MAY 24, 1955 Isles of the Blest Who Owns a Tree in Bloom? Bible Lesson for June 4



For Happiness Always

Fortunately, most marriages among Seventh-day Adventist youth turn out happily. Parents, teachers, pastors, the young people themselves, want wholeheartedly to follow Heaven's standard, both in the counsels given and in the counsels followed.

But the occasional stories I hear of Christian homes broken by forces other than death lead me to ponder whether dispassionate judgment has always entered into the planning for a new home. Is it conceivable that some marriages have been entered into with less time spent in prayer for guidance, in the weighing of the background of the prospective partner, and in lovers' talk about practical aspects and Christian objectives than one would spend before purchasing the physical house in which to establish the home?

I have discovered that marriage counselors regularly corroborate the counsels of this church in the writings of Ellen G. White. Five years ago before lecturing to a nursing class I made a paragraph by paragraph study of the chapter "The Builders of the Home" in The Ministry of Healing, and the chapter "Mate Selection" in a book by a major publisher. And though the first book carried a 1905 and the second a 1944 copyright date, I found no significant differences, but positive parallels.

Before the engagement, in addition to the suggestions of our two preceding editorials, read alone, then together, these counsels: Messages to Young People, Section XV, "Courtship and Marriage"; The Ministry of Healing, section on "The Home"; The Adventist Home, Sections III through X. And may your home be happy eternally.

Walley Croudall

Grace Motes

COVER Who could resist taking a picture like this, any more than could A. Devaney? It is just another reminder that little children and the creatures of the earth were meant to romp and play together without any barriers between. Let's each hurry to complete our portion of the gospel commission, so that day may be hastened.

TRANSPLANTED We cannot be sure, of course, how many gardeners we have among our readers. We think that, gardeners or not, readers who follow Marie Knott's essays will find both art and observation mingled. Without doubt the Creator intended that the first man, the first woman, would learn much of His knowledge, His wisdom, His plan for their lives as they tended their garden in Eden. Although the face-to-face communion has been broken, one may still feel His presence near as he goes "walking in the garden in the cool of the day." As Mrs. Knott writes on page 4, may we all be "fruit-bearing plants ready for the last transplanting.'

It sometimes seems in these modern times that two quests occupy mankind-the quest for security and the quest for happiness. In "Christ, the Fullness of Joy," Dallas Youngs considers the subject against the background of Christian faith. See page 7.

BOMBS Who first called them gospel bombs -those rolls of Christian literature, distributed by the missionary-minded-we do not know. That they are effective in bringing a new way of life to some who read the messages they carry, we are sure. Evidence of one such literature missile is recorded on page 10. Only the books of record kept on a higher plane will someday reveal how many have found truth in a gospel bomb. We do not know what periodicals the Riners found on their lawn, but they could have been any of our truth-filled publications. What do you do with your church papers after you are through with them?

Writers' original contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcome and receive careful evaluation. The material should be typewriten, 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.

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

May 24, 1955

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advertising for a barn to live in, you stop being proud.

The End From the Beginning

By DAPHNE COX

FIRST OF FOUR PARTS

OME folks say you should never look back. Personally I find a heap of fun in living old times over in retrospect, and in past mistakes I find innumerable lessons. Best of all I like to piece the jigsaw of my life together and see what God had in mind when He listened to the many varied prayers I've said over the years. It's only now that I'm beginning to see the picture in full. Now the pieces are beginning to fit together.

My mother, who was a godly woman, died when I was six. She had taught me simple stories of Jesus, and I had said my prayers at her knee—then suddenly my world changed. Kind friends took on the responsibility of my religious training. I lived in a series of private homes and boarding houses, and in each there seemed to be a girl or boy of my own age to go to Sunday school with. But at the time those visits to church made no visible mark on my character, for I was a frightful child.

I talked too much and was far too quick on the uptake, so thus I was labeled "cheeky." I had very little parental discipline and very quickly developed into a precocious tomboy with an insatiable curiosity. Among various other bad habits was the curious way I would talk to myself. Many an irate grownup would tell me that this was a sign of insanity, but I was never cured of the habit. I used to spend hours having imaginary conversations with people. In this way I would be oblivious of the fact that my hands were automatically peeling potatoes, dusting, washing dishes, or doing other tasks I considered rather

Often I would meet one of my imaginary visitors and found that if I steered the conversation in the direction I had previously rehearsed, many of the re-

marks I had made for the other person would be said in the actual conversation. This knowledge made me rather conceited, so all round, as I said before I was a frightful child.

When I learned the Ten Commandments in Sunday school I promptly asked the superintendent why we did not go to church on Saturday as the Jews did, because that was the seventh day. He told me not to ask silly questions.

The minister who confirmed me asked whether I had any queries, so I asked him the same question. He said we were

not Jews, and that was that. My Jewish stepmother was the next to be asked the same question, but of course she had no answer either. What intrigued me was the air of evasiveness about the minister and superintendent. They just hadn't given me a sensible answer to a sensible question, and that roused my curiosity still more.

Then suddenly I had a religious spell. I bought a Bible, filled it with texts and pressed flowers, read it without understanding it much, and was conscious of an overwhelming faith.



LEW MERRIM, FROM MONKMEYER

I bought a Bible, filled it with texts and pressed flowers, and read it without understanding much.

This serial is a sequel to a brief story by Mrs. Cox in The Youth's Instructor, July I, 1952.

At this time I had just begun work in a store, and my hands and my arms caused me much embarrassment because they were covered with warts. My father bought me vile concoctions that had either to be taken internally or daubed on externally; in the latter case they burned the skin off the surrounding areas and left the warts intact. After months of experiments, I decided to pray about it. I didn't say a word to anyone, and in three weeks the warts had disappeared, except for one tiny wart which I had asked to be left, because I wanted it to remind me in later life.

Dad was astounded and asked what I had been doing, but I was too shy to tell him my secret. When one of the girls at work asked the same thing, I told her that I couldn't tell her, but assured her that the ugly wart covering her fore-finger would disappear three weeks from that day. Exactly twenty-one days later she begged me to tell her why her finger was as smooth as a baby's, but I kept quiet. I was afraid of teasing.

I wanted to hug my secret to myself. I had made the personal acquaintance of the Man named Jesus, and it was a

very satisfying acquaintance.

Transplanted

By MARIE P. KNOTT

N early spring my grandmother sows tomato seeds in a large flat box of soil. She keeps that box in the warm house by a south window.

As the little tomato plants grow, the flat becomes crowded. Space and food are insufficient for the growing plants to thrive longer. Therefore grandmother transplants them to her garden where there is room for every plant to develop to maturity.

She digs holes for the plants and places fertilizer in the bottom of the holes before gently lifting the plants out of the flat. She tries to take with each plant some soil around its roots. This soil makes it easier for the plant to survive the shock of being transplanted. After setting the plants she waters them thoroughly.

I have been transplanted several times—from childhood home to school, from pupil's desk to teacher's desk, from schoolroom to my own home. At each transplanting, much "soil" from the old environment has clung to me—habits, attitudes, and ideals have been carried over from the past situation, helping me to survive the shock of being transplanted.

Our family had nine children. Living conditions were not always the best, especially during the depression. Sometimes we had to sleep crowded three in a bed, and there was not enough money to buy all the milk, fruit, and vegetables needed for growing children. None of us would have attained our full development without being transplanted.

Attending school and learning from excellent teachers made me grow mentally. Living in a dormitory during col-



lege days contributed to social growth. However, complete maturity was still a goal. Came the day when my feet were planted at the teacher's desk. The responsibility of guiding others brought more growth and even some fruit-bearing. Now I have been transplanted into my own home with the sacred duties of motherhood bringing me nearer the goal of full growth.

I want to be transplanted one more time—to the new earth. When the Master Gardener does the last transplanting, He will take His plants without any soil from this world clinging to them, for they must be rooted in Christ. He will plant them in the new earth under perfect conditions for the final completion of their growth. There will be no shock in this transplanting, for they have been previously rooted and grounded in Christ.

Sometimes through careless handling, insufficient water, late frost, or cutworms, the transplants do not survive.

May you and I avoid carelessness and spiritual drought! Let us not become chilled by the coldness of others. Let nothing sever our connection with Christ, that we may be sturdy, well-developed, fruit-bearing plants ready for the last transplanting.

However, youth is fickle, and it was not long before I had forgotten the warts and also the Bible, though I still remembered to say my prayers occasionally. Years passed, and I met and married a quiet, shy man named John, who was my exact opposite. Whereas I still talked too much, John hardly uttered a word, and when, with my inbred South African hospitality uppermost, I invited guests to tea, John would dive into the kitchen and go out through the back door. All my pleas would not induce him to face company, so I either entertained the visitors alone or invited them when he was at work.

John was a soldier in the British Army when we married, and during the war he was posted back to England. When I determined to follow him with Brian, my father begged me to leave the baby behind, but I would not be parted from my son. Once again I prayed hard. This time I asked for the way to be barred if any harm was likely to come to Brian if we went to England, and what had been formidable barriers before were suddenly no obstacles at all.

We sailed for England, and never for a moment did I doubt that Brian would be safe in all circumstances. My faith had suddenly returned from where it had been lying dormant all through the years, and this time I started putting it to use, instead of leaving it to stagnate.

Life during the war was hard for most people. We were fortunate to be stationed in a country area that was devoid of bombs, so we had no fears for our safety. The only complaint we had was that of thousands—no satisfactory accommodations, sometimes one room to live in, sometimes two, but always a large snag or two attached.

I used to wonder why we had to live in such places. Today that period is just another part of the jigsaw. I learned much in that time, and many bad corners in my character were rubbed off. No longer was I proud. In fact, conceit was knocked right out of me. When the housing problem becomes so acute that you advertise for a barn to live in, you just stop being proud.

When our family had grown accustomed to being five in number, I started doing some serious thinking. Brian now had two sisters who needed some kind of religious training, but frankly I was at a loss as to which church I should attend. There was the church I had been christened and confirmed in, but there were also the numerous churches I had attended with the various families we had stayed with after Mummy died. What should I do? When I approached John on the subject he maintained a noncommittal indifference, and said he couldn't care less. Not that he was an agnostic-he was simply disinterested. The realization that the responsibility of

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EWING GALLOWAY

Becoming acquainted with my work and fellow workers at the office was a fascinating experience.

The Unwavering Hand

By MARGIE LOUISE SEGLER

O, THANKS! Twelve years of school are quite enough for me."

College was all right for my sister Jean if she wanted it, and I hoped she would decide to go on to some college or university when she completed high school, because Mother had her heart set on her daughters' having the best education possible. She always maintained that there would be ample time later for other things, such as marriage.

I did not agree. The finest young man in all Texas—in fact, in all the world—had asked me to marry him, and we were already engaged! There was nothing I wanted more than I wanted Ross and my own home. More schooling would be a sheer waste of time. When I was graduated from high school in a few more weeks, I would bid a not-too-reluctant farewell to classrooms and text-books.

Mother's consent to my plans had been won, but very gradually and only after much persistent effort. Nevertheless I was content to have it at all and eagerly indulged myself in the immediate rush of graduation activities and in many rosy dreams of the future.

The following Monday morning the postman delivered a letter to our house. I was the first to discover it. "Oh, it's for me," I said aloud, "from Aunt Stella and Uncle Max. I wonder what—— Oh, hello, Mother. I just got a letter from Aunt Stella. Let's rest a bit, and I'll read it to you."

