

Wilderness Outpost
Who Belongs to the Family of Heaven?

Bible Lesson for March 12



On Christian Education

Since January of 1949, each color issue of this magazine has carried an advertisement designed to encourage our youth to attend Seventh-day Adventist colleges.

Our educational institutions were founded in sacrifice and dedicated to Christian service. The teachers on their faculties give the caliber of instruction and inspiration that has brought stability and advance to our work throughout the world. From their lips come truths that savor of the tree of life, and not of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

A young man had just announced to a teacher his intention of attending a worldly school. "Don't do it, lad, don't do it," the teacher replied. "If you have no prospects of employment following graduation, and you feel that you must continue your education without a break, then go to the Seminary, or to one of our colleges that offers advanced degrees."

But the young man did not follow the counsel. Instead, he went to one of the schools of the world. He must have been highly successful in his studies, too, for when last seen he was in a very responsible position, one that might someday have real bearing on the welfare of many of his fellow citizens.

"What church are you attending?" he was asked. "Oh, we don't attend any church regularly, but when we do we usually go to ---," he replied. As I looked at him and his lovely young wife, a surge of pity came over me as I recognized the fearful price they had paid.

Wally Croudall

prace Motes

OTTER The plural of otter may be either otters or otter, but in the language of those who love the forests and streams the latter seems to prevail. Lillian G. Liers probably knows more about the habits of the otter than any other housewife in America-her husband, Emil E. Liers, has developed a reputa-tion as "The Otter Man." Mr. and Mrs. Liers have visited every State in the Union, and Mr. Liers has presented his program, illustrated with motion pictures and some of his otter pets, at many educational institutions. Mrs. Liers has found time, in spite of much traveling, to participate in the missionary activities of the church. For years the family followed a river life, living in a houseboat while Mr. Liers traded in pearls, furs, and pearl shell. Since 1926, however, his work has been primarily in the realm of education through his lectures on conservation, with emphasis on the winning ways of the otter. The family now lives near Homer, Minnesota, and it was here on an afternoon last summer that we spent some pleasant hours, enjoving the hospitality of these lovers of the creatures of the wild. Articles about Mr. Liers and his work with otter have appeared in many U.S. magazines, and his book, An Otter's Story, is a 1955 Junior Book Club selection. Cover photo by Gatterdam.

The annual Youth's Instructor Amateur Radio Log is scheduled to appear May 17. New short-wave operators, and old ones who have changed their address, or dropped out of the activity, should send their names, addresses, and call letters to us at once.

TOBACCO "Tobacco on the Defensive," by Winton H. Beaven, page 6, is an article you may want to pass on to a friend after reading it. Recent findings sound like echoes from a pen that wrote in the 1890's that the use of tobacco brings disease.

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.

Vol. 103, No. 9

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

March 1, 1955

WALTER T. CRANDALL, Editor

FREDERICK LEE, Associate Editor Don You Consulting Editors, E. W. Dunbar, K. J. Reynolds, L. L. Moffitt Vivian Engenery Yaros, Editorial Secretary DON YOST, Assistant Editor

R. J. CHRISTIAN, Circulation Manager

Published by the Seventh-day Adventists, Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Assn., at Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C., U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D.C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, Copyright, 1955, Review and Herald Publishing Assn., Washington 12, D.C. Subscription rates: one year, \$4.75; two years, \$9.00; six months, \$2.50; in clubs of three or more, one year, each, \$3.75; six months, \$2.00. Foreign countries where extra postage is required: one year, \$5.25; six months, \$2.75; in clubs of three or more, one year, each, \$4.25; six months, \$2.25. Monthly color edition, available overseas only, one year, \$1.50. The post office will not forward second-class matter even though you leave a forwarding address. Send both the old and the new address to The Youth's Instruction before you move.

MARINUKA

By LILLIAN G. LIERS

RIGID weather enveloped the north country, freezing lakes and streams. A mantle of snow covered the ground and trees. A family of four otter, raised at Bordon Lake near Gordon, Wisconsin, were working across country, possessed with an unusual

Traveling over a range covering fifty miles or more of lake area and streams is not unusual for nature's greatest vagabonds. But these otter were not following a regular pattern. The urge they felt seemed to have taken hold of many of God's creatures in the north, causing them to seek new territories in more civilized areas during the 1920's. Many of the deer, beaver, and otter responded to this call to migrate south.

Their natural fear of dogs and people seemed to disappear, and the migration was general. Different species of animals began appearing on lakes, fields, streams, and wood lots where only the oldest settlers could dimly remember having seen them before.

The migrant otter family were having a happy time as they traveled from lake to lake, pond to bog, following frozen streams. They found places to enter the water at rapids or in the warm open water at places where the streams drained lakes. Their most pleasant pastime was catching crawfish and frogs denned in the banks of lakes and streams. They swam under the ice, releasing air bubbles and rebreathing freshly oxygenated bubbles where they had come to rest on the underside of the ice. Often the four traveled alongshore under the ice, stopping here and there in old muskrat dens or drawing in air at an old crawfish chimney leading from the water to air out on the bank. But their adventure was not without incident along the way.

There had been a fresh snowfall of about three inches in the woods. Otter love fresh snow, and what a time they had as they left Sand Lake to begin their journey overland to Green Lake. About

GATHERDAM PHOTO

Mr. Liers, shown here with Marinuka at four months of age, inspects the feet of the young otter, showing the hornlike calks on her heel. These calks keep an otter from slipping on mossy rocks. one-half mile from Sand Lake they settled down to a steady pace of running, then sliding; sliding, then running, ever headed for Green Lake. It was a lot of fun, and they were enjoying their jour-

Three wolves were hunting in the area at the time, and they happened to cross the otter trail while hunting snowshoe rabbits in the tangles of a raspberry patch. Almost as one they turned to follow the fresh tracks. As they ran yapping along the trail, the four otter, still a mile from the lake, stopped to listen, terrified for the moment. Then, containing their desire to strike out in headlong flight, each for himself, they bunched together and began to lope the old otter stride toward Green Lake; but soon the wolves caught up to them, growling and baring their teeth. They surrounded the family.

The lead wolf charged in to grab a meal, so he thought, but quick as a wink two of the otter chopped him sharply on the nose, cutting it severely. He yelped in pain and anger, and shook his head, crying for help. But both otter bit all the harder and shook his head. He jerked back, shaking for all he was worth, tearing them loose, but leaving his nose and one ear gashed and bleeding. No sooner were they on the ground than the otter bunched together again.

The two that had not bitten the lead wolf stayed together, turning and facing the fight as it went on, keeping the other two wolves at bay, and thus preventing them from joining in the attack. Now they were together again, turning as the



wolves circled and feinted in an attempt to get one out alone so they could attack and kill it by slashing with their sharp fangs. The otter were too smart for that plan of attack. They kept circling, ever working toward Green Lake.

Always the wolves were met by this concerted defense, and they were careful not to get within range of the otter's hard bite. According to the warden who told Mr. Liers the story, the snow showed a crisscross pattern of tracks as the wolves circled, charging here and there as the otter stood off the charges and steadily worked toward the lake. They kept working along the edge of the lake, where the ice was springy, until they were able to get under the ice for protection, leaving the wolves frustrated on the shore. The pursuers gave a howl of disappointment and lay down to bite off the ice formation that had covered their feet in the slushy ice, as if to tantalize them

Two of the otter poked their heads out of an old beaver den, one on one side, the other across the way. Then they ran out, flitting their tails at the wolves, and scurried back to the entrance of the runway. The three wolves jumped as one to catch them. As the otter plunged into the safety of the den the wolves jammed their heads down into the two holes where the otter had disappeared. Quickly the two otter turned, and each grabbed a wolf by the nose, and bracing their feet, hung on, shaking and pulling for all they were worth. Then there was a bedlam of wolf howls.

The other two otter joined in the fight,

grabbing the wolves' ears, pulling and shaking with fury. The two wolves sat back on their haunches, making every effort to loosen the hold of the otter. First one, then the other, was loose as the otter lost their hold at the entrance to the den. The wolves slunk off, bleeding and utterly defeated, wanting no more of the fight or play of the otter. They ran to the top of the ridge, howling mournfully, so that all who heard could tell they had been worsted in the encounter. They set off north to hunt rabbits once more, having had all the otter they cared for in one evening.

After a two-day stopover at Green Lake, the otter journeyed toward Devils Lake, then the following night to Yellow Lake. Meanwhile, others from northern Minnesota had worked down the Snake River, raised a litter of cubs, and were using the Snake-St. Croix river territory as their ranging grounds. This area was infested with crawfish, and crawfish they dearly love.

The two youngest of the four migrant ofter were intrigued with the ofter scents they found, and decided to hunt up their new neighbors. Cutting loose from the two older ones, who continued to follow the urge to migrate south, they kept on the St. Croix until they reached the mouth of the Sunrise River. Going upriver they came to an old crossing that took them across Highway 95. The female was heavy with young, and it was near the time that she should find a nest to couch her cubs. When they reached Sunrise Lake they worked across country to Cluscago Lake, over the height of land,

and again were back to the St. Croix River.

Here there was plenty of feed—softshell turtles, crawfish, and other Crustacea. The female kept searching for a nesting site. She found an abandoned beaver flowage just north of the road going from State Highway 95 to Osceola, Wisconsin.

The old flowage made a perfect home for Squee-wee and the litter of cubs that was expected soon. The only animals that inhabited this area were a few muskrats, a female mink, the owls, big snapping turtles, and a mother gray fox with four cubs.

Squee-wee cleaned out an old woodchuck burrow that had been dug years before and occupied several summers. It was an ideal place for her to make a nest. She gathered leaves that had blown in a deep pile under the big rock overhang. Taking a mouthful at a time, she soon had her nest all lined with soft, chewed leaves.

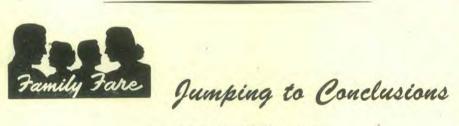
On the twenty-ninth of February, 1928, she couched two babies, a male and a female. They were about as large as baby kittens and blind like them. Although kittens open their eyes at nine days, cub otter eyes do not open until they are thirty-five days old. Each little otter had soft gray fur, but just the same the mother curled up in a ring like a doughnut, keeping her babies in the ring. After nursing them, she would clean each one thoroughly. They grew fast under her expert care.

When the mild days of late April arrived, the cubs were about a foot long and beginning to show a great deal of interest in life. They would crawl out of their nest, and on sunshiny days they liked to play in the leaf pile under the overhanging rock. The peepers and toads were singing their love songs continually in the beaver pond. Crawfish were singing too. That, with the beautiful songbird chorus, made an inviting atmosphere, which lured the cubs to be out whenever they were not asleep.

In early May Squee-wee coaxed them to follow her to the shore, where the water was very shallow. The cubs loved to paddle in this water. Following up the little inlets, they felt the angleworms, polliwogs, and baby crawfish swirl and crawl around their whiskered noses. They could lie quietly, and the water life would surge back and forth, pleasantly tickling their noses.

One day the female, more venturesome than her brother, kicked out with her feet to cross a beaver run. Her head went under water. She kicked and sputtered, but could not make headway, for she seemed to be going in a circle. Squee-wee instantly caught her by the loose skin on the nape of her neck and carried her back to shore. But the venturesome little female liked the water.

To page 25



By PEGGY HEWLETT

AVE you ever heard of reputation-shattering rumors being spread abroad because someone jumped to conclusions? Dare I set myself up as a judge? Our prayer should be for greater insight and oversight when dealing with our fellow men.

Small Charles attended infant school in England. His home was on a busy thoroughfare across from the school. Traffic usually being heavy, Charles was strictly forbidden to cross the street alone.

Mummy watched for him from the window at noon and three-thirty, and brought him safely over the avenue. One day she was surprised to meet the little fellow on the pavement not too far from the house.

Demanding an explanation, she was shocked to be met with an apparent lie: "It's all right, Mummy; God told me to cross."

That was just too much! Without further questioning, Mummy proceeded to march the young man into the house for well-directed punishment.

A passer-by had been watching the whole episode with interest. Now she stepped up and explained: "It is all right. A police officer in a car announced through the loud-speaker, 'The little boy in the blue cap may cross the street now.'"

In all good faith Charles thought it had been the voice of God!

Wilderness Outpost

By ROBERT F. CORREIA

ERE we are in the heart of the world's largest jungle, five hundred miles from the nearest missionary. The only contact my family and I have with the outside world is an occasional Panair plane flying overhead. Unexplored and unknown, a considerable portion of this vast Amazon jungle is still awaiting the message of the Master.

To some the Amazon is considered a "green hell," infested with snakes and savages, but to the missionary it is inhabited by blood-bought men and women awaiting the saving gospel of God's grace.

Before I tell you about the curious reports of a sizable group of Sabbathkeepers in the heart of the jungle, let me describe the mission station here at Santarém. Our house is in reality a medical post, although I am not a doctor. Just last week my wife and I treated sixty-six patientseverything from ugly tropical ulcers to light surgery. Fomentations play a large part in our treatment, because they give results and because our source of medicine is tremendously limited. Here in the Amazon three out of every five babies die within the first year for lack of proper care, but with the help of our Master we have been able to save the lives of several this year.

In this faraway place jungle law rules supreme. The deadly bushmaster (the world's most dangerous snake), the black and yellow leopard, the feared piranha, the giant ants (size of peanuts), the poisonous butterfly, and the monstrous boa are but a few of our respected jungle companions. Just last week I added a

twenty-five-foot skin to my collection. For playmates our three children have a pet leopard, several monkeys, two parrots, and four dogs, which also guard our compound, especially at night.

