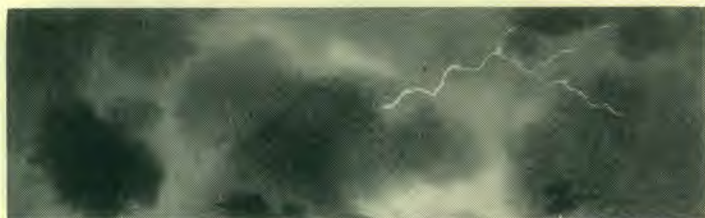


He Opened His Mouth and Taught Them Twenty-eight Hours a Day

Bible Lesson for February 5



HARRY J. BALRO, ARTIST

Strength From the Storms

By H. A. SCHRILLO

During a recent windstorm I watched how the small ivy vines clung to our patio porch. It seemed as though they would surely be torn to shreds. However, with apparent ease they held fast, allowing only a few dead leaves and sprigs to be shaken loose.

What was the secret of their steadfastness? Ah, yes, last spring and summer they sent out tiny tendrils to embrace the beams overhead. Time had matured them, and autumn had tested their strength.

In our young lives as Christians we begin to build the kind of characters we want. Sometimes we wonder what sustains our tender souls. We are tossed about by trials and winds of adversity, yet we are able to hold on in spite of constant buffeting.

Each day we are strengthened by the sustaining power of God as we seek His help by earnest prayer and persistent searching after truth. The storms of adversity are meant to mature us for the rough roads ahead. And finally, after the rugged experiences of life, we have hopes of entering into our eternal haven.

"A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner." Nor does an uninterrupted or smooth spiritual life make a solid Christian.



Grace Notes

SINGER Harry Anthony Schrillo, who contributes "Strength From the Storms" as our guest editorial this week, likes to sing, and is appreciated for his use of a dedicated talent of song. Singing evangelism, MV leadership, church work, conference responsibilities, and civic posts conspire to keep Mr. Schrillo busy outside of his regular program as a partner in the Schrillo Aero Tool Engineering Company of Los Angeles, California. He sold newspapers to help build up his school funds, and during his schooling at Southern California Junior College, now La Sierra College, he worked on the farm and in the dairy. Participation in musical organizations, and assistance in student evangelistic efforts, in addition to his formal studies, gave him a thorough foundation for an active life in the service and soul-winning activities of his church. Hobbies? "Singing, farming, giving Bible studies, YPMV rallies, song leadership, child evangelism." Philosophy? "To be a good steward of what God has given, to live a consistent Christian life as an influence for good in my home, church, and community." Great event in his life? The cottage meeting he held from which came his first three converts to Seventh-day Adventism. The Schrillos, Harry and Florence, have two girls, Sylvia, 12, and Jane, 9.

ESSAYIST Page 7 carries the third of Hazel I. Goertzen's delightful essays of the seasons, "Where Spring Is Hiding." "Melodies of Spring" appeared April 6, and "Essence of Little Summers" appeared November 2, both last year.

HOBBY For many years the INSTRUCTOR has conducted a stamp-exchange column, and published articles of general interest to the philatelist. An even wider range of stamp articles will appear throughout 1955. New hobby areas will be explored in the new year.

COVER Photo, courtesy of Art Sutton. See "Bats, Bedbugs, and Fleas," page 5.

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.



PAUL REMMEY, ARTIST

*At His feet men found what the world could
not offer—peace, comfort, hope.*



HE STANDS before the multitude and a hush steals over the crowd, stilling the shouts of the beggar children playing in the dust. It reaches to the very edges of the rude throng and transforms the mumbling, surging crowd

into an audience that hangs on His every word.

Thaddaeus, the beggar, squats on the edge of the throng in a position familiar to all who pass the market gate. His stoic features are softened by the words he hears. Hope is an emotion foreign to the lonely man who has never dared to hope since that day so long ago when he was smitten with the dread disease.

Anthony, the Roman praetorian, rubs elbows with the poor of the streets, never thinking to gather about him the hem of his spotless toga. There is no need to put

[From the inspiration received from her own teachers came the prompting to prepare this article. The author wrote this tribute to one of the great professions while attending South Lancaster Academy. Someday she hopes to serve after the pattern of the Great Teacher. Reading is a hobby with her, and no wonder—she has worked as an assistant librarian.]

He Opened His Mouth and TAUGHT THEM

By GLORIA TRICK

on the fancy flourishes in this crowd. Few give him thought, for here he amounts to little. The very thought would anger him, but he is not thinking of his ruffled dignity or his social position. He too ponders the words of this Teacher.

The words of the humble Galilean stir the multitudes of the Judean capital. His listeners sit spellbound. The soft voice

which could always reach to the very outskirts of the group so tightly pressed around Him, also reaches to the very depths of their hearts. At His feet they find what the world cannot offer them—peace, comfort, and hope. Of Christ's teaching it is said, "The common people heard him gladly." "In the Teacher sent from God, heaven gave to men its best and greatest." Such a teacher is this Man of Galilee.

He was a carpenter, skillful with His hands. The supple fingers had fashioned many a cradle and bench to grace the homes of His countrymen. Yet, as He stands before them, and with His words of wisdom molds their hearts and minds, they see Him in a different light. He holds the keys of all the treasures of wisdom, and is able to open doors to science, to reveal undiscovered stores of knowledge should it be essential to salvation.

He does not seek to impress them with His superior intellect, but chooses words that light the pathway to heaven and lift the minds of men to the level of His own. He heals their sick and raises their dead, bringing hope to hundreds filled with despair, as is Thaddaeus, the beggar. The hope He offers them now is not of a physical transformation, yet never have they listened more attentively, and never has His presence been more sweet.

The most complete illustration of Christ's methods as a teacher is found in His guidance of the minds of the first twelve disciples. Communion of mind with mind and heart with heart is the theory behind Christ's teaching methods. Thus He could teach them while they sit to-

gether on the mountaintop, or beside the sea He loves so well.

Yet, He does not need the medium of speech to convey His thoughts to them. They learn while walking the bustling streets and alleys of Jerusalem in search of one soul in need. How can it be that at times these same men are so blind and short-sighted? The difference lies in the

receptiveness of their minds, not in the efforts of their Teacher.

These twelve are in the audience now, listening attentively to words that they have doubtless heard many times before. Somehow these truths never grow old. There is always a sense of seeing things for the first time when listening to the words of Jesus. Someday these same twelve will carry His words to the distant corners of the earth. This Teacher opens His mouth and teaches and the whole world becomes His classroom, the mighty of earth His devoted pupils.

In Eden, the Lord spoke to Adam and Eve face to face. He was their Teacher and their Counselor. After four thousand years of sin and its sorrow, man hears once again the Master Teacher in the form of His Son. Christ alone could present the knowledge of things eternal that would serve as leaven to the minds of men and women. His divine presence is necessary to repudiate the false doctrines and evil imaginings that for centuries have beclouded their minds. "To bring man back into harmony with God, . . . that he may again reflect

the image of the Creator, is the great purpose of all the education and discipline of life." Pure water from the Fountain of Knowledge once more flows through minds that had become stagnant, polluted by time and remoteness from the kind and beneficent heavenly Father.

And this Man stands before us today. We recognize our Teacher as the Son of God. We see the incomprehensible miracle of the Creator who became the Child of Bethlehem. The preparation of this Teacher began in those early years. He had no part in the schools of His day. "His education was gained directly from the Heaven-appointed sources; from useful work, from the study of the Scriptures and of nature, and from the experiences of life."

What He teaches, He lives. He says, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

Now, in the end of time, the methods the Saviour used are guideposts to those who would train the minds of the young. Teaching, the molding of men's character, is one of the highest callings ever set be-

fore mankind, and this challenge is clearly heard and bravely answered every day by hundreds of Christian youth who long for service.

Surely the life of a teacher cannot be called an easy path. Many another road can be seen that offers less discouragement and fewer trials. The rocks and thorns encountered do not beckon to the lover of ease and carefree living. One who aspires to climb this upward way must realize that as a teacher his life must be a practical application of the high ideals he teaches. He can impart no more than he himself has achieved. When his life offers a challenge to his pupils, then, and only then, will his words inspire them.

Our Example counsels us, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." With the help of God this is what countless men and women today are doing. We have made a beginning by training ourselves and studying to show ourselves approved unto God. As teachers we look forward to the privilege of showing others the way.

God Intervened

By EDNA SIMMONS, R.N.

GLORIA lay unconscious in a white hospital bed. It seemed every breath would be her last.

Just a few hours before she had been a healthy young girl. Now she lay near death's door with two fractured legs, a fractured right arm, and—most serious of all—brain damage, the extent of which was not yet known. She was a victim of a highway automobile accident.

Her condition was so serious that a brain specialist was called in. At the conclusion of his examination he stated, "The girl has one chance in a hundred, and that one chance will mean brain surgery." No time was lost in preparing her for this very serious and delicate operation.

It was almost midnight in the surgical ward, and what a solemn occasion it was as the nurses silently rushed from place to place preparing to take the patient to the operating room. We knew that brain surgery was the last human resort to save the patient's life, and if this failed—

Gloria was taken to the operating room in her bed because her condition



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

This is Gloria after she was restored by God.

was too critical for her to be moved to a stretcher. Three hours later the surgery was over, and the patient was moved back to her room, her condition still uncertain.

Now that everything humanly possible had been done for her, we left her in the hands of her Maker, believing that God,

who sees the end from the beginning, would do that which was best. Gloria was anointed and left in the hands of a prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God.

Special prayer bands were formed in her behalf in the hospital and in all the surrounding churches. Two former ministers of the church where she was a member, and who were now serving in distant parts, were reached by telephone and asked to add their prayers to those of her friends and family, that God would see fit to restore the loved one whose life was hanging in the balance.

Days lengthened into weeks, and still not much improvement could be seen. Because of the long unconsciousness, some doubted that her mind would be normal if she lived. Still we prayed.

Then one bright morning it happened—the miracle. Gloria opened her pretty blue eyes for the first time since she had lost consciousness. The rest of the miracle was gradual, but step by step it revealed itself.

At first she could not speak—then she enunciated one simple word, "Hi." Then came a whole sentence, rather incoherently at first, but as time went on her mind became more keen and she led in an intelligent conversation. Her mind seemed even more keen than before the accident.

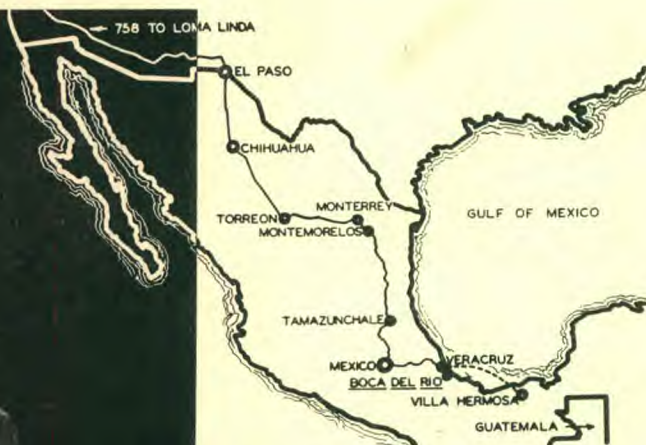
The first X-ray after the accident had showed her brain to be very abnormal. It looked as if it had been jostled around in the skull, but now it was of normal size and contour.

Gloria had been healed.

THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



Above: The map shows the area covered by the field trip sponsored by C.M.E.'s School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine. Left: One of the scientists keeps the bat's body and wing taut while the other picks off fleas for their collection.

Bats, Bedbugs, and Fleas

By ART SUTTON

MOST people attempt to kill "bugs" on sight, but three entomologists and one reporter—Raymond Ryckman, Christian Christianson, Dean Spencer, and I—spent a hectic summer trying to collect insects—alive. Traveling from the College of Medical Evangelists School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine at Loma Linda, California, to southern Mexico; sweating in humid bat caves; and inspecting sparsely furnished thatched huts, we probed into dim corners, peered for hours along rock-strewn ledges, and patiently tried to coax reluctant insects from their snug hiding places in sagging mattresses, battered wicker chairs, and similar odd locations.

