

THE

Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

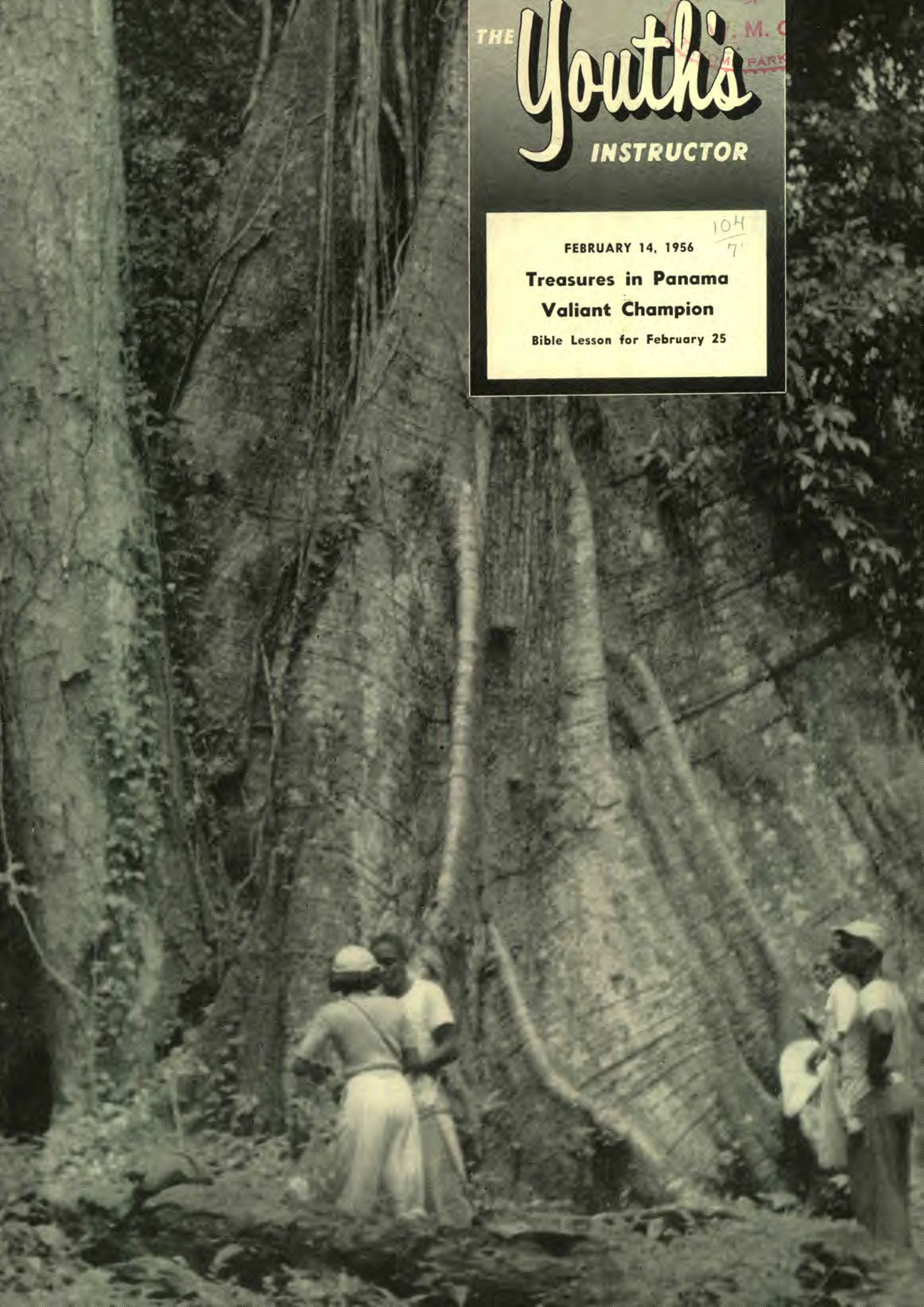
FEBRUARY 14, 1956

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Treasures in Panama

Valiant Champion

Bible Lesson for February 25





The editors of *The Youth's Instructor* are glad to provide this feature for the benefit of its readers. Questions will be answered by youth workers and leaders of experience who possess sympathetic understanding of the problems facing twentieth-century youth.

Answers will represent the considered judgment of the writer and in no case will they represent an official church pronouncement. Every question will be acknowledged. Answers to those of universal interest will appear in print without identification of the one asking or the one answering the question.