We have no difficulty as vegetarians, because there is a large variety of wonderful tropical fruits, vegetables, and nuts. We have learned to like powdered milk, to grind our own cereals, to make our own peanut butter and bread, and to plant our own garden. However, we don't dare let ourselves recall such tasty treats as carrots, cabbages, beets, apples, grapes, peaches, cherries, or prepared cereals.

My jungle parish includes the following cities and villages: Santarém, Monte Alegre, Obidos, Alenquer, Fordlândia, Oriximiná, and Altamira. Altamira has a municipality half the size of France. The last time I visited that place it was attacked by wild Indians, but I escaped

unharmed.

The several large unevangelized and uncivilized tribes in my territory weigh heavily upon my heart when I think of the tremendous task of carrying the gospel of God's grace to this waiting people. For this reason I rejoiced recently to receive reports of Sabbathkeepers far back in the jungle, and determined to visit

Heading up one of the tributaries of the Amazon River, I journeyed as far as possible by motor launch. Then changing over to a small canoe with a native guide, I proceeded into the dense jungle. For many hours we paddled through steaming forests, flooded this time of the year by high waters of this largest river in the world. The strange sights of this untamed

jungleland are always fascinating, but they could not compare with the thrilling experience that awaited us.

Our destination was the native village of Cuçarú. The man responsible for evangelizing this remote area was Raimundo Melo, a descendant of early Portuguese settlers in Brazil. He had been baptized seven years before, at the age of twenty-one, by Pastor Halliwell, near Fordlândia. Because an Adventist friend suggested Cuçarú as being a needy field to evangelize, far from the regular avenues of travel, Raimundo migrated there alone and began working as a common laborer. During the day he worked in the jungle, cutting timber and planting crops. At night he went from grass hut to grass hut holding cottage meetings. After a good interest was firmly established he organized a Sabbath school, which finally grew into a church of twentyeight members.

At the time of my visit ten had already been baptized by a Brazilian worker who had been there before me. But I was the first American missionary, and the only one so far, to visit our jungle church at Cuçarú. All the work of evangelism in that place had been done by Raimundo.

Under the inspired leadership of this humble layman, this new group, utilizing raw materials of the nearby jungle, had built its own house of worship, filled it with members, and was well advanced in its aggressive goal of raising up another Sabbathkeeping church still deeper in the thick jungle.

For several days I stayed among these new believers, visiting and instructing them. On the last Sabbath an unforgettable baptismal rite was performed in the shadowy waters of my primitive parish.

These two new churches in the heart of the wild Amazon jungle are another striking example of the wonderful workings of the Spirit of God in the hearts of humanity. We see the fulfillment of Acts 2:17: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy."



Left: The author conducts a baptism in the shadowy waters of a tributary of the Amazon. Right: Much of his traveling is done in this type of canoe.



CV LA TOUR AND SON

No young person needs to feel apologetic in refusing to smoke. The injunctions against smoking, based on our duty to God and to ourselves, are proved beyond doubt to have a solid foundation indeed,

Tobacco on the Defensive

By WINTON H. BEAVEN

S EVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS do not smoke. They believe that tobacco harms the body and dulls the senses.

As the years have passed and cigarette smoking has become as common as sunshine, other churches have lowered their standards. Adventist young people have been forced on the defensive. Increasing pressures have caused many to fall; social pressure was too great. It appeared that eventually everyone would smoke.

Now, all at once, comes a series of staggering developments, one after another. We learn that all we have ever suspected, and more too, is true about the harmful effects of tobacco. So strong is the scientific evidence that smokers themselves are frightened. Tobacco sales are dropping, and the medical profession is withdrawing tacit support of the tobacco industry. It is startling that all of these developments should appear almost simultaneously.

Scientifically, the bombshell was dropped on tobacco late in 1953 by Drs. Ernest L. Wynder and Evarts A. Graham, of St. Louis. They announced, "[We] have produced cancer experimentally in mice by using merely the tars from to-

bacco smoke. This shows conclusively that there is something in cigarette smoke which can produce cancer. This is no longer merely a possibility. Our experiments have proved it beyond any doubt."

Medical men and scientific researchers have long noted a striking correlation between smoking and lung cancer. Famed Dr. Alton Ochsner, of New Orleans, has publicly stated for some years that smoking causes most chest cancers. But never before had there been absolute laboratory proof that cigarettes contained materials that can produce cancer. The skeptics in the medical profession, and they were many and important, could no longer hide behind a cloud of querulous questionings. Now there was proof—absolute proof.

Almost simultaneously the American Medical Association announced that none of its ten publications would carry cigarette advertising in the future. This ban, according to Advertising Age, means a loss of revenue to the A.M.A. Journal alone of \$100,000 a year. The official reason for the A.M.A. action was reported, "The board of trustees decided to confine ads to products which can be declared useful to the physician in his

practice or in his personal life." The significance of this statement lies in the last phrase, "in his personal life." Doctors have never prescribed smoking as a remedy for any body condition, but many have permitted it, many have smoked themselves, and have rarely urged their patients to stop smoking. Now, implies the A.M.A. in its careful language, cigarettes are not useful to the physician in his personal life. The importance of this about-face can only be appreciated by those who have attempted to discuss the harmful effects of smoking with many doctors who made light of the whole thing.

before these developments Even smokers were becoming alarmed. Evidence is found, not only in the articles appearing from time to time in leading periodicals like Reader's Digest, but in the cigarette industry itself. Cigarette consumption in 1954 ran behind 1953. The decrease was only slight, but it takes on added significance when you consider that this is the first significant dip in consumption in twenty-one years. In every year, except 1949, when there was a slight business recession, for the past two decades smokers have puffed away from 4 to 6 per cent more cigarettes than in the preceding year. A very slight drop in consumption now means actually a drop of 5 per cent or more in expected consumption, on the basis of past trends. The tobacco industry is alarmed at these developments.

Lee Geist, writing in the Wall Street Journal, says, "Within the tobacco-growing and cigarette-making industries, a flaming debate is raging over whether the decline is due to an ever-increasing fear amongst consumers that smoking may be harmful to their health." Most cigarette firms, according to Mr. Geist, still publicly scoff at the idea that health fears are the cause of the decline. This attitude appears to be a whistling in the dark to keep up their courage. The industry itself, perhaps inadvertently, has done much to arouse smokers' fears. They have done it by their own advertising.

One brand uses television ads something like this: Black loads of tar and nicotines, which are supposed to come from other cigarettes, appear on the screen. Consumers are urged to smoke—for the "greatest health protection in the industry's history." Another slogan claims its cigarette will take the fear out of smoking. The reason stated is that these cigarettes don't produce the irritating vapors that other tobaccos do. This argument, that one brand is less harmful than others, puts all brands on thin ice.

There are other indications that the "fear" campaign is bearing fruit. The sale of "stop-smoking" pills has multiplied by leaps and bounds. These pills are remarkably effective, and there is little repeat business. Filter cigarettes, ad-

To page 21

E WERE nearing the end of our voyage. In the merciless rays of the midday sun the brown expanse of India's coast line ahead of us was thrown into stark relief. White dots evolved into miniature buildings, and patches of green became vegetation of various kinds. On board, the passengers had collected in excited little groups. Some hung over the rails, straining their eyes as the Port of Bombay loomed nearer. Merry laughter reverberated along the

My husband and I stood a little apart from the others. India with its teeming millions, its mystery, and its charm, lay before us! We were on the threshold of the vast unknown! What would it hold for us? The laughter of the others had a subduing effect on our spirits. Unconsciously we drew nearer to each other.

As we steamed slowly toward the harbor a massive archway on the sea front took definite shape. This was the famous Gateway of India, the scene of many a royal pageant. Not far distant we were able to visualize the stately outlines of India's most modern hotel, the Taj Mahal. And now a vast panorama of wharves and warehouses, buildings and factories, lay stretched before us. We were pleasantly surprised. Bombay, to all appearances, was a modern city, and not the snake-infested village we had pictured it.

The ship moored alongside the wharf, and the passport officials came aboard. After the necessary preliminaries we were permitted to go ashore.

Here some of the church officials, who had earlier been notified of the ship's

arrival, were waiting to welcome us. The sight of these dear members of the Advent family and the warmth of their greetings did much to revive our spirits. Strangers in a strange land though we were, somehow the feeling of awful strangeness seemed to be gradually dissipating in the warm glow of true Christian fellowship. Forcibly indeed were the beautiful words of the old hymn brought home to us: "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love!" Oh, how many of our faithful workers, sent to the uttermost corners of the earth, have found, as did we, in the same sweet experience of Christian fellowship just the strength and comfort needed to shoulder the burdens and responsibilities of their newly appointed

We had barely emerged from the customs house

Just Yesterday

By ELSIE LEWIS RAWSON

PART TWO

when a chorus of raucous voices filled the air. A crowd of beggars, afflicted with divers diseases, surrounded us, their pathetic, haggard faces in keeping with their matted hair and filthy ragged garments. Here and there among them I caught a glimpse of a disfigured leper face. Bony and clawlike hands were thrust forward from all directions, almost under our noses, amid a veritable babel of tongues.

Bewildered and alarmed, I shrank back against my husband, hugging the precious bundle in my arms closer to my heart with a mother's instinctive desire to shield it from infection in what seemed a germladen atmosphere. Looking back now after the lapse of twenty-five years, I think the swollen features and scaly hands of the

lepers were what most disturbed me. Since that time, however, we have had many occasions to mingle with lepers in our efforts to win them to Christ. Repulsive though they are to look at, they no longer excite in me feelings of horror. To the contrary, I can now understand and share in the Saviour's infinite compassion for these most pitiful of human beings.

We were quickly shepherded across the street to a car that was drawn up by the curb. We sank back among the cushions with sighs of relief as the car moved forward and the crowd of clamoring beggars was left behind.

At last we were on our way to Poona, a semihill station situated in the Western Ghats, 120 miles northeast of Bombay.

Here is our Southern Asia headquarters.

Speeding along the tree-

bordered avenues in the

residential quarter of Bombay, we admired the quiet dignity of the mansions standing in their own wellkept gardens. I rubbed my eyes. Where were the tigers we had expected to find lurking around every corner, and the snakes hanging, poised to strike, from the trees? Why, these artistically grouped trees and carefully tended gardens belied any suggestion of them. Strange indeed, there was not a tiger or any other wild animal in sight anywhere! Instead, ayahs (nursemaids) walked placidly ahead of us with their little fair-skinned charges, and some distance away a

dusky, khaki-clad postman

was going his rounds. Well,

this was reassuring. I sat up prepared to take a

keener interest in my sur-

roundings.



PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

In the Indian section of the city the shops on either side of the streets displayed a variety of colorful merchandise that caught the eye in quick succession.

In the business thoroughfares of the great city the lofty buildings with their splendid façades of modern shops came as an agreeable surprise. Here the struggle for existence continued in perpetual hum and bustle. Traffic of every description, from the lowly bullock cart to the limousine of the Parsee millionaire, congested the roads. An Indian police constable, with a European sergeant beside him, directed the traffic in true orthodox manner.

In the Indian section of the city the open-fronted little shops on either side of the streets displayed a variety of colorful merchandise. Shining brassware, ivory trinkets, exquisitely carved ebony elephants, and vivid Oriental rugs caught the eye in quick succession. The streets were thronged with passers-by. Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, and Europeans pushed unceremoniously past each other. Purdah women, their soft fawnlike eyes peeping through the slits in their burkas, were in marked contrast to their heavily bejeweled Hindu sisters, who tripped along in their bright saris, their anklets and bangles tinkling with every movement.

So this was India! The vast unknown was not so terrifying after all. This surging mass of men and women was definitely

human, and except for their strange vernacular and still more peculiar attire, these people were no whit different from their European neighbors.

"A little touch of nature makes the whole world kin." How true these words are! A fruiterer, for example, sitting in a cramped position among the oranges on his stall, hurled invectives, just as his Western counterpart might have done, at a little urchin who had attempted to appropriate some of his stock. The inevitable pariah dog sitting in the middle of the road, rose disgustedly as we approached, and slunk into an alleyway. Hens ran squawking past our front wheels, missing death by inches. A goat, chewing paper, snorted contemptuously when we blew our horn, and then continued his meal.

Passing through the outskirts of the city, we observed that the shops were few and far between and the streets thinly populated. Here a peanut seller, complete with basket, extolled the virtues of his wares in a hoarse sing-song voice. Close by, an exasperated dhobi (washerman) belabored his donkey, which, as if indignant at the size of the bundle on its back, had planted its four legs squarely on the road and refused to budge.

Soon the great city was left behind and we were speeding along the excellent road through the Western Ghats. This important highway is government constructed, and is kept in a state of thorough repair. Now the scene before us gradually changed to one of utter charm. Wooded hills and sunlit valleys unfolded to our gaze at every bend. Here and there we came across a stretch of meadowland where scattered banyan trees cast their cool inviting shadows. Butterflies fluttered lazily in the sun. Presently the hills became more rugged, and prominent rocks and precipices lent a strange, wild beauty to the view on either side of us.

Passing an occasional Indian village, we were impressed by the atmosphere of quiet peace that pervaded the unpretentious little mud huts nestling close to one another.

These huts surrounded an open square, in the middle of which stood the village temple and a well from which the women were drawing water in earthen pitchers, On the terraced slopes of the hills, women, some with babies straddled on their hips, were tilling the earth beside their menfolk, and even children of tender years seemed to be doing their share of the labor.

