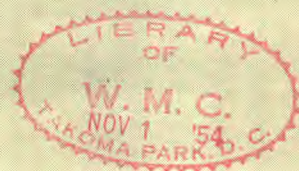


The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

NOVEMBER 9, 1954

**When a Man Finds God
A Mother's Calling**

Bible Lesson for November 20





The Faces of the Lost

Have you ever looked into the faces of the lost? I do not mean the faces of those lost at sea, or in a forest, or on a desert. I do not mean the drunken or the dissolute, the painted women or the playboys. I mean the youth from all ranks of respectable society—laborers, students, homemakers.

Riding the subways to and from appointments in New York City recently, I had impressed on me again why Jesus has not yet come. Scores, yes, hundreds, of those I saw were as clean and wholesome in dress and deportment as the youth I see in our own churches. As I watched their faces, I wondered—have these heard that Jesus is coming soon? They know of the bombs, the international tensions, the mounting problems of society. But have they heard that Jesus is coming? Has someone told them? Do they know?

What is your MV Society doing to speed the story to those who have not heard? Does your MV leader use words like this: "We will now take up the evening offering"? Or does he say: "Again tonight we have a definite objective toward which our offering is to go"? And then perhaps he speaks of money for expanding the club of missionary papers used by the mailing band, or of purchasing a filmstrip projector for use in giving Bible studies, or of some other purposeful plan for faith sharing.

There are in our world multitudes who cannot discern between their right hand and their left, but for whom the love of God is as long-suffering as it was for the Ninevites. If some of us have been away to Tarshish, let us hasten to re-engage in the supreme business of our day.

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

QUERY What happens to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR after a subscriber finishes reading it?

SUBSCRIBERS One subscription we read about must be very nearly worn out after it has been read. "None of us can afford more than one paper," the writer stated, "so the INSTRUCTOR has to do for all, from the youngest to the oldest." The letter carried ten signatures! From the letter we gather that the papers are filed for future reference.

FILED Another correspondent wrote, "I shall always be a permanent subscriber, and have carefully bound all the copies I have into six-month volumes."

COPIES This paragraph caught our interest in one letter: "We continue to use the paper in local missionary distribution and now and then send copies overseas to non-Adventist young people."

NON-ADVENTIST An overseas student wrote, "I am not ashamed to show it to non-Adventist friends. It is something refreshingly spiritual to read, especially when one is attending a worldly university."

REPRINTS "I am writing to inquire if you have any reprints of the article 'Shadows,' written by Carol Lafferty, which appeared in the October 13, 1953, copy of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. If so, I would like one hundred copies for distribution. . . . I think this is one of the best articles I have read on the subject of mixed marriages." Fortunately, we were able to send a supply of that particular issue. The INSTRUCTOR rarely produces reprints of articles.

ATTIC Perhaps you would like to let us know what happens to your copy after you have read it. We would be happy to hear from you. THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is too important a Share Your Faith tool to be stored in an attic or basement.

COVER By Thomas Muir, from Frederic Lewis.

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.

When a Man Finds God

By J. A. MAINOR



The young man became conscious of his sinful condition before God, and particularly his sin of swearing.

VERNON NYE, ARTIST

farming that John asked him if he was a farmer. "No," said Mr. Paap, "I am an evangelist."

John was startled, and asked no more questions. He didn't want to talk religion.

They parted at Melbourne, Mr. Paap going on to New Zealand and

John to Sydney, where he came under the care of the immigration officer. In a few days he found himself on a government training farm, learning the rudiments of farming. He had spent all his working life in England as a clerk, and the change to farming was somewhat severe. But he stuck by it well, and soon got to like the new life.

After a few weeks he set out with his brother for their first job on a sheep station outback. What a disappointment that was! Their master was a man of ungovernable temper, and within three weeks the boys left him and secured work on a wheat farm more than six hundred miles from Sydney. Again they were unfortunate in their choice of employer. The new master was a man of mean and selfish nature, a poor companion for the two homesick boys. But they determined to stick it out.

The work was hard, most of it consisting of felling trees, clearing land, and running a homemade sawmill. Until they were hardened to the work they suffered agonies from blisters, cramps, and exhaustion. Then John's brother broke his arm, and John and his master were left to do all the heavy work. Poor food and foul water soon produced a crop of boils for both boys, and in pain and utter discouragement they tried to do their work of felling trees. Their master was without sympathy, and laughed at their sufferings.

John tried to forget his miseries by turning to his small library of books brought from England. But they were soon read, and he began to feel despondent. Then he remembered having received a bundle of papers from Mr. Paap. Because he had found them to be of a religious nature, he had tossed them into his trunk and forgotten them. Now he wondered whether there might be a few stories in them that would help to pass the weary hours away. Taking them out of his trunk, he turned them over, and was immediately struck by a magazine with a vivid cover, bearing the title *Signs of the Times*.

John sat down to read it, and never looked up again until the magazine was read from cover to cover. What wonders were here! What a revelation to the youth! He had never heard or read the like. That issue of the *Signs* was a special one, devoted to presenting the fundamental truths of the Advent message, and telling of the work of Seventh-day Adventists. It was the first time John had heard the name.

Turning with eager curiosity to his other papers, he picked up a small book entitled *The Christian Sabbath: Is It Saturday or Sunday?* There had been an article on the Sabbath in the *Signs*, and John wanted to know more about it. He began to read, and again did not pause until the book was finished. He sat thinking it over. How could such things be? Yet the evidence was convincing. He got up and walked over to where a calendar adorned the wall of the hut. It was there, sure enough. The seventh day *was* the Sabbath. And he had always thought that Sunday was the seventh day!

What should he do now? He knew what he ought to do. He heard a still small voice in his soul telling him, "This is the way, walk ye in it!" But how could he? He was tied to his unsympathetic, irreligious master and to a brother who was unlikely to be much interested in these things.

But something else, even more pressing than his duty to keep the Sabbath, began to force itself upon his attention. He became conscious of his sinful condition before God, and was particularly convicted of the sin of swearing. It was a habit he

WITH a heavy heart and a lump in his throat that couldn't be swallowed, John, just eighteen, watched the shores of England receding. He was standing on the deck of an emigrant steamer bound for Australia. With his brother, a year younger, and thirty-eight other boys, he was off to seek his fortune in the sunny land of the south, separated from his home by half a world.

The young man looked back on an unhappy childhood. His parents were not Christians, and their home had been ruined by jealousy. The ties that bound John to his family were loose, and he had contemplated going abroad with pleasure and relief, glad that he would be free from the misery he had known in his home.

Yet when the time came to say good-by to his parents, his brothers and sister, and to his own country, all the pleasure of anticipation faded, and he regretted having made the decision to leave. He wondered whether it was too late to change his mind, but pride and the fear of ridicule held him to his course.

On the voyage John made the acquaintance of a tall, middle-aged man of remarkable energy, and possessed of a hearty laugh. He had a habit of bringing down his hand on his young friend's knee with paralyzing effect. He told the youth much about Australia and of what he would find there. He talked so knowingly about



A Mother's Calling

[This gem from the writings of Mrs. White is found in its original prose form in the book *Ministry of Healing*, page 378.]

By ELLEN G. WHITE

She has not, like the artist,
to paint a form of beauty upon canvas,
nor, like the sculptor,
to chisel it from marble.
She has not, like the author,
to embody a noble thought in words of power,
nor, like the musician,
to express a beautiful sentiment in melody.

It is hers,
with the help of God,
to develop in a human soul
the likeness of the divine.

had acquired and developed to a high state of efficiency since his arrival in Australia. Now the voice in his soul told him it was wrong, and must be stopped.

That night, for the first time in his life, he knelt in prayer before his God. He waited until his master and brother were asleep, and then he poured out his soul to God. And as he prayed for forgiveness and grace to overcome, a sweet peace came over his soul, and he rose from his feet a new man in Christ, a believing child of God.

The following morning he took the opportunity of telling his brother of the strange and wonderful things he had read, and of his own determination to keep the true Sabbath, cost what it might. His brother listened with interest and promised to read the book himself. John gave him one week to do this before he approached the farmer for Sabbath privileges. At the close of the week John's brother had read only a few pages, and clearly was disinclined to read more.

"Then what are you going to do about it?" demanded John. "As for me, tonight I'm going to ask the boss for Saturdays off. What will you do?"

"I'm with you," replied his brother, and so it was agreed that they would either stay together or leave together.

That evening as the farmer sat biting his

nails and looking very unpleasant John timidly brought up the subject of what he had been reading, and offered the man the book to read.

"What's the game?" he growled.

"No game at all," replied John. "God has shown me that I must keep the seventh-day Sabbath, and so I am asking you to allow me to be free from work on that day. I am willing to work on Sundays instead."

The man scowled and looked at John's brother. "And what about you?" he growled.

"That goes for me, too," the boy replied.

Silence, broken only by more gnawing of nails. Then he spat and said, "Well, so long as you work on Sundays, I suppose it will be all right."

With a sigh of relief and a silent prayer of thanks to God, John began his new life as a Sabbathkeeping Christian. He wrote to Mr. Paap, telling him of the decision he had taken, and quickly received an encouraging letter and another parcel of papers and tracts. How welcome they were! John now wrote to a firm in the city for a Bible, and this, with the papers, became his only source of instruction for some months to come. He learned much, and put into practice as best he could the things he learned.

So the months passed, and with them

came a drought. The farmer told them that he must dispense with their services, for he had suffered heavy losses. They found themselves back in the city, waiting on the immigration officer for another job. But there were no jobs to be had. The drought had caused much unemployment. John and his brother were not the sort to kick their heels waiting for something to turn up. They began to look for themselves, and quickly found something to suit both. John was now clerk and salesman to a small firm of knitted goods manufacturers. He had a good master who willingly gave him his Sabbaths free.

Meanwhile, John had written to an address in Sydney that he had found in the literature received from Mr. Paap. He inquired for the address of the nearest Seventh-day Adventist church, and was delighted to find there was one no more than a mile from his place of lodging. The next Sabbath he found his way to the church, but passed it without recognizing it to be one. Returning, he heard people singing a hymn, and knew that this was the place he was seeking. But the service had begun, and John was too shy to go in late. He turned away, thinking to try again the following Sabbath.

Just then the door opened and a young woman came out carrying a crying baby. Later, John declared the Lord made that baby cry. She saw a young man just about to walk away, and called to him. "Don't go away. Please come in."

"But I am late," said John, "and don't like to go in now."

"Oh, that's all right," she answered with a smile. "Just slip into the back seat near the door, and nobody will see you."

So John went in. But he was seen. Many heads were turned to see who had come in so late, and John felt embarrassed and wished he hadn't gone in. But others came in after him, and sat between him and the door. He had purposed that as soon as the service was over he would leave before anyone else, for he was shy at meeting strangers. But now his escape was effectively barred. One woman who came in after him made no attempt to leave her seat when the service closed, but remained in conversation. John was growing desperate, and at last managed to get out. But there at the door stood the minister, shaking hands with everybody.

"Good morning," he said to John. "I don't think we have seen you here before. Where are you from?"

"From England," said John in his broad Midland accent.

"Oh," smiled the minister, "and so am I." John smiled, too, thinking how wonderful it was to meet a fellow countryman so far from home. His tongue loosened. He forgot his shyness, and was soon talking freely, telling how he had met Mr. Paap and begun to keep the Sabbath.

"Well," said the minister, "I know

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

SECOND-COMING TYPE

By HELEN GILLETTE

THE day the volcano blew its top dawned bright and clear, like any other. Cook Inlet was quiet, and you could see the chalky cliffs clear at the other side. But by mid-morning the street lights were on, and by noon it was pitch black on Anchorage, Alaska, streets.

