

The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

SEPTEMBER 28, 1954

Chuckholes

The Case Hardener

Bible Lesson for October 9



WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS



Chuckholes

By J. WAYNE MCFARLAND, M.D.

"Actually, it was those chuckholes in the road that saved my life." I was checking Dr. Gus Hoehn's walking. Only a short time before he had been in a respirator, struck down by polio. Now he was telling me again about his ride in the back of the station wagon that carried him out of the heart of Africa, over the almost impassable roads to Nairobi. "When we finally reached a paved highway it was so smooth that I really suffered. I was wishing for more bumps. My respiration was so weak."

I have mused a bit over those words—chuckholes—ruts—bumps. Too many of us want only the smooth road. But life's highway to success has some holes in it, and a chuckhole can become an asset if you keep going. The jolt lets you know that you are still moving. When you hit a hole and you feel no bump, beware! That can mean only one thing—you have never come out of it. You are standing still.

A series of examinations may be just the jolt your mental lungs are needing. Many a man has no idea what mental capacity he has until prodded a bit by a few low grades. "Chuckhole" grades to success, if you please.

Are you satisfied with a humdrum existence? If so, you have stayed in your chuckhole too long. You have overextended your time doing the same old thing. An overextended chuckhole becomes a rut, and a rut is dangerous! Remember, it was the smooth sameness of the road that almost cost the doctor his life.

Holes in the road to success? Yes! Sometimes a good bump, or a series of them, is about the most necessary thing that could come along to us.

Grace Notes

GUEST Our editorial writer had a real part in the rescue mission that brought Dr. Gus Hoehn back to the United States. Through his efforts air transport for the stricken missionary was worked out. He has been a member of the faculty of the College of Medical Evangelists, editor of *Life and Health*, member of the Board of the National Foundation of Infantile Paralysis of Los Angeles County, and head of the Department of Physical Medicine of the University of Southern California. An associate secretary in the Medical Department of the General Conference, Dr. McFarland is a contributor to Seventh-day Adventist periodicals and U.S. medical journals.

MESSAGE Dr. Hoehn gave this ringing testimony at the Pan-American Youth Congress: "I feel very much today like a soldier who has come back from the wars and has had to leave his buddies and his friends behind to carry on the battle alone. They tell me that during the first world war, up in Canada, where I come from, they were hesitant about having some of the casualties come back, because they were afraid that people would stop volunteering. They didn't have the draft up there then. They were all volunteers. Well, it was a surprise to all the people in charge of the recruiting stations to find that instead of people being afraid to volunteer when they saw the casualties coming back, they really volunteered in earnest, because they realized . . . [war] was a serious proposition. I know that our Seventh-day Adventist Missionary Volunteers are not going to be afraid to volunteer for service just because the devil does make some of us his casualties. I know that you young people are going to be prepared to go out and give your lives in service, if need be, because we can assure you as a family that God is close to you. Really, when the way seems impossible, when there just doesn't seem any way to turn, He makes provision for it, and we are able to carry on. With God beside you, it isn't the hard way at all. So my message to all the young people today is that God is close to you at all times, and He will carry you through."

COVER A Martha E. Bonham photo.

Writers' original contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcome and receive careful evaluation. The material should be typewritten, double spaced, and return postage should accompany each manuscript. Queries to the editor on the suitability of proposed articles will receive prompt attention.

Action pictures rather than portraits are desired with manuscripts. Black and white prints or color transparencies are usable. No pictures will be returned unless specifically requested.

The clock in the hall faithfully declares the time of night.

It is midnight. One solitary light beams in South Hall.

The Lead and the Need

By PEARL BROOKS

THEY were only a few yellow pages of typewritten words, but I stared at them with unbelief. Twenty-three years ago I had written them. All the quixotic tricks of time, with its preposterous elusiveness, turned my mind into turmoil. I wondered confusedly what had happened to those twenty-three intervening years.

The manuscript had resulted from a routine class assignment in journalism; it was my first classic attempt at the form known to the press as an interview. The professor, as I remembered, had labeled the story rather good, and had recommended that it be published in the school paper. Now I strongly suspect that this partiality was due to the subject of my article, a very popular and highly respected person, the dean of women at the college.

But that was twenty-three years ago, and I had promptly forgotten all about the episode until these yellow pages abruptly caught me unawares. "What did one think about twenty-three years ago?" I asked myself in consternation. "What could I possibly have used for measuring character in those days when I scarcely knew the meaning of the word?"

Well, I should soon see, I said to myself, as I started to read them steadily through—those words I had written so long ago:

"Tick! Tick!"

The clock in the hall faithfully declares the time of night. It is eleven.

One hour earlier Miss Wilson, dean of women, had blinked the lights once, twice, and then had put them out. Not quite fifty girls had scampered to bed. Now at this late hour, with the building creaking, and then echoing its own creak, a solitary light may be seen in the office.

Inside sits the dean, studying.

A restless student in the hall decides to venture in. To her inquiry, Miss Wilson replies, "Oh, I'm just taking a few minutes to prepare my worship talk for tomorrow. This isn't late. It's really unusual to go to bed before eleven. You see, a preceptress' day is so full that the only

time she has to herself is after the lights are out."

"Do I like the work?" she counters the next question. "Of course I like the work, or I wouldn't have stayed with it so long—twelve years to be exact. I dearly love girls, and my work with them gives me a better and happier aspect toward life. The purpose of life, after all, is to serve, and I feel that this is my phase of service."

Throwing her head back with a characteristic tilt, she firmly denies the suggestion that her ability in handling girls is due to her personality. "No, I believe experience deserves the whole credit. No merit of my own has been of real aid." Reports from "her" girls have many times belied this modest assertion, but she is not to be interrupted.

Her next sentence is all in praise of her girls.

"Never before have I seen such a co-operative and friendly spirit. The girls

are never noisy, but I believe they have a good time. I'm sure they're all good friends, and it's a pleasure to have them here. That's why I try to have things pleasant and interesting for them—because I truly like them so much."

"My routine duties? My work is a continual routine duty. My work never ends, for my girls are in my mind always. Of course, we get up at six, have worship and breakfast and then classes. Oh, yes, I teach shorthand, and my mornings are very full. Committees are another important routine duty."

The dean studies for a few more minutes.

"Of all the troubles, great or small—Of all the troubles, great or small, the greatest are those that don't happen at all," mumbles the student as she reads the motto above Miss Wilson's desk. Without looking up, the Dean smilingly explains: "Yes, I believe that's pretty good



KYLE, FROM MONKMEYER

"Of course I like the work," replies the dean, "or I wouldn't have stayed with it so long—twelve years to be exact. The purpose of life, after all, is to serve, and this is my phase of service."

September's More Than Memory

September's more than memory
Of summer's mad delight,
As every day goes hurrying
More quickly into night.

The corn is yet to gather,
More orchard treasures, too.
The world will be much richer
When sweet September's through.

In every wind that's blowing
Gorgeous asters bow;
Chrysanthemums are shaping
Their final beauty now.

Goldenrod is rivaling
The sunshine fair and bright.
September's more than memory
Of summer's mad delight.

By NORMAN C.
SCHLICHTER



philosophy. I believe we worry too much. It's better to let things work out. It doesn't pay to reason out our worries."

"Hobby?" She turns at the question. "Oh, yes, I have one, or perhaps two. One is ice skating. I love cold weather, with lots of snow and ice. My other hobby is collecting poems—all sorts of them for my own pleasure and encouragement."

"Yes, I do teach a class in preceptorial methods. Three are taking it this year. It's my aim to instill in their hearts the love of the work and to give them a few ideals."

When asked if she will breathe a sigh of relief when the remaining eleven weeks of school are over, Miss Wilson merely replies, "Relief? That's not the right word, because I love the work too much for that. I'm tired, and I'll appreciate the rest and change for a few short weeks. I'll miss my girls though, and I'll be glad to get back again."

"Tick! Tick!"

The clock in the hall faithfully declares the time of night. It is midnight. One solitary light beams in South Hall. By its light the dean of women searches the Book for truths to offer her girls the next morning.

"Tick! Tick!"

The clock in the hall faithfully declares the time of night.

"Tick! Tick!"

Ticks of eternity and echoes of service!

For several long musing minutes I sat with the story in my hands. One sentence leaped out from the page: "The purpose of life, after all, is to serve, and I feel that this is my phase of service."

Ironical words, they seemed to be, for I knew full well that Miss Wilson had left the work of dean, had then worked several years in an office, and now was caring for her ninety-year-old mother.

I knew so many people with parallel patterns of change. I remembered the man we thought was slated to become college president. He became, instead, a successful Christian contractor. I remembered the talented violinist who is spending her days mothering three adopted children. Then there was the lad who determined to be a doctor. He is now a very good farmer in up-State New York. There, too, was the clown of our class, who sometimes stammered to the point of being ridiculous. He now is a conference president. The best musician I have ever known has been a printer for forty years. As a matter of fact, I had to confess that my own life has had its share of surprises.

If there is a proverbial ladder of success, surely its steps must be made of discarded dreams. (And it takes real courage to trample on your own dreams.) It's as though we sat down to place the variously shaped pieces of our future in meaningful design. We work at the problem until we think we have an attractive and useful picture of what we'd like to be and do. "This is to be my lifework," we say to our listening hearts. And then, so often, with a calm sweep of the hand, circumstance rearranges the picture.

But again I thought of Miss Wilson. She certainly had known the burden of shifting dreams. After thirty years of being dean, how could she possibly adjust happily to a new way of living?

I decided to write to her. When a few weeks later her lengthy answer came, I read it with wonder, and with a new respect for the powerful force of character. These were happy words! Happy words from a woman who had dedicated her life to God, but had left the definitions to Him.

With modesty she began: "As I look back through the years, how little I knew then. I have learned many things, but fear I may not have caught the entire vision. One seldom does."

Then she outlined her philosophy concerning the changes that life had imposed on her. "Service," she wrote, "need not be tied to any one line of labor. Service to me is very broad, and to be truly of service one must be pliable enough to follow any line where God may direct the way. Now, of course, I plan to go back into secretarial work. It may be soon, but again it might not be for a little while. This caring for Mother is a detour I was glad to follow because I believe she needed me. Again I feel that to be of real service one must be ready to follow the lead and the need."

The lead and the need! Life's whole objective condensed into one short phrase! With this definition, the disappointments of defeat, the torments of ambition, would be forever canceled. With the shedding of personal intentions, recognition would no longer be a disturbing factor. Pose and artifice would fall away. There would be room only for a quiet and happy heart.

No longer would there be false boundaries for success and failure, frustration and fulfillment. There would be no devious detours—only the way itself. Life would be the simple joy of faithfully accepting each day with its need and God's lead.

I looked again at the last line of my yellow pages.

"Ticks of eternity and echoes of service."

Suddenly the phrase had new meaning. And I know that in the years ahead I shall often hear those words—"the lead and the need"—"the lead and the need"—striking like a great clock, echoing and re-echoing in my heart.

The Effect of Choice

By MAY COLE KUHN

JOHN FREEMAN lives in a dormitory, a men's hall, in a school where morals are held to a high level. His friend, who lives in the village, invites John to a midnight party where both boys and girls will be present. There will be no chaperon.

John knows the rules regarding school gatherings. He should have permission from the dean of men to attend this party, but he knows that no such permission would be granted. He thinks the situation over carefully. He conjectures over the personnel of the guests. Two of the girls are not well thought of among the boys, and the boys themselves are thoughtless and inclined to be lenient concerning rules of any kind. What would the results be of attending a midnight feast under such conditions?

First, he would be reprimanded. No, considering the company with whom he

would be associated, he would be sent home; moreover no one knew what might happen at that party. If he were sent home, it would break his dad's heart. Poor old Dad! He had worked hard to send his boy to school, and as for Mother, well, she and Dad had set their hopes on his success at Firwood. No! He could not disgrace them. Anyhow, it would be sneaky to step out without permission. His face flushed as he thought about the unmanliness of it all.