Why go to all this trouble? Is it sensible for four men to spend two months in a small truck bouncing across Arizona, New Mexico, part of Texas, and some three thousand miles of Mexico looking for kissing bugs, fleas, mites, ticks, and other insect parasites?

The answer is relatively simple. Insect parasites are frequently carriers of serious diseases. By research on the biology of insects, entomologists are frequently able to contribute many vital clues to the medical scientists who are seeking ways to halt the spread of various global diseases. Entomologists can tell the scientists about the life habits of insects, where they can be found, how they reproduce, and the general cycle of their existence. This information is an important link in the long chain of medical research on world diseases.

To this end Raymond Ryckman, head of the STPM Department of Entomology, began planning a five-thousand-mile expedition through four southwestern States and tropical Mexico. The major purpose of this trip was to gather insect specimens urgently needed to continue the STPM studies at Loma Linda. Substantial contributions from the C.M.E. Alumni Research Foundation and Larry Havsted, Loma Linda contractor, provided a truck

that was mobile laboratory by day and sleeping quarters for four by night. It was to receive its first workout on this trip.

So it was that, after much advance preparation, we four threw our sleeping bags into the truck, made a final check of equipment, and left Loma Linda bound for Veracruz, Mexico, and points south.

As one would naturally expect, we had several fascinating adventures en route. Our most interesting experiences seemed to revolve around efforts to secure specimens of fleas and bedbugs. While it might come as a surprise to most householders, fleas can be found in many spots besides the fur of cats and the hair of dogs. Bats, to mention one other source, can usually be depended upon to support a fair-sized community of the well-known parasites. Our trip was routed near the locality of several large bat caves, so we concentrated on finding bats for the major source of our flea and bedbug supply.

Down in Kimble County, Texas, a few miles southwest of the quiet little town of Junction, we knew there was a rather extensive bat cave. So, stopping at a small service station near the edge of town, we inquired for the best possible route to the cave site.

"Well, I don't rightly know too much about those caves," drawled the friendly attendant, "but you-all just go into town and see old Sod. He'll fix you up with everything you want to know."

Thanking him, we motored off in search of someone who knew where we could meet old Sod. After a few telephone calls, we found this elderly citizen sitting on a shaky apple box watching the traffic drive by. Sod (we never found out his real name) turned out to be an ex Texas ranger who appeared to know Kimble County like most city folk know their suburban neighborhoods. Bat caves? Sure, he knew where there were lots of bat caves. Explicitly he told us how to get to "one of the largest bat caves in these parts."

Following his verbal leads, we wound around the sharp curves of highway 377

until we arrived at the sprawling C-Bar-W ranch, owned by a genial Texan named Rufus M. White.

When we arrived in their front yard, the Whites were all busily canning corn. However, Rufus, with what we found was typical Texan hospitality, insisted on leaving his work and leading us to the bat cave site. "You'll never find it without me," he said. And after following his sturdy pickup truck for about two miles, we agreed.

Across his ranch, over a small stream, up a hillside covered with sheep, we slowly drove. Suddenly, White stopped and pointed to a spreading clump of bushes perched high on a nearby slope. "There she is," he said; "you boys go to it."

Now, when I agreed to join this expedition, I was carefully briefed on the general

the dense blackness of the main chamber, our powerful flashlights made only tiny oblong dents of light.

The curved walls were damp, and our progress was slowed by the fact that the main chamber branched into several passages that proved, upon investigation, to end abruptly in the earth wall of the large cavern. In, in, in we went, each movement taking us deeper into the cave and nearer the small chamber that housed the black-winged bats.

Only as we crossed over a high ledge and clambered down into a small passageway did we first become conscious of the sound. It was a low murmur that seemed to rise and fall in pitch, and was the noise created by thousands of sluggish bats as they clustered together in the blackness of their home.

of black that kept quivering and moving with nervous life and restless energy.

Here was what we had traveled many miles to see. It was specimen material in the raw, and all that remained for us was the rather tiresome business of catching enough of the little creatures to fulfill some of our needs in fleas. The bats we captured would actually benefit from our brief visit, because after freeing them of their fleas, we would let the majority return to their dark home and familiar roosting spot on the rough ceiling. We always retained a few, of course, for routine identification purposes.

Our brief visit to the Kimble cave was followed, a few days later, by a similar stop near Bandera, Texas. There we explored the Ney cave, situated on the cattle ranch of a San Antonio oilman, Joe Morris. At the Bandera site more fascinating material than fleas was found in the jagged ledges and rough sides of the cave. In that area we picked up specimens of the rare *Primicimex* bedbug in quantity; it is by far the largest species of bedbug known to entomological science.

Primicimex is an extremely rare bedbug that has only been reported twice in scientific literature, so far as is known. Scientists have mentioned finding the bug in just two spots across the globe—one in the Bandera region of Texas, and the other in an obscure bat cave in Guatemala. As a result, specimens of the big bug are almost unknown in entomological collections.

By spending two days at the Bandera cave site we were able to collect nearly two hundred precious specimens. These we carefully packed and shipped by air to Loma Linda, where they are now available on loan to interested entomologists.

One interesting sidelight on the capture of the superbedbug is the fact that since its arrival in southern California, it has been shipped across the Atlantic to the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle in Paris where Dr. Jacques Carayon is conducting a comparative study of the internal organs of bedbugs and related families. Other specimens have been forwarded to the University of California at Berkeley, where a monograph of the bedbug family is being compiled. Contacts such as these, made by one organization of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, help to bring the worldwide Adventist program into sharp public focus.

As we passed Laredo, Texas, crossed the Rio Grande, and entered Mexico we attracted much interest from the local population. Our truck, especially built for just such entomological field trips, had sides that flip down into flat tablelike surfaces, accommodations for four in the rear section, and other unique features that make it distinctive on the highway. It was packed full of all sorts of scientific equipment: cyanide jars, forceps, specimen vials, a small mountain of photographic equipment, light traps, plus such incidentals as

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PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Inside one of the bat caves, Dean Spencer (left) holds a specimen vial, while Raymond Ryckman searches the cave wall for bedbugs. Chris Christianson (right) holds the flashlight for them.

aspects of the trip. But somehow no one bothered to mention bat caves. That I would become intimately acquainted with thousands of fluttering wings and explore the jagged surface of rocky ledges in the high humidity of a stuffy, pitch-black underground cavity was unexpected. My function, I had been told, was to act as a sort of modern-day Boswell, keeping written and photographic record of the day-to-day activities of the two-month trip. Little did I realize where a day's work can take a conscientious entomologist.

At any rate, here we were at the comparatively small entrance to the Kimble cave. As we shouldered field packs and navigated the small entrance to the cave, the foul smell of guano assaulted us. As we walked deeper into the cave, the ground sloped downward rather steeply and soon it became completely dark. In

We turned our flashlights off quickly and stood listening to the strange, dull sound. Doubtless annoyed by our well-lighted arrival, several members of the colony disengaged themselves from their perch on the cave roof and started fluttering aimlessly around. In the complete darkness of the chamber we felt the soft rustle of their black wings as they circled our heads and made little tentative swoops across our faces. Whoever coined the saying "blind as a bat" was surely in great error, for our presence did not impede their flight. They merely grazed our skin with the rapid flapping of their fur-covered wings.

There seemed to be an almost unlimited number of bats in that small, stuffy chamber. When we resumed exploration by flashlight, we could see them hanging on the damp ceiling in a solid, unbroken mass



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Where Spring Is Hiding

By HAZEL I. GOERTZEN

"The wolf of the winter wind is swift,
And hearts are still and cheeks are pale
When we hear his howl in the ghostly drift,
As he rushes past on a phantom trail."

—PETER McARTHUR

FROM his retreat in the polar caverns North Wind has roused for his wintry work. He has cradled the peaks in downy softness, and is surging southward breathing rest and sleep to birds and seeds and forest folk. He pulls and tugs relentlessly at our floating homes, and lashes the waves into whitecaps that angrily tumble over one another in their onward rush to infinity. Black clouds bring torrential downpours, and rivers become serpentine maelstroms bedecked with angry foam. Dusk comes in midafternoon, and night is howling darkness.

When Boreas rests, his half brother, Jack Frost, fringes leaf edges with tracery and etches windowpanes in feathery grace.

Then come days of sun and nights of stars to compensate for days of storm. Is it not always so?

Now we are content to look up and "behold who hath created these things." Those who raise their eyes to the stars receive an uplift of spirit unknown to those who keep their eyes on the ground. Temporal things may sometimes be darkened that the eyes may turn to gleams that are timeless. From earthy things of little days, fading leaves, and fleeting life, a gaze is granted on star beams everlasting.

When North Wind blows gray clouds overhead, and they hang heavy in a low-

ering sky, then falls the miracle of snow. Softly, silently, it falls, transforming yesterday's debris into today's beauty spot, giving new worlds for old. The trees all come into new bloom, old scars are hidden, and the snow white of purity lies like a healing balm over all.

What forceful lessons the Christian can draw from nature. New worlds for old; better still, new hearts for old!

Giant trees, when wrapped in ermine, stand in majesty. It takes more observance to see beauty when trees are bare, but it is there nevertheless. If nature always kept her summer's beauty and never slept, how surfeited and jaded the soul would be by monotony.

Spruce and hemlock, shrouded in their snowy cloaks, stand like ranks of sentinel soldiers guarding the mystery of the forest. Step with me into its inner shadows, and perhaps we will find some interesting story trails.

Here 'neath the laden trees there is a quiet sort of beauty that is placid, and yet pulsing with a teeming, secret life busying itself in the very bosom of nature. Do you feel, as I do, that a dozen pair of beady eyes may be peering at us from their woolly shelters?

Look here on this old windfall. These are padded footprints that might belong to a good-sized wolf, for wolf prints they are. And under these huge cedar roots see this little runway that belongs to either mink or marten scurrying to and fro in search of provender for lean winter diets. There are no rabbits here, but I believe this is a dainty mouse step. And that? Why that is a bird sketch, which really looks like delicate Oriental writing.

As we near a little swampy patch, oh dear, my quite-large boot doesn't nearly

fill the enormous footprint of a grizzly bear! We find he has been digging up wild arum roots, better known to some by the insulting name of skunk cabbage. Happily, grizzlies aren't too fond of the haunts of man, but because they are fond of fish they are sometimes seen along riverbanks, fishing—especially after the salmon have gone upriver to spawn, and are weak and half dead.

As we retrace our steps we are first scolded by a dark-suited jay, then serenaded with the mountain robin's beautiful though melancholy winter song.

There are many interesting water birds swimming about our seaside homes now to make winter life more interesting. Even little two-year-old, with nose flattened against the windowpane, shouts, "Down 'e goes," as a diver—a grebe, loon, or cormorant—dives after a wayward fish. All eyes turn to watch that flashing American goldeneye in his jet and white suit. He sails proudly by many times daily, and acts as consort to a number of drab female goldeneyes.

Charity to the feathered folk will repay itself a thousandfold, for occasionally one catches a stray wisp of melody, sudden and unfinished, vaguely trailing off into air. These are grace notes to sustain on long dreary days.

January is a bit early to be looking for spring. Some do, though, hoping that by some alchemy of fate, spring will be early this year. But old North Wind often saves his worst raids for January. He hurtles down from his Arctic stronghold in wild sorties, laden with new blankets of clean white snow.

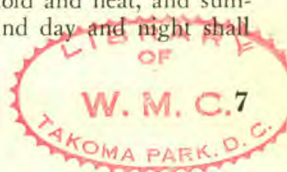
On such stormy days one may "busy the heart with quietude." Mental recreation and cheerful evenings of rest make up for the austerity of dull winter days. When we do busy our hearts, all morbid thoughts are quelled and strength is gained from the contemplation of the eternal pattern of the coming of snow.

A writer once said of one of his characters, "You have such a February face, so full of frost, of storm, of cloudiness." He too knew what an unpredictable month February is. Although February snows may still cover the tables of nature's boarders, underneath that coverlet, spring is hiding. There, also, are April showers, May flowers, and waterfalls for refreshing parched August. The best of February is the hope of spring in her earlier dawns and lengthening twilights.