It was July 9, 1953, and more people than you'd think seemed to fear that it was the last July 9 they would live to see. Though most made a show of business as usual, there was a distinct air of uncertainty among the crowds on downtown streets. And there were crowds, in spite of the thickly falling ash. Women had brought their little children with them, explaining that they were uneasy about being at home. It seemed as if practically all the sixty thousand people who live in the Anchorage area had turned out.

Both daily newspapers were breaking out with what the trade traditionally calls "second-coming" type—wood-block type so big it is ostensibly reserved for announcing the "end of the world." Of course, these days the exact meaning of that phrase is lost on the majority. They've heard of the end of the world, but the term "second coming" may mean nothing.

In the Anchorage *Daily News* newsroom, where I am a reporter, the whole staff was in a frenzy. On the one hand we were calling everyone who might conceivably be an authority on anything connected with volcanos—past, present, and future. Veterans of previous Alaskan eruptions were interviewed. We talked with pilots who had witnessed that day's eruption of Mount Spurr, only eighty miles to the west of us.

And on the other hand everybody who could get to a telephone was calling the newsroom, demanding to know the latest.

Pilots were warned out of the air, it being feared that the falling ash, extremely abrasive in nature, might cause engine failure. Airports were closed, and the military flew its big ships to Kodiak to escape the dust. Civil Defense wardens stood ready to halt any ill-advised wholesale exodus down the highway, for driving was extremely dangerous. Health laboratories began running tests of the air and ash, to determine whether the material was toxic and whether the sulfurated air was safe to breathe.

Plane owners were advised to hangar or cover their aircraft, that the ash might be extremely corrosive and eat holes in metal.

Meanwhile, crowds continued to throng the streets, getting more and more saturated by the thickly falling, gritty, gray particles that were still spewing from the volcano.

Paper boys put on gas masks to sell their papers, and the copies went like hotcakes. In fact, record sales were chalked up as residents sought to know the latest. Volcanologists advised that the darkness and ash fall were likely to continue for several days, unless the wind shifted.

Long-time residents of the territory were on hand to relate all the grisly details of the famous Mount Katmai eruption in 1912. At that time Kodiak was evacuated and several villages abandoned, with the inhabitants remaining away permanently.

But about the time everybody had de-

cided that this was to be another Katmai, the darkness began to lift. It grew steadily lighter until it was practically normal, and you could almost hear the collective sigh of relief.

About this time the Department of Health laboratories announced that the acidity of this particular ash was about the same as that of a jar of fruit, and the sulfur dioxide present in the air far below the limit permitted in industry. Agriculturists said the ash probably wouldn't hurt vegetation, might even lighten heavy clay soils.

Doctors decided it was all right to turn the children outdoors, and soon whole battalions were happily digging in the gray stuff.

Late in the afternoon radio contact was at last established with Tyonek, a tiny fishing village only thirty miles from the volcano. Some concern had been felt for these residents, practically cut off from contact with the outside world. Residents there said that at the time they hadn't known it was a volcano, feared it might be an A-bomb.

So all danger was over, and tension eased away. Only the annoyance of having to eat, sleep, and work in gritty ash remained. Housewives almost gave up.

One man was clever enough to make money out of the incident. He advertised in Seattle papers that he would send samples for a dollar. He has had plenty of takers.

Volcanologists who had visited Mount Spurr a few days before it erupted were a bit red-faced. Two of them had predicted that the smoking volcano would not erupt in the near future.

We have had several big rains and hard winds, so the ash is at last washed off the trees and the sulfur out of the air. Everything is normal.

To an Adventist, that day was a tiny preview of the end of the world and Christ's return. If as minor a thing as an ash fall can so upset the public, how will things be then? Hysteria will run high on that terrible day, when the people cannot turn to the radio, the newspapers, their doctors, or even to God for reassurance.

As for our little city, perhaps its residents can never be quite so self-assured again, now that they have lived through a day that many thought might be the literal "day of God's wrath."



When a volcano erupts, smoke, ashes, and debris spew forth, and a wide territory is affected.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

High in the Andes, we have twenty-seven mission schools in one mission area. The versatile jeep seems the best vehicle for getting around in this high country where the air is so thin.

HIGH ADVENTURE

By EDMOND D. CLIFFORD

WHAT is our altimeter reading, Charles?"

"A little over 15,400 feet."

"How much higher do we have to go to make it through the pass?"

"According to the maps the elevation at the pass is 16,300 feet."

"And we don't have oxygen along, either!"

"The motor seems to have only about half its normal power at this elevation, but it's never let us down yet, so I am sure we'll make it. It's still running nicely on all cylinders."

"I am glad that we have a heater. Look at the snow down there."

"If the pass is 16,300 feet, how high are the peaks?"

"The peak on the left is 22,000 feet, according to the map."

Charles and I were not traveling by plane, but in our jeep station wagon, which has served so well for travel over the highlands of the great Andes Moun-

tains in South America. The pass we crossed is nearly two thousand feet higher than Mount Whitney, America's highest peak.

We were returning from a trip to Quime, Bolivia, at ten thousand feet, our lowest mission station among the Aymara Indians of Bolivia. We have twenty-seven mission schools in the different sectors of this mission area.

Arriving at the mission station on Friday afternoon, we had set up our folding cots and prepared for the Sabbath. At Sabbath school on Sabbath morning I wish you could have seen the bright colors that our believers wore. The women, with their many skirts and shawls of bright colors, made quite a picture as they sat on the floor in the middle of the church, while the men in their more drab homespun clothes sat or stood along the walls on the side.

When we had finished the meeting we stood at the door to greet them in their

typical fashion. First a handshake, then an embrace, and then another handshake. It took us quite awhile to greet them all, as you can imagine.

After having shown pictures to about four hundred people on Saturday night, we went into our usual activity on Sunday morning as we set up our mobile clinic for a big day's work. These people, who have practically no medical or dental care, welcome the visits of the Adventist missionaries.

Soon we had many patients standing around gaping into the mouth of the one seated on the portable dental chair as we went ahead with our tooth pulling. Some non-Adventists who were accustomed to chewing coca did not want a dental injection and did not seem to feel any pain, because the coca leaves not only their mouths but even their brains partially anesthetized.

We usually had so many patients that we injected four or five at a time, and then ran them through the line the second time for pulling their teeth. On this particular Sunday we pulled more than sixty teeth before we finished up after dark. Our medical work has opened many doors for us here in Bolivia.

While we were in Quime the owner of a nearby tungsten mine asked us to visit his mine and study the possibility of sending an Adventist teacher to teach the school there the following year. On arriving at the mine we found that he had a good little school building and a home for the teacher. Even so, we told him that we thought it would be practically impossible to send a teacher. When he asked us why, we told him that if we did, the Adventist teacher would conduct a Sabbath school, and after he had taught the children how to worship God on His true Sabbath, they would teach their parents, and then he would find that his men would want to rest on the Sabbath and attend our meetings.

He said that that would be fine, for he knew that if they became Adventists they would no longer steal, and he would not lose so much of his mineral. He calculated they were stealing 5 per cent of his production.

I asked him whether he would be willing to pay the teacher's full salary so that he might have an Adventist teacher, and he said that he would gladly pay whatever it might be. When I told him that we did not like to have schools on other people's property, because we have had difficulties along that line, he said he would give us a clear title to the school and teacher's home. In addition he would build a wall around the whole property.

Seeing his interest in having an Adventist teacher, we made arrangements to send one for the next school year. We now have one of our best teacher-evangelists doing a fine work at this mine.

THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR

Out of This World

By IRENE WAKEHAM

PART TWO

AT MALAYBALAY, the provincial capital of Bukidnon, Philippines, Pastor Capobres and I were to meet the plane on which Pastor Hackett was coming from Cebu. We reached the place in time to eat lunch before he arrived; then the three of us took the bus again, heading south. Pastor Capobres was going directly to the convention at Dologan, but Pastor Hackett and I were planning to go first to Mountain View College, from which I planned to go to the convention the next day.

That morning, before Pastor Hackett caught his plane in Cebu, he met Virgil Bartlett, president and manager of the college, who had just arrived on a business trip. He told Pastor Hackett that the school truck was planning to come down to the little barrio of Bagontaas that night after supper for a load of gravel, and we could ride back to the college on it, since there is no public transportation of any kind from the main highway up to the college.

It was about three-thirty when we climbed down from the bus, unloaded our baggage, waved good-bye to Pastor Capobres, and stood there looking at the two wheel tracks leading up across gently sloping fields toward the mountain behind which I knew the college campus was situated. It would be at least three or four hours before the truck would arrive—and since they had no idea we were coming that day, they might happen to decide to come for gravel some other day.

"How far is it?" we asked a former student of Pacific Union College who kept a little store at the point where the college trail left the highway.

"Very far—more than twelve kilometers," he assured us, and offered to send a boy up to the college to tell them we were there.

"What do you say?" proposed Pastor Hackett. "Shall we try walking it?"

I wouldn't have suggested it myself, knowing he was only a few weeks out of the hospital, but after the long cramped ride I was quick to welcome a chance to stretch my legs. I didn't know till later that Pastor Hackett had had almost no breakfast, and nothing at noon except the dab of ice cream and a cookie that was

served on the plane from Cebu—not exactly recommended ammunition for a long hike. From a brief visit a year earlier I remembered that it had taken me a good half hour to drive the school pickup truck down from the college to the highway—but on roads like these time doesn't prove anything about distance.

The sun was hidden behind clouds, so the walk promised to be comfortably cool—we were already a thousand feet above

sea level. I was eager to try it; after you reach forty you have to do something like that once in a while to prove you still can.

It wasn't really a hike, as mountain climbing goes—just a long walk uphill, actually about nine miles, with a thousand-foot rise. After the first hour we could see rain on the slopes not too far away to one side, and presently Pastor Hackett remarked cheerfully, "Well, anyway, the showers don't seem to be coming any closer."

"Neither," I had to add, "is that green hill ahead that we've been looking at all this time—and the college is beyond that." We had left all our baggage at the little store in Bagontaas, planning to have the truck haul it up for us, so we swung along without impediment. But Pastor Hackett couldn't resist stopping for a few minutes of friendly conversation with every farmer plowing with his carabao along the way, and every squatter sitting on the porch of his isolated bamboo home. Conversation wasn't easy, since hardly any of the folks knew more than a few words of English, but genial smiles and gestures seem to be understood everywhere.*

It was nearly dark, and looking back we could see we had really come a long way. The road curved sharply to the right, to avoid cutting across a fertile field, and also to follow the scenic bank of the swift-flowing Manupali River, some three hundred feet below. We were willing to pass up the scenery for later inspection, so took a short cut across the field straight in front of us, heading for the point where the road turned back from the river and started the last steep stretch up some four hundred feet to the level of the campus.

Darkness comes with surprising speed only seven degrees north of the equator, and suddenly we saw behind us, on the road we had left, the lights of a truck. It wasn't the school truck, for it was traveling toward the college, but was a commercial truck with a load of cargo for the school—and, we learned later, our baggage. Of course the driver would pick us up—if we could manage to make him see us.

Our short-cut trail had almost brought



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

On our return from a strenuous and rugged hike, Pastor Willis Hackett took time out to display a large lizard that two local boys had killed.

* Read "The Dialect of Smiles" by Howard A. Munson, in the January 6, 1953, *Youth's Instructor*.

us back to the road again when he passed, but no luck. He couldn't see us. We shouted, but just then he shifted into second for the steep pull ahead, and of course couldn't hear us. If he had given us a lift we wouldn't have been able to brag later that we had made every step of the way on foot, but at the moment we would have been quite happy to forfeit that privilege.

Some twenty minutes later, when we reached the campus, the folks there were

car, along with three boys from the school in the very probable event of tire, brake, or engine trouble.

