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# *The* **Youth's** INSTRUCTOR

43852

JANUARY 4, 1955

**One Day at a Time**  
**What Manner of Person?**

*Bible Lesson for January 15*





COURTESY OF INTERNATIONAL NICKEL CO.

CLAYTON KNIGHT, ARTIST

## 1955

Youth stands at the gateway to the years and asks, What shall I make of my life? Youth stands at the gateway to a new year and asks, What shall I do with my life in the twelvemonth ahead?

"Dear youth, what is the aim and purpose of your life? Are you ambitious for education that you may have a name and position in the world? Have you thoughts that you dare not express, that you may one day stand upon the summit of intellectual greatness; that you may sit in deliberative and legislative councils, and help to enact laws for the nations? There is nothing wrong in these aspirations. You may every one of you make your mark. You should be content with no mean attainments. Aim high, and spare no pains to reach the standard. . . . Balanced by religious principle, you may climb to any height you please."<sup>1</sup>

"The specific place appointed us in life is determined by our capabilities. Not all reach the same development or do with equal efficiency the same work. God does not expect the hyssop to attain the proportions of the cedar, or the olive the height of the stately palm. But each should aim just as high as the union of human with divine power makes it possible for him to reach."<sup>2</sup>

And by that union of the human and the divine, in whatever calling each may engage, may every Seventh-day Adventist youth do his part in 1955 to finish the assignment of God for this generation.

<sup>1</sup> *Messages to Young People*, pp. 36, 37.

<sup>2</sup> *Education*, p. 267.

Walter T. Crandall

## Grace Notes

**103** With this issue, *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* begins its one-hundred-and-third year of publication. Unlike the caricatures often used to illustrate the passage of time, *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* cannot be illustrated by spent sand in an hourglass or an old man's scythe. It is today as fresh and vigorous in its outlook as when its youthful founders, James and Ellen White, launched it. Though no longer a youth in 1893, Ellen G. White still possessed that unabated energy, combined with the wisdom of years and the knowledge of revelation, that gave timeless quality to all her writings. The concepts of her new year's message to readers in 1893 are equally applicable for youthful readers in 1955. Her reprint is our lead article.

**JEANIE** Beginning this week is the first of a series of Jeanie stories. In writing them, Author Wilma Ross Westphal has selected those episodes from the life of Jeanie that will be found to have their counterpart in the lives of young people today. See page 5.

**PARABLE** In the days of Jesus, parable teaching was both popular and effective, and Scripture declares that "without a parable spake he not unto them." For a parable in modern setting read "Wealth at Their Doorstep" by Edward de Bruin, page 4.

**INVISIBLE** Are you a member of that group whose one resolve is never to make a new year's resolution? Perhaps you should pause with June Jepson on page 9. "Invisible Commodity" may have more to do with your inventory a year from now than you realize.

**COVER** What is as thrilling as donning warm winter togs, strapping on a pair of well-waxed skis, and sailing across God's ermine-wrapped creation? Come, try it. You'll tumble at first. But what of it? Soon you'll be as poised as the skier on our Ewing Galloway cover.

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. Do not submit fiction.

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.



# One Day at a Time

By ELLEN G. WHITE

**I**N PERFECTING a Christian character, it is essential to persevere in right doing. I would impress upon our youth the importance of perseverance and energy in the work of character-building. From the earliest years it is necessary to weave into the character principles of stern integrity, that the youth may reach the highest standard of manhood and womanhood. They should ever keep the fact before their eyes that they have been bought with a price, and should glorify God in their bodies and spirits, which are His.

The youth should seriously consider what shall be their purpose and life work, and lay the foundation in such a way that their habits shall be free from all taint of corruption. If they would stand in a position where they shall influence others, they must be self-reliant. The lily on the lake strikes its roots down deep beneath the surface of rubbish and slime, and through its porous stem draws those properties that will aid its development, and bring to light its spotless blossom to repose in purity on the bosom of the lake. It refuses all that would tarnish and mar its spotless beauty.

## TO BE READ IN WORSHIP

We may learn a lesson from the lily, and although surrounded with influences that would tend to corrupt the morals, and bring ruin upon the soul, we may refuse to be corrupted, and place ourselves where evil association shall not corrupt our hearts.

Individually the youth should seek for association with those who are toiling upward with unfaltering steps. They should shun the society of those who are absorbing every evil influence, who are inactive and without earnest desire for attainment of a high standard of character, who cannot be relied upon as persons who will be true to principle. Let the youth be found in association with those who fear and love God; for these noble, firm characters are represented by the lily that opens its pure blossom on the bosom of the lake. They refuse to be molded by the influences that would demoralize, and gather to themselves only that which will aid the development of a pure and noble character. They are seeking to be conformed to the divine model.

If you will follow that which is good,

you will cultivate moral qualities that will make you a blessing to others through all your life; for you will incite in them a desire to become noble and Christlike. It is the work of the youth to make advancement day by day. Peter says, "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

All these successive steps are not to be kept before the mind's eye, and counted as you start; but fixing the eye upon Jesus, with an eye single to the glory of God, you will make advancement. You cannot reach the full measure of the stature of Christ in a day, and you would sink in despair could you behold all the difficulties that must be met and overcome.

You have Satan to contend with, and he will seek by every possible device to attract your mind from Christ. But we must meet all obstacles placed in our way, and overcome them one at a time. If we overcome the first difficulty, we shall be stronger to meet the next, and at every effort will become better able to make advancement. By looking to Jesus, we may be overcomers. It is by fastening our eyes on the difficulties and shrinking from earnest battle for the right, that we become weak and faithless.

By taking one step after another, the highest ascent may be climbed, and the summit of the mount may be reached at last. Do not become overwhelmed with the great amount of work you must do in your lifetime, for you are not required to do it all at once. Let every power of your being go to each day's work, improve each precious opportunity, appreciate the helps that God gives you, and make advancement up the ladder of progress step by step.

Remember that you are to live but one day at a time, that God has given you one day, and heavenly records will show how you have valued its privileges and opportunities. May you so improve every day given you of God, that at last you may hear the Master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

[This significant New Year's message appeared in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* of January 5, 1893, under the title, "Words to the Young." It reappears in the book *Messages to Young People* as "Climbing the Heights," on pp. 45 and 46.]

H. A. ROBERTS





# Wealth at Their Doorstep

By EDWARD DE BRUIN

**M**ICHAEL and Elizabeth lived on a hill that overlooked a valley—a wide, low, fertile valley—that was kept green and beautiful by a meandering stream. Fat, lazy cattle grazed there peacefully all through the summer days. And when the snow came they burrowed into the huge haystacks that the summer harvest had left. A schoolhouse stood at the crossroads, and a little farther on, a white church steeple pointed its slender finger skyward, and its bell called those who lived in the valley to worship.

But the couple had never "seen" this valley. They knew it was there, but they had never really looked at it. In fact, they felt too poor to take an interest in anything except trying to make a living. Elizabeth often fretted that she never seemed to have anything that counted. Michael was tired and worried most of the time, and life for them seemed drab.

One day a stranger came to their door and said he wanted to paint a picture of

the valley. He set up his easel close to their doorstep. "Foolish fellow," they said, "to spend his time drawing pictures." As the days went by he was almost forgotten; they took him for granted just as they accepted the fact of the valley.

Then one day the artist folded his easel and went away. But before he went he told them that they would hear from him again. Winter passed and spring came. One day the postman brought them an important-looking envelope. Elizabeth opened it, read it, and laid it aside. When Michael came in from the field that night she told him about it. It was from the artist; he wanted them to come to an art exhibit in the city. Michael thought it might not be such a bad idea to go. Of course, the fellow was queer, but it was nice to know he had remembered them.

When Michael and Elizabeth got to the city they almost wished they had not made the trip, because the art institute looked so grand and imposing. However, they gathered up their courage, and arm

in arm went up the broad steps. The people inside were all going in one direction, and Elizabeth and Michael followed them down a long corridor. Finally they saw a room where folks were standing about in little groups and talking in hushed whispers.

They looked about them, and Elizabeth said, "Michael, we ought never to have come."

But Michael pressed her arm and said, "Hush, Elizabeth."

She followed his gaze. At the end of the room, confined within a heavy gold frame, was a picture. It was the most beautiful picture Elizabeth had ever seen. As she looked at it the drabness of life seemed to ebb away. Little frets and cares seemed as nothing. Here was peace, serenity, and rest.

Then she caught her breath. "Michael! It can't be!"

Michael hesitated, "Yes—yes, Elizabeth, it's—the valley. I—I—we never saw it before."

Then the miracle happened. The worry seemed to slip from Michael like a loosened mantle. Hope shone in his eyes. He straightened his stooped shoulders; lines of irritation and fatigue faded from the corners of his mouth; and a tender little smile of contentment played there.

Some people were talking close beside them. Elizabeth turned to listen. One of the group said, "He's refused ten thousand!" Elizabeth gasped. The artist was coming toward them. His eyes were shining. "Well," he said, "how do you like your valley?"

Michael nodded slowly. "Our valley—our valley."

"It's wonderful!" Elizabeth whispered.

Late that night, long after they had reached home, they sat on their front steps and looked at their valley. Lights shone here and there. They could hear the soft gurgle of the brook as it hurried over the rocks and then pursued a more leisurely course. The moon came up, and bathed the steeple of the church in misty robes of crystal beauty. The lights of an automobile flashed on the road, and then were gone. A farmer close by whistled for his dog.

"Michael, why did we never see it before?" Elizabeth whispered. "It is so beautiful."

"I don't know, unless it was just too big for us. We couldn't see it until that artist fellow reduced it down to our size and put a frame around it."

Elizabeth laid her head on his shoulder. "We are rich—ten thousand dollars' worth of beauty at our doorstep, and we never even saw it."

The valley was very quiet now, but on a low doorstep two people sat hand in hand and talked in low tones about the wonder of it all. How good God was to give them the peace of the valley, which their children could enjoy.





*No time to waste this morning, for this was  
her day—a day of all days!*



# Jeanie Goes to Academy

By WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

**T**HE fresh September morning dawned bright and clear. Peering through the crisp ruffled curtains, the sunlight highlighted the three lovely new cotton dresses that hung, as if on parade, from the pictures facing the bed.

The room was small, and although economically furnished, it was neat and colorful. A small bowl of lush red roses on the table in front of the window dropped a few petals each time the curtain moved to and fro in the breeze. There was a partially packed old suitcase resting anticipatantly on the only chair in the room. The repainted old bureau, usually neat and free from unsightly clutter, now stood burdened down with the weight of a young girl's treasures—sachet, dusting powder, perfume, dainty hankies, collar-and-cuff sets, colorful silk scarves, belts, bobby socks—all in all an assortment faintly reminiscent of an inventory at the good old five-and-ten.

The pool of sunshine moved stealthily over until it rested in a shining blaze on the young girl's face, which was eager and expectant even in sleep. Jeanie yawned and suddenly sat bolt upright, throwing the covers blithely back as she did so. She jumped out of bed. No time to waste this morning, for this was her day—a day of all days. She was going away to school.

As soon as she was dressed she knelt to pray, as was her habit. But she only *said* her prayer this morning, for her mind was mulling over the new clothes, the pretty feminine trivia, and above all, the bright, free future ahead.

Jeanie's parents were good, stanch Seventh-day Adventists of the old school, and although she loved them dearly and wanted to be a good Christian herself, she had on occasion felt a bit inhibited and restrained. She felt perfectly capable of making her own decisions and planning her own life. When she got away to school she was going to be free—free to have

fun, to choose her own friends, and to laugh and be gay.

She began humming a little tune as she went about packing her suitcase and satchel. She had never had so many new things in her life—at least not all at one time! There had always been made-over and mended clothes, and there probably always would be. There were brothers and sisters with whom she must share everything. She loved them all of course, and they had had some wonderful times together—but still, if there hadn't been so many of them—

Suddenly Jeanie saw herself in the mirror. That was an ugly thought, and it was showing there in her face. Shamefully she turned from the mirror and saw her Bible open on the dresser, where she had left it the night before. "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity."

That verse stood out on the page, and Jeanie's face burned as though it had been an audible rebuke! Her parents had been self-sacrificing and unselfish, and they hadn't been very well either. She must never permit a thought like that again. If there was one thing above another that she loathed in others, it was selfishness.

Jeanie took down

the new dresses with a caressing hand and folded them neatly into the suitcase. Immediately her spirits zoomed upward, for she was by nature of a happy disposition, and could not stay moody for long.

"I don't have to be selfish to have a good time." Jeanie pushed the frilly curtain aside and stood for a moment listening to the birds twittering in the maples.



CHARLES CAREY

Over by the corner of the administration building two boys were standing with a watchful air. The girls could hear part of what they said.



It was such a thrill to sit in the cheerful library at the boarding academy among scores and scores of other young people who appeared to be as jubilant and eager as she! For a full week Jeanie went around as though in a daze, making new friends and struggling with algebra and general science during her vacant periods. Bible and English were like old friends, so she could study those at night, when she was too tired to battle through a maze of unknown quantities.

