whenever they could. The superintendent himself was not an Adventist, and made it very difficult for his family in their religious devotions. This I knew well, and in my confused mind I revolted at the thought of teaching in his presence, for I knew he was there to find fault, and plenty of it. Perhaps he could find reason enough to close the school. At any rate I was expecting the worst.

Upon bringing to completion the loose ends of an almost-finished recitation, I turned to him and said, "Mr. Calavin, we would love to hear from you. What do you have for us on this your first visit?" He seemed pleased that I had asked him to talk to the children.

When he finished, I dismissed the school. As soon as I returned to my desk, he said, "Miss Miller, how do your children get the power of reading?"

The power of reading! I had never heard that expression before. The power of reading! Not wishing to display my ignorance, I replied, "I will show you, Mr. Calavin, just how we teach our boys and girls to read."

Fortunately at summer school I had

taken methods in reading and had made many teaching helps, such as flash cards, phonetic cards, reading charts, and so forth. These I showed him, and also the readers that followed. When I had finished my explanation, the top of my desk and his lap were piled high with live teaching aids. He could not help expressing his surprise and satisfaction. As he laid the material from his lap to the desk, he said, "Miss Miller, come teach for us. I'll give you any school in the county. Just name it."

Truly it was a temptation, for I was receiving the whole sum of twenty-five dollars a month plus my board, which was my mother's donation to the fund. And then, too, although I was receiving this amount in theory, I never saw the actual cash. The church had not paid up in full from the year before, and this year conditions seemed to be much worse. At the end of the second month I had received again only a promise. Salaries were much better in the public school system, I knew, but I could not let him know I was even tempted.

"No, thank you, Mr. Calavin. I appreciate your fine offer," I told him. "But I really feel called to this work, and I must stay, for I am needed here."

Refusing this offer made me all the more confident that I had found my niche, church school teaching. Occasionally, however, when payday came and no money, I began to wonder whether I had made a mistake.

In a church board discussion on finances one evening, some dear member made a wild suggestion—and it was adopted. "Mrs. Miller lives in town. We are all farmers. She must buy all her produce. We must sell ours. So why not pay off Clara's salary in produce?"

Mrs. Miller was not consulted.

Neither was Clara.

Late one afternoon that fall the elder of the church himself drove up to the Miller residence with a wagonload of big yellow pumpkins.

"Well, Sister Miller," he explained. "Here is a load of pumpkins on Clara's bill."

"Pumpkins!" exclaimed mother. "Why, how many pumpkin pies do you think we eat at this house?"

"I don't know," he said, as he proceeded to explain the action of the church school board of a few nights before.

"Well, put them in the basement, I

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Fire

By CECILIA STANLEY DERRY

I HAD heard about cars burning. Our neighbors had lost their new one on a lonely Arizona highway because an extinguisher did not contain enough chemical to put out the brake fire. Everything they had was lost—luggage, clothing, and gifts for the family.

And once I had watched a car that turned into a roaring inferno on a city freeway and was reduced to a sizzling shell of blackened metal and twisted springs. But of course it would never happen to me!

But there it was—that faint glow on the pavement under my little Ford as I parked it one evening on the hillside near my home. Parking lights left on? No. I stooped to look underneath, and fear clutched me. There was a blaze flickering inside the hood! Frantically I snatched it open and was aghast to see flames a foot high roaring up from a "short" that had been caused by a loose connection on the horn. (I had meant to get that repaired!)

I was alone—no one to help—so I quickly stooped to the curbing strip, scratched up handfuls of dirt and gravel,

and threw them desperately and repeatedly on the spot. Finally the flame was reduced, so that I could smother it out with a cloth.

With hands trembling I searched the place with my flashlight to be sure the last spark was gone, then went for a neighbor man to check again, to be sure that everything was all right. Then shaken, but very thankful, I went into my house.

It did not matter that my freshly cleaned woolen suit was smudged or that my fingernails were jagged and broken from scratching up dirt or that my hands were blistered. The fire was out, my car was safe, and I was grateful to a kind Providence who had helped me when there was no one else near.

Would you believe that I was later tempted to deliberately start a huge fire? Not a harmless one either, but a fierce blaze that could do damage that could never be undone. It would bring raging destruction upon something far more valuable than an automobile—something I could never, never hope to replace. And strange, isn't it, that although I had

fought desperately to put out the fire that threatened my car, now I anticipated enjoying this one—adding bits of fuel now and then to feed the devastating flames?

Arson? No. Pyromania? No. *Just plain gossip!* And as the conflagration would roar higher and higher, I would feel no fear. I wouldn't fight. I wouldn't exhaust my strength digging for something to put it out, or risk soiling my clothing trying to smother it before it finished its dastardly work. No! This would be fun!

But afterward, when the harm is done, when the ashes of someone's mistake have been poked and turned until they are charred and cold, I keep hearing these words: "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. . . . The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

And I am ashamed that I had not feared the fiery tongue as I feared the devouring flames that threatened my car. And I resolve with God's help always to remember my burning car.

He had thought up to that moment, night and day, of the delights of returning to his home village. Now a fear struck his young heart.

SIBANDE

PART THREE

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS

THAT first Sabbath day little Sibande held a big golden papaya tightly in his arms when the boys carried him to the mud and grass church. Nobody laughed at his offering, for others had brought similar contributions, until a great heap of fruits and vegetables lay on the mud floor near the superintendent's chair. There were

stalks of sugar cane, little piles of beans, baskets of eggs buried in the fluffy down of *madea*, the husks of the grains of corn, pounded off in the native mortars.

The papaya sat grandly in the midst of these mundane offerings like a fat yellow king. Sibande was proud—and doubly so when Sanjuchi told him excitedly that "the azungu put in threepence

for your papaya, and that is a big offering. Even the old ones are glad if they can give a penny. You have helped very much this day."

Sibande sat up a little straighter and looked around him proudly. It felt just a little as if he belonged to these queer people.

"I'll tell you what," he boasted. "I will give even more next week. That is, if Mpanga comes with more things. Maybe I can give a whole big twist of the fine *fodia* my father keeps!"

"*Fodia!*" Sanjuchi gasped in dismay. "*Fodia!* Say, you boy, don't you *dare* to bring that tobacco on this mission! It is forbidden. No boy can stay here if he is 'eating' or smoking it. But to take it to church for an offering to the great Mululgu! O Sibande!"

So did Sibande learn the "ins and outs," and "ifs, buts, and whys" of the Christian religion. When his father's servants brought him some flesh of the wild pig and some black fish, the boys again warned him.

"O Sibande! Get them to take that dreadful meat away! If they catch you! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Only this, foolish one: rats, mice, black fish, and pig, such as we all ate freely before we came here, are not allowed on this mission. Maybe that is why you are a sick boy. Maybe that is why your leg is so slow to heal."

And so it was that Sibande began to see other things, things he had never thought to question before. Now he too began to wonder whether some of these things might not be true.

And because of this, he refused to eat the *myama* (meat) that his old father had sent him. So the carriers wonderingly carried it off to the bush and cooked it for their own lusty appetites. But they were vastly puzzled.

What was wrong with the little black Pigeon? Was he beginning again that awful illness? They must speak to the old one about this nonsense of not eating this and that and the other thing. Something must be done.

The huge ulcer had been neglected so long and was so deep and horrible that it took a long, long time even to get it started on the road toward healing. The weeks, with the lovely African moon luring them on, formed themselves into companies of months; and these months, dry ones, wet ones, and ones filled with pain and necessary treatment glided on. Nearly two bright years had slid by before the frightful sore was healed.

A great jagged, puckering scar ran zigzag up his little leg. The limb



COWING, FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Life at the mission station had been so different from that of his village. He felt that he could never go back with satisfaction to the heathen life he had known just a little while before.

would always be crooked as a reminder. But he fared far better than some of his fellows. Many had died of such an affliction, and others had had to have legs removed, if they were near to a doctor who could do this. Then, all their lives they had to depend on a pole to dig into the soil to help them get places. It was very hard. Even though his leg was ugly and crooked, Sibande was very glad, for a malformed, scarred leg was better than no leg at all.

On the last day of his second school year Sibande was allowed to march with the other boys. He had passed Class II now, and he was able to read and write and do sums. He would be *wodziwika* (a well-known one) in his village when he returned for a visit. That is what he thought of his home trip, for he surely wanted to continue this business of going to school. It was too wonderful to stop!

That evening the carriers came to take him to his home.

"We have come to get the little Rooster, the Pigeon," they announced. "The Mfumu Malipanga and his Nkosikazi grieve because many moons have come and gone since they have gazed upon their little one."

Sibande had thought up to that moment, night and day, of the delights of returning to his home village. Now a fear struck his young heart that something might occur to hinder his returning to the mission. If that would be so, he would rather never go at all!

The mission looked so clean, so lovely, and so homelike. Even now he could not help contrasting the scraggle, the litter, and the utter unloveliness of home with this little Eden built in the wilderness.

"But, Mpanga, I want to come back here, I do, if I go," he cried. "I want to go into the next class with the other boys, and I want to live with them in their compound! They say it is wonderful fun. I've lived in the clinic. I don't know!"

Mpanga, one of his father's trusted carriers, looked at the boy with pride and indulgence.

"O little Rooster," he laughed, "you will have to forget this. There is good beer brewing in your village to honor your coming. Your leg is well. Rejoice. Perhaps you can even dance a little if you are careful. The old chief, your father, has killed two fat pigs, and your mother has had boys out catching mice in the tall grass. She remembers how you like them roasted."

Sibande looked at the big, half-naked emissaries in mute desperation. Now, after many months of a different kind of life, he could never go back with satisfaction to the heathen life as he had known it before. Now he wanted cleaner clothes and a cleaner bed. He had eaten good vegetables, and had not tasted *fodia* or drunk beer in all this time. Now he had not the stomach for pig or rats or mice or the black fish.

Soon his schoolboy friends were all gathered about the machila to bid him good-by.

"Come back, you Sibande! We will look for you when the school opens."

"Yes, I am sure I will come," he had cried joyously. "I must come. I want to come!"

The missionary came up then to bid his little patient good-by.

"Sibande, you must come back early," he warned, "for if the whole compound is full, we will have to turn you away. Last year ninety boys came with their fees and had to be disappointed, because our compound is not very big."

"I will come, sir! I will come!" cried the lad joyously.

Then the machila moved away, swaying from the pole carried on the muscular shoulders of the big carriers. The little Pigeon had been ill too long to be allowed to walk or run such a long distance over hill and valley and river.

Sibande went to sleep soon, lulled by the steady swaying, swaying of the machila. He was clean and well and strong and very, very happy. Down by his feet lay his little blue primer that he would read to his mother when he got home. "*Moyo wa Kristu*" (Life of Christ). Why, that way dear Amai would hear the good news of the life of the Saviour. Perhaps she too would believe.

