



The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

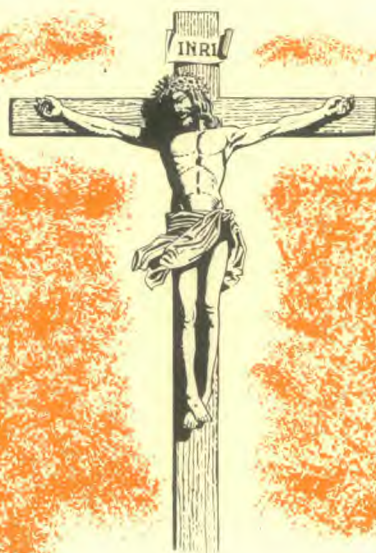
AUGUST 2, 1955

*M*Y BLUE SHOES, it seems, are wearing out; and sorry I am that such friends which have supported me for so long should at last, like most things hard pressed, show signs of weariness. Their thinness means more to me than just a replacement of a sole. For they are my pilgrim shoes, symbols to me of a path through life, tokens of companionship in my journeying.

Shoes are a feminine temptation. They seem to sell themselves to us while on parade in the shop window. They catch the eye and lure the foot toward the shop doorway. They are "just what we want"; moreover, we "could do with another pair." So they extend along the floor of our cupboards—blacks, browns, navy blues, whites; brogues, sandals, and so on.

But this feminine weakness I am learning to manage. I have a foot philosophy, which having commandeered the feet, will, I hope, the more easily master the head, hands, and body. This is it: not to say, "I can do with

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Unseasonal Humor

Occasionally we direct this page to a single class of youth, though what we write invariably contains something meaningful to all. This week we think of those who last June entered upon their ministerial internship, of others who have now begun their first pastorate, of still others who this summer are receiving their ordination.

One of the most sobering counsels relating to this branch of our ministry to the world is entitled "A Solemn Appeal to Ministers."¹ Of late we have observed an attitude toward the use of humor in the pulpit. We are not opposed to the use of clean humor in season. He who called himself "the Preacher"² wrote that there is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh."³

The ambassador for God will need to examine for himself where he will draw the line between that which elevates and that which debases. But we cannot believe that a story coined for provoking a laugh ever has a place in the pulpit, and least of all on the Sabbath day.

"The tenor of the conversation reveals the treasure of the heart."⁴ "The flippant words . . . , the trifling anecdotes, the words spoken to create a laugh, are all condemned by the word of God, and are entirely out of place in the sacred desk."⁵ "A jovial minister in the pulpit, or one who is stretching beyond his measure to win praise, is a spectacle that crucifies the Son of God afresh, and puts Him to open shame."⁶

Piety is not found in dress alone. It is found in the manner of address, too.

¹ *Testimonies to Ministers*, pp. 142-158.

² Eccl. 1:1.

³ Eccl. 3:4.

⁴ *Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 84.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 142.

⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 146, 147.

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

CLINIC Have you sent that two-penny postal to let us know your interest in a reader's counseling service? It would be for youth with problems that would bring a personal answer to each query, with answers of general interest being considered for publication.

INTEREST If you think a counsel clinic would be of service, either now or in the future, just write "Let's have a Counsel Clinic in the Instructor" and mail it to the editor, The Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

CHEER "DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I have been wanting to write for some time and tell you how I love your weekly visits and how you cheer up a young man of sixty-five. You have so many good things in you." W. E. R. This postal note reminded us of a saying oft repeated in our office: Youth is not a time of life but a way of life.

ARTIST Koji Takahashi, author of "The Year of the Sheep," page 4, is professor of art and philosophy at Japan Missionary College. In the Imperial Exhibition in the Ueno Museum of Tokyo two years ago, he took second place among 30,000 artists. Last year in the original competitions his pictures again fared favorably. After the canvases of 30,000 professionals had been pared down to the 1,600 acceptable for the Imperial Competition his pictures were still there. When these were further reduced to 400, Professor Takahashi's two entries were among them. To have only one accepted is considered a signal honor.

STEWARD Alice Glen's manuscript, "Pilgrim Shoes," came to us April 12, just nineteen days after the publication by the *Review and Herald* (March 24, 1955) of Glenn Calkins' "Stewards of the Lord's Property." We were particularly impressed with the author's reference to Fritz Kreisler's attitude toward personal stewardship. When we found reference to this same expression from Kreisler in "Pilgrim Shoes," we were doubly impressed, for the manuscript had been mailed from overseas on February 23.

COVER Robert Eldridge photo.

Writers' original contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcome and receive careful evaluation. The material should be typewritten, double spaced, and return postage should accompany each manuscript. Queries to the editor on the suitability of proposed articles will receive prompt attention. Do not submit fiction.

Action pictures rather than portraits are desired with manuscripts. Black and white prints or color transparencies are usable. No pictures will be returned unless specifically requested.

Pilgrim Shoes

By ALICE GLEN

From cover another pair," but, "I can, without any hardship at all, do without another pair." For it is so easy for us to persuade a desire into an actual need and thus multiply necessity into extravagance.

I heard of a country teen-age girl who, when coming to town, brought with her twenty pairs of shoes. It wearies me to think of the miles she will have to walk if she is ever to wear them out! Or if, city-wise, she will not do much walking, with what despairing self-restraint she will need to pass elegant shoe-shop windows unless she is going to add to her approaching centipede-size store.

My foot philosophy—perhaps unlike commercial buyers' policies, which, dealing in thousands and millions, must be prepared for a host of exigencies—suggests that the purchasing eye leap not too far beyond the walking foot. This is feminine as well as practical wisdom, for she who far outbuys her present needs will be well out of fashion when new styles supplant the present ones.

But perhaps it is not only common sense but Christian idealism that has evolved such philosophy. For while we hear, as we do, of little children overseas with blue, cold feet; while the heathen plead for those feet beautiful upon the mountains which will bring them the gospel of good cheer; while the feet of old people find no resting place for their declining years; and the footprints of the young are in erring and unguided paths—all for lack of funds which might buy supplies, build institutions, and support workers—how can we without blame hoard a luxurious assortment of shoes? If all Christendom would sell or give its unnecessary boot leather, what could be accomplished?

Here is where my blue shoes come in! They seem the proof of my shoe philosophy—the tokens of a pilgrimage—that God is just as mindful of our needs now as when He led the children of Israel, and their shoes waxed not old upon their feet. They seem to repeat the same story, that a loving Providence supplies His children's needs.

Several years ago I bought them at a sale in one of the city's exclusive stores. They were a bargain, a real bargain! They were Italian shoes, the salesman said, and the high-class Florentine brand could be seen inside them. The store had purchased eight pairs as samples, and this was the last pair; so being an odd line and small size, they were being sold cheap! They were under 2£, and that was not one eighth their value. It was no sharp sales-

man's story, for having bought the shoes and wearing them, the next time I was trying another pair on in that same store, I was asked by the attendant, "Excuse me, but would you tell me how much you paid for those shoes?"

I told him what I had paid and at what figure the former salesman had placed their value. "They are worth more than that," he said.

And in several years of continuous use, how many pounds of shoe leather have I walked out of these, my pilgrim shoes. How often have they reminded me that God respects our trust in Him.

"Bunyan says that when the sisters of the Palace Beautiful led his pilgrim to the armory, he saw such a bewildering abundance of boots as he had never before beheld. They were, the sisters assured him, shoes that would never wear out."

And should not we as pilgrims journeying toward the Promised Land travel lightly? Will not God's blessing upon our little, stretch it to cover all our need? Sings John Bunyan's Shepherd Boy in the Valley of Humiliation:

"Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age."

In his humorous book, *Three Men in a Boat*, Jerome Jerome sagely says, "The first list we made out had to be discarded. It was clear that the upper reaches of the Thames would not allow of the navigation of a boat sufficiently large to take the things we had set down as indispensable; so we tore the list up. . . .

"George said, 'You know we are on the wrong track altogether. We must not think of the things we could do with, but only of the things that we can't do without.' . . .

"I call that downright wisdom, not merely as regards the present case, but with reference to our trip up the river of life, generally. How many people, on that voyage, load up the boat till it is ever in danger of swamping with a store of foolish things which they think essential to the pleasure and comfort of the trip, but which are really only useless lumber."

Contrast

By MARK BULLOCK

Is not the dawn more glorious for the night?

Is not the sunshine brighter for the rain?

Then won't God's heaven be a sweeter sight

For all this dark world's heartache and its pain?

"How they pile the poor little craft mast-high with fine clothes and big houses; with useless servants, and a host of swell friends that do not care twopence for them, and that they do not care three ha'pence for; with expensive entertainments that nobody enjoys, with formalities and fashions, with pretence and ostentation, and with—oh, heaviest, maddest lumber of all!—the dread of what will my neighbor think, with luxuries that only cloy, with pleasures that bore, with empty show."

Some whose names are prominent have made the rule of denial of self-gratification one of the guiding ideals of their lives. Richard Baxter was one. "My rule," he has written, "has been to study to need as little as possible for myself; to lay out nothing on 'need not'; to live frugally on little; to serve God on what He allowed me, so that what I took for self might be as good, and work for the common good, as that which I gave to others, and then to do all the good I could with the rest."

And Fritz Kreisler, "the most rewarded virtuoso of the century," has a high principle of stewardship. His own words are:

"I never look upon the money I earn as my own. It is public money. It is only a fund entrusted to my care for proper disbursement."

"I am constantly endeavoring to reduce my needs to the minimum. I feel morally guilty in ordering a costly meal, for it deprives someone else of a slice of bread—some child, perhaps, of a bottle of milk."

It is said of Richard Halliburton, the traveler-author, that he would not attach himself to property and possessions so that he would have no encumbrances in going at any time to any place. This was the rule of the road for an adventurer. It might also be the ideal of the way of life for pilgrims to the kingdom, though not all are asked or expected to live by it, and only the Christ could completely carry it out. And though He lived from His Father's hand and the gifts of kindly women and men, tenderly He watched that because of true devotion to His service His followers should not lack life's necessities. At the end He asked His disciples, "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing."

If we seek first His kingdom and its righteousness, how beautifully and abundantly He will supply. Freely may we enjoy that which He bestows, for He gives more than we could ask or think.

"Lord," says Saint Augustine, "when I look upon mine own life it seems Thou hast led me so carefully, so tenderly, Thou canst have attended to none else; but when I see how wonderfully Thou hast led the world, and art leading it, I am amazed that Thou hast had time to attend to such as I."

"Lacked ye any thing?" asked Jesus. All I can say is that since I adopted my footwear philosophy my feet are better clad than ever they have been.

THE YEAR OF THE SHEEP

By KOJI TAKAHASHI



THERE is an old superstition in Japan that insists that every man, woman, and child has some relationship to the animal whose name is combined with the year in which he was born. For instance, those who were born in the Year of the Rat are believed to have some resemblance in their characters to rats, and those who were born in the Year of the Tiger are usually thought to have strong character. Persons born in the Year of the Sheep are generally thought to be gentle and mild.

What is the origin of this superstition? It is not certain, but there are two opinions. One of them tells that it came from Buddhism, and the other insists it originated in ancient China. In either case, it is evident that the origin must be very old.

In ancient Chinese civilization there was a singular habit in recording years. The people used two particular symbols in this recording, Jikkan and Junishi. Jikkan means "ten stems," and Junishi signifies "twelve branches." Jikkan consists of ten marks, and Junishi is formed of twelve marks. At first, Jikkan was used for recording days, and Junishi was used for months, but afterward they came to be used in recording years.

Later the Japanese, as well as the Chinese, recorded years combining these two symbols, Jikkan and Junishi. So, if this year is called the Year of Ko-Shi (Ko is the first mark of Jikkan, and Shi is the first mark of Junishi), the next year will be called the Year of Chu-Otsu (Chu is the second mark of Jikkan, and Otsu is the second mark of Junishi), and the year after the next will be called the Year of Hei-En (Hei is the third mark of Jikkan, and En is the third mark of Junishi). Thus every year was recorded.

Jikkan completed its cycle in ten years and Junishi in twelve years, so, in the cycle of sixty years, all the different combinations of the marks of Jikkan and Junishi were used; and in the sixty-first year the same combination of the marks of the two symbols comes back again. That is, if this year is the Year of Ko-Shi, the next Ko-Shi comes sixty years from this year.

In Japan when someone becomes sixty-one, a birthday celebration is given, called Kanreki, which means "the coming back of the calendar."