To page 21

Rocky Crisis

By WILFRID E. BELLEAU

WO small boys made their way carefully along a narrow ledge of rock. On one side the sandstone cliff rose straight up; and on the other, emptiness fell away to the rock-bound river below.

The setting was the beautiful Wisconsin Dells, that tourist-infested formation of lovely cliffs, caverns, and caves that guard the shores of the Wisconsin River for ten or twelve miles. But the boys had left the crowds behind and were seeing the Dells their own way.

They had almost reached the place where the ledge leveled out to a gentle slope, when they found a cut running to the top. One lad started up while the other waited on the ledge. Up, up he went, almost to the top, but not quite. Suddenly he realized as he crouched on hands and knees that he had nothing more to hold on to-that he couldn't go farther up, and could not go back. He couldn't move,



for beneath him lay a slippery carpet of pine needles.

Slowly the fingers of terror crept up his back and reached for his neck, choking him with helplessness. A movement would

begin a slide, and once started, the rocky river below would reach out to snatch its victim.

"I'll try to catch you."

"No, no, don't or we'll both go."

"I'll come up and push."

"No, no."

Two little boys, one struggling with reason to find a way to help his brother, the other with strength failing and about to give up, called on their God. Desperate determination sprang into the watcher on the ledge. Carefully, deliberately, as a cat stalking a bird, he began to climb the dangerous cut in a desperate attempt to save his brother. But as he did so, down from the top, falling like heavenly roses, came the words, "I'm up, I'm up, go around." And that he gladly did!

Later he was told that when all strength was gone and the end seemed inevitable, an unseen force seemed to push his help-

less brother over the top.

Have you ever been in a position where it seemed impossible to move forward or backward? Crouched precariously on some rocky crisis of life, we come face to face with disaster. We suddenly realize that there is no happy-ever-after ending when spiritual death stalks a victim.

When all seems lost, and you can hold on no longer; when you stand alone, and your strength is gone-remember life's surest guide, the Bible. Remember, too, that there is one who can give you that push over the tob.

Y LAST thirty-five cents jingled loosely in my pocket. A poor prospect I would make for any pickpocket today, I reflected whimsically as I stood under the protecting awning of the roadside service station and surveyed the long gray ribbon of highway, which seemed to ripple mockingly in the drizzling rain.

I fingered the coins thoughtfully. Rather meager assets, considering the 350 miles that still stretched between me and my journey's end! "If only Mr. Phillips had been home!" I sighed half aloud. But there was nothing to be gained by merely wishing my plans had turned out better. I had had every reason to believe that, along with a few days' vacation on my old campus, I would be able to pick up the hundred dollars' worth of sales Mr. Phillips had promised me; but now that I had failed to do that-well, I would just have to get back to my territory the best way I could and canvass harder than ever in the three weeks remaining before school began again.

I would not travel very far standing there under my shelter, though; that was sure. Determinedly, I picked up my luggage and pushed myself out onto the wet pavement, not even stopping to reflect about the dangers of hitchhiking. Cars were few that dismal morning, and those few swished by with no intention of stopping to pick up a slightly bedraggled passenger. Each passing vehicle contributed only a bit more spatter to my already soiled shoes and trouser cuffs.

I glanced over at the service station clock. Nine o'clock already! No sooner had I turned my eyes back to the highway than a car passed, pulled quickly to the side, and stopped. I ran toward it and was met by the driver as he stepped out to open the trunk door and place my large suitcase inside.

"We're a little crowded," he greeted me genially, "but there's always room for one more!"

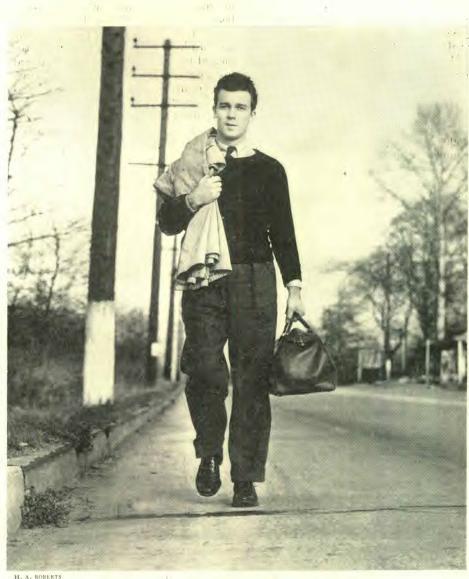
I stepped around to the car door and saw, to my surprise, what he meant by "Crowded." Besides miscellaneous bundles and sundry articles of clothing, one girl and two men occupied the back of the car; three more men, including the driver, sat in front.

Because of the tight fit I thanked my would-be benefactors and offered to find another ride, but they assured me most heartily that I would not inconvenience them in the slightest. Moreover, they reminded me, this present drizzle threatened to turn into a regular downpour any minute; I had better take a ride while I had the chance. Gratefully but reluctantly I stepped inside, squeezed myself onto the back seat, and as the car rolled on its way, introduced myself to the group, adding that I was a college student taking predental work.

"Well, Doc, you're welcome to whatever lift we can give you," drawled the

Guardian of the Road

By FRANKLIN HOUSE



H. A. ROBERTS

I picked up my luggage and pushed myself out onto the pavement, not stopping to reflect on the dangers of hitchhiking. Cars were few that morning, and they seemed to have no intention of stopping.

driver good naturedly. "We are going to El Paso today, then tomorrow we will leave for Sacramento, where we'll be stationed for the next several months."

This piece of news was encouraging; for if they were going to El Paso, my destination would be right on their way. A one-stop ride! What good fortune!

Now that I had the opportunity I studied my road companions and immediate surroundings. A number of articles strewn about confirmed the statement

that these men—some of them at least—were in the army. The interior of the car was extremely dirty; one seat was badly sprung. The young people themselves gave no better impression: their manners seemed somewhat loud and coarse; their language was anything but commendable. But swiftly I banished critical thoughts, reminding myself that there are many fine people in the world who have never had a chance to learn a better way of life.

The speedometer hovered around the higher numbers on the dial, and soon we came to a good-sized town that I recognized as being off the route to El Paso. With the aid of a road map I showed the driver where he had taken the wrong highway.

As we retraced our wasted miles the boys in the rear seat (where I was) began, for no apparent reason, to tussle and knock each other around quite freely. In our crowded situation I thought this kind of sport rather strange, and, surely, unnecessary. Soon, from the front seat came the suggestion that we should toss one of the rougher young men (the one responsible for the disturbance) into a pond or tank in some nearby pasture.

The first side road we came to was about six miles out of Cisco, a small town in central Texas. When our driver turned off onto this dirt road and I realized his intentions of carrying out the suggestion, I immediately asked to be let out, that I might get another ride. But again I was reminded that they were going all the way to my destination and was also assured that this prank would not take

Nestled among many scrub oaks was a small tank, which was chosen as a suitable, well-hidden place into which they could toss their offending mischiefmaker. All but the girl hustled out of the car and soon ran the hundred yards or so to the pond. By the time I arrived the victim was already splashing around in the water. Others in the group dived in for a swim.

Not wishing to participate, I withdrew to a grassy knoll not far from the pool and stood leaning on a fence post, reviewing ideas for successful selling as well as recalling some of the pleasant things I had enjoyed during my week of vacation.

Abruptly my dreaming ended when both of my arms were snapped behind my back and a knife threatened my first defensive move.

"You be good and you'll get off easier," was the brusque admonition as I was firmly pushed over to the side of the pond and commanded to lie down.

The driver, obviously the leader of the gang, removed my clothes while different ones tried them on to see who looked best in them. Even my shoes were passed around. Somewhat disappointed over the lack of wealth to be found in my pockets, others of the group scampered hopefully over to the car for my suitcase to determine how worthwhile a victim I had proved to be. Their chagrin at finding no more money was pacified to a marked degree by the discovery of my best suit and several items of casual and sport clothes—virtually my entire school supply!

Having made sure that there was nothing more to be gained from me, two of the men tied me securely in several

places, gagged me, and left me to survive as best I could.

Alone with God, I thanked Him fervently for life and for His great love for one small insignificant creature on this big earth who had made a mistake. My clothes were gone—all but the one scanty piece I still had on. Practically everything I owned was gone, but I still had life—life—and I was going to use it!

The gag in my mouth fell out easily. Laboring earnestly at the task, I finally managed to work the belt around my feet loose, and I was ready to walk. With my hands tied behind me and my arms bound above my elbows, I pushed my loosely clad body forward through briers and brush back to the dirt road. Thorns pierced my bare feet; the briers scratched my legs; but I hardly noticed the abuses because my spirits soared high. I was jubilant with relief!

Climbing the fence was not easy to do with my arms tied behind me. I did manage to get one leg over; but when I attempted to bring over the other one, I lost my footing and tumbled into the ditch. But what did I care? I was free from the fence now and on the open road!

A small farmhouse peeked through the trees, and with joy I ran toward it. (If I should have been embarrassed over my appearance at this time, I shall have to be forgiven, for I was totally oblivious to

Light Through Darkness

By ALBERT L. HENDRICKSON

Fret not that clouds above you hang, Nor murmur at the rain, For both must hide the azure blue Before we reap the grain.

The wind that brings the darkest cloud Will drive that cloud away; Those only who have seen the night Will learn to love the day.

The rose its fragrance sheds
When torn and marred by bruises;
The rock must crushed to pieces be
Before its gold it loses.

None ever reached life's greatest height Without adversity; And he who ne'er a battle fought Ne'er won a victory. every sense other than relief and gratitude. I remember I marveled that the rocks in the road did not even hurt my feet as I dashed over them.) In a few minutes I had leaped the steps to the porch of the little white house and was kicking energetically at the screen door.

A more-than-plump woman arose with surprising agility from her rocking chair and approached me, staring in amazement as she exclaimed, "My stars, son! What happened to your clothes?"

I showed her my hands and arms, and by that time her husband had come with a long knife to cut me loose. While he looked for some clothes I might be able to use, I telephoned the police station and reported my story in brief.

"Stay where you are; we'll be out for you in a few minutes," replied the sheriff briskly.

Those "few minutes" seemed hours, however, while I sat and visited with Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, the kind farmer and his wife who had clothed me to the best of their resources and contributed in every way possible to my comfort.

That day, and in the following weeks, the Lord displayed to me some truly wonderful people. At the police station I was given an old pair of shoes that fitted fairly well. As soon as the sheriff had every detail of my story, he began broadcasting my incident to all the police cars within 150 miles. Newspaper reporters came in to hear my story. Others came too, and many left money for food or clothes. The drugstore contributed paper, pencil, and stamps for a letter home. A restaurant donated a full, nourishing meal. Later, and best of all, Dr. Blackstalk, a prominent dental surgeon, took me to his home, prepared supper for me, clothed me in good quality clothes, and purchased a bus ticket for me back to Odessa, where I was located for my canvassing work.

The Lord has continued to rain down showers of blessing upon me. After I returned to school the Texico Conference helped cover my loss by sending an extra hundred dollars for my work in their territory all summer. A family from the school took me to town and spent more than fifty dollars for things I needed.

The gratitude I felt on the day of my deliverance has not diminished; though, of course, my wild feelings of relief have returned to normal. For all my known blessings I daily thank my gracious Father in heaven. For the unknown ones—probably even more numerous—I reserve my specific thanks for that better day, or until they are revealed, as they are from time to time.

A few days ago I was informed of a gruesome murder for which three young men and a girl face trial in McAlester, Oklahoma. The description of them and their car is painfully familiar to me. God alone knows from what peril I was delivered that day by the pond.

I can win her friendship-who knows?"



Jeanie Eavesdrops

By WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

HE quiet little cameolike village that nestled down in a small valley with a collar of fir-lined hills about it looked exactly as it usually looked on a Sunday morning.

The lovely red-brick structure that was the pride of the township, as well as of the academy students and the faculty, gave the illusion of stability and permanence. There was a little activity around Quick's grocery store across the street. The drugstore, with fountain, had open doors, hopefully inviting an occasional student to drop in, and over above the bank Dr. Koons had the temerity to keep his office open just in case some overzealous student might be suffering from eyestrain and pay him a call on Sunday morning.

Aside from these few outward signs of yawning and fidgeting from the night's inertia, the town dozed off again. But inside the large, brick structure there was plenty of activity. The working students were busy in the laundry, sorting the week's accumulation of soiled clothing, while others were hunting mops and wide push brooms in the closets of the

janitor department. Miss Haddock had managed to round up-under mild protest-most of the regular kitchen crew. Over in the cheery music conservatory Leola Castle was practicing a selection from Beethoven for the spring recital. Leola was the principal's daughter, and she could bring not only the piano to life but everyone within hearing distance!

Miss Haddock appeared suddenly on the downstairs floor of the old laundry with her right eyebrow lifted. "Oh, here you are, Jeanie! Skip the laundry work today. I'll be needing you in the kitchen. Your replacement will be here in a few minutes. Do just as you like for the next hour, but report for work in the kitchen at ten o'clock sharp. Fact is, there will be two replacements for your job in the laundry today!"

Jeanie looked down at the huge pile of soiled clothing she had been sorting and lifted her voice above the hum of the machines. "I much prefer working in the kitchen, Miss Haddock. Are you going to let me cook and bake?"

"Just you wait and see."

After Miss Haddock had gone, Jeanie hesitated. She could go and study for an hour, but no telling how long it would be before the replacements came, and things needed to be kept going! Maybe she should stay here and work until the others came, and then she could show them what to do before she left.