He slept a long time. They stopped to eat in the shade of a few trees when the sun rode high. He ate a little stiff porridge, but he could not eat the heathen meats. Someone gave him a few bananas then, so he made out very well indeed.

At long last they reached Sibande's father's village. The old chief, Malipanga, was there waiting to greet the little Pigeon, the little Rooster. Back of him stood Amai, thin, shy, but tremulous with joy. Her face was quivering with delight.

When the machila was set down, and

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A Twilight Picture

By Iva A. Brando

I was sitting alone in the twilight
At the close of a busy day,
And saw how the Master Artist
Was painting in colors gay
A wonderful, glorious picture
That filled my soul with awe
And made me think of the heavenly home
No mortal ever saw.

"Paint me, O wonderful Artist,"
I cried, as the western skies
Flamed high with the gorgeous colors
Of a marvelous Paradise—
"Paint me the face of an angel,
A pure and a holy one."
And lo! there came forth the Archangel,
God's only beloved Son.

"Paint me the face of a sinner."
The shadows darkened then,
And I felt that the Artist was weeping
As He took up His brush again,
And His magical outlines faltered
As the colors again He plied,
And I saw my own face in the shadows,
The sinner for whom Christ died.

I asked for no other picture,
But a glorious cloud flamed high
With a glow that surpassed all others
In the field of the western sky,
And I saw Christ reach to the sinner
And lift him from depths of woe
To the glories of life eternal,
To the splendor we all may know.

The KARS of GUADALUPE

By WILLIAM MOORE



WORD had just reached the townspeople that the Czar had granted them permission to migrate to the New World. It was 1905. Three men were quickly dispatched to find a suitable place for the town's

two hundred people.

The envoys learned of a firm in Los Angeles that owned a large tract of land

[“The close similarity between ‘The Kars of Guadalupe’ and the ancient Hebrews” inspired the author to prepare this interesting side line of history. With an ambition to become a medical doctor, Mr. Moore found time in his senior year at San Diego Union academy to broaden his interests through several extracurricular activities. Some of these were secretary of the youth’s Sabbath school, speaker at two youth efforts, president of Teachers of Tomorrow, and editor in chief of the school annual. School expenses were partially earned in such varied ways as painting houses, chauffeuring, doing part-time gardening, and working as clerk and delivery boy for a drugstore.]

called Guadalupe Valley, in Baja California, that long strip of land hanging from California and belonging to Old Mexico. Word was quickly sent to the old country that a perfect spot had been found. The three men were then instructed to go ahead and purchase the land. So, in a year’s time, a whole town in Old Russia, just eighty miles from Mount Ararat, was moved—lock, stock, and barrel—to Guadalupe, sixty miles south of the United States-Mexican border.

Why had these people moved from the land of their fathers to a strange new world? It was to answer this question that a friend and I headed our truck toward Guadalupe on a cold morning in December, 1952.

Guadalupe is not at all hard to find if you first consult a map. A little dirt “road” runs inland from the coast highway, fifteen miles north of Ensenada. One must have an open mind, however, to call this

a road, but for lack of a more fitting name, road will do. I was nearly exhausted after fighting with the wheel for fifteen of the most jolting, pitching, bruising miles I have ever driven.

Nevertheless, we were fascinated by the grandeur of the scenery about us. Several miles in the distance rocky peaks rose in majestic silence, and toward the west the sun made the azure waters of the Pacific sparkle like a blue-fire diamond.

As we reached the ridge of the low mountain range, we saw off in the hazy distance a cluster of humble dwellings in a setting of greens, reds, blues, and yellows.

We descended into the valley, crossed a stream, and made our way to this sequestered spot. On either side of the road were marked signs of prosperity. Large orange groves, vineyards, and grainfields were intermingled with pasturelands and patches ablaze with wild flowers.

We learned that these people use no motorized machinery. All the cultivating, planting, irrigating, and harvesting is done by hand or by horse. They market their produce—cheese, oranges, grapes, lemons, wool, wheat, corn, and vegetables, in the seacoast town of Ensenada, laboriously hauling it in wagons over the road I had just traversed.

With the little money they receive for their agrarian efforts, they buy only the barest necessities of the outside world at the general merchandise store in the heart of town.

Guadalupe has one tree-shaded main street about two and a half miles long, with quaint little homes on either side. Each home has a large yard, a vegetable and flower garden, and numerous small buildings besides the main living quarters. During the summer months the people do their cooking outside in huge adobe ovens. Every yard has a bathhouse with thick, adobe walls and a fireplace under the floor. When someone takes a bath, water is poured into vats in the bathhouse, a fire is built under the floor, and the bather steams himself to his heart’s content. This type of bathing has long been common among the Finns and Russians.

The interiors of their thatched-roof cottages are spotlessly clean. The simple and plain furnishings are usually manufactured right in the community.

The people, six days a week, wear homemade work clothes much the same as our store-bought clothes; but on Sunday the menfolk put on clean shirts and overalls, and the women don a most colorful and unique costume. It consists of a

bonnet, usually white; a lacy, embroidered blouse; four or five stiffly starched skirts of solid colors, which fall just below the knee; white stockings of wool or cotton; and soft leather shoes. The style of this costume goes back hundreds of years.

As we walked up the street we saw that some of the houses were deserted. We were told that many of the new generation are going to the large cities in order to get rich. There are about one hundred of the colonists at the present time.

We crossed town to the little old schoolhouse to have an interview with the teacher, a Mexican woman with a degree from the University of Mexico. The school, she told us, is run for the Russians by the Mexican Government. In the four grades there are thirty-four children, to whom she teaches reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and the Spanish language. They learn Russian and sometimes Turkish at home, and Spanish and some English at school.

From the school we could see a new building set in a clump of trees a little way off. It is the meetinghouse. Sunday morning the Kars lay aside their labors and go to church. They are not of the Russian Orthodox faith; instead, they have their own religion, the Molokan Church, based, they believe, solely on the Bible. For many of these people the Bible is the only book ever read. After church they hold a town meeting in the same building. Here, problems of the community are discussed, and decisions reached. Here judgment and punishment are meted out to those who have transgressed the law. Robbery and adultery are punishable by banishment from the colony. Swearing, drinking, and smoking are strictly prohibited. Once a year "Justice Day" is observed, when all those who have broken the laws are forgiven and accorded a fresh start.

I was astonished at the resemblance of their lives and customs to those of the Israelites. I asked questions as to the origins of these ancient traditions. No one seemed to know. All they knew was that they have been observed from time immemorial.

A few days later I was reading from Uriah Smith's *Daniel and the Revelation*. On page 639 he quotes from *The Voice of the Church*, by D. T. Taylor, written in the nineteenth century: "The Molokaners [Kars], a large body of Dissenters from the Russian Greek Church, residing on the shores of the Baltic—a very pious people, of whom it is said, 'Taking the Bible alone for their creed, the norm of their faith is simply the Holy Scriptures'—are characterized by the 'expectation of Christ's immediate and visible reign upon earth.'"

But to go back to Guadalupe: I started a very limited conversation with a bearded old patriarch. I found he could speak Russian and Spanish fluently, and knew a few words of English. I asked why his people had come to this side of the world to live. He said, "We are a peace-loving people. We love peace and freedom as much as life itself. All we want is to live the way we have for centuries, and be left alone. In the old country we could not do this; so we left. That is why we are here."

Living close to nature, observing the law of God to the best of their knowledge, these people very well possess a way of life that many of us might envy.

It was twilight, and I stood alone on a hill above the schoolhouse. I took a deep breath of fresh air. My brain was seething with activity. What could I do for these people? Their religion is based solely on the Bible, they say. Where along the way have they lost the Sabbath? Are they still, now, looking for the soon return of Jesus? I walked down the hill without an answer. How inviting it would be to carry the full gospel message to a people so free from the common vices of civilization! Someday, when I have the answer, I'm going back.



Teen-age Diary

By JOAN

Dear Diary,

January is a quiet month, when the earth sleeps. Nature study at this time of year, however, can be as interesting as it is in spring.

Below our dormitory window the campus lies under a blanket of snow. It will not last more than several hours, perhaps, but there will be no use having classes, because it is unusual to have this much snow here. There isn't anything I enjoy more than snow sports, especially here where it is not too cold and where the snow is soft and flaky without the slush.

Our biology class has a standing order to report for class in hiking clothes if and when it snows. We plan to hike through Deer Park and out to the old picnic grounds.

At home in the Sierras we often find mountain lion tracks, bear and smaller animal trails in the snow. One morning when I went to school I saw huge lion tracks across the path, and though I was not afraid at the time, I felt frightened on my way home and decided to ride with the neighbors in their sleigh.

However, their home was across the canyon from ours. This meant that I had to wade through some deep snow on the hillside. My boots were soon packed solid with snow, and after about a half hour I found that I could no longer break trail. I could go neither backward nor forward. Finally I stopped the struggle and decided to pray. As I did so the fog settled around me, blotting out the landscape.

After praying I no longer felt frightened, but stood waiting. Soon I saw father coming over the hill with his water bucket, on the way to the spring. Walking up to me, he smiled. "When you didn't come home I couldn't imagine where you were. Mother and I began to get frightened. We decided to pray, and I felt impressed to come down this way—though it is actually the opposite of the direction from which you would naturally come."

He put his big gloves over my hands, and told me to keep moving and go on home. He had broken the trail for me, and now it was easy.

That's the way it is with our heavenly Father too. He breaks trail for us through the trials of life, and the rough trail becomes smooth.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Are you ready for Jesus to come?

Are you faithful in all that

YOU DO

By J. M. HNATYSHYN

THE full scope of Missionary Volunteer activities was condensed into four days for youth of the South African Union who attended the third South African Union Youth Congress in Bloemfontein. Traveling by car, train, and airplane, more than one thousand young people converged on the capital of the Orange Free State, some coming as far as two thousand five hundred miles.

Featured visitors were L. K. Dickson, vice-president of the General Conference; H. M. S. Richards, of the Voice of Prophecy; R. S. Watts, president of the Southern African Division; and W. Duncan Eva, president of the union. Their messages were woven around the theme of the congress, "Are You Ready?"

This theme chorus for the occasion was taught us by Harold R. Turner and his wife:

"Are you ready for Jesus to come?"

"Are you faithful in all that you do?"

Under the leadership of the South African Union MV secretary, P. H. Coetzee, and the conference MV secretaries, J. M. Coetzee and G. E. Garne, together with

the faithful, loyal Missionary Volunteers who helped, excellent arrangements for general meetings and workshop displays were made in the spacious and attractive halls of Bloemfontein's show grounds.