As the days passed, Jeanie's activities settled into a routine pattern. She found she was seeing the same faces day after day. Then the faces took on personality. Some of the young people she had thought so attractive during the first few days of registration now appeared in a different light. There were Jack and Bill, both of whom had seemed so handsome and a little special at first, when the very air was electric with excitement. Now they appeared disgruntled and arrogant, and were always pushing and shoving the girls in the hallways. "Hi ya, Chick," they had called only today as they passed Jeanie in the hall between classes. She had tossed her head and quickened her pace. "How could I have thought them so attractive?" she muttered.

Jeanie had to work in the kitchen and laundry every spare hour in order to help defray her school expenses. There she made friends with Ruth and Beth. It was true that their clothes were a little on the shabby side, but they had to work their entire way through school. Jeanie found it very easy to talk with these girls, and they became fast friends. After she listened to Ruth and Beth tell of their struggles, she took comfort in her own plight.

Secretly, however, Jeanie admired the girls with the pretty stylish clothes, the spending money, and the sophisticated, carefree ways. These were the ones who seemed to be in on all the fun, and the leaders in most of the activities. They were often alluded to as the popular students.

Jeanie was not by common standards a beautiful girl, but she was attractive in a plain sort of way. To her credit, she had good taste and wore her simple clothes well. She laughed frequently and made friends easily. One day she was both surprised and elated when one of the so-called popular girls invited her to join their Pep Club. It was to be a club for girls, with a faculty sponsor, "but that needn't bother us," Gretchen had said gaily. "We are inviting only those we want as members. And you, Jeanie, are to be one of us."

Jeanie went to her room in a rosy glow, and sat down and wrote her folks and her friends of her social victories. "We are so glad you are enjoying school life," her folks wrote back, "but keep your feet on the ground and remember what you are there for." Of course, she was there for a Christian education—she could never forget that.

At the Friday night vesper services and at the Missionary Volunteer meetings Jeanie noticed with a start that there were very few of the so-called popular students leading out, whereas the steady, hard-



## Today

By GRENVILLE KLEISER

- I will start today serenely  
With a true and noble aim;
- I will give unselfish service  
To enrich another's name.
- I will speak a word of courage  
To a soul enslaved by fear;
- I will dissipate drab discord  
With the sunshine of good cheer.
- I will be sincere and humble  
In the work I have to do;
- I will praise instead of censure  
And see the good in you.
- I will keep my mind and body  
Sound and flexible and pure;
- I will give my time and study  
To the things that long endure.
- I will do what I am able  
To advance a worthy cause;
- I will strive to lessen evil  
And obey God's righteous laws.
- I will pray to Him to guide me  
In the straight and narrow way;
- I will shun false pride and folly,  
I will live my best today.

working students were up there in front doing the school proud with their efficient leadership. Ruth was a prayer band leader, and Beth was secretary of the MV Society. They looked not only happy but very attractive as they went about their duties with self-assurance and poise.

This was indeed very disturbing. Could it be that she was getting in with the wrong group of friends? Oh, but Gretchen was such a dear, and she was so generous! Always buying something for Jeanie, and the only possible way she could pay her back was by her friendship.

"Let's go for a stroll." Gretchen leaned over and took Jeanie by the arm after vesper service. "It's such a lovely romantic evening—we just can't go back to our rooms now."

"We'll have to get permission." Jeanie ran a doubtful hand up Gretchen's arm.

"Oh, don't be a bore." Gretchen pulled Jeanie along. "We won't be out long. Come along now, and be a good sport."

Jeanie felt a stab of uneasiness as she sauntered along by Gretchen's side. She so wanted to be accepted by this attractive, vivacious girl, and yet there was something about her that was very disturbing.

Over by the corner of the administration building two boys were standing with a watchful air, and as the girls drew a little nearer, their conversation drifted over to them. "Didn't I make an eloquent prayer, though?" Bill guffawed. "The faculty will never suspect what I get away with as long as I can make a prayer like that!"

There was a burst of loud laughter before Jack's voice was heard. "When were the girls to come along, Old-timer?"

"Ah, don't get yourself into a stew. They'll be along any minute now." Bill slapped Jack on the shoulder.

Impulsively Jeanie drew back. "Why, did you hear that, Gretchen? That's simply terrible!"

Gretchen placed her hand over Jeanie's mouth. "Sh-h-h—they'll hear you. We are going to go for a walk with Bill and Jack."

Jeanie stopped dead still in shocked amazement. "Go out with those boys?" she gasped. "I will not!"

"Aw, come now. They're heaps of fun! Don't be so strait-laced. We'll be back before lights are out anyway, and no one will ever know."

Jeanie's eyes flashed as though suddenly ignited. In a surge of panic she turned on her heel and fled to her room. She felt suddenly alone and terrified. Her roommate, Veda, was practicing in the choir for church service the next day. Methodically Jeanie pulled her favorite Sabbath dress off and stretched herself out full length across her bed. Hot tears coursed down her cheeks as she thought of home.

Suddenly she went to the desk and started a letter to her loved ones at home: "Dearest Folks at Home," she wrote. "I wish I could run in on you now. I know how you have sacrificed to put me in a Christian school, and I want to live up to the confidence and faith you have had in me. I am awfully homesick—"

When Veda came in she found Jeanie's tear-stained face buried in her arms as she slumped on the desk.

*Next week: Jeanie has some innocent fun.*

THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR



# THE SAILOR WHO TALKED RELIGION

By WENDY ANN OWEN



A SAILOR talking about religion! I'd have to hear that to believe it. I've been in the Navy for a long time myself, and I know what sailors talk about, and it isn't religion!"

As Doug looked down into the pleading eyes of his little daughter he felt a pang of remorse deep inside him. "I know you want me to go to the meeting with you, but I haven't set foot in a church

for an age! I'd feel out of place. And besides, Beth, you must have gotten your wires crossed. I know good and well that there isn't any sailor on this green earth who would talk about religion. I've never heard anything like it in all my experience in the Navy!"

"But Daddy, I'm sure that is what the teacher said. I couldn't be mistaken. I wish you and Mother would come just this once."

A little annoyed at her insistence, Doug said once again more firmly, "No sailor could talk about religion, so go away and leave me alone. Let me finish the paper!"



A. DEVANLY

Doug could find no excuse for staying away from the meeting his little girl begged him to attend. When the little family arrived at the church, it was crowded. Sure enough, there was the sailor.

A frown deepened the creases in his forehead as he watched Beth dejectedly leave the room. Maybe they had done the wrong thing by sending her to this little church school. What was the name again? Seventh-day Adventist! Well, at any rate it was better than sending her to the overcrowded public school. Where had she gotten all these funny ideas? After the first week of school she had started leaving her beef sandwiches untouched in her lunch box. Ruth had asked her to explain, and she had begged to be allowed to take peanut butter—"because all the rest of the children always have peanut butter, and nobody ever has meat sandwiches!"

And now this idea of a sailor that was going to preach at the church next Friday night. He felt like going just this once and having a good laugh over it afterward.

Doug was definitely a man of the world. He prided himself on the fact that he always thought things out and never made decisions that he wasn't absolutely sure would be to his advantage. Oh, yes, he and Ruth were going to join some church after they were older and more settled down, but right now they were interested in buying lots of real estate and making money. When they had enough saved they could think about religion.

The days of the week sped by. More and more Beth felt a desire for her parents to attend the meeting. What could she do to get them to go? It was all so strange and wonderful, this school she was attending and all the new things she was learning. She liked her teacher and had made friends right away. She had grown to love so much the beautiful stories the teacher told, stories of brave men and women who lived long ago. Moses, Esther, David, Isaiah—all of their stories were so interesting.

But her favorite story was of a man called Jesus. Beth's little heart thrilled as she studied His life and ministry. "If only Mother and Daddy could know about Him too! I'm sure they'd love Him."

It was with a great deal of apprehension that Beth approached her father Friday evening. He pulled her up on his knee

[While a premed student at Union College last year, the author suffered a setback in her plans to prepare for medical missionary service when an emergency appendectomy forced her to drop some classwork. She was planning on a busy summer of colporteur, but the illness canceled this plan. Then after a few weeks of work in her father's medical office she was stricken with polio. Dispirited because of this succession of trials, Miss Owen began to question God's leading in her life. "Then one night it seemed that I couldn't stand it any longer. Of course, feeling this way, I hadn't prayed for quite a while. It was terribly hot outside, and as the night came on, cool air began to find its way through the trees to my window. It felt so good. I just thought, Well, another Little Extra. Then I caught myself, because I hadn't played the Little Extra game for a long time. It is something I made up. Some people might say that it is my philosophy of life, but to me it was just something that always kept me happy when I needed it. Little Extras are the beautiful things that God gives us to enjoy, if we just look for them. Some people never find Little Extras at all—a sunset, the clean-face look of the old ad building's bricks after a spring rain. Just that one cool breeze on that hot night seemed to bring me back to my senses. I had a complete change of heart, and everything inside me seemed to settle down. I will be starting school back at Union this fall, going ahead with my premed. I'm not going to be a cripple at all!"]



and said with a smile, "What does my favorite little sweetheart want now?"

"Oh, Daddy, I—I—I wish that you and Mother would go to the meeting tonight. You don't have anything to do, and the supper dishes are done. Please go, and take me too!"

All the excuses that Doug had formerly given suddenly seemed to leave him. He searched his mind, but it seemed to be a blank.

"Well, er—er, I guess it wouldn't hurt if we went just this once, since we didn't have anything else planned. You tell Mother to put your coat on, and I'll drive the car around to the front of the house."

Happiness putting wings on her feet, Beth hurried to tell her mother, and soon they were on their way.

The church was large, but quite a few people were there, so it was crowded. Doug, Ruth, and Beth managed to find

seats near the front of the room. When the ministers took their places on the platform, Doug studied each one individually. Which one was the sailor? Oh, yes, there he was—the one with the gold braid on his arm. He inspected him carefully. A nice-looking, middle-aged man with an air about him that seemed to command attention. So this was Beth's sailor. He had never thought it could be true.

There was a song in Beth's heart. Her Mother and Daddy were actually at the meeting, sitting right beside her! When the speaker began to talk, Beth started to pray silently.

"Dear Jesus, I don't think I've ever talked to You before, and I don't know You very well, but I want to know You better. My name is Beth, and this is my mother and daddy beside me. They don't know You at all, but please, dear Jesus, help this sailorman to say something to-

night that will make them want to love You too. Amen."

And Beth's little prayer was answered. It seemed that the sailorman spoke every word directly to Doug. Conscience, which had so long been suppressed, made a final desperate effort to free itself. The speaker talked about an experience he had once had with a man who "was going to try religion someday because he knew it was right, but just now he wanted to save some money and get ahead in business. There would be time for God later." He told how that man had died soon after, and how on his deathbed he had kept repeating the words, "The summer is over, and the harvest is past, and I am not saved."

In his mind Doug tried desperately to suppress the too-long-stilled conscience. His experience exactly paralleled that of the man in the story. He was intending to save up some money too, and then he would have time for God.

"The summer is over, and the harvest is past, and I am not saved." Over and over the words rang in his ears. He wanted to run out of this place, but he was so near the front that his departure would be readily noticed. What could he do? He knew that there was a God in heaven who loved him, because when he had been a young boy he had been a Christian. He had run away from home and joined the Navy. When he had met Ruth she had belonged to some church, but soon both of them drifted away from all religion.

The speaker stopped and sat down. Doug breathed a heavy sigh of relief. If only he could get out into the cool, fresh air, maybe all this commotion in his brain would stop, and he could think sensibly.

The leader announced the closing song. When the first bars of the hymn had been played and the congregation rose, the speaker stepped forward and motioned for attention.

"I have been impressed that there is someone here tonight who would like to make his decision for God. If there is someone like that, won't you please raise your hand as we all bow our heads."

"I can't do it, I can't!" Doug's thoughts were racing. "Ruth would never accept it, and we would have the contention of a divided home." But the thought came to him, "If I don't, I will be forever lost. This is my crossroad."

The crossroad! How often it comes to each one of us. He stood there, trembling.

"God bless you." The words were hushed in the reverent quiet of the church.

"Someone else did it, and so must I." As he raised his hand, Doug opened his eyes and slowly turned his head to look at Ruth. She was standing with tears in her eyes, with her hand raised, turning to look at him. It was she who had raised her hand first.

Yes, Beth, your little prayer was an-

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## Citizenship

By FRANK E. THOMPSON

IT WAS long distance. "There is a boy up here in trouble. Can you come to help him?"

The lad was in jail, sentenced and waiting to be taken to prison. Born in Wisconsin of Russian-Polish parents, but reared in Canada, he had been drafted there, though he protested he was an American. He deserted, crossed the border, was arrested, tried, and acquitted. Then when he went to his birthplace to register for the draft, he was prosecuted for late registration, and sentenced.

Investigation also established the fact that he had a legal right to choose the country of his citizenship. He had not properly exercised this right. He did not know how. No one had told him what to do.