Fifteen minutes later Gretchen and Rachelle darkened the laundry doorway. The fog was gradually lifting and the

"Hi, there!" Jeanie said cheerily. "Am I glad to see you! You can at least keep me company until my replacements come. I do wish they'd hurry though—I wanted to study before going to work in the kitchen!"

"Behold, we are your replacements!" "No! No! You're only kidding," Jeanie

were. We are here by order of the To page 23

11



Is "String Pulling" The Answer?

By W. A. TOWNEND

NOW where the strings are: artfully pull them," advises some young person who has become slightly soured at seeing the promotion of another.

There are plenty of folks, both young and old, who seem to have that kind of outlook on getting on in the world. Some of these people add, "If you can't get at the strings yourself, then have someone else, perferably an influential relative, maneuver them for you."

Is finding one's niche and doing well in it mainly a matter of string pulling? Sometimes the evidence appears to favor a Yes answer to that question. I do not hide the fact. The correct answer is No, just the same. But you have the right to ask for a bit of concrete proof.

I'll give you some evidence. You will like it. And it will do something for

Recently I was part of a dense crowd who were listening to the conqueror of Everest (Sir Edmund Hillary) respond to a mayoral reception tendered him in the city of Christchurch, New Zealand. Sir Edmund said some interesting things, as you would expect. But it is a witty little remark that was made by George Lowe, Sir Edmund's New Zealand companion in the Everest party and his fellow traveler on the present world tour,

that fits into our discussion.
"Funny thing," observed Lowe, "when I previously visited Christchurch there was no cheering and there were no crowds to welcome me-and it was that way with Ed too." (As you may know, both young men are barely thirty.) The crowd laughed.

I thought of a certain Bible verse. Just now I was going to write down those seven words of Scripture, but instead of doing that I'll ask you to remember Lowe's remark and at the same time keep your eyes open for those seven words. I will fit them in somewhere further on. When you come across them you'll see a

connection between them and George Lowe's humorous quip.

Meantime I recall the reaction of a very famous man to his hearing William Wilberforce speak. "I saw," he said, "what seemed to me a mere shrimp mount upon the table; but, as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale." And again those seven words of Scripture are in my mind!

Wilberforce, by the way, was then twenty-four. As you know, he later (and not much later either) became the great emancipator of slaves in Britain's overseas colonies and a very famous parliamentarian and statesman.

Some time ago The Youth's In-STRUCTOR published a piece from me entitled "So You Are Not Well Known?" * That true story told of a young man's discouragement. Warren was his story name. Warren felt he wasn't well known at college. He couldn't seem to find the strings to pull, and he had no influential relatives in the work who could pull for him. Warren unburdened his heart to his home-town minister, who happened to be visiting the college. Then, with a twinkle in his eyes, the wise pastor had responded with: "Being well known, Warren, does not really have very much to do with get-ting a start in one's chosen lifework, or in having good success in it either."

I heard of Warren the other day. He's now a very successful pastor of a fastgrowing congregation. His church is usually at the top, or near there, when it comes to campaigns. Warren is baptizing as many people as the most successful seasoned evangelist in his conference. And I was told that there is more than one leader looking Warren's way. That

verse again!

A large industrial undertaking I know of has just taken on a new office manager. I remember the time when he was a junior clerk there. His father was a workman in the plant, still is. Working in that large office in those days were young men whose relatives were related to some of the bosses, others were actually bosses. Where now are those young men of yesterday? Candidly, I don't know.

But I have been told by the director of the undertaking that his new office manager is doing "a mighty fine job of work." A further inquiry brought this response: "He has a history of neatness, accuracy, steadiness of output, that goes back to when he was a junior with us." Again that verse! To page 23



When the board of directors select a new officer, they look for a man who has a history of neatness, accuracy, and steadiness of output that goes back to his first day of employment with their firm.



"MOM, may I bake some cookies this afternoon?" I asked over the telephone. "Yes, I know I don't have my theme finished, but it won't take me long when I once get down to work."

"But, when are you going to get down to work?" came the

question from Mother.

"This evening."

"Very well," was the response, "I'll take that as a promise, and you may go ahead and bake cookies."

The cookies were done, but the theme was not. Even two days later I still hadn't started. The six-week period was drawing to a close, with but one week remaining. My grade for the period depended on the thousand-word theme.

If I leave something half done, there always comes a time when I wish I had finished it on schedule. Consider my theme, for instance; the deadline is coming rapidly, but I doubt that I shall be ready to meet it. There is no one to blame but myself. I have had weeks to work on it, but nothing has been done. The teacher has tried to help by giving advice on writing. No appointment that was made did I keep. The chances are that, if I keep leaving things until later, I shall never receive my diploma.

Getting to the halfway mark of a project is easy; finishing it on time or at all is another story. Making a dress is an undertaking that is very easy to carry halfway through, then stop. Cutting the garment out is as far as some persons ever get.

I have experienced this very thing. I wanted a new green dress for a certain occasion. I found the very material that would suit the pattern and occasion. After my shopping was finished I went straight home to start making the dress. As I walked into the apartment the smell of baking bread floated through the window of the next apartment. The thought of freshly baked bread was overpowering. I went into the kitchen, brought out the mixing bowl, and began work.

One glance at the clock told me it was almost time for the evening meal. I was shocked! Time had slipped away faster than I realized. Mother would be home in a few minutes. When supper was over and the dishes washed, I thought, "Now I can sit down and make my dress. It must be completed by tomorrow evening." Just at that moment Mother called from the bedroom, "Dear, are you studying for that test in English?"

The test, scheduled for the following morning, had entirely slipped my mind!

[Anne Fjarli wrote this story while attending Pacific Union College preparatory school last year. This year she is treasurer of the P.U.C.A. Student Association. With ambitions to become a secretary, Miss Fjarli has worked in an academy business office and in a sanitarium to earn part of her way.]

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

By ANNE FJARLI

What was I to do? I absolutely must study tonight!

"Mother, I just have to have that dress for the party! When can I make it?

"Anne, you have had all afternoon to make your dress. Why did you bake bread? Tomorrow afternoon is the only

"I can't do it then; tomorrow is my afternoon to work."

At six-thirty, one hour before the party was to begin, I left my work for home, keenly disappointed at having to wear an old dress after having planned on a new one. However, I could plainly see that it was my own fault. It is easier to put something off than to do it and have it off your

Once the habit of procrastinating is formed, a great deal of will power must be exercised to break it. The success of completing one item gives a person the courage to begin a new and bigger task. When you sucessfully finish a cotton skirt, it gives you

the courage needed to make a dress. From there you go on to the tailoring of a suit or coat.

A mountain climber starts building up his physical endurance by climbing small hills. After weeks and months of working and gradually gaining higher summits, he is ready to tackle the highest peaks in the world. This has been one of his boyhood dreams, which he now hopes will be fulfilled. He has looked forward with much anticipation to the day when he could start on his great adventure, but he would never have reached this point if the habit of procrastination had been formed. Working and practicing once in a while would not have done any good.

I have found in my own experience that leaving an important job, or even an unimportant one, until the last minute brings disappointment and oftentimes sorrow, not only to one's self but also to those around him.

Every day there are certain respon-sibilities that clamor for attention.

Procrastination is even with us in the morning when Mother calls, "Time to get up." We turn over and take another wink or two. We are like the man described by Solomon, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." The few winks do us no good; they upset Mother, who worries for fear breakfast will be cold or that we shall miss the bus. By the time we finally crawl out of bed Mother is off to a bad day. Getting up a few minutes earlier would have given her a brighter outlook for the day, and given us time to prepare properly for the hours

Said Benjamin Franklin, "Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do today." St. Augustine declares, "By and by never comes." We conclude with Lord Chesterfield: "It is an undoubted truth, that the less one has to do, the less time one finds to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all.'



and people will one day belong to

The Family of Heaven

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS

LANGIBBY CASTLE was plowing her leisurely way through the warm waters of the Indian Ocean. It was very hot; that particular Castle boat was not blessed with air conditioning, and the cabins were like bake ovens. The air seemed to rush out and scorch you when you went in to get some necessity. My husband and I, in company with hundreds of others, betook ourselves to the upper decks, where we could occasionally detect a faint zephyr that seemed slightly cooler than the others. By laying our deck chairs down as far as possible, we lived through several nights.

In the lounge each night a Greek girl who fancied herself to be quite a Rubinstein had perpetuated ear-puncturing atrocities on the piano. She played with one finger of the right hand, and made up the notes for the left. Bright announcements of a dance on deck were posted. But no one danced. Everyone was too busy trying to keep cool.

One Sunday afternoon I peeped into the lounge and found it empty. I am not a pianist, but I do enjoy playing hymns, and I have played them by the hour at Malamulo, helping Richard Lumala learn new songs for the church choir. My fingers were hungry for the feel of the keys, and my ears longed to hear the old melodies. So, fancying myself quite alone, I took my songbook and slipped into the lounge on that hot Sunday afternoon. I opened the piano, noticing as I did how firmly anchored it was to the wall of the lounge. I know from experience that furniture skates about when the sea is rough. It might be serious if a piano took to pursuing you about the room in the Bay of Biscay or on the North Atlantic.

I opened my book cautiously and began to play. Then I got so interested in an old "game" I like to play—starting at the beginning of the hymnbook and seeing how far I can play it through at one sitting—that I did not notice what was happening. I looked up, and my heart plunged. The lounge was packed with people. They were listening to every song with evident pleasure.

Then they began to call out request numbers. I was glad then that I had learned to play dozens of hymns from memory when I was a child. "Can you play 'When I Survey the Wondrous Cross'?" I could, and did.

"'The Old Rugged Cross'?"

"'The Touch of His Hand on Mine'?"
"'The Way of the Cross Leads Home'?"

And so it went all that sultry Sunday afternoon. Catholic, Lutheran, Dutch Reformed, Moravian, Methodist, Baptist, Hindu, and Mohammedan—all were together. The non-Christians pressed close to the piano so they could read the words off the book and sing songs that the rest of us knew by heart.

When I got up a note was handed to me asking me to go to a certain cabin. When I got there I found a vicar of the Anglican church and his sweet wife. He had been very ill with malaria and had been confined to his cabin for several days.

"After days of the unholy uproar of those badly executed dance tunes, that hour of holy music seemed like a message from another world. Do it again, please."

I thought, as I went away to the coolness of the deck, that one need not be ashamed. Jesus is always beautiful.

A few days later I had gathered many little children together for a story hour. Two were from Germany, one was from Portugal, and several were from England. Two were little Italians journeying toward Genoa, and there were several others. The way they hung on my words and edged close so they could watch every expression on my face made me know that little people of all lands love big people who love them.

The boat stopped one day in Dar es Salaam, a port of Tanganyika. Trunks were piled up, and our deck steward said that many people were getting on there. I saw one (a missionary, I knew). She was a kind, sweet-faced English woman. She turned and went over to the rail, and began to talk to some African people assembled there to bid her good-by.

Her face was so full of love and kindness that I drew near to enjoy it. For loving-kindness is getting to be a great rarity, especially when one is dealing with the primitive, the ragged, the ignorant, and the downtrodden. The people stood there, ragged and poor, looking up at the face of their missionary who loved them and had given years of her life to help them. The tears were coursing down their poor faces, for they well knew that pity and mercy and love and tolerance are very hard to find in this ugly world.

I do not know what church society she represented (it was not mine), yet she displayed a sweetness of character you seldom see. I knew at a glance that day that she was in close touch at all times with the very Source of love and pity.

Yes, the Lord has other sheep. I have seen them, many, many of them, who even now know the voice of the Shepherd. And they will come into the fold one day soon.

My husband and I had noticed the tall fine-looking doctor from Pakistan several times. He too had boarded at Dar es Salaam. We had smiled and exchanged greetings with him as we walked on the deck.

One bright evening, when the whole sky seemed to glow with an unearthly beauty, we stood on the western side of the boat watching the indescribable loveliness of the sunset. Over on the other side several devout Mohammedans had their prayer rugs out and were praying toward Mecca.

Dr. Minhas, the Pakistani physician, approached us, seeming very agitated. We turned and greeted this gentleman kindly.

"What a difference there is in you Europeans!" he exclaimed. "Some of you act as if you love everyone, regardless of

race. Others-"

He spread his hands and looked across the darkening water, sadness mellowing his deep-set eyes.

"What is the matter, Doctor?" asked my husband. "Has something happened

to hurt your feelings?"

"Oh," he tried to laugh, "it is really nothing I guess, for one should rise above small hurts. But we are so human. Slights and insults do hurt. Just now I was coming out of the lounge, and I passed a little near to that small boy. He gave me a violent push and said, 'Get out of my way, you dirty Indian!'

Looking toward the small child staring at us impudently, I thought of how cheated he was in his rearing. He had never learned how much fun it is to be good to people. We had noticed the whole family, slovenly, ill-bred, with abominable table manners. What had they to flaunt for superiority over a man who had associated with kings, and had climbed to the top of a fine profession? God help anyone who by paucity of innate value must rely for their assertive egotism on an accident of birth.

We stood there in the soft light and talked with the doctor kindly, soothingly. I was proud that I was a follower of One who mingled freely with people His own nation despised, and set at nought the bigoted Pharisaic customs, even though He was killed for it.

We told our friend that not all Europeans were as ill-bred as the people he had met. Then he said a surprising thing: "When Jesus comes," he began softly, yearningly, "all the wrongs will be made right and all evil will be swallowed up in His great goodness. I have read that He loved Jew and Gentile, bond and free, black and white."