Pastor Eva had the opening meeting. His text was John 14:1-3, "I will come again." Said the speaker, "His promises of mansions for us are certain, but before we can realize those mansions, we must be ready."

Sabbath morning at seven o'clock all the youth gathered in the hall for their morning manna. The speaker, R. S. Watts, commended the youth because of their questing spirit, their seeking spirit. The Lord said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

During the eleven o'clock service, H. M. S. Richards spoke on the topic "Now." He told us that "not such a thing as yesterday exists, it is gone; tomorrow may never come." He directed our attention to several texts: "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." When the altar call was

made the youth responded wholeheartedly. There were none who held back, for now was their time to decide to be ready for His service and His coming.

In the afternoon L. K. Dickson led us in another very timely study. He said, "We are in the closing hour of this great march of youth."

After the close of the Sabbath there was a rush for the front seats in the auditorium for the temperance speech contest. The three finalists, winners of local and regional contests, represented the best speakers among South African Adventist youth. Now the time had come to see who would receive the floating trophy.

Before the three gave their speeches several short talks on temperance were given by B. L. Hassenpflug, chairman of the program; Sid. Smuts, secretary of the South African Temperance Alliance, and H. M. S. Richards. There were a number of striking jingles given by some of the Junior youth, and several fine posters were exhibited. Dr. C. P. Bringle, Southern African Division temperance secretary, and Mrs. C. F. Clarke, editor of *Think*, did a fine job with their committees in preparing this program.

The judges were Mrs. Alice van Zyl, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, from the Province of Natal; Sid. Smuts, Southern African Temperance Association secretary, from Cape Town; L. K. Dickson, member of the Board of the International Temperance Association, Washington, D.C.; A. G. Long, chairman of the Southern African Temperance Association, from Cape Town; and Mrs. H. M. S. Richards, from California.

The oratorical speeches were convincing. There was a tense moment as Pastor Hassenpflug stepped forward to make awards to the winners for their essays, jingles, and posters. Then came the word that Mr. Swanepoel, a student of Helderberg College, had won first prize in the



PHOTOS, J. H. SMUTS

Left: A. W. Staples, president of the Cape Conference, and his son, Evangelist R. Staples, receive Master Guide pins from the author and his wife. Right: R. S. Watts, Southern African Division president, hands the floating trophy to the winner of the Temperance Speech Contest, Mr. Swanepoel, a student of Helderberg College. These were only two of the interesting events of the third South African Youth Congress.

speech contest; Mr. Rautenbach, of Durban, second; and Miss Ruby Lehnberg, of Cape Town, third. The floating trophy was presented by Mrs. Alice van Zyl, and Pastor Watts congratulated the winners.

P. H. Coetzee surprised the previous winners of the floating trophy (1949 and 1951) by presenting Mrs. Rita Tapper and Mr. Johan Newman with small replicas of the original floating trophy.

Sunday afternoon Pastor Richards took us on a trip to the Holy Land. He told us what was happening there today. His remarks gave our youth greater confidence in the Word of God and the prophecies of the Good Book.

The last talk to the youth by Pastor Richards was on power. Let us not be "ashamed of the gospel: . . . it is the power . . . unto salvation." If there is anything in the world that you really need, Christ will give it to you, he said. Nothing is too hard for Him. We have everything on our side; we need only to believe and have greater faith in Him.

The sermons day by day laid a good foundation for all of us who attended the congress. But the congress did not consist only in listening to sermons. There were many other features. The workshops were under the chairmanship of G. S. Stevenson. There was the literature workshop under the direction of Frank Unger, division publishing secretary; public evangelism and welfare workshop under the chairmanship of G. E. Garne; and the temperance workshop under the chairmanship of Dr. Bringle and Mrs. Clarke. The educational department of the South Af-



J. H. SMUTS

The Good News Quartet sang at the Bloemfontein Youth Congress and later accompanied H. M. S. Richards, speaker for the Voice of Prophecy, as he visited various cities of the South African Union.

rican Union, under the leadership of J. B. Cooks, gave a very interesting program one afternoon.

The hobby display room, the temperance, Sabbath school, and Helderberg College stalls were always crowded during the intervals. In the hobby room there were several very extraordinary exhibits—large oil paintings valued at hundreds of pounds each, the African lore display by Pastors Buckley and Schultz, and stamp collections, one or two of which were especially valuable. One young woman collects safety razor blade covers from all over the world. She had hundreds of them, and what an array of colors! There

were also exhibits of needlework and coins. The total value of the display was estimated at £2,000 (\$5,600).

The investiture program was unique at this congress. The largest group of Master Guides ever to be invested at one time in South Africa numbered sixty-five.

A presentation arranged and prepared by Pastor and Mrs. G. E. Garne and Mrs. D. B. Kitney entitled "The Making of Mervin" was given. The objective was to illustrate how many interrelated forces and unconscious influences operate in making and molding a young life for God.

The different scenes showed Mervin's life and training. Scene 1 as a baby, scene 2 in Sabbath school, scene 3 in JMV meeting, scene 4 at Junior MV camp, scene 5 in MV youth work, and scene 6 Mervin making his decision.

On the last day of the congress the medical cadets of Helderberg College and the Stellas (the girls' club of Helderberg College) gave a display. A number of the officials of the Saint John Ambulance organization from the city of Bloemfontein came out to observe. There was a real surprise to all when an airplane came and dropped a "bomb." Members of the Medical Cadet Corps demonstrated their ability to care for those in need of help.

The music of the congress contributed a glorious inspiration and a spiritual conviction. The Helderberg Boys' Glee Club, the Girls' Glee, and the Regnier sisters with their duets were a real inspiration. Then there were the Durban Advent Herald Choir, the Sedaven Choir, and the Voice of Prophecy Ladies Quartet that all added to the worship. The Good News Quartet from Cape Town was outstanding, and fitted in nicely with H. M. S. Richards' program. Pastor Richards later visited various cities of the South African Union, and this quartet accompanied him on his tour.

The results of the congress have already begun to come to the union office. On the

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Straight Talk

A NEW INTEREST FOR LIQUOR INTERESTS

There is a growing business in the Union of South Africa, according to *Think*, which has the possibilities of becoming a number one money-maker if the right company could take it over—the production and distribution of dagga. Already over £2,000 is being spent daily on the purchase of the product.

The striking similarities between dagga and liquor would suggest that the logical industry to take it over would be the liquor trade.

A comparison of the two shows that both liquor and dagga—

1. Are habit forming.
2. Contain a poison.
3. Affect human behavior.
4. Give a so-called lift when used in moderation.
5. Often result in violent acts when "abused."

Since dagga and liquor have so many characteristics in common, and since liquor advertisements are already adroitly planned to camouflage the undesirable qualities and cleverly ignore the fact that patrons gain no advantages through the use of the products, it would be easy for the liquor trade to include the new product into its advertising program without any appreciable change.

In other words, the same advertisements could be used by merely making a few simple substitutions, thus:

- "There's no use speaking—smoke it"
- "Next time you have a smoke—have a reefer"
- "South Africa's pride—everyone's choice!"
- "Don't be a quagga—ask for dagga"
- "Primero brand dagga is the result of years of cultivation in South Africa's most fertile valleys. Supremely blended to please the most fastidious tastes. Its mellow, gratifying flavor will delight you."

A CALL IN THE NIGHT

By MILDRED THORMAN

THE ringing of the telephone awakened me.

"Is this Mrs. Black?" a man's voice asked when I had answered that persistent ringing.

"Yes," I answered, with no premonition of the trouble that should come upon me as a result of that night's call.

"Do you have a brother by the name of James Manville?" the voice continued. A feeling of suspense and fear came over me as the face of my younger brother came up before me. My loved but wayward brother. I had not heard from him for three years. The last I knew he had been in South America, working for the government. Successful as far as the world goes, but having left the truth, he had drifted far from God and the church of his youth. Why this call in the night? Why should a strange voice ask me about my brother? Choking back my fear, I asked who was speaking.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Black, I am Sergeant Blain from the police department. We have a young man here whom we have identified through a telegram as your brother."

With fear clutching at my heart I asked, "What do you mean, identified? Is he—dead?"

"No," the sergeant answered, rather hesitatingly, "he is—well—just not himself, and we are taking him to the State hospital." Then he told me I might call there in about a week to see him. Why had he said in "about a week" that I might see him?

When I had hung up I sat thinking—sleep was far from me now. In startling clearness arose many pictures of Jimmie. How well I remembered the day he was born. I was eleven at the time. How proud I was when the nurse let me hold in my arms that tiny bundle of life. I remembered how I had prayed for that baby brother; somehow he had seemed my responsibility. My mother was not

well, and much of his care had fallen upon my shoulders.

As a baby Jimmie had been more venturesome than most babies. I remembered the time when he was two years old and had run away, and how he finally was brought home after dark by a friendly policeman. After the frantic searching and the fear, what a relief we had felt to see his sweet little grimy face—all smiles. I thought too of the time I proudly held him up, a beautiful, curly-headed baby of sixteen months, to see a parade, and how he had swayed to the rhythm of the music, keeping time with his baby hands. We all felt that this child was to be a musician, that he might even become famous.

When he grew a little older he showed an intense love for nature, and for animals. When he was only twelve he would walk several miles out into the country to help

a farmer do his chores, because he loved the farm animals. His restless spirit wanted something more than the small town offered. He did not care for the usual boys' sports: ball, kites, and marbles. Always he seemed reaching out for something beyond.

The small Midwestern town where we lived had little to offer to one who loved mountains, rushing streams, the animals of the forest. With our parents we had but recently moved to this town on the prairies. We were homesick for the mountains we loved so well.

I shared this love of nature with Jimmie, and often we would talk of the many happy times we had known. We would recall the trails through the forest, the springtime when we'd gather the spring beauties, Johnny-jump-ups, and all the lovely flowers. Then there were the long,

lazy days of summer, when Jimmie would spend happy hours wading in the clear little stream that ran near our home. He always said the wind through the trees called to him, the animals talked to him.

Sometimes our practical mother would scold him because his stories were so fantastic. She thought he was not truthful. She did not understand that his stories were real to him. Oh, that he might have been allowed to grow up among the mountains, amid the grandeur and beauties of God's great outdoors! How different his life might have been! Often we talked of God's love, and how He cares for all of His creatures, from the tiny firefly we had loved to watch on the hot summer evenings even to us.

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A. F. PURCELL

I had plenty of time to consider what had brought my brother to his present condition, as I sat alone in the darkness, unable to believe what the police sergeant had just told me.