Certain are the joys of winter, even though we know that the snow jewels will disappear, that the frosty filigree on blade and branch will disintegrate, and that radiance will be hidden behind gray clouds for a while. We know too that the promise given to Noah of old still holds true for us today.

"While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

[The stanza by Peter McArthur is quoted from his poem, "An Indian Wind Song," appearing in *Familiar Fields*. It is used with the permission of the publishers, J. M. Dent and Sons Limited, of Toronto, Canada.]



DANIEL'S FAITH

By ERNEST LLOYD

EVER since the dawn of human history faith has been a leading factor in the development of character. Some of the greatest stories in literature revolve around the active faith of some man or woman or youth. One of the finest of these is the story of the prophet Daniel, who, as a youth, was used of God to serve as His witness in Nebuchadnezzar's court, and also to act in the capacity of prime minister through three successive kingdoms. His record is one of outstanding importance to Christian youth of today. He had the faith that God honors, a faith that merits our attention and study.

Almost nothing is known of Daniel's parents or his early boyhood days, but it became evident early in his career that this youth had been reared in the atmosphere of truth and righteousness and that his parents had been faithful teachers in his early training. He stood for what he had been taught was the will of God, and to do God's will was his first and highest duty, regardless of any consequences. It is evident that Daniel, like Jesus, found inner joy and enduring satisfaction in doing the will of God.

Daniel's faith was an early possession. As a youth he believed in right, and in the invisible God of right. It was this principle that was the molding force in his youthful character. It conquered all that was adverse to him in the temptations of his masters or the example of his court companions, and compelled the admiration and trust of those who did not understand the secret spring of his conduct. Opposition only stimulated Daniel to stand like a rock for his principles.

Daniel's faith was cherished in adverse circumstances. Not only were there the temptations to paganism, materialism, and animalism, which the Babylonish life cast like so many meshes about the young captive, but there was the deprivation of all the early outward aids to religious faith. No temple, no help of public worship, no home atmosphere, came to his aid. He had to depend solely on the consolation and blessings of private prayer. And God revealed Himself, His power, and His plans to this praying youth.

Daniel's faith discovered to him a glorious future. He had visions of the kingdoms of men falling under the blessed dominion of the Son of God. He

had foregleams of the glory of the coming of the Son of man. And thus the future was exerting a calming, inspiring influence on him as a servant of God and as a distressed and tried lover of his race. He was patient and steadfast, knowing that God was working out His great plans for mankind. Daniel was willing to "stand in his lot," and witness and wait, even though he often stood alone.

Daniel's faith overcame all fear of either the present or the future. He had no concern for consequences, since he was always in the line of duty. Exile from home, the king's wrath, the lions' den, the deadly hate of jealous men, the detached and terror-striking hand appearing on the wall, causing all who saw it to tremble—none of these things brought fear to the heart of Daniel. He knew constantly that he was living right and

doing right, and so he left all the rest with the God he loved and trusted. He knew that God was all-powerful and ready, if need be, to work miracles for His children. And so his trust in God was complete.

We find not a word in the narrative of any concern in Daniel's mind for his own welfare. He had abandoned himself to the work of witnessing for the true God, and we have his record of faith and action in the book he left for all to read. God says, "Them that honour me I will honour." We see this declaration and promise fulfilled in Daniel's life, and also in the lives of many of our loyal and faithful youth today.

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!"



EWING GALLOWAY

Every Adventist youth should, like Daniel, stand for what he has been taught, and consider that his first and highest duty is to do God's will, no matter what the prevailing circumstances may be.



BETH had already started the salads when Jeanie came down to the kitchen the next morning. The kitchen was fragrant with the incomparable aroma of freshly baked

bread, and Ruth was in the process of baking the applesauce cake for the evening meal.

Jeanie sniffed the air. "Yummy, yum! It certainly smells good in here. Hi, Beth, you're early today."

"Hi, yourself! Yes, I'm early all right. Some of the girls finished exams a day early and got permission to leave today. That means someone else has to work overtime." Beth was chopping apples, nuts, celery, and she indicated a great stack of it for Jeanie.

"We must be using up the supply of apples or something—applesauce cake and Waldorf salad!" Jeanie slipped into her apron and started paring more apples. "Are you still planning to visit the new family you mentioned yesterday? You looked so unhappy when I told you I had other plans—I truly would like to go with you, you know."

"Have you seen any of them yet? You know there are so many of them—three girls and one boy for the academy, and I don't know how many others for the grade school. I understand they are very poor, but poor people are really no different at heart from anyone else, and they need to be made to feel welcome."

"I remember the girls all right. They came in to register the other day, and—and—" Jeanie stopped abruptly and blushed crimson as she remembered the remarks of Gretchen and Rachelle about the old "crate" and the queer-looking family. Jeanie had been ironing shirts in the laundry when Gretchen had come bounding up the stairs shouting at the top of her lungs, "Jeanie, come down quick—your folks have come to see you!" Jeanie had turned the iron off and had taken the stairs three at a time. Reaching the street, the girls had stopped abruptly. "Well, here they are," Gretchen had giggled gleefully.

Over by the curb was an ancient Ford that seemed to be fairly squirming with life! The three older girls and the youth had gotten out and were standing there on the sidewalk, gazing about uncertainly. They had stared wide-eyed and expectantly at Jeanie and Gretchen as they appeared around the corner from the laundry. They must have heard Gretchen's muffled fun making, for they had all scrambled back into the rickety old car, and it had sputtered haltingly around the corner and out of sight. Jeanie had actually expected to see her folks, so naturally she had drawn back impulsively as soon as she discovered that she had been tricked.

"Let's get one thing straight—

I don't go to movies and I never shall!"

JEANIE'S PLEASURE TRIP

By WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

She had laughed to be sure, but not at them. She had laughed at Gretchen's vivid mimicking, but how were they to have known that? She earnestly hoped that they would never recognize her! There was one thing that was certain now—she would never go over on a welcoming committee and risk being recognized!

Beth glanced furtively at Jeanie. It wasn't like her to be so quiet. "Why, you look as if you'd just seen a ghost!" she gasped.

"Maybe I have!" Jeanie muttered as she finished the salads and helped Beth carry them to the decks.

"Well, I hope you have a lovely weekend. Be seeing you," Beth called over her shoulder.

"Bye now," Jeanie called back. Beth was a darling—there was no doubt about that. And Jeanie certainly would find a way to be especially nice to those girls.

Yes, she would go out of her way to be nice to them, she decided.

As usual, the weekend sped by as if on wings. But she still had the promised trip into the nearby city. She deserved a little fun all right, for she had worked in the kitchen and laundry all day Friday and all Sunday forenoon. And now it would soon be time to leave on the outing. She dressed carefully, and looked into her friend Ruby's long mirror to see whether her stocking seams were straight. She was wearing a full black taffeta skirt with a crisp white blouse. Carefully she pinned a perfect red rosebud at her neckline. Ruby said she looked exquisite, and Jeanie's dimples appeared.

A moment later a shining car rolled into the driveway, and six lighthearted young people were off to the city fifteen miles distant. Guy was driving, and Ruby sat next to him. Guy! All Jeanie could

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FREDERIC LEWIS

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER

SHARE YOUR FAITH

FRONTIERS

Custard Did It

By G. G. Tobler

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.—Something was wrong. Clothes were on the beds, traveling bags on the benches, and shoes on the floor. The place was already occupied.

Down in the kitchen, Siegfried, the Missionary Volunteer leader, saw some non-Adventist girl guides preparing for tea (afternoon meal). He thought everything had been arranged with the married couple who supervised the hostel. Nobody else should have been there during those days, but there they were.

Siegfried met the leader of the group. Shrugging her shoulders, she explained that they were to stay until the next day only. There was room enough for all.

"Well, let us do our best. We'll not eat one another," Siegfried concluded, leaving the kitchen.

The event was an outing of the Zurich Missionary Volunteer group. Sunny days of autumn and a cloudless sky had called them for a hike up to the beautiful surroundings of Greifensee Lake. The Missionary Volunteers were to spend the weekend there. It was Friday, late in the afternoon, when they had reached the youth hostel, a little tan chalet and an army barracks, on the shore of the lake. It was one of the hostels maintained by the Swiss Association for Youth Hostels, an organization of which the MV leader was a member. He was dismayed to find another group already there.

Arranging of the rooms and other preparations for Sabbath were finished at length. It was teatime. From their respective lodgings the young men and young women gathered around their tables in the dining room.

At the other end of the room sat the ten girl guides already eating their soup. They were critically watching the conduct of the Adventist young people.

When the MV's were seated one of them said grace: "For this good food, O Lord, we give thee thanks. Amen."

For a fraction of a second the girl guides held their breath, casting ironical glances at the MV's. Suddenly they burst into loud and scornful laughter.

There was tension in the air. But the MV's kept silence. The girls waited for a reaction. They were embarrassed now.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF R. G. CAMPBELL.

Roderick Yip has had outstanding success in the colporteur work. Read story by R. G. Campbell.

Siegfried and his group enjoyed their good meal. They were happy to be there for the beginning of the Sabbath.

After tea the tables were cleared, and the dishes were taken to the kitchen. Siegfried saw that the girls were preparing for a party in the dining room. That was where he had expected his group to enjoy evening worship.

"Do you want to have the room for tonight?" Siegfried asked.

"Yes, if possible."

He gave them the room and tried to find another suitable place for the evening. But there was no other place for the MV's than the kitchen or the bedrooms, so Siegfried sent them to bed very early. The Master Guides who had brought the group went down to the kitchen to wash up. Sometimes their chat was interrupted by laughter from the dining room. The girl guides were enjoying their party, but had forgotten to wash up their dishes.

"What if we did their work too?" Siegfried thought. "Perhaps—"

When the MV's had washed all their own dishes and cleaned the table, they also did what the girl guides had left. Then they swept and tidied the part of the kitchen belonging to the girls, as well as their own.

The girls finished their entertainment. When they went to the kitchen, they were surprised at what the Missionary Volunteers had done for them. In the morning

they expressed their sincere appreciation.

The MV's rose early on that Sabbath morning. A splendid day was beginning. Nature was adorned with all her autumn ornaments. The colored forest echoed the songs of the birds. In the meadows the dew reflected the morning sunshine. Down at the shore all was calm, and the wide surface of the lake was as smooth as a mirror. It was the beginning of a very happy day for them.

At nine o'clock the young people's leader of the conference arrived for Sabbath school and church service.

After the service there was a special feature. The preacher had brought his sound recorder. Everyone was given an opportunity to sing or to speak into the receiver. When each had had his turn, all could listen to the reproduction of their own voices.

Siegfried invited the ten girl guides into the room, and allowed each of them to make a recording of her voice. It was something new to them. They were captivated. Again they thanked the Missionary Volunteers, this time for sharing with them the use of their recorder.

At dinner all sat again in the sunny dining room. But the atmosphere was changed. For dessert the MV's had an excellent custard. When dinner was nearly over, Siegfried placed a big dish of that custard on the girl guides' table. This was another surprise. It was the last act of "revenge" for their disdainful laughter the previous evening.

Later, passing a window near where the girl guides were preparing to leave, Siegfried overheard this conversation:

"You laughed first when they prayed."

"No, you did first! What a shame! It was you, and you there," retorted another.

Conscience, a bad conscience, had been awakened. Siegfried smiled. His plan of "revenge" had worked.

Medical Student Earns Large Scholarships

By R. G. Campbell

BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICHIGAN.—Roderick Yip, a third-year student at the College of Medical Evangelists, last summer topped the \$2,200 mark in colporteur deliveries. This was his third successful summer in the Michigan Conference.

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BERT sat upright in bed. "What? Oh, that is just a pack of coyotes, Marion. The night is still, and they are close behind the house.

Their cries do sound rather frightening, but don't be alarmed. Why, you're trembling, and the girls are crying too, poor youngsters. They can't hurt us, and probably will go away soon. I'll go out and throw something at them," he suggested.

"Bert—no, please don't go out. Coyotes are prairie wolves, aren't they? And wolves attack people sometimes. It sounds as though there might be a dozen or more. Please don't risk going out—let them howl."

"All right, dear, settle down and calm yourself. I think they'll leave before long."