"I could step out and maybe get away with it," he said to himself, "but I would have to live with myself afterward. No, the results would not be happy. Johnny stays home tonight and sleeps the beauty sleep that comes before—and after—midnight." John had a sense of humor, and when he analyzed the situation the whole setup suddenly appeared childish to him. Later, for reasons not divulged, he was very glad that he had not overstepped the really liberal, sensible regulations of the school.

In the making of a decision the first step is to get all the facts together concerning any given situation, and to attempt to figure out what will happen as the result of your choice.

The other day I read that an opinion may be a fact, and that the opinion of any important person, or one of authority in any community, school, or family, may be counted as an important fact. One's own opinion should be analyzed carefully to be sure that it is not a mere wish or a prejudice instead of a fact.

People with good judgment weigh the facts and try to determine what would be the probable results of a given course of action. They choose the action they think will give the results they are after.

After the course of action has been decided upon, the wise man, and the unwise, will know by experience whether the results justified the act, but then it is too late to change the action or the results. It is best to think things out!

During my long years of teaching (I began teaching in 1900) I have had the experience of seeing a number of high school students marry before they had finished their course. Later they have written to me, or told me, that they wish

they had finished high school before marrying. Many of these students were not ready for marriage either in physical or mental maturity.

A great change comes into human growth and maturity between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. The entire outlook on life changes during those years. These immature young people, not yet fully developed in any way, plunged into a life intended for older, more experienced people.

Dr. Miriam van de Water, judge in a Los Angeles court, made the statement some years ago that the reason there are so many divorces in this vicinity is because people marry too young. It is not wise to rush into marriage. It is an experience that goes through eternity. A marriage, once consummated, cannot be undone. Young people should consider carefully and honestly the effect that marriage, or any other important undertaking, is going to have on their lives. Only God can straighten out mistakes of this kind, and sometimes He cannot, for young people will not let Him!

Consider well your course of action and choose that which is going to give you what you really desire in life. What do the facts you know about your venture tell? In what direction do they lead? It is a true, if trite, saying that if a man sows wheat, he will reap wheat, and if he sows wind, he will reap a whirlwind.

When you decide a question concerning your schoolmates or friends, it is best to

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KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

A great change comes into human growth and maturity between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one.



H. A. ROBERTS

The entire outlook on life changes during those years from one of aimlessness to purposefulness.



UNITED CHURCH CANVASS

Many young women are sure that the highway to contentment begins at the gateway of marriage.

Which Way to Contentment?

By THOMAS A. DAVIS

I PUSHED gently on the button, and a bell sounded somewhere within the house. For a moment there was silence, then the shuffle of slippers feet sounded closer and closer, and the door swung open. We found ourselves looking into the pale, questioning face of a woman who appeared to be in her late fifties.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Smith," I smiled. "This is Mrs. Davis, and I am Mr. Davis. We are making some friendly Christian calls on our neighbors, and decided to call on you for a moment. We would be happy to step in."

"All right, come in," she invited.

Seated in her living room, we explained that we were giving our friends and neighbors reprints of the article, "What Is a Seventh-day Adventist?" which had appeared in *Look* magazine, and that we would like her to have one.

Then we went on to talk of the unsettled condition of the world, and the fear in the hearts of men. We talked about

the meaning of all these things in the light of our Bible. "All through life we search for satisfaction and contentment, from when we are little children, till life closes," we pointed out.

The young boy wants a bicycle; then he will be satisfied, he thinks. The girl wants a new dress, or a new pair of shoes. The teen-ager wants to be twenty-one, so that he can be old enough to run his own life. And as he or she gets older it is felt that complete contentment is to be found in a husband or a wife. Then the goal may be a car, or a house, or a comfortable bank account. And so we go, all through life, thinking that if we can only get some particular thing, we shall be satisfied.

Some look for satisfaction in "high life." Wild, gay parties, drink, dissipation, folly of all kinds. And so we hurry over the road of life, searching for the golden pot of contentment at the end of the illusionary rainbow, while the milestones of the years fall one by one behind us, and suddenly we find ourselves old. We are more

discontented and unhappy and frustrated than ever.

Then I quoted the words of St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart of man is restless until it finds its rest in Thee."

For a moment there was thoughtful silence, then Mrs. Smith spoke in a subdued voice, "Yes, that is true! That is true!"

We talked for a little while longer, trying to impress her with her need of Christ. Then having promised to call again, we knelt in prayer before we left.

At the next house we were also invited in. During the course of our conversation we mentioned to the woman there that we had had a nice visit with Mrs. Smith.

"Do you mean to tell me that she stopped to talk religion with you?" was the incredulous response.

"Why, yes," we answered, surprised at the effect of our statement on our hostess.

"She did! Do you know what kind of life that woman has lived? I have known her since she was a young girl, and believe me, there is little that woman hasn't done. I don't mean to be a gossip, but I'm surprised. Night life, wild parties, drunkenness, dissipation. She still drinks, as far as I know. And only a short while ago she had a stroke as a result of her fast life, so that now she is an invalid."

As I listened the words of St. Augustine came to me again, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart of man is restless until it finds its rest in Thee." I heard again the sober words of Mrs. Smith, "Yes, that is true! That is true!" and I realized for the first time that I had had the witness of one who really knew, of one who had spent a lifetime seeking rest for a restless heart in the turbulent ways of the world. Now, broken in body, forced to live the years remaining in partial inactivity, she is brought face to face with the cold truth that contentment has eluded her, because she has neglected the true Source of soul repose.

Youth is a time of restless ambition. The world lies before you, with a million things to offer. In the World's Mad Fair the three master showmen, To Be, To Have, and To Enjoy—the basic temptations—have a million glittering enjoyments tantalizingly displayed. With fascinating words they call you to buy their wares with honor and time, with talent and health.

"Step right up," they call in strident tones. "Don't miss it. If you want satisfaction in life, step this way. Follow the crowd."

But stop! You want *real* satisfaction from life, don't you? Then be sure that you get it from a source of permanent satisfaction. Think once more of these words, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart of man is restless until it finds its rest in Thee." Hear again the sad echo from a wasted life, "That is true! That is true!"

HERE, lieutenant, have a drink?" I had just stepped into a room where a lieutenant colonel (the post commander), a major, and a captain were celebrating the captain's birthday in the usual Army manner. As the major went to answer the telephone, I assured the captain that I did not drink, and the conversation turned temporarily to other subjects.

Soon the major returned to the room, and shortly after the three men had refilled their glasses the captain pushed the bottle toward me and said, "Here, Doc, look at that bottle, and if there is nothing in it that will hurt us, help yourself." I pushed it back and again told him that I did not drink, commenting at the same time that I had never tasted the stuff in my life. At that the captain reached out his hand to congratulate me.

At the same time the major spoke up, "You mean you've never tasted it!"

I nodded.

The lieutenant colonel, the only one who knew I was a Seventh-day Adventist, spoke, "I can vouch for that, major. My grandfather belonged to the same church that the lieutenant here belongs to, and he never drank either." Perhaps he had merely been biding his time to see what my response would be before entering the discussion.

TO KEEP THE FAITH

By EDWARD C. FRANK

This incident reminded me of my second day in the Army. It was Friday, and I had already been assigned duty for Sabbath morning. I had spoken to one officer about the Sabbath, but the major who was responsible for my duty did not know the facts in my case, so I approached him on the subject.

As soon as he learned that I was a Seventh-day Adventist he exclaimed, "Why, surely, you can be off tomorrow. During the last war there were four Seventh-day Adventist men in my company (he was a first sergeant at that time), and they were four of the finest men I have ever known. Let's see, your Sabbath

begins at Friday night sunset, doesn't it?"

These experiences impressed upon me the fact that we should be grateful for the pioneers of this great Second Advent Movement, the men and women who braved the taunts of friends rather than violate one of our health principles, who established before their relatives and friends the fact that Seventh-day Adventists are strict temperance advocates. We should be thankful for those who, in the uniform of their country, have paved the way for those who follow, because they were willing to suffer ridicule, extra KP duty, and in some cases court-martial, rather than compromise on the principles of Sabbath observance, noncombatancy, and other Biblical teachings.

These men and women are the pioneers who make it less difficult for you and me to be Seventh-day Adventists today. As soon as people learn of our peculiar religious affiliation, they immediately respect us, trust us, and accept us in spite of our "queer" ideas. Why? Because a relative, a friend, a business associate they have known has established a reputation for us as a people. Our brother in the faith recommends us as men and women who can be trusted to keep our word, pay our debts, be honest and kind and unselfish. These pioneers walked a hard and often a lonely road to build a reputation for us.

Are we going to live up to that reputation, that recommendation in absentia, which has been made for us? Or are we going to undo the work of these pioneers by our failure to uphold the high standard of Christian principles?

The thought comes to me, "What if I had listened to the tempter and taken just a social glass? After all, one little glass of liquor could not do very much harm, and if I proved myself friendly in this way, might I not be able to get a few extra privileges from the colonel, the major, or the captain?"

On the other hand, if I had taken that glass, how effective would have been the faithful witnessing of that old grandfather back in Iowa who "never drank either"? What would that have done to the reputation of Seventh-day Adventists all over the world? What effect would that have



The men who while in their country's service upheld the principles of Sabbath observance, noncombatancy, and other Bible teachings made it less difficult for us to be faithful today.

had on the next man who approached the colonel for Sabbath and noncombatancy privileges? From a monetary standpoint, what effect would that have had on that officer the next time he was approached for an Ingathering donation to advance God's cause?

There are men and women all over the world who know a great deal more about us as a denomination than we imagine, and when they meet a new member they observe his life to see whether he can be classed as a true disciple of Christ or as a self-righteous but hypocritical Pharisee. And, fairly or unfairly, they judge the denomination we represent and the God we profess to follow by us and by the things we say and do—by the life we live.

There is a great responsibility resting upon us as Seventh-day Adventists and as children of God to hold the standard high, to quit ourselves like men, lest we prove a stumbling block to those who are observing our lives.

There is another thing to be remembered in this matter of reputations and responsibilities. We are headed straight for a great trial, whether we like it or not. We are going to be judged by the King of the universe. We can go into that great court as pioneers who have traveled our own willful way without regard to the lives of others, or we may appear as followers of the One who has pioneered the way before us. He was "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

He has established a wonderful reputation before the universe, and He says that if we will follow Him here, He will confess us before the great Judge. When we face that Judge we can have an Advocate there to answer when our names are called, "Father, they have lived as I lived." To the Judge, that will be sufficient. Christ's reputation will clear us and we shall hear those most beautiful of all words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Let us be loyal to this faithful Pioneer, that He may represent us at last. Then we may have an eternity to become better acquainted with the other loyal pioneers who have gone this way before and made the path smoother for us.

Hymn of Memories

By FLORENCE M. SCHMIDT

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide!"

As the last chord of the opening bars died away, the voice of the choir conductor broke in, "This is an old hymn, very familiar to you all, but it holds so much for so many people, and many sacred memories cluster around this grand old hymn. Through this practice I want you to try to catch that spirit, for who knows what needy heart it may touch again."

His words were not without effect, and it was in that spirit that the choir with one voice thrilled to the inspiration of the occasion, and there stirred in more than one heart the memory of times when the abiding presence of Christ has become especially real because of the prayer breathed through the medium of song.

My mind slipped back over the years to a far-off land, when the rolling ocean was between me and home. I thought of the family who provided a home for me in those days. Worship for closing of Sabbath always concluded with that old hymn, "Abide With Me," but it had a special significance one evening. Before another Sabbath should dawn, the mother would be on the wide sea going to seek medical attention. What the outcome would be none of us knew at that time, but as we sang—

"When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,

Help of the helpless, O abide with me!"
faith soared upward, and the abiding presence of the Lord brought peace to our hearts.