1. Submit only one question at a time.
2. Confine your question to one hundred words or less.
3. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for the reply.
4. Send your question to:

The Youth's Instructor
Counsel Clinic
Review and Herald Publishing Association
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

When you go to a clinic you do not expect to be diverted or pacified or fooled. You go because you have serious questions for which you want honest, straightforward answers. We sincerely believe that you will receive this kind of answers from the devoted men and women who have consented to share their beliefs, gained from years of study and experience in the work of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

To sound "A" in the realm of Christian ideals continues to be the concrete and specific and practical objective of this magazine.

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

CLINIC This is the first and the last time that readers will see the particular illustration that accompanies this week's "We Hold These Truths." A new heading will appear when the first question and answer are published. This picture symbolizes, however, the intent of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Counsel Clinic to give well-balanced counsel to twentieth-century youth who are searching for the right solution to their perplexities.

RESPONSE If INSTRUCTOR readers are as ready to use our Counsel Clinic service as they have been to encourage its inauguration, we believe it will be helpful. Only five references to the Clinic have been made, yet responses have come from more than a third of the States as well as foreign countries. One postal response carried seven signatures. Another postal had the single word "Yes" on the correspondence side. Unknown to the INSTRUCTOR staff, someone interested in religious activities at Emmanuel Missionary College devised a mimeographed form that was distributed to the prayer bands for the signatures of those interested. The same form was posted on the college bulletin board and this was signed by many of the community students. These signatures were then forwarded to our office.

QUESTIONS We are gratified by the replies, not only because they indicate the need for a service this magazine can perform but because they reveal that this column is also read! Now let's have your questions, submitted according to the instructions in the editorial announcement.

COUNSELORS Nearly half a hundred experienced youth workers from Seventh-day Adventist ranks have already pledged their support to the Counsel Clinic.

ANSWERS A questioner living in the States should have an answer to his query approximately three weeks after the question reaches the INSTRUCTOR office. Overseas questioners will have to wait longer for answers.

TREES The trees pictured in our Ellen Mattison cover photo are in the jungle of Barro Colorado Island, Canal Zone. This picture, and those accompanying R. F. Mattison's "Treasures in Panama," page 11, were all taken by Mrs. Mattison, but the name of the tree was not given. Someone familiar with this area identified it as a ceiba tree.

WINTER The four-part serial, "If Winter Comes," begins publication next week. By Author Roberta J. Moore, the story unfolds the unusual means one young woman took to solve her problems.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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February 14, 1956

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*Tears are for joy as well as
for sorrow, Jeanie discovered.*



At the Foot of the Rainbow

By WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

AUGUST trailed her limp skirts in the summer dust and gave way to a more vigorous September. Everyone seemed more energetic now that it was growing cooler.

Veda came breezing into the office at the end of the noon hour, waving an official-looking letter at Jeanie. "I'm accepted," she exulted. "I'm going to California to work in the conference office! My, it just seems too good to be true! Here, read the letter."

Jeanie was overcome by mixed emotions. She was glad for Veda's good fortune, yet a feeling of inevitable sadness took possession of her as she read the letter. It meant another parting of the ways! She and Veda had been pals for such a long while.

"What's wrong?" Veda demanded. "I thought you'd be as elated as I over this!"

"Oh, I am. I am indeed!" Jeanie forced a smile. "But you see, we'll not be together any more."

Veda sobered. "Oh dear, I had forgotten that angle in the excitement of being accepted. Jeanie dear, I'll miss you too. Terribly."

Everyone seemed to be a little extra considerate of Jeanie lately. But naturally that was because they wanted to ease her over the disappointment of not being able to make it to college, plus the fact that Veda was so soon to leave.

Then one bright morning in early September, Miss Kennon and Netta seemed extra gay for some reason. It was only about ten more days until college was to open. Couldn't they understand that she wasn't in a gay mood these days?

"Come on into the president's office a

minute," Miss Kennon said. "There might be a suggestion or two about your work."

"Hasn't my work been satisfactory?" Jeanie panicked. "I've tried very hard and no one has ever even suggested that anything was wrong!"

"Don't look so tragic, dear," Netta said. "Chin up."

Jeanie stood in front of the president's desk with a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. "Good morning," she said, trying to keep her voice even. She held on to Miss Kennon's arm, but her own arm was shaking.

"Good morning, Jeanie. How are things going with you of late?" This was the brisk voice of the president.

"Why, just fine—I—I think," Jeanie faltered. She couldn't tell by the look on his face or the tone of his voice whether he was disappointed in her work or not.