"All right," Mother agreed as we seated ourselves on the porch steps.

After reading several paragraphs aloud, I stopped abruptly and began to read silently, swiftly.

"What's wrong, Margie?" asked Mother in surprise.

"Oh, nothing is wrong," I assured her. "I just got excited, I guess." Then I read aloud:

"—and we would like very much to have you come to Louisiana this summer, right after graduation if possible. I am sure you can find a good job. In fact there is an opening now for a secretary at the health department—"

I finished reading the letter and looked up at Mother. "Do you think I should go?"

"Well-II, it does seem to be an excellent opportunity for you, if you are not going to college. But what about Ross?"

Ross and I planned on getting married a year after my graduation.

"Oh, Ross won't mind," I assured her. "I can stop working just before the wedding. This will be a good way to earn money for all those extra things I have been wanting," I added, gradually becoming more enthusiastic over this latest development in my ever-growing plans.

Ross, however, did not share my enthusiasm. He was not at all in favor of the idea of my being so far away for nearly a year, nor of my working. But when I pointed out the financial advantages and convinced him that I was really looking forward to the secretarial experience, he finally agreed to the plan.

The week after my graduation I packed my things, told Ross and my family good-by, and was on my way to Aunt Stella's. Some misgivings followed me. I wondered whether I was wise leaving Ross in Texas. But I dismissed my foolish thoughts, and turned my mind to glowing plans for both the immediate and distant future as the train sped onward to my destination.

My first week in Louisiana proved a novel and very pleasant one. Becoming acquainted with my work and fellow workers at the office was a fascinating experience. My leisure hours were crammed with interesting things to see and do. My new home was a lively, entertaining place, for Aunt Stella and Uncle Max were sociable people who had many friends and enjoyed having company frequently.

One night, John Barret, a friend of Uncle Max, came over for a visit. I later learned that he was a regular guest—and a very welcome one—but at first I marveled at his presence in my uncle's home. Uncle Max, it seemed, had met this unusual man in the Army; now the friend-ship had been renewed here in the little Louisiana town—a friendship that was obviously enjoyed by all.

But there was no denying that John Barret was an unusual person. He didn't smoke. He didn't drink coffee. He didn't attend theaters. He went to church on Saturday! And he seemed to know more about the Bible than most preachers do. He might start out talking about the baby's cute little dimples or any other subject, but he always ended up discussing the Bible. I had never seen anyone like him.

Sometimes when John Barret stopped by early in the evening "for just a few minutes," his visit was extended, by our eager questionings and his ready answers, to late in the evening.

One Friday evening my uncle's friend came over to invite us all to attend

[[]This story was written while the author was a freshman enrolled at Southwestern Junior College.]

church with him the next morning. Because John was a good friend and my uncle and aunt wished to please him, they accepted the invitation. But I de-

After the church service Uncle Max and Aunt Stella had much to tell, particularly about the queer people they had

"They call themselves Seventh-day Adventists," said my aunt. "I know this sounds foolish, but I want to go next Saturday and learn more about them."

"You know, I was thinking the same thing," Uncle Max declared. "Margie, how about you? Don't you want to go

"Well," I replied rather hesitantly, "I told one of the girls at the office that I would go to town with her to do some shopping. We get paid this Friday.'

'That's all right," my uncle said. "Per-

haps you can go another time.'

The days rolled by faster that week than usual, I thought. Friday came, but our checks did not.

"Well, Margie, I guess we won't go shopping tomorrow," Doris said as she leaned across her desk.

"No, I guess not," I said wistfully. "Say, that reminds me! Doris, you don't have anything to do tomorrow. Why not come to church with me?"

"Church?" Doris echoed. "Tomorrow?

"Yes, just for a visit," I replied. "A friend of my uncle's is a Seventh-day Adventist, and he invited us to church with him. And since we can't go shop-

"Margie! You're not really serious

about going, are you?"
"Why not?" I retorted. "I'm curious. to know what they believe. Now, why not go with me?"

'No, thanks!" was the icy reply.

My first visit to a Seventh-day Adventist church was a memorable experience for me. If, like my aunt, I was looking for "queerness," I certainly found a delightful variety of it. Never before had I met church folk more friendly in their welcome to a stranger; never joined in more spirited singing; never listened to a sermon so ringing in its conviction or so fully substantiated by the Word of God; never felt the Spirit of God moving in my heart with such persuasive power. The world could use a greater quality of "queerness" such as I had found in the little red brick chapel that Sabbath morning, I concluded.

Victim of the Storm

By ROGER LARSON



URRY up, Rog," exclaimed Jim impatiently. "I want to get home before this storm breaks."

"I'm coming," I said as cheerfully as I could. "This pack is heavy."

The rumble of distant thunder added speed to our feet. We pushed through heavy underbrush. Realizing that we were about to be deluged at any time, we headed for a deserted cabin.

We had just visited our little rendezvous, which was a tree shack high in the boughs of a stately pine. The pine, the tallest for many miles around, was more than one hundred feet high.

Suddenly a flash of lightning unzipped the sky and let the rain out. In a few moments we were drenched. We wheeled when the sound of a crash smote our eardrums. A tree had been struck.

"Let's go back after the storm and see what tree was hit," suggested Jim. Later as we approached the scene both of us halted abruptly as the realization

of what could have been our fate dawned on us. The tree which had expired so ignominiously was the lodging place of our shack. Upon further investigation we could see the source of trouble. The inside of the trunk was pock marked with insect tunnels, and the wood was soft and crumbly. Our majestic pine was rotten to the core.

As we were homeward bound Jim expressed surprise that the tree that looked so perfect on the outside could be rotten on the inside.

Yet how true that is with many people today. We look at them and say, "What good people they are." Inside inspection would reveal a much different picture.

We let little parasites of sin into our lives. The process is gradual, and is unperceived by anyone. Our spiritual life slowly rots, and the victim does not recognize the tragic undermining until it is too late. A final test reveals the weakness of the structure. We tilt, topple, and totally lose our spiritual life.

I left with a warmth in my heart and a burning desire to know God's will and plan for my life.

I became more and more interested in the teachings of the Bible each passing day. In fact, I became so absorbed in them that I forgot to write to Ross regularly. When I did try to explain the reason for my neglect and the marvelous truths I had discovered, Ross became indignant and dictatorial. He informed me that I could make my choice between him and the Seventh-day Adventist Church. He wanted nothing to do with religious

Very slowly and painfully I began to realize that Ross did not really love me; that he could not-perhaps never had been able to-understand my truest feelings, desires, and ideals. But I did know that if I must choose between my love for Ross and my love for God and His Word, the choice was a clear one. I must be true to the new light God had given me. My engagement to Ross was broken, my long-cherished dreams were laid aside. But God, I knew, had plans for my life; I must learn those and prepare myself to fulfill them.

When I wrote Mother of my newfound joy and told her of my baptism, I also tried to explain to her my feelings and desires for the future. I felt now that I wanted to go on to college. God had a place for youth in the finishing of His work on the earth, and I wanted to train myself that He might use me. I told her that I wanted to attend a Seventh-day Adventist college.

Mother strongly resented my choice, and told me firmly that unless I changed my plans she would not help me at all with my school expenses.

In spite of my disappointment and hurt I could not fail to see some ironic humor in my situation. When Mother was willing to finance four years of college for me, I was definitely not interested in school; when I longed with all my heart to attend college, Mother had withdrawn the finances.

But God had not withdrawn His love, and I leaned heavily on Him in the following months. The summer I was to have been married I quit my job at the health department and went to work as a student literature evangelist, selling religious books from house to house in order to earn a scholarship that I might be able to have a Christian education in a Christian college.

As I sit in my dormitory room tonight, my first year of college is nearing its close. How marvelously God has rewarded my faith! How miraculously He has provided solutions to seemingly un-solvable problems and difficulties. I love to recount the mysterious ways in which He has led me, for it strengthens my courage for the unknown future-a future I am glad to commit to His unwavering hands.



H. HOFMANN, ARTIST

SKILLED workman in the service of a rich Oriental master fell into an immense debt. His creditor was unmerciful. He was told that unless he paid in full by the first of the year that he and his family would be sold as slaves. To pay was impossible, and he could not borrow such a large amount. What to do he did not know.

Finally his master noticed that both the quality and quantity of his work was falling off, and spoke to his overseer about it. Then he received the explana-tion. The overseer said: "This man can't do good work any more. His hands tremble until he cannot manage his tools. His eyes are often filled with tears. Sometimes he sits down in despair and weeps because of his trouble. And sometimes he gets drunk just to forget it all.

CHRIST The Fullness of Joy

By DALLAS YOUNGS

He has a heavy debt resting upon him and until it is paid-until he is free from the threat of bondage for himself and family—he will never be able to do good work."

"Go tell him that I have paid his debt," said his rich and generous master.

Imagine, if you can, the joy and gratitude of this poor man. He was altogether changed. New vigor came into every fiber of his being. His hands no longer trembled, nor were his eyes filled with tears. He worked with a will and

sang as he worked.

This depicts the "joy of salvation." The sinner is in despair because of his debt of sin. He cannot pay it. He weeps. He is unable to sleep or eat well. He trembles at the thought of the judgment to come, and of the eternal loss that he is certain to suffer. What to do! Then he is brought to realize that according to God's plan of salvation he may obtain complete freedom from his sins. He learns that his debt was paid at Calvary, and that now if he will repent and confess his wrongdoing he will be pardoned. This discovery is an occasion for joy on the part of the sinner, and as he conforms to the plan of salvation it is an occasion for joy in heaven.

When the Spirit of God becomes a ruling factor in our lives His work bears several fruits; one is joy. Sins are forgiven; the sinner is born again and becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus. New emotions replace the old, and a new disposition reveals the transformations

that the Spirit has made. Hope replaces despair. "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" What greater hope could man have? What greater aspirations could occupy his mind than to stand in the presence of Jesus at His coming? To hear the "well done" from the lips of the Saviour, to receive admittance into the kingdom of our Lord's eternal glory will be joy supreme.

All earthly, worldly pleasures will be as a wisp of vapor in comparison with the deep, abiding, overwhelming joy of the

In contrast to the eternal joy of the saved, the wicked enjoy the pleasures of sin for but a moment. The prescribed threescore and ten is not long when measured by the expanse of never-ending eternity. It is but a "tick" of time. Eternity is long, and during this illimitable expanse God is going to cause the saints to rejoice at the "exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus."

Events may occur on earth that cause rejoicing in heaven. The conversion of the sinner is one such event. Said Jesus: "I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

Heaven has such a great investment in sinners-the life and death of God's only begotten Son-that when one sinner repents of his evil ways and accepts Christ as Saviour, all heaven is happy about it.

As the turning of one sinner from the evil of his ways causes the vaults of heaven to echo with the praises of the angelic hosts, so should it cause great rejoicing upon the earth. Men love adventure. To accept Christ as one's personal Saviour is the beginning of the greatest adventure possible. It is the adventure of life-eternal life.

When a babe is born it is a time for rejoicing. The baby is viewed and admired. The parents are congratulated. And why? A soul is launched upon the sea of life. A new adventure has begun with unlimited possibilities for the fu-

ture. Happiness is justified.