It was an odd group of men who filed into the big assembly hall for the evening service. They had all seen better days—very much better—and the now self-imposed confinement was the only way out to build up self-respect and try to start life again without the terrible alcoholic demon that dragged down unceasingly. There were no stained-glass windows as some of them had been used to in churches back home, where the light streamed through onto the rich appointment of pulpit and pews, and gave a fitting setting for worship. Just the rude wooden benches were before them, but the old familiar hymns were the same, and as the strains of "Abide With Me" rose, first from those who had come to minister, the men one by one joined in, and a prayer went up from many a heart.

"Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with
me!"

How many went out from that place determined to walk on the upward path with the One who changes not, we did not know, for eternity alone will reveal the result of the prayer for the Abiding Presence.

"Abide with us: for . . . the day is far spent." This prayer was first uttered long ago at Emmaus. The two disciples had listened to the words of Christ, their hearts had burned within them as He walked and talked with them while He opened to them the Scriptures, but grief and despair had clouded their eyes so that they did not recognize the One on whose account such sadness filled their hearts. But they besought this Stranger to abide with them, and in so doing "their eyes were opened, and they knew him," and understood now the rich experience of talking with Him by the way.

Today the prayer is still breathed from fervent hearts seeking the presence of the Divine One. High and low, rich and poor, the need is still there. In joy or sorrow, happiness or adversity, the call is made, and the answer comes comfortingly and reassuringly. In cottage or palace this hymn holds its place in many hearts. When its strains were heard around the world at the time of the death of King George VI of Britain, the hearts of his mourning people everywhere were solaced and comforted as the favorite hymn of their late beloved sovereign rose in a triumphant note:

"Where is death's sting? where, grave,
thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!"

May that Abiding Presence be a reality in the lives of us all, in whatever experience we are called to pass through. "Abide in me, and I in you," Christ said, "for without me ye can do nothing."

Blessed Be the Name of the Lord

By VIRGINIA I. SHULL

YES, I've heard that saying repeated time and again, but it means very little to me," said Ruth, as her eyes filled with tears. She spoke of the promise that "all things work together for good to them that love God." "What *good* is there in losing one's loved one? I call it cruel. God certainly doesn't love me, or He wouldn't have permitted the accident to happen."

Sitting at her desk opposite Ruth, Miss Barlow said nothing for a few minutes. After Ruth's sobbing had subsided a little, she said, "Although it seems hard now, and you do not understand why it has happened to you, the time will come when you will see that it was all right. God loves you and will help you during this sorrow, if you will only let Him."

By this time Ruth had her head on the desk weeping as if her heart would break. Finally she raised her head and between sobs said, "Miss Barlow, I shall *never* see that it is all right. Why does God permit so much sorrow to come to one person? I have had more than my share. My father was killed when I was too young to remember him, my mother died last year, and now the young man I was soon to

marry is killed in a car accident. It's just too much. I wish I could die too. What is there to live for?"

Again Ruth's head went down on the desk, and tears flowed down the already swollen and stained face. During the next few minutes Miss Barlow's mind recalled Mother Martin and her many sorrows. She could hear her saying just as if it were yesterday, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Complete surrender to the will of the Lord is a hard lesson to learn, my dear, but others have learned it and, as the days went by, thanked God for the lessons taught them. Sorrow is something that comes to all sooner or later."

Whatever Miss Barlow said seemed to irritate instead of help Ruth. The next few minutes were spent in silence, except for a sob now and then from the heart-broken young girl. It was then that she decided to tell Ruth about Mrs. Martin.

"Ruth," she began in a low voice, "I am going to tell you about a family with whom I was well acquainted. In fact, I was living with members of this family when these incidents took place.

"I was teaching school, and Flo Martin and I were living with one of her married sisters in a large city.

"Life for Mother Martin had never been an easy one. In her younger years she had worked long hours to feed and clothe her six little ones. The day finally came when one by one the children grew up, left home, and married, that is, all but two, the only son, who in his youth contracted tuberculosis and died, and one daughter who never married. She became a Bible instructor.

"Although the children were grown and established in their homes, Mother Martin carried the burden of them upon her heart. She was much concerned about their spiritual life. She felt that in one way or another they were gradually drifting away from the truths she held so dear.

"In less than a year after her son's death Flo was taken suddenly ill, and within a few days died. This was quite a blow to the family, especially to Ann, the sister with whom Flo and I lived, for she had been a counselor and comforter in all their troubles. Ann at one time was a missionary to India, but for some reason had lost interest in things she once had loved. All during Flo's illness she fully expected the Lord to heal her. Although Ann was married and had a little boy, she was very unhappy, and now that Flo was gone she was more unhappy than ever. Her grief did not last long, for just one month after her sister's death she was murdered.

"Another sister, whom I shall call Mary, lived in a suburb of this same city. Her husband at one time was an Adventist, but now was not. Mary loved her husband and was soon going to places and doing things with him that she knew to be wrong. After the death of her sisters she did some serious thinking, and came to the conclusion that she could not go on as she was if she expected to be ready to meet her God and to spend eternity in heaven. To make the choice between her husband and her God was not easy to do, but after much prayer she made her decision and was rebaptized.



EWING GALLOWAY

Again Ruth's head went down on the desk, and tears flowed down the already swollen and stained face.

"A few weeks later Mary, her husband, and children were on their way to Maryland to visit her mother when they met with a terrible car accident. As the result Mary and her husband were both killed instantly, but the children's lives were spared.

"Mother Martin knew what it was to have her heart ache as though it would break; she knew what it means to lay loved ones to rest until Christ comes to claim His own; she knew what it means to have tragedy strike her loved ones. But never once did she blame God or lose her faith and trust in Him. As each sorrow came to her she would quietly and calmly

say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"Why did God permit the lives of one son, three daughters, and one son-in-law to be taken, all within a few months? Why did He permit so much sorrow to come to one person? But Mother Martin never questioned God's goodness and love. She firmly believed that there was some good reason for all her sorrow. She trusted God, knowing that someday she would understand. It so happens that one daughter, who had never given her heart to the Lord, did so after all these tragedies."

The hour was late, the students were returning from supper, and it was almost

time for worship. Ruth rose saying, "Pray for me that I shall learn the lesson Mother Martin learned, and that I may be able to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' I am so sorry that I gave way to my feelings and thought that I am the only one who suffers. What lessons the Lord has for me to learn from my sorrows I do not know now, but someday I may understand.

"Thank you, Miss Barlow, for telling me about Mother Martin. You have helped me, through her experience, to see how wrong I have been in the attitude I have had toward my own sorrows."

Junction or Derail?

By H. B. LUNDQUIST



INTERNATIONAL NICKEL CO.

SOME TIME ago a Timken-axled New York-Washington express was making its usual approach to Union Station.

When the experienced engineer tried to apply the air brakes, to his horror he found that they were not working. Behind him, unconscious of the impending disaster, were scores of passengers. Many scores more in the waiting room and the ticket office were directly in the path of the now-hurting express.

The engineer yelled a warning to the control-tower operator as his train flew by. This cool-headed employee notified railroad employees in the path of the train. On she sped with almost unabated speed. The famous express, the pride of the company, reached and demolished the bumping post and the fence, and miraculously, though ignominiously, plowed her way to a stop through the floor of the station. No one was seriously injured, and the damages were not irreparable. It could have been worse.

In some places there are derailing switches at the approach to stations. Trains are prevented from hurtling into

waiting crowds of people should something go wrong. There are derailing switches in life. In order to avoid disaster they must be made use of. The devil wants to make us think that once we have embarked in a certain direction it would be unthinkable and inglorious to stop or to turn back. Too many times he is able to secure his fiendish way with us, until we have gone so far on the road to destruction that, like the engineer of the ill-fated flier, we decide to continue on the regular road, and trust to the overruling of a kind Providence.

Sometimes the person himself asks for the derail to be thrown. Other times it is thrown for him, even against his will. The Bible teaches the wisdom of its use in the following terms: "And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

Many a young person is enjoying an exhilarating ride. He is surrounded by jolly companions, and judging by their number, he is traveling to an exceedingly

popular destination. Nothing seems to indicate that it could be the City of Destruction. From time to time his train makes a brief stop at a junction where a change of route is possible. Some take advantage of it, although the number is few.

How much better it would be for a young person if he would make sure of the destination, and reroute himself before the last junction is passed! If he has passed all the junctions, it would be better to make use of the derailing switch than to plunge on to destruction. One of the most satisfying experiences that can come to anyone is that of beginning again, submitting oneself to the challenge that changed conditions, a new environment, and a new destination provide.

Everything depends on the destination we really determine to reach. Even though, at the time, it may appear embarrassing to change trains, our embarrassment will be much easier to bear than the destruction that awaits at the end of the way. There is a point of no return, beyond which there is no stopping or turning.

THIS double-sided story comes from Norman and David Ferris, following their return to the Solomon Islands after their enforced retirement at the time of the second world war.

David found that the natives in Malaita had held the fort well and had kept the light of truth shining. They had been sorely treated by the invaders, their gardens had been destroyed, and their stores depleted. However, they soon had the work of God well under way again. But under the best circumstances food grows slowly, and scarcity faced them. Laluta, David's cook boy, did very well in securing some meager supplies, as only Laluta could each day. He is a cheerful, devoted, and faithful Christian boy.

One morning, however, when they came in for breakfast after their early morning toil, they found him not so cheerful as usual, and when they asked for breakfast, he sadly shook his head saying, "Master, no breakfast this morning."

Continuing his story, David Ferris said, "I uttered words then that I will regret as long as I have a memory. I scolded my noble Laluta, and the poor boy began to cry."

"O Master," he said, "me no find kiki this morning, no yam, no sweet potato, no green leaf. I cannot find anything anywhere."

"O Laluta, I so sorry I speak cross to you," I said as I put my arm around him. "We'll pray that the Lord will again supply all our need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

"We arose from our knees, and the boys each had a drink of water and went off to their several duties again as cheerfully as only they can. I wandered toward the beach. I felt anything but cheerful."

"Kneeling on the sand, I prayed again, 'O loving and merciful God, please honor the simple, trusting faith of these dear men who have weathered the fearful war storm so nobly. We are now at a crisis. Starvation faces us.' I arose from my knees, and just as the tears began to flow I was startled from my reverie by a call from the boys, 'Master, a boat in the distance.' Sure enough they had sighted a boat like a speck on the far-distant horizon, heading straight toward us."

"As it drew nearer a familiar sign (known only to himself and me) from the steersman revealed that he was my brother Norman. On arrival his first words filled us all with amazement. They were, 'How are you? We have brought you some kiki.' It seemed incredible to us; we could scarcely believe our senses. Yes, it was indeed a happy occasion. A critical situation had been averted, and the work advanced with stimulated faith."

This is how Norman's miraculous arrival occurred. Several days before, in his field some one hundred miles away, he had been out in his launch on itinerary work, and stormy weather had caused



As the boat drew near, a familiar sign from the steersman revealed that he was my own brother.

Kiki Crisis IN MALAITA

By A. H. FERRIS

him to cut it short and make for home. On arrival at his home his wife said, "Norman, I want you to go to David. I'm strongly impressed that he needs you. I have no idea what is the matter, but I cannot get rid of the impression."

"O Ruby," he replied, "we cannot possibly go out again in the face of this weather."

She became insistent. "Norman, please don't say No to me. I feel that the Lord is calling in this thing."

"Well," he replied, "I don't like to ask the natives to go out again in this sea."

"Ask them, and if they agree, will you take that as a sign that you should go? I know the Lord will calm the sea for you."

"I'll ask them."