In an affidavit he now stated that he was a Seventh-day Adventist at heart, that he wanted his American citizenship,

and that he was willing to serve in a medical unit of the American Army.

"He's a good guy," the sheriff told me. "He doesn't belong here. Something has slipped."

Supported by proper testimony, this information was all written up and presented to the trial judge. After carefully reading it the judge said, "The right of choice of citizenship in this case outweighs all other factors. This court takes pleasure in reversing itself." He ordered the lad released, the late registration accepted, and his citizenship confirmed "in accordance with established law."

Have you attended to your citizenship problem? Have you exercised your right of choice? You choose between earthly or heavenly citizenship. You can become a fellow citizen with the saints. You may, if you wish, be delivered from the "power of darkness" and transferred "into the kingdom of his dear Son."



# Invisible COMMODITY

By JUNE JEPSON

**T**HE sleepy sway of heavy brass pendulum and the spritely sweep of a fragile red second hand measure one of this world's most familiar yet most mysterious commodities, time. Though it cannot be seen, heard, or felt, everyone is conscious of its characteristics.

Dropping as though from a leaky faucet, twenty-four hours of seconds consecutively splash into an instantaneous existence each day. Though incapable of growth, their tiny bodies are magically uniform in size. The fascinating faucet, constantly emitting this inexhaustible resource, is seemingly rusted beyond repair, for not even the world's best plumber can alter the speed at which the droplets form. So short-lived is this commodity that it

must be continually absorbed by the sponge of profitable use, or it will automatically trickle as waste down the drain of eternal loss.

Though time itself is subjected to measurement by instruments of invention varying in complexity from a rough stone sundial to a shiny plastic radio alarm clock, it is a very effective measuring device. The year, life's measuring stick, which is divided into months, weeks, days, hours, and seconds, effectively measures the distance between one's birthdays, New Year's Eve celebrations, and store-wide inventories.

A lifetime, not having a standard length, is the distance between the exciting moments of birth and the solemn seconds of death. Determining man's

efficiency is the ratio of reports to prepare, the number of patients for which to care, the pounds of seed to plant, and the pages of notes to study compared with the minutes he requires to execute such tasks. If a man's ratio is extremely top heavy, he is considered exceedingly proficient in the use of time. The honor of a man's word and character, however, is measured in direct proportion to his ability to meet a ten o'clock dental appointment or to hand in an English theme due at two-ten.

To grasp the real meaning and dynamic importance of time is impossible if one pictures it only in imaginative figures of speech, or merely considers it an effective measuring stick. Only the words written through inspiration of the Holy Spirit spell true facts concerning time.

Recorded in ordinary black ink that somehow seems humble and dignified are these thoughts from above: "Our time belongs to God. Every moment is His, and we are under the most solemn obligation to improve it to His glory. Of no talent He has given will He require a more strict account than of our time."<sup>1</sup>

Such words disintegrate the fanciful film through which the dreamer gazes upon the significance of his ticking time-piece, and puncture the intellectual isolation with which the scientist regards the marvelous movement of the heavenly bodies. Such words radiate responsibility to the congressman, the newsboy, the garbage collector, and to you and me.

Though essays, theories, and facts concerning time may be fascinating and informative, we are responsible for what we do with this talent and not what we say about it. So, teaching a child to use time should be considered more important than his learning to tell time. If courses of study on the use of time could be devised, the point of improving every precious moment of this priceless gift should be stressed, for it seems that everyone exhibits a lack in this ability.

The little girl who lives in the big white house across the street never knows her memory verse for Sabbath school, yet during the fifteen minutes it takes her mother to curl her long brown hair each evening she could have learned John 3:16.

The owner of the corner drugstore is always faced at closing time with a fountain sink needlessly chucked with dirty dishes, but this friendly, unhurried man could easily have washed and wiped a sticky soda glass or a tiny sundae spoon while he talked across the counter to those whose milk shakes were being mixed.

Having mastered all but this one technique, your wise, gray-haired professor continues to return quizzes three weeks after they have been taken. (He should realize that even those few minutes between classes are as well qualified for use of correcting papers as are those of his daily free period.)

The coed could have surprised her



EWING GALLOWAY

So short-lived is this universal commodity called time that it must be continually absorbed by the sponge of profitable use, or it will automatically trickle as waste down the drain of eternal loss.



special friend on the other side of the campus with a pair of handmade argyles for Christmas had she knit and purled as she chattered and laughed with friends during those forty-five minutes between supper and worship.

And even the person you see only when you look into a mirror may lack a mason's skill for filling the gaps in his daily schedule with the cement of useful doing and accomplishment.

By omitting from your vocabulary that phrase, "I haven't got time to—," and by proving your respect for the importance and value of a solitary second, membership will be granted you in that minority who waste none of the chips that fly when their day's schedule is chopped from the log of twenty-four hours. This enviable society challenges you to prove the worth and test the truth of the following commands and statements:

Learn those thirteen memory verses for Life and Teachings of Jesus as you move at a snail's pace through the cafeteria line.

Read those thirty-five pages for Prophetic Interpretation while your Sunday morning laundry is washed automatically.

Look at the twelve over twenty occupying the upper-right-hand corner of last Monday's microbiology quiz. Those brilliant red marks should illuminate the remembrance of the minutes before you started writing that quiz. Can't you see a tightly closed notebook lying unnoticed on your desk? Don't you hear a silly conversation between you and Bev? Now which seems more important, comments about breakfast's orange juice or symbiotes and ascospores?

Those anxiously anticipated letters, now yellowing with age on your closet shelf, represent people you once considered valuable friends. Aren't they still important to you? Answering their inquiries by writing them a newsy note right after classes today rather than drowning the dread of a term paper in a malt will save much more than your slim waistline.

Though the right improvement of time is a factor upon which may depend our success in acquiring knowledge and mental culture, we must also feel a responsibility to God. We must make the most of every hour. "We cannot afford to squander the time given us of God in which to bless others and in which to lay up for ourselves a treasure in heaven."<sup>2</sup>

During classes we must not divide our attention to the professor's words concerning ameboid movement, true education, or the Civil War, with silly thought-distracting doodles. During study period we must refrain from squandering the precious moments by such activities as trimming Tillie's tresses or munching Shirley's popcorn. During the time set aside for relaxation we must not defeat its purpose by continuing to dwell upon the troubles and trials of our regular

schedule. During the process of study we must keep our eyes on the book, and not on the birdie outside the window.

Decide how long it will take you to work out your algebra problems, and then bend every effort to complete them in the time allotted. In executing your life's work, whether it be pushing a broom, plowing a field, preaching a sermon, teaching a class, or giving a sponge bath, let diligence in doing be your foreman.

To truly improve our time we must withdraw from it the thoughts, words, and deeds that neither honor God nor bless humanity. Learn to replace the time unworthily consumed in lounging with a quick walk to the store for the woman next door, or by giving a slight press to your best dress. Stop wasting time by saying, "I can't do these chemistry problems or write this English theme." Just do the best you can.

At every opportunity speak a kind word or say a cheery Hello, rather than whisper a spiteful "Did you know that she—" or a sneering "I told you so." Discontinue reading those supposedly funny picture stories. Find and set aside a special time

each day in which to read that beautiful black-leather Bible whose gold-edged leaves seem nearly as unruffled as they were when Mom and Dad gave it to you for your birthday two years ago.

The proper improvement of time is so important that you must make this a prime goal in your life. Since credit-hour classes teaching the perfected use of time are only present dreams, you must employ the services of a private tutor in order to receive instruction in this field. You and I are those tutors. You and I are the students. Our textbook, read only through prayer, is God's will for the use of His bountiful gift. Each day offers us a full laboratory period in which to strive with every act and word to apply the lessons in proper use of time learned from our study period, meditation.

Are you studying time's textbook to meet the requirements of graduation? Do you really want the diploma of salvation, certifying the right use of this talent, time?

<sup>1</sup> *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 342.

<sup>2</sup> *Testimonies for the Church*, vol. 3, p. 146.

## Footprints in the Snow

By BETTY GARVIN DAVENPORT

ALL through the winter, footprints have been left in the snow. There are the footprints of happy little children left from play, and the trudging marks of booted children heading to the school on the corner; there are the large tracks of the many comings and goings that make up our way of life.

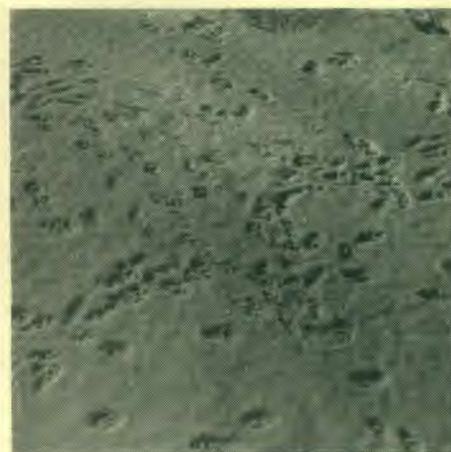
My favorite footprints are left by my furred and feathered friends in search of the bread crumbs and nuts that I put out each day—the cunning prints of scampering squirrels to and from their high tree homes, the tiny marks of the plucky swallows, the larger tracks of the starlings and blue jays. What interesting records they leave behind!

Odd thing about snow—once it is stepped on, the imprint remains. Even though one should try to cover it over or wipe it out, the surface is unmistakably changed.

Wherever you walk, whatever you say, the helping hand you stretch out, that letter you write to a friend, a firm hand-

clasp, a reassuring pat on the shoulder, the quiet example you live—each leaves behind its mark on the world.

But, unlike the tracks in the snow, these do not eventually melt away. Their marks remain indelible on other lives as well as your own.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



**O**NLY three months to work in Tainan! We prayed earnestly for help to accomplish as much as possible in such a short time.

First was the visit to the mountains where two young men were holding meetings in a tribal village. Pastor Christensen came back a day late with glowing tales of the trip, of fording a river where the water was so deep that it came in on the floorboard of the car, of driving up to the halfway village and then hiking six hours farther up the mountain to the main village near the mountaintop.

"In that village they worship a deadly snake," he said. "They call it the 'one-hundred-step snake' because a person bitten by one can walk only about a hundred feet before he drops dead. No one dares to leave the village at night because of the snakes, and that is why we stayed another day. We couldn't come down the mountain after dark. The villagers are so superstitious that every night they close all the doors and windows tight so no evil spirits can get in."

I felt suffocated just to think of it!

Suddenly he laughed at the recollection of an amusing incident. "I gave the chief my new hat!"

"Oh? How did that happen?" I asked.

"We dropped in to pay him a friendly visit, and during the course of the conversation he picked up my helmet and tried it on. 'That looks good on you,' I told him. 'You may have it if you like.' He was as pleased as could be, and I'm glad I gave it to him. After all, anything we can do to make him happy will be well worth while. Why, if he became a Christian, all the villages under his leadership would follow him!"

"I wish you could have been there to hear those mountain people sing! At the evening meetings the children crowded the front benches and sang with such enthusiasm that the whole row of them swayed from side to side to keep time to the music. In the morning when we started down the mountain we could hear children all along the trail singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!' on their way to school."

Evangelism in small towns here is quite different from anything we have ever done before. There is always a crowd of eager young people in the church who want to go along to help. In the group are an electrician, a radio man, an artist, a song leader, and a translator, with as many of the young people's choir as can crowd into the station wagon.

"It's wonderful to have such enthusiastic support!" exclaimed my husband after one of the meetings.

It was half an hour's drive over a bumpy country road to Chia Ding. There they stopped at the electric light company, and got permission to connect wires to the light pole on the street near their vacant lot, to get electricity for the meetings. There was no Seventh-day Adventist

# Formosa Harvest

By ROSE M. CHRISTENSEN

## PART THREE—CONCLUSION

church in the town, but the mission had purchased a good lot on the main street and was planning to build one. That is where the meetings were held.

Some of the young people stayed in the station wagon while it was driven slowly up and down the street, announcing the evening meetings from the loud-speaker on top of the car. Part of the time they played church music from a turntable set up in the car, and at intervals the announcements of the meetings were made.

The rest of the young people got off at the vacant lot and went to work. The

electrician climbed the light pole and connected a long string of electric lights. Others helped fasten it across the front of the lot. The radio man set up the public-address system. By that time the station wagon came back, and Pastor Christensen helped the boys roll out four fifty-five-gallon drums and place boards across them to make a plat-

form. Some of the neighbors had been keeping their pigs on the lot, and in the midst of all the activity they were running around underfoot. All the local children were there to see what was going on, too.

"Once a big pig ran into me and nearly knocked me down!" laughed my husband.

By the time the opening song was announced the lot was crowded with nearly three hundred people. Some of them stood, but many of them brought benches or stools from their own homes to sit on.

A few months afterward a neat little



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



Left: "Betty is a little missionary," writes the author, "and we are finding that guests enjoy our home that much more because of her." Right: On one of their trips they got stuck in a creek. What a place for engine trouble! The water was so deep at the back of the car that the baggage got wet.



church was built there, emblem of the harvest of men and women in Formosa.