The marks of Jikkan were familiar to Japanese, for they were used as the marks to grade the school records. But now, the system of education having been changed, this habit is found no more. On the con-

trary, Junishi is familiar to the Japanese people even now. That is because the twelve marks of this symbol came to be combined with the names of twelve animals, and it is believed that every person has some relationship to the animal that represents the year in which he was born. The complete list of the marks of Junishi combined with the names of animals is as follows:

| | | | | |
|----|---|-------|-----------|-----------|
| 1 | 子 | Shi | - Ne | rat |
| 2 | 丑 | Chu | - Ushi | cow |
| 3 | 寅 | En | - Tora | tiger |
| 4 | 卯 | Bō | - U | rabbit |
| 5 | 辰 | Shin | - Tatsu | dragon |
| 6 | 巳 | Shi | - Mi | snake |
| 7 | 午 | Go | - Uma | horse |
| 8 | 未 | Bi | - Hitsuji | sheep |
| 9 | 申 | Shin | - Saru | monkey |
| 10 | 酉 | Yu | - Tori | cock |
| 11 | 戌 | Jutsu | - Inu | dog |
| 12 | 亥 | Gai | - I | wild boar |

Gradually this habit of naming the years according to animals became familiar to the Japanese people, although there were among the twelve animals one fanciful animal—the dragon—and two that could not be found in Japan—the tiger and the sheep. The sheep was one of the most important domestic animals in China, but in Japan it was scarcely found until its introduction by Western civilization. But thanks to the popularity of Junishi, the Japanese could have a friendly feeling toward the sheep, which they could not see practically.

Now, Christianity has a close relationship to the sheep. To know Christianity one must have some knowledge about sheep. It must be because Japanese were

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An interesting custom of Japan's ancient civilization is giving to each year the name of an animal.



FOUND:

Priceless Treasure

By ALVA MAY WILLIAMS

LUISE was riding Steel, her sleek gray pony, along the deep-rutted wagon trail on her way home from school when a dark-haired young man bore down upon her on his long-legged cow pony. They greeted each other with enthusiastic hellos and rode up the trail together. Harold did not have to glance more than once at the lunch pail, which was strapped behind her saddle, before she suggested, "How about a cooky, Harold? Have you been riding all day?"

"No," he answered, "just rounded up a few horses a while ago, but your cookin' tastes good any time."

Louise was a young schoolteacher in a rural district in midwestern Texas. Harold, though still on his father's ranch, was quite independent, having his own saddle horses and a share in the cattle.

Perhaps it was partly because of Louise's good cooking that Harold asked her to marry him. At least, she accepted. After their quiet wedding, having decided that they should try the pioneer country of Canada they had heard so much about, they filled a boxcar with livestock and Louise's few household belongings. Then, for seventeen long days and nights Louise rode alone in the coach while Harold remained in the boxcar to look after the animals.

It was hot midsummer weather when they left Texas, but when they arrived in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, the days were cool, and already the leaves of the rose and saskatoon bushes were painted with the bright hues of autumn. Harold realized they had no time to lose.

With Steel, Louise herded the cattle and Harold hitched his riding horse with another to the wagon that contained their household articles. In this manner they traveled the eighty miles back into the rough hill country of the north to their homestead.

During the next few weeks a log cabin was built. The closest neighbor, an Indian who lived about three miles away, helped Harold put the roof on. A small barn was built for the three horses and one cow. Because the season was so far gone, it was impossible to get enough feed for all the cattle for the winter. In late fall they were forced to drive their cattle back the eighty miles to Prince Albert and sell them. Because of the higher price in Canada they did not lose much, but they realized that it would take much longer now to raise a large herd.



TRIANGLE PHOTO

It had been hot, midsummer weather when they left Texas, but when they arrived in Saskatchewan the days were cool and some bushes were putting on their autumn garb. There was no time to lose.

The winter's provisions were bought, as well as medicine, heavy clothing, and all the incidentals that they thought they would need during the winter in this new country. Not long after their return the snow began to fly, and the huge lake in front of the house was soon frozen over. Harold began a trade of which he knew nothing—trapping and hunting. His Indian neighbor showed him how to trap and hunt in the white world without

getting lost. The weather became colder and still colder. The supply of food for the animals was almost gone, and the family lived on potatoes and freshly killed meat. Finally, one day in March the weather suddenly grew warm. It was as if life had come again. For the first time in months Louise came outside.

Later that afternoon there was a knock at the door. In answer to Louise's warm "Come in," an elderly man entered. She

had never seen him before, but when he began to speak she felt more at ease.

"My Indian neighbor tells me you are a schoolteacher. We want you to come and teach our children. The school is five miles from here, but you can ride your fine pony I have heard about. Will you come tomorrow when school opens? Our other teacher is too old and has gone back to the town. We want you to come. Please do."

After some consideration Louise said that she would come to school the next morning. At that time the school term began in March and lasted until November unless the weather got too cold.

Louise had not expected that she would be asked to teach school here, where twelve or sixteen children from grades one to eight came to school with only a slate. There were no books except the ones the teacher used, and even she did not have a book for some subjects.

One afternoon a few weeks later Louise came home from school, and after turn-

ing Steel out in the lush grass on the lake shore, began to prepare supper. She noticed that the dozen cupcakes she had made for her lunches that week were gone. She had made a large cake for Harold. Of course, she knew she had a hungry husband, and she thought that he had taken her cakes for an afternoon lunch.

At that moment he entered, and she teased him about eating her cupcakes. He explained that he had eaten only a piece from the large cake. They began looking around only to find that there were dirty dishes stacked up with Harold's and also some half-dried egg shells. They both went outside, and there tacked to the door was a piece of paper with these words: "Thank you for the dinner. It was very good; everything was fit for a king, but I am only a hungry trapper traveling up the valley. Thank you very much."

After several similar experiences, such as the appearance of dusty Indians and

trappers, and more and more stories of outlaws who fled to this part of the country for cover from the law, Louise and Harold decided they should move.

They found a farm with rich land, good pasture, lots of water, and above all, a large frame stucco house. It was like a palace after living with a sod roof and split log walls for the past year.

But while Harold was doing some haying on their new farm forty miles to the south, Louise stayed alone in the old sod house and taught school. She had ridden the five miles from school, had eaten supper, and was sitting in the doorway, looking into the sunset. Suddenly a strange figure on horseback appeared by the lake shore only a hundred yards away. She rose quickly and went inside, hoping that he had not seen her. She locked the door behind her and wished that the light from the lamp were not so bright. She remembered that Harold had shown her how to shoot the double-barreled shot-

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Pigs and Procrastination

By BETTY GARVIN DAVENPORT

PIGS have a bad reputation. Not only are they greedy and dirty, but they are tattletales as well.

When my daddy was a little boy he lived on a farm in Iowa. All the eight children in the family shared in the responsibility of running that farm. Feeding the pigs was my daddy's particular chore.

One day his parents were called away from home. The children were expected to carry on their duties as usual. When the parents drove into the barnyard very late that night they heard the most terrible squeals coming from the pigpen. Now,

most animals will give up calling for food after a time and go to sleep until morning, but not those tattletale pigs. Every pig in that pen was squealing in his most piglike manner: "He didn't feed us. We're hungry. We haven't been fed all day!"

The father knew what had happened. One small boy had neglected his duty. Leaving the squealing pigs, the father walked rapidly into the house and right into his son's room. It was midnight, and all was quiet except for the deep breathing of a very sleepy boy.

"Son," he called. No answer.

"Son," he called louder this time.

The third call, and the boy sat up. "Son, did you feed the pigs today?"

"No," came the sleepy answer, "but—I'm-going-to."

And feed the pigs he did—all by himself in the middle of that dark night. The experience taught him a lesson he never forgot. Some years later the story of the pigs was passed on to me, the next generation.

The other evening I walked into my daughter's room and found to my surprise that her bed had not been made that morning—a chore that was expected of her before she went out to play.

"Ann," I called, "have you made your bed today?"

Although it was bedtime, the answer came back, "No, but I'm going to." So the story of the pigs came to life in the third generation.

So many people, when given an opportunity for service, answer, "No, not now, but I'm going to—sometime." An opportunity put off is almost always an opportunity lost.

Some have been shown the Saviour's loving-kindness and have heard Him tenderly knocking at their hearts, pleading with them to come and follow Him. They give Him the same answer, "No, not now but—"

When the apostle Paul witnessed before Felix of the love of God and of judgment to come, it is said that Felix trembled and answered, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

What will your answer be when God speaks to you? Don't wait for the convenient season. Accept Him now. *Sometime* might be too late!



J. C. ALLEN AND SON

It was midnight, and all was quiet in the room except for the deep breathing of a very sleepy boy.

YESTERDAY was Easter Sunday. There was mass at 9 A.M. and a Protestant church service at 11 A.M. The Protestant service was conducted by H. A. Miller, a missionary of twenty-six years' service for the Africa Inland Mission. He is returning for another term. The Africa Inland Mission maintains four hundred missions and has been operating in Africa for sixty years. Mr. Miller is connected with a school for missionary children in the highlands of the Belgian Congo.

The S.S. *United States* is the flagship of the United States Lines. She is 990 feet long—almost as long as the Empire State Building is tall—101 feet, 6 inches broad, and 175 feet from keel to top of funnel. There are twelve decks in the ship, nine for passengers in our part of the boat. She weighs 53,290 tons gross, and is driven by four screws, powered by steam turbine. She holds the Hales Trophy for the fastest Atlantic crossings, east and west, with an eastward record of 35.59 knots and a westward record of 34.51 knots.

The services offered by the ship are complete to an unexpected degree. They include a doctor, electric baths and massage, interpreter, kennels for pets, a library, post office, photographer, radio office, souvenir store, valet service, public stenographer, and ship's newspaper. Meals are most lavish with a very wide variety of foods of every sort. The waiters urge food upon you and feel bad if you don't eat as much as they think you ought.

Yesterday afternoon the children aboard were entertained at a party. They had ice cream, cake, brightly colored caps, and to top it off, big balloons that were much in evidence for the remainder of the day. Recreation for adults includes movies three times daily, library facilities, an orchestral concert each afternoon, games and dancing in the evening. Of course, we do not participate in all these activities.

Our tourist-class stateroom is about seven feet square. It has a washbowl, two berths, a chest of drawers, a small clothes closet, and one straight chair. It is air conditioned with individual controls.

If you have never slept on a ship, you have missed a delightful experience. At least I think so. There is no feeling so cozy as to be in a warm berth and listen to the crash of the waves and the beat of the great screws. I have seldom had an anxious moment aboard ship at night. Normally a poor sleeper, I sleep extra well on ships and trains.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor are aboard. I talked to some people who saw them before sailing time! They are first class, and we tourist-class folks are not allowed in that part of the ship. Also President Eisenhower's personal representative to NATO is on board. I saw him and his family being photographed.



EWING GALLOWAY

Early in the voyage you may rent a deck chair from the deck steward for use during the trip.

On the Flagship

By R. E. FINNEY, JR.

On shipboard you are assigned to a table in the dining room, as are your table companions. Ours happen to be two German businessmen. Since their English is rather limited—but far more proficient than our German—our conversation is not fluent. In spite of the language difficulties they are delightful companions, and already we feel like friends.

A great many nationalities are represented on board. Crew members, some of whom are multilingual, are adept at dealing with the different nationalities.

At noon today we were slightly more than two thousand miles from Ambrose Channel Lightship, New York Harbor, and a bit more than one thousand miles from Le Havre where we first touch land. Our speed now is almost 33 knots, and since a knot is 1 1/6 miles we are traveling about 38 miles an hour. We are always aware of the powerful drive of the great turbines, and when an especially big wave is encountered the huge ship trembles like a thoroughbred horse.

I am carrying on a running battle with my appetite and the dining-room menu. What I would do if I ate meat I can't imagine. At lunch today—remember this is *tourist* class—there were six entrees, a half-dozen appetizers, two soups, four cooked vegetables, three salads, three desserts, fruit sauce, and a

bowl of fresh fruit. The question is not what to eat but where to stop. And as if this were not enough, the stewards bring food to the staterooms on order.

The days on shipboard are slipping rapidly by. We lose 1 1/2 hours every night, which results in our getting up much later than ordinarily. Although you rise early, you set your watch forward to, say, eight o'clock. Breakfast over, about nine you can read, write, or go on deck. You rent a deck chair from the deck steward for the trip. Upon request he unfolds a chair, places it where you wish, and bundles you into a woolly plaid blanket, like a cocoon. This being April on the North Atlantic, you wear plenty of clothes, too. The deck where this goes on is protected on all four sides, otherwise the wind would be unendurable.

Before you know it, it is lunchtime. Then more decktime, or reading, or a nap. At 4 P.M. the orchestra plays in the lounge for a pleasant hour. After dinner at 6, the evening is yours once more.

We have been most fortunate in having an exceptionally smooth trip, with sunshine some of the time. Last night just before going to bed, I strolled on the deck under a sky filled with stars as brilliant as those seen in the mountain country of the West.

Next Week: Channel Crossing.