But the coyotes were not inclined to leave for a while, and several hours passed before Marion was able to sleep.

The first summer of prairie life passed, and Montana's winter came on abruptly. None of the first settlers had ever seen a season like it. Each day seemed to bring a more precipitous drop in the mercury. Ironically, the new Hot Blast heater gave out a pitifully small amount of warmth. It seemed to have an antipathy for the miserable prairie coal, and the cabin was always wretchedly cold. But sweaters and coats were warm, and even though Marion and the children were uncomfortably awkward in their many clothes for indoor wear, not one suffered a head cold that terrible winter. The small cabin windows were so thickly coated with frost that no one could see out during the winter months. Anyway, there would have been nothing to see but huge piles of drifted snow.

It became necessary for Bert and Tom to go to the mine for coal. Their supply was about exhausted because of the extended cold spell. The mine was only two miles away, but the weather was extremely cold. The coal lay close to the surface in the side of a hill, so it was not too hard to uncover with coal picks. It cost nothing, but was of the poorest quality. Bert would have laid in a larger supply during good weather had he had the slightest idea how severe and treacherous were the winters. Dick the Russian had assured him that there would be no trouble getting fuel any time. But Dick was a big, brawny man, toughened and fearless.

Father and son worked hard and had a fair load of coal when Bert noticed that the wind was rising and knew there was danger of a blizzard.

"Guess we'd better get home as quickly as possible, Tom. We can't tell what's coming—it looks bad," said Bert. "I'm afraid it's going to be a bad one."

Fiercer grew the gale. They bent their heads against the crazily whirling masses of snow. They could not see where they were going.

"There is nothing more we can do, son," shouted Bert after what seemed hours of hard battling against the elements. "We've lost our way. We must leave it to God and

Blizzards of varying intensity rose and subsided that winter, often rising apparently out of a clear sky.

The Last Straw

By MARGARET LOCKE

PART THREE



E. P. HADDON, U.S. FISH & WILDLIFE SERVICE

Marion trembled. Outside she could hear the coyotes. Packs had been said to attack people.

to the horses. They have done their best against this terrible storm, but they are about worn out now. I am afraid they can't go much farther. Pray hard, Tom, that God will lead us home."

"Wouldn't it be better to get out and dig into the snow as Dick told us to do if we ever got caught in a blizzard?" Tom queried, barely able to make himself heard above the raging wind. "The horses might go over into one of the deep ravines, and we would be taken over too."

"No," was the response, "I feel impressed to leave it with God, and go on as long as the horses can travel. Tom, we *must* go on. If we do not reach home, Marion and the children will freeze to death when the fuel is gone, unless Marion breaks up some of the furniture to burn. Others have done that in an emergency."

The bitter winds raved, and the mercury dropped lower. "I wonder if it can be God's will that we all perish," thought Bert, and with a cry of anguish at the thought of his loved ones he prayed, "O God, save us." Instantly the burden lightened. But now the horses stopped and refused to budge.

"We must dig in the snow now or freeze," he shouted as he jumped from the wagon.

"Tom! Tom! Thank God, they've stopped at the stable!" His prayer was answered. They hastily put the animals into the little thatched shelter and started for the cabin.

"Although we are right here at home, if we miss the house we will perish. Keep close to me, Tom; we mustn't get sepa-

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Everyone must solve the problem of time balance in cultivating his spiritual powers, for God does not provide

Twenty-eight Hours a Day

By PAUL K. FREIWIRTH

WITH numerous Bible scholars still wondering just what happened when Joshua bade the sun stand still and thus miraculously lengthened a day some 3,400 years ago, a group of scientists recently conducted a unique day-lengthening experiment of their own. A handful of them pitched camp for several weeks far removed from civilization and lived on twenty-eight-hour days, that is, they took their eight-hour periods of sleep at intervals of twenty instead of sixteen hours.

Perhaps in your desire to enjoy life more fully you have at times wished for the ability to perform a similar feat. Maybe you have even gone so far as to borrow a few hours from sleep, only to discover that your body rebelled. Of course you were disappointed, yet you should be thankful that you suffered no worse consequence for your intemperance. At any rate, there no doubt has remained with you the urge somehow to be able to crowd more into your days, to be able to accomplish all you think it takes to make you happy.

It is believed by some that the words "I want to live," found some years ago on an old Egyptian slab, are the most ancient writing in existence. But whether they are or not, they succinctly express one of man's most basic urges—more happiness, more life.

When you chose to become a Seventh-day Adventist you did not surrender this desire. Neither the Lord nor His church demanded this of you, for had not Jesus come to bring abundant life? More life—real life—is the unending fruit of conversion. Yet perhaps you are not quite sure that you possess this more abundant life; you are aware of an inadequacy somewhere.

This lack is not Heaven's fault. The radiant lives of countless Christians testify

of this. If you were to ask them what their secret is, they would quote a verse like this one: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."¹ Now, no Seventh-day Adventist will dispute that meditation is the secret of personal peace and power, but some may not be too sure just how to go about meditating in a spiritually creative way.

Quiet, meditative communion with God cannot possibly give you the spiritual tonic you need unless you accept it for what it truly is—the foundation of genuine Christian living—and unless you fit it into the most strategic niche of time, those first moments in the morning. You may wait with your devotional period until you have dressed and eaten, but don't wait until after you have perused the newspaper or listened to the radio.

Of course there is no time when quiet communion with Heaven will not bring a blessing, but in the morning it yields maximum returns. More than that, it is then a must. An army without weapons has a better chance of victory than a Christian starting his day without quiet and unhurried tarrying before God. And a half hour is the bare minimum if you really want results.

Do I hear a voice, "But I simply don't have a spare half hour in the morning"?

If you don't have the time, *make* it! All you need do is get up earlier! And you think you couldn't possibly do that? Stop and think: Haven't there been occasions when you arose earlier than usual because of some temporal desire? So why not do it because of an eternal necessity? If you really want to get up earlier, you can. (In case you absolutely cannot make it, perhaps you are physically under par, and should see a doctor.)

Later on, when meditation becomes a

habit with you, you'll have no trouble getting up earlier, because you will not want to miss its blessing. The first time, however, you may have to rise earlier on nothing but sheer will power and faith—faith that in spite of this addition to your day's program you will still be able to accomplish all you need to—and with less strain.

Be sure to get up a *good* half hour earlier. If you don't, you may have to hustle and rush during your regular morning routine. Such helter-skelter activity will frustrate the very thing you are trying to create through meditation—a calm mood to go with you throughout the day.

Let us assume that you have risen at a good hour and are now ready to wait before Jehovah. How to proceed?

The Spirit of prophecy wisely counsels, "It would be well for us to spend a thoughtful hour each day in contemplation of the life of Christ."² His perfect example is to be the central theme of our meditation. Our thoughts must be fixed on that transcendent display of fathomless love, and our souls must be exposed to its healing rays until its power will verily saturate our lives.

Think of it this way: It is impossible to harbor sinful thoughts, or to succumb to their promptings, while Jesus and His love are focused on the mirror of the soul. So, if through meditation you fully open your heart to the love of God and through daily cultivation retain the blessing, the tempter will seek a toe hold in vain. The deliberate taking of time to contemplate the Eternal's splendor and beauty will keep the citadel of the soul safe in the shelter of invincible love. For if you regularly take time to think about God, then in the hour of temptation His Spirit will direct your thoughts up from the lowlands of sin to the high places of heavenly themes.

THE *Youths* INSTRUCTOR



Tarry before God until the blessing comes, until sheer joy floods your soul and you find yourself facing the day with one irresistible passion—to live for nothing else but the love of God, finding your highest happiness in doing His will.

Think prayerfully on the following points: In the light of eternity, what do I want to do today with the time, money, and all the other talents God has entrusted to me? If Jesus were to make the decisions I will have to face today, how would He decide? Am I going to do anything today to hasten the coming of Jesus? And if I knew that Christ would come tonight, would I be happy and waiting for Him? Would I, in that case, spend today as I am planning to?

Only if you can give the right answers to these questions are you ready to face the day.

A minister once was asked what he found most arduous in his work. He replied, "Getting myself in the right mood to preach." And is not a similar difficulty the gadfly of numberless Christians? They would have to confess that the absence of the right mood in which to radiate the love of Christ is their greatest loss. And that desirable spiritual climate is one of the fruits of meditation.

Your quiet time would be incomplete indeed without your feeding on heaven's manna—reading God's Word devotionally. If you are in school, don't study your Bible class assignment now. Read only to water your own soul. And upon each passage of Scripture thrust the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

You will want to read your Morning Watch text now, and also the devotional commentary. If you are following the Character Classics plan, you may with profit turn to it now; but read for strength and not for speed.

Don't be afraid if, while you meditate, your thoughts wander into channels you had not anticipated. God may be directing in this, for have you not exposed yourself to the movings of His Spirit on your mind?

Perhaps there are problems in your life that need solution. During the quiet time God may enlighten your mind. If you think He has done so, test the light He has given by His Word and by the Spirit of prophecy. If your impressions truly are heaven born, they will stand this twofold test.

Remember, however, that Satan is not standing idly by while God's children are

reaching out for light. If he can now inject an evil thought into the heart, the believer may not suspect its true origin, and may mistakenly accept it as light from above. Even during meditation, therefore, the sentinels of the soul must be on guard.

Divine love, it has been said, is the energy of a steadfast will bent on fellowship—with God and man. Fellowship implies expression. Your hymnbook can help you express yourself in response to the impressions you received in the audience chamber of the Most High. Open it to songs that give vent to the deepest feelings and holiest desires of your soul, and sing them with a prayer for help in living up to their words.

But even the best of sacred music cannot fully express the rapturous overtones of the meditative heart. To round out your quiet time, therefore, you must pray. Don't get in the lazy habit of saying the same words day after day; nothing will make this exercise more unreal. To make prayer a potent actuality in your life and also to lift the dynamics of your quiet time, make it a habit to pray, among other things, about what you have meditated on during your tryst with God.

As you rise from your knees you are ready for the day, and ready with a head start. Don't for a minute think that because you have taken this time for soul culture, you must now tear along at breakneck speed to redeem lost moments. Just the contrary. You can take it more easy; you have actually gained time as you tarried before God and planned your day with Him. You can now rejoice in the blessed knowledge that every minute of the day you are doing God's will, and this assurance will save you from worry, foreboding, and indecision, to mention but a few of the major robbers of energy, and so you will be able to accomplish more in less time and with a smaller drain on vital power.

Supplement your devotional program by memorizing some well-chosen Bible verses and stanzas of hymns, and use them during the day to direct your thoughts heavenward.

Regardless of how busy you are, you will be surprised at the many opportunities for meditation that you will find. While waiting for a bus, a train, or some appointment, don't glumly growl over the waste of time. Instead, by divine help, focus your thoughts on the loving-kindness of the Eternal and thrill to the inexpressible wonderment of rising above the clash and confusion of time.

Do you at times feel physically tired? Give no room to blue thoughts. Slow down, meditate on heavenly themes, and lift your thoughts to Him who can renew your strength if you expectantly wait for Him. Your fatigue may be due to physical factors, but it may not. Don't be too sure that a between-meal tidbit will give you the needed pickup. Perhaps you are suffering from an empty heart, not from an empty stomach, and reinforcing the inner man will strengthen the outer man, and thereby increase your ability to cope with life's duties.

Sometime in the evening—preferably early evening—you will want to plan another sitting with God. The pattern followed in the morning might be repeated, with one exception: Instead of planning with God for the hours ahead, review the spiritual battles of the day now nearing its close. Thank Him for triumphs achieved by His grace, seek His forgiveness wherein you have failed, and make victory in those points a matter of prayer.

No doubt you will sooner or later wonder whether meditation is doing for your soul all it can and should. If it really is, you'll have no doubt that it is, but here are ten points by which you can measure your growth in grace through meditation.