The longer we stayed in Tainan the more heavily the burden of the work rested upon us. We did not see how we could leave! Not only was new work opening up on every hand, but the personal problems of the church members themselves made us heartsick to think of leaving them. Some were being driven from home. One was in jail. Others were suffering bitter persecution from relatives or in-laws.

The local workers begged us to stay, and finally we wrote a letter to the members of the union committee requesting that they permit us to remain in Tainan. At the ensuing committee meeting it was voted for us to stay instead of joining the faculty at the training school.

In January all the missionaries and many of the local workers flew by chartered plane to Hong Kong to attend the biennial session of the South China Island Union Mission. We stayed in a hotel near enough to the Bible Auditorium that we could walk to meetings.

One night Mrs. Meager and I were walking back to the hotel after meeting. It was late, and only a few people were on the streets. About halfway home we met an old man, a beggar, who had a child in his arms, all covered up, asleep on his shoulder. He held out a dirty hand to us. "Missy, please help me!"

I spoke to him in Mandarin and told him he should take that poor little baby home and put it to bed! What a time to have a baby out! At the same time I gently uncovered the bit of humanity hidden under the ragged quilt. A sleepy, little baby girl raised her head and opened her big brown eyes wonderingly at me in the dim street light. I just about lost my heart right then and there! She was a beautiful Chinese baby—fair, with nice features, and too bright-looking to be a beggar's child.

"You want her?" the man asked eagerly as he started to hand her to me.

I looked at Mrs. Meager and murmured something, I don't remember what. I know that a helpless feeling swept over me, and I wished I could take her!

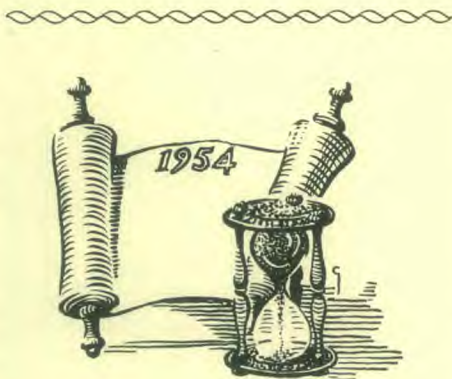
But all I could do was sadly shake my head and tenderly cover her up again. Mrs. Meager gave the man a few dollars, and we went home. I tried to sleep, but the memory of that baby girl haunted me! The thought of thousands of others just like her, without a chance in life, made my heart ache too.

Pastor Meager said that downtown one day he was offered a little boy for eight dollars, and another for a pittance. What will happen to the thousands of poor little children like them? Many of them are probably refugees from the mainland of China whose parents are living in lean-tos on the streets of Hong Kong without enough food to live. The thought kept going through my mind, "We cannot

help them all, but couldn't we help just one?"

Pastor Christensen and I talked it over. We agreed that it would not be wise to adopt a Chinese baby but that it would be all right to keep one and bring it up in its own environment. It would be impossible, however, to take one out of Hong Kong. There would be passports and visas and entrance permits to consider.

The following night I found myself looking for the beggar, but the streets were empty. I could not erase from my mind the picture of that baby girl opening her eyes so sleepily at me in the dim glow of the street light. And I cannot but pray



## Inventory

By MILDRED WOOD HARRIS

At the year's end, since Time was hoary,  
Every business takes inventory.  
A chief executive needs to know  
What it is makes a business grow.  
And I am sure you are all agreeing  
Growth is the only excuse for being.  
Life is a business for everyone.  
Tell me, how does your business run?

that someday, somehow, she will have the opportunity of hearing the story of salvation, so we can meet her again in the kingdom of heaven.

Two days after we arrived home from Hong Kong, Heaven tossed Betty into our lap!

She is one of six. Ruthie was carrying her around after a meeting at church one Saturday night, and we asked her mother if we could take her home with us for the night. Strangely enough, we have had her ever since!

She is a tiny Chinese doll. Her skin is even lighter than ours, and she has such a sweet smile that it is catching. She and Ruthie have good times together; but more important than anything else, Betty is a little missionary, and we are finding that we now have much more in common with families who have small children.

She has added a lot of extra sunshine to life, and our guests enjoy our home that much more because of Betty.

One day Pastor Christensen was supposed to have the day off, but bright and early in the morning several local workers came and had an interesting powwow in our living room. I call it a powwow because it looked like one. One of the workers sat cross-legged on the rug playing with Betty, and in chairs all around him sat six or seven young men and my husband, all talking very earnestly. I didn't have time to stop to listen to what they were discussing. I was doing a washing. Once Pastor Christensen came hurrying through the hall to his office for something, and I asked him, "What are you having, a plans committee?"

"No," he answered with a smile, "we are talking about starting two new churches!"

Some of the boys had been up in the hills over the weekend to a place where a deacon of another church had been studying the Bible correspondence course lessons and was interested in our teachings. He had invited our workers up there to hold a few meetings in his house, and they said forty or fifty people had come. Some of them had walked a whole hour over the hills to get there.

The local committee voted for one of the young men to go up there to stay and hold Bible studies in the homes of the interested people. They were to reap the Formosa harvest. As a result, twenty-three took their stand to join the remnant church.

Their baptismal day dawned bright and clear. A carload of us went along to help with the meetings. We drove for an hour, as far as the station wagon could go, even over narrow oxcart roads, until we came to a level threshing floor on the top of a hill. There we got out, and walked half an hour over a narrow trail to Deacon Lee's farmhouse, where these humble believers had gathered for Sabbath school. Upon our appearance they all stood up and bowed, welcoming us.

As the service began, those who could not squeeze into the house sat on benches as close to the door as they could to catch every word that was being said. They all looked like hard-working, honest people, and I was deeply impressed with the quietness of their demeanor during the meetings.

Someone suggested the grassy hillside below the farmhouse, so we had church down there in the shade of the tall bamboos. After the sermon twenty-three of God's jewels stood in a semicircle near the minister and stepped forward to sign the baptismal pledge as their names were called. Then Pastor Christensen raised his eyes to the congregation and asked, "How many are here today who would like to be baptized at the next baptism?" Twenty more stood to their feet.

To page 25



**A** CHRISTMAS cactus! I could scarcely believe my eyes, but there it was, flourishing in the dingy window of a shop I was passing. My walk home that January evening had been a soggy trip in a drizzle that was making me soggier by the minute. My mind had been wandering aimlessly. Now I was all attention. What a joyful surprise to find, in the heart of a large Western city, so poignant a reminder of a childhood home on an Iowa farm.

How I recalled Grandma's Christmas cactus! It just *had* to bloom by the year's end. Wasn't that why it had been so named? Along in October Grandma's anxiety would begin. She would hover over the precious plant, peering intently at first one leaf and then another, hopeful for a speck of evidence that buds were coming. The plant had its own peculiar way of blooming, pushing the buds out from the ends of the flat rubbery leaves. As day after day passed with no sign that the cactus recognized the imminence of the holiday season, Grandma's spirits lagged, and we would hear the anxious query voiced in tremulous, hesitant tones, "I wonder if the cactus will bloom by——"

But the day always came when Grandma would be going mechanically about the morning chore of moving the house plants to the windows and giving them water (they were always set toward the center of the room at night to escape the danger of frost), and we would suddenly hear her excitedly calling us, "Daddy! Celia! Come quick! The cactus has budded!" And sure enough, it had! True, the buds were microscopic protuberances that seemed hardly worth the energy Grandma expended as she hailed their arrival, but they were buds! And a quick mental calculation would confirm her heart's desire, "Yes, it will just about make it by Christmas."

It wasn't until I was much older that I realized that Grandma wasn't seeing those tiny buds as such. They weren't knobby little bumps to her. They were a promise of beauty to culminate in a spray of rosy radiance that for several weeks would be the glory of the bay window in that quiet little farmhouse living room. Outside, the blizzards might rage and the drifts pile up against the clapboards. The hens might stop laying, the pump be frozen, and the mail not get in over snow-blocked roads. But inside there was the warming sound of wood crackling in the big heating stove, the appetizing fragrance of graham bread fresh from the oven, and the soul-satisfying beauty of the blooming cactus, every arm extended proudly as though to show off each scarlet cluster to best advantage. Long into January we feasted our eyes on its loveliness, an oasis of fresh bloom in the stark desert of a barren Iowa winter.

# To Feed My Soul

By CECELIA STANLEY DERRY

Grandmother *planned* for beauty. She knew that spirits needed bolstering in midwinter, and along with the requirements for the physical needs of her family, she planned also some food for the soul.

What is it the poet has said? "If of thy mortal goods thou art bereft, and from thy slender store two loaves alone to thee are left, sell one, and with the dole buy hyacinths to feed thy soul." Yes, that was Grandma's philosophy all right, and there was soul food in abundance at her fireside. Money was scarce, life was lived simply and frugally, but there was no soul poverty.

Many times in the years that have followed I would have been destitute indeed had it not been for the joy of simple

things that she taught me. A cardinal's exultant challenge as he red-streaked from one tree to another, a bit of carefully wrought embroidery, a stanza or two of poetry quoted at the just-right moment, a crusty heel cut from a fresh loaf and spread with oozing butter, a line of snowy, Monday wash tied to an apple tree drifting its bloom across June grass, a whippoorwill's twilight complaint, the first May violets, a Sabbath hymn sung from the depths of a thankful heart—all life enrichment beyond measure, bought with her careful planning.

Hyacinths? Cactus? Choose the medium of exchange, but somewhere in the hurried days, make an investment in loveliness. The interest will go on compounding for years!



The plant had its own peculiar way of blooming, pushing the buds out from the ends of the leaves.



**L**ET'S just be through with this religion business so we can get something out of life." Helen's magazine fell from her hands. What was her husband saying? "There's no use being miserable in the church and unhappy in the world too. Let's just make some money and enjoy ourselves." Dan sighed, as if these words had released the pressure of some tight-fitting heart valve.

Helen's deep-set brown eyes shot a questioning, yet startled glance across to the easy chair in the opposite corner of the room where her doctor husband sat despondently stroking his head. "But Dan," she faltered, "we couldn't leave the church altogether; I've never exactly thought of that."

Both lapsed into silence. This was a turning point, a crisis in their lives, and in the final decision would lie their destiny—eternal life or death.

Dan and Helen were just nominal Christians. The controversy in their hearts between Christ and Satan was real this night, as it had been many times before. For a time Dan's blunted conscience had allowed him to be a seemingly active member in the church and to shoulder some of the responsibilities of leadership while simultaneously he and Helen found pleasure in such activities as attending the movies and eating meat dinners in the next town. Spurred by those broken edges of his own conscience, Dan was now weighing himself in the balances of life.

He and Helen had both grown up as Adventists, but was that the only reason they kept on going to church and paying tithe now? As Dan pondered this question his thoughts winged their way back over the years. He considered the circumstances that had brought him to where he now was.

His mother and dad had separated when he and his twin brother, Bill, were about three years old. From then on it had been a rough, tough story of eking out an existence in first one home and then another, in attic rooms and in garages; of selling *Times* on the smoggy Los Angeles streets, and of spending half the remuneration on pies and ice cream, which alone often constituted their daily fare.

In their home community he and Bill had been known as lively, noisy fellows. But, for some unknown reason, when people spoke of them their eyes usually revealed a soft, forgiving twinkle.

Some inborn characteristic had urged him and Bill on to great heights educationally. Neither of them had any money for tuition, but by the invention of a cooperative plan in which one worked while the other studied, and vice versa, they put themselves through grade school, academy, college, and later on, medical school at Loma Linda.

Now his life ambition of setting up his

*The rustling of my stiffly starched uniform haunted me as each swish seemed to resound on the plaster walls with the words "hypocrite, hypocrite"*

## What Manner of

own private practice was being realized. He was enjoying prosperity and popularity; he was even an elder in the local Seventh-day Adventist church, and he participated in other religious activities. "What is the matter?" he wondered. "I should be happy."

Baby Barbara's faint cry from the front bedroom abruptly interrupted Dan's musings. Helen, still confused by her conflicting emotions, rose slowly from her chair.

"Helen," Dan called desperately as she disappeared into the hallway, "we just have to do one thing or the other."

Some minutes later when she returned, Helen's thinking on the subject was clearer. She spoke slowly and earnestly. "Dan, you're right. We've got to do one thing or the other. You know, right now we're losing both worlds—this one and the next. It seems to me that we merely show a lack of reasoning by trying to hang on to both at once, when in the end both will be lost. But Dan, let's consider our decision carefully."

Although the impact of events and circumstances that God had woven into their lives seemed at times to fall on a hard-crusted surface, the softening influences of His Spirit had continued to work. Through the love and prayers of a godly uncle, the evenings spent in prayer and Bible study at a teacher's home in Loma Linda, and the keen interest of friends, the dormant soul seeds were gradually responding to the pleadings of God's sunshine.

A few years previously Dan's only prayer had been, "Lord, I'm not interested in You, but hang on to me anyway." A merciful Father in heaven had heard the prayer of that indifferent and helpless heart, and now at this decisive moment in their lives He was "hanging on" to Dan and Helen as He had through the years, and was watering that small, dormant seed.