*Before the first shafts of sunlight had crept
along the desert, Slim was loping along steadily at a
pace he hoped his horse could hold without much rest.*



TUMBLEWEED

By INEZ STORIE CARR

BILL slipped out of the saddle, snatched the ten-gallon hat from his head, and hurled it at the ground with such force that swirls of dust spiraled into the air. The hot desert wind tumbled his hair in all directions. Eagle, Bill's favorite mount, stood with his head thrown high, nostrils wide, and front feet planted.

There was no mistaking—Bill's Scotch-Irish blood was boiling. Three times he had cut out and driven the outlaw almost to the gates of the corral, only to have him gallop back in the direction of the herd and on into the timber along the branch. Some would have thrown hat and gloves on the ranch-house porch and mopped their brow in the shade. Not so Bill. The more difficult the task, the more determined he became. Back into the saddle he climbed, to surprise a certain young steer with heaving sides, hiding in the bush a mile away. Some time later they both returned—the steer with a change of heart—Bill sitting straight as an Indian on his mount.

"Did you get him, Bill," stated rather than asked, a long, slim cowboy leaning easily against a porch upright of the bunkhouse. The weary cowhand dropped down on the weather-beaten flooring of the porch without answering. The understanding was mutual. "The boss wanted to see you as soon as you came in," continued the voice of his pal.

Bill sauntered up to the ranch house just as the husky six-foot rancher appeared at the door.

"I've got a real job for you, Bill," the big fellow said, looking kindly at the stocky young cowpuncher standing before him. "We are losing calves. Coyotes or big cats or wolves are preying on them, I reckon. I want you to go over to the west front and check the herd and run a line fence."

"O.K., Mr. Noble, I'll carry out the order the best I know how."

"I know you will. That is why I chose you," complimented the older man.

Bill and Mr. Noble usually spent some time talking the work over, but the urgency of saving the young from the predatory prowlers cut the conversation short.

The work to be done sounded simple, but Bill knew what it meant. There could be sickness among the herd, if coyotes were preying on the newborn. He knew there would be many miles of fine-tooth-comb work to be done among the sagebrush and cactus of that stretched-out section of New Mexico. With a few utensils, provisions for two weeks, and a "So long, pal" from Slim, Bill set out for a lonely bunkhouse held in the clutch of a mountain's shadow at night and the yellow prairie heat by day.


When long, dusky purples in the shapes of cactus and sagebrush began to creep across the desert floor, Bill slipped from the saddle, built his fire, and soon the aroma of hot beans and fried potatoes drifted about on the air. Stretching out on the sand still warm from the day's heat, he gave himself up to dreams. A mantle of silence hovered over the desert. The tall saguaros reached mute arms toward heaven; the ugly chollas, its burrs softened by mellow moonlight, cast its stubby shadow at its own feet, while the mesquite lightly sprinkled a replica of itself on the sand. Gentle breezes stole here and there on tiptoe. A deep, inquiring "hoo-hoo" startled the quiet and echoed from the dark, jagged mountain in the distance. A jack rabbit, his long ears and legs making antelopelike shadows, loped by the dying embers of the campfire, stopped for an instant to twitch nostrils over strange scents, and then melted into the night. A tumbleweed rolled idly by, caught by a sudden gust.

One can't be out where Nature stands so unpretentious and alone in the presence of God and not feel a certain nakedness of soul, and so it was with Bill. As he gazed up into the faces of the stars, something stirred within him. He longed to lay aside the cursing and swearing, the drinking and carousing after roundups, and



H. A. ROBERTS

Out where nature stands so alone in the presence of



Above the desert circled those
broadcasters of tragedies—buzzards.

try to satisfy a nameless longing he had felt with growing intensity of late.

He reviewed his rejection of the priesthood. It had been a great disappointment to his father when he confessed he just could not and would not go on with the plans for priesthood office. Larry, his brother would, but he, though very brilliant, was crippled. So there would be no priest from his father's family, as there had been in his grandfather's family. His thoughts rambled on and on as he lay still and flat, gazing at the stars above until sleep overtook him.

Before the sun had sent shafts of rosy light creeping along the desert floor, Eagle was already saddled and carrying Bill on his second day's journey. By evening, horse and rider were at the isolated shelter that was to be their temporary home.

Before dismounting, Bill took a long look at his surroundings. Nearby the sagebrush bunched itself in greens, browns, and purples. In the distance the land stretched away to where earth and sky met. Above wheeled and circled those broadcasters of tragedies—buzzards. In the distance, on a rise of ground, silhouetted against the sky, was a small, dark object. Bill knew by former experience what to expect.

Relieving his horse of the household equipment, he started off. A few miles of easy loping brought him to the badly bloated body of a dead cow. Beside it stood a big-eyed dogie, calling piteously, but answered only by hungry wolf howls, deep in the shadows. The story was an old one, quickly understood by the men whose lives are wrapped up in the cattle country. Turning to the orphan, he said, "Well, little dogie, I guess you will be spending the night with me, and I'll see what can be done in the morning about finding you a new ma."

The next day was a hard one, and added to the grind was the hungry call of the little calf. Bill knew that in time he would find a nursemaid for his small charge, but a motherless, lonesome calf with an empty stomach has a persistent way of letting its wants be known. The little animal tagged around behind the cowboy like a very devoted puppy. Once as Bill was preparing his breakfast, in rising quickly from his squatting position by the campfire, his head collided with a hairy one. The hungry calf cut his loud "baaa" short in surprise as Bill thundered, "Keep quiet! you ungrateful dogie, and be thankful you haven't been devoured by the coyotes." Glancing in the direction of the timber line, he saw a number of buzzards landing on the desert floor like little helicopters. He knew that death was on its way or had just passed by, and the buzzards' sharp eyes had spotted the feast.

It was in the sprinkled shade of a greasewood that he found the object he was looking for—a mother for the little dogie. Having already tried to defend

her newborn calf from wolves, she was a veritable bundle of bovine fury. She rushed from the side of her dead calf and charged the horse and rider, but just as the cow was about to strike, the horse reared high in the air, leaped to safety, then circled back, while Bill threw his lariat. It looped her long, fierce, pointed horns, and as Eagle braced himself, the animal was brought to her knees. The next moment, with wildly rolling eyes, she lay panting on the ground, tied and helpless. Bill was hilarious. He jumped on his horse, waved his hat in the air, and set off in the direction of the cabin, singing loudly:

"Woopee ti yi' git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune and none of my own.
Woopee ti yi yo' git along little dogies.
You know that Wyoming will be your new home."

Although gaunt and wobbly, the calf ran toward him with long welcoming blats. The cowboy threw it over the saddle and headed back toward the animal he had left lying on the sand with feet securely bound. But maternal instincts are not built on such circumstances, and the cow bellowed and puffed in rage at the sight of her adopted child. The tension of the chase now broken, Bill bent back and forth with roars of laughter as the dogie, down on its knees, its little tail wiggling in delight, gulped the warm milk, while the helpless mother thundered what she would do if she could.

Back at the ranch house changes were taking place. Two new hands had been taken on, in view of the fall roundup.

"Who is this chap you all are talking about?" asked Pete, one of the newcomers.

"Bill is a hot-headed Irishman with a fist like a mustang's hoof, and if you want to know how it feels, just start something when he is around. The boss is sending me out in the morning to see how he is getting along," remarked Slim, lazily stretching himself the full length of his bunk.

"Give us a story, Jim, and then we will all turn in," came a call in unison from the other end of the bunkhouse. Jim was the oldest of the group of cowboys. He was seared and stiffened from many a breath-taking contact with outlaws, and a long line down his arm gave proof to the mountain lion story he loved to tell. The old cowpuncher shifted his weight into an easy position, and his face lighted with reflections from fires of long ago. The door of the bunkhouse stood wide open. Night breezes drifted in, carrying the padding sounds of unshod hoofs in the corral. The stars jeweled the blue dome of the prairie and the mantle of mystery that drapes the night was present as Jim began his story with, "We were headed for the big roundup in—"

The story ended, Slim broke the silence that followed with, "Well, I'll be on my way to see what has happened to Bill before you boys turn over for your second



feels a certain nakedness of soul. So it was with Bill.

sleep, so if you do not want a boot fired at you, keep quiet while I go to sleep."

Before the first shafts of sunlight had crept along the desert, Slim was loping along steadily at a pace he hoped his horse could hold without much rest. He was uneasy about Bill, and did not want to lose any time. Streaks of gold and purple were marking the close of the first day as Slim came up out of Wildcat Canyon. He pulled the saddle from the hot back of Midnight and carefully wiped the moist hair. As though understanding the whole situation, the horse dropped to his knees, then a soft thud, and he was flat on the ground. He rolled over and over, feet waving wildly in the air. Then, with an upward fling, he was on his feet again and facing the cowboy as if to say, "Well, what are we waiting for?"

Slim arrived at Bill's lone ranch house in the eerie light before day has arrived, when night is slipping away. Carefully he opened the door, that he might not disturb the sleeper. With his fingernail he clipped a match into flame. Its flare fell across an empty cot. There was no need for hurry now. What he wanted was daylight and vantage ground, from which he could look over the surrounding country.

Suddenly Midnight threw up his head and sent a long neigh into the early morning air. Slim dropped reign, giving the horse free head to go where he pleased, knowing his horse's ears had caught a sound of interest that his own ears had missed. Without hesitation Midnight turned and broke into a spirited gallop.

Bill, up before daylight to investigate some traps he had put by a carcass the night before, had been sitting on his white horse enjoying the mystery of a coming storm for a few moments. The sky had turned to a sickly greenish color and was reflected over the prairie. Tumbleweeds, like giant bubbles, were rolling over the desert floor. Lightning played in and out of some dark cloud banks near the horizon. Underneath were smoky puffs that turned to a snakelike cloud of dust that grew more dense and dark as it advanced. Moving forms appeared out of the dust. A galloping herd of terror-stricken wild horses, led by a large white stallion, was heading his way. With taut neck and flying mane and tail, the leader was guiding his mad troop away from the storm.

Bill and Eagle were caught between the canyon and the oncoming herd. Their only hope was that the leader should see them in time to veer away from where they stood. He did, but not soon enough. Eagle sidejumped, reared, and plunged. The turf gave way, and they slid head first into a thicket, entangling the horse's front legs, head, and shoulders, so that he lay quite helpless, with Bill pinned under him. Pain shot up and down the cowboy's spine. He was unable to help himself in any way, but as he lay there thinking and wondering what to do, he heard a familiar voice above his head.

"What are you doing down there, Bill?"

The nerve tension broken by the casual drawl of the voice above him, Bill exploded in a tirade about fool horses, canyons, and several other things, finishing off with, "How long are you going to stand there? Why don't you do something to get me out of here?"