1. Does meditation produce a humbler esteem of myself?
2. Do I love God, His people, and His service more since making meditation an integral part of my program?
3. Do I find myself looking forward to the genuine refreshment each quiet period brings?
4. Do I know beyond doubt that each waking moment I am abiding in the will of God?
5. Am I motivated by an evenly buoyant and optimistic outlook on life?
6. Am I enjoying a quiet mood even in the face of vicissitudes?
7. Do I find myself less concerned with what people think about me, knowing I have Heaven's approbation?
8. Am I rejoicing in a dwindling dependence on material satisfactions for my happiness?
9. Is my life becoming more simple?
10. Do I find myself thinking at times, This is life (John 17:3), there simply can be no joys surpassing those I have?

Real meditation truly taps the ultimate reservoirs of the universe.

¹ Isa. 26:3.

² *The Desire of Ages*, p. 83.

Greatness of Little Things

By HIPOLITA LUCAS

GOD is interested in even the most insignificant thing on earth. He does not leave unnoticed a single tear of sorrow or the sigh of a burdened and penitent heart. He can discern the lightest thought of evil and the slightest inclination to sin.

Great things are made up of small things. Wentzel wrote, "The earth has her little things, a multitude in number, and each wears a garment of greatness. Why should the enormous sickle of the rainbow be thought more marvelous than the tiny sky-blue, goldenhearted forget-me-not? Do not the twinkling fireflies rival in wonder the majestic constellations? What could be more exquisite than the handful of willow floss and lichen in which the hummingbird lays her miniature eggs? Are the broad roads built by men more important in the economy of the earth than the invisible roads built by the mice under the grasses of the fields?"

Consider the rose. Did it come into this world overnight? It first grew as a knot-like projection at the tip of a shoot. As days went by, it grew larger, and different processes took place in it like the development of pigments to give it its attractive hue. It took some time for it to open. Gradually it reached its full bloom. The rose never sounded an announcement of its arrival, it developed so gently and noiselessly "as not to disturb an angel's ear—perhaps invisible to an angel's eye."

The oak is one of the biggest and sturdiest trees. As one looks at an acorn from which it grows he may never realize that within the heart of that seed is preserved the life of an oak. When it is planted and allowed to grow, it will develop into a gigantic tree. The oak is well known for its enduring nature; it can withstand the bleakest winter and the hottest summer.

In a parable of the kingdom of God, Jesus likened the kingdom unto a mustard seed. This seed "indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

The psalmist said, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Man through the ages has been trying to understand the



BUFFALO MUSEUM OF SCIENCE

Even this amazing model of the human body fails to show how wonderfully mankind was created.

phenomena governing the body. No one has understood life. Is it not a very fact that man came from the lowly dust trodden beneath our feet? But as God breathed into Adam's nostrils the breath of life, the dust burst into animation and all the faculties of his body began to function; he became a living soul.

The life of a prince and the independ-

ence of a country were once saved by two tiny creatures—the spider and the fly. One day a prince was so much exhausted in battle that he took refuge in a nearby cave, and dozed to sleep. While he was asleep, an innocent spider wove its web across the mouth of the cave. When the enemy soldiers passed by that cave, they did not bother to look into it because they thought it was not used any more, since there were cobwebs on the entrance. As soon as the soldiers passed by, a fly accidentally crawled on his face, and he was awakened. He was rested and strong again; he ran to rejoin his army, and he led the soldiers to victory.

Solomon said, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Words cost nothing, but when spoken in due season they are as valuable as the two metals man values most. A word of comfort or counsel uttered by a person may mean nothing to the speaker. He may never know that that word spoken may be a turning point from defeat to victory in the life of a person.

A woman had lost her hope of life; she thought it was worthless living in this world, and she wanted to end all with a bullet. She locked herself in her room and wrote a note. She was about to pull the trigger of the revolver, but she heard a loud knock at the door. She absently opened the door, and there was her friend.

"Hello! I felt an urge to visit you at this time," greeted the friend. As she spoke, her face beamed with a warm and hearty smile, and the downhearted woman's soul was touched, and she cried for joy.

She confided all her problems to this friend, and together they asked God to help them find the best way to overcome her troubles. The visitor may never have thought that she would save a life that day.

Opportunities in life may come, and appear as very insignificant things. An opportunity may introduce itself as a beggar by the door, or a downcast person, thirsty and hungry for sympathy, or it may appear as a small task honestly and thoroughly done. The least opportunity when grasped at once and developed will bring the greatest blessings to man.

Little things shape our lives.

SABBATH SCHOOL



Power Over Tempests and Demons

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 5

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee" (Isa. 26:3).

STUDY HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 333-341.

THINK IT OVER: *a.* Would I be afraid to take a boat trip with Jesus today if I knew a terrible storm was coming up?

b. Am I ever in danger when Jesus is with me?

c. Am I ever safe for one moment without Him?

d. If I read that which Satan has inspired, see pictures he has devised, attend his places of entertainment, can I become "demon possessed"?

FOR SUNDAY

1. At the close of a very busy day where did Jesus desire to go for some rest? (Mark 4:35, 36.)

"When the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side. And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships."

NOTE.—"All day He had been teaching and healing; and as evening came on the crowds still pressed upon Him. Day after day He had ministered to them, scarcely pausing for food or rest. The malicious criticism and misrepresentation with which the Pharisees constantly pursued Him made His labors much more severe and harassing; and now the close of the day found Him so utterly wearied that He determined to seek retirement in some solitary place across the lake."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 333.

2. What statement indicates that Jesus must have been very tired? (Verse 38, first part.)

"And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow."

NOTE.—"The Saviour was at last relieved from the pressure of the multitude, and, overcome with weariness and hunger, He lay down in the stern of the boat, and soon fell asleep."—*Ibid.*, p. 334.

3. What danger threatened them on the journey? (Verse 37.)

"And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full."

4. In terror what did the disciples call out to Jesus? (Verse 38, last part.)

"And they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

FOR MONDAY

5. What did Jesus calmly say to the wind and the waves? (Mark 4:39, first part.)

"And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."

6. What remarkable thing happened immediately? (Verse 39, last part.)

"And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."

7. What surprising yet logical question did Jesus ask the disciples? (Verse 40.)

"And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?"

NOTE.—Why should Jesus have expected the disciples to have faith in such a time of danger? Had they not witnessed miracle after miracle? Surely the Master who had turned the water to wine, healed the paralytic, and restored the demoniac would not forsake them now. But human faith is weak. The present danger causes past experiences, however great, to be forgotten.

8. Who has peace? (Isa. 26:3.)

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

9. Who does not have peace? (Isa. 57:21.)

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

NOTE.—"Sin has destroyed our peace. While self is unsubdued, we can find no rest. The masterful passions of the heart no human power can control. We are as helpless here as were the disciples to quiet the raging storm. But He who spoke peace to the billows of Galilee has spoken the word of peace for every soul. However fierce the tempest, those who turn to Jesus with the cry, 'Lord, save us,' will find deliverance."—*Ibid.*

FOR TUESDAY

10. To what are the wicked compared? (Isa. 57:20.)

"But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

11. Who met Jesus and His disciples on the other side of the lake? (Matt. 8:28.)

"And when he was come to the other side into the country of the Gergesenes, there met him two possessed with devils, coming out of the tombs, exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass by that way."

12. How, do you think, these men knew who Jesus was? (Verse 29.)

"And, behold, they cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art thou come hither to torment us before the time?"

FOR WEDNESDAY

13. What request did the devils make of Jesus? (Matt. 8:31.)

What Do You Know!



In 1953 our 1,187,883 Sabbath school members gave \$143,146.71 for Birthday-Thank Offerings. If every Sabbath school member gave one penny for each year of age as a Birthday-Thank Offering, the average member would be 12.1 years of age!

"So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine."

14. Why do you think Jesus allowed the devils to destroy the pigs? (Verse 32.)

"And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine: and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters."

15. Although the two men had been healed, why did the people ask Jesus to leave? (Mark 5:15-17.)

"And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind: and they were afraid. And they that saw it told them how it befell to him that was possessed with the devil, and also concerning the swine. And they began to pray him to depart out of their coasts."

FOR THURSDAY

16. What work did Jesus give the healed man to do immediately? (Mark 5:18, 19.)

"And when he was come into the ship, he that had been possessed with the devil prayed him that he might be with him. Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

17. What were the results? (Verse 20.)

"And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him: and all men did marvel."

FOR FRIDAY

Here is a problem: Last Saturday night Donald had his car parked in front of Shirley's home. But when he started to go home, the car was nowhere to be found. This would be a serious loss to anyone, but Donald needs his car very much in his colporteur work. A young man in the same home where Donald is boarding claims that he can find his car for him with his ouija board. Someone else has suggested that he go to a fortuneteller.

In the light of Leviticus 19:31, should he use either of these methods to try to get his car back?



KAUFMANN & FABRY, FROM HARRIS & EWING

Of Clouds and Life

By KATHERINE BEVIS

ONE hot summer day as I relaxed lazily on the beach my attention was drawn to a beautifully shaped cloud. It spread across the azure-blue sky, forming various sizes and shapes.

Just as I was beginning to play a game with this cloud, what do you think happened? The cloud just disappeared, and the blue of the sky was all that could be seen.

"Clouds are very queer," I thought. "Just when you get ready to really enjoy them, they vanish."

We set our hearts upon many things of this world, then just as we think we are going to enjoy them, they are gone!

Clouds remind us of the warning in God's Holy Book, that we are not to lay up treasures where moth and rust decay or thieves break in and steal. Such treasures will disappear as the clouds.

Clouds bring us disappointment many

times. We look for a day of sunshine, a day set aside for a picnic in the restful woodland or by a refreshing lakeside, but just as we are preparing to enjoy the day, the clouds drop their rain.

Yet some garden or pasture needed those heavy showers in order that vegetation might grow, that flowers might bloom, and that the thirst of both human and animal life might be satisfied.

Clouds remind us of disappointments, but how can we have rain without clouds?

Our troubles have always brought us blessings, and they always will. They are dark chariots of bright grace. "If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth." The clouds you see now will soon disappear. They will empty themselves before long, and every tender herb will be happier for the shower. So we may be drenched with grief, but God will refresh us with mercy. Our Lord's love letters often come to us

in black-edged envelopes. His wagons may rumble, but they are loaded with benefits.

Just the same, clouds are beautiful. Watch as they soar majestically, yet gracefully, across the ocean-blue sky. Ever changing they are, shining with brilliant colors at the sunrise and sunset yet never clashing, pillowy white at the noonday and dark when the storms come.

They are not sent merely for their beauty, but, like the things given us on earth by our heavenly Father, they have their use. Having drawn up the drops from the ocean, the river, and the lake, clouds bear these drops across space and scatter them on the thirsty land.

Clouds are from the bountiful hand of our heavenly Father. Let us not worry about the clouds. They will fade away as God sees best, and as we enjoy the gorgeous blossoms in May, let us remember that they came to us because of the clouds and the showers in April.

THE *Youths* INSTRUCTOR

A SIMPLE advertisement, "Four genuine unused Confederate stamps for only two dollars," whetted my philatelic appetite, and started me off on a quest for some of the world's most interesting stamps. I answered that ad, and within a week an air-mail letter arrived with the four stamps enclosed.

That was my start. Now I have acquired eleven of the fourteen major varieties that were issued by the Confederate Post Office Department. These stamps and their history have given me a great deal of pleasure. Would you like to know how the Confederate Post Office Department came into existence?

On March 6, 1861, Jefferson Davis, the provisional president of the newly formed Confederacy, nominated John H. Reagan as his postmaster general. A tremendous task confronted Mr. Reagan. He changed the rates from three cents to five cents; he directed the department in securing raw materials and the necessary printing equipment from abroad; and later, even under fire of dismissal, he strove to give the battle-torn Confederacy an efficiently operating post office department.

Finally, on April 3, he advertised in several newspapers throughout the American States for proposals to print postage stamps. A large number of bids came in to the postmaster general, most of which were from the North. As it later turned out, he could not very well have accepted these bids from the North because of the threatening clouds of war. The Confederacy had no stamps.

Until June 1, United States stamps were kept in use. On that date Postmaster General Montgomery Blair of the United States issued a proclamation to the effect that the United States Post Office would cease to function in the States that had seceded from the Union. Simultaneously Postmaster General Reagan issued a proclamation stating that the Confederate Post Office would take over in those States.