Forbidden Lands and Strange Places

By ROBERT H. PIERSON

PART FIVE

GANGTOK, Sikkim, as your geography book will reveal, is situated at the end of the motor road on the way from Kalimpong, India, to Lhasa, Tibet. It was shortly before noon when we arrived in Gangtok and our first visit was to the roadside fruit market to purchase some luscious-looking apples to supplement the already ample lunch Mrs. Hilliard had prepared for us. We found the people friendly, and in appearance very much like their Tibetan neighbors to the north.

Our fruit purchases made, we followed the road signs "To Tibet" out of the town as far as we could drive. Here, in the shadow of a Buddhist monastery only twenty miles from the Tibetan border where the motor road ends, we stopped

to eat our lunch. It is here that the mule caravans commence their long journey over the tortuous mountain trails out into the wild blue yonder and on to Lhasa. They must climb to a height of fourteen thousand feet and make their way through either of two passes in order to cross the Chola mountain range into Tibet.

What an awe inspiring place! Here we stood with centuries of heathenism looking down upon us from four unentered lands. Standing there, almost in the shadow of the mighty Mount Kanchenjunga, on the soil of one unentered country, we could look off over mountainous horizons and see the peaks of three others—Nepal, Bhutan, and Tibet. What a missionary challenge to the intrepid

spirit of our Advent youth! When, when, will these closed doors open and the living preacher be allowed to enter?

Amid these solemnizing surroundings, we paused a few moments and prayed that soon this trail might be the King's highway for some young Advent ambassador taking the third angel's message into Tibet. Here again we pledged ourselves, under God, to leave no stone unturned in seeking to take His message of light and life into these far-flung, forbidden lands.

Lunch finished, we made our way back into the heart of the little capital city. We had come with our pockets well-filled with literature and Voice of Prophecy enrollment cards, and we were eager to meet the people.

I went up to the first man I encountered who looked as though he might understand a little English. After a few introductory remarks I began to tell him of the wonderful Bible correspondence course we had to offer.

"This course will tell you the meaning of present-day events," I assured him. "They were carefully depicted by holy men of God centuries ago. Then you will find the answers to many other religious questions that may have perplexed you. This course gives you God's authoritative explanation of what happens to a person when he dies. You know, there are many different theories in the world today regarding this, but this fine course gives you God's answer to the question. It also makes clear what a person must do to be ready for the hour of death. I'm sure you will greatly enjoy taking the course, and it is absolutely free."

The man listened patiently—then smiled.

"Sir," he said, "I have been a student in your Bible correspondence school for many weeks. I have already completed thirty lessons."

"And how do you like it?" I queried, eager to learn what reception the message had received in this unentered land.

"Oh, I have enjoyed it very much and I always urge all my friends to take the course too," he assured me.

After a few more minutes spent in answering some of his questions and encouraging him to continue his studies, I explained that soon a representative of the correspondence school would be visiting Gangtok and could spend some time assisting him with his studies. He smiled his appreciation, and I went on my way, handing out *Signs of the Times*, some Hindi literature, and seeking new enrollees for the Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence Course.

A few weeks later the Voice of Prophecy secretary from the Northeast India Union did meet my Hindu friend again. Pastor Israel had many thrilling experiences, not only with this gentleman, but

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PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Near this ornate entrance to the palace grounds in Gangtok, Sikkim, prayer flags flutter. Says the author: "We stood with centuries of heathenism looking down upon us from four unentered lands."



DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

Peng, a young Korean Adventist, said he was working for an engineering outfit that was building a bridge nearby. "I like this work," he said, "but sometimes I cannot get off from work on Sabbath."

A NEW OUTLOOK

By GLEN D. FARNSWORTH

PERHAPS all my time here in Korea isn't going to be wasted after all," I remarked hopefully to my buddy one Sabbath afternoon as we returned to camp.

We were trudging along a dusty North Korean road on our way back to a medical clearing company twenty miles north of the 38th parallel, thousands of miles from home and friends. When I first arrived at this place, I could see no future in the kind of life I had been called to share, and felt that my time here would be worse than wasted. A Christian young man had no business in such a situation, I told myself grimly. A rough Army camp was decidedly no place for an Adventist unless he could be do-

ing some good for others; and, from what I had observed, the prospects for reaching the careless men were far from bright.

As the days passed, I recognized and feared the very grave danger that I might well, all unconsciously, be influenced more than I could hope to influence. The few Adventist boys I had met in camp shared, more or less, my disconsolate views.

To add to our discouragement, our Sabbaths usually were spent at the camp, a condition not at all conducive to good Sabbath observance. All around us were men who cared nothing for things spiritual, and they carried on with their usual frivolity, swearing, and loose talk. All this, coupled with the rush of ac-

tivity, had made our Sabbath stays at camp anything but pleasant and profitable. The whole outlook had been most depressing.

But on this particular June afternoon, as I walked back toward camp, I was feeling quite different. At last I realized that even in a place like this there were opportunities for accomplishing something worth while. Now I had a new determination to go out and do something for Christ.

The serene beauty of the quiet retreat where we had spent this Sabbath afternoon would in itself have been enough to lift my spirits. I felt sure, had there been nothing else. There on a huge sentinel-like rock by a clear, swift-running mountain stream was a sanctuary designed, it seemed, for solace of heart and spiritual refreshment.

The river had cut for itself a channel seventy-five feet deep and two hundred feet wide in the loose granite rock. The stream was clear and cold, falling in numerous small cataracts, hesitating for a short time in clear, deep pools, but then hurrying on toward the murky Yellow Sea. Masses of pink azaleas dotted the steep sides of the riverbank. There the warm sun had poured down on us like the sunshine of God's love, which flooded our hearts. After the clamor of war and the babble of men, what a balm for the soul was all this beauty and peacefulness! How we had longed for such a haven, and at last we had found it!

After sunning ourselves sufficiently, my Adventist buddies and I had decided to move down a little lower on the rock, where we could rest and study our Bibles in the shade of its pinnacle. As we contemplated the peace and quietude I chanced to look at the side of the rock above. There were many pockmarks made not too many months before by bullets of opposing armies. Some bullets were still sticking into the soft, porous spots in the stone. But the sight of these only accented the peace in our hearts at the time.

Soon one of the boys picked up his Bible, and we began to study some of the important truths of God's Word. As we read and talked we began to get a new outlook on our own individual lives in Korea. I reflected that I had been too easily passive, not positive enough in trying to help another, or to increase my own spirituality. But I determined to be more alert and to take advantage of any opportunity I could find or make. I had no idea, of course, how very soon I would be able to act upon this new resolution of mine.

By the time we had finished our study, all of us were feeling uplifted and wanted to sing. Eagerly I picked up my songbook and started a little praise service. I am sure that must have been the first time those weatherworn Korean stones

had ever rung to that kind of music. It seemed that all nature around us joined in praising the Creator. And He, I am sure, enjoyed hearing our heartfelt songs. What a contrast to the continual swearing and complaining that usually took place back at camp among the other men!

As we continued our little song fest, one of those unpremeditated, completely spontaneous, quartets seemed to develop. Four of us who could read parts fairly well began harmonizing a bit experimentally until, gaining confidence, we were giving the old gospel songs full volume to a small but appreciative audience. Suddenly, lifting my eyes from the notes, I was aware of an additional person a short distance from us who was listening attentively. He was a clean-appearing, pleasant-faced Korean youth about nineteen or twenty years old. We thought it rather unusual that he was here all alone and had apparently been reading some large book that he held. We took no particular interest in him, however, for GI's do not usually pay much attention to Korean nationals.

The next song we sang was an old familiar Adventist song in *Gospel Melodies*. This time, as soon as we started singing, our visitor closed his book, giving us his full attention. On the second stanza his interest prompted him to get up and come over to where we were sitting. On the last stanza he hummed along with us, carrying the tenor part. We were not a little surprised to discover that he had a fine melodious voice and could read music well.

When we tried talking to him, he revealed that he had a fair command of English. At that moment I began to real-

ize that here was an opportunity the Lord was giving us to witness for Him. Our conversation naturally turned in the channel of our singing. Peng, as he told us his name was, said he loved to sing, and asked if he could sing along with us. Of course we were glad to have him, and were interested and amused to hear him singing our songs in the Korean language.

His knowledge of the songs we sang made me wonder where he had learned them, and as I talked to him I became aware that he was interested in things pertaining to God. One of the other boys also sensed his interest and asked him whether he would like to attend our church services at the battalion chapel. Peng immediately responded to this gesture of friendship, but he was a bit hesitant to accept the invitation.

Seeing that all he probably needed was a little more encouragement, I said, "There is just a group of us enlisted fellows who have church each Saturday morning. First, we have what is called Sabbath school, and then one of us preaches or gives a study from the Bible."

Immediately his countenance lighted up like morning, and he said with a thrill in his voice, "Are you Adventist?"

"Yes," I replied, "all of us here are."

"I am so happy," Peng exclaimed almost with tears; "I am too, and you are first Adventists I have seen since leaving Seoul. I guess you see book I have here. I had nothing to do today, and was translating this Japanese book into Korean language and English for men in my outfit to read."

Curiously I asked, "What is the book called in English?"

"I don't know for sure, but it is about war between Jesus and Satan. I don't know how to say in English."

We realized that he was giving to his associates the great truths for the last days found in *The Great Controversy*. I felt tremendously ashamed for the little I had been doing for Christ. In return for this lesson I had gained from Peng, I wanted to do something for him.

As we talked further he told us he was connected with an engineering outfit that was building a nearby bridge across the river. He worked as an interpreter for the commanding officer of the company. "I like this work," Peng said, "but sometimes I cannot get off from working on the Sabbath. I should like very much to do so. What do you think I should do?"

We told Peng that even if he was only required to interpret, he was right in wanting Sabbaths completely free. We determined then that we would do all in our power to help our Korean brother.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in singing, and this time our voices had a new ring and a new enthusiasm. Before leaving our beauty spot we promised Peng that we would talk to the captain about his getting off on Sabbath. With a smile Peng bade us good-by, and we left to go to our camp. It was as I walked along the road back that I remarked hopefully to one of my buddies, "Perhaps all my time here in Korea isn't going to be wasted after all."

On the following Tuesday two of us boys went to see the captain at the engineer company where Peng worked. This officer was very courteous and considerate as we explained to him the relationship Adventists hold to the law of God and working on the Sabbath. At first he seemed a bit hesitant to let his interpreter off one day a week, but was brought to see our viewpoint. After this interview with the captain, Peng was always a regular attendant at our Sabbath morning services. One morning at our worship we invited him to take an active part by offering prayer. Peng was backward and felt incapable, but he did the best he could and we knew that God in heaven would hear and understand his prayer.

About the last of July, Peng was absent for two Sabbaths, and we were all concerned about him. But the next week he was there with his usual cheery smile and greeting. He told us his old outfit had moved; but, wanting to stay near us, he had asked to be transferred to Division Artillery, and now he was interpreting for a general. He felt very happy over this promotion, and I was happy for him too.

Periodically our outfit not only gave us permission to attend our mission at Seoul, but also provided transportation. This visit was always a real treat to us.

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The Road to Happiness

By GRENVILLE KLEISER

The sunny road to happiness
Is easy, friend, to find;
You work ahead serenely
And banish care from mind.

A word of cheer upon your lips,
A ready hand to give,
A smiling face, a snatch of song,
Will help you well to live.

The love you freely scatter,
The good you daily do,
The friendly hand you proffer,
Bring happiness to you.



The sunny road to happiness
Is easy, friend, to find;
It's what you do for others
That brings true peace of mind.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER SHARE YOUR FAITH

FRONTIERS

Illinois Youth Rally Presents Challenging Theme: "To Know Him—To Make Him Known"

By Adeline E. Kleist

LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS.—The words and stirring marchlike melody of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" filled the Broadview Academy auditorium to open the recent Chicagoland MV Rally. It was sung by the Broadview Choraliers, under the direction of Bradford Braley.

F. B. Phillips, Illinois MV secretary, presented to the young people a definite challenge. He encouraged each youth to take as his motto, "To Know Him—To Make Him Known." As he spoke, the glittering letters of this motto, in the MV colors of green and gold, were carried by balloons of like colors to their place high above the auditorium platform. There they remained throughout the program as a reminder of the task that is before the youth of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination.

To accomplish this, the organization of the Greater Chicago Associated MV's has been completed. Its purpose is threefold:



PHOTO, COURTESY OF ADELINE KLEIST

The officers of the Greater Chicago Associated MV's flank a map of Illinois. They are (left to right): Hudson Zachary and Adeline Kleist, vice-presidents; Robert Schwarz, president; Carol Nelson, pianist; Robert McFadden, music director; Patricia Swanson, secretary-treasurer; R. H. Hoffmann, pastor.