I'd been driving a '46 car around Manila and thought it was in pretty bad shape. This was a '49, but the brakes were completely unpredictable. You had to wrestle the steering wheel to keep it on the road, and when you shifted into low to go down a steep grade the gear shift bounced out into neutral unless you held it. Roads in this part of the world take a terrific

college, determined to keep the Ford ahead of the truck, for security reasons. We arrived without mishap, but the next day when the car was wanted, there was a tumor the size of a lemon on one of the rear tires.

I had accepted the invitation of Frances and Virgil Bartlett to spend my vacation with them at Mountain View College, but this weekend was just a little foretaste. I still had a string of appointments before it would be time to relax and enjoy the cool, Baguio-like weather, the scenic beauty, and the away-from-it-all atmosphere. I had planned to leave Sunday morning for Manticao, the site of Mindanao Mission Academy. It has been playing host to Mountain View College during the past few years, when it was still an extension of Philippine Union College, and during the time the permanent site was being discovered, negotiated for, and developed. There was a large academy senior class about to graduate, along with the Mountain View College seniors, some of whom, I was sure, could plan for two additional years at Pacific Union College.

The trip by bus Sunday would have taken all day. So when I learned that the Mountain View College truck was leaving Monday about two in the morning in order to get President Bartlett to Manticao for a ten o'clock board meeting, I agreed to stay over Sunday, and with Pastor Hackett have a good look at what had been accomplished during the past year. The progress we saw was truly amazing. Faculty homes and classroom units were going up so fast you could hardly recognize them from day to day. A tree standing in the forest today—fortunately almost sapless at the end of the dry season—might be rafters on a house a week from now.

A few weeks before, Miss Ethel Young, the division elementary supervisor from Singapore, had flown to Manila after a short visit to Mountain View College, full of superlatives about a hike down the Balambangan Creek that had left her shoulders painfully stiff.

"But, Ethel, your shoulders!" I had protested. "What did you do to get sore clear up there?"

"Girl, you never saw anything like it! It's just that kind of hike. It's so steep you have to hang onto the roots or jungle vines like an ape and swing yourself down. But it's marvelous—all those falls and cascades!"

On my previous visit I had hiked to Malingon Falls, but had seen nothing like the canyon Ethel was describing. Even Mr. Bartlett admitted he had discovered it only a few months earlier, but as a site for a hydroelectric plant it is much more accessible than the Malingon location. You can drive right down to the head of the canyon in a car. So after dinner that Sunday the three of us at-

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Capping Exercise

By MRS. T. K. HARRIS

O student nurse, you do but little know
Of all that lies before you, joy and woe;
Throw back your shoulders, walk with firmer tread,
Because you wear a cap upon your head.

The cap means love and service to mankind,
To old and young, distressed, and the blind.
You must hold out your hand in loving care
And keep the faith whene'er the cap you wear.

God of Light, look down tonight we pray,
And bless each nurse as she goes on her way.
Help her to be willing, glad to do her part,
A lighted candle shining in her heart.

about to start out in the car looking for us—as soon as they finished supper—since the truck had brought our baggage, and reported that we had started walking, but were nowhere along the road. We were delighted to relieve their concern in return for the generous supper they provided after our three-hour stroll.

Transportation difficulties made it impossible for me to reach the convention at Dologan the next day—walking is all right, but distressingly slow as distances go in Mindanao. It turned out that instead of six kilometers, as I had been told, the convention site was a good ten miles (I checked it on the car) beyond Bagontaas, and the buses ran only in the early part of the day. So Sabbath morning the Bartletts let me take their

toll on a car, and sometimes the pressure of work and the distance to a garage make upkeep a serious problem.

Arriving safely at the Dologan church, I attended morning services held in a dialect I had never heard before, said my piece through an interpreter between two and three in the afternoon, and afterward talked with prospective students.

We had hoped on the way home to witness a baptism by Pastor Hackett of about eight new converts won in a little barrio, Lurugan, through the efforts of the boys working at the college site, under Mr. Bartlett's supervision. A crowd had ridden down from the campus on the school truck for the event, but we got there just in time to learn it was all over. So I promptly started up toward the



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

From top to bottom: 1. Pastor F. H. Jornada, first ordained minister of the Southern Philippines, lights the MV torch, while Vicente Secong holds it. 2. Gov. Mariano Peñaflorida, seventh from the left, with a lei, was a guest speaker during the congress. 3. The Mindanao Mission delegation gathers in front of the congress auditorium. 4. Outdoor Morning Watch daily at 5 A.M. 5. An attentive audience listens to one of the speakers.

Rekindled FIRES

By J. R. OBREGON

THE first South Philippine Union Mission Youth Congress was attended by several thousand young people from the islands of the Visayas and Mindanao. The opening ceremonies originated at the West Visayan Mission compound, where Pastor F. H. Jornada, the first Filipino Adventist converted in Hawaii, and the first minister, lighted the MV torch, symbolic of the unflagging zeal and enthusiasm of our youth and also of the message of truth they are to bring to every nook and cranny of the union.

From there the lighted torch was relayed to the West Visayan Academy Auditorium, a distance of twenty-three kilometers. It was borne by twenty-three youth runners in uniform with the words "S.D.A. Youth Congress" on their "T" shirts. Torchbearers were escorted by two motor policemen, three decorated bicycles, one scooter, one decorated jeep, and one decorated automobile.

The first runner passed through the main streets of the city of Iloilo, arousing attention from the public. The last runner of the relay turned over the torch at the rostrum just in time for the opening meeting.

The opening night, with 2,300 attending, was colorful as each mission delegation lined up at the academy gate preparatory to the march toward the auditorium. They carried with them their flags and mission banners, including their pennants for each MV district association. The mission presidents and MV secretaries led out in each delegation.

Leading the four mission delegations were the workers of the union, W. J. Hackett, MV secretary of the Far Eastern Division, and other special delegates from the North Philippine Union Mission.

Pastor Hackett opened the congress with the challenging sermon Monday evening. He emphasized that we should not make the congress a get-together meeting, or a picnic, or just a time for shaking of hands. He said, "We must spiritualize the congress."

The following day we had Gov. Mariano Peñaflorida, of Iloilo, as our guest speaker.

He emphasized that youth have an important role. They should occupy the two outposts of the country, the home on one hand and the school on the other. Both should be strengthened. There should be a close unity between the two institutions.

President Ramon Magsaysay, who was scheduled to speak but was unable to attend because of previous commitments, sent a short message by wire.

Each day at eight o'clock in the morning was the devotional hour. Messages by E. A. Capobres, P. B. Gonzales, V. L. Bartlett, and D. M. Hechanova, Jr., gave the beginning of each day a spiritual atmosphere. Their words brought courage, hope, and confidence in the Divine Providence.

The devotional study was followed by evangelism workshops. The delegates were shown the know-how of giving the gospel to the outposts of our union territory, for the congress theme was "Occupy the Outposts for Christ"—bringing the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour to the highways and byways of life. In these workshops, public, personal, literature, junior, and outpost types of evangelism were very much emphasized. These instruction periods were climaxed with demonstrations to clinch the subjects.

The last hour in the morning was devoted to a youth forum, which was the most thrilling program, although the gymnasium was at its hottest during that time. Young people never missed this hour. Moderators introduced the subject, and then it was given to the floor for questions. Subjects such as "Youth in Army Service," "S.D.A. Youth in Outside Schools," "Christian Reading," and "Christian Dress" were ably discussed.

Throughout the congress I noticed that in this particular hour our youth showed their own personal convictions in answering questions, especially those dealing with denominational scruples.

The first hour in the afternoon was a Bible study. Dr. R. G. Manalaysay presented two subjects, "Christian Music" and "Vocations." Pastor Hackett discussed "The Youth in the Last World's Conflict," and A. A. Poblete presented "Christian Education."

The last hour of the afternoon was spent in recreation. This was the time when delegates could get acquainted with one another. One day all the men were lined up on one side and all the women on another side and a hand-shaking ceremony was started. Everybody was introduced.

Sabbath morning drew the largest attendance, four thousand. Pastor Hackett's stirring sermon admonished the church and individuals to prepare for Christ's second coming. The world has nearly filled its cup of wickedness, and the nations are all geared for Armageddon. The church must do its work.

Sabbath afternoon at two o'clock we had a grand investiture service for over two hundred youth. This was followed by a Share Your Faith symposium, with three speakers from each mission delegation. "Trophies" were presented and requested to stand as speakers narrated their missionary endeavors. Young people cited different ways in which they had brought

souls to the foot of the cross. Some had simply sung religious hymns, others had lived a consistent Christian life, still others had done Christian help work. Some had given Bible studies, some had held cottage meetings, and the rest had engaged in conversations with other people.

Sabbath evening was the most colorful of all evenings. That was the parade of missions night. Heathen tribes throughout our union territory were represented by the delegates in costumes. The Galis of Bukidnon, the Subanun of Zamboanga, the Maranaos of Lanao, the Maguindanaos of Cotabato, the Samals, the Bagobos, and the Dabawenios of Davao, the Bilaans of Cotabato and Davao, the Aetas of Negros and Panay, and the Maghats, or Mamanwas, of Agusan were very well represented.

The various speakers mentioned their religious beliefs, their customs, and their possibility of evangelization, which hurled a great challenge to all delegates in attendance. Native songs were sung, native

poems recited, native musical instruments played, and native dances demonstrated.

As a whole the congress was much publicized by local papers. In fact, three weeks before the congress our meetings were broadcast on the air by a local radio station free of charge. Twice we were given publicity in the *Manila Daily Bulletin* and also in the *Cebu Southern Star*.

The congress is now recorded history. Its mighty influence will continue to tell upon the lives of those in attendance. A young man who is a student of the Voice of Hope Bible Correspondence School wrote our office that he had not made his decision before. But now, after attending the congress, he has decided to be baptized.

The congress also rekindled the fire of enthusiasm among the rank and file of Missionary Volunteers. We know we shall hear of a greater determination on the part of our youth and also a greater harvest of souls as a result of the enthusiasm and spiritual revival of this first congress held in the Southern Philippines.

What Doth Hinder Me?

By CHARLES S. COOPER

OFTEN I have wished that each one of you who has so faithfully contributed to the cause of mission work could personally experience the joy of meeting our new believers.

The people of India are showing a greater interest than ever before in our message of hope, and I am sure that you would have felt amply repaid for your gifts if, a few months ago, you could have stepped into the Bible Auditorium as our evangelistic effort began in the large city of Secunderabad. God blessed the work, and a new church has been organized as the result of these meetings.

If you had been seated on the platform that opening night you would have noticed a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman sitting near the front of the auditorium. At the close of the third meeting he attended this man came forward to the platform, where I was greeting a number of people, and stood quietly by until the others had gone.

He introduced himself as a doctor engaged in private practice in the nearby city of Hyderabad and expressed his deep interest in the meetings. Although our handbills had carried the notice that we

were Seventh-day Adventists, he inquired to make certain, and when I had assured him that we were, he invited me to come to his home and meet his family.

At the appointed time we were seated in the doctor's home, and then he told



us briefly of his life. Thirty years before, he had given his life fully to Jesus, but had never found a church which he felt was teaching all according to the Bible. The doctor's work as a government medical officer led him into many isolated places in the state. There were long peri-

ods of time when he had no opportunity to worship with other Christians. But wherever he went he sought out a quiet, secluded spot, and with Bible opened before him prayed that God someday would direct him to the true church. He trained his children to love Christ and to obey God as best they knew how.

While still an active man the doctor had retired from government service and opened his private medical offices. It was then that he first heard the Voice of Prophecy radio broadcast, enrolled in the Bible course, and found the answer to his thirty years of praying and searching for truth.

"Now," he finished his story, "we believe in keeping the seventh-day Sabbath and in the second coming of Christ. Is there anything else that we must do to become Seventh-day Adventists?"