The president of the conference looked down at the desk and began to shuffle through a pile of papers. "So you've been saving to go to college, I understand."

It was as though a magic wand had passed over Jeanie's countenance, for her face instantly radiated enthusiasm. "Oh, yes. Indeed I have been."

"How much have you been able to save so far?" he questioned.

"Not quite \$150, and that isn't much toward expenses at college for a year, I guess."

"We all appreciate your efforts to do your work well and your willingness to work overtime—to go the second mile, so to speak. We are all eager for you to realize your ambitions. Why don't you get packed up and go this fall?"

Jeanie began to roll and unroll the edge of her hanky. "Why, I—I—well, by the time I pay my fare and all, I suppose I couldn't count on more than \$125 at the most. Of course, I plan to get work,



STANLEY DUNLAP, ARTIST

Jeanie stood in front of the president's desk with a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. She couldn't tell by the look on the president's face whether he was disappointed in her or not.

but you can never be sure how things will work out, you know."

"If you could perhaps find a place to room and board outside of the dormitory this year, do you think you could get through the term if you had an extra hundred dollars?"

Jeanie's face glowed for a moment, then she ran a perplexed hand over her forehead. "Why, of course I could. But I don't understand what this is all about."

The president of the conference sat back in his swivel chair and smiled complacently. "You see it's this way, young lady. We of the office staff have banded together and pledged one hundred dollars to be paid in by monthly installments toward your expenses this year. Your folks and your uncles are going to help some too. Do you think you could manage under these conditions?"

Jeanie felt like turning a handspike, but she stood her ground. "*Do I!* Just give me a chance to try it." The tiny lump in Jeanie's throat gradually grew to maturity. "I—I—don't know how to thank you—properly. Anyway, I'm grateful from the depths of my heart, and I shall surely try to live up to your confidence in me."

Then Jeanie was sobbing tears of joy on Miss Kennon's shoulder, and Veda came in with a clean hanky and a cup of cold water.

"You see, Jeanie, what'd I tell you? You *are* going to college this year after all. I just knew there'd be a way, somehow!"

Jeanie dried her eyes and smiled dreamily. "Why, this is just like finding the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow! It would be just perfect now if you'd go to college too, Veda. Couldn't you somehow?"

"No, I prefer working a year or two, then I'm going to St. Helena to take the nurses' course. Didn't I tell you?"

"Oh, Veda, I'm so glad to know that. I feared for a while that you'd be tempted to stop your education now. Why, I can just visualize you in a nurse's uniform!"

The president of the conference got up out of his chair, and the girls laughed. "Dear me," Jeanie apologized. "We'd almost forgotten that anyone else existed for a moment there!"

"God bless you," the president said. "Just keep your eyes on the goal ahead and you'll get there all right. You may go and begin that packing now. I think you can both use a little extra time, can't you? Come back and pick up your pay checks before you go. This is not the final goodbye, you know."

The girls were soon talking excitedly on their way back to their apartment. They had many plans, and there was much to be done.

Next week: And this is college.



Identity

By M. CAROL HETZELL

RUBBER screamed at concrete in burning protest. Then came the crash, with a dull echo as the remains of the two cars settled back from the mortal blow.

Distances in Texas often seem interminable to the man behind the wheel, and the accelerator foot grows heavy in an effort to shorten the journey. Sometimes the road becomes shorter—and sometimes it lengthens into eternity.

The accident had occurred near the little town of Gilchrist, and in a short time a crowd had gathered. Too stunned to take action, they gazed in dull horror upon the hapless victims.

"Can anyone here give first aid?" A young woman had stepped through the circle of watchers toward the mangled mass of metal and humanity.

Heads turned in anxious willingness for someone to volunteer, but no one seemed able to answer the question affirmatively.

"All right then," the newcomer announced quietly, "I'll do what I can, and you folks give a lift wherever possible. Has anyone called Galveston for the ambulance?"

"Yes," a bystander hastened to reply. "It should be on its way here now."

The young woman was already bending over a crumpled heap lying at the side of the road. Quick fingers checked for pulse.

"Still alive! I'll need a man's clean handkerchief."

A tourniquet stanchied the flow of blood from an ugly gash.

"Hold this pressure point. Press this cloth over the scalp wound here. Can you loosen this man's collar while I see what we can do for that arm of his?"

Willing hands moved swiftly at the unassuming authority in the girl's voice. The ambulance arrived, and left with

its first load. Still the girl worked on, fighting with death—and the people helped as best they knew how.