If happiness is justified when a child is born into this life, which at most lasts but a few brief decades, how much greater the cause for rejoicing when a man or woman is born into the eternal kingdom of God? With this new spiritual birth begins the adventure of eternity, an adventure that has no ending. It will go on and on with ever-increasing pleasure and happiness as the capacity for knowing and appreciating God and His wonderful works increases.

A remarkable change came over a young girl who was noted for her morose, melancholy outlook upon life. She appeared very happy. Her eyes sparkled, and her very countenance expressed the happiness she felt. A friend asked, "Annie, why are you so cheerful?"

"Oh," she said, "it is because I am so happy!"

"But why are you happy?"

"Oh! I was sided asked, "I am so happy?"

"Oh! I was wicked, and God was angry with me: but now He has forgiven me; and that is why I am so happy." Freedom from the crushing burden of sin is adequate cause for happiness.

Eight men were traveling together. he question was raised, "Are you The question was raised, "Are you happy, fully happy?" Each man gave an answer out of his own experience.

A banker, comfortably rich, said that he had a fortune invested beyond any reasonable possibility of loss. In addition to that he had a lovely and devoted family. Yet the thought that he must leave his family and his fortune forever made him sad. No, in spite of these good things he was not fully happy.

A military officer said that he had known the thrill of victory, but after the battle he found a fellow officer dying and tried to relieve him. The dying man said, "Thank you; but it is too late. We must all die: think upon it; think upon it." He had never been able to forget this scene or these words. He confessed to unhappiness.

In turn, a diplomat told of the honors that had been showered upon him during his long career. But these, he said, were unsatisfying. He had never found hap-

Next a poet spoke. He told of his success, and of his enjoyment in his work. He had fame, and it was said that his works would be immortal. But he said, "What is such an immortality?" He longed for a more enduring immortality.

A man of the world said that his way of life had been to laugh at everything. He had sought gaiety, pleasure, and amusements. But these had failed him. He

was not happy.

A seventy-year-old lawyer spoke next. He said that during his life he had longed for just what he now had: wealth, a wide reputation, and domestic happiness. "But now that I have it," he ended, "I do not find the happiness that I expected.

A professor of religion, who attended church strictly as a ritual and who was strict in the performance of every duty, confessed to his unhappiness.

A Christian physician told of his search for happiness. He had tried to find it in the world and in his profession, but to no avail. At last he had seen himself as the sinner that he was, and repenting, had accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. In Christ, he said, he had found peace and contentment. He had found happi-

He who finds Christ as his Saviour finds happiness. Christ is the source of it. Apart from Him genuine happiness is nonexistent. True, there are worldly pleasures, counterfeits of the real, which engross the mind and destroy the soul. There are the parties of pleasure, the theater, the dance, and the lusts of the flesh. But what are these? They are but transitory pleasures of sin, which end with the ending of life. The joy that is found in fellowship with Christ is both satisfying and enduring-continuing and strengthening to the farthest stretches of

eternity.

No Future?

By WILLIAM EARL SMITH



HILMAN erased the weariness from his face as he stooped over the young man, his nephew, in the

hospital bed.

Dave's swollen eyes had opened momentarily before he shuddered in pain and pinched them shut. One of his legs, enclosed in a plaster cast, pointed awkwardly toward a suspended pulley. His bruised body was stretched stiffly beneath the clean covers, and the odor of medicine filled the room.

Was there still hope for his life? Since the accident his uncle had prayed earnestly for his recovery. The attending surgeon had left no hope for the young patient, yet Dr. Hilman determined to see him live.

The doctor straightened silently and frowned. "So much will depend on what I tell him. What hope can I give? If only there were something left of the

past, something he could cling to." The doctor's mind journeyed to the scene of the accident just seven days before.

Dave, his parents, and sister were returning home from a weekend visit. The mother drove along the back country highway while the rest dozed. A drunken driver, controlled only by a numbed conscience, sped recklessly toward them. His car swerved, then catapulted into them, killing all but Dave. Although miraculously alive, Dave wanted to die rather than go on alone.

"He must live, but what can I do?" The doctor felt helpless.

Then he remembered academy graduation, only four weeks past, when Dave had marched with the seniors to receive his prized diploma. After commencement he had mingled with the other students for their last moments together. He had shaken his roommate's hand as they both laughed to keep the strange feeling from overwhelming them. Both had vowed to be at college where they were to prepare for a medical profession with hopes of future mission work.

"It's a promise," Dave had agreed. "We've already started toward the mis-

The doctor's voice was quiet, yet confident and positive. "Dave, I have something important you must know."

Dave's eyes opened slowly and focused on his uncle's earnest face.

Dr. Hilman continued. "Remember when you promised your academy roommate that you were going to be a medical missionary? God wants you. He has spared your life because He needs you. See the importance of your getting well? You can enter college this fall. Your father and mother would want you to go ahead for them. Dave, there's a job for you to finish."

A frown of doubt wrinkled Dave's forehead as color flowed to his cheeks. "Will I be well again?" Without pausing for a reply, he added, "They need me; I have a job to do."

The doctor watched intently as his words penetrated Dave's mind. He knew what a struggle it was.

Dave continued in a whisper. "I am going to college; I am going to be a doctor; I've got to get well."

A faint smile creased Dave's lips, and Dr. Hilman dropped his head in prayerful thanks for God's victory.

Decisions for Eternity

By JAMES BANNISTER



JACK HAMILTON was tired. In the heat of the day he had walked several miles along the dusty country road from the little village of Parkville. So far he had taken orders for only two small books. Perhaps before eve-

ning, he mused, he would secure some

orders for the larger volumes.

Upon reaching the brow of the hill, he viewed the surrounding countryside and spied in the distance a small farm home nestled in the trees. "Dear Lord," he prayed, "please tell me what to say to impress the people in that little farm home so that they will buy these books."

With quickened step he approached the farm gate, where he was greeted by a brown-and white collie dog; the cows stopped grazing in the nearby field to gaze at the stranger, and a black cat jumped from the porch, darting in front of him as he reached the steps to the door of the cottage.

The young literature evangelist was greeted by a pleasant-faced middle-aged woman who in true Western fashion invited him into the quaintly furnished living room, with its old-fashioned carved bureau and long, low settee. In front of the window were a number of geraniums heavy with red, white, and pink blooms.

Seating herself in the leather-cushioned rocking chair, Mrs. Ross listened attentively to Jack's vivid description of the volume Paradise Lost to Paradise Restored, the story of how man lost his Eden home through sin, bringing suffering to the generations of people who have lived on this earth, from Adam down to the present time; and how the earth will be restored to its original beauty at the final coming of Jesus Christ.

After much deliberation she decided to buy the volume. Jack went on his way,

in his heart a prayer of gratitude to his heavenly Father and a petition that He would watch over this volume so that the Rosses might learn of Him through it. He could not know that the book would be laid on the shelf for many years before it was to accomplish its mission.

Many years later on a winter evening Albert Scott, a grandson of Mrs. Ross, was in search of something to read. He took down from the shelf Paradise Lost to Paradise Restored. The description of the Eden home and its loss through sin was so absorbing that he continued reading until the late hours of the evening. His brother asked him what he was reading, and Albert's response was so enthusiastic as he told of the book that Roy too became interested.

Together they studied the account of how sin entered Paradise and how this world became a place of misery and death. Reading further about the atonement of Christ, which lifts man to his original stature, they were convinced of their need of the sanctifying spirit in their own lives.

As they compared the Scriptures with what the book said of Christ's return, of God's law, of the fourth commandment, and of the peculiar people who in the last days would be keeping the Sabbath holy, both the boys were convinced that this was truth. However, not knowing the organization that published the volume, they neglected then to follow these truths, but God, whose purposes know no haste and no delay, was guiding the events of their lives.

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Varied were the solicitors' experiences and the ways they were received as they visited the rural homes that sunny Thursday, leaving at nearly every home a leaflet explaining the nature of their work.

[[]The author was a theology student enrolled at Canadian Union College when this story was written. He has canvassed summers, worked in maintenance during the school year, and at one time operated his own sawmill. Teaching a Sabbath school class and leading a prayer band are helping him develop the traits necessary to enter upon what he hopes will be a lifework in the ministry.]



Gospel Bombs Pay Off

By Louise Tensen Johnson

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.-Mr. and Mrs. Riner were unusually active members of a Protestant church. Mr. Riner was a deacon and Mrs. Riner active in women's work.

One day a literature-conscious Seventhday Adventist passed their home on Route 2, southbound perhaps for a Florida vacation or a business trip. Did the Holy Spirit prompt Mr. and Mrs. Alex Bessennie, of South River, New Jersey, to throw their gospel bomb on that particular lawn, or did they donate the papers to someone else who threw them? God knew that there were sincere hearts in

Mrs. Riner found the roll of literature after a rain. It was wet, but she dried the papers in the oven. She and her husband read, wondered, decided. Soon they began attending the local Adventist church, were given Bible studies by Mrs. C. Golloday, and were baptized. They are now actively serving God.

Soon after their baptism they visited friends and business associates and more than reached their Ingathering goal. Mr. Riner, a building foundation contractor, gave free time and equipment in digging the new South Richmond church foun-

Gospel bombs are potent seeds.

Australasian Missionary College Sponsors Three Special Weeks

By Arthur N. Patrick

COORANBONG, N.S.W., AUS-TRALIA.—For the first time three weeks of the school year at the Australasian Missionary College have been especially devoted to the spiritual life of the stu-

The first of these was the regular Week of Prayer, held early in June, before the second term had gained too much momentum, to allow the college family to come aside for special prayer groups and meetings. C. S. Palmer, of Sydney, and A. P. Dyason, young people's leader of the Victorian Conference, gave much-appreciated ministry during that time.

The second special week, held from July 26 to 30, saw the introduction of an entirely new feature to Avondale, a student week of devotion. Organized by the Ministerial League, which includes the seventy young people interested in the various theology courses, this week featured student speakers for the morning chapel and the extended evening worship periods. Students from England, New Zealand, and various parts of Australia brought to the faculty and student body stirring messages on the theme, "Behold, He cometh."

A large chart placed above the speaker's desk bore the well-conceived plan of the meetings thus:

"Behold, He Cometh" Look-

At the Saviour Through the Bible At God's Plan Into Yourselves

To the Coming Glory "Lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

All the meetings were tape recorded, transcribed, duplicated, and then bound in booklet form to make their inspiration permanent to all. In addition those in the sick bays with influenza were able to hear the recorded services. In the thoughts presented on the transcendent topic of the near return of Christ, in the special musical arrangements provided, and throughout the week, there was spiritual enthusiasm among those taking part and those listening.

The last of these special times came with the visit of E. L. Minchin, now one of the associate Missionary Volunteer leaders of the General Conference. He brought to the student body the inspiration that he has accumulated from twentytwo years with youth in Australasia and eight years in Northern Europe. Pastor Minchin conducted eight large meetings between Tuesday evening and Saturday night. About seven hundred people were present in the college chapel for each of the services of the Sabbath.

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PHOTO, COURTESY OF LOUISE TENSEN JOHNSON

Mr. and Mrs. Riner, of Richmond, Virginia. For their story read "Gospel Bombs Pay Off" on this page.

OW, you are sure the Rondo won't sail before Monday morning?" I asked the chief steward again just as we were leaving

"We are scheduled to sail at eight o'clock on Monday morning," he reas-

sured us.