"Boys," he said, "will you go with me right away to Malaita? They are in need of something there." The boys looked at one another and hesitated a moment while they scanned the stormy sky and sea, then in unison said, "If you go, Master, we go too."

Norman agreed, though with some anxiety. While they had their dinner Mrs. Ferris stored the boat with boxes of the food that the kindly American officers

had left for Norman when they retired from the field. In a little while they were ready and off. Each one had mingled feelings and was wondering whither bound.

To their surprise, they had no sooner headed seaward than the storm abated and the sea became calm and remained calm all the way, and they arrived the second morning out just in time to supply the natives and David Ferris with food.

Whence came the simple faith of those native boys, enabling them to go off to work again when hungry, cheerfully trusting that all would be well? Who was prompting and sustaining the missionary as he went to the beach for earnest prayer? Who impressed the sister-in-law on the distant island so urgently, days before the real need arose? What made the native boys there agree to go? Who stilled the stormy sea? And still further back, who prompted the American officers to give so liberally the food supplies as they were leaving for home?

Christ is in heaven at headquarters. Although His supplies and suppliers may be here on earth, His angels minister between.



DID you ever hear someone say, "He is a hard case"? They may have been speaking of a juvenile delinquent; an old red-nosed, blurry-eyed unfortunate who has gone beyond human help; or of someone who

had so often given way to his temper that he no longer felt any shame.

We have seen many broken, discouraged, hopeless, hardened wrecks of humanity. What made them that way? Were they all born on "the wrong side of the tracks"? Were the "cards stacked against them"? Are they the unfortunate ones who "just never had a chance"? Did they pass through some rare experience that is not "common to man"?

Where shall we go for the answers to these questions? If their path led along the same road millions must tread, if they were of the common stock of humanity and shared the common lot, then we should each want to know the cause of their misfortune. What hardened them?

We are warned to be on our guard "lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." Hardened—no longer tenderhearted, no longer sympathetic, no longer responsive to the tender call of the Holy Spirit. Hardened, changed; the same person, but not the same. And this may happen to "any of you." But it can come only through the "deceitfulness of sin." Sin deceives. It deceives not only the one sinned against but the one who sins. Sin is hurtful. It hurts not only the one sinned against but also the sinner. Sin works a change in a person. Sin hardens. This hardening process is gradual, but it is inevitable.

Every hardened criminal, every skillful liar, every profane person, every house-breaker, every addict, all the callously immoral were at one time sweet, innocent infants, the pride of some mother. There was a time when they hesitated before the first oath. There was a time when they would blush if seen in the wrong. Now they glory in their shame. What made the difference? Did they plan to be lost? No! But they became hardened because they trifled with sin. "Fools make a mock at sin," the wise man says. They think it is fun to live in danger.

A snake was lying perfectly still on the limb of a tree. A sparrow lighted close by and seemed not to notice that here was a snake. Then it actually picked at the snake's eyes. Without changing its position, without moving a muscle that could be seen, the snake darted its tongue out. The bird was attracted. It pecked at the tongue, but somehow it missed. The bird changed its position, got right in front of the snake and tried desperately to grab that elusive tongue. This way and that it pecked.

Christianity works an internal change in the caldron of life, with external results.

The Case Ha

The sparrow became excited and walked on the snake, but the snake did not move. It was as still as the limb and looked almost to be a part of the tree. Again the sparrow got right in front of the snake. The tongue darted out and in as if in a game.

Then slowly its back began to arch and its mouth to open. The sparrow tried to open its wings, but they did not work normally. While it had been trying to catch the snake's tongue, the serpent had been darting tiny bits of sticky slime on the bird. When the sparrow looked around to see what was wrong with its wings, the snake's mouth closed over it. Struggle as it would, it was helpless. Observers caught the two, preserved them in alcohol, and placed them in the natural history section of the museum.

That bird did not intend to be swallowed whole. It didn't want its wings stuck down. Birds are afraid of snakes. They are natural enemies. But this snake seemed different. It seemed quite a playful fellow. The bird went forth and back; it came close and withdrew many times. It flew up and landed on the snake. But when its wings were most needed, they did not work—they were all sticky. When it tried to raise them they did not function. It is that way with men and women. Be sure that whenever we "mock" the devil, when we play his game, he always wins. It gets harder and harder to withdraw, until eventually there is a "hard case," hopeless but for the power of God.

A handsome, promising young man, reared in a good Seventh-day Adventist home and educated in a Christian academy, accepted work as a salesman. The company was a wonderful organization and very understanding. The employer explained that "there will no Sabbath problem for you. Your time is your own. Work when you please. Just bring in the

business." Sam (that is not his real name) was grateful.

He attended the classes in salesmanship. On the walls and on the cardcase the firm gave him was the motto, "Never Offend a Prospect." Underneath in small gold print was the statement, "You never sell to those you offend." This was underscored. It seemed reasonable. The class lecture was logical, sound, interesting, and instructive. It was based on good sales psychology. As the class left the room the instructor called, "Remember the first rule of successful salesmanship is NEVER OFFEND A PROSPECT."

Everything went well. Sam's sales were soon at the top of the list. Friendly competition between salesmen sprang up. Banquets were given. Entertainments were provided—floor shows, food, and drinks—things for which Sam had no relish, but it was part of the program. If he were to benefit from the instruction, keep abreast of the company's plans, he must be present. After all, he could not run the entire firm.

But little by little the shock wore off. Disgust turned to toleration, toleration to taste, and taste into a trap. He enjoyed the things he once condemned. A new variety of jokes and jests crept into his conversation. His interest in the Sabbath school began to shrivel and shrink, and so did his soul. He was becoming hard, defending the things that down in his innermost soul he knew were wrong. He condemned the right and justified the wrong. He would not listen to his friends. Sam was hardening, and getting harder and harder to reach.

As the change slowly developed in Sam so there was a change in the attitude of his "prospects" toward him. They felt freer. Silly, spicy jests became the order of the day. Whereas they once looked up to him as a superior type of

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By F. E. THOMPSON

man, now he was one of them. They felt free to make suggestions and extend invitations they would not have dreamed of a year and a half before. They saw the change.

Cigarettes were offered. Remembering the rule, "Never offend a customer," he took the unlighted cigarette, holding it and explaining that he could talk better when he was not smoking. Sometimes he put it in his pocket. "Smoking and drinking are a line I will never cross," he told himself.

Then someone lighted a cigarette and handed it to Sam. And finally a man actually put the cigarette near Sam's mouth when both his hands were occupied. He took it and held it lightly in his lips, telling himself all the time that he would never smoke. He was just playing the game. But there was another voice of caution that spoke from his innermost soul, to which he paid less and less heed. And as the tumult and conflicting emo-

tions rose to a grand crescendo in his soul, the voice within became almost inaudible. The spiritual voice from within was silenced. Sam was beginning to love the things he once despised.

Without knowing when, he developed a taste for tobacco, all the time telling himself he would never smoke. But he became a heavy user. What seemed to him to be freedom, he soon found to be galling, expensive slavery. Now Sam defends his conduct. He complains that the church is narrow, its standards unreasonable. He condemns the right and justifies the wrong, forgetting that the wise man said, "He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord."² Sam is hard, not wicked in the sense of wanting to steal, cheat, misrepresent, and get ungodly gain, but his taste for hymns, his love of Bible reading, is gone. The church and the fellowship that he at one time enjoyed are now distasteful. He feels uncomfortable among his former classmates and Christian friends.

Sam is changed. He is hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Just where he crossed the line he does not know. He recognizes he did cross the line, all the time telling himself he would never step over it.

Old Logan was the affectionate name given to a four-year-old horse on the U-Bar Ranch. Logan was a beautiful, graceful, alert roan with plenty of stamina. This the ranch men knew by watching him on the range. He would outdistance all the other horses. Old Logan could stop, reverse himself, and be going full speed the other way so quickly that there just was no fun trying to put a rope on him.

In watching other horses being roped, Logan learned a lot. He would, if pressed into a corner where he could not get away into the open, put all four feet together and his nose on the ground close to his feet. Logan would watch his would-be captors until the rope was thrown, then he would jump out and run away. The boss admired Logan. "There never was a gamer or more intelligent horse on the ranch," he would proudly say. Having a keen sense of fair play, he would never let the boys gang up on Logan. Four years went by. Logan was approaching five, and had never felt the rope or had any man "throw leather" on him. Then the boss said, "It is time now for that 'hoss' to pay for his grazing. I am going to catch him and train him."

Logan was run into a mile-square pasture with many other horses. One by one they were let out until in a few days Logan was alone. Before Logan was alone, the boss took spelt and salt out to the pasture. Logan snorted and ran, but the other horses seemed to enjoy the treat. After a time Logan came and ate with them. Then all the horses were withdrawn. Logan was alone. He knew something was wrong, and that day he snorted



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Only a Twig

By LEILA GILHOUSEN



THERE is a steep bank on the side of the parking lot, and my friends and I take a short cut down it every morning on our way to work. Halfway down the bank there grows a little twig of a tree, a black walnut sapling about eight feet high, with its slender trunk tapering into the breezes.

It doesn't look much like a tree yet, and may live for years unnoticed by almost everyone except those who daily depend on it. Fortunately it is growing at the steepest place on the bank where one may take a light fingerhold for security before descending, and when one returns over the same path he may grasp it for a lift on the way up.

Day after day this tender sapling bends to our aid, helping each one who needs its momentary support. If the tree were

not pliable, it would break under the strain. The usefulness of this little twig will increase as it grows, until someday it may become a beautiful and stately tree.

You may be living in a lowly place, occupying a humble position, struggling to grow in the steep experiences of life, feeling that you are of little use in the world. God wants you to be of benefit to those who pass by, to those who may need just that touch of security your helpfulness can give at the right moment.

Are you lending that necessary aid? Are you remaining pliable—usable—like the small walnut tree? If you are, then the bending, twisting circumstances of time will tend only to develop and strengthen your character until it reaches "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

his disgust and suspicion. He didn't come near the spelt and salt.

But in a few days he came and ate, jumping away several times from imaginary foes. No one was near. When the boss would take out more feed at the same time each day, Logan would watch, run, and shy. But by and by Logan was waiting for the spelt. He could hardly wait for the boss to go away. Then that master horseman we called the boss took a lasso, and making a large loop, tried to conceal it in the grass around the spelt, extending the "business end" through the fence. Logan saw the rope. He shied, snorted, smelled, stepped in, and jumped out, but after a while he went in and ate the grain. Nothing happened. In just a few days Logan paid no attention to the rope.

Taking a lot of cornstalks, the boss built a blind outside the fence by the end of the lasso rope. He took his overalls and jacket, stuffed them with cornstalks and straw, and placed them in the blind. My, Logan cut all kinds of capers. He did not eat that morning as he ran forth and

back, snorted, kicked up his heels, wheeled, and watched. The thing did not move, it did not follow; and by midafternoon Logan ate his spelt and salt. Watching, the boss said, "I'm going to teach that horse a rope trick he has never seen." Then a day or so later the boss got into those overalls and jacket and waited for Logan to come to his feed. With a flip of the rope Logan was snared.

By the rope? Yes, but first by his love for spelt and salt.

"As soon as he ate the feed," the boss afterward said, "I knew he was coming my way."

As soon as Logan was roped, men rushed in with lassos, and soon Logan was "roped proper" by experts. The "leather" was fastened on, and a good man sprang into the saddle. There was a fearful struggle, but soon Logan was trained to carry the man that snared him.