For a time many local postmasters resorted to making their own stamps, whereas others used a canceling device with the word "PAID" and the denomination that was to be paid. These local handstamps and postmaster provisionals, as they are called, command fairly high prices on the market today.

During the stampless period Reagan received denunciations concerning the inactivity of the department and sharp criticisms from the citizens and the press. He tried in vain to find a steel-plate engraving firm to print the postage stamps in large quantities to meet the demands of the people. Finally he decided to give the contract to a Richmond firm, Hoyer and Ludwig, Lithographers.

A green five-cent stamp portraying the president of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, was placed on sale for the first time on October 14, 1861, in Richmond,

Postal Issues of The Confederacy

By ROBERT KAPPEL



STAMPS, COURTESY OF KNICKERBOCKER STAMP CO.

Virginia. Charles Ludwig skillfully painted the stamp by hand, and it was engraved upon stone and printed by his firm.

The second stamp that was issued was a ten-cent blue portraying Thomas Jefferson. The first day of sale is not known, but the earliest dated cancellation is November 21, 1862. Andrew Jackson was portrayed on the third stamp of the Confederacy. It was a green two-cent stamp. This stamp was used to pay postage on drop letters, newspapers, handbills, engravings, pamphlets, periodicals, and magazines. It is thought to have been issued in March or April of 1862.

When the two-cent stamp was printed in green, it meant a change in color of the five-cent stamp from green to blue and the ten-cent stamp from blue to red. These two stamps are thought to have been placed on sale in February and March of 1862. The ten-cent rose is a scarce stamp, and when found in a deep carmine-rose it is worth considerably more.

On April 19 of that year, because of rapid inflation, the Confederate Congress raised the postal rates from five cents to ten cents on first-class mail. About this same time Hoyer and Ludwig's contract expired, and the lithographing firm of J. T. Patterson and Company, situated in Augusta, Georgia, took over the contract of supplying ten-cent stamps. The Patterson prints, as they are called, were printed from the same stones, differing very little from the Hoyer and Ludwig prints. They

may be distinguished by a few minute details that were added by Patterson.

When it was found that the Augusta firm could not supply the demand, another firm, Archer and Daly Company, of Richmond, was called upon to help.

It should be noted that at this time a United States naval blockade of the Southern coast from Virginia to Texas was in effect. This blockade had been put into effect shortly after the fall of Fort Sumter, in retaliation of the proclamation given by President Davis in which he authorized privateers to attack the ships of the United States. Even though most of the ports were closed, a few blockade runners would manage to slip through.

In the meantime an order was sent to Thomas De La Rue and Company, Limited, of London, England, for a shipment of stamps. When the first shipment of stamps approached the blockaded coast, the ship was hotly chased and finally caught, but before it was caught the captain threw the boxes of stamps and printing plates overboard to avoid their capture.

At last a ship from England broke through the blockade, and a large supply of stamps and several printing plates came into the possession of the Confederate Post Office. The stamps were of the five-cent denomination and were a palish green-blue color. Pictured upon the stamps was the head of Jefferson Davis. With the plates that came on the blockade runner, Archer and Daly printed similar stamps. These,

however, were inferior to the London-printed stamps because of the poor quality of paper, inks, and glue that were available in Richmond.

The eighth stamp of the Confederacy was a one-cent orange portraying John C. Calhoun, painted by J. Joubert. This stamp has a rather interesting background, yet it was never placed on sale in the Confederacy. It was printed by Thomas De La Rue and Company. The stamps and plates were sent over by a blockade runner, but a portion was lost in a shipwreck, and the remainder arrived at St. Thomas, Canada, for shipment to the Confederacy, but remained there throughout the war. Another shipment finally reached the Confederacy, but was too late to be used, for by then postal rates had been revised upward.

At last what Postmaster General Reagan had longed for was in sight—steel-engraved postage stamps. The first stamps printed by this process showed a side view of the head of Jefferson Davis surrounded by several scrolls, with an outer frame line. These were blue ten-cent stamps engraved by John Archer and printed by Archer and Daly Company.

The tenth Confederate stamp to be issued was another ten-cent stamp. This stamp also was printed in blue, but without a frame line, and was called the finest piece of handiwork done by Archer.

The two steel-engraved stamps were issued to test whether Archer and Daly could produce the stamps in quality and quantity for the Confederate Post Office. The contract was finally awarded to them. About the time when the second ten-cent stamp was taken off sale, several engravers and printers from the North found their way into Richmond and secured employment with several firms there. One of these was Frederick Halpin, who joined Archer and Daly Company.

After being awarded the contract, Archer and Daly began printing the ten-cent stamps. Type I was engraved by Archer and had the same transfer or design as the "frame line" ten, only without the frame lines. Type II was engraved by Frederick Halpin, and had the same color blue as type I, but the portrait of Davis was a little different and there were other corrections, notably broken lines in the frame.

By the spring of 1863 the stock of two-cent stamps was at a low ebb, and to replenish the supply Frederick Halpin engraved a brown two-cent stamp with the portrait of Andrew Jackson taken in his later years.

On June 1, 1863, the last postage stamp of the Confederacy was issued. It was a green twenty-cent stamp portraying George Washington, and it was also engraved by Frederick Halpin. Many of these twenty-cent stamps were cut in half in order to pay the ten-cent rate when there were no ten-cent stamps available. This was done particularly in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

When Richmond was in danger of being captured, the plates for engraving stamps and currency were sent down to Keatinge and Ball, of Columbia, South Carolina. Types I and II were printed by them, and these prints may be distinguished from the Archer and Daly prints by their thick molasses gum, inferior printing, and the

darker color. Keatinge and Ball continued printing stamps until the end of the war.

So ended the heroic struggles of the Confederate Post Office Department. "The head of Washington again supplanted that of Jefferson Davis and the old rate of three cents superseded the Confederate ten-cent single-letter tax."

Teen-Age DIARY



By JOAN

Dear Diary,

I guess you wonder how I got started writing you. Mom says that I first thought I would be a writer when I was five, and somehow the idea stuck.

First I started copying interesting sayings from famous authors. Mom and Dad bought me a set of the Book of Knowledge. I spent many pleasant hours searching through the volumes, and I found many literary gems. Then I went through our library, looking for clever, interesting literary twists.

Later, Mom bought me a book to study on how to write, but I think the hints that have helped me most have been two little pointers that she gave me when I first took seriously to the idea of writing. She said, "Never try to write about anything you do not understand and with which you are unfamiliar; and watch your paragraphs. Every paragraph should be self-contained, with one idea made plain by simple, direct language. Cut the flowers from your writing and all the extra words."

I think more young people could write for publication if they understood some of these simple rules. When you write a letter to a friend you don't use flowery, involved words. Your simple, direct approach and sense of humor make letters interesting. It's the same with talking, and after all, writing is merely a form of talking.

Ideas and ideals are the foundations on which good writing depends. One could hardly expect to write *without something to write about*. It is very important to keep one's eyes open and catch ideas as they fly by each hour of every day.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Sometimes I get a wonderful idea and forget to write it down. Then when I want it, it may have disappeared. I try to keep a notebook and pencil handy, so when my ideas come, I can jot them down before they are lost. You can never depend on your memory, because in the rush of living you can easily forget things that are still in a more or less abstract form. "Without form and void," as Dad would describe it.

Another bit of advice to young writers that I'd like to pass on is simply this: When you write, it is a good plan to have a special place to work. Call it a hide-away, if you like, but a special desk or corner where you can be alone will be a great deal of help.

I have a little desk that grandpa made. It has four legs and two casters. I can lift it by a handle and roll it anywhere I like. On one side there is a drawer for pencils, and shelves just the size of a typing sheet. There's a door with wrought-iron hinges that snaps shut over the shelves. The desk is a big help. I use it for study as well as writing.

THERE are three girls here this morning applying for admittance," said Mrs. L. I. Howell to her husband one morning at the Bena Bena Central School, New Guinea. "Well, I'm sorry, but we can't take them," he replied. "We cannot feed any more students on our present budget." "Then you tell them," suggested Mrs. Howell.

So the missionary went out to break the sad news to the girls, who were already surrounded with relatives clamoring for them to return home, pleading and attempting compulsion. They displayed the bride price for one of the girls, which had just been paid. (Actually, the girl had foreseen a forced marriage and had fled to the mission.) The other two had been sold for some time, and had been slaves to the family of the prospective bridegrooms.

Sometimes the boys are younger, and so the girls have to wait for the boys to grow up; at other times the boys are away for years working in other districts. The government upholds the right of the girls to choose whether they will marry the man selected for them, and when they seek protection from the mission it is lawful for them to remain.

In this case the girls were determined not to return to slavery, and after hearing the story Pastor Howell said to his wife, "We can't send them away. We will pay for their blankets and other necessities from our own money."

The three girls are taking a keen interest in their school subjects, in learning Bible lessons, and in the work of the mission. One of the girls is particularly intelligent. After a few years of training they will make capable wives for teachers, just as numbers of others have. Their needs are a challenge to the leaders of the gospel work in this newly opened area. The same is true of other fields in the South Pacific.

On his return from camp meeting in the Western Solomon Islands, R. M. Ellison, MV and educational secretary for the Coral Sea Union Mission, reported that there had been more than 1,300 young people

in attendance at this large gathering. In addition, he estimated that there were probably another thousand who were not able to be present.

"The call of the world as they know it," Pastor Ellison commented, "is as strong in the Western Solomon Islands as it is in many other parts of the earth; and our youth will be lost to the church unless the youth program instituted by the church is carried out for them."

At the camp investiture seventy-two candidates received pins for achievements in Pal, Friend, Companion, and Guide classes. These were instructed mostly by local men—Paul, Posala, and Pastor Ore-pala.

The native ministers were keenly interested in the investiture and the work they could do for their children.

On the last Sabbath, in the young people's meetinghouse, 287 manifested their decision to follow the principles of right living. Many of these had been studying and were baptized the next day, and about 130 new names were handed in to the leaders of baptismal classes. Of the 208 people baptized at the close of the camp, about 80 per cent were young people.

Also in the primitive areas of this union young people are beginning to crave an education. Only recently the missionaries had to beg them to come to school, but now they are coming of their own volition

in increasing numbers. And where only boys could be persuaded to attend before, now the girls are presenting themselves and escaping from disapproving relatives to achieve their ambition.

Recently the Wabag Mission Station in the New Guinea highlands sent forty-five boys on to higher training centers. Previously, only two boys at a time had gone to other schools; so to celebrate this special occasion a farewell gathering of native staff, pupils, and friends was arranged. Many unexpected guests arrived, making about two hundred in all to consume the food prepared for a smaller number. The menu consisted of sweet potato cooked in native stone ovens, soup "with everything in it down to bananas and fern leaves, and most important of all to them, three goats."

Next day the procession left for Moruma, several days' walk over the mountains. Many were reluctant to leave their homes and the known for the unknown, but none turned back, and word has since been received that they are fitting well into their new surroundings.

The Sabbath after the forty-five boys left, the missionaries expected the classes to be considerably diminished, but apparently others had quickly come in to fill the vacancies. Mrs. L. T. Greive wrote: "I counted 104 in my little division, and my husband said he had 250 to 300 in the adult division."

To page 21

The Royal Line

By EDNA KENWORTH



These two photographs show the marked contrast between Christians and heathen at Bena Bena Mission. New Guinea is the setting of these experiences.