Our family of four had arrived in Basra, Iraq, on Friday afternoon on our way by freighter to India. Upon inquiry we found that it would be possible for us to make a brief visit to Ur of the Chaldees, the ancient home of Abraham, if our boat should stay in Basra until

Monday morning.

Shortly after sunset on Sabbath we left our ship and walked the few blocks to the railroad station. Soon our tickets were purchased and we were aboard the waiting Basra-Baghdad train, for Ur is on the main rail line between those two cities. Charles and Dennis, our young sons, could hardly contain themselves for joy at taking a trip by train after our weeks of ocean travel.

Promptly at six-thirty our train pulled out of the station and we were soon speeding in the darkness across the sands of Iraq, some of which found its way through the floor and around the windows and doors. Before long we were covered with

the fine white powder.

After a five-hour ride we climbed down from the train at Ur Junction, a little cluster of dwellings and warehouses in the middle of nowhere. Although the site of the ancient city of Ur is only about two miles away, we decided that our chances of obtaining suitable lodging for the night would be better at Nasiriya, a small city some ten miles away. Failing in our efforts to hire a taxi, we found accommodations with the conductor of a freight train, and half an hour later we had covered the ten miles.

The station master at this city on the Euphrates invited us to spend the night in the guest room of the station. This we gladly did, for we had been informed that hotel arrangements were difficult to make. Breakfast the following morning, consisting of delicious fried eggs, chapatties (unleavened whole-wheat cakes baked over an open fire), and goat butter, was served to us in our room, courtesy of the stationmaster.

By eight-thirty we had arranged for a taxi and were on our way to visit Ur. As we drove along it was easy to imagine ourselves slipping back through the thousands of years to Abraham's time. Some of the same sights that greeted his eyes as he looked out across the plains of Shinar to the river were now ours to view. The pastoral scene has changed but little over the span of years, and the farming methods are the same.

Long before we reached our destination we could see the ruins scattered over the plains, and a little higher than



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

The most prominent part of the ruins of Ur of Chaldea is this pyramid-shaped mound more than two hundred feet high. It must have been the center of worship for an idolatrous religion of long ago.

Interlude at Ur

By CHARLES H. TIDWELL

the surrounding countryside. As we drew closer we quickly came to realize that the city of Abraham's birth was no mere village; it covered many acres of ground. A multitude of people must have made their homes there.

The most prominent part of the ruins is the pyramid-shaped mound more than two hundred feet high, dwarfing all other things in the city. This must have been the center of worship for their idolatrous religion. As we climbed the stone steps to the top we thought, "Perhaps we are, in our curiosity, stepping

on stones that Abraham refused to touch." The worship of false gods as it was carried on here on this pile of earth and stones was the prime reason for Abraham's leaving the city.

Charles and Dennis thought it great sport to scramble around the ruins, reexploring the diggings made by archeologists in recent years. Of course Father and Mother did their share of scrambling and exploring too. We wandered through countless passageways, peering into room after room, roofless and crumbling away.

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As we wandered through the ruins it was easy to imagine ourselves slipping back to Abraham's time.

HE driver of our taxi stopped abruptly and pointed south-westward. But I needed no prompting, for my gaze had been in that direction for some time. "The Scilly Islands," we both said, al-

most together, one asking the question, and the other supplying information.

There they were, twenty-five miles off Land's End, Britain's southwesternmost point. But so clear was the air that day that we could see the sun glinting not only on the water between the islands, but beyond them as well.

One island seemed detached from the

rest.

"Round Island," replied our driver in

response to my question.

I looked again, and, believe it or not, I could actually see the lighthouse crowning the rocky summit of the island. It was breath taking.

"One day," I said to myself, "we must go there for a holiday." That was eight

or nine years ago.

Now we had just arrived by the night train from London, and were standing with our baggage in Penzance Station. The early morning sunshine and the pleasant breeze gave promise of a warm August day.

Across the harbor we could see the tiny steamer, the R.M.S. Scillonian, which was to take us the last forty miles of our journey to the little archipelago known as the Scilly Islands (pronounced

Our party consisted of five persons: my wife, our young son, my aunt, and her daughter. This day was, in fact, the culmination of many years of hoping, dreaming, and planning. And as we made our way to the little steamer, my mind went back to that day when, from the highest point of the road between Penzance and Land's End, we had caught that first wonderfully clear glimpse of

the Scilly Islands.

Today brought our dream's fulfillment. No wonder we were excited.

For a delightful tour of the Scilly Islands, join the

Warrens in their adventures on the

Isles of the

We quickly boarded the little whitepainted steamer and found ourselves among about four hundred other passengers, most of them going for a few hours; others, like ourselves, going for a longer stay.

As we reached the open sea, we discovered that the "pleasant breeze" we had noted earlier, was rather more than a breeze, and soon our boat began to roll and pitch in a disconcertingly lively manner. So lively, in fact, that we found there was now much more room on deck than there had been previously.

Our party did not escape, either. Mother, aunt, and son (roughly in that order) sought a less dramatic corner of the boat and found they were by no means alone! As the voyage proceeded, this thinning-out process went on, till, in the estimation of the steward, 394 people were taking very little interest in the scenery! But still my cousin and I bravely walked the decks!

Suddenly I realized we had passed Wolf Rock lighthouse, and that the islands should now be visible. Sure enough, they were—at least when our boat was on the crest of a wave; otherwise, no. Bare and rocky they appeared as we approached, and then suddenly we seemed to be surrounded by islands, and it was very difficult to tell one from

Although there are more than three hundred rocks and islands in this group, only five are voluntarily inhabited. We say "voluntarily" because two other is-lands boast a lighthouse each, and therefore could claim the keepers as "inhabitants."

Now we were in smooth water once more, and again the decks became crowded. Straight ahead we could see the harbor of Hugh Town, and on an eminence beyond, the characteristic

shape of Star Castle.

We should really have been excited at setting foot for the first time on these islands, but just at the very moment of disembarking it began to rain, and our chief thought was to get to our lodgings as quickly as possible. I looked in vain for the wonderful coloring in the sea of which I had read so much-everywhere the sea was a dull gray. It was disap-

After all the excitement of the crossing, it was difficult to believe it was only one o'clock in the afternoon, and on arriving at our lodgings we were almost surprised to find the midday meal on the table. The sight of food, however, excited the appetites of only two members of our party—the others were still suffering from the effects of the crossing.

We found ourselves in a very comfortable stone-built house on the main street of Hugh Town, the so-called capital of the islands. This is on the island of St. Mary's, the largest of the group. "Large" is a word used here strictly in a relative sense, for St. Mary's is only two miles by three miles in size, and about ten miles around the coast line. The total population of the islands is about fourteen hundred.

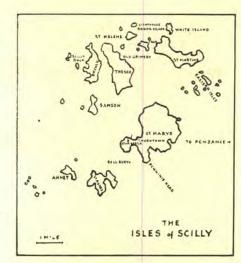
Anyone who comes here with the impression that he will soon exhaust their charms is due for disillusionment. To



Looking out over Hugh Town, we see the chief harbor of the Scilly Islands; and Samson is easily recognized because of its twin hills. Between the hills on the horizon is the rock known as Castle Bryher.

lest

By EDGAR A. WARREN





explore thoroughly St. Mary's alone would take more time and energy than most holiday makers can spare.

In every Englishman's mind these islands are inseparably connected with early spring flowers. Daffodils, narcissuses, and jonquils are grown in these islands weeks before similar flowers bloom on the mainland. So lucrative is this business of growing early spring flowers that literally hundreds of tons of blooms are shipped to the mainland during what are usually regarded as the winter months—January to March.

Of course August is in some ways a disappointing time for a visit. The flower farms have very little of their springtime activity about them. A few anemones bloom in corners of the tiny flower fields, and the farmers may be seen either digging up or replanting their numerous bulbs. But apart from this there is little to be seen in this line.

August, too, sees the departure of some of the sea birds, which earlier in the year make these islands so attractive to the bird lover. We scoured the islands in vain, looking for a puffin, and the only gannet we found was dead on one of the beaches.

Hugh Town is built on an isthmus connecting the main bulk of St. Mary's with an almost separate eminence known as the Garrison, crowned by Star Castle. This isthmus is only about sixty yards wide, so there is a north-facing and a south-facing beach, both accessible.

That night the howling of the wind, the unaccustomed noises inevitable in a strange house, and the constant clanging of an unaccounted-for bell, all chased real sleep away.

The next day, with the gale still blowing hard, provided us with a sadistic pleasure: the sight of the *Scillonian* arriving once more, the decks lined with mute and doleful-looking passengers—another four hundred of them! And the day trippers had the return journey to face, too. The prospect was not pleasant, so we turned sympathetically away!

Everyone who comes to St, Mary's is urged to see Peninnis Point, and to take a walk around the Garrison. We did both—several times in fact.

The walk around the Garrison leads through a stone gateway close to Star Castle, built as you may guess in the shape of a star. It was erected in 1593 during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I as a result of the scare occasioned by the Armada, and the inhabitants who used to live at what is now called Old Town, promptly moved over to take protection from the new castle. Hence Old Town today boasts of a mere handful of cottages, while Hugh Town is quite a thriving little township.

Passing close by the walls of the castle (now a high-class hotel with magnificent views from all its windows), the path descends almost to sea level. Here the blue waves (now they really were blue) were breaking in white spray upon the brown, rounded rocks on the shore.

A mile across the water is the island of St. Agnes, with its disused light-house prominent on the skyline. As we pursued our way round the coast, once again we were conscious of the strange bell tolling—the sound we had heard during the night.

Now the mystery was solved. A bell buoy was seen in the middle of the channel, and as the waves tossed it to and fro, the bell rang, and its sound was carried over the waters! Naturally, the rougher the sea, the more insistent the clanging.

No picture of Peninnis does justice to this headland, studded with giant rocks of curious shape. There are rounded rocks the size of a small house, flat rocks, basin-shaped rocks, tall pinnacles, and at least one rocking stone weighing about forty tons. We could have spent several happy days exploring this natural wonderland, but there was much more to see.



Here are some of the old figureheads from sailing ships that are preserved in Tresco Gardens.

Sooner or later—and often very soon —comes the urge to sail away and explore one of the other islands. Everybody's first choice is Tresco. Here are gardens reputed to be the most wonderful in Europe, where tropical and subtropical plants, shrubs, and trees abound. At every turn you inhale the odor of exotic flowers.

Just inside the garden gateway is a large open-fronted shed where a number of figureheads from old sailing ships are on view, and, to give a more modern note, there is a German mine of World War I also carefully preserved.

War I also carefully preserved.

Across on the lawn is a strange iron structure that was once part of the lighthouse on St. Agnes. It is the cresset, or container, in which coal was burned in

order to supply the light.

After exploring the gardens with the gardener as our guide, we walked across the island from west to east, passing Dolphin Town and then past the church at Old Grimsby and so to the eastern shore.

Here we found ourselves quite near Round Island and its lighthouse, whose tower we had seen so clearly from Land's End years before. Almost surprisingly, the gleaming white lighthouse shows a red flash every thirty seconds, which is visible in clear weather for nineteen miles.

The channel separating Tresco from its western neighbor, Bryher, is only a hundred yards or so wide, and very shallow at low tide. Bryher is an island of contrasts: sandy beaches on the east; gaunt, forbidding rocks and off-lying islands on the west. At the northwest extremity is Hell Bay, named in honor of the mighty waves that are so terrifying here in a storm.