Like the Ethiopian eunuch who had searched long and far for truth, and when he had found it asked, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" this doctor earnestly desired to unite with God's people. Upon questioning them we found not only the doctor but his wife and two of his daughters fully grounded in almost every doctrine. Arrangements were soon made for their baptism, and today they are taking an active leadership in our newly established church.

I believe that many more in India are likewise searching and praying for truth and will accept it with joy just as soon as the messenger goes to them. In God's great plan He has entrusted to us the responsibility of sending the messengers. Let us not fail those who in a darkened land are earnestly looking for light.

More Urges

By MAY COLE KUHN

SOME people have a drive for acquisition, for gain. This is an excellent urge if applied honestly and secondarily to spiritual interests. These persons seem to have the power to get money, houses, and land in a legitimate way. There are others who take what they wish in whatever way they can fulfill their desires, honestly or dishonestly. It is the same urge that directs these two classes of persons, but in one case the drive is used fairly, in the other case it is used dishonestly and selfishly.

Many, many years ago there came to one of our schools a student who was possessed of a mania to take what she desired from any of her schoolmates or teachers, if she could. She was evidently a born kleptomaniac. Handkerchiefs, gloves, or whatever appealed to the young woman's taste disappeared. Finally she was invited to leave the school, and students breathed easier. The girl was young, about fifteen years of age, and this jolt seemed to bring her to her senses. She had not taken these articles because she needed them. Her people were well to do, and she was clothed more beautifully than most of the other girls in the school.

She returned the next year, minus the urge to abscond with her schoolmates' belongings; but the principle on which she had worked previously was still hidden away in her heart. She maneuvered her plans in such a manner that she broke up friendships. If anyone bought a new dress, she immediately bought a prettier one of the same style or color, but of much finer material and excellence. As she grew older these characteristics became more pronounced. A word dropped here or there made trouble between people who had heretofore been friends. Then she married a good man, who died suddenly and left her alone. Falling in love with a married man, she aggravated trouble that was already brewing in the family.

About twenty-five years later, many hundreds of miles from the school where

I had first encountered this girl, I was visiting a friend, a doctor's wife, in a medical institution. Mrs. MacGillivray, my friend, had bought and worn once or twice a modest but attractive black dress. One day when Mrs. MacGillivray and I were on the porch conversing, an exquisitely garbed woman passed by. Her gown was styled in the latest fashion and made from lustrous, expensive black material.

Half-laughing, half-crying in chagrin, Mrs. MacGillivray remarked, "Every time I buy a dress that woman comes out in one the same color, but so expensively and beautifully made that my dress looks shoddy!"

A question or two revealed the fact that the beautifully garbed woman was no other than the young kleptomaniac who had purloined the handkerchiefs long ago! The drive in her life was to outshine everyone else, as far as possible, by hook or by crook.

As a mediocre student, she could not shine, but being fairly good looking, and with money enough to outdress any of her associates, she still carried on her

nefarious but secret purloining of other people's appearance, reputation, and happiness.

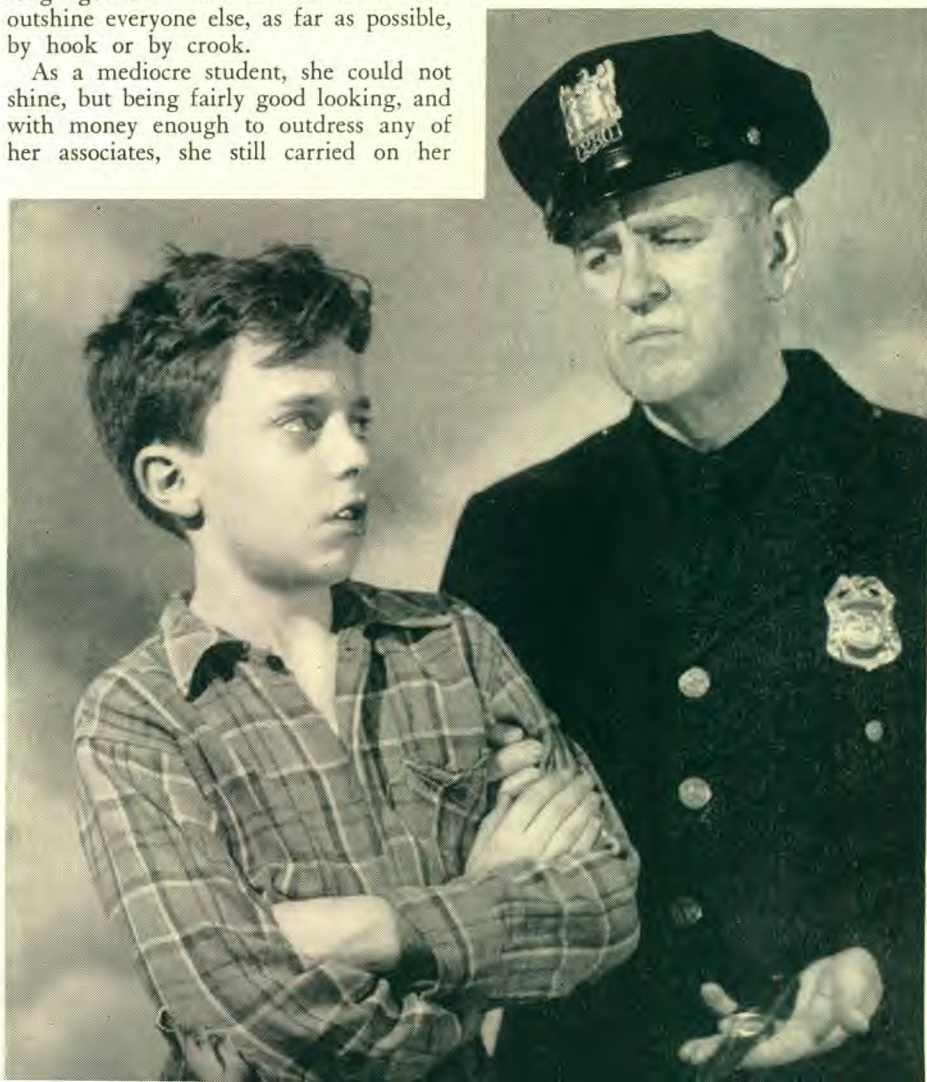
There is an acquisitiveness which is good. What is it? First, everyone can acquire that experience which will make him sure of eternal life. Then there is the gaining of wisdom, "and with all thy getting get understanding." Wise men would say, "Acquire a good name, a good reputation, for 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' Acquire knowledge. It is right to have enough money as you get on in life so that you can be independent. Acquire a home somewhere, preferably out of the city. Acquire friends, but better yet, be a friend. From these rightful acquisitions will come genuine happiness and pleasure."

It is important that you watch your urges, your drives, and understand where they are taking you. If you stop for a moment and think, you will learn how to control your drives and send them in the right direction; for, if you do not control them, they will control you, and only the good heavenly Father can lead you out of the detours in which you may find yourself.

Lastly: choose loyalty!

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man," nor to God.

Next Week: The Dragon Fear



EWING GALLOWAY

The desire to have things is so strong with some people that they will take what they want in whatever way they can, honestly or dishonestly.



CLINEDINST PHOTO

Without conserving his health Teddy Roosevelt would not have been able to make his life a success.

Keep

By J. DE W

ALTHOUGH graduations are happy occasions, I always experience a twinge of sadness. Each student here today stands as a member of a unit—his class of 1954. But within hours from now, at least by tomorrow, the unit will be broken forever. Like a flower that comes to full bloom and then casts its seeds to the winds, to go and make new flowers, even so this class is brought to full blossom today, but in a matter of hours will burst, and each member go his separate way, never again to be united as one.

For this reason I have chosen my subject—KEEP THYSELF. After this commencement day you will go forth to a new and different life. Many of you will go on to more schooling—college, business school, trade school. Some of you may go out into the world of everyday work.

While in school or at home you have been sheltered, protected, guided, and counseled. Now you will have less protection from your parents and teachers. You will be more on your own. You must learn to set your own standards and take care of yourself. We parents and teachers pray that you will retain the high ideals that were imparted to you in your Christian home and at this Christian school.

You alone must "keep thyself"—keep your health, keep your mind, and keep your soul.

If you remember little else that I say today, I hope you will remember this admonition: Whatever you do in life, your success will depend on your bodily health.

The executive with the peptic ulcer is not nearly so efficient as the one without an ulcer—the one who takes care of himself. And the student who doesn't take care of himself cannot expect to get good grades or advance as rapidly as the one who does take care of himself.

You may say, "Why, doctor, I never felt better in my life." I'll agree that the bloom of youth is on every cheek, the sparkle of life in every eye. But the sad fact remains that there is still much illness even in the younger age groups. Tuberculosis is a killer that snuffs out forty thousand lives in the United States each year—one every thirteen minutes by the clock. And the sad part is that many of these are youth in the prime of life—between fifteen and thirty-five. At this very moment there are 76,000 TB patients confined between white sheets at 830 sanatoriums in America, while 500,000 persons who have TB and do not know it walk the streets.

"How did they get tuberculosis?" you ask. By neglecting their most precious possession, their bodily health—by poor habits of eating, skipping or skimping on breakfast, eating sweets, white bread, and other poor foods instead of taking time for good meals of green vegetables, fresh fruits, milk, eggs, and other proteins. Overanxiety, overwork, late hours, little sleep, and the indiscretions that young people are prone to indulge in caused their breakdown in health.

Let me tell you what can happen when a man neglects health in the mad search for success, money, fame, or power—and how, without health, all success crumbles into chaos.

You all have heard of Henry R. Luce, president and founder of the *Time, Life,*

and *Fortune* magazine empire. But you no doubt never heard of Britton Hadden. During World War I these two men, Luce and Hadden, were thrown together in the trenches of France. Both being dynamic young men, they came up with an idea—a current weekly news magazine.

Before the war Britton Hadden had been a collegiate athlete—an excellent ballplayer. He planned to become a professional ballplayer and home-run king. But with due persuasion on the part of Henry Luce, he became a partner in *Time* magazine. After the Armistice was signed, and the two men got back to New York, they opened office with a paste pot and a pair of shears. They went to work and built a fine magazine.

Prior to his editorial days, Britton Hadden had taken daily outdoor exercise, giving his muscles a stretch in the park. It was said that he could be seen playing baseball with youngsters on the vacant lots early in the morning and after school. With his business interests and pressure of politics, he joined the New York Athletic Club and still exercised. But finally he gave even this up and began spending more time at the desk. The magazine was succeeding. He was now spending more time with it, less time in exercise, sleep, and leisurely eating. He gave up baseball, walking, and exercise in the gymnasium. He now set a goal to be a millionaire by the time he was thirty.

But one day Britton Hadden was smitten with a severe streptococcal sore throat, and was rushed to the best New York hospital. Every night Henry R. Luce would come to tell him of the progress of *Time*. But he was too sick to appreciate it. The infection began to ravage his body. One day Luce came in to bring great news to Hadden—his earnings had been computed, and he was now a millionaire. He had reached his goal. A few days later, death came to Britton Hadden, a millionaire at thirty, who didn't have time to take care of his health.

Now contrast this story with that of

THE *Youths* INSTRUCTOR

Commencement address given at Adelphian Academy, Holly, Michigan.

hyself

FOX, M.D.

Teddy Roosevelt. Although born into a wealthy and aristocratic Dutch family in New York, he was a weakling. Sickly and scrawny as a boy, he early decided he was going to take good care of his health. His one obsession was to have a strong body. He ate well. He exercised. He worked at it.

At one time he had to give up his law practice and political ambitions and spend two years on a ranch in North Dakota for the express purpose of building up his body. His determination to have bodily strength had a great bearing on his character and future life. With a strong body he could conquer the world, and he knew it.