"Let's be all out for God." Dan and Helen had made their decision. The hardened surface was broken through; now they could see a new way of life ahead, a way that would lead them to peace

and happiness. Instead of shivering in ankle-deep water they would plunge right into the waves. It would take time, prayer, study, and work, but with God's help they could and would do it.

To meet Dan and Helen now is like drinking from a cool and sparkling mountain stream in the scorching heat of a midsummer's day. Dan's effervescent personality literally bubbles with enthusiasm for his renewed faith. He and Helen are both active in the church, giving health talks and demonstrations, teaching Sabbath school classes, preaching. Their home is a haven of love, and their hearts are one hundred per cent on God's side. They have already spent one year of foreign mission service in Asia, but because of the claims of his country, Dan was required to return home for a period. Now, very shortly, they, with their two charming little daughters, will leave home again to share their joy and experience with others in South America.

I did not even ask them whether their happiness is complete now. I did not need to. But I did ask myself, "What manner of person is truly the happiest, and finds life worth while?" There was the answer in Dan and Helen, thorough Christians from head to toe, giving of themselves in service for others.

"Let's see now—one more back rub tonight—room 210," and I hurried along the corridor with alcohol and powder in hand, hoping I could quickly discharge my remaining responsibilities for the night.

During the course of our conversation that evening I discovered Mr. Edmonds to be an intelligent man of about thirty. He had a wife and three children, and was employed at a gambling casino in Las Vegas, working five nights a week from midnight to 6 A.M.

"Isn't that type of work tiring?" I inquired, "night after night?"

"Well, yes, but it's a way to make a living. It's good money." His reply seemed to lack enthusiasm, and I could sense within him a heart that was molded



# Person?

by YVONNE M. MINCHIN

and hardened in the ways of the world.

You poor man, I thought to myself, and you're not alone either; there are just thousands and millions like you in this old world who work day by day and night after night, just for the sake of earning a living, and with nothing better to look forward to.

"Tomorrow is your Sunday, isn't it? Why do you keep that day when the rest of the world keeps the first day of the week?"

Coming from Mr. Edmonds, this question was entirely unexpected. Maybe, I mused, he is looking for something. Maybe he is making a strike in the dark at religion. Maybe he is not such a hardened old customer at all, and maybe this is my opportunity to witness. I resolved to try it.

"Yes, it is our Sunday tomorrow," I replied, "and my, how I'm looking forward to it. Sabbath, as we call the seventh day of the week, is such a wonderful day. It's a time when we can rest and relax from our work-a-day world—" And I continued to extol the blessings of the Sabbath, and to explain its origin and our reason for keeping it holy. I didn't know that his question had been aimed at an argument and not necessarily at discovering truth.

"You know," Mr. Edmonds spoke uneasily now, "I don't think there's anything in this religion talk. What you have just told me makes a good story, but no one can prove the Bible is true. It contains a lot of interesting literature and historical facts, but that's about all. What gets me more than anything else is that most people who call themselves Christians are just plain hypocrites; they preach one thing and do the opposite.

"I've seen too much of it. In fact, I'm an agnostic now. I was brought up a Christian, but—" and then followed an all-too-familiar story of the master de-

ceiver's ingenious methods for trapping the unwary. Like a batsman who loses sight of the ball, Mr. Edmonds had taken his eyes off God, and had focused them on man instead, with the usual result, that he had become utterly discouraged and embittered with religious things.

With as much tact and understanding as I could muster, and with a prayer to God for help, I endeavored to break down the hard and bitter wall of religious indifference that was standing between Mr. Edmonds and a life full of peace and hope. How I longed to help show him the way!

"But," he kept interjecting, "if religion is what it is cracked up to be, why are there so many hypocrites in the churches today? I can't see it."

As I softly closed the door and walked down the dimly lit corridor, the rustling of my stiffly starched uniform haunted me as each swish seemed to resound on the plaster walls with the words "hypocrite, hypocrite."

"O Lord," I breathed as I relaxed a few minutes later in the charting room, "please help me to be a true-blue Christian. Help me never to be a stumbling block to others."

Even yet the statement of that patient re-echoes in my ears. "If religion is what it is cracked up to be, why are there so many hypocrites?" Unfortunately there is more truth in those words than many of us realize. Ellen G. White puts it this way: "I was shown the conformity of some professed Sabbath-keepers to the world. Oh, I saw that it is a disgrace to their profession, a disgrace to the cause of God. . . . They think they are not like the world, but they are so near like

them in dress, in conversation, and actions, that there is no distinction."

Can we Adventist young people be picked out in a crowd by our dress, by our conversation, and by the consistency of our actions with our profession, or do our ways so closely merge with people of the world that we cannot be distinguished from them? Do we live up to all the light the Lord has given us, or are we just Christians by name and worldlings by nature? May no one ever be able to point the finger at us and say, "You didn't live what you taught," or "Your religion doesn't make sense."

Not long ago, while weekend camping high up in the mountains near Loma Linda, I was awakened early on Sabbath morning by a woodpecker's pneumatic drill in a nearby pine tree. As I lay there with only my nose and eyes protruding from the mummylike sleeping bag, I was entranced by the majesty of the pines as the shimmering rays of the early morning sunshine seeped through the foliage.

The lyrics of awakening songbirds were sweet music to my listening ears, and the vague aroma of pitch was a



A. DEYANEY

Even as I worked in the charting room after talking with Mr. Edmonds, I breathed the prayer, "O Lord, please help me to be a true-blue Christian. Help me never to be a stumbling block to others."



mild anesthetic to my nostrils. Above, the half-dome moon and a few lone stars were bravely fighting for recognition in the fast-bluing sky.

"How serenely peaceful and how enchantingly beautiful is God's world!" I pondered. Already I could feel swelling up in my heart a reluctance to leave the beauties of nature that night and return home—back down to the rush and bustle of everyday life.

Suddenly the full realization of man's stupidity was forced upon me. The beauty and calm of that daybreak in the mountains was merely a foretaste of the joys of our rightful home. The place to which we had to return that Sabbath night, and which we called home, was only a stopping-off place. And here we are, so many of us, showing by our deeds and actions that we are content to live out our lives in this choking atmosphere of sin, when we could be enjoying the glories of our heavenly Paradise, that will by far surpass even a mountaintop experience.

As I lay there I thought of you, the Adventist youth around the circle of the earth. We are all looking for the coming of the day of God, but *are we hastening unto it?*

Thrills played marbles up and down my spine as I relived such gatherings as the Paris Youth Congress and the Pan-American Youth Congress. My ears felt the throb of the re-echoing voices of more than five thousand European young people as in many different languages they blended their harmonious hopes in one mighty chorus, "Jesus Is Coming Again." Those young people sang with enthusiasm and vigor, and they meant it. They had seen enough of war and bloodshed; they had been long enough in this poor old world to realize how futile life is. They wanted Jesus to come. Are some of us, by chance, retarding this momentous and glorious event? I wondered.

Again I caught the inspiration of those panoramic programs in which the now white-haired trail blazers of the church handed the torch of service down to the youth. I felt anew within my heart a sense of unreadiness, and yet a challenge, when I remembered that we, the young people of the denomination today, are the leaders of the church of tomorrow. I asked myself, "Are our foundations strong today, so that we can be assured of a stalwart building tomorrow?"

I wondered, as I turned my face toward the brightening heavens, "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved," what manner of person ought I to be, "in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God."

In my own mind I knew, and as the hush of dawn over the mountains opened its arms to the day a new hope was in my heart, a deeper longing to be what I ought to be and to do what I ought to do.



## Are We Hoarding?

By INEZ BRASIER

HAVE you seen old Luigi today?" a neighbor asked another.

"No, nor yesterday! And the day before that he looked as though a breath would blow him away."

"He is nothing but skin and bones and rags! I doubt that he has even a crust to eat," added a third neighbor.

"Let us find out for ourselves," suggested the first.

The neighbors climbed the creaking stairs to the bare attic room that old Luigi Tarisio had called home for many years—the room none of them had seen in all the time he had lived there. Cautiously they pushed the door open, to see old Luigi silent under the scant covering on a rickety, sagging bed.

"We should have come sooner! He must have died hungry."

"Starving, and look at all these!"

Violins! Two hundred sixty-four violins! The world's finest instruments were crowded into dust-webbed corners and into old dressers propped against the walls. And among them the best of all, a Stradivarius, which had not known a master's touch for 147 years! Wealth was in that room, yet old Luigi had been in rags for years, and had died of slow starvation as much as of anything else.

How many of us are like this old hoarder of rare violins? We study God's Word, we know in theory the gospel, but are we shutting its beauty in our hearts? Are we hiding its saving power under the dust of our self-interests?

The kindly word, the thoughtful act, the sympathy for another in distress, are but expressions of the music of the gospel. Our kindnesses, our affections, and our courtesies are but the repeating of that song of angels heard above the hills of Bethlehem—the song of a Father's love for all mankind.



# SABBATH SCHOOL



## Faith Rewarded at Capernaum

LESSON FOR JANUARY 15

### FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

**MEMORY GEM:** "And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes" (Mark 1:22).

**STUDY HELP:** *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 252-261.

**THINK IT OVER:** a. Does God ever force me to do right?

b. Can Satan force me to do wrong against my choice?

c. If I allow Satan to use my hands or feet, or my mind, will he voluntarily give them back?

### FOR SUNDAY

1. Where did Jesus go on the Sabbath? (Mark 1:21.)

"And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught."

**NOTE.**—"In Capernaum the nobleman's son whom Christ had healed was a witness to His power. And the court official and his household joyfully testified of their faith. When it was known that the Teacher Himself was among them, the whole city was aroused. Multitudes flocked to His presence. On the Sabbath the people crowded the synagogue until great numbers had to turn away, unable to find entrance."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 253.

2. How did His teaching affect the people? (Verse 22.)

"And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes."

### FOR MONDAY

3. How was the service disturbed? (Mark 1:23.)

"And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out."

**NOTE.**—"The secret cause of the affliction that had made this man a fearful spectacle to his friends and a burden to himself was in his own life. He had been fascinated by the pleasures of sin. . . . Intemperance and frivolity perverted the noble attributes of his nature, and Satan took absolute control of him."—*Ibid.*, p. 256.

4. How did the sinner feel in the presence of Jesus? (Verse 24.)

"Saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God."

**NOTE.**—"The mind of this wretched sufferer had been darkened by Satan, but in the Saviour's presence a ray of light had pierced the gloom. He was roused to long for freedom from Satan's control; but the demon resisted the power of Christ. When the man tried to appeal to Jesus for help, the evil spirit put words into his mouth, and he cried out in an agony of fear. The demoniac partially comprehended that he was in the presence of One who could set him free; but when he tried to come within reach of that mighty hand, another's will held him, another's words found utterance through him. The conflict between the power of Satan and his own desire for freedom was terrible."—*Ibid.*, p. 255.

5. To whom did Jesus speak when He rebuked this man? (Verse 25.)

"And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him."

### FOR TUESDAY

6. In what way did Satan show his true nature before leaving his victim? (Mark 1:26.)

"And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him."

**NOTE.**—"For ages Satan with his evil angels had been seeking to control the bodies and the souls of men, to bring upon them sin and suffering; then he had charged all this misery upon God."—*Ibid.*, p. 257.

7. How did this affect the congregation? (Verse 27.)

"And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? what new doctrine is this? for with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him."

### FOR WEDNESDAY

8. Instead of hindering the work of Jesus as Satan had hoped, what did this experience actually do for Him? (Mark 1:28.)

"And immediately his fame spread abroad throughout all the region round about Galilee."

9. After church where did Jesus and His disciples go? (Verse 29.)

"And forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John."

10. What was the trouble with Peter's mother-in-law? (Verse 30.)

"But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell him of her."

### FOR THURSDAY

11. Contrast the methods Jesus used in healing her and the centurion's servant. (Mark 1:31.)

"And he came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them." (See also Matt. 8:13.)

12. Describe what took place at Peter's house after the Sabbath. (Verses 32, 33.)

"And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door."

13. What did Jesus do for the people? (Verse 34.)

"And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him."

**NOTE.**—"Not until the last sufferer had been relieved did Jesus cease His work. It was far into the night when the multitude departed, and silence settled down upon the home of Simon."—*Ibid.*

### FOR FRIDAY

Here is a problem: A young man who must earn his own way through school has been offered a job playing his trumpet in a theater. Should he accept? He will not see any of the show, for he must keep his eyes on the music. His influence will not affect anyone, because he will use the stage door. In the two nights a week he could earn more than he does in a whole week at the academy. The less he has to work, the more time he can spend on his studies. Would he gain or lose by accepting this job?



MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER

SHARE YOUR FAITH

# FRONTIERS

## Minchin, New Associate MV Leader, Leads Queensland Youth in Consecration

By Beth Miinchow

TOWNSVILLE, AUSTRALIA.—

From all over North Queensland an excited stream of young people met late in August at the Adventist campground in Townsville.