We opened our eyes widely.

"Why, do you know, Dr. Minhas, that Jesus is coming soon?"

He smiled.

"Yes, I know," he said happily, "and I long for the day of His coming. My little boy had a birth injury and will never walk. My old father is very sick. When Jesus comes He will make all things new. My little boy will run and play; my old father will be young again. There will

be no more hate, no more race prejudice, no more greed or war or famine."

"Then we shall all sit down together in the kingdom of our Father," my husband supplied. "We shall all be one with Him, with Christ Jesus our Lord."

I will never forget that lovely evening just north of the equator in the surging waters of the Indian Ocean, when we stood there and talked about the goodness and sweetness of Jesus and the kingdom He has gone to prepare for all, yes, all of us. And sharing, even eagerly supplying, the beauties he had learned and loved was our friend from Pakistan.

A few days later we entered the Red Sea. The weather was hotter than any I had ever experienced. We seemed to occupy every hour of our day trying to keep cool. I got up early one morning and carried a bundle of ironing to the laundry room of the boat. The sweat was simply pouring as I hastened to do my little stint before the real heat began. The day before, it had been 130° in some parts of the boat.

Suddenly the whole doorway seemed to be filled with the gigantic figure of Dr. Minhas.

"Mrs. Edwards!" he exclaimed. "Are you ironing? You? Why, you must not! You are too fine. Too dainty. Too delicate!"

I giggled inwardly, remembering the meals I had served in La Grange, working my way through Broadview, of the floors I had scrubbed on my hands and knees, and the washings and ironings it had taken to get through college. Delicate indeed!

He could not see into my head, for he came in masterfully and took the hot iron and eased me out of the blistering heat of the room.

"Go!" he cried. "Go quickly up on the deck before you faint."

I escaped to the upper deck, pondering on King Arthur and the days of chivalry, and I knew then that the history books are all wrong. A few knights are still abroad on this earth.

Here was a precious sheep belonging to the same Shepherd I love—not in our fold yet, but surely he will be someday.

Just off from a certain port I was looking down and watching some near-naked stevedores staggering under the weight of great bundles of sisal. A rascally overseer kept up a constant stream of shouting, yelling, and harsh abuse. They were working hard, poor souls, but they looked so cowed, so forlorn and poor and friendless, that I could hardly keep the tears from my eyes. I wished I could tell them about Jesus, to whom color of skin or poverty or nation made no difference. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned and looked into the face of a tall sister clad in the habit of her religious order.

"You love these poor people, don't you?" she whispered to me.

I nodded. My heart was too full for

"It hurts you to see them ill-treated," she said.

Looking at her retreating black-robed figure, I realized again, overwhelmingly, that our Master has other sheep who will one day be in His fold!

An Indian lad terribly crippled from polio sought us often on that voyage. He was lonely, and he seemed to enjoy talking with us. We liked him and listened to his eager descriptions of home and mother. We in turn answered his naïve questions about "fabulous" America. It seemed so little, just taking time to be kind to a lonely Indian lad. It did our souls good, and it must have helped him, for last week we got a letter from his father in India.

He wrote: "I am very much indebted to you for the assistance and guidance given to my son, Ved Bhushan Bhardwaj, during voyage period. I am proud my son has given me opportunity for acquaintance with you. A gift parcel containing one beautiful sari has been sent to you. With kindest regards,

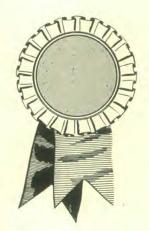
"Yours sincerely,
"Jai Dev Bhardwaj"

Halfway round the world a worried father had been warmed and relieved to learn that someone had been kind to his son. I am glad he knows we follow Christ. And I am all the more convinced that that is the only road to happiness, in just taking the time to be kind and considerate, especially to those precious other sheep who are often nearer to the kingdom of heaven than we realize.



EVA LUOMA

My fingers were hungry for the feel of the keys, and my ears longed to hear the old melodies. So I took my songbook and slipped into the lounge on that hot Sunday afternoon to play some hymns.



Grand Prize

By CAROLYN PUDLEINER

EY, Rusty!"
"What do you want?" was the not-too-cheerful reply.
"Oh, I'm sorry if I bothered you,

but I was just wondering if you are going to enter the amateur musical contest in Central City next month."

Without stopping, Russell Blake shouted back over his shoulder, "Of course I'm entering it, but if you think you're going to beat me, you'd better think again!"

Somewhat set back by this remark, but not entirely discouraged, Roy Adams continued on his way home from school, this time a little more slowly. "So what if he does win first prize," he thought. "I can at least try. Besides, Mother and Dad would be so pleased if I played in public. How often they have told me that it would repay them twice as much for the money they have spent if only I would make one public appearance before I left them for the academy."

Of course, his father and mother weren't the only parents hoping that a son or daughter would win. Mr. and Mrs. Blake also were encouraging Russell in his musical ambitions. Perhaps it was for this reason that the two boys had run such close competition, which wasn't always pleasant.

So many thoughts kept going through Roy's mind that he hardly realized he was at his front door. Entering the cheerful living room, he found a note from his mother telling him not to expect her home until five o'clock.

His mother's absence gave him a bright idea. "Why couldn't I keep my entering the contest a secret?" he thought. "After all, Mom and Dad would never think that with all my stage fright I would enter a contest without being coaxed. Maybe with careful planning I can get them to go to Central City, April 28—just six weeks from today." When he turned to the calendar another thought entered his mind. "April 28 is their anniversary too, and how could they celebrate it better!"

Remembering that he had nearly two hours before his mother came home, he decided to practice the old piece that had been too hard for him a year ago.

Ten minutes later Roy was upstairs in his room busily practicing on his trumpet, playing measure after measure, until at last he could play the first three lines of the first page. He knew it would take time to memorize the entire piece, but somehow he knew he would find the ambition to master it.

It was exactly five o'clock when Roy heard his mother's footsteps in the down-stairs hall. Rummaging quickly through a stack of music, Roy found his most recent lesson and began playing it, so as not to arouse his mother's slightest suspicion.

"Roy," came the call from downstairs, "would you please come down here a minute?"

"Sure, Mom," he responded. "Right away!"

"I just wanted to tell you, Roy, that I won't be home until five o'clock every day for a few weeks. We have some extra work at the Dorcas that we simply must finish. You don't mind, do you, Roy?"

"No, not at all!" came the almost too

anxious reply. "I mean if you really have to, I can manage all right," he corrected. "I surely can manage all right," Roy repeated to himself as he ran up the stairs.

The auditions for the contest were to be held in three weeks. That meant steady and hard work. It also meant another problem. Somehow he would have to get to Central City. "But what excuse could I use? What earthly reason could I have for going there?" he questioned. Thinking it over carefully, he came upon a possible solution. "I suppose if I wrote Uncle Ted about my secret, he could invite me to the city for a day. Besides, he always likes me to visit him."

Three days later a letter postmarked Central City arrived from Uncle Ted. Sure enough! It was an invitation for Roy to spend the entire weekend with him, and very tactfully the letter omitted any information about the coming contest.

In just two weeks Roy was at Uncle Ted's house getting ready to go to the Civic Auditorium for the auditions. Putting on his coat, Roy said, "You know, Uncle Ted, it was mighty nice of you to help me with my plan like this, but do you think you could possibly help me come up with another one? How am I going to get Mom and Dad to come here to the actual concert, April 28?"

"Wait a minute, Roy," Uncle Ted replied. "You haven't been chosen yet. There are a lot like you waiting to be accepted."

"Oh, I realize that, Uncle Ted," was the assured reply, "but I'll get in; I just know I will." After this certain statement they made clever plans to get Roy's unsuspecting parents to come to the contest.

An hour later Uncle Ted and Roy were
To page 21



H. M. LAMBERT

The parents of both boys were encouraging them in their musical ambitions. Perhaps it was for this reason that Roy Adams and Russell Blake had run such close competition. It wasn't always pleasant.



A Blind Man Sees and Believes

LESSON FOR MARCH 12

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world" (John 9:5).

STUDY HELP: The Desire of Ages, pp. 470-475.

THINK IT OVER: a. "The Lord chooses His own agents, and each day under different circumstances He gives them a trial in His plan of operation."—Christ's Object Lessons, p. 330. (Italics supplied.)

b. Have I had my trial today?

c. Am I nearer the kingdom for having had it?

FOR SUNDAY

1. What wrong idea did the disciples have concerning the relationship between sin and suffering? (John 9:1, 2.)

"And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents?"

NOTE.—"It was generally believed by the Jews that sin is punished in this life. Every affliction was regarded as the penalty of some wrongdoing, either of the sufferer himself or of his parents. It is true that all suffering results from the transgression of God's law, but this truth had become perverted. Satan, the author of sin and all its results, had led men to look upon disease and death as proceeding from God."—The Desire of Ages, p. 471.

- 2. How definite was Jesus' reply? (Verse 3, first part.)
 "Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents."
- 3. What special mission had been appointed the blind man? (Verse 3, last part.)

"But that the works of God should be made manifest in him."

4. What part had the Father given to Jesus? (Verse 4, first part.)

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day."

5. Thus saying, how did Jesus proceed to carry out His part? (Verse 6.)

"When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay."

FOR MONDAY

6. What did the blind man have to do before he gained his sight? (John 9:7.)

"Go, wash in the pool of Siloam. . . . He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing."

NOTE.—"It was evident that there was no healing virtue in the clay, or in the pool wherein the blind man was sent to wash, but that the virtue was in Christ."—Ibid.

7. Before what group did he first witness for Jesus? (Verses 8-11.)

"The neighbours therefore, and they which before had seen him that he was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, I am he. Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight."

8. Before whom did he next witness? (Verses 13-15.)

"They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. And it was the sabbath day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and do see."

FOR TUESDAY

9. What dispute arose? (John 9:16.)

"Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them."

10. What did the young man himself declare Jesus to be? (Verse 17.)

"They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of him, that he hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet."

11. Why did the parents bear such a weak testimony concerning Jesus? (Verses 20-23.)

"His parents answered them and said, We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind: By what means he now seeth, we know not; or who hath opened his eyes, we know not: he is of age; ask him: he shall speak for himself. These words spake his parents, because they feared the Jews: for the Jews had agreed already, that if any man did confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. Therefore said his parents, He is of age; ask him."

FOR WEDNESDAY

12. Determined not to believe on Jesus, what did the Pharisees declare Him to be? (John 9:24.)

"Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him, Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner."

13. How did he tactfully answer them? (Verse 25.)

"Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see,"

NOTE.—There is nothing so convincing as the testimony of personal experience. The young man probably knew little of



To use each moment to the brim One must have confidence in Him Who stilled the waves on Galilee And made the blinded eyes to see. theology, but he was sure of the benefits he had received from Jesus.

14. In trying to confuse the man, how did the Pharisees become confused themselves? (Verse 29.)

"We know that God spake unto Moses; as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is."

15. In simple language how did he prove to them that Jesus was from God? (Verses 30-33.)

"The man answered and said unto them, Why herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth. Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing."

FOR THURSDAY

16. Completely unable to answer his arguments, how did the Pharisees further vent their rage on him? (John 9:34.)

"They answered and said unto him, Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out."

17. What pointed question did Jesus ask the young man? (Verse 35.)

"Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

18. As soon as he learned who Jesus was, what did the man do? (Verses 36-38.)

"He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him."

NOTE.—"Not only had his natural sight been restored, but the eyes of his understanding had been opened. Christ had been revealed to his soul, and he received Him as the Sent of God."— *Ibid.*, p. 475.

FOR FRIDAY

Here is a problem: When Alfred was a boy he was cutting kindling wood one day when a stick hit him in the eye and put it out. Since then he has met a man who was on his deathbed when the elders of the church came in and anointed him. Today the man is well and strong. He was healed by prayer.

Alfred was anointed also, but is still blind in that eye. Does this mean that God did not hear his prayers? Does it mean that God has other plans for him whereby he can glorify Him?

Read 2 Corinthians 12:7-10.



By JOAN

Dear Diary.

The next morning after the storm on Echo Lake the sun came out bright and everything looked fresh and three dimensional. The lake was almost as smooth as glass, and Uncle Warren asked us if we would like to take a ride close to the shore and look for wildlife.

We explored the north side of the lake, where it was sunny and the fish were playing. Apparently they knew that we would not be catching them, for they danced out of the water and splashed around as though they were glad to see us.

Frantic little chipmunks dashed over the rocks searching for food, and though most of the birds had already gone south, we saw several thrushes. One of the birds acted as though he was tame, and when Mom talked to him and held out her hand, he came hopping right up to her, and she picked him up and carried him home. We made a comfortable nest for him and he kept up a constant chatter, as though he were trying to tell us his troubles.

On the way home we found along the shore an Indian tepee, perfect in every detail.

"Do you have Indians here?" Mom asked.

Uncle Warren laughed. "Yes, plenty of them, but they didn't make this tepee," he said. "The boy scouts made this one!"

As we came closer I could see the perfect door and the laced-up leather sides. It certainly was a beautiful tent.

On the rocks in front of it were the remains of a bonfire and a rack for holding



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

a kettle. The scouts are taught how to cook and take care of themselves in the forest.

"Time for lunch," Aunt Veda called as we pulled into the dock. We scampered up to the cabin, puffing as we went, for the air is light in the high mountains and makes one short of breath. At least that's what Mom said when we teased her about puffing.