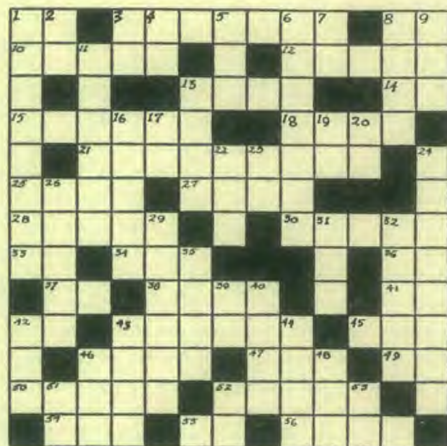
WIT

Sharpeners

Kindness

ACROSS

- 1 . . . John
- 3 . . . shall cover the multitude of sins" I Pet. 4:8
- 8 Buyer's Option
- 10 A drunkard
- 12 Wife of Menelaus
- 13 "he shall grow as the . . ." Hosea 14:5
- 14 Diphthong
- 15 Son of Haman Esth. 9:9
- 18 "Prophet was beforetime called a . . ." I Sam. 9:9



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- 21 "and . . . not our feet to be moved" Ps. 66:9
 - 25 "do . . . unto all men" Gal. 6:10
 - 27 "thinketh no . . ." I Cor. 13:5
 - 28 Sea-eagles
 - 30 Kindness
 - 33 Road
 - 34 "Why is thy countenance . . ." Neh. 2:2
 - 36 Upper Canada
 - 37 "called the altar . . ." Josh. 22:34
 - 38 "call upon him as . . . as I live" Ps. 116:2
 - 41 Gill
 - 42 Pair
 - 43 Genus of insects
 - 45 Wharf
 - 46 "Neither will I . . . my face any more" Ezek. 39:29
 - 47 Contest
 - 49 Trade-union
 - 50 Numbers between twelve and twenty
 - 52 City in Benjamin I Sam. 19:22
 - 54 "a hungered, . . . ye gave me meat" Matt. 25:35
 - 55 "desire of a man . . . his kindness" Prov. 19:22
 - 56 "be ye . . . one to another" Eph. 4:32
- Our text is 3, 21, 38, 54, 55 and 56 combined

Down

- 1 "a . . . and ye took me in" Matt. 25:35
- 2 "Give . . . him that asketh" Matt. 5:42
- 3 Civil Engineer
- 4 Part of the day
- 5 King (Fr.)
- 6 "love him as . . ." Lev. 19:34
- 7 "thirsty, and . . . gave me drink" Matt. 25:35
- 8 ". . . ye one another's burdens" Gal. 6:2
- 9 "forgiving . . . another" Eph. 4:32
- 11 "in . . . and ye came" Matt. 25:36
- 13 "thy lovingkindness is better than . . ." Ps. 63:3
- 16 Dandies
- 17 Eastern Continent
- 19 And
- 20 Exclamation of inquiry
- 22 First woman Gen. 3:20
- 23 Japanese measure
- 24 "his . . . kindness is great" Ps. 117:2
- 26 ". . . my steps in thy word" Ps. 119:133
- 29 Lettuce dishes
- 31 "endureth . . . things" I Cor. 13:7
- 32 ". . . to support the weak" Acts 20:35
- 35 "these ought ye to have . . ." Luke 11:42
- 39 New Testament
- 40 "more blessed to . . . than to receive" Acts 20:35
- 42 ". . . on charity" Col. 3:14
- 43 "be ye all of one . . ." I Pet. 3:8
- 44 ". . . and ye visited me" Matt. 25:36
- 46 "as a . . . gathereth her chickens" Matt. 23:37
- 48 Son of Benjamin Gen. 46:21
- 51 Each
- 52 Sunday School
- 53 Prefix signifying not

Key on page 23

Five species of kissing bugs were collected. The kissing bug is a good example of how and why the program of cooperative study between medical scientist and entomologist functions. This insect, generally about eighteen to twenty millimeters in length, can, in certain species, inflict a very painful bite when handled carelessly. It also is a carrier of the often fatal tropical Chagas' disease.

In Latin-American countries, sufferers of Chagas' disease complain of "the sign of Romana," characterized by swelling of the eyelids and face accompanied by high fever. Children and teen-agers frequently succumb to it, but most adults who are infected are able to survive.

With this background information STPM entomologists were quite excited recently when they discovered kissing bugs infected with Chagas' disease organisms in the Lake Mathews area of Riverside County, California. While Chagas' is almost unknown as an ailment among human beings in the United States, the entomologists were extremely interested to find evidences of the Chagas' organism so far north.

The knowledge that these infected carriers are present in America poses a rather baffling problem that STPM entomologists are currently attempting to solve. Why should Chagas' disease be so prevalent in South and Central America, and even be found as far north as Mexico, without any trace of its appearance among persons in America? Is the disease slowly moving north? Will it one day become a headache to medical scientists in the United States?

No definite answers can yet be given. To find some solid evidence of the relationship of the disease to the kissing bug, STPM research on the problem is being financed. The final results of this patient research may well save lives throughout the Americas.

So the work goes on. This field trip is what might be termed routine in scientific research. Rarely do such trips make newspaper headlines. However, they, and hundreds like them, are basic in scientific study today. From the results of such collections scientists find material that is valuable in their various research programs. These trips also make a definite contribution in extending the scientific knowledge of the world.

By its support of scientific research the Adventist Church shows a willingness to carry its share in the worldwide effort to reduce the ravages of disease. It has often been stated that Christianity must first clean up a man before it can exert a spiritual influence. In their efforts to reduce world disease, scientists at the School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine are attempting to make the work of the evangelist easier in those parts of the world where health conditions are very poor.

Today there is a definite future for the Seventh-day Adventist man and woman in scientific research. A real need exists for

Bats, Bedbugs, and Fleas

From page 6

a first-aid kit, a snake-bite kit, a portable short-wave radio, necessary office stationery, and food for four weeks. We also carried much personal gear, and the hundred and one items that are packed purely on the assumption that they might be needed.

As we traveled south making occasional contacts with the Mexican people we found them to be most friendly and cooperative, even with some of our strange-sounding requests. For example, how many housewives would consent to let four strange, black-bearded men inspect their kitchen and living room for bedbugs? Yet we made just such a request from the owner of a small fruit stand near Tamazunchale on the Inter-American highway. Specifically, we requested permission of the señora to look at her wicker chair. We wanted, we said, to check it for bedbugs.

Trying to make sure that she understood our Spanish, we asked if she and her family were bothered by insects that bit only at night. "Yes," replied the señora rapidly. These strange creatures were most

annoying and if we could help, she was not going to object in any fashion. So, we began a ceiling-to-dirt-floor inspection of her thatched hut, looking for stray bedbugs.

Using a spray-type insecticide, Professor Ryckman started on the wicker chair, because it seemed to be the most likely spot for bedbugs. Within a matter of moments the ground was speckled with dying bedbugs falling ungracefully from the wicker folds of the chair. With the same technique we sprayed the small cot and larger bed, and made a most successful haul of choice specimens. As a farewell present we left a full can of chlordane insecticide.

I left the STPM expedition in Mexico City to prepare for my final year in college, but late reports from the group inching their way up the west coast Mexican highway have told of success in insect collection. Vampire bats were found less than two miles from the Adventist training school and hospital in Teapa. This particular species carries rabies, and, according to Entomologist Ryckman, four of a family of seven recently died from the night attacks of this type of mammal in southern Mexico.

those who are interested in finding out the "why" of a given problem. It requires patience, specialized knowledge, and a sincere interest in a specific field of thought, but the rewards are extensive to those who succeed in overcoming the initial obstacles. The world is burdened with millions who are suffering from preventable disease. If we can contribute our efforts to improving the standards of the world's underdeveloped countries, opportunities will become immediately available to teach the gospel and lead many to Christ.

The Royal Line

From page 19

On this station the boys frequently ran away from the school because of homesickness or the call of the old life, but now they do not want to return even when their parents request them to do so.

Writing of a new girl whom she is training in housework, Mrs. Greive commented that she was slow, dirty, and careless at first, and that this required much patience and kindness. Through a "turn-in-talk" the girl said all her brothers and sisters were married, and they were calling out for her to leave school and go home to look after her father's pigs. Her father also ordered her return, and when she said she wanted to stay at school her father threatened that when he died his spirit would come back and eat her. This, according to those in charge of the mission, is very real and terrifying to these people, and this girl's stand probably took a great deal of courage on her part.

Such incidents bring great satisfaction to the missionaries in these areas, which have been opened only about six years, and where as yet they do not see large numbers asking for baptism.

The "Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," is shining into the hearts and minds of these very underprivileged young people, and they are taking their places in the royal line, and exhibiting qualities of character worthy of our best endeavors to educate them for life here and hereafter.

Jeanie's Pleasure Trip

From page 9

think about was those little squares of notes he had held so dexterously in his left hand during the algebra examination. Jack and Gretchen sat in the back seat, and they took up so little space that there would have been room for five.

Larry was tall and straight, and had polished manners. He held the door for Jeanie and nodded toward the back seat. Soon they were rolling along, singing songs and indulging in animated conver-



Early last year, "Time" magazine carried a heart-warming story on the Korean nurse who befriended Ronnie, a homeless waif of the war. Last November the same magazine gave a "progress report" on Ronnie in its "A Letter From the Publisher" feature.

Theodora Wangerin, who has known Nurse Kim and her husband for many years ("in fact they are friends of mine"), gives some of the unknown factors in this moving story of

FOSTER MOTHER

Next week in

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

sation. They all sounded so sophisticated and experienced! Jeanie alternated between being pleased and flattered because she had been included in this merry group and shivering uneasily because this was a trip that was unchaperoned and unsponsored by faculty or parents.

All too soon the merry little group arrived at the city. After driving up and down several side streets, Guy stopped the car and slid from behind the wheel. "Here we are," he said as he stepped over to the parking meter. Soon everyone was out of the car, and the boys were over at a ticket window in front of a theater. Jeanie backed away toward the car with a look of incredulity in her eyes, for she could scarcely believe that she had been tricked into such an impossible situation!

"Come on now, and be a good sport!" Gretchen pulled her by the arm, and Larry was back with the tickets before the full impact of reality had finally dawned on her.

"I can't do such a thing!" Jeanie choked. "You didn't invite me to the movies—you invited me to go with you for a ride and—and—"

"Yes, I know, but we thought you'd surely understand that we wouldn't drive clear over here just to look at the scenery, or go to a dairy bar. Besides, you run around with Gretchen and Rachelle. You're a good sport!" Larry shrugged as he glanced at Gretchen and Ruby with narrowed eyes. "Too bad," he added grimly, "that Rachelle had to go home for the weekend!"

"That was indeed too bad!" Jeanie flung back. "Oh, I won't spoil your fun. I'll go across the street and sit in that hotel lobby and wait for you while you go to your movie! But let's get one thing

straight—I don't go to movies, and I never shall. And while I am about it, you might as well know that there are a great many more things that I don't do too!"

"I gathered that on the way in!"

"Yeah," Jack cut in, "why do you run around with Gretchen and Rachelle if you're such a goody-goody?"

Jeanie's face burned at the scathing rebuke. She turned to Larry, "I apologize. I overrated you. But you have my promise I shall never make that mistake the second time!" Turning, she left them to enter the theater, while she crossed the street and sat for two long hours with nothing to do but to think about friendships and being a good sport.

And during that long two hours Jeanie made some new resolutions. She promised herself and God that she would make some new friends—some more friends like Beth and Ruth, and probably those new girls!

Next week: The Pep Club and flying words.

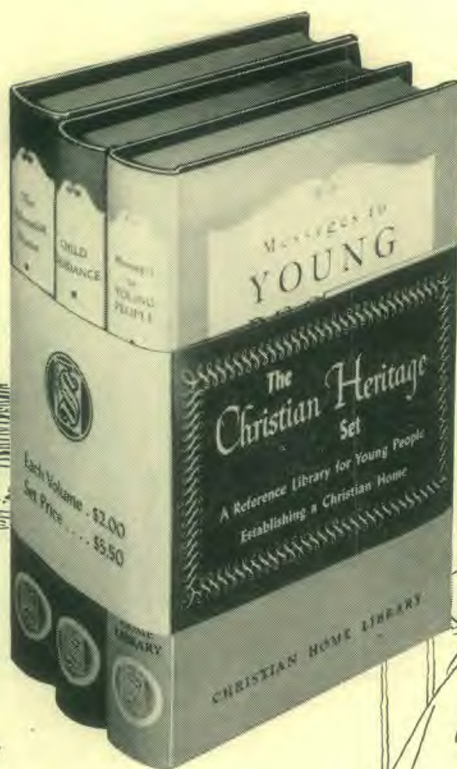
The Last Straw

From page 11

rated. This is terrible. I can't see my hand before my face. But here we are," he shouted, as he bumped against the cabin and felt his way along its side. He stumbled onto the stoop, forced open the door, and staggered into the house, closely followed by his son.