Half past two on that Sunday could not come quickly enough, but at last the plane droned overhead, its silver wings flashing brilliance in the afternoon sunshine. It brought E. L. Minchin, newly elected associate secretary of the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department.

Within minutes Pastor Minchin, with B. H. McMahon, J. B. Keith, and J. S. Wallace, stepped onto the platform of the Young People's hall to conduct a most beautiful consecration service. The presence of God was felt.

The theme of Pastor Minchin's service was the story of the rich young ruler who asked of Jesus, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?" and who went away sorrowful at the answer, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me."

He told of some of his own experiences. As a boy of fourteen, tall and thin, he went to a camp meeting and there gave his heart to the Lord. At one of the meetings he was nervously swinging on the tent rope, too shy to enter, when a young worker came up and talked with him.

Together they went into the meeting and sat down. Pastor Minchin said that he spent most of the time taking shy looks at the man beside him. He told of how, afterward, he used to deliberately get in his hero's way in order to be able to talk with him.

This experience and the power of his mother's prayers led him to become a worker for the Lord.

"God does not need your talents, He needs you," said the speaker. "When the love of Christ gets right into your heart, the talents will look after themselves."

A fond mother came to him at camp time and said, "Pastor Minchin, I would

like you to speak to my daughter. She is a gifted writer, and I think that the Lord needs her in the work."

"Is your daughter an Adventist?" asked Pastor Minchin.

"No, but she has such talent that she should be in the work."

Pastor Minchin interviewed the daughter and recognized her exceptional ability. But, does God need exceptional ability? No, He wants our hearts, the youth leader emphasized.

Pastor Minchin explained that the love of Christ is as real as the love of our dearest earthly friend. When his eldest daughter was leaving for America, the

office, and workshop rose in consecration. Small children and parents joined them at the altar, singing "Just as I am, without one plea."

One girl who gave her heart to Christ during the meeting wrote later:

"Pastor Minchin's whole service and his genuine love inspired me to be a better Christian, and as I gave my heart to the Lord I prayed that, with His love and help, I would be an overcomer of temptation. I cannot write the true feelings of my heart, but I know my prayer was heard, and I have felt like a different person from that moment on."

"Pastor Minchin told us that we were leaving our sins and burdens in the hall and going away with clean hearts. I felt just that way too. I know my sins were all forgiven. We were admonished to read our Bibles every morning and to spend some time in prayer with God. I have done that each morning since, and I feel more peaceful and happy."



E. L. Minchin, newly elected associate secretary of the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department, visited Australia before coming to Washington to take up his new responsibilities.

## Eighty New York Youth Spend Weekend in Ramapo Mountains

By N. K. Bork

NEW YORK.—Over the Labor Day weekend more than eighty young people, mostly between eighteen and thirty, discovered that camping is worth while and fun.

They came from fifteen different churches in this metropolitan conference, and their discovery was made at Eagle Lake Park in the Ramapo Mountains. One church had so many enthusiastic campers that it had to hire a bus to bring them in.

Among the visitors for the weekend were L. M. Stump, president, and Nick Klim, dean of men, of Atlantic Union College. Sabbath morning, after an all-youth Sabbath school, President Stump told an audience of more than one hundred some of his mission experiences in the Philippines and South America. After a nature treasure hunt and hike the group relaxed by exchanging new ideas for Share Your Faith activities.

Other weekend activities were swimming and boating on the lake, crafts, Pathfinder classes, and campfires. Two special events were the overnight hike to

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first break in the family, he said that at four o'clock in the morning he went downstairs and wrote her a love letter. He could not sleep for the thought of being separated from one he loved so dearly.

Taking the letter to her room, he knelt beside her bed and prayed. Then he opened her suitcase and pinned it inside so that she would see it on her first night away from home. He wanted her to know that distance would not weaken his love for her.

The service concluded with a call for the youth to give their lives to Christ. Young people from the farm, high school,





NE of the most appealing stories of the Bible is that of a young man born to be a donkey tender who, by inheritance, became a prince instead.

He was a mighty warrior. He introduced the use of the bow and arrow into the armies of Israel. Full of courage, he was not afraid to challenge the enemy almost single-handedly, nor to declare that the king, his father, had "troubled the land" when he recognized wrongdoing even in high places. Said to be swifter than the eagle and stronger than the lion, this mighty soldier nevertheless fell on the field of battle, having never become king of his country. His youngest sister's husband took the kingdom.

His father had reigned two years when the young prince was given an army of one thousand men, with which he delivered a crushing defeat to the fort of the Philistines situated atop the mountain of Geba. In retaliation the Philistines gathered an army of thirty thousand chariots, six thousand cavalry, and an infantry so large it was said to be as innumerable as the sand of the seashore.

The children of Israel were so frightened that even the army went into hiding, and refugees streamed across the river Jordan into the land of the tribe of Gad. Those that remained with the king and his son followed with trembling, and small wonder, for only the king and the prince had any weapons with which to fight. There were only two swords and two spears in the entire nation, and no blacksmiths to make any more. The situation was so critical, in fact, that if the Israelites wanted to sharpen their plows they had to go down to the land of the Philistines—their enemies—to do so.

Then while the king sat under a pomegranate tree in Migron, with only six hundred men left of his army to keep him company, this young hero took his bodyguard with him, and scaling the escarpment of Bozez, came out on the plains above to be confronted head-on with the army of the Philistines. Discovered in the last stretch of their climb, they were challenged by the enemy to fight, and inching upward on their hands and feet, they reached the top and delivered such a staggering blow to their opponents that the entire Philistine army recoiled with trembling. Then God moved to aid them with a great earthquake, and in terror and confusion the Philistines began to beat down one another, until from across the valley in the camp of the king it looked as if the multitude "melted away." But did the prince take the credit to himself for this victory? No. The Divine Record states: "So the Lord saved Israel that day."<sup>1</sup>

"What a wonderful thing it must be to be an instrument in the hand of the Lord to work such mighty victories," you say. And then, discouragingly, you might add: "What can I do? I am still young,

# The Lord Will Work

By E. ROBERT REYNOLDS



Jonathan, alone with his armorbearer, with one sword, one spear, and one shield for both of them, was charged by more than twenty men at once.

and all alone. If only I were older, then I could do great things for God; but now, it is a different story."

Don't say that. Remember that Jonathan was only a young man. And when he won this great victory at Michmash all the advantages were on the other side—numbers, weapons, good fighting terrain—at least it might have looked that way. He was alone with his armorbearer, with one sword, and one spear, and one shield for the two of them, when they slew about twenty men at one time. But Jonathan knew that he had something that no one else had—the one great and outstanding advantage of the day. He had the Lord on his side. And notice, if you will, his words of courage to his companion as they toiled up the face of the cliff: "It may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few."<sup>2</sup>

You see, Jonathan knew his Lord. And Jonathan knew his own limitations. He

knew that under those conditions the Lord could work, and that it made no difference to the Lord whether there was a great army to work with. In fact, Jonathan knew, as others of the great characters of the Bible knew, that often the fewer there are to work with, and the weaker those few are and realize themselves to be, the greater God can work.

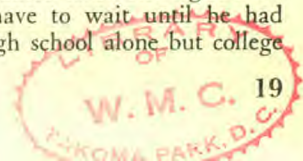
There is not a red-blooded young person in the world that at some time or other does not want to do something big, something great, something grand and glorious. That is what makes some young men want to be the best football player, baseball pitcher, or hockey goalie, the most hardy hiker, the most outstanding athlete in the school or neighborhood. It makes a young woman desire to excel in beauty and poise and charm, to be the best seamstress, the cook whose pastries are the delight of the party, the singer whose music gives zest to the secular program and touching pathos to the hour of worship.

It is this motivation that creates the scholar and the inventor, the scientist, the skillful surgeon, the renowned educator, the great soldier, the wealthy magnate, the politician and diplomat, the polished orator, and the learned divine. But it *can* get one into trouble.

I knew a boy in school who was the bane of his teachers and the tormentor of his schoolmates. He prided himself on his boxing, and when school was out he went home and began a career in the ring. He won some titles, but he never learned anything, and he did not know how to work. Today he is a hopeless beggar, depending on his aged parents, begging for his food and clothing and literally robbing them of theirs, lying and scheming to get enough to hold body and soul together—a physical wreck and a spiritual derelict.

And there is not a wholehearted Christian young person who does not aspire to do something great for God.

A number of years ago a young man came to me. He was a student in the academy. He said he wanted to be a minister. He wanted to be one right now. Why did he have to wait until he had finished not high school alone but college





as well? What good would algebra and geometry do a preacher? And why the foolishness of such courses as Greek and Hebrew in college? He had a burden to preach, and he wanted to do it now. But there were obstacles in his pathway that were immobile.

Perhaps you have felt that way. The goal you have set before you seems so far off, or some major obstacle puts itself in your way. There seems to be no way to surmount it or to by-pass it. And you become frustrated. Then in discouragement you sit down and give up. That is rather like Elijah under the juniper or Jonah be-

side the withered gourd. You even ask the Lord to let you die. That is what they both did. They had tried to do something great for God and had met with frustration, discouragement; and they wanted to die.

Jonathan might have felt that way when he looked at the small army his father had and then at the hosts of the enemy on the other side. But he expected God to do something great *through* him. Right there is the difference.

So often *we* want to do the thing when we ought to let *God* do it. Instead of our working for the Lord, the Lord will work

for us. Someone has expressed this in the words, "Let go, and let God."

This means we must have a faith experience. We must live by faith. It is much more difficult to live by faith than to live by sight. But really, the only way to *live* is by faith. By sight we rely on what we see and what we know. By faith we rely on what we cannot see and have never known—except in fulfillment of previous faith. As God answers our faith, we know, and gain a building block, a steppingstone for greater faith. A life of sight may be filled with danger and death.

Take Peter, for example, walking on the sea. Sight was a hindrance to him. Once he was walking on the waves—by faith in the command of Christ. Then his sight of the waves threatened to take his life. Faith was his only salvation. And so it is with us.

David lived a wonderful life of faith. Hunted like a beast, hungry and thirsty, stricken with poverty, and faced with starvation, misunderstood by his friends and surrounded by his enemies, David demanded that God save him. He told the Lord that He had no other choice. He must glorify His name. And God did save him. David knew—by faith—that there was no situation he might be placed in but what God could and would take care of him. And such may be your experience today.

The way to do great things by faith is to learn to do the little things by faith—the commonplace, everyday things—the way David did. And when the trials come, or the great opportunities, such a one will be prepared and fortified by this experience of faith to meet the new situations. Let me illustrate what I mean.

God once said through the prophet Isaiah, "Concerning the work of my hands command ye me."<sup>3</sup> Dr. F. B. Meyer makes this comment on this verse: "But that God should invite us to command Him, this is a change in relationship which is altogether startling! What mortal mind can realize the full significance of the position to which our God lovingly raises His little children? He seems to say, 'All my resources are at your command.' *'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.'*"<sup>4</sup>

So when the student studies his lessons he may ask the Lord to help him learn them well, and to retain what he is learning. He may become a demonstration, if he chooses thus, of what God can do to help students learn their lessons. And when he comes to an examination he can command Him then to bring back to his remembrance what he has learned. The breadwinner, or anyone faced with earning his daily living, the farmer, the mechanic, the professional laborer, the craftsman of any trade, each can ask His help in the daily routine of life and the commonness of his work.

The boy or girl can request His help in

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# Teen-Age DIARY



By JOAN

## Dear Diary,

"Say, Mom, how do you know about people for sure?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, how do you tell for sure if they'll make good friends?"

"That's something no one can tell for sure—not positively," she explained. "That is, of course, at first."

"I'd like a formula for being sure right at first—just so I'd never be disappointed. I don't think there's anything on earth as sad as learning that someone you've liked is really not genuine."

"In friendship we must take that risk," Mom said. "Making new friends is somewhat of a gamble—but I'd say it's a sort of safe gamble if you know some of the rules of the game."

"Game? It seems so much more serious than that."

"I know, dear. Friendship—the art of making friends—is a serious business, because our friends become a part of us."

"That's what I was thinking. When I love a friend dearly I tend to imitate that friend and think like him."

"That's true. But never forget that our friends do the same with us, so we're all responsible to one another. I always make it a practice to be friendly to everyone. I smile at folks on the street in town, and often speak if I have seen them several times. And when I meet new people in church or at a social gathering I think of

them as potential friends. Everyone is my friend until he has proved himself to be otherwise."

"What are some of the rules, Mom? You spoke of rules."

"Maybe I shouldn't have said it like that," Mom observed. "Maybe I should have said it this way: The place to meet real friends is not in a bar, for instance, or at a public dance, or even on the public skating rinks. I wouldn't want to look for my friends in a movie, nor would I look for them at a cheap soda fountain. I would look for my friends in a Christian school, church, a cultural group. Then I would be sure that my chances for making lasting friends would be good."

"But, Mom, I heard someone say that even in Christian schools there are young people who have never learned the correct way to live. You know Mrs. Brown said that the other day."