(1) to put forth concerted effort to hold our own youth by promoting high spiritual standards for young people, furnishing new impetus to Missionary Volunteer Society membership, and providing social fellowship; (2) to launch Share Your Faith and Outpost Evangelism activities for the winning of other young people to Christ; and (3) to assist in the development of leaders for worldwide gospel work.

Because this organization has just recently been founded, the purposes and aims of the association were brought to the attention of the young people for their consideration and approval. Pastor Phillips introduced the 1955 officers, and Robert Schwarz, the president, told of the objectives and encouraged each one to co-operate in the soul-winning program to be sponsored by the association.

This rally came almost at the beginning of the new year, and so it seemed appropriate to introduce also the 1955 leaders of the various Chicagoland MV Societies. This was done in a unique manner. A large, colorful map of Illinois stood in the center of the platform. On it each MV Society was represented by a light. Green and gold cords, attached to the map, reached out to standards placed on the floor in front of the map. On each standard was the name of a Chicago area MV Society. As each leader was introduced, he gave a soul-winning experience, and by means of the cord, turned on the light representing his local society.

At intervals throughout this portion of the program, large replicas of our periodicals, *Junior Guide*, *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, and *MV Kit* were placed on the platform. The importance of these journals and the place they have in the saving of our youth were given on tape recordings by the editorial staffs of these magazines.

The Chicago area youth have pledged themselves to greater service for God during 1955, and they accept the twofold challenge, "To Know Him—To Make Him Known."



When the Missionary Volunteer officers of the Arkansas-Louisiana Conference met early this year in Little Rock, Miss Mildred Lee Johnson, of the General Conference, was with us to conduct an officers' training course. One popular part of her course was a panel discussion of problems that MV officers meet in their societies. The panel members were (left to right): Dale Hepker, Lou Ann Fick, Union MV Secretary W. A. Howe, Hazel Welborn, William Keller, and Mark Dickinson. Other youth leaders present were W. L. Schoepflin, W. E. Burns, C. C. Cunningham, and Harold E. Haas. Tangible results of the council are being seen. One society has launched a youth-sponsored evangelistic effort and has seen results already.—Harold E. Haas.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Byron Hallstead and Janice Whitten, shown here with Gov. Goodwin Knight of California, were delegates from Mountain View Academy to the governor's conference on narcotics held in Sacramento.

California Youth Attend Governor's Conference on Narcotics

By Janice Whitten

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA.—Nearly five hundred youth from all parts of northern California gathered together in December to attend Gov. Goodwin Knight's conference on narcotics, held in the capitol in Sacramento. Two students and a faculty sponsor were selected to represent each high school. This included representatives from the following academies: Golden Gate, Lodi, Monterey Bay, and Mountain View.

The governor gave a challenging address, in which he informed us of the dangers of wrong associates and environment:

High schools and colleges are prime targets for dope peddlers. Dope peddlers know that once they "hook" a person he is their victim for life.

Being hooked to the dope habit is a terrible thing. It results not only in pain and sorrow, but in mental and physical torments, and untimely death.

The reason that dope peddlers want victims is to make money for themselves. The cost to satisfy this habit runs from thirty to one hundred dollars a day, a sum far above what the average teen-ager or grownup can afford. It is easy to see why dope addicts naturally fall into a life of crime, disgrace, and imprisonment.

The point of no return is reached in the life of a narcotics user when he is hooked for good. He can't turn back to the healthy, normal individual he used to be. He can't get along without narcotics, and must continue to have larger and larger doses until death relieves him of the evil to which he has chained himself.

If you discover a drug or narcotic "pusher" in your community, or anywhere, push him away from you. Report immediately to your teacher or officer any suspicious actions you may notice on anyone's part that might indicate the sale or

use of narcotics. Teachers will get in touch with the proper authorities.

Never keep information to yourself. Help the "pusher" right into the arms of the law, and by doing this you will help to save the happiness, the health, and the lives of your own friends and other students everywhere.

After the governor's address the representatives were divided into four groups, each group being advised by authorized workers in the field of narcotics. Discussions on the solutions to these problems arose, and each group chose one member to bring before the whole assembly a summary of things discussed. These were a few of the ideas expressed:

a. Narcotic violators on second or subsequent arrests should not be eligible for bail.

b. Colonies should be established for addicts.

c. Schools should give additional attention to counseling along these lines.

d. The greatest need is for a healthy community atmosphere with a close relationship between home, school, and church; and recreational facilities should be made available. A lack of these is the basis for juvenile delinquency. If we correct these lacks, we won't have a problem. No one wants to be an addict.

e. We agreed that in most cases the reason for becoming an addict is because of poor home life; also from a feeling of being left out of things in school.

f. Our final recommendation was that this conference be held annually.

This report summarizes briefly the agenda of Governor Knight's conference on narcotics for the youth of northern California.

Adventist youth should be proud to belong to a church that has taught us not to use tobacco or liquor, which are good starters for the dope habit.

New Missionaries Dedicated For Overseas Service in the Far East

By J. R. Nelson

Before sailing for the Far East Wilbur Nelson, associate pastor of the Loma Linda Hill Seventh-day Adventist church, and his wife, Dorothy, were dedicated as missionaries. The young couple and their two children, Janet and Larry, were assigned to Formosa, where Pastor Nelson is to teach at the Adventist Theological Institute in Taipei.

C. L. Bauer, president of the Pacific Union Conference, conducted the dedication ceremony. J. R. Nelson, Pacific Union Conference youth director and father of Dorothy Nelson, and H. H. Hicks, president of Southeastern California Conference, assisted.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF J. R. NELSON

Dorothy and Wilbur Nelson kneel in a dedication service before sailing for Far Eastern service.



Desert Voices

By ARTHUR R. TOOLEY

HERBERT PHOTO

I'M THROUGH wandering. I have found a peace that in all of my travels I have never known. I understand better, much more fully, the words of the Master: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while."

I stood tonight on a small rock overlooking a vast expanse of desert. To me it is home. As the sun, like a great red orb, sank behind the distant mountains and cast its last golden rays across the miles of emptiness, the peace I had long sought entered my heart. It seemed that God had been crowded out of the civilized world and had come to this place.

A cool evening breeze fanned my face, and as the sun sank below the horizon and the shadows thickened, I heard voices—the little creatures of the night. I had never heard them in the cities, and I was quite enchanted. There sprang a nameless longing in my heart that words cannot explain, but with the longing came a feeling of peace, contentment, and joy.

As the last of daylight moved past me, chased by the deeper shadows, I felt as if I were suddenly transported into a new world fresh from the Master's hand. I heard a coyote baying away out on the lonesome plains of the vast open desert, and the night owl calling. I heard hundreds of night noises—slitherings and rustlings, chirps and squeaks, hums and

buzzes—until it seemed that the little creatures had brought the brass band to welcome a wanderer home. "God's orchestra," I thought, and my heart thrilled.

Finally night won the chase. All was dark. It seemed as though I stood on the edge of an endless void. Not one light pierced the wall of blackness, yet I heard the voice of God speaking to me through His creatures of the night. Although I could not see, I felt perfectly safe and content.

When I turned my eyes upward I beheld the windows of heaven open and shining for me. The desert stars are not to be seen anywhere else. They seem to beckon you. They give you a sense of security, a feeling of peace. They reflect the glory of God, and you are proud to be called the child of God. I felt as though every other human being were gone and I was alone on this great globe.

It makes you think to be alone on the desert at night. And the thoughts of your heart are not trivial or foolish, but serious and sober and elevating. It makes you think of the past, and more of the future. Whither am I bound, and what will be the end? Am I living the golden rule, or am I living for self?

Then, almost as if at a given signal, the band stopped. I'm sure it was then that I realized how small and insignificant I am. Why did they stop? Who told them to stop? Who is the Being that

directs these myriad creatures? And a voice whispered, "Can you give the answer?"

The voice said, "These voices you hear are the same voices that Adam and Eve heard in the garden. These stars are the same stars that Abraham saw on the desert near Sinai." Then another whispered thought, "If you seek Me with all your heart, you shall find Me. Yes, son, you may find this peace wherever you go, or wherever you are, but it is much harder to find it in the crowd, so come apart into a desert place."

In the desert men slow down and live. There is no hurry and strain, with their attendant worries and fears. Men's hearts grow larger with the large open spaces. A fish will grow according to the size of the bowl, and a plant will grow according to the size of the pot. And so it is on the desert. Men grow in spirituality and unselfishness because there is room to expand, time to think.

I awoke from the spell of the desert to find the eastern sky lighting. The earth had made its true circuit and the creatures of the night were going to their rest. The creatures of the day were awakening. Truly I had been with God.

The message of two thousand years ago is still wisdom for today, and would be the answer to many world ills if only heeded: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while."

*There is many a surprise on the twists and turns of life,
particularly when you have a friend who believes in intercessory prayer.*

He Prayed for Me

By ALICE MERTIE UNDERHILL

JOHAN, John, put me down!" squealed Bertha, as her husband of a few hours lifted her lightly over the threshold into the cozy little apartment that was to be their new home.

"Purely traditional, Mrs. Grant," he said laughingly, as he stood her firmly on the floor and gave her a kiss.

"I don't believe I ever saw you so happy, John," she said, as she hung her coat on a hanger in the hall closet.

"I have several good reasons to be happy," he replied. "I have good health, a good, steady job with the railroad, a nice little home—and you!" And he took his wife in his arms again to prove that he meant his last remark very sincerely.

"Now listen here, Mr. Grant," began Bertha, "I promised you a special supper tonight, but how can I prepare it if you keep detaining me this way? Just let me get my apron out of my suitcase, and I'll show you something that is really 'traditional' out in the kitchen. I'll show you the best way to a man's heart."

And the lighthearted bride donned her apron and went to the kitchen. Soon there were tempting aromas drifting in to prove to her handsome husband that her recent course in dietetics had not been in vain.

"When do we eat?" asked John, after he had been tantalized long enough.

"I am serving it right now," said Bertha.

And John certainly did ample justice to their first meal in their little home. As he laid aside his napkin he announced, "That was a wonderful supper, Mrs. Grant. If you continue in this manner, I fear I will have to start watching my waistline. I don't need to worry about going hungry with you in charge of the kitchen. I'll tell the world I married the best cook in the State."

"And I married the most wonderful, most appreciative man in the State," said Bertha. "What do you say? Let's celebrate!" and she went over to her suitcase and brought a strange-looking bottle back to the table.

"What is that?"

"Something purely traditional, my dear husband," she said gaily. "I keep it in my suitcase for medicinal purposes only."

"But neither you nor I are ill," said John.

"No, but just think how much better you will feel after you drink this," she said, pouring some of the liquid into two

small glasses, and handing one to her husband. "Here. We'll drink to us on our wedding day: May we have a happy and prosperous future." Bertha lifted her glass to touch his, then she drank the contents with evident relish.

John held the glass she had given him awkwardly. He looked at the sparkling liquid within. Something deep inside him rebelled; he had been brought up in a very strict Protestant home. Neither his parents nor his brothers indulged in drink.

"Come on," said Bertha; "we're celebrating our wedding, you know."

"But, I have never tasted liquor of any kind. You know how my parents feel about it. No, honey, really I just couldn't—"

This was a new phase of Bertha's life that John did not know. She had never given him even the faintest hint that she used alcohol in any of its various disguises.

"Bertha, you never told me that you —" he paused; he could hardly bring himself to speak the word "drank." It was repulsive to him.

"Oh, I thought you knew," she said lightly. "It is one of those 'traditional' things, you know. I didn't think it would be against your principles. You see, I am so used to it that it doesn't seem any different than a bottle of pop except this has power to perk up my spirits—medicinal purposes, you know. Come on, John, drink it—to us."

Still he hesitated. If Bertha had looked deeply into his eyes at that moment, perhaps she would have seen the agony, the intense hurt, that was there because of her insistence.

"Come on, I didn't make yours very strong. You'll like it after you get used to it. It is our wedding day. Drink it—to us!"

So John lifted it to his lips and emptied the glass. With a wry face he set it down on the table, then he left the room to control his emotions. He was disappointed, hurt. He fervently wished that she had not urged him to take this, his



A. DEVANEY

The lighthearted bride donned her apron and went to the kitchen, there soon to prove to her husband that her recent course in dietetics had not been in vain. And John did the meal justice.



first drink. He was sorry that he had not exerted enough will power to refuse her. But could he have refused without hurting her feelings? Now that they were married, they would share all things, their love and devotion, "till death do us part." But would he be expected to share the drinks too?

For many days John had a guilty feeling every time he yielded and took "just a little sip" to please his wife. He hoped that his mother would never find it out. It would hurt her deeply if she knew.

But as time passed, John was really surprised at himself when he discovered that he was really beginning to like the "little sips" that Bertha served from time to time. He even looked forward to them! They seemed to buoy up his spirits like a tonic. Perhaps she was right after all—the drinks *did* seem to make him feel better. Finally he began to have a desire for a stronger drink, and before he realized it, he was quite a slave to that little bottle.