"Keep your head, Bill. We will soon have you on top," Slim said as he slipped



It Is Time

By Edna Atkin Pepper

I hunted for a specimen
Upon the redbud tree,
A perfect, heart-shaped, redbud leaf,
But there was none to see.

I searched the branches up and down
But none within my reach
Were free from rust or insect bite.
All nature seems to teach:

Like as a garment growing old,
The earth and all therein
Is worn and threadbare, rusted through,
Or marred and stained with sin.

Come soon, come soon, O Lord of Hosts!
Remove the shadowed cloud!
We're weary of this world, and all
Creation groans aloud.

Restore the tattered redbud tree,
And re-create each part.
But most of all, and best of all,
Renew the human heart.

down the rugged side of the shallow canyon. Sitting on Eagle's head while he released his front legs, the rescuer soon had both man and beast out of the ravine and on the mesa.

Back at the bunkhouse he took the role of a nurse and tried to make Bill as comfortable as possible, but the boy's face was drawn with pain.

"What do you have to eat around here, Bill?" asked Slim as he hunted around in the cabin.

"Beans," called Bill.

"What else besides beans?" Slim questioned.

"More beans," shouted Bill. "Slim, I've had nothing to eat but beans for the last five days. Beans for breakfast, beans for dinner, and beans to go to sleep on!"

"Why didn't you come back?" asked his pal, with a twinkle in his eye, as he slipped the contents of a can of beans into the frying pan.

"The work was not finished, and I told the boss I'd see it through. Had just finished when the celebration came. If the turf had not broken, Eagle would have stood her ground in the face of all those crazed animals."

At the big ranch the boys were resting in the shade after a long, sizzling, busy day. When they caught sight of Bill and Slim coming slowly, they roped horses and cantered out to meet them. Carefully and tenderly they lifted Bill from his horse. The pain was intense, but the cowboy shut his teeth and shoved them all away when the attempt was made to carry him to his bunk. He took a few steps and fell unconscious. The next day, when the others were catching and saddling horses, Bill tried to force himself from his bunk, but the stabbing pain caught him and he lay back, impatient to join the others, but glad for a comfortable bed and something to eat besides beans.

On a reading table nearby lay a pile of *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS* the rancher's wife had placed there, hoping some cowboy would grow interested in a better way of living. Bill, finding nothing else to ease his restless longing to be out with the rest of the boys, roping and riding and branding, reached for one of the papers. Its very difference from the Westerns he had been accustomed to caught his eyes and interest. He grew quiet and absorbed as he devoured one paper after another. He felt some relation growing between the yearning of his soul and the spirit of the articles he read.

"Since you can't ride the trail, how about going to Roswell with us?" asked the rancher one day as he passed the bunkhouse and saw Bill reading the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. "We are going to attend a camp meeting there. We'll be back in a few days."

"Sounds all right to me, boss. Anything would be better than seeing the boys ride off each morning without me."

Pastor K. knew the cattle country (he had been a rider once himself), and he knew how to appeal to riders of the range. He told of the One who had sacrificed everything to round up that lost maverick and take him home. He appealed to all to come to rest in green pastures beside still waters, instead of straying out where the land was parched and the roaring lions of sin hunted their prey. He urged them not to be like tumbleweeds, blown about by various winds, but to take their stand like strong men.

It was a language Bill could understand. His mind made some quick decisions

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SABBATH SCHOOL



The Christian's Heart and Mind

LESSON FOR JANUARY 30

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways" (Prov. 23:26).

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

THINK IT OVER: a. If you got water in the gas tank of your car, how could you remedy the trouble?

b. If you got poison in your stomach, to whom would you go for help?

c. If you allow wrong thoughts to get into your mind, what can you do to forget them?

FOR SUNDAY

1. Who can read my thoughts like a book (Jer. 17:10)?

"I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings."

2. Why can I not trust myself to think what I please (verse 9)?

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?"

NOTE.—"Satan's influence is constantly exerted upon men [1] to distract the senses, [2] control the mind for evil, [3] and incite to violence and crime. [4] He weakens the body, [5] darkens the intellect, [6] and debases the soul. Whenever men reject the Saviour's invitation, they are yielding themselves to Satan."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 341.

3. If my thoughts are not what they should be, what does God bid me do (Isa. 55:6, 7)?

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

NOTE.—"God does not control our minds without our consent; but every man is free to choose what power he will have to rule over him."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 93.

FOR MONDAY

4. Why is it necessary to control my thoughts (Prov. 4:23)?

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

NOTE.—"The brain nerves which communicate with the entire system are the only medium through which Heaven can communicate to man."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 347.

5. How can a sinner like me become like Christ (Rom. 12:2)?

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

6. What can and must the Christian do to see that his mind feeds on right and proper things (Ps. 101:1-7)?

"Unto thee, O Lord, will I sing. I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. . . . I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes: I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave to me. A froward heart shall depart from me: I will not know

a wicked person. Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I cut off: him that bath an high look and a proud heart will not I suffer. Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land. . . . He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight."

FOR TUESDAY

7. What does my conversation reveal (Matt. 12:34)?

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

8. If I talk about things that are impure, unkind, untrue, or wicked, what must be cleansed (Matt. 15:18-20)?

"But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: these are the things which defile a man."

9. What will become of me if I continue to think of sinful things? What will be my experience when I give up sinful thoughts (Rom. 8:6)?

"For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

FOR WEDNESDAY

10. How hopeless are the carnally-minded (verses 7, 8)?

"The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it

is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

11. What should be my plea to God (Ps. 51:10)?
"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

12. What will be God's response to my prayer (Eze. 36:26)?

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh."

NOTE.—"As the mind dwells upon Christ, the character is molded after the divine similitude."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 388.

FOR THURSDAY

13. Upon what kind of things should I let my mind dwell (Phil. 4:8)?

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

NOTE.—"The mind, the soul, is built up by that upon which it feeds; and it rests with us to determine upon what it shall be fed. It is within the power of every one to choose the topics that shall occupy the thoughts and shape the character."—*Education*, pp. 126, 127.

14. When I yield my mind to God and allow Him to control my thoughts, what growing experience will I have (Col. 2:6, 7)?

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him: rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith, . . . abounding therein with thanksgiving."

NOTE.—"When Christ is in the heart it will be so softened and subdued by love for God and man that fretting, faultfinding, and contention will not exist there."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 610.

FOR FRIDAY

What does the memory gem mean to me?

Here is a problem: Last summer Henry ate his lunch in a cafe near his work. Every day he heard the juke box play cheap, silly songs. He does not like these vulgar tunes, and yet he finds himself humming them now and then. How can he stop? What kind of medicine will cleanse his mind of everything he is trying so hard to forget? Now he is wondering whether it will really be an advantage to him to attend the free high school, where he will learn truth mixed with error, or go to the academy, where it will cost all he can earn. What should he do?



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MY MOTHER is not a beautiful woman. Her hands and her whole body are covered with scars. I believe that her outward beauty was transferred to an inward beauty one spring day on a large ranch in southern Texas.

Mother was sewing when Aunt Martha paused at our house to ask a favor. She wanted Mother to come and help entertain relatives at her home, because she had to do some extra house cleaning. Mother, being industrious and generous-hearted, gladly volunteered to help. She said they could all talk and work too.

Aunt Martha had placed plenty of water to heat on the big old-fashioned wood stove. As Mother started to get one of the tubs of boiling water the six-inch floor board, which was supporting two of the stove's legs, broke. The cast-iron stove was weight enough for the old board. The four tubs of water increased the strain on the single board, and Mother's weight cracked it in two. The stove lunged sideways; all four tubs of boiling water dumped over my mother, who was now pinned beneath one edge of the hot stove. Daddy was not home. He had gone to a town ten miles away. Uncle Lupe, who happened to be there, got some sheets and helped to get Mother away from the stove. Aunt Martha had removed her scalding hot clothes. They could hardly touch her, because her skin would peel off wherever they touched her. Finally, with much difficulty, they placed her on a bed. There she had to wait in agony until the doctor came.

Uncle Lupe ran four miles to borrow a neighbor's car to drive after the doctor. When the doctor arrived he told us that there was no hope for my mother. He also said that she would probably die within twenty-four hours.

Uncle Lupe drove as fast as he could to the town where Daddy had gone. Hearing of this most dreadful thing that had ever happened in our family, Daddy hurried home. Uncle Lupe stopped for my mother's mother at her home. When Daddy saw Mother, he couldn't believe it was she. And when my grandmother arrived she said, "This is not my daughter. Are you trying to fool me?" They did not recognize her; her hair and bits of skin had fallen off. She couldn't speak and could scarcely see.

The next day the local newspaper gave an account of her fatal accident, and the local news commentator broadcast the incident causing her supposed death. Friends from everywhere brought us sprays of flowers for the funeral. How surprised and thankful they were to see her still living! They awkwardly took up their funeral sprays and went home. That same day an ambulance came to take Mother to the hospital. There she stayed for two long, prayerful years, separated from her family.

Mother's physical problems did not end



A. DEVANEY

The ambulance took Mother away to spend two long, prayerful years in the hospital; she did not die.

SCALDED

By DELIA LARA

with her burns. Four months after she entered the hospital our little brother, Delfino, was born. Would the anesthetics, the nervous strain, and her abnormal life show their effects on the new little life? Another miracle! We have a healthy brother with an alert mind. His love for God is strong too. He also is a brand plucked from the fire.

Mother was so happy that her son was a normal baby. She was growing stronger. She began to think of us children at home. She began to wonder who was carrying all the responsibilities. A new vision seemed to dawn on her as she realized how God had preserved her life. She prayed much. She promised the Lord that if she should ever leave the hospital, she would direct her children more to the Great Physician. She so much wanted her

children to be real lights in a dark world of sin.

She also made a covenant with God that if her life should be extended for just a little longer, she would go out to the neighbors to have prayer with the sick and afflicted. At the same time she would give Bible studies to draw many to the kingdom of God.

I was five the day she came home; once again we resumed our happy family life. Grandma brought little brother back to his real Mommy. How good it was to have her home and alive!

Mother did not forget her promise to the Lord. Those scarred but beautiful hands have helped many a needy neighbor. Our dear mother, whose body was once scalded, has set our hearts on fire for Jesus.



J. C. ALLEN

PETS and PERSONALITIES

By WILFRED WILEMAN

MAY I keep her? Oh, please, Mother, may I keep her for my very own?" little sister begged as she entered the house. On the way home from school she had found a helpless little gray kitten beside the road, and she had her snuggled close under her arm. Still panting from running, she continued to plead until Mother assured her it would be all right if she took good care of her.