How like the real experiences of life! Training Logan to lead was a real task. He was tied to the back of a wagon. The boss sat there holding the loose end of the

rope. Logan fought, squealed, and moaned as only a horse conscious of being conquered can moan. He threw himself on the ground. The hair on his neck and side was largely worn off. But in a little while Logan followed the wagon. Finally, when the team would start, he would not wait for the rope to give him a jerk. He would step up and follow. The boss untied the rope and Logan kept up. He dropped the rope over the endgate, and Logan never stretched it once. Logan was "broke." He followed without a protest. He was the boss's horse. He served the one who ensnared him.

The boss was a Christian, a Seventh-day Adventist. That evening he turned to the youngest and greenest hand on the ranch and remarked, "Son, be careful. The devil ropes boys just as we rope horses, and for the same purpose—to make them serve him. Be careful of his bait and the places he puts it. Few who step inside his snare get out, and believe me, son, the devil is a rough rider. He never quits until they follow his wagon."

Mrs. Hodson (that is not her real name) was a good, steady, reliable, cheerful, hard-working Seventh-day Adventist. Faithful and dependable, she was a source of encouragement to parishioner and pastor alike. Her people were druggists. They gave a banquet, and she was invited. Many things were served of which she did not approve. Then a special dish was passed.

Her niece said to her quietly, "This is extra special, Aunt Lily. There are a few oysters in it, but you don't need to make a fool of yourself because of that. It isn't poison; it's food. At least it won't hurt you to take a little on your plate. Haven't you disgraced us long enough? Do you have to be odd all the time?"

Taking the advice, she took the questionable food on her plate, fully planning not to touch any of it. But it was not all oyster, and she nibbled at the other ingredients. She nibbled and watched, then she talked and forgot to watch. That night she took ill. She was rushed to the hospital. The doctors did all that skill and money could provide. Despairing of her life, she called for special prayer.

After her recovery her pastor visited her again, and she told him about the banquet. "I don't eat oysters. I don't know when I ate that oyster, but I did. I just don't eat such things, but I did. I never intended to touch one of them."

She got well and served the Lord faithfully. One night at the prayer meeting she said, "To know and not to do is worse than ignorance." The pastor understood. That is the presumptuous sin, the thing we know is wrong but we think it is so small that we presume we can get by. David called this "the great transgression." It is the devil's favorite hook. It hardens so many.

Years ago when Mrs. Thompson and I

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THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR

SABBATH SCHOOL



Men Who Endured

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 9

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved" (Matt. 24:13).

THINK IT OVER:

a. Columbus was willing to sacrifice everything he had and to endure ridicule and scorn for a chance to sail west. His endurance gave America to the world.

b. Thomas Edison failed again and again, but he did not give up. His endurance and perseverance gave the electric light to the world.

c. Church members may give up, our friends may fail us, "but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

FOR SUNDAY

1. Why does the Bible say Abraham offered up Isaac when he did not slay him? (Heb. 11:17-19.)

"By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure."

NOTE.—"The trial was far more severe than that which had been brought upon Adam. Compliance with the prohibition laid upon our first parents involved no suffering; but the command to Abraham demanded the most agonizing sacrifice. All heaven beheld with wonder and admiration Abraham's unfaltering obedience. All heaven applauded his fidelity."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 155.

2. What did Abraham's obedience reveal concerning his character? (Gen. 22:12.)

"And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me."

FOR MONDAY

3. How did Jacob feel when he knew he must meet his brother Esau, whom he had wronged? (Gen. 32:7.)

"Then Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed: and he divided the people that was with him, and the flocks, and herds, and the camels into two bands."

4. What method did God use to impress Jacob with the controversy that is going on between good and evil? (Gen. 32:24-26.)

"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh."

NOTE.—"While he was thus battling for his life, the sense of his guilt pressed upon his soul; his sins rose up before him, to shut him out from God. But in his terrible extremity he remem-

bered God's promises, and his whole heart went out in entreaty for His mercy."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 197.

5. What did Jacob desire more than to win an all-night struggle? (Gen. 32:26-28.)

"And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

NOTE.—"Weeping and helpless, he fell upon the breast of Infinite Love, to receive the blessing for which his soul longed. We also need to learn that trials mean benefit, and not to despise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when we are rebuked of Him."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 25.

6. Of what is Jacob's wrestling a symbol to you and me today? (Jer. 30:7.)

"Alas! for that day is great, so that none is like it: it is even the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it."

NOTE.—"Jacob prevailed because he was persevering and determined. . . . All who will lay hold of God's promises, as he did, and be as earnest and persevering as he was, will succeed as he succeeded. Those who are unwilling to deny self, to agonize before God, to pray long and earnestly for His blessing, will not obtain it. Wrestling with God—how few know what it is!"—*The Great Controversy*, p. 621.

FOR TUESDAY

7. Why did Moses choose suffering instead of the pleasures of sin? (Heb. 11:24-26.)

"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."

NOTE.—"He looked beyond the gorgeous palace, beyond a monarch's crown, to the high honors that will be bestowed on the saints of the Most High in a kingdom untainted by sin. He saw by faith an imperishable crown that the King of heaven would place on the brow of the overcomer."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 246.

8. What proves that this choice made him a mighty hero? (Heb. 11:27.)

"By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible."

9. In his last speech on earth, what did Moses declare about the God he had chosen? (Deut. 33:26.)

"There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky."

FOR WEDNESDAY

10. Abraham, Jacob, and Moses endured mental conflict over a long period of time. What kind of endurance test came to Paul and Silas? (Acts 16:22-24.)

"And the multitude rose up together against them: and the magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them. And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the jailor to keep them safely: who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks."

11. In what spirit did they meet this test? (Acts 16:25.)

"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them."

FOR THURSDAY

12. What was given to Paul, and for what purpose? (2 Cor. 12:7.)

"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in

the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure."

NOTE.—It is generally believed that this "thorn in the flesh" that afflicted Paul was defective eyesight or some trouble with his eyes. Often those who suffer affliction in the body are the most humble Christians and the most zealous witnesses for Christ.

13. What was Paul's attitude when God did not answer his prayer as he expected? (2 Cor. 12:8, 9.)

"For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

14. What were some of the other trials and tribulations that came to Paul? (2 Cor. 11:24-27.)

"Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

15. Despite all these sufferings, what could Paul say? (Rom. 8:37.)

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

16. Why was Paul able to glory in tribulations? (Rom. 5:3-5.)

"We glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

FOR FRIDAY

Review the memory verse.

Here is a question: A certain boy has been in the hospital with polio for several years. He spends his time thinking about the good times his friends are having who are well. He grumbles, complains, and talks of the injustice of the whole thing a great deal. Would you say he is "enduring"?

For five years now Robert has been a polio patient. Stricken at the age of fifteen, he has spent the best years of his life in bed. At the hospital he sees other boys come, stay awhile, get better and return to their homes. Yet he remains. Over the months he has met a large number of persons who might never have listened to a Bible study had they been well. He talks to them about Jesus, he loans them the *Instructor* and other books and papers that he has. Would you say that Robert is "enduring"?



Teen-age Diary

By JOAN

Dear Diary,

Not long ago I met the most wonderful lady! She will be eighty years old in December, and she's my great-aunt. Aunt Estella lived in the East, and our home has always been in the West, so I hadn't had the opportunity to get acquainted with her before. During her life she has worked very hard on a big dairy farm and taught school to help educate her two fine sons. Both are now teachers in our schools, helping other young people.

Aunt Estella enjoyed our patio, and sat many afternoons talking with me and giving me the benefit of her many years' experience.

"No matter what comes to you in life," she said, "always keep your eyes on your goals. Never for one moment turn your eyes away from them to the discouragements of the moment."

Aunt Estella's tiny body is bent and twisted from carrying the big buckets of milk—the milk that made her boys' education possible—and once in a while it must have been a temptation for her to sit down and say, "I can't do this hard



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

work. I'm tired." But evidently she didn't do that. She kept her eyes on the goal, and she won!

I have some goals, too. Once in a while I am tempted to quit and lie down on the job, but every time, now, I can see a dear

little lady with bright eyes saying, "Don't ever quit, Joan. Keep your eyes on the goal."

When Aunt Estella left our home I felt that something wonderful had gone out of my life, and I told Mother that I just hated to give her up. She's wonderful!

I hope when I am eighty years old I'll be as keen and fresh in my outlook as Aunt Estella is. She thoroughly enjoys life and has the sunny disposition so necessary to its enjoyment.

We enjoyed her humor. It was like a light, babbling brook always tumbling over the problems of life with the buoyancy of a spring freshet, for to her it will always be spring.

Some folks like Aunt Estella have mastered the science of living. Just one look at their lives and you can see that they have the know-how. I suppose that's why I get so much fun out of talking with older people.

In building a philosophy for life, these older people have made faith their outstanding quality—faith in God, faith in their fellow men, faith in the possibilities within the grasp of every individual.

Mother says that when I was just a little tyke, I used to say every morning, "We can do anything we want to." The whole day seemed charmed with possibility, and I remember feeling that way about life.

And so, Diary, every day is a beautiful day. Every day is a day of opportunity. Every day is meant for joy, adventure, living, loving, and laughing. I have a feeling that I'm going to have the know-how, too.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

At one time missionary children were swimming around in this pool when a small crocodile was sighted by one of the swimmers. Since that incident the pool has not been used for swimming!

We Take to the Road

By MABEL C. PARSONS

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

ONE of the cases we saw the next day was an infected toe. We gave André hot and cold water treatments, which he continued the rest of the time we were there and after we left. He had been to the witch doctor about that toe, had had his medicine to drink and to put on the toe, for which he had paid a goat at one time and a chicken at another. Each time he went for treatment he had to take another gift. Now he was receiving his treatment free of charge. The toe finally healed after we returned home, and the man was grateful to the missionary who continued the treatment.

This year while attending Cuale camp meeting I noticed on the front row of the converts who had just been baptized and were lined up to be welcomed into the church, a face that was very familiar, but I could not remember to whom it belonged. I began to think. Where had I seen that face? Then like a flash, I saw a big toe all bound up in green leaves! I remembered an African walking on his heel to keep from hitting his toe, and using a stick to aid him. I glanced down at the toe. It was no longer so large, and

it apparently had healed. Yes, it was André waiting to be welcomed into the Seventh-day Adventist Church, a believer in the soon coming of Jesus!

Little Chico was a very interesting boy with bright eyes and a sunny smile. He was about "two bricks and a ticky high," using the South African expression, but he made up for his small stature by his singing. He sang gospel songs while he herded the chickens to keep them out of the garden or chopped kale or pounded peanut residue for them to eat. He was the handy man about the house, always running errands—literally; his was not the pace of the usual African. Chico attended school and worked for his board and room by herding Mrs. Giddings' chickens. With a big smile on his face he brought the eggs in of an evening. In fact, he had a smile that just could not be wiped off. I am sure that if we asked him what he was going to be when he grew up, he would say that he was going to be a missionary to his own people.

From the cotton company, from the government post near at hand, and from the administration, the officials came for medical advice. The administrator in-

vited us to breakfast with him the morning we were to leave, which would be on a Sunday. He also said that we could get gas that morning.

It came time to pack. We had wicker furniture to put on the pickup. We had our two African helpers and their few things and a huge basket that Cambinja brought—which has many times served as an umbrella on rainy mornings. There were little bags, big bags, meal, peanuts, baskets, and whatnot piled on the ground around the car. Fathers, mothers, and brothers of our boys stood around, looking longingly at the car, wishing that they could get up the courage to ask for a ride to Bongo. If they could not go, a good substitute would be a gift of food, or cloth for a shirt or pair of trousers, or at least a letter. We, knowing that our children away at school greatly appreciate "tuck boxes," and remembering how good those cakes that came through the mail tasted when we were in school, hated to disappoint them.

The car was groaning when we were ready to leave. As usual it had taken longer than we had supposed it would, but we had a good time loading up and then finding room for our African helpers. We had acquired a top for the car, so everything had to go under the top. This complicated the situation a bit.