Uncle Warren is a craftsman. He made the loveliest table and benches for the cabin, of lodgepole pine. He took threeinch poles and fastened them together on one side, then cut them in half. With dark pegs he fastened each pole to the cross bar, and then sanded and polished them for the most beautiful table top I have ever seen.

The legs were logs too, smoothed a bit and bolted together with dark pegs.

Aunt Veda doesn't use a tablecloth on this table, and believe me, the food looks perfectly marvelous spread out on the straw mats on the rustic top. We ate like hungry bears; then built a fire to warm our feet before venturing out on another boat ride.

Uncle Warren took us through the channel to the upper lake, where we found warmer and more shallow water. The scenery was exquisite. Giant crags rose from the water to dizzy heights and looked back at their reflection in the water. Mount Ralston, gaunt and silent, stood like a sentinel guarding the scene.

A little cloud was growing above the south slope, and Uncle Warren shook his head. "You know, I have a feeling that we'd better get out of here before we are snowed in." And he headed the boat back toward the cabin.

children brought her little trinkets to take along with her.



Therese was confused. She did not know what to do. Should she refuse, or just take the children and not go into the church herself? Silently she sent up a petition to her heavenly Father for guidance,

HERESE was heartbroken; she remade her bed, then knelt beside it and poured out her heart to the One she had learned to love. After she rose, her eyes fell on a little piece of paper, a fragment of a page of her Bible that the nun had torn to shreds. Eagerly she picked it up and read, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

"Thank You, Lord," she whispered. Wiping her tear-stained face with a cold cloth, she felt better. Quietly she went on duty again, scarcely noticing the curious and hateful glances that were directed at her.

The following day Therese was notified by the nun in charge that she would not be allowed to go off the premises for any reason whatever; furthermore, her work was changed to that of a maid. She was to scrub the long corridors and all the classrooms.

Daily Therese was seen carrying broom and mop, and heavy pails of soapsuds, laboring away without complaint. Weary and worn, she would drag her frail body to her cell at night to fall exhausted on the bed. But in vain were the nuns watching for Therese at early morning mass or confession. She would not attend.

One day Therese went to Mother Superior to ask her permission to leave the grounds and go to Bruges. This request was not granted, but instead she was told that the convent authorities had found a

home in the neighborhood where she was to work. "Get your things ready," Mother Superior told her; "the people will get you in the morning."

"I will, Mother Superior," said Therese meekly. "I am sorry I am causing you so much trouble, but I love the Lord Jesus and I cannot displease Him.'

"Before you are dismissed, Miss Therese, I want to say that the answer from Brussels has come and that you are accepted, that is, if you will renounce this heresy. You may go now.'

Therese went to her room, happy that the Lord had given her the courage to resist this last temptation. Packing her few possessions, she was soon ready to go to bed. She was up early the next morning and dressed in the only civil-ian dress and coat she had. The clothes belonging to the convent she left in the closet. Taking her little bag, she opened the door, then threw a last glance into the little room she once had called her own. Everything was bare and empty except for a few things on the table-her rosary, some pictures of her favorite saints, and some relics she had loved so dearly-but now worthless to her.

She quietly closed the door. A new life had begun for Therese.

She hurried down the corridor, stopping to greet some of her friends, but several did not return the farewell.

As she walked out the gates her employer was there waiting for her. Silently she walked beside him to the house where she was to be virtually a slave for

"Oh, here is our new maid," Therese heard as she entered the house. Two little girls came tumbling down the stairs in their dirty nightgowns. Soon the other seven children of the family were running from all directions to the front door, the smaller ones pulling at Therese's coat and legs. Finally the woman of the house, a thin, haggard, woman, came from the kitchen. "We are glad you've come," she said. "You can dress Jules, Joseph, Caroline, and Maria and take them to mass, then to school. After you return there will be other duties."

Therese's heart fell. She had escaped the requirements of the convent, and now she was again obliged to go to mass. Should she refuse, or just take the children and not go into the church herself? Silently she sent up a petition to her heavenly Father for guidance. She went to the children's room and did as she was told. Then she took the children to church, but she waited outside the building for them to come out.

It had been the purpose of Mother Superior to place Therese in this strict Catholic home to force her to practice her religion.

Therese did all in her power to please the woman of the house. From four o'clock in the morning she toiled away at the housework-scrubbing the children, washing huge piles of soiled clothes, and mending. Late at night, when her work was ended, she wearily sought her bed, but she was happy in her heart that God was helping her to be a light in this family. At first she was required to take the children to mass, but after some months the children went by themselves. Therese's consistent Christian life, her devotion to the children, and her work changed the attitude of her mistress, and she became more lenient.

"May I go out tonight?" asked Therese one evening when her work was finished. "I would like to visit Mr. and Mrs. van der Biest and Gaby."

"All right, Therese. You have worked hard; you may go. But be sure not to go near the convent, won't you? They might see you."

"No, I won't," said Therese, a twinkle in her blue eyes. "I will be back by ten

April came, and with it Therese's birthday. She had been longing for this day. Was it because she would have a surprise party or was she anticipating some gifts? No! None of her birthdays so far had been very enjoyable. They had passed like so many other days of the year, monotonous and full of work. But this one would be different. She would be twentyone years old. Now she could decide for herself where she wanted to go.

A week before her birthday she told the woman of the house that she would be leaving. "Don't you like it here, Therese? Aren't we good to you, and trying to show you that the only happiness is to be found in the true religion? When you go to that so-called church of yours on Saturdays, don't you feel like a Jew? I am glad my husband did not know you were going to church on Saturdays the last few months. He would not have let you go. But you have been a good girl. The children love you. You have taught them obedience and kindness. They like to hear your stories. I am sorry you are leaving us."

"Madame, I am glad I have pleased you, but now I must go and prepare for a different work. I am so joyful that I have found lasting happiness in my newfound faith. I can tell everything to Jesus without going through the virgin Mary, and He loves me just as He loves everyone in the world. I want to devote my life to His service. I would be so happy if you too would learn to love Him. I will help you if you let me.'

Mrs. Claessens looked at her in amazement, not knowing what to answer. What she finally said was only a whisper, "How I wish I could believe like you.'

Therese's two suitcases were soon packed; she planned to leave in the morning. "Miss Therese, are you really leaving us?" asked ten-year-old Maria tearfully. "Who will tell us stories from the Bible and tuck us in bed?"

"Ja," chimed in little Peter, "who will fix my Teddy bear and play marbles with

"Darlings, Mamma will probably have another girl here soon, and she will take care of you."

It was difficult for Therese to do her work that last day. The children hung around her, and brought little trinkets for her to take along as souvenirs. When she was ready to leave she kissed everyone of the nine children and shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Claessens. The two oldest children were allowed to accompany her to the railway station. Another chapter of Therese's life had closed. As she sat in the train headed for Brussels the wheels seemed to hum: "Forward with God, forward with God."

"What a surprise to see you, Therese," said Mrs. Brisez as she opened the door in answer to Therese's ringing. "We received your letter and are so glad you have finished your job in Bruges. But come in, take off your things, and rest awhile. I want to hear your experiences of the last year." While Therese sat in the cozy living room the two women had a lively conversation. Therese told her about her leaving the convent, her stay with the Claessens, and her longing to be in the Lord's work.

"Can I do something here in Brussels?" she asked. "I want to earn money so I can attend one of our mission schools.'

"Yes, my husband has been corresponding with the president of our work in Belgium, and he thinks you will find employment in the office of the Voice of Prophecy here in town. He has also arranged for you to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir until you are ready to go to school.

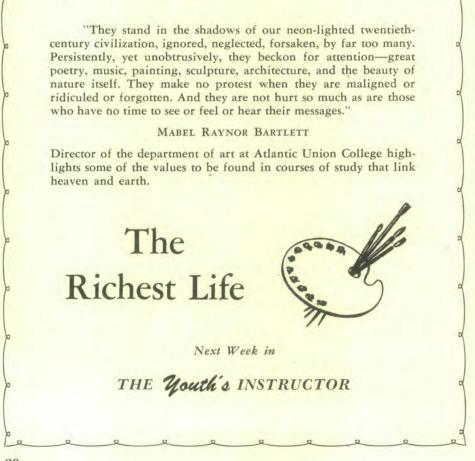
As Therese was comfortably settled that evening in her new foster home, among friends, brothers and sisters in the faith, her heart was overflowing with gratitude toward her heavenly Father for the many manifestations of His love she had experienced, for His guidance when everything seemed dark.

She did not mind now that Mother Francisca had neglected to take care of her wish to go to Brussels and become a missionary nun. God had overruled in her life, and she knew that if she was faithful she would reach her goal, a goal much higher and nobler. As she went to sleep the words of Jesus came to her mind: "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.

God was surely fulfilling this promise to her.

Therese was the favorite in school that next year. Her sincerity and earnestness won the hearts of teachers and fellow students alike. True, she was teased many times when her Flemish accent would pop up and she would forget to use the proper Dutch word, but they loved her for it. Because all Bible subjects were so new to her she had to study harder than the other students, but she managed to finish the school term with very acceptable grades.

As she once had loved her little pupils in the kindergarten of the Saint Anne School, she now put her energies to teaching and loving the little tots in her Sabbath school. She had begged the superintendent to let her teach a children's Sabbath school class. The youngsters in the cradle roll were very fond of her. How proud was Therese when her little folks performed so well in the thirteenth



Sabbath program in the "big Sabbath school.

"Do you think I can be sent out to the mission field someday?" inquired Therese from one of the teachers. "You know it is my dearest wish."

So Therese works hard to finish her schoolwork, in order that her dream of long ago may come true: to work in a leper colony in the Congo.

Tobacco on the Defensive

From page 6

vertised as less harmful, have doubled sales. A little book entitled How to Stop Smoking, which sells for \$1.95, is a best seller. Altogether, these signs indicate that the cigarette industry is on the defensive as never before in our lifetime.

The counsel has been clear. Paul wrote, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, ... and ye are not your own?"

"Tobacco is a slow, insidious, but most malignant poison," wrote Ellen G. White. "In whatever form it is used, it tells upon the constitution; it is all the more dangerous because its effects are slow, and at first hardly perceptible. It excites and then paralyzes the nerves. It weakens and clouds the brain."

For Seventh-day Adventist youth two obvious conclusions may be drawn. First: The injunctions against smoking, based on our duty to God and to ourselves, are proved beyond a shadow of a doubt to have solid foundation indeed. No young person needs to feel apologetic in refusing a smoke.

Second: As never before, we have the "ammunition" to launch an all-out attack on tobacco. Example and religious scruples are strong influences, but the addition of widely accepted scientific evidence makes the case infinitely stronger in a world that demands proof.

Tobacco is on the defensive. Let's keep it there!

Just Yesterday

From page 8

We passed a pair of humped oxen drawing a wooden plow across a field, guided by a poor farmer clad only in a loincloth. In the distance a diminutive shepherd kept watch over his flock of sheep, and beyond them a herd of cattle scrambled aimlessly along in the care of a wiry little lad.

As we gazed at them, slowly the realization came to us that this was the real India we had been sent to serve, and that life in the great cities such as Bombay was only the artificial veneer covering the heart and soul of the nation. India is an

agricultural country, and it is no exaggeration to say that seven out of every ten people depend upon the cultivation of the land for their livelihood. The centuries have passed, but the heart of India remains essentially the same. Here, then, was the real goal, the great object of our mission. These were the people we must work among-simple people content to live out their short span of life in the same way as their forefathers, without excitement and without change, satisfied with their monotonous duties and the humble, congenial pleasures of village life.

Dimly we began to comprehend something of the great lure that India has always had for those of our missionaries who have labored in this fascinating land. How they have yearned to return! It was as if some irresistible force was drawing them back to the scene of their former ministry. Now, as we sped along, we too became conscious of an indefinable charm, an intangible something, that kept tugging at our heart strings and drawing forth our love and affection in a most compelling manner. And with the dawning of this great love for India other feelings awoke in our hearts-the realization of the great and wonderful work to which we had been called and the desire to do that work nobly and faithfully.

We were still musing when we reached Poona and our car drew up before the headquarters of the Seventh-day Adventist mission.

After a brief rest we left for Bangalore, our future field of labor.

Grand Prize

From page 16

at the auditorium. As Roy sat looking at the entrance card that had been given him, Uncle Ted suddenly nudged his arm. "Roy, do you know that lad over there? He evidently knows you, but by the look on his face I'd say you two weren't very good friends."

Replying a bit hesitantly, Roy said, "Yes, I know him. He's trying to beat me out of the first prize. Maybe he will beat me." Then shaking his head he added, "But not if I can help it."

Seeing Russell Blake gave Roy a little more of a jolt than he realized, for he didn't even hear his number being called over the loud-speaker until Uncle Ted started nudging him again,

Quickly he picked up his trumpet and made his way to the stage. The mere knowledge that Russell, his rival, was listening to him, waiting for the smallest mistake, made Roy play the best he ever had, but before he was through with his number he was told to stop. Did this mean he was to be excluded? Didn't they like his selection? Before he had a chance to think about the answers the director walked forward and handed him a sheet of paper. Across it were the words: "AC-CEPTED. DETAILS IN OUTER OF-FICE." Half walking, half running, Roy rushed to Uncle Ted, "Oh, look!" he cried, handing the paper to him. "I'm going to frame it! No, better yet I'll save the frame for the blue ribbon. Russell Blake is not going to win it."

A week later another letter came from Uncle Ted, but this time it was for Mr. and Mrs. Adams. Uncle Ted was inviting them to spend their anniversary day with him and to go to a concert in the evening. In the postscript was added, "Of course Roy is welcome to come along, but if he really doesn't want to, I won't be hurt." When Roy was asked if he wanted to go, according to the scheme he at first refused, but with a little coaxing he consented.