"Joan, when I was your age my mother quoted an old saying to answer my questions about friends—and it goes like this, 'Birds of a feather flock together.' The truth of that trite old saying has been proved over and over again through my life. 'Like attracts like' is another one that is very good. No matter where you are if you really want to be the right kind of person, you will attract the right kind of people."

"If you are doing right, and some young people shy away from you and talk about you, you may be sure that they are not the right kind of people. If you cannot do the things they do, they are not the friends for you."





Mary prayed for a solution to her problem.

# Something Nice to Wear

By EUNICE B. THOMSON

**H**ER name is Mary. She is called Mele by her own folks, for in the Tongan language there is no *r*. And I too like to call her Mele, for she is different from other Marys—strong, forceful, energetic; not the gentle, quiet, and dependent nature one often associates with the beautiful name of Mary.

In her adolescent years school had held no charms. She had loved the missionary ladies who came to her islands, loved to listen to their stories, but the irksomeness of sitting at a desk learning from books was not for her, a child of freedom.

But as the years of maturity came they brought a longing to go places, even to school. Her brothers and friends were going, why shouldn't she? They had finished all the schooling they could in the missionary school right here, but they were going across the water to a college in Fiji especially established for boys and girls of the Central Pacific. Now why couldn't she go too?

Ways and means was the major problem, but not an insurmountable one. Maybe Mary's older brothers would help, once the initial move was made. Two of them had gone to Fulton Missionary College and had remained in Fiji, so might feel sympathetic toward her desire to go also. And that was just what they were happy to do. They promised to assist her while she was at college.

So Mary came to Fulton Missionary College. The lessons were hard, for lack of close concentration in the formative years meant double work now that she was in her twenties. Still she must keep going, for she had promised she would follow her Saviour absolutely and wholeheartedly.

There were soul-shaking and bitter experiences to pass through. One who professed to love her with all Christian sincerity cast her off. After many anxious weeks, with much prayer and wise advice from close friends, Mary came through with a song of praise and renewal of consecration.

But what of the dear ones at home? For many months Mary had felt a deep



E. B. THOMSON

Then as surely as the stars shine in the blue, so surely her heavenly Father sent the answer. It came by mail in a parcel from her brother.

burden to help them, even from her own meager store. Her father had always been ready to sacrifice his own needs for those of his family, even denying himself suitable clothing.

But her deeper burden was for Father's return to the church he had loved for so many years. Somehow a root of bitterness and hurt feelings had kept him away. If only he had something nice to wear to church, then he might be enticed to go again with Mother, and then by the sweet wooing of the Holy Spirit his former love would be rekindled.

Mary thought and prayed. Two kind friends had each given her a length of material so that she could have a new Sabbath dress and something different from the general school uniform. She would send the piece intended for her Sabbath dress. With heart full of love for her father she wrote telling that the gift was coming. Now he couldn't very well refuse to attend church. Joyfully she went off to collect and wrap the material. But wait. Was it hers to give away? The donor had given it for a specific purpose, for her own Sabbath dress was becoming shabby and worn. What could she do? Mary's heart was broken. Disconsolately she went back to her dormitory and let the tears flow. Then came the words of assurance, "If ye ask in my name, ye shall receive." She dropped to her knees and placed the whole sad story in the care of One who knows our every need, even before we know it ourselves. "Dear Jesus, send me some material so I can honor my promise to my father."

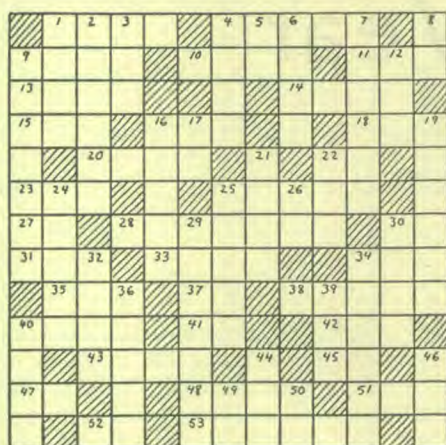
The days went by and lengthened into one, two, weeks. Still Mary supplicated, and fasted too. Then as surely as the stars shine in the blue, so surely her heavenly Father sent the answer—a letter from the brother still living in Fiji saying he was sending her ten yards of material to use as she wished. It was only a few days until the parcel arrived, and she was able to post it on a boat going across to Tonga.

Soon she learned that two of our European workers in Fiji were traveling across to Tonga to attend the annual camp meeting. One of them knew Mary's father well, having himself worked in Tonga a number of years previously, so he took special thought to encourage him to go to these meetings. By the working of the Holy Spirit in answer to Mary's prayers and practical assistance, her father attended some of the meetings and took a fresh stand for Bible truth.

This experience of Mary's is so recent, and her faith, trust, and confidence so strong, that it has done much to renew our personal belief that God does definitely hear and answer our prayers.



## Sharpeners



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### Stephen

(From Acts)

Across

- 1 "... lay not this sin to their charge" 7:60
- 4 "and ... standing on the right hand of God" 7:55
- 9 Drinks in small quantities
- 10 "Stephen, ... of faith and power" 6:8
- 11 Also
- 13 Fight (Slang U.S.)
- 14 "and came ... him" 6:12
- 15 and 12 down "and ... upon him with ... accord" 7:57
- 16 "they were ... to the heart" 7:54
- 18 Cluster of fibers occurring in wool staple
- 20 "and stopped their ..." 7:57
- 22 Agricultural Engineer (abbr.)
- 23 Evil

- 25 "We have ... him speak blasphemous words" 6:11
- 27 Ancestor of Jesus Luke 3:28
- 28 "Who have ... d the law by the disposition of angels" 7:53
- 30 Fully paid (abbr.)
- 31 Exclamation expressing a command to be quiet, as to a horse
- 33 Pertaining to two
- 34 Calendar (abbr.)
- 35 Soak (dial.)
- 37 Senior (abbr.)
- 38 "heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this ..." 6:14
- 40 "when he had said this, he ... asleep" 7:60
- 41 Telegraphic transfer (abbr.)
- 42 "And cast him ... of the city" 7:58
- 43 Kind of toy
- 45 Wire gauge (abbr.)
- 47 Company (abbr.)
- 48 Obligation
- 51 "and they gnashed on ... with their teeth" 7:54
- 52 Belonging to me
- 53 "not able to resist the wisdom and the ... by which he spake" 6:10

Our text is 1, 4, 28, 52 and 53 combined

Down

- 1 Feminine name
- 2 "Behold, I see the heavens ..." 7:56
- 3 Regimental Sergeant Major (abbr.)
- 4 "slain them which shewed before of the coming of the ... One" 7:52
- 5 The letter L
- 6 Roughly shaped piece of metal
- 7 "And they ... Stephen, calling upon God" 7:59
- 8 "as your fathers did, ... do ye" 7:51
- 9 "and the elders, and the ..." 6:12
- 12 See 15 across
- 16 "Then they ... out with a loud voice" 7:57
- 17 See 29 down
- 19 "And they stirred up the ..." 6:12
- 21 Conceal
- 22 "... these things so" 7:1
- 24 "Then there ... certain of the synagogue" 6:9
- 25 "Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in ... and ears" 7:51
- 26 Authorized version (abbr.)
- 29 and 17 down "and shall change the ... which Moses delivered ..." 6:14
- 30 That which has actual existence
- 32 "speak blasphemous words against this ... place" 6:13
- 34 "and ... him, and brought him to the council" 6:12
- 36 "and saw the ... of God" 7:55
- 39 Having small elevation
- 40 "as it had been the ... of an angel" 6:15
- 44 Greek letter
- 46 Printers' measures
- 49 "And set ... false witnesses" 6:13
- 50 Troop (abbr.)

Key on page 25

dren restrained from ejaculations of wonder by the perpetual hush of their parents; the most uncontrollable excitement of the women as they found themselves suddenly saved from a fate worse than death; while the men followed or accompanied them ashamed or confounded that they had ever mistrusted God or murmured against Moses; and as you see those mighty walls of water piled by the outstretched hand of the Eternal, in response to the faith of a single man, learn what God will do for His own.

"Dread not any result of implicit obedience to His command; fear not the angry waters which, in their proud insolence, forbid your progress. Above the voices of many waters, the mighty breakers of the sea, 'the Lord sitteth King for ever.'

"A storm is only the outskirts of His robe, the symptom of His advent, the environment of His presence.

"Dare to trust Him; dare to follow Him! And discover that the very forces which barred your progress and threatened your life, at His bidding become the materials of which an avenue is made to liberty."

If yours can be the unquestioning daily walk of faith of a Moses through the wilderness of Midian and upon the rocky heights of Horeb, yours shall be the assured triumph in the hours of your Red Seas and the ultimate and equally glorious entrance into the Paradise of God.

"There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." It was by two with Jonathan and his armorbearer; it was by one with Moses. What will you let the Lord do through you?

<sup>1</sup> 1 Sam. 14:23.

<sup>2</sup> Verse 6.

<sup>3</sup> Isa. 45:11.

<sup>4</sup> Quoted in Mrs. Charles E. Cowman, *Streams in the Desert*, pp. 187, 188.

<sup>5</sup> Isa. 59:19.

<sup>6</sup> Ps. 101:3.

<sup>7</sup> Ps. 16:8.

<sup>8</sup> Ps. 71:5, 7.

<sup>9</sup> Quoted in Mrs. Charles E. Cowman, *Ibid.*, p. 189.

## The Lord Will Work

From page 20

the activities of the playground if their lives conform to the conditions imposed on a life of faith—harmony with the will of God. And the individual in financial distress will find not one ear alone, but two attentive ears—as David so beautifully expresses it—tuned to hear the cry of faith, and before ever the cry ascends, the answer is winging its way earthward in fulfillment of the promise.

He who is confronted with the problems of sin and temptation will find that God has already provided a wonderful promise to meet his need. "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."<sup>1</sup> To make this personal, that means that you can be faced with not a single temptation but what He has already provided the way of escape—on the single condition that you by faith ask Him to do so.

David understood this condition when

he sang, "I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes."<sup>2</sup> Its positive corollary is sounded in another psalm: "I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."<sup>3</sup> These sound like the MV Legion of Honor. But it was this type of living, with constant trust in the Lord, that enabled the psalmist to declare in his old age: "For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth. ... I am as a wonder unto many; but thou art my strong refuge."<sup>4</sup>

One of the great examples of divine deliverance is that of Israel, through Moses, at the Red Sea. It was not Israel's faith that wrought the mighty salvation, but the day-by-day faith of Moses that led him to God for help and drove him forward in the crisis at the command of God. Commenting on the passage in Exodus 14:15, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward," Dr. Meyer writes:

"Imagine, O child of God, if you can, that triumphal march! The excited chil-

swered that night more wonderfully than you could have ever dreamed. Doug returned to college to finish his course, and then to the College of Medical Evangelists to study medicine. This had always been a secret ambition of his. It was a long, hard road, but with the loving help of Ruth and the strengthening power of God he is now a doctor, ministering to his patients' ills, both physical and spiritual.

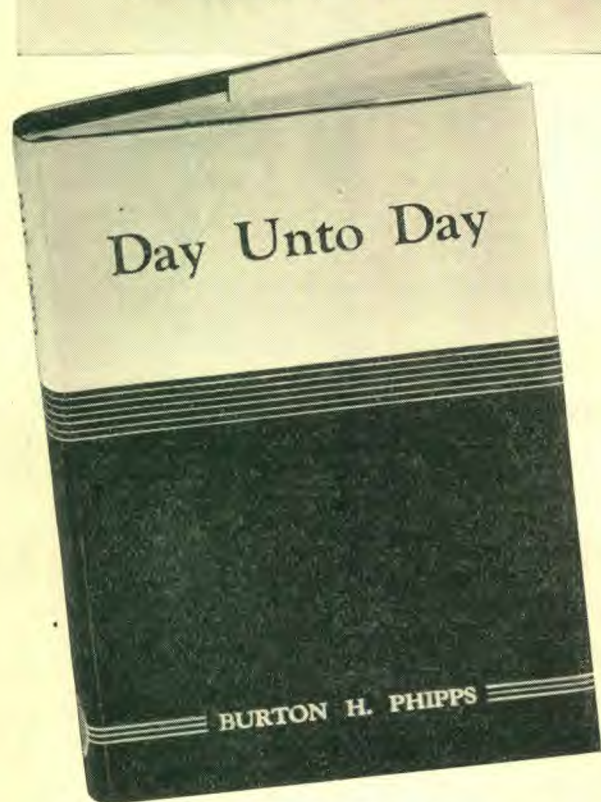
And the sailor, Capt. Lawrence E. C. Joers, M.D., U.S. Navy, is still talking about religion.