After sister had filled a small bowl with fresh, warm milk, the kitten drank and drank until her sides puffed out and she was a little ball of fur. The kitten grew rapidly and became such a cunning little pet that we called her Sweetheart. Although we had several dogs they soon became her friends, and it was not uncommon to see Sweetheart rubbing against their legs while she purred contentedly, as much as to say, "Just because they're dogs that's no sign we need to be enemies."

When Sweetheart grew up I saw her walking across the yard one day with a big gray rat she had caught in the barn. She dropped it in front of her three-month-old kittens and unselfishly watched

them eat it while she sat purring proudly.

Sweetheart was only one of the many pets we had on the ranch. Pets are like people—some are friendly, some are selfish, or perhaps try to boss the others. Many times they are just bluffers, and try to make you think they are quite fierce when really they would run from the first little danger that came along.

One of the most interesting pets we had was an old gray Plymouth Rock rooster we called Big Boy. He was friendly to no one, and we took great delight in teasing him. Part of his tail feathers were gone, and he had exceptionally long spurs. He had a quick temper and a lordly attitude toward people, running at them at the most unexpected moments. As long as you were facing him he would not bother you, but as soon as you turned your back he would run and peck at your heels. Several of us boys would form a ring and see which one could pull his tail without getting pecked. Big Boy would stand his ground, and usually forced us to quit after he had given us well-scratched hands and arms.

I can well remember one incident that happened to my Aunt Elisa while she

was visiting us. She was walking across the yard when Big Boy saw her, and started running after her as fast as he could. She did not notice him until he began pecking at her heels, causing her to jump in astonishment. After some time she finally managed to shoo him away.

Once while working in the garden planting some spring corn, I noticed Big Boy running around under a nearby tree chasing one of the cats. Like the big bluff that he was, he had his feathers ruffled out, doing his best to chase the cat away from a bowl of milk I had put there several hours before. But he failed again, for just as he was about to drive the cat away the dog ran up, gave several loud barks, chased them both, and ate the food.

Sunday was a small, kinky-haired lamb. The first day I saw her she was snuggled close to her mother. Since I had the family cow, Sadie, to milk, I naturally made frequent visits to the barn. On this particular morning I had gone out early to milk because of a long day's work before me. As I opened the gate I saw her curled up close to her mother, shivering in the chill morning air. I picked her up and carried her into the barn, where she could have a nice, warm bed of straw. The mother followed close behind, to see that I would do her no harm. Because she was born on Sunday I thought that would be an appropriate name, and we have been calling her that ever since.

Sunday grew fast, and within several weeks was large enough to eat grass with the other sheep. She was not like most of them, however, but had distinctive qualities of her own. Most sheep follow each other around, and if one runs they all run—but not Sunday. Because she was so independent, I decided to put a bell on her and turn her loose on the ranch. I frequently found her nibbling around some old grain sacks or eating flowers in the garden. Mother, who shared this problem with me, decided that it would be better to keep her in the pasture, so, reluctantly, I took her back, after having enjoyed several weeks of adventure with her.

One morning Sunday was nowhere to be found. On my way out to feed the horses I noticed that she did not come running for grain as usual, and several hours later I heard a strange noise which I traced to the corner of the barn. There was Sunday with her head caught between two boards, where she had been trying to eat some hay out of the manger! I tried to pull her loose, but her head was stuck so tightly that I could not budge her.

So I ran to the tool shed for a saw and a hammer, and in a short time Sunday was free. After I gave her a handful of grain she went running off across the pasture. Like a self-centered, ambitious person, she was always getting into tight places, and had to be helped out.

The ground was covered with frost and

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My Mediterranean CRUISE

By ROBERT L. BELDIN

ON THE different commands of the United States Navy a designated ship takes a good-will cruise to some country or countries for a period of four months out of each year. At the end of this time it is relieved by another ship. These cruises are chiefly for the purpose of promoting closer friendship with other nations, thus helping to maintain peace.

Each person aboard the Navy vessel acts as an ambassador and link of friendship for the United States. The naval personnel must act in a fitting manner in order to properly represent their country. While serving in the armed forces I was privileged to have the opportunity of taking one of these good-will cruises in the Mediterranean.

Our carrier, the *USS Kearsarge*, got under way from Norfolk, Virginia, at 1400 Navy time, the first of June, and headed east en route to Suda Bay, Crete, our rendezvous point with the carrier we were to relieve, the *Philippine Sea*. Spirits were high and an air of anticipation prevailed as we took our place in the Sixth Task Fleet. We were not disappointed.

From our anchorage outside the breakwater of Tripoli, our first port, the city appeared neat and modern. In fact, the newer portion of the city is clean and comparatively unharmed by the recent war that raged on all sides. The sunken ships in the inner harbor and the shrapnel marks on the clean white walls of the buildings were silent reminders that the Marines had once again been to the shores of Tripoli.

Our visit was an invasion also, but I do not claim that we won a smashing victory. We battled our way through swarms of flies, children, and rug merchants, avoided frontal attacks by herds of goats, and sought shelter when threatened on both sides by taxi and *ghurra* drivers. I well remember our first purchasing experience in Tripoli, where we learned that "first price" was just for conversation, and that the other man's hand was already raised in victory at the conclusion of a good lively

bartering bout. We became wiser as we moved on to various ports, but the merchants still welcomed us with open arms.

It was in Tripoli that we made first-hand acquaintance with the British and colonial troops. The Britishers impressed us with their ability to govern this restless area. The political unrest of Tripoli was kept below the exploding point by a handful of men of the Royal Marines and the British Grenadiers.

Interesting sights in Tripoli were largely confined to the natives themselves. The burnoused tribesmen from the desert, the hooded women wrapped in huge sheets

of rough linen, and the modern dress of others made a strange sight in the city square.

Next on our good-will tour we visited Sicily. It seemed as though three fourths of the Sicilians were less than ten years old, and that the lifetime ambition of each was to obtain American cigarettes! There is a great need for Christian teachings in these Mediterranean lands.

While in Sicily I went to Syracuse on the local short-line railroad. Within three days after we had arrived, the train fare had tripled to the sum of fifty cents. Beneath a scorching sun and amid yellow dust and flies I tramped the streets, looking for something of interest. I found the ruins of the Roman occupation of Syracuse, which were an unusual sight for me, because they were the first such ruins I had had the opportunity to inspect. Later a tour of Pompeii and Herculaneum added to my interest in the ancient Roman Empire.

On the morning of July first we sailed through the Gulf of Salerno, passed the lovely isle of Capri, sighted majestic Vesuvius, and proceeded into the picturesque harbor of Naples. We were officially welcomed to Naples by the mayor and the American consul. Our second welcoming committee met us at the dock. It consisted of several hundred guides, taxi drivers, cameo salesmen, and would-be money changers.

Naples, the largest city we visited dur-

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OFFICIAL PHOTO, U.S. NAVY

Each person aboard such a Navy vessel acts as an ambassador and link of friendship for his country. The naval personnel must act in a fitting manner in order to properly represent their land.

You Do

From page 10

last day of the congress a man gave his testimony and told us he was taking his stand for God. He was connected with a big motor firm. He began at the time of the congress to keep the Sabbath. He has written to say that the firm refused his application for Sabbaths off, but that he was able to get another good job with this privilege. Another person has written to say he has given up tobacco and hopes to be a good Adventist. Congresses do pay in soul-winning work.

Our congress closed on Monday evening in the Bloemfontein city hall with a public Share Your Faith meeting, where H. M. S. Richards spoke to the people of the city. He invited them to the study of the Good Book, the Word of God, which has stood through the centuries. A number of persons handed in their names, wishing to study the Bible through the Voice of Prophecy correspondence lesson plan.

Congress is over, but the motto "Are You Ready?" and that chorus ring in our ears, and may they continue to bear fruit in us until Jesus comes.

Pets and Personalities

From page 18

a chill winter breeze blew in my face another morning when I went to get wood for the fireplace. The woodpile was some distance from the house, and I ran in order to keep warm. Halfway to my destination I saw something white cross the path and disappear around the corner of the woodpile. "What could it be?" I asked myself. But although I crept up cautiously to where it had disappeared, I could find nothing. All that day I thought of that streak of white I had seen, and decided to look again the next morning to see whether it had returned.

As I came down the path that time the sun was just creeping up behind the hill and melting the morning frost. Several birds greeted me as I passed by the old cottonwood tree that stood at the corner of the barn. There it was again! It was a small white dog running down the path in front of me. Nearing the woodpile, she slipped into a small hole under some old boxes and boards and disappeared. Quickly I hurried to the hole and cautiously removed some boards. There she was, nuzzling two little puppies that were curled up close to her for warmth. The mother began to growl, but I soon made friends with her, and picked up one of the tiny creatures. His small eyes opened as he started sniffing around for something to eat. There was one blotch of brown right in the middle of his back.

The puppies grew rapidly, and I made

frequent visits just to see how they were getting along and to take them something to eat. Since we already had two dogs, I hesitated to keep one of them. The puppies were part fox terrier and a mixture of almost everything. Because I finally decided to keep the one that had the brown spot on his back, I named him Spotty. My



Beheaded Words

By MRS. ASAPH ARENT

In each group are four words for which you are to find synonyms. If you have selected correctly, the second synonym will be the same as the first one with the beginning letter lopped off. The third will have one more letter missing, and so on.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. to get free
scene, view
a garment
animal | 4. to spread out
sport
put
ever, always |
| 2. to proclaim
to extend
every
an herb | 5. to filter
railway cars
shower
own (Scot.) |
| 3. A cereal grain
hotness
devour
near, in | 6. ancient weapon
fruit
body organ
a unit of measure |

Who Said That?

By CLARENCE FERGUSON

1. "For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"
2. "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."
3. "Am I my brother's keeper?"
4. "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice."
5. "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand."
6. "And if I perish, I perish."
7. "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Key on page 23

pup soon was given a new leather collar, to which was attached a small metal plate with his name and address stamped on it. He became the best of friends with the other dogs, Duke and Jack, and I frequently would see them going full speed down a vineyard row or across the alfalfa field after a rabbit. After teaching Spotty how to get along with the cats and chickens I considered him one of the ranch necessities.

Duke, a large chow, was the oldest dog,

and so considered himself king over the other two. Jack was big and lanky, part greyhound, and consequently could outrun the others and could easily keep up with me when I rode horseback. Spotty was very mischievous, and was always playfully growling at and biting the other dogs. Whenever I would pick up a cat or pet the horse, Duke would bark furiously, Jack would just stand there and wag his tail, but Spotty would run around barking and chewing on almost everything he saw.