One morning, shortly before daylight, the telephone rang.

"You answer it, dear—and if it is Emil asking for me to come to work, tell him—I tell him I'm sick. I just can't go on the run today, not the way I feel!"

So Bertha answered the telephone.

"I am very sorry, but John is just too sick to come to work this morning. Yes, I will take good care of him. Thank you. Good-by."

"That's a good girl. I hope Emil didn't guess the *real* reason—I wouldn't want him to report me. But I don't think Emil would do that; he's a good friend of mine," and John turned over in bed and fell asleep again.

This little episode was repeated several

times. Then one morning the telephone rang, but Mary was not there to answer it. John had been drinking rather heavily, and knew he was not in a fit condition to go on the railroad. But he answered the call. It was Emil.

"Can you come to work this morning, John? I'm engineering today, and I need a good man to fire for me."

He could hardly refuse, for he had been absent from work several mornings recently, and he could scarcely afford not to go. So he said, "Sure, Emil, sure. I'll be your fireman."

When Bertha came home she found her husband all ready to go to work. He had even packed his own lunch.

"How come? I thought you were too 'under the weather' to work today?"

"I gotta go, Bertha. There are several bills I have to meet this week. Bye, now. I'll see you when we get back to town," and he picked up his lunch box, put on his cap, and went on his way.

Emil was disappointed when he saw John's condition. It might even be dangerous to have such a man go with him, for an intoxicated person is unpredictable, and cannot be fully trusted. But it was too late to call another man, so they went out on the run, according to schedule.

They made the trip with no mishaps. But during the day Emil helped John. He had many opportunities to talk to him; he pleaded with him to stop that terrible habit before it became his ultimate ruin.

"Give it up, John. It is telling on your health. It is making you unsteady, you are losing weight, your reflexes are not as good as they used to be. You are still a young man, and there is much to live for. Give it up, John; just quit."

"But, Emil, I just can't. It has such a hold on me already. Seems I just *have* to have it, now that I've started."

Then Emil told him of the help he could receive from an organization called Alcoholics Anonymous.

"And the Lord can help you, too, John," said Emil. "If you wish, I will remember you in my prayers."

Somehow John believed there was still hope for him. He remembered how many times his parents had prayed when he was a boy at home, and how often their prayers had been answered in a definite way. Emil, too, was a Christian, and certainly lived the way he believed. Surely the Lord would answer Emil's prayer in his behalf, as he remembered him in his daily family devotions.

John was very thoughtful as they rolled along the railroad track toward home.

"Emil," he began, "I know you are supposed to, but you won't turn me in to the foreman, will you?"

"No," said Emil, "and I will also ask the conductor not to."

"Thanks, Emil. You will never know how much this job means to me. Times have been rather hard, and I really need

the work. It has come to the place where sometimes we don't have enough money to buy food."

Emil patted him on the arm. "Put your trust in the Lord, John. He will help you to stop drinking before it takes too much out of you. Will you try?"

"I will try," said John. "Really I will."

But it was not so easy to break the terrible hold that alcohol had fastened upon him. He was often quite discouraged, as it became harder and harder to meet his payments, and pay his bills. There were many days when in answer to Emil's call on the telephone, Mary answered, "He can't come to work today—he is sick." Discouragement, as well as the influence of liquor, was taking its toll.

Emil knew the cause of John's repeated absences, though he did not say a word to anyone. But somehow the big boss found out, and when payday came, John received notice that his services were no longer needed. He was no longer an employee of the railroad company.

John had a good record on the railroad, but the change that had come into his home made him a different man. Finally his job was endangered.

H. A. ROBERTS



At first Bertha just laughed when John told her he had lost his job. "You—out of work? Let them keep their old railroad. There are plenty of other jobs."

But after searching for work for several days, she decided, "I'll get a job. I'll show them I didn't take that dietetics course for nothing."

But in spite of Bertha's laughing boast, she found it was harder to secure employment than she thought. John looked for work; she looked for work. They searched the want ads in the paper night after night. They called in for appointments, but each time when references were required, the answer was in the negative. "Sorry, but we cannot use anyone who indulges in alcohol."

Things went steadily from bad to worse. In spite of strict economy, the young couple soon discovered they just could not meet their bills. They were forced to move into a smaller apartment, but even there the money seemed to dis-

appear rapidly. No matter how they juggled the budget, they did not have enough to buy even the absolute necessities.

John realized what had been the primary cause of all this discomfort, and he was ashamed. But it was too late now. The habit had so fixed its tenacious grip upon him that he was powerless to free himself. Bertha also realized it was her fault—for she had given him his first drink. She and John had many serious talks as they were faced with bills and an empty purse. Finally they both decided to take Emil's advice and seek aid from Alcoholics Anonymous, for they knew they really needed help in order to win back their self-respect and the respect of their neighbors.

"And Emil is praying for us," said John. "I tell you, dear, he is a real friend. There are not many like Emil."

It was a hard struggle for them, but they stood the test. For two long years they fought the demon that had all but

wrecked their home, their marriage, and their very lives. But at last the victory was won—the battle was over. They were grateful to the A.A. and to their friend Emil, who had brought their case before the Great Judge through the channel of daily intercessory prayer.

The Lord surely answered Emil's pleadings in behalf of his fellow worker, for today John is again in the employ of that same railroad company. He was reinstated on Emil's recommendation that John was a changed man, that he was no longer a slave to alcohol, and had made a definite improvement in endeavoring to stay "right side up." John was a good worker; the foreman liked him and was glad to have him back. In time he proved to all his associates that he would make good. He would be a credit to the company, and be the man that his mother had hoped he would be. He would also prove to Emil that his prayers in his behalf had not been in vain.

One day John came home with a bit of news.

"We are going to move again."

"Move again?" echoed Bertha. "After getting our new rugs and drapes? How come?"

She had tried to make the little apartment homelike again. Since she had stopped the drink habit, she had taken a special interest in the little apartment and become a real homemaker.

"Why do we have to move when we are just beginning to really live again?" she asked.

John took his wife in his arms and said, "You have really made a wonderful home for me, Bertha. The little apartment really shines. But I have not told you the good news. How would you like to live in the big city, and have your husband be an engineer on the *main line*?"

"John—you don't mean?" Mary looked up into the face of her big, strong husband. She could see a twinkle of joy and pride in his eyes as he said, "Yes, I have been promoted. The big boss told me today. So I brought home a box of groceries so we could celebrate tonight. Will you make one of those good suppers like you did on our wedding night? I think I have all the necessary ingredients. 'The way to a man's heart'—you know—purely traditional, Mrs. Grant, purely traditional."

"All right, Mr. Grant," said Bertha, tying on her apron, "but it will be *without* the last course."

The supper proved to be a real success. Bertha had not lost the art of cooking. As they chatted merrily at the table they made many plans.

"I think I know where we can find a little house—it is not far from where I will go to work. I am sure the rugs and drapes will fit too."

And so they moved to the city. They

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Corn-Patch Mystery

By MARIE P. KNOTT



MY CORN patch looks as though someone had placed a Goliath-sized bowl on it. In the center of the depression the corn plants are knee high. From there they gradually grow taller until around the edges the corn is above my shoulders.

Tassels on the tall corn wave above fat ears. The knee-high corn has tassels, but no ears. Some of the dwarfed corn has lean ears.

Tall corn, dwarf corn—all came from the same seed packet. They were planted in the same soil, and I applied fertilizer as evenly as possible. The sun shone above, and the rain came down on both.

I was puzzled, but determined to solve the mystery of my corn patch.

A few days ago the solution came while I was washing breakfast dishes. As I glanced out the window, I noticed that a shadow coincided with the area of stunted growth. From across the road a white oak tree casts its early morning shadow on part of my corn patch.

Since then I've observed more carefully. The big oak shades my corn patch for about three or four hours daily. By mid-morning the sun has risen high enough to

move the shadow away. The only difference between tall corn and dwarfed corn is a shadow.

I've seen the same thing in families and churches—persons have apparently the same opportunities for spiritual growth, yet some are tall, mature, fruit-bearing Christians; others are dwarfed, immature, fruitless.

The means of growth is available to all of us. We have unlimited access to the Word of God. The Holy Spirit awaits our demand to water our souls, and the Sun of Righteousness has risen to shine upon us.

But a shadow may be obstructing the rays of the Sun for a little while each day. We may be looking at a person, allowing his faults to cast a shadow into our lives. A few minutes of gossiping, a little murmuring, a few wasted moments each day—these are shadows that turn our eyes away from Jesus enough to make a difference in spiritual growth.

Unlike my corn, you and I can choose whether we shall dwell in sunlight or shadow. I look at my corn patch and pray, "Lord, help us to come out in the sunshine that we 'may be as plants grown up.'"

SABBATH SCHOOL



Redemption

LESSON FOR AUGUST 13

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's" (1 Cor. 6:20).

THINK IT OVER: My physical life came to me from my parents, but I did not choose my father or my mother. I know the country where I was born, but had no voice in selecting it. I know the date of my birth, but had nothing to do with deciding it.

The past is past. I had nothing whatsoever to do with it. But the future is different. I have everything to say about it. I make all the selections. No one else makes a choice for me.

I can be born again. In fact, Jesus says, "Ye must be born again." This time I choose my father. No one else can do this for me. I choose God as my Father or I choose Satan. By choosing God, I also choose the new earth to be my country, which will last forever. By choosing Satan, I choose the old earth as my home, which will be destroyed.

FOR SUNDAY

1. In what way are we all alike? (Rom. 3:23.)

"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

2. If I keep nine commandments very rigidly yet fail to honor my parents, what have I done? (James 2:10.)

"For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

3. Why is it necessary for me to know for myself what is in the book of the law? (Gal. 3:10, last part.)

"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

FOR MONDAY

4. Each one selects his own second father. What are the people like who choose Satan as their father? (John 8:44.)

"Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it."

5. What are the people like who choose God as their father? (Matt. 5:48.)

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

FOR TUESDAY

6. How do I select my second or spiritual father? (Rom. 6:16.)

"Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?"

7. What will men do with the money they have gained by following Satan's plans? (Eze. 7:19, first part.)

"They shall cast their silver in the streets, and their gold shall be removed: their silver and their gold shall not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of the Lord."

8. What is one thing the wealthy can never do with their money? (Ps. 49:6, 7.)

"They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him."

FOR WEDNESDAY

9. Sin and death are inseparable. We cannot have one without the other. Inasmuch as I have sinned, how can I escape eternal death? (2 Cor. 5:21.)

"For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

NOTE.—"Christ was treated as we deserve, that we might be treated as He deserves. He was condemned for our sins, in which He had no share, that we might be justified by His righteousness, in which we had no share. He suffered the death which was ours, that we might receive the life which was His."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 25.

10. Who only was able to pay the price to redeem me from death? (Gal. 4:4, first part, 5.)

"But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son . . . to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."

11. What is my Father able to do for me? (Gal. 1:4, first part.)

"Who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world."

12. In what ways can I glorify God? (1 Cor. 6:20.)

"For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

NOTE.—"All men have been bought with this infinite price. By pouring the whole treasury of heaven into this world, by giving us in Christ all heaven, God has purchased the will, the affections, the mind, the soul, of every human being. Whether believers or unbelievers, all men are the Lord's property."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 326.



Music From Above

By NETTIE JANE KNISTER

A gentle touch on violin

By one to whom the strings are known
Will wake within its sleeping breast
The strains of sweet and pleasant tone.

So Jesus comes into my life

To wake my drowsing heart to love,
And with one stroke He fills my soul
With lyric music from above.

FOR THURSDAY

13. If I glorify God with my body, what will He do to it? (Phil. 3:21.)

"Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

NOTE.—"The defaced image of God will be restored in humanity, and a family of believing saints will finally inherit the heavenly home. This is the result of Christ's death."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 625.

14. What guarantees, or seals, my redemption? (Eph. 4:30.)

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

NOTE.—"The plan of redemption having been completed, the character of God is revealed to all created intelligences. The precepts of His law are seen to be perfect and immutable. Then sin has made manifest its nature, Satan his character. Then the extermination of sin will vindicate God's love and establish

His honor before a universe of beings who delight to do His will, and in whose heart is His law."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 764.

15. When I give myself to God, from what am I delivered? (Col. 1:13, 14.)

"Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son: in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

FOR FRIDAY

Here is a problem: Richard has started up a little business of his own. He paints cars in one section of his older brother's auto repair shop. The other day some fellows offered these two brothers a handsome sum of money to "overhaul" a car so it could not be recognized. This was to include a complete paint job. Should Richard accept this offer? Is it any of his business whose car it is? Would he be honest by helping others to steal?

Read *The Desire of Ages*, chapter 1.

Teen-Age DIARY

By JOAN

Dear Diary,

In my library I have a book on manners. For quick reference I think I will copy down some of the formulas.