Finally the night of the contest arrived. The Civic Auditorium was packed with people, and due to a confusion of tickets, Roy was forced to sit in the back, away from his parents, again according to scheme.

Unnoticed, Roy made his way to the rear of the stage, where the other contestants were waiting. At last the curtain was pulled and the program began.

First came the novelty section, followed by the piano solos and combinations. It was not long until time for the trumpet section, in which Russell Blake was to be

Back in the audience Mrs. Adams was saying to her husband, "I'm so glad we convinced Roy to come with us." Turning her head toward the back of the building, she continued, "I hope he can see all right from where he is sitting."

"Ladies and gentlemen," came the words over the loud-speaker. "Our next contestant is Roy Adams, who will play a trumpet solo, 'Malaguena.'"

Not until the applause had died down did Mrs. Adams dare to speak. "Ted," she cried, "is this why it was so important that we come tonight?" Actually all she could think about was the fact that Roy had wanted to please his parents.

Soon after the curtains had come down, the judges gave their decisions.

"It has been very close in the trumpet section, ladies and gentlemen," came the words, "but after careful deliberation we have made our decision. The first prize goes to Russell Blake; second prize to Roy Adams; third prize-

These were the last words Roy heard,

for someone was calling him. "Well, big Roy Adams!" it was Russell speaking. "I told you I'd beat."

all right, Rusty," "That's Roy answered. "You might have won the first prize, but I won something far greater than that. I won the grand prize. I don't mean in ribbons or money or anything like that, but tonight I received

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

PERFECT GIFTS for Boys and Girls







There is no better way to make sure that children will grow into persons of sterling character, culture, and refinement than to develop in their young minds an appreciation of the charm and power of good books.

Uncle Arthur's BEDTIME STORIES

In these five volumes are 1,920 pages, 377 stories, 1,104 two-color illustrations, and 80 full-page pictures in four colors. They are written in colorful personal style and will help the children to be unselfish...polite...truthful...courageous...patient...and kind to animals. Lessons drawn from these wonderful volumes will forever impress the child mind with high ideals and noble aspirations. Each volume is complete in itself. Regular price \$3.75 per volume.

Special price to readers of this publication \$2.37 per volume postpaid

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Five choice volumes of character-building stories by Uncle Arthur. A veritable treasure trove of true stories from everyday life, from history, and from the Bible—they will fascinate boys and girls and keep them reading from chapter to chapter. Such books as these that develop ideals of the finer traits of character create a foundation upon which a child's education can be built. These five books contain nearly 300 pages each and each is beautifully illustrated with 9 color pictures and nearly 50 in black and white. Each book is complete in itself. Regular price \$4.50 per volume.

Special price to readers of this publication \$2.85

THE BIBLE STORY

Nearly 400 stories in ten volumes covering the entire Bible from Genesis to Revelation. Here is the newest and finest from the pen of Uncle Arthur. The set of ten volumes, when completed, will contain the choicest narratives from the Book of books and will provide the widest coverage of any Bible storybook on the market today. All stories are told in language that the modern family can both understand and enjoy and are especially adapted to the needs of the boys and girls of today. Beautiful four-color illustrations—full page and marginal—will be found at every opening. Place your order now for the three books that are ready and request that the succeeding volumes be sent to you as they are available. Payment to be made only as each book appears. Regular price \$4.75 per volume.

Special price to readers of this publication \$2.97 per volume postpaid

ORDER BLANK	All books on this page by Arthur S. Maxwell each BEDTIME STORIES () Vol. 1, () Vol. 2, () Vol. 3, () Vol. 4, () Vol. 5
Book and Bible House Please send books as checked:	3, () Book 4, () Book 5
Order From Your ROOK AND BIBLE HOUSE Review and Herald Publishing Association Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.	NAME

per volume

postpaid

the greatest blessing I ever could. You see, I believe I made my parents the two happiest people in the world."

And he had.

Jeanie Eavesdrops

From page 11

Jeanie's mouth flew open and she stared in amazement. "I just can't believe it," she said at last.

"Oh, the laundry will get done all right. Darling little Beth will oversee us! Work is supposed to be good for what ails us."

"Well, now! Don't be so tragic about it. Good honest work never harmed anyone, and it has been known to work magic for some people."

There was a dry, hollow laugh. "Dirty clothes and magic!" Gretchen scoffed.

"The magic comes when you hang them on the line all sparkling and fragrant. Then there is a feeling of accomplishment connected even with menial tasks well done," Jeanie defended lamely.

"Out of my line," Gretchen declared. "Completely out of my line."

"Sh-h-h." Rachelle held up a warning hand. "There's someone back of the laundry. I think it's some boys. Let's sneak along the side and see who it is."

The girls tiptoed nearly to the southwest corner and waited.

"Did you fellows have a good time last night on your big date?" a recognized

"Nothing special. Some dates are too easy. Nothing to work for-nothing to win." It was Jack's voice crackling with disillusionment.

Gretchen reached for Rachelle's hand and bit her lip. Their faces had suddenly blanched. They were reluctant to stay, yet unable to leave. They seemed suddenly anchored to the spot. Jeanie stood in the background.

"Yeah," Guy said, "I know. The girls practically throw themselves at us for fear we're too stupid to notice that they are available!"

"When I get ready to settle down," Larry said with conviction, "it will not be with a doll face who has never soiled her hands with honest work. My ideal girl-the kind I want to marry sometime -is going to be able to cook and sew and run a household! She'll have to know something about saving as well as spending. You like to feel as though you have to win their friendship and affections. I don't want someone who has been mauled

Jack's voice was frosted with sarcasm as he answered, "I'll just wager you will try for a prize like that, but what about the poor victim? She's in for a big letdown! What a booby prize she's going to "You're no grand prize yourself!"

Larry's voice hit a belligerent note.
"Just the same," Jack added thoughtfully, "I agree with you. These car rides are O.K., but when it comes to settling down, I'll be looking somewhere else.

"There are several girls in this academy right now who are all right," Larry went on, "but by the time I'm ready for serious friendship they'll probably be taken."

"Girls like Ruth and Beth and Jeanie?"

Guy supplied questioningly.

Larry straightened. "You know, I got Jeanie all wrong at first. I merely judged her by the company she was keeping. But she's not like that at all. When she refused to fit into our well-laid plans one time, I told her off. She turned on me and told me exactly what she thought

Sharpeners

Bible Towns By PHYLLIS SOMERVILLE

The towns in the left column are associated with persons in the right. Can you match them?

1. Ur Jesus 2. Bethlehem Paul 3. Tarsus Jacob 4. Sodom Ioshua Abraham 5. Jericho 6. Bethel Lot

Key on page 25

about me and my double standards. Then she walked away without a backward glance. I guess I really owe her an apology; maybe sometime I can win her friendship-who knows? She's attractive and very elusive, and that intrigues me no end!"

"Jeanie's not for you," Guy said with knitted brows. "Maybe if I rightaboutface and prove myself-

The boys were out of hearing distance now, and the girls at the side of the laundry turned and faced one another with granitelike expressions.

Jeanie found her voice first. "I guess we'd better go in and get to work. Work is really the only answer to a lot of problems, you know!"

Rachelle suddenly burst into tears and Gretchen lost her usual composure. Gretchen's finely formed hand drew into a rigid knot. "Of all the unadulterated conceit condensed into one body, he is it! Double standards, eh? Well, I'll show Jack where he can just fade away! I'll

show him. So I throw myself at him, eh? Oh, I could just-

"Oh! I never want to see Larry again," Rachelle wailed.

The girls faced each other and seemed to forget that Jeanie was present. "So Ruth and Beth and Jeanie couldn't possibly compete with us, eh? So they take us out because we're easy. Oh, dear, how can we ever face them?

Jeanie slipped out quietly, and met Beth on her way to the laundry, "Deal patiently with them, Beth, for they're

quite upset."

Miss Haddock was in the kitchen giving instructions right and left. She turned as Jeanie came in. "Oh, here you are, right on the dot! Jeanie, I want you to have charge of everything until evening. Here's the noon menu, and here's the one. for supper. See that the bread is baked properly. Use up the rice we had left over from Sabbath breakfast and make a nice pudding for dessert tonight. Dinner is pretty well along. You know where everything is, and you'll have no trouble."

"But Miss Haddock," Jeanie stammered, "there are girls much older-

"Faculty meeting. We've already had a short one, and no telling how long this one will last. You've nothing to worry about, Jeanie. You've always taken orders well, and you've never let me down. I can depend upon you, I know. Remember that efficiency has no age limit. Everyone respects efficiency."

Then Miss Haddock was gone. It was all up to Jeanie now-she was in charge! She couldn't imagine herself giving orders. She was as frightened as a young fawn on its first trip into the open. She closed her eyes a moment, then breathed a prayer. Then all of a sudden she knew what to do.

"Come on, girls," she said cheerfully. "This is going to be fun. Here, let me help you!" And once again the kitchen was humming!

Next week: Freedom is an achieve-

ment.

Is "String Pulling" the Answer?

From page 12

Perhaps I've kept you waiting for it just about long enough. So here it is: 'A man's gift maketh room for him." Think that through. It will pay you handsomely.

Do you know, I believe you could easily add to this article. You could write on Daniel, on Joseph, on Esther-and then there could be other paragraphs telling of living folks with whom you are somewhat acquainted—all commentaries on the Bible truth that "a man's [or a woman's | gift maketh room for him

Could it be that you too have a gift, a talent hidden away somewhere, that,

Awake!

HELP OTHERS ... While Helping Yourself

IN OFFICE BUILDINGS

Meet doctors, dentists, attorneys, and other professionals—in their offices at regular hours every working day of the week. They are quick to appreciate the value of a good thing and are always financially able to buy. Call on them regularly every month.

AT RAILROAD AND BUS TERMINALS

Travelers want something to read to ease away the hours when confined to the train or bus, and they have money to spend. Wherever you discover people with leisure time and extra money, you will find plenty of magazine customers. An S.D.A. magazine is good company on any trip.

ON THE STREETS

In the large crowds around shopping centers or theaters there are many people with money to spend who are looking for something interesting to take home and enjoy at their leisure. This always is a fruitful field for magazine workers.

Now you can have a waterproof carrying case plus built-in purse, made especially to hold your magazines, order pads, and pencils. It is neatly sewed, tailored to fit, with square corners and a snap-button flap of generous size to give complete protection to your magazines. Choose either the regular black carrying case, or the de luxe "Tufide" case, or the new de luxe shoulder bag.

The sale of the magazines will bring you more than enough to pay for the kit, and the carrying case is yours for long and helpful service.

Only a brief canvass is needed to sell LIFE AND HEALTH and other of our attractive magazines. We furnish canvasses and other selling helps.

SUBSCRIPTION WORK

The major portion of the circulation of LIFE AND HEALTH is made up of subscriptions sold by colporteurs. An attractive picture prospectus is available for this work for only \$2.00. Colporteurs receive the usual 50 per cent commission on these regular subscription prices: 1 year, \$2.75; 2 years, \$5.25; 3 years, \$7.50; 5 years, \$11.75.

MAGAZINE SOUL-WINNING KIT

25 LIFE AND HEALTH	Reg. (Black Case \$ 6.25	Case	
25 THESE TIMES (or MESSAGE)	6.25	6.25	6.25
1 Carrying Case	2.50	4.25	8.75
Order Pads	Free	Free	Free
Canvasses	Free	Free	Free
Complete Selling Instructions	Free	Free	Free
RETAIL VALUE	E \$16.25	\$18.00	\$22.50
Cost to You, ONL)	4.75	6.50	10.85

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION WASHINGTON 12, D.C.

To secure your Magazine Soul-winning Kit, prospectus, and other supplies-

ORDER FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

Volunteer Today AS A PART-TIME, STUDENT, OR REGULAR MAGAZINE WORKER - Earn at Home!

REACH the people where they are, find the people at home if you can, but for reaching the hundreds of thousands who are on the go all day, our magazines offer the best possible approach for soul-winning work.

Students have won souls and earned scholarships during spare time while attending school.

Your publishing department secretary will show you how LIFE AND HEALTH representatives make a good living, how students earn scholarships, and how part-time workers earn extra money in their spare time. Make arrangements with him for territory.

Yes, you can Share Your Faith.



if recognized as such, could be developed -quietly, unobtrusively, but nonetheless persistently, doggedly developed? That could be the case. Then why not set to work? You don't have to tell the world about it-or even tell your best friend. Just do, not talk. And keep doing, for, as sure as the sun will rise tomorrow morning, "a man's gift maketh room for him.

String pulling is not the answer to personal progress. Of course not. The Bible gives you the correct formula. You simply have to work to it. God then gives success.

And as you steadily plod along day by day, with Proverbs 18:16 in mind, you may wish to take an occasional peep at the wording on a sign that some say hangs in the waiting room of the famous Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. Says that career tonic: "Have something the world wants, and though you live in the midst of a forest, it will wear a beaten pathway to your door."

How true it is that "a man's gift maketh room for him." Here is a courage capsule for you and me. Let's take itright now. It will do us far more good than if we frustratingly search around for strings to pull, only to discover despondently that they won't work for us.

We know a better way! We don't need the strings!

* August 12, 1952.

Marinuka

From page 4

Several days later, as Squee-wee met her mate, Plunky, on the St. Croix River, she of course expected her babies to be obedient. But she reckoned not with the energetic spirit and inquisitive nature of the little female, who awakened before her mother returned, and followed her trail to the water.