## The Sailor Who Talked Religion

From page 8



# Guides for Daily Devotions in 1955



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Aside from the texts for each day, many of which have been used in the calendar for the first time, there are delightful bits of verse such as Jessie Wilmore Murton's "The Ancient Wisdoms." As usual a schedule of Scripture portions for daily reading on the Bible Year Plan is included. The calendar is organized to integrate with the 1955 Morning Watch book *Day Unto Day*, but can be used profitably without it. Many people buy this calendar each year to send as Christmas or New Year's greetings to friends. Mailing Envelope Furnished. Price, plain, 15c; de luxe, 25c.



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The dates of special weeks of church activity, such as the periodical campaigns, Ingathering, and Week of Prayer, appear in blue. The Sabbath dates are in red.

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You will want one for yourself and several to give to friends. Price, \$5.00

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## Frontiers

From page 18

Eagle's Nest and a cookout on Eagle Island, where the campers baked camp bread to go with their supper of roast corn and watermelon. But the best part, many said, was the wonderful feeling of nearness to God that accompanies life in beautiful natural surroundings.

Other features at Eagle Lake Park last summer were a four-week summer training camp, where 170 children between the ages of six and sixteen learned to be better Christians and citizens, and a special weekend of camping for 150 children from Vacation Bible Schools.

## Formosa Harvest

From page 12

From the shady hillside we walked along a mountain stream until we came to the bend that formed a natural baptismal pool. There, beside the little river, the men and women lined up separately. The congregation stood on the sandy bank singing "Just as I Am" during the service.

The women were baptized first. I noticed tears on their cheeks as they walked down into the water, and then I looked over to the line of men and saw that nearly all of them were crying too. In the Picture Rolls from America they had seen pictures of Jesus being baptized in a river just as they were being baptized, and it was all so sweetly solemn to them that they could not restrain their tears.

Now the members are leveling the top of a hill out there to build themselves a new church.

At approximately the same time that Deacon Lee's group had its beginning in the hills to the north of us, we received an

amazing letter from the pastor of still another denomination in the southern part of our district. He also had become interested in the Sabbath through the study of the Bible correspondence lessons, and evidently he was starting to preach it in his two churches. Not all the members in his city church wanted to keep the Sabbath with him, but the entire congregation of his country church in Laolung said, "Whatever is right, we'll do it!"

Pastor Lin wrote, "Please come and instruct us so we'll know how to become members of the Sabbathkeeping church."

The leaders of his own church were greatly alarmed at this sudden turn of events. In exasperation they hastily took Pastor Lin's credentials away from him and removed all the benches, the pulpit, the organ, and other equipment from the chapel in Liu Kwei (at the foot of the mountain) and left it bare. But the new believers and learners brought their own chairs and benches from home, and had meetings anyway. It was a rented meeting place, and when the owners learned what was happening, in sympathy with the new Adventists they rented the hall to them for half price.

As a result of Pastor Lin's conversion and baptism thirty-nine have been baptized, and two small churches have been organized. Several months ago there was a mud-walled chapel in Laolung with a dirt floor, and the people sat on saw-horse benches for seats. A car had not been seen in the village for ten years. Recently, however, the new members helped repair the bridges so that the station wagon, and even large trucks, could come up, and now there is an attractive, white church not far from the thatch-roofed chapel of former days. The fields in Formosa are white, ready for the harvest.

Pastor Christensen took us on a trip to Laolung, to be there for the first baptism and to help the new members with their first quarterly service. We drove through six tunnels and crossed three suspension bridges on the way. I gasped when I saw the last one. It was nearly a fourth of a mile long, high over a rocky river bed, and it was just wide enough for the wheels of the station wagon to fit on the planks with about two inches on either side! It looked like a footbridge!

As we drove up the mountain I looked at my husband sympathetically and said, "Now I know what you mean when you say you have been fighting the road for hours!" He had to shift into compound low and four-wheel drive many times. We forded streams, we drove down into rocky creek beds and up out again. Sometimes we climbed places so steep that I held my breath for fear we wouldn't make it.

At Laolung we had a wonderful weekend. Pastor and Mrs. Lin and the members of the first baptismal class were baptized in a river far below the chapel. The

same afternoon they took part in their first communion service.

On the way home Sunday afternoon we got stuck in one of the creeks. What a place to have engine trouble! The water was so deep at the back of the car that our suitcases got wet. We sent for some water buffaloes to come and pull us out, but in twenty minutes the starter worked all right again, and we chugged out under our own power.

The dedication service was recently held for the new church at Laolung, and more than a hundred mountain people came over the trails to attend the Sabbath services, in addition to the regular members who usually attend. Thirty of them who had walked for seven hours to get there said, "Won't you please come and help us build a church of our own on our mountain?"

Someday soon, with the Lord's help, we will!



"Fire! Fire!" The few men who had not left camp for Christmas vacation jumped out of their bunks. They rubbed their sleepy eyes and sprang into action, fighting the flames that poured out of the cookhouse roof.

"What caused it, Shorty?" asked Bert, when the excitement had died down somewhat.

"Too much kerosene, and the stove-pipe had come apart just under the roof," said the little cookee, as he washed his grimy hands.

"We'll have to hurry to get breakfast on time," added the sixteen-year-old cookee.

## The Last Straw

By MARGARET LOCKE

is a six-part story of trial and trouble, and of a faith that held on in spite of everything.

Beginning Next Week

in

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

## KEY

Wit Sharpeners

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E	M	S	P	I	R	I	T	S	

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U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► The filament in a six-watt electric bulb is so thin that it would take 2,130 of them laid side by side to measure an inch.

► SCRATCHES in the finish of walnut furniture can be made invisible, according to *Popular Mechanics* magazine, by rubbing them vigorously with the cut surface of a freshly sliced walnut or Brazil nut.

► SOME 85 million Americans attended the 2,000-odd county, regional, and State fairs held during 1954 across the country. The largest was the State Fair of Texas, where 1953 attendance of 2,382,712 people in 16 days slightly outnumbered the total population of Philadelphia.

► A MACHINE that will do the work of ten stock clerks has been produced by the John G. Herrmann Company, of Floral Park, New York. It automatically selects from stacked bins any items called for by an operator, who simply punches keys on a keyboard. The items are released onto a conveyor belt. The machine, costing about \$15,000, is 65 feet long and 10 feet wide.

► Do drivers who weave from lane to lane on a high-speed freeway really get ahead? This is a question that Los Angeles police recently sought to answer by conducting a series of tests on the city's new sixty-mile-an-hour Hollywood Freeway. This freeway has four lanes in each direction, with a wide dividing strip. High-pressure drivers, irked by momentary slowdowns that occur in various lanes during periods of heavy traffic, take to weaving in and out from one lane to another. To see whether this was any advantage, the police secretly staged a race the ten-mile length of the freeway among four unmarked cars. Only one of the four was allowed to weave in and out at all. These are the results: The lane changer made the trip in fifteen minutes and thirty seconds. The car that stayed in the fastest lane took only four seconds longer. The car that loafed along in the slow lane arrived only eighty-two seconds after the first car. Police traffic experts have concluded that the insignificant margin of time saved is nowhere near worth the frustration and jangled nerves that result from trying to compete with all the other drivers on the road.

► A "TURTLE-SHELL" antenna and unusually wide coverage are two features of a radar set developed for the U.S. Air Force. The 150-pound set takes impulses from its 18-inch antenna that compensates for the pitch and roll of a plane, and presents a map of the area beneath on a five-inch screen. A wide choice of range scales for the viewing screen can be selected by the operator, for close-up enlargements variable from 3 to 30 miles; or fixed ranges of wider areas at 50 miles, 100 miles, and 240 miles. This radar equipment is produced by Sperry Gyroscope Company and works at any height up to 50,000 feet.

► SCIENTISTS from 30 nations are expected to make an intense study of the polar icecaps during 1957 and 1958. One reason is that "since 1900 the climate or weather of the polar regions has been warming up at an unprecedented rate." If present trends continue, it is possible that within the lifetime of many now living the Arctic Ocean may be used for navigation. At the same time the melting of all the ice at the North and South Poles would raise sea level by 100 to 150 feet, and would flood out many coastal cities.

► A 100-YEAR-OLD District of Columbia woman has an artificial hip joint. She is believed to be the oldest patient ever to come out of such hip surgery with good results. She had fallen in her home, and orthopedic surgeons had removed the shattered portion of her upper leg bone, then fitted the vitallium ball into her hip socket. Within two weeks she was walking around the hospital and doing well.

► THE United States Army is staging a mock battle in the Rocky Mountains this winter in a test of atomic warfare and cold weather and mountain operations. Called Exercise Hailstorm, the operations will include 10,000 troops and will continue from November till March.

► Do you have a high closet shelf that is always hard to get at? If you put a mirror on the ceiling of the closet, you can see what's on the shelf without climbing up on a chair.

► A CLAIM to the wettest spot on earth comes from Mount Waialeale, on the island of Kauai in Hawaii. There is an average annual rainfall of 476 inches.

► BAMBOO of varying species can be grown easily in the United States along the coast from southeast Virginia to Texas.

► It is estimated that a single acre of grassy area supports a population of 2,265,000 spiders.

► Jet pilots at a single U.S. Air Force base recently flew the equivalent of three round trips to the moon in one month.

► YOUNG people aged 15 to 25 have proportionately more accidents and kill more people than any other age group up to 65, and more of the young people themselves are killed and crippled.

► LONDON bobbies are finding Labrador retrievers, Doberman pinschers, and German shepherds useful in covering large areas where lawbreakers might easily hide or run away after committing crimes. These dogs have proved so successful that they are now assigned to all of London's police districts.

► VIRGINIANS are getting ready to celebrate the 350th anniversary of the founding of Jamestown, America's first permanent English settlement. A recent joint committee of State and Federal commissions in charge of planning the 1957 program has approved plans for the reconstruction, reproduction, and re-creation of various landmarks of the seventeenth century.

► A STEEPLE clock that had not run for six years was recently repaired by an 11-year-old boy who says he likes to see what makes things tick. The pastor of the Pace Memorial Methodist Church in Richmond, Virginia, had learned that a clockmaker would charge about \$2,000 to put the steeple clock in order, but when Allen Barringer clambered up the tower he found only bent shafts, which yielded readily to straightening efforts. With a little oil the clock whirled into action, and has been running satisfactorily ever since.

► As President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower receives unlimited time on radio and television. But when he appears on a partisan political program, as he did in Denver before the elections, he is bound by the same regulations as anyone else, reports John Horner in the *Washington Star*. The unusual part about the Denver broadcast was that President Eisenhower was not finished with his talk when the time was up. The men at the controls for Columbia Broadcasting System had a decision to make. With three and a half minutes left, the President was 51 lines from the end of his text. Then as the moment came, President Eisenhower spoke a pointed sentence, and as he concluded it the broadcast was cut off. He was still 8 lines and 74 words from the end.

## Focus

Radarscope's new heading for 1955 shows a double radar antenna aimed at the moon. The ultrasensitive receiver of Radio Set SCR-271, as it is called, is used to detect faint echoes of the initial radar pulses reflected from the moon.

The purpose of many types of radar is to give, by radio impulses, a picture of an area of land or sea or sky that could not otherwise be seen. The huge antennas on the ground, in the air, and at sea never rest. Their "eyes" are always open to detect any changes on radar's horizon.

The purpose of this page is to give Adventist youth a cross-sectional picture of events occurring at home and abroad, of world-shaking importance and of human interest. Through its "eyes," as through the eyes of radar, you may watch world developments great and small.

Perhaps it is just a coincidence that the antenna shown in our heading is pointed skyward. And perhaps not. For our gaze too is skyward, looking for and hasting unto the greatest event of all ages—the second coming of Christ.

DON YOST



## PRIMARY—1955



### SPARKY, By Nellie Burman Garber

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### THE BIBLE STORY, VOL. III, By A. S. Maxwell

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The happy adventures of two children after their parents had moved from a city environment to a farm.

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### LITTLE FLOWER AND THE PRINCESS, By Alice M. Underhill

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## JUNIOR—1955



### MOHANRAJ, By Elva B. Gardner

A story of a boy of India and his glorious adventure in a Christian school and how he found his Saviour.

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### TREASURE IN THE WEST, By Margit Strom Heppenstall

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1955

# Missionary Volunteer Book Clubs



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# Gateways to Service



As I look back upon it today I can say that from every possible viewpoint my experience in a Christian college has been the greatest blessing that ever came into my life.

No Seventh-day Adventist youth can afford to miss the training offered in our Christian colleges, which are indeed the gateways to service in the cause of God.

D. E. REBOK

*General Field Secretary  
General Conference of S.D.A.  
Washington, D.C.*

## Attend an Adventist College

Atlantic Union College, South Lancaster, Massachusetts  
Canadian Union College, College Heights, Alberta, Canada  
College of Medical Evangelists, Loma Linda and Los Angeles, California  
Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan  
La Sierra College, Arlington, California  
Oakwood College, Huntsville, Alabama  
Oshawa Missionary College, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada  
Pacific Union College, Angwin, California  
S.D.A. Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C.  
Southern Missionary College, Collegedale, Tennessee  
Southwestern Junior College, Keene, Texas  
Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska  
Walla Walla College, College Place, Washington  
Washington Missionary College, Washington, D.C.