Another day we went to Samson, the largest of the uninhabited islands. Wonderful shells are to be found on the beaches of this island, and the northern hill is littered with tumuli, or ancient burial mounds. It is thought that this island was once the burial ground of the people, not only of these islands, but also of the mainland of Cornwall.

Until about seventy years ago a dwindling population lived on this island, and we had great fun exploring the half-ruined houses in which the people once lived. These are on the southern hill, and on our way up (the altitude is only about 130 feet) we suddenly stumbled upon the overgrown well where the people doubtless obtained their water. Although marked on the map it is not too easy to find, and we felt no little pleasure in our discovery.

Finally we came to the cottages, built of stone with thatched roofs. The roofs had long since fallen in and the thatch covered the floors. But built into the walls and still in good shape were the tiny fireplaces. An old gnarled apple tree still stood, as did also some of the

stone walls which separated the gardens. We found no trace, however, of the duck pond that once was a prominent feature of the small farmstead.

The most easterly island, and thus the nearest to Land's End, is St. Martin's. Its vast expanse of smooth sand (especially at low tide) is one of its most attractive features. On a headland on its eastern coast (and thus nearest of all to England) stands a curious round tower, with a conical top, known as the Day-



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

The subtropical growth abounding in Tresco Gardens is illustrated in this photo by the author.

mark. Its top, 185 feet above the sea, is the very highest point in all this island group.

It was windy and raining when we reached the tower, but just at the psychological moment the clouds parted, and between the showers we caught a glimpse of Land's End, the only time during our stay we ever saw the mainland.

On our way from St. Mary's to St. Martin's that morning, the boatman had taken us in and out of the islets known as the Eastern Isles, where numbers of Atlantic seals have their home. Perhaps twenty or so would be lying on the rocks in the sunshine, but as we approached they all slid quietly off the rocks into the sea.

Out of respect to the feelings of certain members of our party, we made arrangements to fly back to the mainland—a mere twenty minutes by air. But the evening before we were due to leave, a thick sea fog came up and covered the islands. Looking out of the front-room window of our lodgings, we occasionally

saw the faint outlines of Star Castle breaking through the swirling fog.

"I'd love to be up there now," I said

"All right, let's go," offered my wife. So we did.

From the summit of the hill nothing was visible except the fog. From Round Island lighthouse came the mournful baying of the fog signal, but not one gleam of its red light did we see.

Simultaneously we thought of one thing: "Would the planes be flying to-morrow?" It seemed unlikely.

Suddenly, however, the mist began to

Suddenly, however, the mist began to thin—then more—and more, till every thirty seconds we faintly discerned the red glow of light from Round Island.

In a few minutes the fog had gone. And there close inshore, and calmly making for home, was a small sailing boat with a solitary man aboard. How would he have fared if the mist had not thinned?

We retired that night thinking excitedly of our flight back to Land's End the next day.

But it was not to be.

In the morning the fog was as thick as ever. The man in the airlines office shook his head. "It's all right at Land's End, but no good here. Sorry!" And that was that.

We boarded the Scillonian with at least this assurance, that with a fog like this the sea would be calm. And so it was.

We nosed our way slowly out of the harbor. Our landlady on the quay waved good-by and was soon lost—as indeed everything else was—in the white blanket of fog.

A mighty blast from the ship's whistle

echoed from unseen cliffs.

"Where did you get that whistle?" I asked the wireless operator, "The Queen Mary?"

He smiled. "You ought to be right by the funnel when it blows!" he teased.

But now the lookout was on tiptoes. If he didn't spot that buoy, where were we? The ship steered a zigzag course. No one spoke a word.

Suddenly but quietly the first officer, gazing seriously ahead, spoke: "Buoy dead ahead, sir."

The tension eased.

Half a mile farther on we should pick up the bell buoy. And we did. There it was, rolling uneasily in the gentle swell, with each roll emitting the sound that had puzzled us so much during our first night on the islands.

That was the last we saw of the Isles

of Scilly.

The fog was still thick an hour later when my boy and I stood on the steady deck by the open door of the wireless cabin. The operator was calling Land's End Radio. "Scillonian calling!—Scillonian calling Land's End Radio. Can you tell me where I am?" To page 23



Final Preparation of the Church

LESSON FOR JUNE 4

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death" (Rom. 8:2).

THINK IT OVER:

1. Will you attend the last service held in your church? Will it be a communion service, a baptism, a funeral, or a regular preaching service?

2. Will you read the last copy of the Youth's Instructor to be published? Wonder what the Radarscope will reveal.

3. Will you conduct the last outpost for God? How many will be present? Where will it be held?

FOR SUNDAY

1. In just a few words what is my whole duty? (Eccl. 12:13.)

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

2. What was Jesus' relation to the law? (Matt. 5:17.)

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."

NOTE.—"The claim that Christ by His death abolished His Father's law, is without foundation. Had it been possible for the law to be changed or set aside, then Christ need not have died to save man from the penalty of sin. The death of Christ, so far from abolishing the law, proves that it is immutable. The Son of God came to 'magnify the law, and make it honorable.'"—The Great Controversy, p. 466.

3. What was prophesied that Christ would do for the law? (Isa. 42:21.)

"The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake: he will magnify the law, and make it honourable."

4. How long will the law remain as it is? (Matt. 5:18.)

"For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."

FOR MONDAY

5. If I keep the law, what will it do for me? (Rom. 8:2.)

"For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

6. Why was it necessary for Jesus to die? (Rom. 8:3, 4.)

"For what the law could do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

7. What commandment carries a special blessing? (Isa. 56:2.)

"Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil."

NOTE.—"Upon those who then honor the Sabbath, a blessing is pronounced. Thus the obligation of the fourth commandment extends past the crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, to the time when His servants should preach to all nations the message of glad tidings."—The Great Controversy, p. 451.

8. What is the sign that I belong to the Lord? (Ex. 31:13.)

"Verily my sabbaths ye shall keep: for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you."

FOR TUESDAY

9. If I claim to believe God's Word, but do not keep His commandments, of what value is it? (James 2:14, 17.)

"What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him?" "Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead."

10. What will faith lead me to do? (James 2:18.) "I will shew thee my faith by my works."

11. What did Abraham's faith enable him to do? (Rom. 4:20, 21.)

"He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that, what he had promised, he was able also to perform."

12. How did God regard this faith? (Rom. 4:22.) "Therefore it was imputed to him for righteousness."



CY LA TOUR & SON

Who Owns a Tree in Bloom?

By DOLORES BRADBURY

Spring renounces gloom
And brings to mind this question:
Who owns a tree in bloom?
Not the owner surely,
But he who views it purely
For the joy of seeing
A sight to thrill his being,
Sensing One divine
In this display of beauty.
In spring I loan my tree—
Such a pleasant duty!

FOR WEDNESDAY

13. When will I have power? (Acts 1:8, first part.)

"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

14. What is the work of the Holy Spirit? (John 14:26.)

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

NOTE.—"The teachings of Christ must previously have been stored in the mind, in order for the Spirit of God to bring them to our remembrance in the time of peril."—The Great Controversy, p. 600.

15. How am I to use this power? (Acts 1:8, last part.)

"Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

FOR THURSDAY

16. Why is it dangerous for me to grieve away the Holy Spirit? (Eph. 4:30.)

"And grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

17. How important is this sealing work? (Rev. 7:2, 3.)

"And I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God: and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying, Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads."

NOTE.—"The seal of God's law is found in the fourth commandment. This only, of all the ten, brings to view both the name and the title of the Lawgiver. It declares Him to be the Creator of the heavens and the earth, and thus shows His claim to reverence and worship above all others. Aside from this precept, there is nothing in the decalogue to show by whose authority the law is given."—The Great Controversy, p. 452.

FOR FRIDAY

Here is a problem: Albert has always wanted to be on the honor roll. Last period he made it. But for some reason he is not so happy as he thought he would be. Somehow the congratulations from the students, the teachers, and his parents seem so empty. You see, some of those themes he turned in for English were not exactly original.

What should he do? Should he try to forget the whole thing, since no one knows about it; or should he content himself with a determination to be honest from now on; or should he rewrite those themes and take the grade they bring?

Read The Great Controversy, pp. 582-612 (1950 ed., pp. 575-605).



By JOAN

Dear Diary.

Dad decided to take Ginger and Mom and me on a holiday. We packed our suitcases yesterday and headed for San Francisco. Today we went to the planetarium in Golden Gate Park.

The planetarium is a dome-shaped building that gives one the impression that he is really looking at the sky. The scientist who gave the lecture said that often people ask if they lift off the roof to show the sky.

A huge instrument, which looks as though it might have come from outer space, stands in the center of the room and is operated by a panel board or switchboard on the side. Through the instrument, lights shine on the ceiling to simulate stars.

A black silhouette of the San Fran-

cisco skyline circles the room at about ceiling height and actually gives the impression that one is standing in the heart of the city looking up at the sky.

With a lighted arrow the speaker can point to different constellations and point out stars.

One night Mom and I were on our way to Sacramento to see Dad. We had gotten a very late start and had just gone through the town of Placerville when out of the north a huge flying disk sailed across our path. The light was very bright, and I was so frightened I screamed.

A trail of fire followed the disk until it disappeared. Mom and I thought we had seen a flying saucer, but in the planetarium we learned differently. What we had really seen was a fireball. And there on the ceiling of the planetarium we saw an almost exact reproduction of the fireball we had actually witnessed in the sky.

A fireball is really a large falling star. As soon as the metal strikes the earth's outer atmosphere it blazes from the heat of friction and lights up the sky.

The falling of the stars in 1833 was re-enacted on the dome, and the speaker told how many people believed that it was the end of the world. From a point in the center of the dome the stars flashed out across the sky, just as a fig tree scatters its fruit in all directions. It was wonderful to be able to witness a re-enactment of one of the signs of Christ's coming.

Orion never fails to attract my attention, and there it was, too, in the planetarium dome. We have all heard descriptions of the open space in Orion as the possible highway to earth from heaven through which Christ may come on His return to earth.

Dad bought Ginger and me a small piece of iron that came from a meteor. It is the only known material that comes to earth from outer space. I will add it to my rock collection, but I am keeping it in a small plastic box so I won't lose it. Maybe it is just a little speck of heaven. Who knows?



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Andrew, the Baby Sitter

By FRANCES TAYLOR

NDREW dear, your papa and I are going to meeting now. Larry should sleep another hour. Take good care of him. When he awakens, watch him carefully or he will run away and get lost."

Mrs. Hamilton tucked the strands of brown hair up under her white hat, peering into the small mirror fastened to the pole of the tent. She turned this way and that way to get a better view of herself, then pulled on her gloves and started out of the tent.

"You won't forget to watch your little brother, will you?" she asked anxiously. "The zoo is so near the campground that it is quite dangerous. You heard about the man who was pulled into a cage last summer and squeezed to death by a big brown bear, didn't you? Never go near the animals unless we are with you."

Andrew scowled, grunted, and rumpled his shock of red hair. He watched his parents hurry down the street between the long rows of neat white tents.

He thrust his brown hands deep into his pockets, looking at the tip of the big tent where his parents were to attend meeting. Off in the opposite direction he knew was the tent where the children his age held their meetings. But he liked best the tent that was used as a store.