One evening, just as I finished mowing the lawn, I heard a loud yelping and saw Spotty come limping down the driveway. Thinking that he had been hit by a car, I ran over to him to see what had happened. His hind leg, badly bruised and bleeding, had a nasty cut on it. After carrying him to the house I gave him first-aid treatment and fixed a nice warm bed in the corner of the barn, where he slept that night. The next morning I got up early and ran to the barn to see whether Spotty was any better. I found him curled up in his bed. When he heard me he lifted up his head and feebly wagged his tail. I examined him closely then, and noticed that his leg had swollen slightly where it had been cut but that it looked somewhat better than it had the day before. For several weeks poor Spotty hopped around on three legs, but he finally was well and able to run with Duke and Jack again.

Spotty had learned a good lesson from this experience, but not for long. I soon found him biting the other dogs again and getting into mischief. However, he still is one of my very best pets, and I enjoy my companionship with him as one of God's creatures.

Sibande

From page 6

the lad stepped out, taller, straighter, and fatter, their cries fell like sweet music on his young ears.

"Maiye! Maiye! Maiye!" This is how they cry when they are excited.

"Why, he is pretty as a sixpence, fat as a hen, and bright as a star!"

He had to turn round and round then, his mother's horny hands fondling him with deep joy and delight.

"Little Sibandel!" she cried. "Penazi, Wokhoma, wacifundo!"

Ah, it was sweet, just standing there with all of them delighting in him, adoring him, smiling at him.

"How he has grown!" cried one.

"And look at his legs—all well—no sore at all!" said mother.

"The white man's magic, it is good, unless it was partly those sacrifices we were making."

"Yes, well, but we did all that before."

Then the mother spat her hands together. "Oho! Here we all are talking, and no doubt he is hungry as a hyena," she cried out.

"Quick!" she shouted to her eldest daughter. "Get those rats we boiled only this morning, and the ants we fried. We must keep this boy fat and strong and well."

[This is the third installment of a nine-part serial. Part 4 will appear next week.]

My Mediterranean Cruise

From page 19

ing our cruise, had more than one million inhabitants, most of whom were peddlers, guides, or taxi drivers—at least that was my first impression of the city. Naples is a meeting of the ancient and the modern, with massive-looking castles and palaces sprawling over hilly slopes like a huge amphitheater half embracing the harbor, but the bustle of its streets actually belied its tragic economic condition and the dire need of its inhabitants.

I liked the gay, ornamental trappings with which the country merchants decorated their draft horses; I marveled at the way the small streetcars held their bursting loads without splitting at the seams. The Arcade is the bargain basement and swap shop center of Naples, where one could buy anything from a pin to a yacht.

From Naples I traveled to Rome, Capri, Pompeii, and Herculaneum. While in Rome for three days I saw many of the grandeurs of this city and of the Vatican City. The beauty of the landscape, as well as the opportunity to see firsthand something of the civilizations of centuries ago, made this excursion well worth while.

About eighteen miles across the bay from Naples is Capri, that beautiful and picturesque island once used as a restful retreat by two Roman emperors, Augustus Caesar and Tiberius. It lives up to all its legends of peace and quiet, with breathtaking scenic beauty. Pompeii and Herculaneum, the old Roman cities that were buried under tons of dust, mud, and ashes in 79 A.D., testify to the old Roman's capacity for enjoying life in an easy manner.

One bright August morning the citizens of Golfe-Juan, France, looked out into the bay to see the *Kearsarge* and several destroyers riding at anchor. Golfe-Juan, between Cannes and Nice on the Riviera, was the port of call for the *Kearsarge* in France. Soon the liberty parties were going ashore, intent upon taking the Riviera by storm. Cannes was three miles west, and Nice was ten miles east. Both cities were readily accessible by taxi or bus, and both were filled to overflowing with Continental and American summer tourists.

Golfe-Juan, Cannes, and Nice were by far the best ports we visited. With fine sandy beaches, warm sunny weather, and

the congenial people, we felt at home in France.

Our next port, Argostolion, Greece, showed us the economic tragedy of war, which, together with the physical tragedy so visibly portrayed by Malta, made us realize more fully how important was our job of helping to maintain peace.

We spent several days in Oran, and then were Gibraltar bound for our long-awaited rendezvous with our relief ship, the *Franklin D. Roosevelt*. We were homeward bound!

A welcome sight to us was the familiar coastline of the United States, and finally the lady with the torch, the Statue of Liberty. The *Kearsarge* had sailed over 20,000 miles on its good-will Mediterranean cruise.

Tumbleweed

From page 14

under the impressions of the Holy Spirit, and before he realized it he was standing. The pastor yearned to grasp Bill by the hand, and he called for all who were willing to accept work on the heavenly Rancher's range to come forward.

Pulled by a strong yearning for more of this soul-satisfying bread of life, Bill, clad in blue jeans and boots, with his ten-gallon hat clutched tightly in one hand, walked with determined stride down the sawdust-strewn path. This was a hundred per cent heart surrender for Bill. When he went back to the ranch he went back as a missionary as well as a cowpuncher. He felt no longer tossed about like the tumbleweed of the range. Even in the face of the wild horses of sin, Bill knew he had solid turf underfoot now.

A Wagonload of Gold

From page 4

guess. I don't know what we'll do with so many," replied Mother as she went back into the house.

That evening when Father came home from work, he immediately went to the basement, as was his custom, to split kindling for the next morning's fire.

"Hey!" he shouted. "What's this down here?"

Mother was waiting for just such an outburst. How she hated to have him learn



Conducted by
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

Four Stone Heads

THE United States Post Office Department issued a three-cent commemorative postage stamp the first day at Keystone, South Dakota, on August 11, 1952, honoring the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Mount Rushmore National Memorial. The over-all design of the stamp is a scene of Mount Rushmore featuring the sculptured heads of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Abraham Lincoln. The figures of a woman and child viewing the scene are shown in the lower right-hand corner of the stamp. The wording "U.S. Postage 3c" appears at the top, and on a signboard in the lower right is the wording "Mount Rushmore National Memorial, 1927-1952," arranged in five lines. The wording "Black Hills, South Dakota" is shown in the lower left corner of the stamp. All lettering is in modified Gothic.

The nearest post office to Keystone is Rapid City, South Dakota. All those who

sent first-day covers to be remailed bearing the new stamps were instructed to send them to Rapid City, where the stamps were affixed. Then the covers were taken to Keystone to be canceled and mailed.

This was the first stamp to be issued vertically since the 3c Freedom stamp of 1950. Technically the NATO stamp was issued vertically, but since it is smaller and almost square, we seldom consider it to be a vertically arranged stamp. All of the 1938 series showing presidents are small stamps too, and are arranged vertically.

Beware if you are buying a new stamp album. Some albums were released as soon as the publishers knew most of the year's stamp program. All stamp details had not been given out yet by the Post Office Department. The department merely gave out some titles of stamps to be issued. Then the album makers set to work, leaving horizontal spaces for the yearly quota that had been set. That would not have been too bad except that over each space was printed the name of the stamp. So collectors will have the Rushmore stamp on its side in some albums if they get it into the correct space.

The old admonition is still good as gold: If you want to collect *your* way, a blank album is best. Hundreds of collectors who purchase these otherwise good stamp albums will wish they had never seen the stamp with four stone heads on it. Many others are hailing it as one of the nicest works of art of the year and will enjoy the blank album page on which it is mounted.

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David Dare	<input type="checkbox"/>	Slammed Shut	<input type="checkbox"/>
Down Lilac Lanes	<input type="checkbox"/>	Songs in the Night	<input type="checkbox"/>
Friendship Flames	<input type="checkbox"/>	Steps to Christ	<input type="checkbox"/>
*From the Bottomless Pit to the	<input type="checkbox"/>	Story of Magadan	<input type="checkbox"/>
Golden Age	<input type="checkbox"/>	Straightening Out Mrs. Perkins ..	<input type="checkbox"/>
*From Riches to Ruin	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sufferings of Christ, The	<input type="checkbox"/>
Gateway to the Kingdom	<input type="checkbox"/>	Supremacy of Love, The	<input type="checkbox"/>
Gleanings	<input type="checkbox"/>	Testimony of the Birds, The	<input type="checkbox"/>
*God's Commandment-keeping	<input type="checkbox"/>	Testimony of the Flowers, The	<input type="checkbox"/>
Church Today	<input type="checkbox"/>	Testimony of the Trees, The	<input type="checkbox"/>
*God's Desert Broadcast and	<input type="checkbox"/>	Think It Over	<input type="checkbox"/>
Dwelling Place	<input type="checkbox"/>	This Basket of Words	<input type="checkbox"/>
Golden Stairs	<input type="checkbox"/>	Through the Lattice	<input type="checkbox"/>
Greatest Thing in the World, The	<input type="checkbox"/>	*Tower of Tongues	<input type="checkbox"/>
Heart of a Rose, The	<input type="checkbox"/>	Under the Juniper Tree	<input type="checkbox"/>
*Heaven	<input type="checkbox"/>	Victory in Christ	<input type="checkbox"/>
Homespun	<input type="checkbox"/>	*Wedding of Christianity and	<input type="checkbox"/>
I Shall Be Satisfied	<input type="checkbox"/>	Paganism	<input type="checkbox"/>
Jesus	<input type="checkbox"/>	What Is a Gentleman?	<input type="checkbox"/>
*Last Warning Message	<input type="checkbox"/>	Wheel-Chair Reveries	<input type="checkbox"/>
Learn of Me	<input type="checkbox"/>	When Your Knight Comes Riding	<input type="checkbox"/>
Life's Red Sea	<input type="checkbox"/>	Which Day of the Week Did	<input type="checkbox"/>
Lord Is My Shepherd, The	<input type="checkbox"/>	Christ Sanctify, Bless, and	<input type="checkbox"/>
Man of the Other Mile, The	<input type="checkbox"/>	Keep?	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mark of the Beast, The	<input type="checkbox"/>	*Who Are the Angels?	<input type="checkbox"/>
Memory Book, A Garden of Verse	<input type="checkbox"/>	Wonderful Father, The	<input type="checkbox"/>
*Messiah of Prophecy	<input type="checkbox"/>	*World That Then Was, The	<input type="checkbox"/>

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about this particular business deal! But there were too many pumpkins to cover up, so there was nothing to do but calm the storm, once it broke.

"Oh, that's just Clara's gold," she called down the stairs, almost holding her breath as she awaited the repercussion.

Clara's gold! And to this day, although Mother and Father have both gone to their rest, my brothers never fail to chuckle over "Clara's gold" almost every time they see me.

Even though my salary was far from ever being paid, my ardor for church school teaching never wavered. After a quarter of a century in the schoolroom, I can still recommend to every consecrated young woman today teaching as a lifework.

No, it does not pay large monetary dividends. But it does pay compound interest in the satisfaction I have felt, over the years, in seeing children grow up and make good, going out themselves to be teachers, missionaries, businessmen, and nurses in the cause of God.