On page twenty there is a list of things to beware of for both boys and girls. Guard against:

Dirty fingernails
Overlarge jackets
Sloppy hair
Droopy socks
Soiled collars and cuffs
Unpolished, down-at-the-heel shoes
Too-loud ties
Too-fancy hair-dos
Fancy pins all over the place
Strong perfume
Crooked seams
Fingernail biting.



It's pretty easy to become careless about some of these things, especially when one is busy and active with school work, and I often find that it is a real job, after painting or working in the garden, to get my nails clean again. But it is worth the effort, and isn't half as bad as going about without good grooming.

In our school the young people are particular about how they look. In some places I have seen boys in very dirty jeans and girls wearing sloppy shirts once belonging to their dads, but I think that style is going out fast because it is frowned upon by the faculties and discouraged by church groups.

The Bible says, "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners."

I suppose that speech is also a mark of manners. What we say tells a great deal about our kind of culture. If we speak well of others and do not spread evil communications, we will have good manners.

Some of the don'ts in conversation as given in my manners book are very interesting. Suppose I write some of the hints on your pages too. Here they are:

Don't—

Cut the conversation with negative answers.

Ask too many questions.

Interrupt.

Raise your voice.

Quote Mom and Dad (form your own opinions).

Develop a line (you can catch yourself in it).

Do—

Avoid touchy subjects.

Talk about things that interest everyone present.

Avoid gossip, and talk on lovely topics.



A. DEVANEY

Hiroshima

By ELLEN MOSSBERGER CAPPS

IT COULD have been Denver, Melbourne, Southampton, or your home town, but it was Hiroshima, the fan-shaped city, that became the first target of the Atomic Age ten years ago this month. The ugly scars of the great blast still hang suspended in the minds of those who remain—scars that can never be erased. Superficial scars have long since healed and disappeared, but the scars of disillusionment and disaster will always remain to haunt those who lived through the shattering experience.

After ten years I walked through the streets and observed how man's hope and faith can rebuild a city on ruins that screamed and warned of world insecurity. With clenched teeth, determination, and tears the Japanese set to work to remove the debris and rubble that had accompanied the great disaster, and restore again the homes and land they loved.

On a warm August 6 morning in 1945, at exactly fifteen minutes past eight, a tremendous flash of light cut across the sky, traveling east to west, from the city toward the hills. It was as if a piece of the blinding sun had broken loose and dived directly for the center of Hiroshima. Some of those who lived in the

suburbs and recall the horror, said they were silent and dazed and labored under what seemed to be a choking dust cloud. As the cloud rose higher and higher the day grew darker and darker. Many claim they heard no sound whatever.

Immediately after the explosion, the clouded air began giving off a thick, dreadful miasma. Clouds of smoke, far and near, began to burn, and huge drops of moisture, like those spouting from a fire hose, began to fall. Some of the witnesses thought it was water from fire hoses, for fires had started everywhere. Others thought it was gasoline being sprayed from noiseless enemy planes, which would be followed by incendiary raids. Historical accounts say: "They were actually drops of condensed moisture falling from the turbulent tower of dust, heat and fission fragments that had already risen miles into the sky above the city."

Hiroshima lies mostly on six islands formed by seven estuarial rivers that branch out from the Ota River. Its main commercial and residential sections covered about four square miles in the center of the city. This district contained about three quarters of its population, which had been reduced by several evacu-

ation programs. Around the edges of the city were crowded factories and residential districts. To the south lay the docks, airport, and the Inland Sea with its many little isles. A rim of mountains surrounded the other three sides.

Hiroshima grew from a castle built by a feudal lord known as Mori Terumoto in 1594. He named it Hiroshimo-Jo, which means "castle on a broad island." After the reign of the Terumoto family, the Asano family took over the sovereignty and began to encourage industries, laying the foundation for the present city. As people began to build and inhabit they gradually referred to the castle and surrounding districts as Hiroshima.

With the restoration of the imperial rule in 1869, the reign of the Asano family was brought to an end and the municipal system was proclaimed in 1889. During that year the port of Hiroshima was completed and the Sanjo Railway laid. Because of these great improvements the imperial headquarters were located in Hiroshima Castle during the Sino-Japanese War. Bustling with land and water transport and other military business the city gained considerable importance in Japanese history and national affairs. As the municipal sections enlarged, a great number of government offices, schools, and factories gathered around the city. Before World War II it was the seventh largest city in Japan with a population of about four hundred thousand.

In other parts of the world during the growth of Hiroshima, wars were being fought and settled, nations rising and falling, persecutions sent men to sea in search of new land, and then there seemed to be a time of quietude, which is essential to growth. For a few years the world seemed to relax and build, plant and beautify, inhabit and enjoy. Great strides were being made in fields of science, medicine, industry, literature,



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Left: The author stands before the memorial to those killed in the atomic blast. The inscription reads (in Japanese): "Rest here in peace; for never again will we make the mistake." Right: The author's husband poses below a placard on the only remaining building near the blast center.

and music. Each generation contributed its share of genius to the world.

With the approach of 1939 it seemed the peak of civilization had been reached. But the seeds of envy, greed, ignorance, and hate that had been sprouting in the minds of lustful men, began to appear and undermine the difficult erections of democracies and republics, and step by step foundations of governments were torn with alarms and threats of violence.

As Europe shook with the roar of motor formations, and armored columns and cities splintered beneath enemy assaults, the Western world became greatly concerned. In spite of dangers in the Far East, United States Navy ships were drafted out of the Pacific for use in convoy duty for the British. A few staff officers followed rumors of a movement of Japanese fleet units toward Southern Asia.

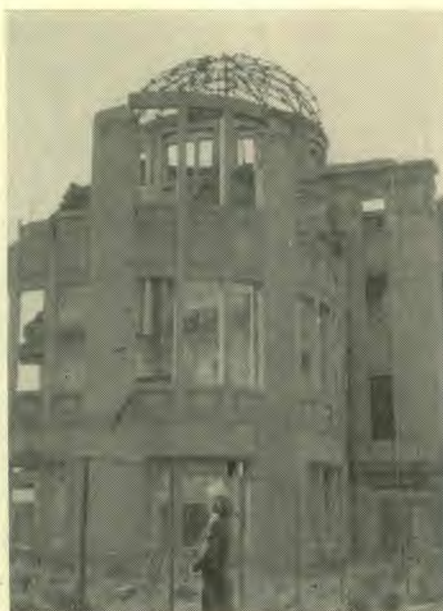
Each Saturday night the battleships of the diminished American force in the Pacific tied up at the moorings while crews were given liberty in Honolulu. On December 7, at breakfast time, Japanese planes came from the north around the cloudy mountains and bombed the fleet to ruins. This meant war, and every known force in America was thrown into high-gear arms production.

Scientists had gone into a huddle back in 1939 when President Roosevelt had set up an advisory committee on uranium, with six thousand dollars to spend. A month before Pearl Harbor, research indicated that a bomb of "superlatively destructive power" was possible with uranium fission. Before four years had passed the Atomic Age was born on the New Mexico desert.

The stage was now set. Although the tide of war had turned in favor of the Allies, losses suffered at Iwo Jima and Okinawa weighed heavily on American leaders. United States casualties in the Pacific had already climbed to three hundred thousand and estimates of the cost of invading Japan were set at nearly a million more. Secretary of War Stimson observed that soldiers being deployed from Europe to the Pacific were "weary in a way that no one merely reading reports could readily understand." Not only were men weary, but the nation as a whole was weary of the tense and nerve-racking conditions under which they were forced to live.

When Premier Suzuki refused President Truman's surrender ultimatum as "unworthy of public notice," it was decided that the time had arrived to shake the world with the atomic bomb. This was one of the most awesome decisions ever required of a single individual.

When the holocaust had cleared, a radius of two miles within the city proper took on the appearance of what is known as an atomic desert. Today, standing in the center of the "desert," ironically enough, is the Peace Tower. Nearby is



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

This skeleton of steel and masonry is all that remains of the Industrial Promotion Hall, the only structure not completely demolished at epicenter of bombed area in Hiroshima, first atomic target.

a museum containing atomic-melted slates, bricks, and photographs showing how the place looked after the catastrophe. A great deal of this area is still cluttered, with shacks built on the debris, but the faith of man in material things of life is rapidly replacing them with fine buildings of concrete, brick, and steel. The city that before the war was so busy supporting the affairs of arms is today a mecca of the peace effort in Japan. If man could build in his heart as visibly as he is building in the atomic desert, Hiroshima would truly be a monument to spiritual faith.

According to police statistics the casualties were 78,000, the missing 14,000, while the injured climbed above 37,000 bringing the total close to 130,000. The only other bomb dropped was at Nagasaki, and on August 10 the Japanese bowed to the ultimatum, and on August 15 surrendered.

Rumor spread that the land would be barren for seventy-five years, but this proved incorrect. Some reports say the bomb not only left the underground organs of plants intact, but had actually stimulated them. Within a month of the bombing, weeds and wild flowers were blooming among the ruins. And today the beautiful trees and gardens of new Hiroshima are doing their best to cover the ruins of the past.

After viewing it all I recalled a verse from Psalms, which seemed so applicable: "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

As I looked out over the city from our hotel window that spring evening, I felt

weary and old. Visiting war scenes always has that effect upon me. Above I heard the roar of planes, and my newspaper, that I had carried from Nara, spoke of the great unrest in China and the futile attempts of the United Nations to bring about a peaceful settlement among the quarreling nations.

I knew that down in the city of Hiroshima thousands were uneasy and fearful of the future, yet helpless to escape the tangle in which we have all become involved. There were those still suffering from the injuries of war, those weeping for lost ones, and others deep in sorrow.

As we prepared to dress for our evening meal, my husband took his Bible from his brief case and strangely, it fell open to a comforting verse that had so timely a message for a world that trembled in the hot, white glare of the Atomic Age. It said, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

The Year of the Sheep

From page 4

acquainted with sheep through Junishi that they could easily accept Christianity when it was introduced for the first time during the sixteenth century, for they understood what was meant by the Lamb of God.

This year is the Year of the Sheep. This new year I saw that calendars, covers of magazines, and show windows of shops were decorated with beautiful pictures of sheep, and realized that Junishi is still living in Japanese minds. I think it must be our responsibility to make them know the real meaning of the sheep and the Good Shepherd from the Biblical point of view, to replace the superstitious influence of Junishi.

Found: Priceless Treasure

From page 6

gun and how well it had worked when two men hung around the lake shore for half a day, but she knew she could not use it at night when she could not see. The heavy knock shook her to her senses.

Trembling, she asked, "Who is it?" A voice from the darkness outside answered, "I'm hungry and tired. Let me in."

Quickly she passed some cold food through a crack in the door and told the stranger that he could not come in. In a few minutes he knocked again, asking once more to be let in. This time Louise told him of the fish camp about a quarter of a mile away where he could stay for

the night. She gave him two heavy blankets and told him to bring them back in the morning. With a sigh of relief she heard him ride off toward the camp. She carefully barred the door, and hoped that he would not return.

Before the thought had gone through her mind, her heart began to pound again as she heard the horse's hoofs at the door. This time the man insisted on staying. Finally in desperation she said that she would take him to the fish camp, and he agreed to follow. She had not realized how dark it was. A few steps up the road she turned. It was so dark that she could not even see the man and horse behind her. She knew that she could never find the fish camp on such a night. She prayed frantically, and suddenly there was a familiar whinny and a rustle in the nearby bush.

"Come, Steel," she called. Almost instantly he was at her elbow. Quickly she mounted without saddle or bridle and headed toward the fish camp. In a few minutes, however, Steel stopped for no apparent reason and refused to go ahead.

Suddenly Louise remembered that there was a fork in the road on the way to the fish camp and maybe this was it. Hoping against hope that it was, she gently patted the left side of Steel's neck and urged him on. He went on as if nothing had happened. They reached the camp in a few more minutes. Louise gave the stranger a few instructions as to where the bunk was inside the pole cabin, turned her pony, and rode away into the darkness. She had no fear that they could not find their way back since she knew that the horse would go home. In a few minutes Louise slipped from the sleek back of her pony and patted him gently. With a prayer of thankfulness in her heart she barred the door solidly behind her.

The next morning was Saturday, so she did not go to school. Louise prepared an extra serving of breakfast for she felt sure that the stranger would return. By midafternoon he had not come. Finally she saddled her pony and rode up to the fish camp to see what had happened to him. The place was deserted, and her blankets were gone. All she knew was that she had been divinely protected under strange circumstances.

Not long after this an older teacher came to take Louise's place, and Louise and Harold moved to the new farm. By the time winter came again there was plenty of food stored away for both them and their animals.