In this open tent with its square top, everything to eat seemed to be offered for sale. There were all kinds of breakfast cereals, milk, cheese, fresh vegetables, bread, candy, popcorn, ice cream, apples, bananas, oranges, and everything.

Andrew liked to go to the bookstore too. There were the brightly colored children's books with their many pictures. He hoped his father would buy him some of the books to take home.

"I wonder whether Dad and Mother will ever take us to eat in the big cafeteria tent? Such good food, especially on Sabbath! I'm going to ask them to go there next Sabbath." He took out his jackknife and carefully examined its

"Wonder when that brother of mine will wake up," grumbled the ten-yearold. He went around in the shade of the tent and sat down on the grass, attempting to have a game of mumble-the-peg. But playing alone was not much fun.

He lay down on his back on the cool grass, closing his eyes to keep out the light. "Baby sitter! That's all I am! A girl's job. Why don't I have a sister to take care of Larry?"

"Hi, Andy. Taking your afternoon nap like an old grandpa?" Willie Davis wore a pair of overalls and was bare-

Andrew rubbed his eyes, yawned, and jumped to his feet. "Asleep? I wasn't

"Your eyes were shut!"

"The light hurt my eyes, so I shut

"Let's go and see the animals in the park," suggested Willie. "It's great fun to watch the monkeys, and the big animals too."

"I have to stay here."

"Why? Are you baby sitting?"

"You might call it that. I'm staying

with my brother. He is asleep now." "When will he be awake? Can't we take him with us when he gets up?"

"Well, no, Mother is afraid to have us go near the animals. She thinks something might happen to Larry. He's only three." He tiptoed into the tent to take a look at his brother.

"Willie, Larry is gone! My little brother is gone! How could he have got away?"

"He ran away while you slept, of

"Maybe I did fall asleep for just a minute. How worried Mother will be!"

"Don't stand there and talk; let's find

"Yes, of course. You take that row of tents and I'll look in this street. If you find him, call back to me."

Andrew ran down the row of tents, looking to the right and to the left, calling, "L-a-r-r-y!"

'Stop that yelling," called a gruff voice from one of the tents. "I'm trying to get a little sleep." A man's head was thrust out between the flaps in the tent.

"Willie, did you find Larry?" The boy shook his head dismally.

"Andy, you take all of the tents on the west side; I'll take the ones on the east. Better not call too loud. I heard what the man said to you."

"Keep your eyes open, Willie, for my brother is so little he doesn't know any better than to walk into somebody's tent. Take a peek into empty tents.'

It was not many minutes before Andrew heard a shrill whistle. He knew it was from Willie. He ran as fast as his bare feet would carry him. There on the counter of the store sat his brother. He



Andrew didn't like being confined to one of these tents, watching his baby brother while his parents attended the camp meeting sessions. He wanted to be out playing with the other fellows his age.

was chewing a lemon rind from the lemonade pitcher and chattering and laugh-

"Larry, you rascal! You frightened me half to death." The storekeeper lifted the child off the counter and set him on his feet. He gave him a stick of candy, and handed the two older boys some pop-

"Nice man! Give me candy!" said Larry as his brother led him toward their

"Hurry, Larry! Willie, there come my parents. We got here just in time. Don't you dare mention one word about you know what!"

"Yes, I know, I promise to keep mum." Mrs. Hamilton came into the tent, giving Larry a squeeze and a kiss. "Were you Mamma's good little boy?" She squinted into the small mirror, smooth-

ing her hair and straightening her hat.
"Mommy, me like nice man," said the
little boy. "I likes candy!" But his parents

failed to catch his meaning.

"Son," said Mr. Hamilton apologetically, straightening his tie before the mir-"we are sorry to have to leave Larry with you for so long. But we must go back to an important committee meeting that may last two more hours. Now that you have Willie with you, you won't mind too much will you?"

The lad with the big freckles made no reply, but he turned so that his father could not see the disgust on his face. With his big toe he poked the stake that held down the tent when the wind blew. He jerked the rope spitefully with his hands.

The minute his parents were out of sight and hearing, he turned to his playmate. "Just our luck! Here we are stuck for the next two hours with

"They didn't tell you to stay at the tent. I listened to find out." Sometimes

Willie displayed great cunning.

"No-no, they didn't say today that I must stay here, but it is the understanding that we remain at the tent until their return. Why?" His eyes glistened.

"Larry would like to watch the animals. All children love to see the monkeys. Why can't we take him and go to the zoo?"

"Willie, I wouldn't dare. Both Father and Mother have forbidden even me to go near the animals unless they are along. That is silly of course. But I have another idea that is not so bad."

"What?"

"Maybe I shouldn't do it, but I'm tired of staying here all afternoon. You know the park is not far from here-swings, trapeze, acting bars, teeter boards,

"I've never been there, but it sounds like fun. We can get back before your parents return. They said they would be gone two hours. Come on, let's not waste all this good time."

It was hard for Larry's short legs to

keep up with the two boys. Soon the three were climbing, playing, and having great sport, the little one trying to do everything the others did.

"I can swing higher than you can,"

challenged Willie.

"I'll show you," cried Andrew, and so it went. They decided it was not so bad to have to care for Larry after all. They were having a wonderful time.

Valuable Know-How

By PVT. ORVILLE BABYLON



AFTER taking Medical Cadet Corps training I was drafted into the Army. I was not afraid, or ignorant of what to do or say when I got into camp. I had some idea of what the Army was like and

what the Army expected of me. I was also able to help some of my buddies who had not had the training by telling them some of the "tricks" to Army life and to marching.

There are a lot of officers in the many camps in the United States; I was certainly glad that I knew whom to salute and what to say as I met them. As we marched to the different classes it really made me feel great to know how to keep in step and to know when to turn left or right or to turn to the rear without making a mistake.

When we were issued our clothes and equipment I was used to the uniform, and I knew how to wear it. There are several different classes of uniforms, and it was useful to have had the experience of learning the different kinds through the Medical Cadet Corps.

Most important of all, when I went to see about getting Sabbath off I knew right away whom to see and what to say. I would like to encourage all Seventhday Adventist young men in high school or college to take Medical Cadet Corps training.

"Say, where is your brother?" finally asked Willie as he climbed down off the acting bars.

"He was right here just a minute ago." Andrew jumped out of the swing and looked around. "Larry, Oh, Larry! Come here!" But no little boy that looked like Larry Hamilton was to be seen.

"How could he have gone so fast?" asked Andrew climbing up the bars bet-ter to view the landscape. "Not one minute ago he was sitting right there playing in that sandbox." The fact of the case was that the two older boys were enjoying themselves so much they had no knowledge of the passage of time.

The boys ran here and they ran there, looking and calling for the child. "Could he have gone away off there to look at the animals?" Andrew was pale with fear. "Come on, we better check there first. Oh, what will Mother say?"

Breathless, they reached the cages.

Many people stood watching the animals. Willie and Andrew darted in and around and through the spectators.

"You boys stop running and playing in this crowd," ordered an irate man. "What are you playing? Tag?"

"Mister, we are looking for my little brother," explained Andrew.

"What say?" asked a tall, skinny man. "Speak a trifle louder; I'm a little deaf." 'My brother! He's three years old! Did

you see my brother?" shouted the boy. "Boy lost? Well, that's too bad. Where

did you lose him?" Everybody was staring at the two boys.
"How was he dressed?" asked a

"He wore a blue sailor suit and a cap to match," Andrew explained. "Did any-body see him?"

"I saw a little boy down by the lake a while ago," volunteered a man in the crowd. "But if I remember rightly he wore overalls and was barefooted.'

The boys took to their heels. "Oh, Willie, maybe it was Larry! Suppose he falls in the lake and drowns. Hurry!"

The lake was big and beautiful, with sight-seers all around it. Some were out in canoes, paddling about in the quiet water. One group was feeding the graceful white swans. The long-necked birds would swim close to the bank and almost take the food from the people's hands.

"Oh, dear, I don't see him! Willie, suppose Larry tried to gather some of those beautiful water lilies and fell in and drowned. He loves flowers." They approached a tall man.

"Excuse me, sir," said Willie, "did you see a little boy around any place?"

"What do you mean? I've seen lots of boys around here in my day. When?"

"Just in the past hour. My little threeyear-old brother wandered off while we were playing on the swings up there." Andrew winked hard to keep back the

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves to neglect a little boy like that. Where's that policeman? Officer! Come

A man in a blue suit, big brass buttons, billy club, and gun in his belt sauntered up. The boys trembled from head to foot and looked at each other. "What will he do with us?" whispered Willie.

"I don't care what he does with me if

he finds my little brother!"

'What seems to be the trouble?" asked the officer of the man.

"These boys were supposed to take care of their little three-year-old brother

"No, sir, he isn't my brother," said Willie quickly. "He's Andrew's broth—"

"Keep quiet, young man. Well, they went off to play and left the poor little

boy-

"No, sir, we did not run off. Larry ran off from us while we were swinging. Well, that is, when we looked up he was gone." By now big, fat tears were rolling down Andrew's cheeks.

"I'll help you find him," offered the policeman. "Where have you looked, boys?" They explained what had been

done.

"Now let's see. You have looked down by the animal cages and he wasn't there. But that is the danger spot, we better go back there to look again. He could be there by now. One of you better stay here and watch this lake. It's dangerous too."

Willie went along with the big policeman, while Andrew watched by the lake. The boy was very sorry for his disobedience to his parents, and his carelessness in looking after his brother who had been entrusted to his care. He asked God to forgive him, to keep Larry from danger, and return him to them.

He remembered how much he loved his little brother and how sad he would be if something should happen to him. When Andrew opened his eyes after finishing his prayer, he could see Willie and the tall policeman making their way toward the animal cages.

He again surveyed the lake and the crowd around it. Then he looked far to the east. He gave a whistle that split the air. "Young man, stop that racket or I'll call the police!" yelled an angry man.

"Excuse me, sir, that's just what I'm doing. See, he is coming on the run! Willie, I see Larry! He's away over there on the viaduct. Hurry!" Andrew ran for the high bridge as fast as his brown legs would carry him. The other boy and the policeman brought up the rear.

The viaduct was very high, for the trains ran under it. "Willie," panted Andrew, "hurry and help me catch him before he falls off the bridge!" The two boys left the heavy policeman far behind.

"If he will only stay in the middle of the bridge and won't fall down below where a big train may come along and run over him." Andrew continued to run with the speed of a young deer.

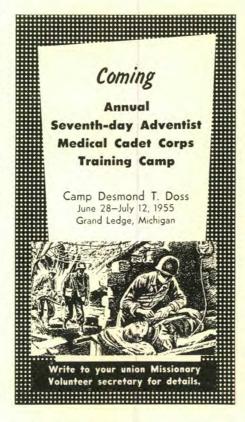
"He is in about as much danger if some speedster or drunken driver comes along on the bridge and runs over him," said Willie. "Andy, have you prayed?"

"Yes, I prayed down there by the lake, and I am still asking God to protect Larry. But you pray too, Willie."

Larry was walking slowly and carelessly along the center of the bridge, halfway across, when the two boys stepped upon the bridge. Andrew called, "Larry, wait! Larry, wait!" He looked back and saw them.

The little boy only laughed mischievously, and ran as fast as his short legs would let him. "Oh, if he will only stay in the center of the bridge, and no car will run over him or over us!" said Andrew.