Returning from North Dakota, he ran for mayor of New York, but was defeated. Then he spent six years in the Civil Service Commission, became police commissioner of New York City. He was appointed assistant secretary of the Navy by President McKinley. During the Spanish-American War, he resigned and organized the first U.S. volunteer cavalry. As colonel of the regiment known as the Rough Riders, he led a charge up San Juan Hill in Cuba, and became a popular hero.

At the close of the war he was elected governor of New York, and fought corruption so hard that his enemies schemed to exile him to oblivion by nominating him for the Vice-Presidency. However, on the death of President McKinley the young, delicate Roosevelt became President.

Noted for his interest in physical fitness, he used to invite the White House newsmen into the gymnasium, where he would box with them. While President he was shocked to find a "cavalry colonel . . . unable to keep his horse at a smart trot" and "a major general afraid even to let his horse canter." To keep the military fit, T. R. ordered all officers—including Naval—to hike fifty miles or ride horseback ninety miles in three days. Many failed.

This shows how a man who values his health can build a gigantic success.

NOVEMBER 9, 1954

But without conserving his health Teddy Roosevelt would never have been able to carry his many political duties and responsibilities. He could never have been the big game hunter in Africa, the builder of the Panama Canal, the writer of books, the famed sportsman, and the beloved wielder of the big stick that he was.

Keep your health!

How about your mind? Today the fears and frustrations of millions are actually making men's hearts stop. At this very instant 1,500,000 Americans are sick in hospital beds. That is 1 per cent of the total population. But the sad fact is that half of these patients are not suffering from bodily ailments but from mental and nervous disorders. About 2,000,000 babies are born each year in the United States. But 1.17 per cent of them will spend all or part of their life in a mental institution.

The minds of men are so occupied with things and ideas new, unique, and some of them twisted and warped that it is little wonder we have so many people in nervous states. Although there are 750,000 mental patients actually in hospitals, it is estimated that 10,000,000 Americans are psychoneurotic to a degree, and need help. These people are walking the streets depressed, fearful, insecure, worried, and distraught—in search of happiness, in search of peace; but nowhere is it to be found. Worry is present on the face of nearly every city dweller today, yet worry accomplishes nothing.

"Worry is an old man with bended head,
With a sack of feathers
That he thinks is lead."

Perhaps one of the reasons for the tremendous rise in juvenile delinquency is that boys and girls are not taught to keep their minds stayed on good things. The millions of boys and girls in their formative years who used to queue up in front of the corner movie on Saturday afternoons to get their thrills from gang-murder pictures, cowboy movies, and murder mysteries, today can get the same thrills without even moving from their living-room easy chair. Television has brought to the home a pollution for the mind that is taking precious hours away from constructive thinking and action.

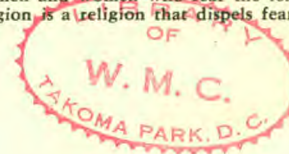
Don't let television sell you on any crazy idea—that "beer belongs," that smoking is soothing to your throat and nerves, that murder is all right if done by a hero, that crime is entertainment. To show how television is infecting the minds of American youths, it is estimated that the average school child spends twenty hours a week in front of a television set. These are twenty hours that formerly were spent outdoors getting fresh air, talking to parents, reading, or playing games with other youngsters. Twenty hours lost. Of course, television has its place, but don't let it pollute your mind.

Novels such as pulp magazine murder mysteries (one author's sold more than ten million copies in almost ten months) are typical of the mind level of millions. To think any more is a rare thing. We want others to think for us. We simply want to be entertained. But real progress never was made with a life of ease and entertainment. Just as soon as the Romans started living such a life they declined and fell.



H. M. LAMBERT

Doctors know what fear can do to a person's health. They see men and women who fear the loss of a job, the hell bomb, or being found out. The Christian religion is a religion that dispels fear.



As President Eisenhower has said, we should drag the word *fear* from our vocabulary and stamp on it. The world, he says, is suffering from many fears. We fear other nations. We fear what our friends will think. We fear investigations and what they will do to our freedoms. We fear depression. We fear the loss of jobs. We fear the hell bomb. We fear being found out. Our eternal fear is endangering our minds and making us act hysterically. President Eisenhower concludes. We must have courage, and rely on our knowledge of prophecy and our training to dispel fear.

Let me assure you that if you follow the training you have received here, you will never need to fear getting wrong ideas or a muddled mind. Your teachers have given you basic knowledge and a right Christian perspective on life, creation, and all that goes into mathematics, history, and social studies.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt at the

height of his career, during his first inaugural speech, made the profound and true statement: "All we have to fear is fear itself." And this was in the depths of the depression, when men were fearful of economic collapse of the country. And look what happened to our fears. When we buckled down, kept our minds cool and collected, we came into the greatest period of advance America has ever seen. Unfortunately, however, part of the advance was in the realm of warmaking—World War II and all the horror it brought.

It was Robert Louis Stevenson who once said, "Keep your fears to yourself, but share your courage." Let us share our courage and strengthen one another in our faith.

In the last analysis, the Good Book has the answer for a sound mind in a healthy body, for it says, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."

Jesus directed us to keep our souls also: "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Many of you have heard the story of a Detroit doctor whose shadowy life not only is a reflection on the profession I practice and hold dear but vividly illustrates that you can gain the whole world and yet lose everything.

Early in his career of medicine he began to perform illegal operations. His telephone was unlisted, and he made his appointments in the strictest secrecy.

It is said that the doctor was a man with no vices. He did not smoke or drink. He drove an old car, lived in a respectable neighborhood. But inwardly he was an unhappy, cowering, sheepish doctor, who could never face his colleagues and look them squarely in the eye.

Last February the doctor's health began to fail, no doubt from the undermining effects of a boring, burning conscience. One evening he took a vial of poison to his room and drank it, and death came to him.

Next day the news electrified the Internal Revenue offices when it was learned that he had left an estimated fortune of five million dollars in cash stashed away in banks scattered from Canada to Mexico.

Here was a man who had gained a whole world in wealth, but failed to enjoy it, and lost his soul in the bargain. A poor trade!

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

So keep well the truths learned here in school. Keep thy health, keep thy mind—and remember that the greatest talking point for religion is "Where will you and I be seventy years from now?"

Take time to nourish your souls. Read your Morning Watch, pray, and meditate on how good God has been to you. Go to church and Sabbath school regularly. You know there are fourteen million boys and girls in America who go to no church, do not attend any Sabbath or Sunday school, have no religious background. Their souls are starving for the wonderful blessings you have enjoyed all your life.

Now, above all, be true to the conscience that your mother and your teachers have placed within you.

"My son, attend to my words;
Incline thine ear unto my sayings.

"Let them not depart from thine eyes;
Keep them in the midst of thine heart.

"For they are life unto those that find them,
And health to all their flesh.

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

About Answered Prayers

By PAUL GREEN

LIVING in Iowa many years ago was a young man just coming of age who suffered for months with an ailment that left his heart weak. The doctors told him the end might come at any time.

Under the urgency of the situation, he felt he should give the gospel of salvation to others. He seemed to have no talent for public speaking, but he did sell many of our books. Yet he wanted to do more. He prayed about it. Were his prayers answered?

He became so busy raising his family and educating them in Adventist schools that he had little time to think or worry much about his heart, though his wife sometimes could hear and count his heartbeats when not touching him.

His family grew until there were nine. It was worth a trip across the country just to see his family.

The question was recently put to him: "When you were sick you called for the elders according to Bible instruction, and had prayer. Were those prayers answered?"

"Certainly," was his reply. "What has kept me going all these years?"

"I never heard you say anything about it," came the reply.

He answered, "Who am I, a poor erring mortal, to boast of a thing like that?"

Were his prayers about being able to bring others to Christ answered? He lived until his children were all grown and well



educated. There were family affection, confidence, and respect in that home. There was discipline, though not too severe.

At seventy-two years of age this father went to sleep, not to awaken until the resurrection. We do not know how many persons have been led to Christ through the books he sold. But look at what his children are doing.

He has one son in the Orient who is in charge of work that is bringing many into the remnant church and bringing the work of Adventists into favorable notice of the rulers of more than one nation. Another son is a conference president. One daughter is a registered nurse, spreading truth wherever she goes. The children are all respected.

That man's prayers are being answered in a broader sense than he even hoped for at the time they were offered.

SABBATH SCHOOL



Victory Over Death

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 20

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "For this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death" (Ps. 48:14).

THINK IT OVER:

- If I wished to see a certain building and there was only one man in town who had a key to that building, what would I do?
- If I thought that there was a treasure chest hidden in some secret cave and that there was only one man who knew the way to that cave, what would I do?
- If I want to live forever and Christ is the only One who has the keys to life, will I not make friends with Him and follow His leading in every detail?

FOR SUNDAY

- Why am I under the sentence of death? (Rom. 5:12.)
"Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."
- From what is it impossible for me to escape? (Heb. 9:27.)
"And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."
- What is man's condition in death? (Ps. 146:4.)
"His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish."

FOR MONDAY

- How many will hear the voice of Jesus? (John 5:28.)
"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice."
- Who responds to this call immediately? (1 Thess. 4:16.)
"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first."
- When do the wicked come to life again? (Rev. 20:5, first part.)
"But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished."

FOR TUESDAY

- Who has the keys of death? (Rev. 1:18.)
"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."
 - If Jesus is the only One who has the "keys" and He is my friend, how sure am I of eternal life? (John 11:25.)
"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."
- NOTE.**—"He gave up His precious life that He might vanquish death. But He rose from the tomb, and the myriads of angels who came to behold Him take up the life He had laid down heard His words of triumphant joy as He stood above

Joseph's rent sepulcher proclaiming: 'I am the resurrection, and the life.'"—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 230.

9. What does the apostle Peter declare Jesus Christ to be? (Acts 3:15.)

"And killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses."

NOTE.—"To the believer, Christ is the resurrection and the life. In our Saviour the life that was lost through sin is restored; for He has life in Himself to quicken whom He will. He is invested with the right to give immortality. The life that He laid down in humanity, He takes up again, and gives to humanity."
—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 786, 787.

FOR WEDNESDAY

10. What proof have I that the righteous dead shall live again? (1 Thess. 4:13, 14.)

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

11. How long will God be our strength and guide? (Ps. 48:14, first part.)

"For this God is our God for ever and ever."

12. What was the main purpose of Jesus in coming to this world? (John 10:10.)

"The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

FOR THURSDAY

13. To what is the death of a Christian likened? (John 11:11.)

"These things said he: and after that he saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep."

14. What descriptive term does the Lord use for the grave? (Jer. 31:16.)

"Thus saith the Lord; Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy."

15. When will victory over death be complete? (1 Cor. 15:54.)

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

NOTE.—"The earth mightily shook as the voice of the Son of God called forth the sleeping saints. They responded to the call, and came forth clothed with glorious immortality, crying, 'Victory, victory, over death and the grave! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' Then the living saints and the risen ones raised their voices in a long, transporting shout of victory. Those bodies that had gone down into the grave bearing the marks of disease and death came up in immortal health and vigor. The living saints are changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and caught up with the risen ones, and together they meet their Lord in the air. Oh, what a glorious meeting!"—*Early Writings*, p. 287.

FOR FRIDAY

- How many resurrections are recorded in the Old Testament?
Name the people.
- How many resurrections are recorded in the New Testament?
Name the people.
Can you find the texts?
- How many resurrections are still in the future?
Name the classes.
Can you find the texts?

ORANGE marbles, blue marbles, green marbles, yellow marbles, multicolored marbles all over the floor. Big red marbles, little red marbles, and medium-sized red marbles in every drawer. There are marbles in junior's trouser pockets, in junior's shirt pockets, in junior's coat pockets, and even in his cap. You can't get rid of them, for they multiply like rabbits and fish.

Junior will want those marbles again next spring. Patiently collect all you find, but don't store them away in the cellar or attic. Why hide these colors in some dark corner? Why not make some practical use of them? Why not grow some flowers among them?