Playing around in the water, she became unconscious of the passing of time, and did not come out of this ecstasy of feeling until she heard a strange barking sound above her. Looking up, she saw a big brown object, which almost frightened her into a spasm. She hissed at it, but it barked the harder. This brown water spaniel was soon followed by two men who were hunting mink and came to see what their dog was so excited about. Here was a little creature they could not name! They knew it was not a beaver, neither could it be a mink nor a woodchuck.

They captured it, and took it home with them to Osceola, where it was identified



Wit Sharpeners

BIBLE TOWNS

- 1. Abraham 2. Jesus 3. Paul 4. Lot 5. Joshua 6. Jacob

as an otter. The poor cub was badly frightened and longed for its mother, but did not refuse to drink the milk offered it in a nursing bottle. In a few days Emil Liers, who loves wildlife, and especially otter, visited this home and was captivated with the cub's endearing ways. It was turned over to him, and what a pet the furry baby became in its new home at the Otter Sanctuary. Mr. Liers and his small daughter got their heads together to decide on a name for this wonderful pet. One day while driving by Lake Marinuka, near Galesville, Wisconsin, the thought came to them, "That's just the name for our pet." So Marinuka it was, in honor of a Winnebago Indian princess.

Marinuka readily adapted herself to life in the Otter Sanctuary and became a loyal member of the family, enjoying herself more with her master and the children than she did with other otter.

She nursed with a bottle for a few weeks, always recognizing it as her own whenever she saw it. Once, finding it on the porch floor, she picked it up in her two front paws, and struggling, she managed to get the nipple into her mouth. However, interest in it soon subsided when she found it empty.

She liked to be near the table when meals were being served, for she knew she would get some tidbits. She learned to like almost everything the family ate, especially pudding. A dish of it was always served to her whenever it was made. Watermelon was another of her favorite desserts. To give her a pancake would be starting the day just right for her. She knew exactly how to chew it so it would not get stuck in the roof of her mouth, as had happened to some of the other otter when they had attempted to eat one.

How the children in the family-Patricia, and her cousins, Tate, Salisbury, and Gordon-enjoyed this pet with the appealing birdlike chirp and the little chuckles that are part of otter language.

They soon learned to understand her language, and knew exactly what their little playmate was trying to tell them. Sometimes she begged them to take her out of the pen for a swim in the nearby pond, or for a game of tag, and at other times for a slide in the snow.

Snow sliding was one of her favorite sports, and when the children went skiing down the snowbank, Marinuka would be with them side by side, sliding on her stomach. Now and then she would disappear, and after a moment thrust her head up through the snow some distance away. That was great sport, tunneling through, playing hide-and-seek with the children.

Often a neighbor boy, Robert, came to play with the children, and Marinuka would always be included in their games. Occasionally in running and jumping one child would accidentally step on her long tail. This would arouse her indignation, but she never thought of punishing the children in her own family. It would always be Robert who would receive the sharp little nip on the leg.

She seldom trusted men or women who were strangers to her. She seemed to feel that they were intruders in her family life, and she would have chased them from the premises had she not been restrained.

She loved to take walks with the family, scampering up the hillside, through ferns and flowers, or along the banks of the Mississippi River, where the children gathered pussy willows in early spring. Frequently she would slide into the icy water, then come back chuckling, asking, "Why don't you come in for a dip too?"

Marinuka liked to take rides with the family in the car, going from one to another of those who were with her, sometimes gazing at the passing scenery, but seldom being really quiet. She went with them to visit friends one evening, and returning rather late at night, she seemed unusually restless, so one small girl cousin, Gerry, who had been a member of the family for some time, picked her up, saying, "Marinuka, I want you to lie still now and go to sleep." Marinuka never stopped to reason why, but obediently curled up on her lap, only awakening when home was reached an hour later.

When the children went away to school she missed her playmates, welcoming them with chuckles of delight when they returned. Once when Patricia returned after several months' absence, the Otter Man brought Marinuka into the house to see her. As he held her close, Marinuka put her paws tightly around Patricia's arm, sniffed it up and down, then looking up, chuckled gently, as if to say, "It's all right, Papa. She is our own little girl. We'll let her stay.'

Among the other otter on the otter farm Marinuka had only a select few with whom she would associate. But she learned to love a few of them, and had happy times playing with them when their master took them out together. Black Hawk was her favorite, though she would tolerate Squirrel Eyes.

One winter day the Otter Man took Marinuka and Squirrel Eyes across the icebound Mississippi River. They scampered and played, following him into the swamps and having one grand time. Suddenly Mr. Liers heard some distressed cries and chirps from Marinuka. He rushed to her and found her caught by the toes in a mink trap. He quickly released her and tried to comfort her, but her feelings were injured as well as her toes, and she sulked as a human being does when he pounds his finger or hits his shin on the rocks. So when Squirrel Eyes came up to find out what could be the trouble and offer his sympathy, she gave him a quick bite and told him to mind his own business.

Next week: Norita.



OFFICE SERVICE

- VESTA the transparent dog now takes her place with the transparent men in Cleveland and Buffalo and the transparent women in New York. A prize-winning Great Dane poses with her. Details of the dog's body include the skeleton, teeth, muscular system, and internal organs. This side shows the skeleton; the other side, the muscular system. The product of two years' work by skilled craftsmen, this life-size plastic dog will soon be touring principal American cities. According to Science News Letter, Vesta is a "step forward in educational and museum techniques." She is wired for sound and illumination. The recorded human voice that observers hear gives facts about the organs that can be seen through the model's transparent covering.
- Tr is now only 2,260 miles between New York and San Francisco by straight-line flying distance. It used to be 2,600 miles. The difference is not found in actual geography, but in the definition of the word "miles." Civil aviation in the United States has just officially switched from statute or "land" miles to nautical miles and knots in reporting distances and speeds. Since nautical miles are longer than land miles, both distances and speeds in the new terminology seem less than in the old figures. A 300 mile-an-hour air liner, for example, goes only about 270 knots
- MR. AND MRS. EDRIC HIGGINBOTTOM, of Hattersage, England, have a butterfly nursery. These naturalists began the nursery as a hobby two years ago, but specimens now are supplied to educational and scientific institutions all over Great Britain. At the present time there are some 20,000 caterpillars in their kitchen as a part of what they call the Greystone Cottage Butterfly Nurseries.
- A FOSSILIZED tooth of a fish was found recently in a block of limestone at Brassington, England, and was given to the British Museum. Evolutionary scientists claim it is 300 million years old.
- On the average, a patent is issued in the United States every ten minutes to someone who has thought up a new product or an improvement of an old one.
- TAPIOCA is made from the root of the cassava plant, and has two principal uses: as a food and as a postage-stamp adhesive.
- EVERY time the second hand of your watch ticks off 26 seconds a disabling injury strikes some person in America.

- Some 500 closely related varieties of morning glory have been reported.
- A SNAPPING TURTLE never feeds out of water, reports Science News Letter, because it cannot swallow unless its head is submerged.
- THE people of North Devon, England, have been warned not to eat uncooked black-berries because of the spread of the rabbit disease, myzomatosis.
- What we call the tin can is actually 99 per cent steel, but the extremely thin tin plating accounts for more than half the tin consumption in the United States.
- A New turbojet aircraft engine, made by a British firm, is said to dwarf any other known aircraft power plant. Called the RB109 engine, it is produced by Rolls-Royce. It is capable of developing 4,000 horsepower.
- THE smallest city in the world to be served by a subway is thought to be Oslo, Norway's capital. The National Geographic Society reports that the underground begins at the National Theater but emerges above ground far short of its terminus, 1,500 feet up on the hill of Frognerseteren.
- THE Pride Hardware Company is a 115-year-old business of Honeoye Falls, New York. It is operated by Jack Perrigo and Les Whiting. Mr. Whiting's wife is the great-grand-daughter of the store's founder, who had operated the business until he died in 1886. Some of the items still in stock are a walnut-finished folding bathtub, a lamplighter, gaslight fixtures, a bellows duster, and an 1881 washing machine.
- A PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA, eye doctor believes that it is the tension and strain of modern living that is largely to blame for eyestrain in large numbers of persons who have healthy eyes. Dr. Neil L. Murray has listed the following things that may lead to eye strain: the wide availability of reading matter, to an extent undreamed of a century or two ago: the development and use of machines and instruments requiring close observation; the flicker of cinema, television, and radar screens; fast-moving vehicles and aircraft requiring visual attention for their control; and the almost universal electric light, which makes the working day extend far beyond daylight hours. All of these things have imposed on human eyes and constitutions strains and tensions that they are not prepared to meet. According to Dr. Murray, wearing eyeglasses does not help relieve eyestrain if the coordination power of the eye is not strong enough.



- UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICUL-TURE employees are working on a project near Beltsville, Maryland, that involves the planting and cultivating of weeds. The department's Weed Investigation Section at the Plant Industry Station began in 1950 to find new ways of depriving weeds of the right to compete with food, fiber, forage, and ornamental crops. Weeds are cultivated in flats in the greenhouses along with a number of crops such as alfalfa, cotton, red clover, and beans, and the scientists endeavor to destroy the weeds just as systematically as they were grown and cultivated. A large part of the program, according to Dr. M. W. Parker, head of the section, is the testing of herbicides (weed-killing chemicals) for effectiveness.
- PLASTIC bags are now being used in the shipment of bananas. For years a major problem in the banana trade has been abrasive marking or scarring during shipment. The polyethylene bags or "shrouds" that are now being widely adopted by the industry, promise to give the fruit a fresh-picked look that is expected to increase sales in self-service food stores. In terms of average loss under ordinary shipping conditions, reports the New York *Times*, it has been estimated that the use of polyethylene bags will save the importer as much as 44 cents a stem of bananas.
- One ton of rattlesnakes! This was the haul made by the International Association of Rattlesnake Hunters near Okeene, Oklahoma, in 1954. Most of these snakes were to go to laboratories where they are milked for venom, used in the manufacture of snakebite serum.
- LATEST tobacco statistics from Sweden reveal that in 1953 each person in the country average 732 cigarettes and 20 cigars. The nation consumed 3,000 tons of snuff and 1,500 tons of pipe tobacco. The total cost for smokes was put at \$170 million.
- A PERMANENT icecap covers about 85 per cent of Greenland's 736,000 square miles, an area more than twice the size of Texas.
- THE per capita income of India, according to the Labor Ministry is 264 rupees (\$55) a year.
- THE distance from Seattle to Tokyo is 4,770 miles by way of the "great circle" route.

Focus

"Why didn't I think of that?" we say almost every time something new appears on the market. "Maybe you will be next," comes the answer. "Everyone is doing it!"

This thirst for new things is in itself a fulfillment of prophecy, but more than that, it appears to assist all other fulfillments. Matthew 24 mentions war, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes. A war economy demands better planes, guns, and ammunition; famines call for rapid distribution of food, new packaging methods, and even rain making; pestilences call for new medicines and new types of treatment; and earthquakes lead to the development of delicate detection instruments and stronger buildings. Inventions become necessities.

As the Holy Spirit withdraws from the earth, invention will take two roads: toward diabolical devices of destruction and death, and toward ingenious devices to promote peace and prosperity. In this atmosphere the great controversy between good and evil enters its final stages.

DON YOST



THE SONGBOOK FOR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

Singing Youth

Prepared by the MV Department of the General Conference

Singing Youth includes songs of

★ Work and Service

★ Invitation and Appeal

★ Worship and Fellowship

* Praise and Joy

Singing Youth also features

★ Inspiring Choruses

★ Special Selections for Youth Camps

Church Schools

Patriotic and Secular Occasions

Double Indexed—Both by Topics and Titles. Over 200 Musical Gems on 192 Pages. Choice of Three Bindings.

You will greatly enjoy a personal copy, and all MV Officers should make it a point to have their societies supplied with this lively stimulus to youth worship. ORDER TODAY.

Cloth

Paper

\$1.25

Plastic Spiral

ral ...

ORDER BLANK .60

PRICES

An ancient sage once said, "The annals of a nation are brief whose songs are few." It is likewise true of religious movements. Spiritual truth seems to wing its way into human hearts best on wings of song. The morning stars sang together for joy and celestial choirs announced the Saviour's birth. In this new songbook we keep up the tradition.

Here is a sparkling new selection of songs for youth on the march to achievement in the service of God. Chosen from the majority preferences of a large group of youth leaders, these songs capture the dear familiarity of the yesterdays and the joyous moods of the composers of this new day. Many of the songs recently popular on S.D.A. radio broadcasts are here.

Adapted to solo, ensemble, or instrumental work, as well as to choir and chorus needs, this is a maneuverable volume that will delight every song director and leader of young people's groups.



ORDER FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

1/	
	Church Missionary Secretary
	Book and Bible House

Please send me the following:

__SINGING YOUTH, cloth @ \$1.25

SINGING YOUTH, plastic @ .75

SINGING YOUTH, paper @ .60

Total for Books

State Sales Tax where Necessary

TOTAL ENCLOSED

Name

Address

City

Zone State

Prices 10% Higher in Canada Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department General Conference, S.D.A.



Rochelle P. Kilgore

IS A PROCESS of converting facts into faith, theory into experience, skills into more abundant living.

Only he who has himself lived a vital experience can present it convincingly to a student and thus fulfill his true function, that of transforming lives.

ROCHELLE P. KILGORE Teacher, Atlantic Union College South Lancaster, Massachusetts

ATTEND AN ADVENTIST COLLEGE

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