Far behind came the puffing policeman. He blew his whistle for the child to stop. Larry turned his head to look, then went faster than ever. He seemed



to feel it was a game, a game in which he was winning. This was not the first time he had run away, neither was it the first time he had given his brother a merry chase.

But the two boys were gaining on the little lad. Andrew again called for him to wait, but he kept going. However, he was becoming very tired; he had had too much exercise for one day for one little three-year-old. Finally they reached him.

"Larry, why did you run away from us down there at the swings? We have been looking and looking for you." Andrew led him off the end of the bridge.

"I wanted to catch the pretty birdie. He runned away. I'm hungry, I want Mamma." he whimpered.

Mamma," he whimpered.
"How far do you live from here?"

asked the policeman.

"Just up there on the campground."
"Then you are almost home. Try to watch the lad better next time. This could have been very serious." They thanked the officer, and he returned to the park.

Three extremely tired boys approached the tent city. "You'll be fortunate if your dad and mother have not come home," said Willie.

"I hope they have not come home, because they would be very worried. Of course I shall tell them all about it and willingly take any punishment they want to give me. I deserve a good thrashing for my carelessness as well as my disobedience."

But the parents had been in the meeting all this time and knew nothing of the near tragedy. They forgave their son, knowing he had already suffered and repented.

repented.
"Now, Larry, we are going to prevent so much trouble. We are branding you." Mr. Hamilton made a cardboard tag and fastened it on the little boy's back. It read, "Runaway! Return to Tent Number 50." "Now, young man, you can't go too far with this on your back. It should ensure your safe return."

Then Father Hamilton turned to his older son. "Andrew, it makes me shudder to think what could have happened to your little brother. He might have fallen into the lake and been drowned, or he could have been pulled into one of the animal cages and killed."

"I know, Father. And as I see him on that high bridge it still frightens me. Oh, I prayed as I never prayed before. And," the boy came close to his father, "I am ready to take my punishment. Thrash me good and hard so I won't ever forget it. I was disobedient this time; do forgive me!"

"Andrew," put in the mother, "we are very sorry that you betrayed the trust we placed in you. Will you try very, very hard never to disobey again?"

They all had prayer, and he promised, with God's help, never to forget again or be disobedient. For at heart Andrew really was a good boy.

The End From the Beginning

From page 4

the children's knowledge of God rested on my shoulders was rather sobering. I started doing some serious thinking and studying. All church services on the radio could be heard in our home, and as I listened to each I was weighing their contents. What did their minister say? And why was it that some of them just failed to hold my attention, or seemed to be somehow wrong?

I was completely at a loss, so when the Jehovah's Witnesses came my way, I began to find the solution to my queries. They began plying me with literature, which seemed unintelligible to me, but which they had great faith in because it "was all in the Bible." I had to admit that I knew nothing about the Bible, but I decided to remedy matters.

My aunt had died, leaving me her International Teachers Bible, and I started studying it. However, the more I studied on my own, the more I realized that the people who had been visiting me were not giving me plain Bible truth, so I asked them to stop calling.

Then the Church of England minister called on me, to arrange for the christening of my youngest child. He called during one of my study periods, and seemed surprised to see an open Bible on the table. He inquired what I was reading, and when I replied, "Revelation," he amazed me by saying, "I wouldn't read that part of the Bible. We never bother with it."

I told him frankly that I considered it his duty to teach the whole Bible, and he bade me a hurried good-by.

When I told my husband of the incident he was surprised, but he took no further interest in the matter. However, we had by this time found a sizable house, and we had a number of people billeted on us. Naturally there were many faiths represented, and many varied discussions were held on the subject of religion. I had taken a stand for the Bible and the Bible only, and I found that many opinions discussed just did not stand the test of Bible com-

Then I was taken to the hospital suddenly, and while reading my Bible there, I learned something that made me jump for joy-and I almost popped my stitches

in doing so!

[This is the first installment of a four-part serial. Part 2 will appear next week.]

Interlude at Ur

From page 11

"Those women certainly were careless with their dishes," Charles called down

"Maybe they left the dish washing to the girls and boys; perhaps that is why there are so many broken ones!" his mother answered him.

We were at the bottom of a long trench about fifty feet deep dug by the archeologists, and the sides of the trench were made up of broken pottery of all sizes and descriptions. We were evidently at the bottom of the rubbish heap! Tons and tons of broken pottery were on every side. We selected a couple of the oldestlooking ones we could find to take with us. Who can tell but that this little broken vase once held flowers to adorn a table in Abraham's home?

Our morning's exertions had whetted our appetites, and though we would have loved to linger longer, we were ready to return to a city of the living to find food and water. But before leav-



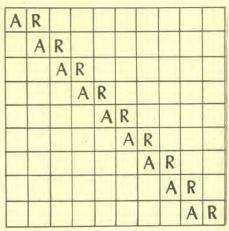
Step-O-Gram By EARL HILLIARD

Fill in the blank spaces with the missing letters given below to form the words defined.

Definitions

- 1. Scene of earth's last conflict
- 2. A blind beggar of Jericho 3. Inclined to benevolence
- 4. Invests with flesh
- 5. A Canaanite goddess (poss.)6. Officers attending Eastern monarchs7. Condition of the foolish virgins
- 8. An erroneous warning (two words)
- 9. Not acquainted

Missing letters AAAAAAAA BBB CCC DDD EEEEEEEEE
FF G HHH IIIII LLLL MMMM NNNNN OO PPP RR SSSSSS TTTTT UUUU



Key on page 23

ing we paid one more visit to the central mound. This time I examined the tar (yes, even then Iraq was rich in oil products) between the stones. With a little effort I was able to raise one stone a bit. There between the stones is a layer of tar and reed matting, the reeds from the river still well preserved and strong after thousands of years. So there the stones are, the foundation of a monument to idolatry. But Abraham looked for a city with even better foundations; he looked for a city "whose builder and maker is God."

Returning to the station in Nasiriya we soon satisfied our hunger and thirst, and we found we had an eleven-hour wait for the next train going back to Basra. Eleven hours may seem like a long time to wait under some circumstances, but not there. We visited the city on the other side of the Euphrates River, crossing the stream on a pontoon bridge. We also took a walk along the banks of the river and were interested in the ancient methods of farming and irriga-

Fully six hours before traintime the people began to gather. Three hours before the train was to depart, the waiting room and platform were crowded with people, shouting and laughing above the noise made by the crying babies, the cackling chickens that they carried in baskets with them, and the barking of the neighborhood dogs that gathered to enjoy the fun.

The train ride back took a little longer than the trip going up had taken. The sun was just rising, apparently out of the date groves across the river, as we wearily climbed the gangplank of the Rondo, glad to be back for nice hot baths, and warm breakfasts, and to enjoy softly swaying deck chairs as we continued

our voyage to India.

Decisions for Eternity

From page 9

Several miles southwest of Parkville at the little White Haven church, shaded by pine trees near the foot of the mountain, everything was buzzing as the spring campaign for missions began. The members were divided into groups and allotted territory in the district surrounding the nearest little town. They knelt as the church elder asked God's blessing upon their day's activities, not only that a goodly amount of money would be received but that interest might be aroused.

Soon cars with groups of solicitors drove away down the winding road from the church, making their way to the various territories. From young people, laughing happily together, to gray-haired church fathers all were eager to witness for their Lord.



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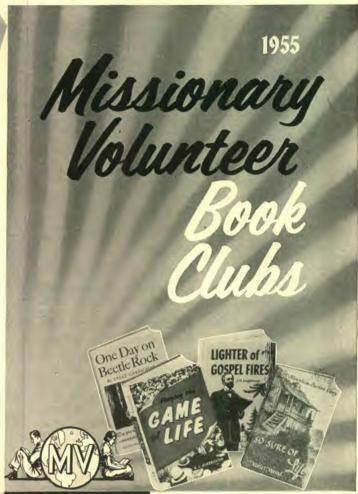
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BK-51, White imitation leather with zipper closing. Value \$4.50-31 "Life & Health."

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BK-53, Fine quality, black limp leather and leather lined. Value \$10.00—68 "Life & Health." (RH1121CW)

SONGBOOKS FOR EVERY OCCASION

BK-54, Happy Songs for Boys and Girls (cloth)-Value \$1.75-14 "Life & Health."

BK-55, Happy Songs for Boys and Girls (paper)—Value \$1.00—8 "Life & Health."

BK-56, Singing Youth (paper)-Value \$.60-5 "Life & Health."

BK-57, Singing Youth (plastic)—Value \$.75—6 "Life & Health." BK-58, Singing Youth (cloth)—Value \$1.25—10 "Life & Health."

BK-59, JMV Handbook-Value \$1.00-8 "Life & Health."

TOURNALS FOR YOUTH

Junior Guide, l year—Value \$3.75—30 "Life & Health."
Youth's Instructor, l year—Value \$4.75—38 "Life & Health."

CAMPING EQUIPMENT

E-28, SLEEPING BAG, Hettrick—Value S14.50— 85 "Life & Health." Be comfortable—keep warm —on those overnight out-ings. Fully lined. Size 70" by 33".

E-29, CAMPER'S KNIFE— Value \$1.25—6 "Life & Health." Four-blade knife, with can opener and bottle opener. Can be used for dozens of purposes.

E-23, CAMPING AX, with Sheath—Value \$3.95—26 "Life & Health." Easy-to-"Life & Health," Easy-to-carry sheath fastens to your belt. Lightweight ax with keen cutting edge and nail slot. Slim scroll end handle for hand comfort and to absorb shock. Smooth black head and red handle. head and red handle.

E-26, FLASHLIGHT, Ever-Ready 3 cell—Value \$3.50—21 "Life & Health." Heavy-gauge brass with durable black, baked-on finish and chrome fit-tings. Special safety-glow lens-guard. Ring hanger, Ideal for camping trips.

E-27, FLASHLIGHT, Ever-Ready 2 cell—Value \$1.75
—11 "Life & Health."
Girls prefer this small, compact, easy-to-handle light. It has a chrome finish with black decoration.

E-20, KNAPSACK—Value \$3.50—21 "Life & Health." Finished size 13" x 13" x 4". A practical knap-sack for the Junior hiker.

E-46, CANTEEN—Value \$2.50—18 "Life & Health." Indispensable when on the trail. Just right for the Junior hiker.





E-9, BINOCULARS, "Mt. Rainier" 8 x 30—Value \$36.50—226 "Life 6 Health."
General-purpose glass selected by those who want higher power and extreme compactness. Specially designed wide-angle eyepieces give a large field of view. Good for hikes, camping trips. Good for Dad tool Just right for the boy or girl who is interested in the study of birds and amimals. and animals.



E-43, KODAK, Duaflex Flash Outfit—Value \$21.95—121 "Life & Health." Do you want to take pictures? This features the Kodak Duaflex II Camera, Kodet lens, popular reflex-type camera, and contains complete equipment necessary for taking pictures, including 2 rolls of film. Don't fail to take home from summer camp a picture from summer camp a picture. from summer camp a picture story of your experiences.



Size 72" Life E-3, INFLATO FLOAT—324"—Value \$10.00—55 Health."

Health."
Attractive vinyl mattress for use as cushion on land or float in water. Multicolor design. Exclusive gussett design gives maximum comfort on land and maximum security on water. Extra safe side walls, new metal valve, and one inflation for entire mattress. Comes with Ideal's exclusive pump-pack.