Did you ever wish you could shine? Then be a teacher, because "they that be teachers [margin] shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

A Call in the Night

From page 11

When he was about fourteen Jimmie joined the church. We lived far from any of our academies, and so he attended high school. This troubled me, but always when I questioned him about his companions he assured me all was well. He seemed the same cheerful, imaginative boy he had always been.

After my marriage I moved far away, and I did not see Jimmie for several years. Then my parents moved to the Pacific Coast town where I lived. How good it was to have my family near. Jimmie had gone on with his music, and how many happy hours we spent together. There was no hint of the shadow that was to fall across the pathway of my beloved brother.

One day Jimmie met a man who was to change the current of his whole life. The man was apparently a refined and successful businessman who took a great interest in Jimmie. This Mr. Bartholomew offered him work in his company, with the promise of advancement. Jimmie worked hard, and with his creative ability and charming personality, he rose rapidly. There came the night he was invited to attend a banquet given for the employees of the company. It was to be on Friday evening.

I counseled Jimmie not to go, but he seemed more concerned about what Mr. Bartholomew thought than he did about

WORDCRAFT

Smiles. No, myxofibroliponeuroma is not the longest word in English, but *smiles* is. You say, "Prove it!" Well, give me a moment and I will. Let's study the word. It begins with an *s* and ends with an *s*. Right. "But it has only *seven* letters in it," you say. True, but have you noticed that there is a whole *mile* between the first letter and the last? Can you find another word that's more than a mile long? Hardly. So, for some interesting reactions, try this bit of word pleasantries on your friends. (Later—just stumbled onto this one: bismethylaminotraminoarsenobenzenhydrochloride. What next?)

By NATHANIEL KRUM

God. I remembered how handsome he had looked that night in the prime and strength of his young manhood. A feeling of pride rose in my heart as I looked at this tall, clear-eyed brother.

"Oh, Jimmie, be careful," I said. "At a banquet like this there may be wine. Remember you are a Christian. How can you go on God's Sabbath?"

But he only patted my head and said, "Don't worry, sis, I'll be all right, and it's only this once. Don't fret."

As the weeks slipped by after that banquet, gradually a change came over my brother. Often he seemed moody and restless. At other times he grew irritable when he felt we did not approve of some of his companions. Gone were the happy Friday evenings when we would gather around the piano and sing. For days at a time he seemed preoccupied and almost sullen. And then with a sudden change of mood he would be his old happy, carefree self again, dismissing our fears with the explanation that he had some problems of business on his mind, and that he had not meant to worry his family.

So often he spoke of Mr. Bartholomew, how he admired the man, and how he planned to become like him. I tried to tell Jimmie that as Christians we could not set our affections upon people or things of the world. Sometimes Jimmie listened, and we would talk earnestly of heavenly things. Then he would say that sometime he planned to go to one of our colleges and prepare himself for the Lord's work. Then at other times the old restless moodiness would come over him, and I feared for him.

One day he came home from work all excited. Mr. Bartholomew had recommended him for a job that would take him to South America.

"Just think, sis," he ventured, "I can

see real orchids growing in the forest."

He seemed so eager and happy that I had not the heart to discourage him. The day came when he sailed. At first the letters came regularly, telling us of his success, of his joy in his work. They were filled with news of the wonders he was seeing. Then the letters grew less frequent, until they ceased entirely. For three years now I had not heard a word from him.

Then this telephone call in the night. What could it mean?

A week later I walked up the steps of the State hospital. When I asked to see James Manville, a hospital attendant led me down a long corridor and ushered me into a small room. He told me to wait for a few moments. As I waited my eyes fell on a large chart hanging on the wall. Startled, I looked at it more closely. At the top I saw a glass of beer pictured, with a few statistics of its effect on the nervous system. Each line showed what an increasing percentage of alcohol would do to the body. At the bottom it showed that a high per cent of alcohol in the blood stream produced insanity. The next step was death. What a horrible thing, I thought, as I shuddered.

Just then the door opened, and I saw my brother Jimmie. The color drained from my face as I looked at him—his eyes staring with the fire of insanity, his face bloated. Could this be my brother? The attendant who stood by him told me what he had learned of his story, how alcohol had changed this once talented and fine young man into what I saw before me. It seemed a horrible dream. I turned and looked at that chart and then at Jimmie. I called to him, but he only stared, no sign of recognition.

"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."

How the Creator knew the sorrow that strong drink could cause when He spoke through Solomon of old, "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? . . . who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Taking Jimmie by the arm, the attendant led him slowly away, and I turned and left the building—suddenly grown old.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

WHO SAID THAT?

1. Mordecai (Esther 4:14.)
2. Paul (2 Tim. 2:15.)
3. Cain (Gen. 4:9.)
4. Samuel (1 Sam. 15:22.)
5. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego (Dan. 3:17.)
6. Esther (Esther 4:16.)
7. Ruth (Ruth 1:16.)



► SCIENTISTS studying the habits of locusts in West Africa are being aided by a new spray-gun method of marking the locusts. The gun is operated by a hand pump and a trigger mechanism to shoot a fine jet of pigment in light oil. About 70 locusts can be marked in an hour with the gun. This will make it possible to follow their now unexplained movements.

► FUEL oil is consumed in most home oil burners without ever having been seen or touched by human beings from the time it leaves the earth until it is delivered to the user's storage tank.

► TRAFFIC accidents in Nuernberg, Germany, increased 50 per cent during the recent Traffic Education Week, so city authorities decided to extend the safety week another seven days.

► RUSSIA has hinted she would like to see Danish and Norwegian tourists visit her country, provided Russian tourists would be allowed to visit Denmark and Norway in return.

► A ROCKET-POWERED research plane recently set an unofficial altitude record, according to *Planes*, by flying to 83,235 feet—well over 15½ miles above sea level.

► A THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD skeleton and a handsome silver inlaid Viking sword were unearthed recently at Kaupang, southwest of Norway's capital city.

► MORE than 20 million Americans play bridge one or more evenings a month, according to estimates by playing card manufacturers.

► THE Bengal Tuberculosis Association (India) had trouble with persons selling faked tuberculosis seals for 1953.

► DOGS and cats in the United States have more than doubled their consumption of prepared food since 1947.

► NEARLY all of Pakistan's exports are made up of raw materials such as jute and cotton.

► OCEAN waves can attain a height of 70 feet or more.

► ONLY about one thirtieth of Egypt's land is fertile.

► THE St. Lawrence River handles nearly a third of Canada's foreign trade during its ice-free season.

► FOR the first time in the history of Sierra Leone, Africans have been appointed as ministers in the government.

► NATIONAL PARKS in Western Canada will not admit a dog or cat unless its owner has an antirabies-vaccination certificate for it.

► ABOUT \$10.3 billion a year is spent by the American people for new automobiles, compared with \$4.7 billion a year for furniture.

► THE wage scale of the teaching profession in the United States has increased only about 60 per cent as fast as other wages in the past decade.

► SOME of the latest types of shower heads are made on the aerator principle, which causes air to be drawn into the shower stream, thus giving the effect of bathing with softened water.

► THIS year Jews in the United States are celebrating the 300th anniversary of the arrival of the first Jewish settler in America. Today 5 million Jews in the United States constitute the greatest Jewish community in history.

► THERE is a peaceful little country in Southern Asia that has a surplus of food, 100 per cent employment, a balanced budget, and virtually no crime—except jaywalking. It is the state of Swat. Its 1,800 square miles of hills, mountains, and fertile valleys lie between the Indus and Swat rivers, adjoining Pakistan's North-West Frontier Province, states the National Geographic Society. Its half-million people, members of the Yuzuf Zia tribe, are ruled by the Wali of Swat. Although the realm's foreign affairs, defense, and communications are controlled by Pakistan, the state is independent. Four hundred miles of new roads lead to every part of the state. Free education is provided for 16,000 students in 56 schools, and a college is nearing completion. Since no robbery or other major crimes occur and family feuds are about the only trouble, the jaywalking that does exist seems to be a serious problem. The law compels pedestrians to walk to the side of the road, unlike laws in other parts of the East. Offenders are sternly punished. They are forced to run by the roadside at top speed until they drop from exhaustion. This peaceful little picture-post-card land is encircled by 20,000-foot high peaks, but only a handful of vacationers have visited it.

► THE world's most powerful wind tunnel, soon to be completed, will produce gales of 2,500 miles an hour, reports *Science News Letter*. To be used by the U.S. Air Force in developing future planes and guided missiles, it will be fed by five giant compressors running in tandem. It is under construction at the Arnold Engineering Development Center at Tullahoma, Tennessee.

► SOME 250,000 sheets of paper are saved by the United States Army on Okinawa each month. There used to be 755 different forms used in paper work there, but now 445 of them have been eliminated or combined with the remaining 310.

► A BRIDGE across the Bosphorus is being planned by the Turkish Government. It will cost about \$60 million and will be second in size only to San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge.

► It takes 20 freight-car loads of zinc ore to yield one pound of germanium. This element is being used in the manufacture of new, revolutionary electronic devices called transistors.

► THERE seems to be a growing market in the United States for deep-frozen whale meat, selling at 85 to 90 cents for a carton of three portions. It is being imported from Norway.

► MARSEILLE, France, has been the chief port of the Mediterranean and the commercial crossroads of Europe and the Near East since the sixth century B.C.

► ADVENTURERS wanting a few months' work in almost any European country are offered job-trading opportunities by a bureau located in Hamilton House, London.

► ALEXANDRIA, Virginia, is using these signs on its fireplugs to help cut down the frequency of fires: "An ounce of prevention is worth tons of water."

► THE colonial possessions of France have a combined area of about 4.6 million square miles and a population of about 70 million.

► REFINED peanut shells may someday become a part of cattle's winter diet. The shells cost only one third as much as hay per ton.

► CANADIANS spent \$760.48 per person in retail stores of all kinds in 1951. Ten years earlier the per capita was only \$299.03.

► THE newly created postal territory of Papua, New Guinea, has been issuing stamps portraying ways of life in that country.

► THE newborn opossum is smaller than a honeybee.

Focus

Two kinds of strong winds are blowing about the earth these days, both of them man made. One kind is generated under laboratory conditions in wind tunnels; the other, in the minds of clergymen and philosophers who toss out little gusts of untried ideas at the least provocation.

These ideas sound good, and are always intended to better the world, but often they sweep across the truth-parched minds of men until what was once a harmless thought becomes a whirlwind of error, until "our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away."

As the aircraft industry tests its new jets and rockets, so should we constantly test ourselves by the principles of the Word, so that our craft will not be frail, and we will not be tossed about by every wind of doctrine.

DON YOST.