We had just turned the bend that separated the mission from the main road when we came upon a band of a dozen or more wild dogs. They were beautiful creatures, mottled black, white, yellow, and brown. They looked like big dogs. I thought of our Lady at home, and thought what a pity to kill any of them, but they are treacherous creatures. If we had been walking, we would have been eaten alive. They follow herds of animals, taking bits of flesh from an animal—especially a young one—while it is trying to flee. They cooperate to the *n*th degree, but their bent is toward evil and not good. We must have killed four of them, but we thought it unsafe to go back to see, for we had no means of protecting ourselves. The boy at the back said that there were four lying in the road.

At the administrator's we had a breakfast fit for a king, and rested a little. We did not need rest at that hour, because as yet our journey was still newly begun, but I sat and visited with the administrator's wife while my husband went to see the secretary and his wife, and some others who wanted medical advice but could not go to the mission while we were there. True to his word, the administrator filled up our tank with gas, for which he would take no pay! The Portuguese people are like that. Of course, we had helped them, but materially they had helped us more.

In talking to the administrator's wife earlier I found out that she had been an orphan and had been reared in a convent orphanage.

The government furnishes the homes

of the officials, and because they lived in the area of the falls, they had a dinner service for fifty, with glassware and silverware to go with it. All dignitaries who visit the colony are taken to the falls, and it is the duty of the wife of the administrator to do the entertaining.

We drove through Malange at noon, and on to the river. The raft was on the other side, so we had to wait for the Africans to bring it across. This barge was larger than the others we had used. The river was wider too, and the cable longer and larger. It was anchored to pyramid-shaped pillars on either side. To keep it floating, this barge has large metal canoes, in addition to a number of empty drums. Also a canoe, or wooden dugout, is used for Africans wishing to cross the river. I think I would prefer the pontoon.

Since it takes twenty-five minutes actual crossing time, we got out our binoculars. We looked upstream toward the horse-shoe falls, and could see natives walking on the rim against our horizon. They were setting out their fish traps—closely woven, long baskets set where the water runs over the stones. The fish drift with the current into the baskets and cannot get out. Just then one of the boys shouted, "*Ongando* [crocodile]!"

We looked ahead of us, and there was something moving on the surface of the water, but it was far away. We focused our binoculars on the moving object and found that it was a huge snake that was swimming. We asked the Africans what it was called. They gave us the native name meaning "snake." We had studied snakes with the Missionary Volunteers of Bongo, and knew the names of those in our section. These people did not speak our language, but they could understand us and we could understand them somewhat. They told us that if this particular snake bit an ox it would die immediately. A man, too, would succumb. Once across the river we tipped the boys for their good "singing," which consisted in extolling the nice man and woman who would give them a nice tip!

Shortly after arriving home we heard of a tragedy that had occurred on this same river, on the very side from which we had come. There happened to be a truck and a pickup on the pontoon this particular day. Everything was made ready for the steep ascent from the pontoon bridge to the rising ground. The truck went off first. The young man who was driving the pickup nonchalantly lighted a cigarette, stepped into the car, turned the switch, pressed the starter button, put the car in gear, then stepped on the gas. His car gave a leap backward, over the beam that had been placed behind it, and into the deep water.

Everyone stood horrified, looking at the widening circles where the car and driver had completely disappeared. After much trouble the car was retrieved, but without the driver. The white man in charge of

the ferry crossing said that a crocodile had probably eaten him, but they continued dredging. The next morning his body was found floating under the ferry. Then the theory was that he had tried to swim but had probably bumped his head on the pontoon when coming up, and this had knocked him unconscious. The young man had just been out from Portugal a little over a month. What he probably did was to forget that he was not driving a



"To measure a man's age, discover the degree of pain he suffers when exposed to new ideas."

truck, and so put the car in reverse instead of lowest gear, which is the corresponding position in a truck.

As we left the river we drove through what is known as the worst road in Angola, full of sand, ruts, and holes. It is the tsetse fly area as well. There is only one rut for a car, or rather two ruts, but one for each wheel. Some of the ruts have worn so deep that the oil pan and sometimes the back axle scrape. The bumps are de luxe. Every down hill leads to a little ravine full of sand and tsetse flies. Riding along the regular part of the road, we can have our windows open, but the flies hang around the lower parts where it is hottest and where the cars slow down or get stuck.

You really must learn not to feel sorry for your car, but go down hill just as fast as the bumps will allow you to go, in order to gain momentum so that the sand will not act as a complete brake, then step on the gas and speed up the other side, also as fast as the bumps will allow.

We rolled up the window each time we got near one of these long dips, and it became uncomfortably hot in the car. There is not a slight current of air! Then we noticed that there were no flies in the low parts. We came to several dips, and then concluded that the flies must be hibernating because of this "cooler" season of the year, so we stopped rolling up our window. We did not see a single fly on the trip, but it is the first time the flies have been missing.

When it began to get toward sunset we stopped to eat and share our lunch with the Africans. We planned on staying all night in a bachelor's hotel, where we

knew accommodations would not be too good, and sure enough we nearly froze before morning, because, as tall folks, we tried to sleep in a short bed with shorter blankets, and did not go out to the car to bring in our own traveling blankets. Also there were squeaking cornhusk mattresses. Corn rustles in the field when the gentle breezes stir it, but when you sleep on the husks they make more noise than a gentle rustle.

We had paid our bill the night before, so that when morning came we would be able to move on without having to awaken the proprietor of the hotel. About four the next morning sleep had fled. We ached from much twisting and turning on our "innerspring mattresses."

We had been told that we would pass a very interesting sight along our way, where there were seven bridges over one river, but it was so foggy, and the sun had not yet risen, that we could only imagine how picturesque the river and bridges were. We could hear the water dashing against the big rocks that acted as anchors. Also we could see in the very dim light that the big rocks near us had trees and shrubs growing on them.

Our next stop was a Protestant mission, where we wanted very much to meet Dr. Mary Floyd Cushman, author of *Missionary Doctor*. We drove off the main road, turned to the right, and stopped in front of her brick hospital. We were invited to her house, and there had a lovely visit. She is now seventy-eight years old, carries on an active life, going out to the villages through rain or shine to see sick patients or to visit her various dispensing stations throughout that area.

She showed us her guest room, where we would be welcome to drop in at any time. She sleeps on a screened porch and when our coldest season comes around she tries to pretend that she is passing a New England winter. She built her little house for a surprisingly small sum. As she took us out through the kitchen she proudly showed us a stove that had just been received from America, and that had been broken in fourteen pieces. Someone who had studied to be a coppersmith had mended the stove so that it looked almost as good as new.

At one end of the hospital this New Englander had planted some ivy she had brought from Maine. It had taken to the climate of the mission and had done its best to cover the end of the wall. We were shown through the hospital, and introduced to Sapungo, who is really the chief surgeon, under Dr. Cushman's direction. She stands by, telling him what to do, and he and his African assistant do the work. They have classrooms and do an admirable job teaching the Africans to care for their own race.

After leaving the hospital we came down across a little stream that was what I had thought all Africa would be like

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PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

People came from many kilometers around to see the lion that Pastor Castro had killed. Here he and his wife stand over the carcass.

Where's THE LION?

By OTTO SCHUBERTH

THERE are many wild animals in the region of our Luz Mission station in Angola, Africa, especially lions and leopards. While we were visiting the mission recently, a message came from the neighboring village one evening warning us that a lion had been seen entering the mission grounds.

At the time when Pastor and Mrs. E. V. Hermanson were here a real lion story originated. Mrs. Hermanson told me about it:

It was about one o'clock on a September morning in 1951 when my husband and I were awakened by the crack of a rifle shot, then two more in quick succession. The third found us both out of bed and running barefoot through the dark house toward the front porch.

At the door I stopped short. "It must be a lion," I said. "Pastor Castro's taken a shot at it."

But my husband was already past me and out onto the porch. Cupping his hands, he called, "What's up?"

Across the hundred yards that separated the two mission houses, Missionary Castro called out that he had shot at a lion through the dining-room window, that the lion had fallen down, gotten up, bared its teeth at him, and then walked off.

This was excitement. Although I was trembling from the shock, my imagination immediately began picturing a lion chase, we pursuing in the pickup truck, the lion obligingly running down the road ahead of us so as to provide the best possible target.

Soon after daybreak we called Eugene, our fourteen-year-old son, and told him

casually that we were going over to the neighbors to see if we could get a glimpse of the lion. In our complete ignorance we might have been talking of a trip to the zoo; one almost wonders whether we thought wounded lions were to be caught by sprinkling salt on their tails.

However, Eugene had heard about lions from the Africans. Warning us to wait until he came back (he was much disappointed to find that we had not followed his advice), he sped off for the native village, about three hundred yards north of the house. His plan was to round up as many of the men as possible who, armed with bows and arrows and a few old muzzle-loading guns, could join the missionary's hunting party, which was to consist of Pastor Castro (the only one with a gun), my husband with the two dogs, and Eugene himself with a muzzle-loader.

After Eugene had gone we dressed and went over to the neighbors', where we found Pastor and Mrs. Castro eagerly awaiting us. They showed us the spot where the lion had fallen, about thirty yards south of the house. One of the whitewashed stones marking the road was covered with blood, but there seemed to be no other bloodstains about. The two men decided that the lion had probably been only slightly wounded and was no doubt miles away by now. Naturally, Mrs. Castro and I were thoroughly convinced that our husbands were right.

However, Enoch, our canny African servant, was uneasy and warned us to be ready for anything. The dogs kept close to us as Joe, a frail, inexperienced city African, and Miguel, a husky boy from the mission, began following the tracks

that led into the bush. Pastor Castro and my husband were a few yards behind, and close in their wake came Mrs. Castro and I. The two little Castro girls, aged four and eight, wanted so badly to come with us, but were firmly sent back to the house, where they had to content themselves with watching tearfully from the back porch.

We continued following the tracks very slowly, watching for bent twigs and flattened grass, and commenting on the scarcity of blood. Suddenly I heard a roar, and looked up to see a huge lion coming straight toward us with his mouth open.

None of us stayed for further investigation. Never in my life, not even in the 100-yard dash at college, have I run so fast—like a wild deer, one of my house-boys later told me! Both my bedroom slippers came off almost at once, but I kept on running, over tree trunks, branches, stones, and briars, which I can't remember so much as noticing. I must admit that I even forgot Mrs. Castro, who was close at my heels. The lion's first roar was followed by a series of throaty growls, which sounded as if he were about to spring at me from behind and tear me to pieces.

When we reached the fence near the house we found courage to look back. Pastor Castro remembered his rifle, cocked and fired, but missed. The lion seemed rather disgusted. He stopped growling, turned his back on us, and disappeared behind some tall grass.

Then we saw Joe. Poor fellow! I can hear him groaning yet. He was running toward the house, holding his left arm with his right hand. Miguel was nowhere to be seen. My husband, who had fled in another direction, came around the house

just then. He had seen the lion shaking Joe's arm just as a cat shakes a rat. A quick examination revealed that one wrist bone was completely crushed, and the other was broken and protruded about an inch. A piece of flesh had been literally torn out of his leg.

In a few minutes the African brigade came up, and with it the African nurse. I have never been so glad to see anyone. We had been too upset and excited to do very much for Joe, but we pulled ourselves together and fetched the disinfectant, and the nurse proceeded to disinfect the wounds and prepare splints for the mangled arm.

Just then we heard a shout, and discovered Miguel high in a tree quite near the spot where the lion had been hiding. He told us later that both he and Joe had run when the lion charged, but that he had tripped and fallen, and the lion had gone right over him, touching the back of his head with the tip of its tail. He had immediately jumped up and climbed the

nearest tree. In the meantime, however, the lion had overtaken Joe, who had become confused and run in a semicircle instead of straight for the house.