Marbles can take the place of soil to hold the plants erect. They are much prettier to look at than black or brown dirt. One of the main purposes of that black soil is to anchor the roots, and the marbles will do the job well.

The container you decide to use cannot be just anything. If it is made of wood, the wood must be painted with asphalt paint, and you cannot see the marbles. If it should be of cement or concrete, these would cause chemical changes in the water that are toxic to plants and often kill them. Black or galvanized iron will also contaminate the water and kill your plants, and you still will not be able to see the marbles with all their colors.

Glass is the best container for your plants. A glass cake dish or pie plate is excellent for growing flowers in marbles. Large soda glasses have been used and can be exhibited beautifully. A small fish bowl can be used in place of the soda glass.

Plants cannot grow on marbles alone, of course. All plants need water. But, what you put in the water is what makes it possible to grow flowers in marbles. Plants grow green and strong on the mineral salts in the soil. When you take away the soil you must give the plants the mineral salts in some other form. This is the essential that makes growing flowers in marbles such an interesting project. These minerals are put right in the water.

The following formula will make three gallons of solution in approximate amounts for all plants to use. Some plants need a slight variation in the formula, but this takes much study to determine. Experimenting with your project will add enthusiasm to growing flowers in marbles. Here are the principal ingredients you will need:

Potassium phosphate	1/4 teaspoon
Potassium nitrate	1/2 teaspoon
Calcium nitrate	1 teaspoon
Magnesium sulfate (Epsom salts)	1/4 teaspoon

These chemicals may be supplemented with minute quantities of boron, manganese, zinc, copper, and iron should your plants show signs of deficiency, but chemical analysis is the only sure way of determining which of these are lacking.

These chemicals may be purchased from local chemical supply houses or possibly from fertilizer dealers. Some may be obtained from the corner drugstore. The chemicals necessary to make three gallons of solution should not cost more than twenty-five cents.

Mix your solution in a glass bottle until all the chemical salts are completely dissolved. Never store your solution in a metal container. Metal will contaminate the solution, and it may become toxic to the plants.



A glass cake dish or pie plate is excellent for growing flowers in marbles. Large soda glasses have been used and can make a lovely exhibit.

FLOWERS In Marbles

By ORMON J. HABECK

In an experiment with summer lilacs that I purchased at a dime store I used a mixture of salts made after a formula similar to the one previously mentioned. After the plant had blossomed I sprinkled dry salts around the plant and watered it. A bright green color was noticeable in the foliage within a few days, and several inches of rapid growth was noticeable in one week.

You may add a small amount of this solution to your family's potted plants. Do not get the idea that if a little makes some difference, more will make a big difference. The plants can grow just so fast no matter how much more food and sunshine they are given.

Everyone is looking for an interesting hobby to work with in his leisure time. Make a small garden in marbles and give it to a friend. He will be delighted to receive it, and will be fascinated with it when you explain to him how he can grow more flowers in this way.

Every city and county has annual flower exhibits and hobby shows. Enter your flowers growing in marbles in the flower exhibit. It will be a unique way of showing them off. Then you could enter the same plant in the hobby show, for it is an unusual hobby also.

To make a party a success you might supply the marbles, glasses, and young plants or bulbs, then let each person start his own garden in marbles. You could be the proud instructor in a new and fascinating hobby. This would make your party one that would be hard to forget because of the delightful time you had provided for all your friends.

If you are a leader in your Missionary Volunteer Society, you could show the other members how to start a garden in marbles.

The opportunities for varied designs and arrangements are endless, and the satisfaction from such a hobby is rewarding.



I HAVE always loved to hear thrilling tales of travel, especially from people who have been to little-known places. I had the wonderful opportunity of traveling around the world last year, and would like to tell you of

one place that I visited, called Angkor.

More than a thousand years ago a race of people called Khmers lived and ruled in Indochina. They lived in luxury and warred for slaves. These slaves built for their overlords magnificent temples and buildings which are considered the supreme wonder of the world. In some unknown way the people departed and for five hundred years or more Angkor was unknown.

A Frenchman in 1860, while hunting rare butterflies in the Cambodian jungle, came to a clearing where he saw five huge towers rising out of the forest. He rushed forward, anxious to know what he was seeing. When he returned to France he told his friends what he had seen. They suspected that an attack of jungle fever had made his mind weak.

Later some French scholars carefully dug Angkor free from the overrunning trees and underbrush that had grown over the city, which was found to cover about forty square miles.

I took the plane at Bangkok, with about twenty-four other people in the party, to visit the amazing sight. The dilapidated plane flew over miles of dense jungle, landing on an old airstrip not far from Angkor. Then began our walk through the jungle.

When we came to a clearing before we reached the city, we saw the five huge towers that Henri Mouhot saw when he first discovered Angkor. There were at one time nine hundred magnificent temples and buildings. In the middle of the city is a crumbling temple of Bayon, the most unusual sight in all Asia. Around this mysterious and ancient city of Cambodia, there is an outer wall about one-half mile wide. This wall is surrounded by a wide moat, which was used not only for military precaution but to reflect the exquisite beauty of the high towers and the beauty of the walls. A causeway, wider than a four-lane highway and paved with huge blocks of stone, crosses the moat.

As we crossed the moat we saw the first wonder of Angkor, a balustrade on each side of the causeway. This balustrade is a huge cobra running along the causeway for one-fourth mile and held by men carved out of stone. The cobra has seven

Supreme Wonder of the World

By FAYE LOEWEN

heads, which form a huge fan. We saw this fanlike design often throughout Angkor. Three massive towers make up the gate to the center of the city. Everything is in perfect balance and symmetry. If there is a small house on the right, there is also one to match it on the left.

Angkor is in the hottest part of the tropics, so it would be unthinkable to have real glass windows; the buildings have fake windows with delicate latticework of seven columns of limestone, carved into tiny circles to look like bamboo. The result is a nice airy window which makes the inside of the buildings surprisingly cool.

We passed through the gate to the temple of Angkor Wat. Here we saw a second causeway, even more beautifully built and carved than the first. This one leads to the grandest stone towers in the world. They show quality of the finest Greek architecture.

The central towers are arranged in a symmetrical plan of three vast concentric squares about a central tower. We went through the corridor of the first outside square. The corridor has panels of carvings showing the days of greatness of the kings, whole stories of the Hindu religion, dancing girls, and goddesses guarding the dark corners. Where there are no carvings the

walls are covered with leaf or geometric patterns. Not only the temples, but the story of civilization, is built in this masterpiece. On one panel are carved the pagentry surrounding the king, the enemy marching into battle, the bad being tortured, the good being saved and marching up the stairs to heaven.

Our party climbed the stairs to the second square. Again we saw the false windows, the endless corridors and stonework. From here we got the first close-up view of the towers in the inner courtyard. We climbed the steps, which seemed almost vertical, to the tower of the third square, and looked down on the jungle of stone, forest, windows, little chapels, ruined towers, great basins, corridors, stepped walls, and fragments of stone.

Seven centuries of the Christian Era are shown here. These people, influenced by Indian traders, adopted Hindu culture and religion. In the ninth century the Khmers came to power and established a powerful line of kings for six centuries. All that remains now is the ruins of massive cities and buildings. The buildings, which had been made of wood, naturally rotted away a few years after the city was deserted.

The king, we learned, had obtained the throne by chopping off the toes of his



In the midst of the Cambodian jungle of Indochina lie the ruins of an ancient empire. This is the moat before the ruins of Angkor Wat, the central portion of Angkor, with its temples and squares.

[A future secretary is Faye Loewen. This article was written while she was attending Lodi Academy. She is gaining experience in this field by working in her father's office, part time during school sessions and full time during summer vacations. She has been secretary of the young people's Sabbath school, and puts her talent as pianist to good use at MV meetings.]

competitors and putting the men in dungeons. He had five wives, one for every point of the compass and one for the center of the compass. The five central towers of Angkor are oriented to the points of the compass. In this kingdom the king also had four to five thousand girls, and huge armies of five thousand men each, to dominate the surrounding regions.

Angkor Thom was the ancient Khmer capital. The building of it began in A.D. 860 and was finished about A.D. 900. The city had a population of over a million. Angkor Thom also has a moat and a huge wall four times the size of Angkor Wat. It has five gates; one gate is the gate of victory. At this gate is a massive tower containing four perfectly formed faces at the four cardinal points. Vast terraces cut off by carved walls are memorials of the magnificent city.

In the middle of Angkor Thom are the ruins of the temple Bayon. To see it in the late afternoon with the sun shining against its fifty towers is to see one of the greatest devices of man. The towers rise squarely from the masonry, receding step by step as a great flat-topped pyramid.

They give the impression of serpents' teeth against the sky. On each side of the tower a carved face of a man smiles down at you. There are nearly two hundred of these smiling faces. Some of the faces are half lost because of erosion.

These faces are the faces of Lokesavara, a god of the Buddhists. Statues of Lokesavara were found in the forest in the form of a horse rescuing pilgrims from the sea, a deity effecting miraculous cures; but on the vast towers of Bayon Buddha is a god of compassion smiling down on the city.

What happened to the Khmers? Why did they depart? How did the cities change into the jungle and the civilization into swamps? Some stories are that a war broke out, and the oppressing nation took them all as captives. Another is that the inhabitants died of a plague, and still another is that they were overthrown by their slaves, who had to work hard. Many slaves died piling stone upon stone to satisfy the king's mad thirst for beauty. When a leader was chosen among these underprivileged workers, he and his people revolted against the rulers, killing

everyone who wasn't a slave. The rulers fled to the jungle, only to be hunted down like wild beasts. After all the rulers were destroyed, the slaves, having never learned how to take care of themselves, wandered away from Angkor.

No one knows what caused the downfall. From the ruined temple of Prah Khan there are wild fig trees towering from broken roofs. The roots twist and crawl into crevices, embracing walls and ripping away enormous chunks of stone. It is not the cobras that frighten you, but the sickly white roots crawling from secret places. Trees spring from towers high into the air and the roots twine down, covering sculptures and pushing out windows.

In the dark depths of Prah Khan one contemplates the vanished glory of Angkor. Here we can see what happened when the Khmers abandoned their city, and here we can see once more what will happen when the scientists who watch over Angkor relax their attentions. The great trees, monkeys, leopards, and kingfishers will inhabit the city as they did for five hundred years.



Heaven's Blank Check

By W. A. TOWNEND

THE day before my ordination to the gospel ministry a fellow youth leader sent me a telegraphed message. That message conveyed his good wishes and a reminder of a verse of Scripture we had often rejoiced in as together we had conducted youth camps. That telegram became God's special promise to me.

This is also God's promise to you, no matter where you are. And it matters not whether you be a farmer, a businessman, an artisan, a teacher, a clerk, or a student. God means what He says.

"Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

This is what God said to me on the eve of my ordination many years ago. And well do I remember it: God repeated those words to my heart by the ministry of the Holy Spirit even while the hands of the officiating ministers were on my head during the consecration and ordination prayer that high day.

Here in these same eleven words is God's promise to you too, for God never alters the thing that He has promised to His children in all countries and in all ages.

"Faithful is he," says the promise. The word *faithful* suggests trustworthy, sure, true. Our God is trustworthy. Our God is sure. He is true. Noah proved that. And so did Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Daniel, Paul, and John. George Müller of Bristol orphanages fame proved it too. These were Müller's words after sixty-five years of living by the promises of God: "The beginning of faith is the end of anxiety." The beginning of faith—faith in a faithful God—is the end of tension, stress, worry, and strain.

"That calleth you," the promise continues. God does something revolutionary deep down in that young person's heart who suddenly senses a personal call from God.

God deals with us each on a strictly

personal basis. He calls us one by one. God has a personal interest in you. God's only-begotten Son died to guarantee you victory now and eternal life in the future. How very personal that is!