With a cry of relief Marion sprang forward. She and Thelma took the mittens off their benumbed hands. Their cheeks and toes were frostbitten, and icicles, formed by their frozen breaths, hung from

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their eyebrows. They helped them off with their woolen visors and caps, overcoats, and overshoes, and hastily prepared hot drinks for their shaking bodies.

"I've been so anxious ever since the gale began and things got so terrible outside. I prayed earnestly for our Father to guide you both home safely," said Marion, as she held snow to her husband's face to draw out the frost.

"Cranbrook was at the mine too," said Bert. "He said it was forty below and dropping fast. He tells me it gets sixty below sometimes. This country here around Havre is considered the coldest spot in the States, I am told. I am so thankful we got the coal. I certainly hope it won't be one of those long-drawn-out blizzards. Some have lost their lives in such storms on these wild plains. I've wished many times I had not brought my family here, but never having lived on the prairie in the winter months, I had no idea of its winter hardships. Nor did I realize what it means to dig your own coal, and such poor stuff at that. I should not have taken the word of Dick the Russian, or Bill the German, that it's easy to get coal here. These hardships don't seem much to them."

"Well, we couldn't leave now if we wanted to. There's nothing we can do but wait till spring, make the best of the winter, and ask God for protection and care," said Marion, bustling about to make the two sufferers more comfortable.

"W-h-e-w!" exclaimed Tom, as the angry gale screeched and howled and shook the two-room cabin. "I'm sure glad we're inside. Who would believe such a storm could come up so quickly? It beats anything I ever saw how the wind can whip up the dry snow, and with snow coming down at you and snow coming up at you, you can't see where you are going." Fervent prayers of gratitude for the guidance and protection of Bert and Tom went up from that family altar that night before the Bruners retired to rest.

Blizzards of varying intensity rose and subsided that winter. There were very few trips for Bert, and none for Marion, to the small village of Zurich, nine miles away, so mail getting was quite an event in the prairie lives of the Brune family. Often a blizzard rose apparently out of a clear sky.

The winter ended as abruptly as it had begun. Chinook winds rapidly diminished the huge drifts of snow, some as high as the cabin roof, and the green grass began to appear. The spring brought cheer to the hearts of the Bruners, who had been so closely confined to the dreary cabin. Meadow larks sang from the tops of the fence posts, and the prairie cacti flaunted their brilliant reds and yellows in the spring sunshine. Bert wondered if things were going to come his way at last.

He was thankful to get forty acres plowed and sowed to wheat, even though it was rather late to get it in, but the neighbor could not have plowed it sooner. It would take a good crop to keep things going and get the needed implements. The prairie was noted for its cycles of good and bad years. Were they facing a series of dry years, or of years when rain would come in time to save the grain? All they could do would be to watch and pray.

The last Friday in May, Bert went to the village, and on his return he surprised Marion with the news that he had a job offered him of cooking in the sheepshearing plant in Zurich.

"It will be a thirty-day job, Marion, and I can be home weekends. I never thought I would cook again, but the flunky will carry on for me Sabbaths if I bake ahead for him and let him have Sundays off. We need the money badly. Perhaps I can make a payment on a disk and drill, so I won't have to wait for outside help another year."

A few days after Bert had left, Marion was alone with the girls. A raging gale rose, and the cabin timbers shook and groaned. Most of the one-room cabins were anchored. Would their two-room cabin stand? Fiercer blew the wind. Marion opened the trap door in the kitchen floor and sat ready for a quick escape to the tiny cellar should it seem best, but the wind abated as the sun sank low in the heavens, and quiet settled over the plains.

The following day the wind blew again, though not quite as alarmingly as on the previous day. After little Dolly's bath in the morning Marion took the tub out to empty it, but it was torn from her hands and went bounding over the prairie, landing in a coulee, where Bert afterward recovered it. One had to be very careful in the hard winds or anything loose might be blown for miles and never be found again.

Thelma was not well, and Marion was troubled about her. The child was nauseated and refused to eat. At times she cried with pain. Chills shook her small frame, and there was every symptom of acute trouble. How Marion longed for Bert. If only Tom were at home, but he was down in the valley helping a sick farmer with his



FEBRUARY

- 6 This Is the Hour*
- 13 What Is Salvation?
- 20 What Is Justification by Faith?*
- 27 The Obedience of Faith

* Available in pamphlet form on request
** To be printed in the *Voice of Prophecy* News

chores. Marion did all she could, but things looked more and more critical. It was nine miles to a telephone and eighteen miles to the nearest doctor. The nearest neighbor was away for a week, so there was no one to call. Thelma must have medical aid—what could be done?

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

Frontiers

From page 10

Roderick came from his home in Trinidad in his late teens and attended Emmanuel Missionary College, where he completed his academy work, received his Bachelor of Arts degree, and took one year of postgraduate work, before going to Loma Linda. He has had to work practically his entire way.

God has richly blessed this hard-working youth, who usually finds himself too busy canvassing to attend colporteur meetings on weekends or even to go to camp meeting. His 1953 record of \$2,503.37 in deliveries in 350 hours was one of the finest in North America.

Roderick's aim is to return to his country as a medical missionary, when he completes his training and medical experience.

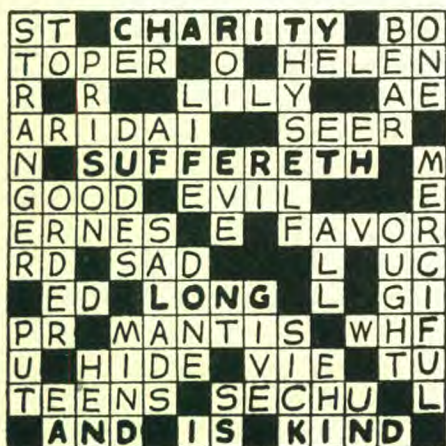
An Assyrian Girl's Testimony

BEIRUT, LEBANON.—The following is taken from a letter written by a young woman who lives in Mesopotamia isolated from other Adventist youth:

"How I long to be with all the brethren in Christ. . . . For sure this is impossible as long as we are living in this world below. That is why I am more and more longing for my Saviour's soon coming, who is going to gather us from all parts of the world with our brethren and loved ones—even so, come, Lord Jesus."

KEY

Wit Sharpeners



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U.S. FORESTRY SERVICE

► A CAMPAIGN to teach children the dangers of forest fires is moving forward with great success. Every day some 1,000 letters come to Smokey the Bear, who is the symbol of forest fire prevention. This bear, who lives in the Washington Zoo, was a forest fire escapee himself. In their letters the youngsters enclose such things as Christmas and Valentine cards and cash donations, and tell Smokey that they are doing their bit to prevent fires. When a junior forest ranger signs up, he gets a fire prevention kit, including a membership card, blotter, certificate, and fire prevention stamps.

► USING a portable writing desk that he had designed himself, Thomas Jefferson penned the original draft of the Declaration of Independence in a Philadelphia boarding-house. The desk's convenient size probably made it an ideal traveling companion, reports the Smithsonian Institution, where this object of historic interest is permanently preserved. Many extremely accurate duplicates of the desk have been scattered over the world, an evidence of its popularity.

► IN THE Korean war 25 per cent of the cases of eye injury from foreign objects were caused by noniron fragments. Doctors were at a loss to recover them in spite of strenuous efforts, for they would not respond to an ordinary magnet. A partial solution to that problem is now available in an electronic magnet that is being developed at the Army Medical Center in Washington, D.C.

► EVERY night watchmen guarding George Washington's home, Mount Vernon, make their rounds accompanied by Doberman pinschers, reports the National Geographic Society. In addition, spotlights flood the lawns, and electric eyes are installed at key positions to touch off an alarm in case an intruder appears on the grounds.

► MONTE CARLO is soon to have its own commercial TV station. The transmitter will be built 3,300 feet above sea level, giving excellent coverage for the entire principality of Monaco.

► ONE sixth of Thailand's population of 18 million suffers sickness or death each year as a result of malaria.

► MADRID reports that a Spanish firm soon expects to be manufacturing cars at the rate of 10,000 a year.

► THERE are about 500,000 public eating establishments in the United States, some of them on a 24-hour-a-day basis.

► THE Masai warriors of Africa believe a lion will never attack a man standing motionless, even if only a few feet away.

► PAMPAS grass, well known on the grazing ranges of Chile, Argentina, and Brazil, is being introduced to Australian ranches from New Zealand. This tall-growing tussocklike feed is claimed to have remarkable drought-resistance and is a reliable source of green fodder through the winter.

► THE two extremes in science's scale of measurement are the angstrom unit and the light-year. There are some 254 million angstrom units to an inch. The light-year is equal to about 6 trillion miles. The first is used to measure light waves, the second the distance between stars and galaxies.

► THE invention of the first "lighter-than-air" balloon is credited to two French brothers, J. M. and J. E. Montgolfier. Their first balloons, produced in 1782, were bags filled with heated air. Using a large one in 1783, Pilatre de Rosier was the first man to go aloft. In the same year another Frenchman, J. A. C. Charles, constructed a balloon that contained hydrogen gas and he was able to travel 27 miles in it.

► NEW Topolinos will no longer be seen in Europe. The Fiat Automobile Company of Turin, Italy, has decided to discontinue making its little car, which for 20 years has adorned European roads. The people of Italy doubtless have felt for the Topolino something of the sentiment that many Americans felt for the Model T Ford. The little car, officially called the Fiat 500, is to have a successor that will be lighter, larger, cheaper, and more economical to operate.

► THE first American superhighway was completed in the fall of 1940. It was the Merritt Parkway, opened in September of that year. The following month came the Pennsylvania Turnpike with 160 graceful miles sweeping over the Allegheny Mountains. Now there are some 1,200 miles of such roads in operation, some 600 building, another 2,600 authorized, and definite proposals for 3,000 miles more. The Automobile Manufacturers Association believes that America may easily have 10,000 miles of new toll highways within the next few years.

Focus

Ever since you first heard of the hydrogen bomb you have probably been somewhat worried, because you have heard of "fall-outs" and "changed weather." Our governments, though, have officially put our fears to one side by statistics to show how slight are the lasting side effects of atomic explosions.

But they hardly mention H-bombs—more than one thousand times as powerful as the old-style fission bombs. The dangers now are real, say a French physicist and a British physiologist. The cumulative effect of the chemical reactions and radioactivity following even experimental explosions could be lethal, they believe.

Such statements by men of authority should be sufficient warning to anyone concerning the future of this planet. The nations will never stop making bombs. Our only hope is personal redemption, a way of escape provided by Heaven.

DON YOST



► Two scientists, one in Great Britain and the other in France, have expressed grave concern over the ultimate results of a multiplicity of atomic explosions. Dr. E. D. Adrian, in his presidential address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, said, "The human race cannot stand more than a few thousand large atomic explosions whether they hit their target or miss it." Across the channel, the French Academy of Sciences heard a forthright paper by Charles-Noel Martin. He noted, according to *Time*, four results of H-bomb explosions: (1) The formation of large amounts of nitric acid; (2) the upheaval of possibly a billion tons of pulverized material, when exploded on the ground; (3) production of large amounts of radioactive carbon-14; and (4) the appreciable raising of the general level of earth's radioactivity.

► PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL has been a member of the British House of Commons for 30 consecutive years. Altogether Sir Winston has served a total of 52 years in the lower house of Parliament, according to the Associated Press, more than any other present member. He was elected first in 1900, but missed the years 1922-24. One longer period of consecutive service is held by D. R. Grenfell, who has represented the Welsh district of Gower continuously since 1922.

► EARTH's earliest "standard measure" probably was the Egyptian cubit, 20.62 inches, reports the National Geographic Society. It was supposed to represent the distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. This unit of length, used in multiples of 100 and 1000, built the great pyramids of the Pharaohs.

► THE American Red Cross has made available through its local chapters a new 14½-minute color film entitled "Prescription for Life." This sound film answers questions frequently asked by laymen about what happens to the blood they donate.

► AMERICA's early morning radio audience has increased some 25 per cent over the past four years, reports the A. C. Nielsen Company. During last summer the radio audience was bigger in the daytime than at night.

► RESERVATIONS in Arizona and New Mexico are the home of about one fourth of all American Indians who live in the United States.