Now we had a real problem on our hands. Joe needed medical attention, but at best it would be four or five hours before we could get him to the Vila Luso Hospital. On the other hand, we did not dare leave a wounded lion only a few yards from the house. That meant he had to be dispatched immediately. By this time the Africans from the whole countryside had gathered, and the racket was such that one could hardly hear himself think. As many as possible climbed to the housetop, others onto the chicken coop, and still others were in trees.

My husband suggested setting fire to the grass and forcing the lion to move out of his hiding place. This was done. The lion got up, looked at us most unpleasantly, and hid in the grass again. Pastor Castro was too nervous to take a shot. Again Enoch set fire to the grass. The

lion—badly wounded and quite weak—moved only when he could no longer stand the heat. Pastor Castro aimed, but the gun misfired. His final shot got the lion in the middle of the forehead.

The shout that went up from the on-lookers was reminiscent of the falling of the walls of Jericho. About two hundred Africans respectfully waited until Miguel gave the signal that the lion was really dead; then they swarmed over the body, each determined to mutilate it in some way in revenge for the chickens and cattle he had killed.

We had some of our boys carry the lion to the garage, where he lay in state until he could be skinned. Natives came from many kilometers around to see the lion and to thank the white man for killing him. The hide was kept intact for Pastor Castro to put in his living room.

Meanwhile, my husband and Pastor Castro made ready to take Joe to the hospital. He came very near losing his arm, but the doctors did everything in their power, and after an operation and three months of treatment he was almost as good as new. A big scar and a slightly crooked arm serve as reminders of the incident.

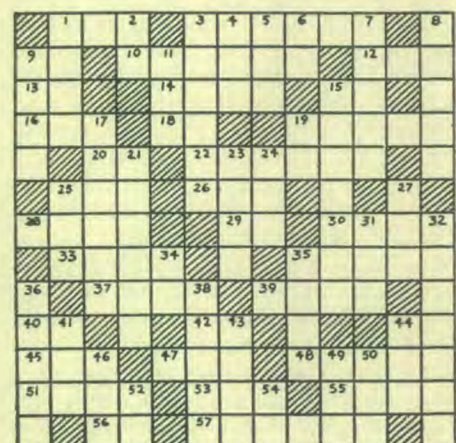
You may wonder what happened to our two dogs. Two hours after the shooting we found one of them under the Castros' kitchen stove. The other came home at noon, dripping wet. We think that, on hearing the lion's roar, her blood pressure rose to such an extent that she decided to spend the morning cooling off in the river—something she had never done before, nor has she since!

The Case Hardener

From page 14

came home from Africa on furlough, the mission board kindly supplied the train fare for us to visit our parents. We decided to buy a used car with the money. We had never owned a car. While we had been out of the country, America had turned to wheels. I knew nothing of cars. Unless I saw the name I was not sure of the make. My ignorance of the automobile world was colossal, and it did not take those well-trained, experienced auto salesmen long to find that out. I was a helpless easy mark. Ignorance and necessity make a fearful combination. One of the salesmen carried the word back to the office about an "easy mark" from Africa who didn't know the first thing about a car.

A man left the front office and came to the car lot. Injecting himself into the sales ring, he introduced himself. "My name is King. I understand you are from Africa." Then he inquired what I was doing there. When he learned I was in mission work, he said his father had gone to Africa as a missionary, had come to America,



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Elisha

(From 2 Kings)

Across

- 1 "behold, . . . child was dead" 4:32
- 3 "let a double portion of thy . . . be upon me" 2:9
- 9 Mother
- 10 Servant of Elisha 4:12
- 12 "the . . . head fell into the water" 6:5
- 13 All right
- 14 Elisha . . . d Naaman of his leprosy
- 15 Resident Magistrate (abbr.)
- 16 Kind of cloth
- 18 Prefix signifying not
- 19 Elisha said "as thy soul liveth, I will not . . . thee" 2:2
- 20 "the flesh . . . the child waxed warm" 4:34
- 22 "He took up also the mantle of . . ." 2:13
- 25 Duet
- 26 Denoting the middle part

- 28 Maiden
 - 29 Fourth tone of the scale
 - 30 Covering for the apex of a sharp-pointed roof (pl.)
 - 33 "Go, . . . the oil, and pay thy debt" 4:7
 - 35 "Naaman was . . . , and went away" 5:11
 - 37 Old form of does
 - 39 "and live thou and thy children of the . . ." 4:7
 - 40 Recording Secretary (abbr.)
 - 42 "I pray thee, take a blessing . . . thy servant" 5:15
 - 44 Township (abbr.)
 - 45 Rowing implement
 - 47 Regret
 - 48 Father of Abraham 1 Chron. 1:26
 - 51 "and the iron did . . ." 6:6
 - 53 Socialist Labor Party (abbr.)
 - 55 Father
 - 56 "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, . . . the wall" 4:10
 - 57 . . . healed the unwholesome waters
- Our text is 1, 3, 20, 22, 37, 39, 56 and 57 combined

Down

- 1 "he said, . . . up thy son" 4:36
- 2 For example (abbr.)
- 3 "Elisha passed to . . . , where was a great woman" 4:8
- 4 Equal value
- 5 Suffix of some verbs
- 6 New England State (abbr.)
- 7 One of the Nethinim whose descendants returned to Palestine with Zerubbabel Neh. 7:55
- 8 Naaman "was also a mighty man in valour, but he was a . . ." 5:1
- 9 "said unto her, There is not a vessel . . ." 4:6
- 11 English Church Union (abbr.)
- 15 The child "went out to his father to the . . ." 4:18
- 17 "brought the vessels to her; and she . . . out" 4:5
- 19 Lord Justice (abbr.)
- 21 Elisha said to Elijah "and then I will . . . thee" 1 Kings 19:20
- 23 "this is her son, whom Elisha restored to . . ." 8:5
- 24 Girl's name
- 25 Discount (abbr.)
- 27 "Why . . . we here until we die" 7:3
- 31 "not any thing in the house, save a . . . of oil" 4:2
- 32 Father of Elisha 1 Kings 19:19
- 34 Lieutenant (abbr.)
- 35 "And he . . . up, and lay upon the child" 4:34
- 36 "Then he . . . , and went after Elijah" 1 Kings 19:21
- 38 "tell me what hast thou in the . . ." 4:2
- 41 "when the man of God . . . her afar off" 4:25
- 43 "Then she went in, and . . . at his feet" 4:37
- 44 Rap lightly
- 46 River (Sp.)
- 49 Ephesians (abbr.)
- 50 Royal Academy of Arts (abbr.)
- 52 Manganese (abbr.)
- 54 3.1416

Key on page 23

and now had "passed on." He remarked, "It would give me great pleasure to help a missionary; that would be missionary work, wouldn't it?" With understanding kindness he added, "You should not be expected to know too much about cars. That is not your line. It is mine. Can I serve you? Would you take my advice, my judgment? After all, you have been asking strangers to take your advice and judgment on more important things than cars. Believe me, my motive is unselfish."

Gratefully I accepted his help, and we drove off in a good, dependable car. As the miles of service sped by, we were increasingly grateful to the son of a missionary who came to our rescue.

But roads were not too good back in 1928. In the mountains some roads were really rough. I bent the front axle several times as we hit unexpected ruts. It didn't take the garagemen long to fix it. In a short time we were on our way. Then way up in the mountains in a little mining town there were two ruts right by the railroad tracks we had to cross. These were full of water, with a thin layer of ice covered with dust. It looked like a perfect crossing. Stepping on the accelerator, we hit the tracks with a thud. The axle was bent again. The garage was not far away. The head mechanic tapped the axle with a light hammer and shook his head. Reaching for a file, he tried it out. "Sorry, mister," he said, "can't do a thing for you. The axle has lost its temper. It can't be straightened. It will break like glass. It has crystallized, hardened."

I argued with him. "It has been bent and straightened before. Why can't you do it?"

He called the foreman. With a small hammer the foreman gave it a tap and listened. "Doesn't have the right ring, mister," he said. "No man on earth can straighten your axle. It is finished."

An internal change had taken place. The axle looked the same to me. It was the same general shape, bent a little, not too much. But it was useless. It was the same axle I had bought, was on the same car, but it was not the same inside. It had hardened.

"Now it won't bear a load. It will not stand a strain. It will break. You can't use it any more, mister. It is dangerous."

People change just like that when they play fast and loose with sin. They are the same, yet not the same. The change is first internal, but the Master Mechanic can tell by the ring when they are crystallized, hardened, useless.

It was in a foundry connected with one of America's splendid technical institutions. The class of structural engineers was gathered around a caldron of molten iron. By this was a smaller caldron with molten metals of different kinds. This was a class in alloys. The contents of the smaller caldron was poured into the larger one. A small movement began. There was a gentle stirring of the molten metal.

Finally it settled down and actually took less space, filled less volume than it had before the extra was added. "See, gentlemen," the instructor said, "we have turned common gray iron into a very valuable, much denser, stronger material—a high grade of steel. This can be used in many ways. By adding the right material we have made an internal change."

Christianity works like that in human beings. It makes an internal change. We come into the world, as it were, a molten mass of "neutral metal." In the caldron of life internal changes take place. They strengthen or weaken the mass. Christianity, if admitted into the inner life, will strengthen and sweeten. It turns quick, ugly-tempered people into quiet, steady, kind, considerate individuals. It will take a person who breaks under strain and who sidesteps every responsibility, and change

A Fulfilled Agreement

By P. E. ONWERE

HE WAS born in Eziana Mvosi, a village in which a good Adventist church has been raised up. In his early boyhood Aaron became a Sabbathkeeper and finally joined the church by baptism. He took active part in the church activities. But being overtaken by the desires of youth, he was tempted to join the army. This he did, and he was sent overseas. There he became seriously ill and was near to death. The doctor had pronounced him incurable, and said it was useless to give him further treatment. Every morning some dead were removed from beds near him. A hopeless and terrible sight! What next? Death!

Remembering the faithfulness and mercy of his God, who hears the prayers of a repentant sinner, Aaron prayed, and taking up his notebook, he uttered and wrote down the following words: "Lord, if you will take me back to my father's land, I will surely (1) thank you in our church with £1; (2) tell all my neighbors of your kindness to me; and (3) become one of the workers to tell others of the saving power of the gospel."

Aaron's prayer was immediately heard, and he was miraculously healed. Very soon after he was discharged from the army and ordered to return to his homeland. He returned and faithfully fulfilled his vows. He is one of our fearless young preachers of the Advent message.

Yes, the agreement was fulfilled. Our God is a faithful God. If we show ourselves faithful, He will never fail us in any of His precious promises. Trust on, trust on, believer.

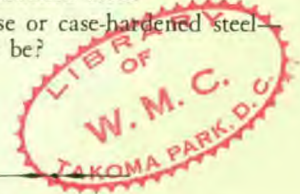
him so he will willingly accept the order, "Endure as good soldiers." It will take a cringing, sulking, lying, profane person who wilts before the smiling scorn of a maiden and change him so that he will endure scourging and stand before judges. It makes saints out of sinners, sovereigns out of slaves, brave, calm, aggressive men out of cowards, and apostles out of persecutors.

All these are internal changes, but they show up in the external life. Whether facing a prospective customer sitting at a banquet, whether among friends or among strangers, whether in the armed services or in civilian life, whether at home or at school, when the Christian philosophy is really absorbed into the soul it settles, strengthens, ennobles, transforms. Compromise is ended. Instead of being a follower the Christian becomes a leader. Instead of wilting before an enemy he "fights the good fight of faith." Instead of running from the foe he stands for truth. Having been "strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man" and equipped with all the armor of God, newly tempered by the Master Mechanic of souls, he stands battle for his Lord. This new metal will take the highest polish. The Master can use it as a mirror or work it into a bit that will cut its way through error. He can make it into a sickle for the gathering of the harvest of the earth. And He will do that with all who will yield themselves to Him.