Answering the call of God opens wide the door to broader horizons and more abundant living. And, in embryo, it is all in this wonderful gem of Scripture we are discussing.

"Who also will do it," concludes the promise. "Do what?" you ask. Well, you can best answer your own question, for God has promised to do "it"—to do that very thing you are so anxious about just now.

Nothing is too hard for God, provided you are willing to surrender your life entirely to Him.

This promise is an open check on the bank of heaven. In faith, itself a gift from God, present this check in an act of silent or spoken prayer right now. God will honor His written word.



Lewey and Dewey

By CAROLYN WEAVER

MY SISTER and I were going after the cows. Dusk was falling, and we had to look twice to see whether our eyes were deceiving us. But no, it was a mother skunk carrying her baby to her new home.

Immediately we ran to the house for my father and brother to help us capture the family of skunks. In their hole in the ground we found five of the cutest little creatures. They were cuddled together, forming a mass of soft, fluffy fur, but just one caught my eye. He really was not very beautiful yet, because his eyes were not open, but he snuggled up to me and went to sleep in my arms like a little kitten.

For weeks we fed these baby skunks with eye droppers. They soon learned their routine, and every four hours they were right on hand to be fed—until they adopted our cat for their mother. They climbed right into the basket with her baby kittens, and she seemed to enjoy having them as much as her own little babies. The kittens and skunks got along remarkably well; in fact, it was not long before they were drinking their milk from the same dish and playing like brothers and sisters.

My sister and I chose two skunks as our pets, and named them Lewey and Dewey. It was hard for us to keep up with all their antics. Their greatest enjoyment seemed to come from teasing each other. We would often find them rolling on the ground in a friendly fight. Once Lewey even started picking on the mother cat, but she soundly boxed his ears. This offended him very much, and he slunk back to his own pen. Lewey then turned all of his attention to our dog, Blackie. He must have learned his lesson from the cat, for he very peacefully followed Blackie all over the yard.

Lewey soon discovered that bugs were good to eat, and his favorite food became grasshoppers. During the harvest my father always put him into the wagon to eat his fill of these pesky insects. Once when we turned him loose to look for bugs, his enthusiasm carried him under the house, and he would not come out. I was getting very worried about him when he poked his nose out from under the corner of the porch. He had eaten his

fill of bugs, and was satisfied to be put back in his pen.

Another of Lewey's favorite foods was toads, but he had to depend upon us for this dish. He had attempted to capture these creatures on several occasions, but every time he failed because of his clumsiness. Whenever we put a toad in his pen he grasped it between his front feet, and enjoyed what he thought was a delicious meal.

One day when we returned from town there was Lewey sitting on his hind legs begging for something to eat. I immediately thought of some taffy we had purchased. Thinking he was getting a treat, he grabbed it and started chewing. We all had to laugh at him, for it was a funny sight to see a skunk on his hind legs digging in his mouth with his forefeet. Finally after laughing for quite a while, I took pity on him and helped free him from the predicament into which his curiosity had led him.

One summer our family took an extended trip, leaving a friend in charge of Lewey and Dewey. When we got back, Lewey came to meet us, but there was no Dewey. We looked everywhere, but

could not find him. Later, when our friend came, he sadly told us about Dewey's misfortune. It seemed that something had broken into the pen and kidnapped Dewey, for the wire fence was torn down and the entire pen was a scene of destruction. This was all the news we had of him for several weeks. We then had to turn our attention to his brother.

Lewey began acting like an owl. He slept in the daytime, and at night he had his fun. Any time of night he could be found running back and forth along the fence.

It was impossible to pick Lewey up by reaching under him. We had to grab a piece of fur or else pick him up by the back of the neck as a mother cat would carry her little kittens.

He was a little weather prophet as well as a pet. Every time before a big storm he scampered here and there dusting corners, cleaning floors, and piling his bedding of corn shucks out to air. The object of all this was to have a clean place to stay during the storm.

One day my niece and nephew were seen in Lewey's pen with big sticks in their hands, chasing him all around. We



COURTESY OF NAT. WILD LIFE FEDERATION

Lewey was quite a weather prophet. Before a big storm, he would dust corners, clean floors, and pile his bedding of corn shucks out to air, so as to have a clean place to stay during the storm.

all held our breath, not knowing what minute the pranksters would come running in with a very offensive odor. Much to our surprise Lewey did not become irritated enough at them to use his unique weapon.

One eventful day while my father was strolling by the creek he discovered a small dugout in the bank. While he was watching, a skunk suddenly appeared. He recognized Dewey by the unusually wide stripe on his back. The little animal now had the wild nature of his kind, and never again would he be satisfied to have a little wire pen as a home, even though Lewey, his brother, was still there.

Out of This World

From page 8

tacked it, swinging down from rock to rock in the deep shade of the jungle, alongside one cascade after another. As low at this time of the year as it would ever be, the stream was still a plunging delight, emptying after a drop of several hundred feet into the Manupali River.

Getting back to the top of the cliff was another story. We took a different trail, Mr. Bartlett leading, Pastor Hackett following, and I puffing and panting along behind, catching up with the men about the time they were rested and ready

to go on. I was afraid of getting so far behind I would lose sight of them in the thick jungle—especially Mr. Bartlett, who was the only one who knew where we were going.

"Think we've lost him?" Pastor Hackett asked. We were plodding along in a little open space, just at the base of a sheer rock wall towering above us.

"Well, anyway, up is one direction he couldn't have gone," I answered, my eyes on the slippery grass and rocks underfoot. Pastor Hackett, who knew where he was all the time, tried to keep the laughter out of his voice as he said, "You never can tell—better look and see."

Teen-Age DIARY

By JOAN



Dear Diary,

Today Greta and I went for a walk along a country road. I like country roads, because I imagine they are the roads God walks along.

Greta told me that she has been having a struggle about religion. She isn't sure she wants to be a Christian. I was surprised that she came to me, because she is at least three years older than I am, but I was very glad to talk with her.

"What's bothering you?" I asked.

"I think it's that I want to do whatever our crowd does," she said, "and we've all gotten a little worldly in the last few years. I don't think there's a one of us who doesn't take in cheap shows. And we go to the dance casino, too. It has been rightly named casino, for we gamble with our entire future there.

"And then there are little things like lipstick, you know. I suppose it wouldn't be so bad if we used just a bit when we're pale, but not enough to look unnatural. Yet we smear it on until we look like a cheap side show. I really don't know why we like it. I can't figure it out."

"You mean you really don't like doing these things?" I questioned.

"I guess that's right."

"Evidently you just haven't discovered your genuine feelings in the matter, or you'd know that the reason you are talk-

ing to me right now is that you hate these things, really."

"Maybe. But until you mentioned it I felt that I was in a sort of fog, and not really sure about anything."

"How did you get into the fog?" I asked. "It was just two years ago that you were baptized, and I know you weren't in a fog then. I'll never forget the look on your face the day you came up out of the water! It was wonderful and actually one of the things that helped influence me to be baptized too."

"I think it began the night I went out with Bill. Oh, you know how it is. You can't put your finger on the exact moment, but I remember how thrilled I was that he asked me to go for a ride with him. We ended up in a cheap drive-in,

and when I came out I was making all kinds of excuses to myself and rationalizing everything that had happened. Then the fog began to come in. Just a little at first. A whole lot of it would have scared me, and I'd have left off my wandering in a hurry, but after a while I didn't really think I was doing wrong at all. I've even gone to shows on Friday night and talked myself into thinking it was all right."

"Go on," I encouraged. "Because I don't ever want to get caught in a fog, and maybe you can help me. You know Brad. We have a great deal in common, with music and all, but—well—he's not an Adventist."

"I thought I was strong enough to withstand anything," Greta went on. "You know my dad is one of the church elders and my mother has been the leader of the Dorcas for years. She is so good, but I guess I've been an awful disappointment to them. I really wouldn't for the world exchange heaven for the mess of pottage brewed at the casino. But heaven seems kinda far away and the pottage awfully tempting and near."

I understood perfectly. Heaven does seem a long way off sometimes. And worldly pleasures seem awfully near.

"We'll have to pray for each other, Greta, and try to substitute the kind of living that will draw us into a heavenly atmosphere, like walking along this quiet road."

Greta took a deep breath. "It smells so good. So much better than the dusty dance floor of the casino. I see what you mean. I see what you mean!"

"Say," I said, "have you ever gone up on the sky chair? They say it is the most glorious thrill one could ever imagine. Why don't we plan to take a party up next Sunday?"

"What is it?" Greta asked.

"A ski lift at Tahoe that goes way up over the treetops with a view of the lake and forests below. That would be a perfect substitute."

"Let's!"



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Sure enough, there he was ten or fifteen feet straight above us, having shinned up the thick gnarled roots of trees that reached from the top of the cliff sixty or seventy feet above to the soil beneath us. He was a good guide, on the whole, but we declined to follow him up the cliff on the roots, and he had to come down and lead us along a more civilized route.

Just before reaching the car we met two boys who had caught and killed two of the largest lizards I had ever seen, and were going to sell the skins. They were between three and four feet long, including tails, and brightly colored even without the blood from cuts on their throats, so of course we all had to take pictures.

Two o'clock came prematurely the next morning as far as I was concerned. Mountain nights are chilly even in the tropics, and for the only time on the whole trip I wore the one wrap I had brought along, a light wool sweater. I was glad to have it, even in the closed cab of the truck. Being gentlemen, Mr. Bartlett and Pastor Hackett had of course relinquished the inside seats to one of the girls who was leaving the campus for vacation and to me. Mr. Bartlett rode the right-hand running board, while Pastor Hackett found a place on the load with the boys, near the back, where there was a little shelter from the cold wind.

Jerry, the truck driver, was making as good time as possible in the darkness on the winding descent into one of the canyons, when Mr. Bartlett tapped gently on the side of the cab, signaling an easy stop. Someone at the back had called for a stop, and thinking someone's bag had fallen off, or the load needed adjusting,

he expected Jerry to ease the truck into a smooth one. Then suddenly we heard a pounding that could only mean "Stop right now!" along with the shout, "Pastor Hackett fell off the truck!"

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

When a Man Finds God

From page 4

Charlie Paap. He is an old friend of mine."

John thought how wonderful it was to meet a friend of his friend, and so a bond was quickly formed between them.

The minister then called the elder of the church to meet the youth, and the elder put his arm around the boy's shoulders, welcomed him to the church, and spoke to him about the love of the Saviour. John was greatly moved. What wonderful people these were. He was next introduced to a young man, the leader of the Missionary Volunteer Society, who invited him to come to their meeting that afternoon.

"And next Sabbath come at ten o'clock," said the elder, "and join us in the Sabbath school."

Next Sabbath morning found John at the church early, sharing in the Sabbath school. What a revelation it was! Why, every member was present, and what interesting subjects they studied! John was happier than he had ever been. He determined to join these people.

A little later the minister told him of a Bible class he was conducting on Tuesday evenings with some of the young men of

An Honest Advertisement

ON FEBRUARY 24, 1886, there appeared in the Boise, Idaho, *Democrat*, an advertisement of a saloon owned by James Lawrence. It follows:

"Friends and neighbors; having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of liquid fire, I embrace this opportunity of informing you that I have commenced the business of making drunkards, paupers, and beggars for the sober, industrious and respectable portion of the community to support.

"I shall deal in familiar spirits which will incite men to deeds of riot, robbery, and bloodshed, and by so doing, diminish the comfort, augment the expenses and endanger the welfare of the community.

"I will furnish an article that will increase accidents, multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render those which are harmless incurable.

"I will cause many of the rising genera-

tion to grow up in ignorance and prove a burden and a nuisance to the nation. I will cause mothers to forget their offspring, and cruelty to take the place of love.