Just after Christmas a dark-haired daughter was born to them. They were very happy. Both mother and father had high ambitions for their daughter. Equally ambitious were they for their second girl, who was born just three years later. As the family grew so did the farm, and Harold became prosperous.

One beautiful day in autumn, Harold

was harvesting in a nearby field and Louise was working in the garden. Edna could help a little and also look after her sister Dorothy, who was almost five now. Louise heard a pleasant masculine voice and in a few minutes she learned that the caller, a young man of nineteen or twenty, was selling books on the scholarship plan to earn his way through school, not a public school but a private school at Battleford.

Louise was immediately interested in a school like this. Before he left the farm that afternoon Harold and Louise bought a book, *Bible Readings for the Home Circle*. Neither of them had ever gone to church except for a wedding or a funeral, but now they were seeking spiritual truth.

Every night they stayed up late reading this new book. Little by little Harold lost interest in this book when he realized how many things it seemed to expect him to give up. There was the barn dance, his pipe, and the occasional bottle of whisky.

Louise realized, however, how important a clean life is. She soon replaced her dreams of her daughters' becoming

the prettiest girls and the best dancers in the country with dreams of their getting a Christian education in Battleford Academy and a place in God's work. She began keeping the seventh-day Sabbath against Harold's will, not knowing a single person who kept Saturday as the Lord's day.

The years seemed to hurry by. Finally it was time for Edna to start high school, but there was not one close enough. Louise had not forgotten Battleford Academy. Against the wishes of Harold, who was becoming less and less the husband he had once been, Louise rented a house in Battleford and by working from early to late managed to make ends meet so that the girls could continue their education.

Harold had completely turned against his family, and refused to support them now that Louise had been baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist Church and had put the two girls into church school and academy. Mother and girls worked hard and finally, after years of toil, the daughters both became teachers.

Louise is now old in years, but still young and tender in the love of God and

Contrast

BY GERTRUDE W. LOEWEN

HIS flight had been called. He said good-by to Dad and Mother and wife. It was all he could do to keep back his emotions, and he wanted to get aboard the plane before they would notice. But there was little sister, who wanted to bid her brother farewell too. With an abrupt gesture to her he made his way to the plane.

Now that they could not see, his eyes began to fill with tears, but he would not let them run down his cheek. So biting his lips the young soldier found his seat and tried to get ready for the flight.

Why, why, did this have to be? Who started all this war that was tearing so many away from home and loved ones? It hadn't been so bad going to the Army camp in Virginia, for the folks could come and see him once in a while, and he had had his leaves for hurried trips home. But now he was going overseas to the battle front, where death and terror were on every hand.

It was good he could not see his face, for his eyes were red and the tears were falling. He reached for his duffel bag and found a handkerchief. That was better, but he didn't want to attract attention to himself. The man beside him was busy reading his mail. He seemed to be an executive of some kind, and he had correspondence from many organizations. He didn't seem

to be noticing anything besides his mail.

The soldier must get his mind away from himself. Yes, there were the comics his sister had put in with his things, to read on his trip. So he reached for them and tried to drown his sorrows in them. They didn't help much; the tears still kept coming. But what else did he have that could take his mind away from his troubles?

He didn't realize that another passenger was observing all this. What a pity he had to turn to the comics for comfort! Too bad the man sitting next to him was too absorbed in his own affairs to notice. But maybe he had only book learning and couldn't give the necessary comfort.

At his destination the soldier disappeared from view in the crowd. But where was he going to find his soul's comfort? Would he meet someone who could turn him to the only Comforter—the One who would go with him right to the front lines of battle and sustain him in all his trials? Who would show him the promises from the Bible that would keep him from despair?

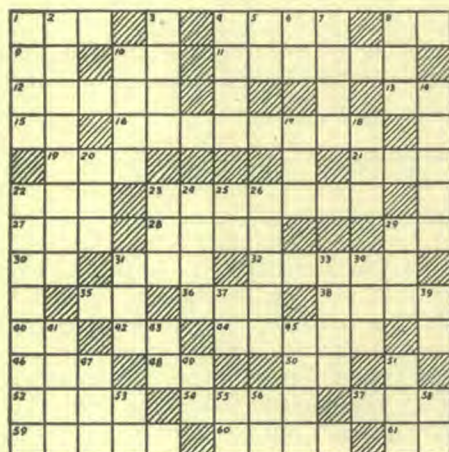
How different it is with someone who has had a Christian training in the home where the family gathers in prayer before his departure for such a mission. Though there is sadness in farewell, yet all are united in leaving the future and the safe-keeping of their loved one in the hands of Him who is able to guide and direct in all the trials of life. What a difference it makes to know that Jesus understands and cares!

The Kingdom Divided

I Kings 12

Across

- 1 "I will . . . to your yoke" :11
 4 Maiden
 8 Over
 9 The (Fr.)
 10 " . . . when all Israel saw that the king hearkened not" :16
 11 "all . . . were come to Shechem" :1
 12 "answer them, and . . . good words to them" :7
 13 Double time (abbr.)
 15 On account (abbr.)
 16 Renounced
 19 Narrow inlet
 21 Rowing implement
 22 General Traffic Manager (abbr.)
 23 "to fight . . . the house of Israel" :21
 27 Kind of cloth
 28 "That they . . . and called him" :3



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- 29 "then come again to . . ." :5
 30 Hypothetical structural unit
 31 "king answered . . . people roughly" :13
 32 "now see to thine own . . . David" :16
 35 "And Rehoboam went . . . Shechem" :1
 36 Title of respect
 38 "there was . . . that followed the house of David, but" :20
 40 New England State (abbr.)
 42 "Jeroboam and all the congregation . . . Israel came" :3
 44 "What portion have we in . . ." :16
 46 Over (contr.)
 48 "But . . . for the children of Israel which dwelt" :17
 50 "but make thou . . . lighter unto us" :10
 52 "the king hearkened not . . . the people" :15
 54 "If thou wilt be a servant unto . . . people" :7
 57 "Jeroboam and all the people came to Rehoboam the third . . ." :12
 59 "which . . . before him" :8
 60 "then they will be thy servants for . . ." :7
 61 " . . . shall not go up, nor fight" :24
 Our text is 10, 11, 16, 23, 31, 32, 42, 44, 52, 54 and 57 combined

Down

- 1 "my father . . . chastised you with whips" :14
 2 "So Israel . . . unto their tents" :16
 3 "Make the . . . which thy father did put upon us lighter" :9
 4 "What counsel . . . ye" :9
 5 "for this thing . . . from me" :24
 6 Railroad (abbr.)
 7 "whereas my father did . . . you with a heavy yoke" :11
 8 "king Rehoboam consulted with the . . . men" :6
 10 Wife of Abraham (var.) Heb. 11:11
 14 "Depart yet for . . . days" :5
 17 Short for Alonso
 18 Period
 20 Mischievous boy
 22 "Thy father made our yoke . . ." :4
 23 Kind of tree
 24 Goes to the off side
 25 Indefinite article
 26 Father of Absalom's captain, Amasa II Sam. 17:25
 29 "and consulted with the young . . ." :8
 31 Also
 33 Single thing
 34 Ground
 37 Same as 30 across
 39 Oldest son of Judah Gen. 46:12
 41 "to your . . . O Israel" :16
 43 Fourth tone in the scale
 45 "How do ye ad. . . that I may answer this people" :6
 47 Railway Transportation Officer (abbr.)
 49 Saint (abbr.)
 51 "that we . . . answer this people" :9
 53 Yellow Hawaiian bird
 55 "But . . . forsook the counsel of the old men" :8
 56 Number of Psalm beginning, "Hear me when I call"
 58 Same as 61 across

Key on page 25

His providential care of His children. As she reads by the fire in an old rocking chair, she often pauses to reflect upon the past years. It makes her very happy to know that many Seventh-day Adventist books are sold each year, for it is to the faithful literature evangelist and the love of God that she attributes the blessings of her life as a Seventh-day Adventist. Almost wistfully she recalls the girls' leaving her and making Christian homes of their own. Edna met and married another teacher. Dorothy married a farmer and within a few years the two families moved to Kelowna, British Columbia, where most of their children attended school at Okanagan Academy. Later Louise joined her children and now lives just across the street from Dorothy. Five grandchildren have attended or are attending Canadian Union College. Edna's two oldest children are now married. Dorothy's youngest boy attends Okanagan Academy.

As Louise ponders the past she often

thinks of the providence of God that sent an angel to guide a small pony up a lonely trail in the darkness and keep a young woman from harm, and that brought her through the hardship of a broken home so that she might have the pleasure of seeing her children and grandchildren become workers for God.

Forbidden Lands and Strange Places

From page 8

with many other students of the correspondence course. He found a Buddhist youth very interested in the third angel's message as the result of taking the Bible course. This young man had been so convinced of the gospel story that he was regularly attending all the services of a Christian church in the city. His desire

to become a Christian was being hindered by the fact that the government was training him for an important post, and if he were to leave their employ a heavy cash payment would have to be made to the treasury.

A young woman—a Nepali—requested a visit from Pastor Israel on this occasion. She and her father were earnest students of the Voice of Prophecy lessons. This young woman also expressed her deep interest, and has promised to look up our workers and attend our meetings in Calcutta when she goes to that city for further training.

So some of the youth of old Sikkim, young men as well as young women, are awakening—and it may be that one of these youth may yet be called of God to be an apostle to his own people.

In our wanderings about the city we walked into the palace grounds of His Highness the Maharajah of Sikkim. The ruling family is of Tibetan descent. Some three hundred years ago one of his ancestors—a prince from eastern Tibet—overthrew the ruling Lepcha chiefs in Sikkim and established his own government. It was he who introduced the Buddhist religion into the country.

We walked through the beautiful, ornate palace gate of Chinese architecture and started sauntering up the hill toward the palace. On both sides of the street—in fact stretching for nearly a mile back into the town—were strings bearing multicolored tissue-paper streamers on which were written Buddhist prayers in Tibetan characters. The flapping of the streamers in the wind is one way the Buddhist has of saying his prayers. This was a special Buddhist holiday, so all the prayers were out on the line.

As we walked up the driveway toward the maharajah's palace, we were suddenly arrested by the noise of hobnailed boots clomping hurriedly through the trees from some place beyond us. We paused, and looked around. Running toward us with gun in hand was a palace guard. Gesturing frantically, he impressed upon us that we must not proceed further until he had interviewed us. Out of breath, he asked for our permit to visit the palace.

When he discovered that we had none, he very helpfully explained just which official we should approach and what procedure should be followed in procuring permission to visit the palace. We apologized for our ignorance, thanked him profusely, returned his smiling salute, and went on our way—in the opposite direction.

Our time being limited, we had to forgo the pleasure of a visit to the palace on this trip. Later, however, when one of our literature evangelists paid a visit to Gangtok, he approached the personal secretary of the maharajah and other officials in the palace and received orders from them for books and papers to

LIST OF SONGS AVAILABLE

1L.—Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me
 4L.—At the Cross
 5L.—Redeemed
 6L.—Give Me the Bible
 12L.—In the Sweet Bye and Bye
 13L.—Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us
 15L.—Shall We Gather at the River?
 16L.—There Is a Gate That Stands Ajar
 17L.—Watch, Ye Saints
 18L.—Lift Up the Trumpet
 19L.—The Golden Morning Is Fast Approaching
 20L.—How Sweet Are the Tidings
 21L.—When Jesus Shall Gather the Nations
 22L.—Beneath the Cross of Jesus
 23L.—In a Little While We're Going Home

24L.—I Sing the Mighty Power of God
 25L.—Is Your All on the Altar of Sacrifice?
 26L.—Jesus, I Come—Out of My Bondage
 27L.—Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken
 28L.—Jesus Is Tenderly Calling
 29L.—Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross
 30L.—Jesus Saves
 31L.—Just as I Am
 32L.—Marching to Zion
 33L.—Master, the Tempest Is Raging!
 34L.—Jesus Paid It All
 35L.—No Disappointment in Heaven
 36L.—Softly and Tenderly
 37L.—Sweet Hour of Prayer
 38L.—Throw Out the Life Line

39L.—'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus
 40L.—We Are Nearing Home
 41L.—We Have an Anchor
 42L.—What a Friend We Have in Jesus
 43L.—What a Gathering of the Faithful
 44L.—I Will Follow Thee, My Saviour
 45L.—America
 60L.—Alone
 61L.—Can the World See Jesus in You?
 62L.—He Lifted Me
 63L.—He Ransomed Me
 64L.—He Whispers His Love to Me
 65L.—I Come to the Garden Alone
 66L.—I Shall See the King
 67L.—I Walk With the King