E-45, COMPASS—Value \$1.50—10 "Life & Health."
Official pathfinder compass. This compass is a "must" item for the hiker. Keeps you from becoming lost when on the trail. At camp your counselor will probably teach you how to use your compass to tell the time of day.

REVIEW & HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN., WASHINGTON 12, D.C.

Varied were the solicitors' experiences and the ways they were received as they visited the rural homes that sunny Thursday, leaving at nearly every home a small leaflet explaining the nature of the work they were carrying on, and some of their vital beliefs. After they had covered the allotted territory they returned in the evening to the church to tell many experiences and to add up the contributions received. The angels, too, faithfully recorded in the ledger of heaven the missionary endeavor of this little band.

The next day Roy, noticing a leaflet on the table, asked his grandmother where it came from. She replied that some people seeking donations for missions had left the leaflet the previous day. He observed that some of the articles it contained were similar to the teachings contained in the peculiar volume his brother and he had studied the previous winter. Excitedly running out to the barn to Albert, he declared that he had found a church that kept the seventh-day Sabbath and taught about Christ's second coming. He showed him the leaflet.

After reading the pamphlet over carefully both concluded that this must be the true church. Roy decided to write a letter to the nearest Seventh-day Adventist church, for there must be one in the community.

A week passed. One day when Roy was in town a man from whom the boys had bought some bee equipment accosted him on the street saying, "Did you write a letter to the Seventh-day Adventist church, to find out what time the young people's group meets?"

Receiving an answer in the affirmative, Mr. White invited Roy to ride with his family and him up to the country church each Sabbath.

Albert and Roy had been attending special agriculture classes, sponsored by the Government and conducted in the town's recreational hall. Roy was not in his usual place in the class the next Saturday, for he had gone to keep his first Sabbath. Accompanying the Whites to church, he told them how he became interested. Their hearts were glad as they rode along the winding road, now bordered with blooming cherry trees.

The welcome given him by the church group was a cordial one. The friendly

KEY Wit Sharpeners

STEP-O-GRAM

A R M A G E D D O N B A R T I M A E U S C H A R I T A B L E I N C A R N A T E S A S H T A R O T H'S C U P B E A R E R S U N P R E P A R E D F A L S E A L A R M U N F A M I L I A R

attitude of the young people soon made him feel at ease. With a steadfast interest in the proceedings of the Sabbath school, Roy noticed that this organization had missionaries in nearly every country. The thought that here was a people upholding God's commandments, and teaching in nearly a thousand languages the observance of them along with the soon return of Jesus, filled him with awe.

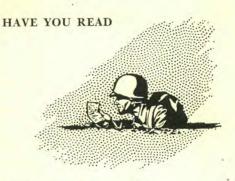
So well and so practically did the teacher of the Sabbath school lesson apply the thoughts from the life of Paul to every-day living, accompanied by conclusive evidence of Scripture, that Roy was amazed at the practical knowledge these men, women, and children possessed of the Scriptures. Further inspired by the local elder's sermon about the love of God, and the short talks given in an enthusiastic young people's meeting, he determined to attend the services another week.

Upon arriving home that evening he told his brother about his experiences of the day. Albert was so impressed with Roy's testimonies that the next Sabbath both boys attended the services in the little white church, which they came to love. Soon they looked forward to being present there each Sabbath. And thus their interest in the third angel's message grew.

The following winter Mr. White conducted a series of evangelistic meetings in a vacant store in Parkville, ably presenting the three angels' messages, the mark of the beast, and the second coming of Christ. Roy and Albert learned about the prominent doctrines of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Thus the answers to the questions that had risen from time to time in their minds were made clear. When the call for surrender was made, the brothers made their decision for God.

On a warm, sunny day the following May the two boys, along with other candidates, gathered at the edge of a beautiful lake to witness to the world their desire to unite with God's remnant church. In their hearts was a peace that came from the assurance that they were doing God's will. During the singing of gospel hymns by the people present they were baptized as the minister pronounced the solemn words, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." They had both determined to lead lives of service for Jesus.

In Roy's heart a desire grew to serve his Master in some special way. As time went on both boys established Christian homes. Then one day Roy heard God's call, and with his wife he went to a Christian school where he is at present preparing for a definite place in the ranks of Seventh-day Adventist workers. Albert and his family are witnessing for God by living in harmony with the principles of their religion in their community.



Matthew 10:29-31 recently?

If you haven't, we recommend that you read it at once, before you receive another issue of this magazine. For

Next week in

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

we present Chaplain Carl R. Holden
in the short short

SPARROWS IN KOREA

We do not see how it can but renew your faith, whoever you are, wherever you are, whatever your circumstance.

Frontiers

From page 10

The fifty-nine graduates of the Australasian Missionary College, those students who are going into literature work for the summer vacation, and those who are returning to visit parents and friends, are carrying with them the inspiration of these three spiritual feasts, which have made more intimate their knowledge of the One whom, as Peter proclaimed, "went about doing good."

Isles of the Blest

From page 14

"Yes, Scillonian, old man. Just hold on a few moments."

The direction finders were cooperat-

After a few minutes, "Hullo, Scillonian, hullo. Just keep right on as you are. You're quite all right."

And we were all right. For within minutes the dock at Penzance opened before us, and we soon stood again on the mainland. The One who sees beyond all and tells us, "Keep right on; you're all right!" had watched over our return and had guided the Scillonian to a safe berth.



- The original idea for what we now have in the electronic brain seems to have occurred to Charles Babbage, an Englishman, in 1812. The British Government supported the construction of his "analytical engine" until 1833 when work was suspended, and they finally abandoned the project about ten years later. Mr. Babbage, who was Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge University, was about 100 years ahead of his time. The first large automatic digital machine actually built was the International Business Machine's Automatic Sequence-Controlled Calculator. It was completed in 1944.
- A LARGE motor car company illustrates automation—the use of automatic controls. To begin with, automatic devices correctly position a 180-pound cylinder block casting and from there automation links 42 separate transfer machines to produce the finished product. From the time the cylinder block is deposited at the entrance end until it emerges after 555 cutting and drilling operations, it is never touched by a man. It has traveled through more than an acre of machinery, its quality has been inspected thoroughly and automatically, and it is ready for assembly.
- METEORITES fall into three basic classes: irons, composed mainly of nickel-iron and its alloys; stones made of silicate materials; and an intermediate group with about equal portions of metal and stone. Astronomers estimate that hundreds of millions of meteors pepper the earth's atmosphere each day, and several million are big enough to form visible displays. Most are heated to incandescence by friction with the air and are consumed. Relatively few reach the earth.
- The man who was probably the most lonesome person in the world died early this year. He was Biennin Crovagreer, a 75-year-old murderer who was sentenced to life imprisonment on February 12, 1912. He spent 43 years in prison without a single visitor or letter from the outside world. For 26 years he was in bed, hopelessly paralyzed. He had neither relatives nor friends.
- The annual cost of operating the Middle-ground Light in Hampton Roads, Virginia—a lighthouse—is expected to drop from \$20,000 to \$2,000. This was made possible recently when the station was equipped with a device to allow the sun in rising and setting to take over the duties of turning the light on and off.
- THE Music Library of the British Museum in London has announced the theft of one of the three known copies of Marseillaise, France's national anthem, in the composer's own handwriting. The loss has been termed "irreplaceable."
- The throat and ears of a beaver are equipped with valves that voluntarily close when the animal dives under water and open when it surfaces.
- ► VETERANS of United States military service numbered an estimated 21,301,000 at the end of 1954.
- The manufacture of a single fountain pen point requires 62 distinct operations.

- THE marble dome that tops the Rhode Island Statehouse at Providence is the second largest in the world.
- On its maiden voyage to the United States, the first new ship ever to fly the flag of Israel brought a silver Bible for the mayor of Baltimore from the mayor of Haifa, Israel.
- THE man who claimed to be the smallest adult in the world died in Delmenhorst, Germany, not long ago. Forty-eight-year-old Walter Boehning was 22½ inches tall and weighed less than 20 pounds.
- THE first use of atomic power in a purely defensive role was announced recently by United States scientists. It is an antiaircraft shell for the Nike—a guided missile. This shell would be capable of destroying with one blast all planes in a path a half mile or more wide.
- A NEW insecticide, DDVP, is more potent in killing insects and less toxic to human beings and farm animals than many modern economic poisons, reports the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. In addition to being effective against flies, this insecticide is expected to prove useful against several pests of agricultural crops, especially mites and aphids.
- The principal source of income in Alamos, a town in southern Sonora, Mexico, is the export of the Mexican jumping bean. Joaquin Hernandez, known as the Jumping Bean King, buys almost the entire crop for export—as many as 10 million beans. The beans "jump" because the larva of a gray moth inhabits the bean and butts the inside wall with its head. The larva has 16 legs, reports the National Geographic Society, some with small hooks. With these it catches a firm hold, raises its body, and delivers a hard blow.
- NEARLY 2,000 miles southwest of Honolulu, Hawaii, is an atoll that today boasts features of an average American community -sounds of fire engine bells, rattles of market pushbaskets, and the banter of schoolbound children. Only 17 years ago this speck in the Pacific knew only the screams of sea birds. The first step in the transformation of Canton Island was the establishment of a Pan American World Airways seaplane base in the lagoon to service flying boats operating between the United States and Australasia. Of course, World War II did much to turn the island into a steppingstone for Allied seaborne supplies. Today three air lines under different flags stop regularly at Canton's airport, and some 280 persons inhabit the island. Outside the island's bulging commissary is a sign whose many fingers give flying distances to earth's far corners: New York 7,049 miles, San Francisco 4,468 miles, London 10,501 miles, and Manila 7,309 miles.



- EVERY year millions of Americans are given the opportunity to buy Easter seals and provide hope for hundreds of crippled children and adults. Shown here are Rita and David, learning to overcome speech handicaps at an Easter Seal treatment center, an affiliate of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Inc.
- WITH few exceptions, surnames are now in general use by people all over the world. However, Semitic peoples, like Arabs and Israelis, do not have true family names but use "son of" from generation to generation. Indonesians also get along with only one name, as do many primitive peoples.
- The Tobacco Industry Research Committee has increased to \$1 million its fund for scientific research into tobacco use and health. This follows medical surveys that have indicated a possible link between smoking and lung cancer and other diseases.
- HIGH-FIDELITY sets are capable of reproducing vibrations in the entire range of the human ear—from 30 cycles per second to about 15,000. Old-style phonographs cannot do this. Their usual range is between 100 and 6,000 cycles.
- Awning along New York's Fifth Avenue are being raised to a seven-foot level. The reason? People are growing taller. The average person today is 2.7 inches taller than the average person of 33 years ago.
- FRITZ KREISLER, the noted violinist, recently gave to the Library of Congress in Washington a gift of more than 50 manuscripts, medals, and citations that have to do with his musical career.
- The five-cent piece of Canada has in recent years been made of steel. Now, however, the Dominion has gone back to making nickels out of nickel.
- THE world's population has increased by 826 million since the beginning of the present century.

Focus

Customs for naming children vary in different parts of the world, but the naming of a child of God is universally the same. In some lands the son of John is called Johnson, or the son of Joshua, Bar-

Joshua. In the kingdom of heaven the son of God is called Christian.

"This is a royal name, given to all who join themselves to Christ," wrote the messenger of the Lord. It carries with it more responsibility and more value than any other family name, for the head of this royal house is the King of kings.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

DON YOST