By the daily experiences of life, by the choices we make day by day, we are adding those things that in the end will make us hardened cases—hopeless, weary human discards—or we are letting the grace of God work a transforming internal change that will shine out in the life like polished case-hardened steel.

Hardened case or case-hardened steel—which will you be?

¹ Heb. 3:13.
² Prov. 17:15.



We Take to the Road

From page 18

before I had seen Africa. I had formed my ideas from reading, and here it was just as I had pictured all of the Black Continent, but this was such a tiny piece. There was a bubbling brook with palm trees along its margin and growing up both slopes. There were native trees growing along the stream bed, with vines interwoven among their tops.

Just below the pole bridge we saw a spring of hot water that bubbles up into a natural stone bathtub. The missionaries have built a brick bathhouse over the tub, smoothed the floor with cement, left a little niche for the overflow of water, put a patent padlock on the door—and there

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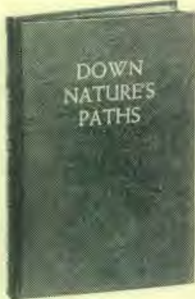


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is a luxury bath awaiting anyone who knows the combination for opening the padlock. It is a common sight on that mission to see a missionary with a bath towel slung across his shoulders going to take a bath. He does not even have to take soap along! The water is very hot, and you must ease your body carefully into the tub. There you can stay as long as you like. The water never gets cold.

Just below this hot spring is another one that the Africans use. There is a slight sulphurous odor about the water. These two springs bubble up constantly, emptying into the little stream. We were taken further down the river where there are hippos and crocodiles on occasions, to see a natural little waterfall built by algae in the water. A beautiful little basin has been formed by these tiny plants, and the water gently falls over the wall that has been built up over the years. We were told that one time the children of the missionaries were swimming around in the pool when a small crocodile was sighted by one of the swimmers. The news was quickly communicated to the others. There was a mad scramble for land, and since that time the pool has not been used for swimming purposes.

That night we spent with Italian friends not far from home, at Chinguar again. We were glad for a good bed and a cooked meal, for we had had nothing really substantial to eat since breakfast the morning before. We did justice to the good Italian cooking, and talked way into the night on Bible prophecy. One of these Italians is a student by nature, and the Bible seems to interest him. We think that the Bible in itself is no inspiration to him, but he is intensely interested in its historical and prophetic value. If only the Spirit of the Lord would touch his heart! For he is on the right road in part. He had our book in Portuguese that deals with John's revelation.

On a previous visit we had been discussing the book of Isaiah, and principally

When it is autumn in America it is spring in New Zealand
For a seasonal story read

FARMING in SOUTH NEW ZEALAND

By DOREEN FOX



Next Week in

THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR

the twenty-third chapter. We told him it was a forbidden book to the Jews and that they were not allowed to study the book of Daniel. So, one day he asked a Jewish rabbi if that were true. The rabbi assured him that it was. We now have his name on our mission prayer list and hope that God's Spirit will speak to his heart as he studies Bible prophecy.

Home again! How good it was to be back again after being away a month. Lady, our dog, was profuse in her greeting. The Africans were glad to see us, and we were glad to see them and to say something that could be understood and hear something that we could understand. We had traveled quite a few miles and had seen many sights and had enjoyed ourselves and our work. We had been on sort of a vacation. But now many duties awaited us. European patients who had come from far away were sitting at the hospital doorsteps waiting anxiously for our return, so that they could have medical attention and go on home again. So we have to forget the pleasures of the past in the pressing duties of the present.

late, but was not given a chance to explain her delay.

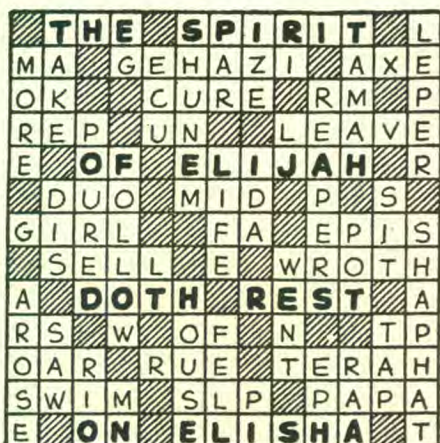
This is what had happened. On a slippery road, miles out of town, Mary Ann's car had sunk to the axles in the mud. There were no houses near from which she could telephone to her classmates. Not knowing the facts, they made a poor decision—an unjust, unfair decision. Besides being in an accident, Mary Ann was left out of the program, the innocent victim of a muddy road and a hasty decision.

A certain amount of imagination had entered into the decision. One should be careful not to imagine or to choose his facts. In order to be fair to himself and his companions, he should look actuality straight in the face and act honestly with honest facts, not imaginary ones.

Next week: *Fact or Fiction?*

KEY

With Sharpeners



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The Effect of Choice

From page 5

withhold judgment until all the facts are gathered together. The other day Mary Ann, who was to take part in a program, failed to appear at the rehearsal. Always noted for her promptness, she missed this appointment. Her classmates began to worry and to criticize Mary Ann.

"It isn't fair for her to keep us waiting," they declared. So they gave her part to someone else. Mary Ann came in an hour

"It is human to stand with the crowd; it is divine to stand alone. It is manlike to follow the people, to drift with the tide; it is God-like to follow a principle, to stem the tide. It is natural to compromise conscience, and follow the social fashion for the sake of gain or pleasure; it is divine to sacrifice both on the altar of truth and duty. The battle-scarred apostle, in describing his appearance before Nero to answer with his life for believing and teaching contrary to the Roman world, wrote, 'No man stood with me, but all men forsook me.' Daniel stood alone in the lions' den. But such are brought through their trial of faith more than a conqueror."



► AS MUCH as 100,000 board feet has been cut from a single redwood tree of California.

► THE highest death rate from drowning is recorded among boys between 15 and 19 years of age.

► TEXAS is America's leading oil-producing State, followed in order by California, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, Illinois, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Mississippi.

► A REPORT from Albuquerque, New Mexico, says that in the southwestern desert regions of the United States as much as 100 inches of water will evaporate in a year's time.

► OF THE half million inhabitants of the Mediterranean island of Cyprus, the overwhelming majority are Greek in stock, religion, and language. But about 80,000 of them are of Turkish descent. The island has been a British possession since World War I.

► WASHING the family car or cleaning window screens and storm sashes is not nearly the job it used to be. At least, not if you have a spray-gun attachment for your garden hose. The gun is manufactured to mix soap or detergent with water as it operates, and has a three-speed mixture control, reports *Science News Letter*.

► THE Corning Glass Center in Corning, New York, has been visited by more than a million persons from all 48 States and many countries. It was built in 1951 by the Corning Glass Works to commemorate a century of glass manufacture and has four sections: Library, Glass Collection Section, the Permanent Exhibition, and the Hall of Science and Industry. Two unusual exhibits greet the visitor as he enters the large lobby of the Glass Center, reports Michael Caracappa in the *New York Times*. One is a huge mirror weighing 20 tons and measuring more than 17 feet in diameter. It is the twin of the mirror in the Mount Palomar Observatory. The other exhibit is a small glass vase about four inches high. It is an Egyptian amphoriskos, made about 3,500 years ago by winding molten threads of glass around a core of sand. These two objects symbolize the range, both in time and in technology, that is covered by the museum's displays.

► LOW-COST bulk shipments are possible with new collapsible synthetic-rubber containers that come in 2,500-gallon and 500-gallon sizes. Fabricated like tires, these "cans" are now carrying carbon black, starch, clay, flour, sugar, malt, granular reclaim rubber, corrosive chemicals, and plastics, according to *Science News Letter*. The large container measures eight feet in diameter and stands eight feet high, when it is inflated. It can be deflated to a height of two feet for return and refill. The small one is less than four feet in diameter and seven feet high and is also collapsible.

► GALILEO, Italian astronomer and physicist, invented a practical thermometer back in 1592, the National Geographic Society recounts. The instrument was made up of a large air-filled bulb and a glass tube containing water. When the air became heated it expanded and pushed the water level down, thus permitting a gauge of the amount of heat.

► COCKER spaniels were as popular in the times of Queen Elizabeth I as they are today. A sixteenth century court physician, Dr. John Caius, wrote: "The dogges are litte, pretty and fyne, and sought for to satisfie the delicateness of daintie dames."

► ALFALFA got its start as a crop in the United States about the middle of the 18th century, when it was attempted in Georgia. At present there are some 50 European, Asiatic, and African species of alfalfa.

► THE color of the eyes is governed by heredity, and if two parents have the same color eyes, the children will ordinarily have eyes of that color, reports the *Washington Star*.

► CANNIBALISM, still practiced in a few areas of the world, is considered by the natives to be the most respectful way of disposing of the dead.

► CAREFUL drivers in Illinois are placing stickers on their windshields that say, "Pledge to Illinois State Police to drive with courtesy and safety."

► WHEN children are five years of age, reports *Science News Letter*, they are more likely to get contagious diseases than at any other time.

► THE national flag of Great Britain is a symmetrical pattern of the crosses of St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Patrick.

► MORE than one in ten car owners in the United States have a second car.

► Most usable fuels consist of hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen mixed together in varying proportions.

► IN THE 16-mile stretch between Bundi and Barkhera, India's new railway passes through 4 tunnels and over 6 major and 76 minor bridges.

► TRUCK transportation creates employment directly for more than 6.2 million persons in the United States—one tenth of the nation's employed.

► RECENT wage boosts and a decree ordering seven days' pay for six days' work has increased the pay of most workers in Bolivia by 45 to 50 per cent.

► AIRPLANE manufacturers have found a material for construction that is as strong as some steel and is lighter in weight than aluminum. It is plywood.

► THE average temperature of the surface of the earth is about 60 degrees, but the average temperature of the planet Mars is about 22 degrees below zero.

► BACK in the 1840's, says the *Washington Star*, the practice of abstaining from fish, flesh, and fowl became fashionable. It was at that time that the word *vegetarianism* came into use.

► THE glue that sticks United States postage stamps is made of a hybrid-corn and cassava mixture, reports the National Geographic Society. It is not only palatable but slightly nutritious.

► THE Studebaker Company has modified a station wagon to serve as a combination ambulance, patrol car, and emergency vehicle. Designed for small communities and factories that have no need for three separate vehicles, it has a siren that operates through the horn ring, and room in the back for an ambulance cot, when half the rear seat is folded out of the way.

► THE Voice of Prophecy, internationally famed religious radio broadcast of Los Angeles, California, is now offering a unique Bible correspondence course for problem drinkers. The new series is called "Introductory Bible Lessons for Alcoholics" and is intended, as the name suggests, to help alcoholics overcome their drinking through spiritual guidance. The lessons, seven in all, were arranged by a Seventh-day Adventist physician with many years of practical experience in dealing with and treating problem drinkers and derelicts.

Focus

Next time you go to the city take a look at the people you see on the streets, in the shops, and even in the alleys. Pick out 40 at random—rich or poor, good or bad, educated or ignorant. Now, 16 of these 40 men and women are drinkers, and one is an alcoholic. That's the average. If, say, you live in an American town of 4,000, you have 100 alcoholics on your hands.

"This represents the highest rate of alcoholism in the world," says Robert G. Whalen in the *New York Times Magazine*, "and the number . . . is growing."

To help fight this wave, the Voice of Prophecy is stepping forward with a short series of Bible lessons for alcoholics. This use of the Bible and of spiritual treatment is recommended by the Lord's messenger: "We do not need to take an ax and break into their saloons. We have a stronger weapon than this,—the word of the living God."

Adventists should not be satisfied until they "stand in the front ranks" in the fight against alcohol.

DON YOST