"I will sometimes corrupt the ministers of religion; defile the purity of the church and cause temporal, spiritual, and eternal death; and if any be so impertinent as to ask me why I have the audacity to bring such accumulated misery upon the people, my honest reply is 'money.' The spirits trade is lucrative and some professing Christians give it their cheerful countenance.

"I pledge myself to do all that I have promised. Those who wish any of the evils above specified brought upon themselves or their dear friends, are requested to meet me at my bar where I will, for a few cents, furnish them with the certain means of doing so."

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the church. Would he like to come along? John was sure he would, and so began the tactful preparation of the youth for baptism, although he didn't know it yet. About six months later John stood in the baptistry, was buried with his Lord, and took his place as a member of the remnant church.

Within a year John became a student at Avondale, Australia's Adventist school for Christian workers. He wanted to become a worker for God, and now set about preparing himself for his lifework. Four happy and profitable years rolled by, and John graduated as a minister. But he felt his training was not completed, and he felt the pull of his own land and people. The message was needed there so badly, and he longed to bring the light to his own family. So he set sail for England and home, his heart bright with hope as he thought of what he would do when he got there.

He met with disappointment when he

tried to introduce Bible truth to his family. They thought him a fanatic who kept a different day from everybody else, who wouldn't go to movies, or eat meat and drink tea. Sadly John made his way to Newbold College, where he remained for two years. He then entered the work of evangelism, working in London and other large cities of Britain. Many years have passed, and John is now in the mission field of Africa, giving the bread of life to the needy people of the Dark Continent.

How strangely his ways have been shaped since he left the shores of his native land more than twenty-five years ago! He had not realized it, but a divine Hand had been placed upon him in those early years, and had guided him through the great decisions of his life.

When a man knows that his God is leading him, he can face anything. There is wonderful contentment and a blessed assurance in knowing that your hand is in God's hand.

GREAT DECISIONS

a new serial by

JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS



From earliest childhood, Callie had determined in her heart that she would never marry. She had seen and heard too much of the wrong kind of marriage.

Her family lived in a weather-beaten farmhouse about a mile from the village of Bridgdale. Her father, Hurley Burslane, was one of the cruelest, harshest, and most exacting men in the whole county. Not a day passed but that Callie said in her young heart, "I will never, never marry. I will learn to earn my own living. I will build up my own life, and no man on earth will share it with me."

Thus opens the first installment of a story that reveals some of the heart-ache and some of the happiness that colored the lives in one family. It is a true story that highlights the role of Christianity in the home. Beginning next week in

THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR

He Made a Better Hammer

By BERT RHOADS



nut with a hole in the middle for a handle. It could not be fastened well, and frequently the iron head flew off, to injure someone or be lost.

David believed the hole in the iron should be longer, and he had made a hammer with such a hole. It allowed him to wedge in the handle so that the head could not fly off. This one small change was a great improvement.

Then, sometimes the iron was so soft that with repeated hammerings it would flatten out. And again, the iron would be so hard that pieces would splinter off. David had experimented until he had found the proper metal mixture for the best hammer head, and how to temper or harden it. No flattening or splintering any of David's hammers! Continuing his improvements in this humble instrument, he also had made a better-shaped hammer, and decreed that handles must season for three years.

The hammer that David made for the carpenter may easily have been the best one ever, and the carpenter was delighted with it. The five other carpenters who were working on the church all came to David's shop for hammers. Later the contractor himself came for two more, suggesting that for him they be made just a little better. David told him that that was impossible, for every hammer he made had in it his best effort.

Soon the village storekeeper came to David for twenty-four hammers, a big order in those days.

SOMETHING unusual happened one day in the little New York town that was David Maydole's home. Ordinarily there was call for no more than half a dozen new hammers a year. Now six carpenters had come to town to build a church.

One of these men had forgotten his hammer, and he came to David's blacksmith shop to have him make a new one "as good," he said, "as you know how."

In this sleepy town a craftsman such as David might have been satisfied to make a hammer the way hammers had always been made. But he was not that kind of man. "Perhaps," he said, "you wouldn't want to pay for as good a hammer as I know how to make."

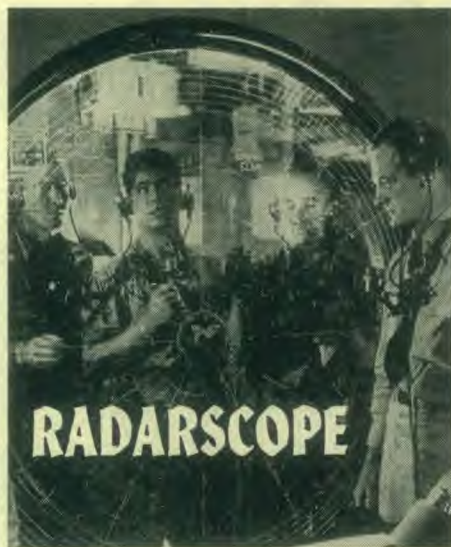
"Yes, I would," averred the man. "I want a good hammer."

The tools people were using in those days were often unsatisfactory. Exceptionally so was the carpenter's hammer. It was similar to a flattened iron dough-

And then what some people call good luck came to David. Really it was not good luck. It was rather a success train that came through his station of good, honest, intelligent work. And he was there to step on board that train and meet a man who appreciated his hammers and left with him an order for all he could make. This small-town blacksmith now found it necessary to hire one or two extra men; and then because more and more people wanted his hammers he had to hire others, until he had more than a hundred men working for him. And all the time he was seeking to improve his product.

The story of David Maydole is of a man who never advertised. But was not his policy of making the best hammer possible and selling it at a just price the highest type of good advertising?

Long before I knew the story of David Maydole, long before I knew of his trained men holding his hammer heads over charcoal fires till they were tempered just right, I knew the name Maydole meant the best in hammers.



► FLORIDA's shore line is 3,751 miles long.

► THE largest known deposits of lithium ore in North America are found in Kings Mountain, North Carolina.

► NEARLY half of all persons employed in the United States use automobiles in their daily work or for transportation to and from their place of employment.

► THE tremendous size and weight of machinery used in the steel industry is understood when we learn that a single roller in the huge roller bearings used to roll out cold flat steel sheets sometimes weighs up to 700 pounds.

► THE four Dionne quintuplets remaining after the death of Emilie last August are entering different fields of study. Yvonne and Cecile were expected to enter nurses' training this fall. Annette planned to study piano. And Marie considered the possibility of continuing her religious training as a nun.

► SPANKING children when they have done wrong has been advocated by Prof. McDonald Held, of Furman University, in Greenville, South Carolina. He believes that naughty children feel guilty and that "only through corporal punishment can they feel properly purged." Children who are not punished for their wrongdoing may develop guilt complexes, frustration, and further wrongdoing in an attempt to bring sufficient punishment, he believes.

► HERE are the ten most outstanding fears and anxieties found among a representative cross section of American businessmen, as reported by *This Week Magazine*. They are listed in the order of their prominence: financial, job security, health, personal appearance, politics, marital difficulties, lack of self-confidence, religious and philosophical convictions, sexual morality, and trouble with relatives. Women are reported to have greater and more intense fears than men, although their anxieties do not fall into just the same categories. Scientists at the University of California, continues John E. Gibson's report, have tested carefully for the best releases from fears. Their answer is: "Share your fears and anxieties with another person. . . . Don't bottle them up. Don't try to conceal them."

► THE style of some of the new 1955 canister-type vacuum cleaners can be traced to a near accident of about three years ago. Alex Lewyt, the industrialist and inventor of the canister-type vacuum cleaner, was almost thrown over by a boy's "pushmobile." The "vehicle" that nearly ran him down was not simply a soap-box mounted on a board with skate wheels underneath, so popular with New York boys. This one had regular baby carriage wheels. Upon recovering his composure, Mr. Lewyt noticed how much faster, more maneuverable and less noisy this type of "pushmobile" was. So now the 1955 Lewyt Corporation vacuum cleaners are coming out with relatively large-size wheels for moving the cleaner easily from place to place in the house or outside.

► THE chemical fertilizer business in America, with estimated sales last year of \$1.1 billion, was responsible for producing about one-fourth of the nation's crop. Fifty years ago only about 10 per cent of commercial fertilizer was synthetic or chemical in nature. The rest came from various animal and vegetable waste products. Today these waste products account for only 2 per cent of the total output. Both chemical and natural fertilizers contain one or more of the three primary plant nutrients—nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium—in forms available to growing plants.

► IF a young woman has an aptitude for mathematics, an ability to visualize, and a scientific bent, she may have before her a most promising career in the field of engineering. Miss Katherine Stinson, president of the National Society of Women Engineers, said recently: "The idea that, because of the very nature of the work, engineering is almost exclusively a man's profession is a strong deterrent to young women." But she indicated that this need not continue to be so.

► A NEW drug called SKF 525-A has no action of its own, but can be used to prolong the actions of other drugs in the body, reports the *Washington Star*. For example, it can give a person ten times as much sleep from the same sleeping pill.

► THE old player piano is staging a comeback. The search is on in attics, basements, and even barns for old instruments that can be repaired and placed on the market.

► DURING 1953 Florida raised America's entire winter crops of Lima and snap beans, cucumbers, eggplants, green peppers, and tomatoes.

► IN Kansas, Missouri, and North Dakota, surface mining accounts for more than 90 per cent of total coal production.

► ONE FIFTH of California's area consists of national forests.

► A FOUR-PERSON bomb and air-raid shelter has been placed on the market in West Germany by the Kanal-Rohrbau Co. The price is about \$4,500. These 6- by 3-foot steel and concrete shelters have places for cots and are equipped with lights, telephone, and radio.

► When business executives take special courses in developing reading speed at Cornell University, they use a machine called a "reading accelerator." This device is used to force speed, prevent the reader from going back over material, and promote a reading rhythm. One executive, on completing the course, said that his reading saved his company \$30 a day by allowing him time for other work.

► Now there is a machine for counting blood cells automatically. Developed by Dr. Alan R. Jones, assistant director of the Boston Blood Grouping Laboratory, it is a machine about the size of a model short-wave radio set. In it the image of the blood cells comes through a microscope and is picked up by a scanner similar to that employed in radar. The impulses thus created are transmitted to a series of tubes that record the count. It takes only about 10 seconds to make a count, and the machine can record either red or white cell counts.

► CONTRACTORS specializing in hard rock tunneling have bored and blasted and carted away 500,000 cubic yards of rock and earth from Raven Rock Mountain in Frederick County, Maryland, during the past three or four years. They were working on an "underground Pentagon," built by the United States Defense Department to provide an alternate command post and communication center if atomic attack should threaten or destroy the Pentagon in Washington. Located 65 miles from Washington, this man-made cavern would serve during wartime as the central direction of defense and counterattack for the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

► A MEMBER of the Central Air Club of the Soviet Union has predicted that the Russians will create an artificial satellite of the earth within about 10 years. The "conservative dates" that he gives are divided into three periods. The first period would involve the creation of radio-directed rockets to go out from the earth a distance of some 200 miles. The second stage of such astronaut activity would be the creation of a cosmic ship carrying two or three persons to a distance of 300 miles from the earth. His date for this is 1975. Then later, possibly about the year 2000, he predicts that mankind will make flights to and landings on the moon with the certainty of a return flight.

Focus

Everybody is worrying these days, and anxiety has almost become a parlor game. Surprisingly, international affairs and bomb scares are not heading the list of worry topics. Rather, personal, business, and family matters—so much closer home—seem to be the causes of sleepless nights.

Jesus predicted that at the end of time people would lose heart for fear of what they were facing. This is proving to be true, both figuratively and literally.

Scientists have suggested that the best way to chase anxieties and fears away is to share your problems with someone else, especially a loved one. That is sound advice. Just remember that the very best "someone else," the very best loved one, is Jesus, and the method is prayer. It works.

DON YOST