68L.—I Want to See Jesus, Don't You?
 69L.—I Would Be Like Jesus
 70L.—Jesus Took My Burden
 71L.—Just When I Need Him Most
 72L.—Living for Jesus
 73L.—O That Will Be Glory
 74L.—Since Jesus Came Into My Heart
 75L.—Tell Me the Story of Jesus
 76L.—That's Why I Love Him
 77L.—The Old Rugged Cross
 78L.—The Way of the Cross Leads Home
 79L.—Walking With Jesus
 80L.—Where the Gates Swing Outward Never
 81L.—You Must Open the Door
 82L.—He Lives

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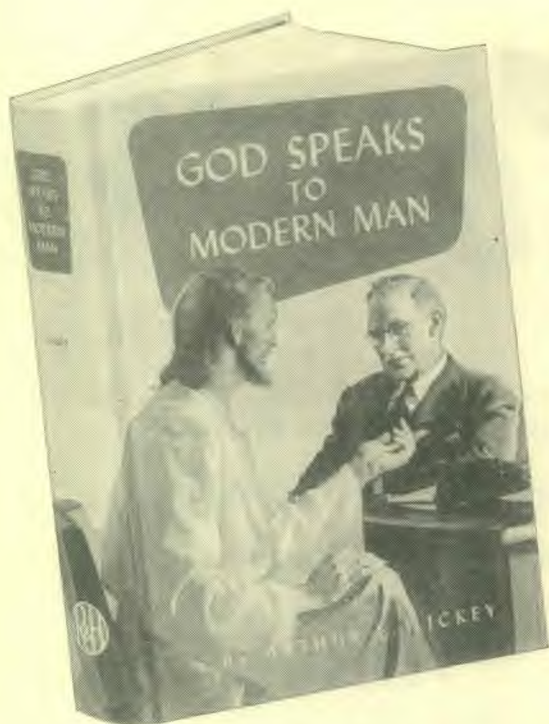
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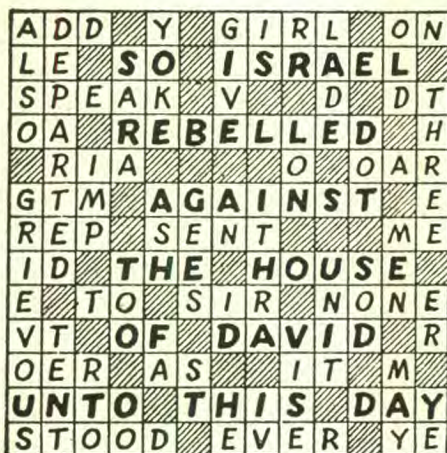
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the value of more than sixty dollars. He was well-received and the officials gladly accepted proffered copies of the *Signs of the Times*, which he had taken with him. So today the prophecy of the exile on Patmos, "Thou must prophesy again before . . . kings," has seen at least a partial fulfillment in the palace of this last frontier.

The Buddhism in Sikkim is the Buddhism of the Lamas found in Tibet. It is the state religion although only about one third of the population are professing Buddhists. The Nepalese, who make up the larger share of the inhabitants, are Hindus.

The greatest evidence that God lives, that Jesus lives and has the power to fulfill His promises to His believers, is to be found in a converted life. For remarkable evidence of that power read

From Bullfighter to Secretary

By MANUEL PAJON

Translated by Barbara O. Westphal

Next Week in

THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR



AUGUST 2, 1955

There are a number of interesting Buddhist monasteries and temples in Sikkim. We spent a few minutes visiting one of the temples while we were in Gangtok. Located high on a hill, it was rather difficult to reach. Once there, however, we were rewarded with a magnificent view of the surrounding country—terraced, well-cultivated hillsides, verdant valleys, picturesque little homesteads, and, overshadowing it all, the mighty snow-capped Himalayan peaks that made us catch our breath as we gazed and gazed, drinking in the majestic grandeur of God's handiwork. Where in the world could there be anything to compare with this last frontier for restful, rugged, and primitive beauty? It was thrilling!

The temple itself was not a large one, but in a Chinese way it was very ornate. There were, of course, the many images, large and small, of lord Buddha in different positions. There were the bells that must be rung before the worshiper enters the temple. There were the ever-present paper prayers and prayer flags fluttering in the breeze. The priests with their prayer wheels "said" their prayers in the precincts of the temple by holding the wheels in their hand by a handle and making a rotary motion. The little balance weight on the wheel soon sets it spinning, and the prayers, carefully arranged inside, are "said" without the priest uttering a word.

We watched in silence, thankful for a living Mediator to whom we can speak as friend to friend.

With the sun overhead traveling all too rapidly toward the western horizon, we finished passing out our literature and collecting Voice of Prophecy enrollment cards and were soon headed back for India and Kalimpong. It had been a thrilling experience. We were very tired when we reached Hilliard's home late that night, but our hearts were made glad to know that even before the human representative had visited Gangtok, the Lord had preceded our exploration party into this "unentered" land through the mails and over the air.

[This is the fifth installment of a seven-part serial. Part 6 will appear next week.]

A New Outlook

From page 10

and Peng almost always accompanied us. At Seoul he met his friends and pastor, and I knew that he was receiving genuine spiritual strength. He would take back to the front with him a supply of our Korean literature, and I am sure many contacts for Christ were made in this way.

Because of the help I had been able

Believe It or Not

but Oklahoma and Mississippi, recognized as the two dry States, having banned the sale of all liquor, yet have 45 wholesale and 1,873 retail liquor dealers operating within their territories.

According to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, the Federal Government has issued during the past year 2 wholesale and 639 retail liquor licenses to liquor dealers in Oklahoma; and 43 wholesale and 1,234 retail liquor licenses to liquor dealers in Mississippi.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

to give to Peng, I too was strengthened in my Christian experience. Greatly encouraged, I began to enroll others in the 20th Century Bible Course and give Bible studies in the chapel. How many of the seeds of truth planted there have grown I cannot tell. Some of the lessons I endeavored to teach my fellow soldiers may be forgotten by now; some, I earnestly pray, will be remembered.

But one lesson I learned in old Korea will never be forgotten, of that I am confident. Wherever God permits one of His children to be led, *right there* will be a work for him to do, and with the doing will always come a double blessing.

He Prayed for Me

From page 16

were happy again; they were free from the specter that had once haunted them; they were making a new life in a new location.

One day John was informed that his good friend, Emil, had passed away quite suddenly of a heart attack. On the day of the funeral John stood with several of his fellow workers to pay his last respects to one who had been a real friend to him. His broad chest heaved with emotion; the tears rolled unashamed down his cheeks as he said to the undertaker, "He was the best friend I ever had." Then he told how Emil had prayed for him in his hours of trouble and discouragement, and had been instrumental in getting him reinstated with the railroad company.

"I have never had, nor ever will have, as good a friend—as Emil," said John. "He prayed for me."



OSTERGAARD PHOTO

➤ **MOTORISTS** using the New Jersey Turnpike in the Newark area will notice a strange-looking device that might be described as a cross between a ship's mast and a small helicopter. Actually it is a Weathermaster fog dispeller, four units of which have been erected experimentally on the northern section of the turnpike. The propeller drives heated air, which is deflected by the cone, down across the highway, with the purpose of dispelling the fog.

➤ A **RUSSIAN** doctor has predicted that before the end of this century human beings will be living useful lives until they are 120 to 150 years old. According to B. Klovsky, there will be an "elixir of life" that would stimulate the growth and health of capillaries feeding the brain and nerve cells, and prevent thickening and hardening of artery walls. "We will meet people," he declared, "and have trouble telling whether they are 30 or 70 years old."

➤ **BEFORE** the beginning of this year's tourist season the *Queen Elizabeth*, the world's largest ship, was fitted with stabilizers. These 14-foot long, 7-foot wide fins are operated hydraulically, and have a marked effect on the roll of a vessel but not on its pitch. The *Queen Elizabeth* has a double set of the fins, one set amidship and another placed forward.

➤ A **NEW** intercommunications device developed by an Illinois concern has made it possible for top executives to override any conversation their employees may be having in order to get through to them. However, it does not permit them to listen in to other conversations.

➤ **Six** new viruses have recently been uncovered by the U.S. Public Health Service. They are believed to be responsible for a great amount of illness that has been previously undiagnosed or falsely diagnosed.

➤ **ASPIRIN** was discovered about 100 years ago by an Alsatian chemist, but it remained a laboratory curiosity for about 50 years.

➤ **BEFORE** a modern submarine can dive, the crew must conduct 225 individual operational and equipment checks.

➤ **YELLOWSTONE PARK** contains more geysers than the rest of the world together.

➤ **LUNG** cancer accounted for 3,900 deaths in 1930, but the figure had jumped to 27,000 by 1953.

➤ **BIRDS** have been known to bathe when the air temperature was only 10 degrees or so above zero.

➤ **HELIUM** GAS was once valued at \$2,500 per cubic foot, but it is produced now for less than one cent per cubic foot.

➤ **ONLY** about 9 per cent of the world's land is cultivated, according to recent surveys reported in the *Washington Star*.

➤ It takes about three quarters of an hour to walk around the outer boundary of Vatican City, which has an area of 108.7 acres.

➤ **BEFORE** the recent war South Korea had a cow population of only 3,000. Now, however, it is down to 280 known milch cows.

➤ A **NEW** mechanical pencil will write on all kinds of surfaces, including glass, china, cellophane, photographs, and metals in any of five different colors.

➤ A "LOST TRIBE" has been discovered by a team of anthropologists on a tiny Andaman island in the Bay of Bengal. Evidently this group of people has been divorced from the civilized world for thousands of years.

➤ **AMERICANS'** freedom from major outbreaks of respiratory disease has produced a new low record of mortality among American wage earners and their families. Among the major causes of death only cancer registered a higher mortality rate in 1954 than in 1953.

➤ **THE** editor of the "How to Keep Well" column in the *Chicago Tribune* last year helped a total of 142,143 persons by correspondence. Dr. Theodore Van Dellen, who has handled the column since 1945, believes that "everyone has been interested in his own health, but there are more cures, more remedies today that give the doctor something to talk about." In his correspondence he also drew on a library of 300 leaflets on subjects ranging from bursitis to tonsillectomy.

➤ **AN** Anglican bishop of Southwell, England, recently sent out a newsletter to his diocese in which he said that Christians should be "perfectly frank" about the Adam and Eve story. "It does not describe an event which happened at the dawn of history," he said, and it should be described as a "story, a dramatic poem or, as theologians now say, a myth." He warned that anyone subscribing to the account as being real might be maneuvered onto false ground in trying to defend indefensible positions.

Focus

Coverage is a word used frequently by insurance salesmen, painters, newspapermen, and broadcasters. In insurance and paint lines it implies protection; for newspapers it means scope; in broadcasting it denotes penetration.

Coverage is a word Christians should use to describe the gospel's protection, scope, and penetration into new areas. There is no protection like the assurance of salvation. There is no scope like the scope of God's love. And nowhere is penetration needed as it is needed in the work of missionaries and evangelists pushing into new areas.

As coverage is the goal in Africa of the Pocket Testament League, so coverage is the world goal of every Seventh-day Adventist, so that "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." DON YOST

Radarscope

➤ **SOME** television experts are predicting that American television sets may begin picking up sporadic signals from overseas TV stations. The reason for this is that the sun is beginning to act up again in its regular eleven-year cycle that affects shortwave transmission. It is expected that the greatest interference will be on the low-numbered channels, especially in fringe reception areas. The reception of overseas channels in the United States could vary from a fairly clear picture complete with sound to all sorts of interference patterns and screeches, or a combination of these effects.

➤ **SINCE** some colors make objects seem closer than other colors do, the color of an automobile is an important factor in driving safety. In tests with colored cards held about 200 feet away from the eye, blue and yellow cards gave the impression of being as much as six feet closer than other cards, so one of the safest color choices for an automobile is a two-toned color combination of blue and yellow—the blue standing out in daylight and fog, and the yellow seen more easily at night.

➤ **AVAILABLE** now is a drinking fountain that screws directly onto an outdoor water faucet. Youngsters, gardeners, or picnickers may have a drink simply by lifting the cup around the spout. When the cup is lowered the water shuts off. A coupler also provided allows simultaneous use of the garden hose and fountain.

➤ **THE** Pocket Testament League, of New York City, has announced its goal of preparing and distributing 5 million "specially prepared soul-winning Gospels to be printed in 20 of the principal African languages" during the next three years.

➤ **IN** an eight-year study of a group of school children it was found that none of the children with normal vision failed in their studies, according to the Better Vision Institute, but 37 per cent of those with visual troubles fail.

➤ **ONE** of the oldest producing pig iron furnaces in the United States is also the smallest, its hearth diameter being only 7 feet, 4 inches. It is near Wrigley, Tennessee.

➤ **SOME** of today's high-flying aircraft soar at such altitudes that 90 per cent of the atmosphere's total weight is underneath them.

➤ **THERE** are 56,000 more women employed in America today than during the wartime peak in 1945. The total now is 19,726,000.

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