Two hours later the last victim was on his way to Galveston, and a sigh of relief broke unconsciously from lips that had been tight pressed in anxiety. It was then that one man whispered to another, "That girl! Who is she? How did she know what to do?"

The only answer as to the identity of the young woman who "knew what to do" came a week later in a letter to the editor of the Beaumont, Texas, *Enterprise*. Mrs. M. Nelson, one of those present on that fateful day, told the story of a need supplied.

"She seemed so calm and collected that I felt I would like to know more about this person," wrote Mrs. Nelson. "Not once did she pause to rest during that trying ordeal of over two hours." Then she repeated the young woman's reply when asked who she was:

"I am a Seventh-day Adventist. My name is not necessary, for I deserve no credit. It was our pastor who showed us how necessary it is to know how to render first aid to our fellow men. Not only is it our Christian duty, but any good citizen should know how to help in time of a crisis. . . . I cannot praise the Red Cross enough for just what this free service has done for me and my family. Seventh-day Adventists all over the United States are availing themselves of this wonderful opportunity."

What a selfless witness to the fellowship of man! "My name is not necessary."

Nearly 100,000 readers of the Beaumont *Enterprise* learned that day that though Seventh-day Adventists prepare for another world, they do not shirk the duties and responsibilities of the present. The young woman stood identified as one of those who love their fellow men.

AFTER completing nurses' training at the Edmonton General Hospital in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, an old desire to travel took possession of my thoughts. One day in May, 1951, as I was looking through *The Canadian Nurse*, a professional magazine, I noticed an advertisement for nurses at the Fresno County Hospital in Fresno, California.

When Diane, my roommate, came off duty, I casually mentioned the ad for nurses in California. To my surprise, she expressed much enthusiasm over the idea and immediately said, "Wonderful! Why don't we answer it right now?"

Together we found a map of the United States and quickly located California. Yes, there was Fresno in the very center of the State! What would it be like to work there? What are the people like? Could we, as Canadian citizens, work in the United States? How and where should we apply for visas? These and many similar questions burst from our excited lips.

Immediately we began to seek answers to our questions, but many weeks passed before we were ready—with suitcases packed and visas in hand, and a letter from the director of nurses at the Fresno County Hospital assuring us of employment upon arrival—to bid farewell to friends and loved ones and begin our adventurous trip. It was late August when we boarded the bus that was to take us through the scenic Canadian Rockies to Vancouver, British Columbia, and down across the border and into the States of Washington, Oregon, and finally, California.

Diane and I arrived in Fresno on a hot Wednesday afternoon in September.

I Become a Seventh-day Adventist

By MARGARET JO PATRY

The ride from the bus depot to the nurses' residence was indeed an interesting one. We were all eyes, for this was to be home for the next few months, and possibly years. The palm-lined boulevards and the Spanish tile roofs thrilled us.

Monday, September 10, 1951, found us beginning work at the hospital on different wards. Diane was to work on the children's ward, and I was assigned to the maternity department.

As I entered my ward I could tell at a glance that the night shift had had a busy night. A glimpse of the night nurse revealed that she was extremely tired. At ten-thirty it was time for my coffee break, and I noticed her just leaving the ward. Shyly I approached her and asked, "Are you going to have some coffee?"

She smiled and replied, "No, I don't

drink coffee, but I will show you where it is served."

I thought, "That's unusual for a night nurse not to drink coffee."

As the days passed I came to know her as Doris, and we became good friends.

One day in November, Doris approached me with, "Say, Jo, how would you like to come along with me to San Diego this weekend? I am going to visit some friends at my training school and I would like to have you come with me if you have no other plans."

Knowing that I was a Catholic, Doris explained that she was a Seventh-day Adventist and that she would attend church on Saturday and she would be happy to have me come to church with her. Never having heard of this religion before, I wondered just what its beliefs were. I had noticed that Doris didn't wear make-up, and she didn't smoke or participate in the discussions among the other nurses about their favorite movies or dances. Could this be because of her religion? I wondered. I accepted the invitation to go to San Diego after Doris assured me that she would drive me to church for Mass on Sunday.

It was an interesting trip for me. Places that I had read about and seen on maps, I was driving through—Bakersfield, with its oil fields, Hollywood, Los Angeles—could this really be true? Here I was, actually seeing these places. Driving along the coast, I saw the Pacific Ocean for the first time. I was thrilled as I watched the huge white-capped waves beat against the shore.

Friday afternoon about two o'clock, we arrived at the nurses' residence at Paradise Valley. This was home to Doris. As we visited her many friends I noticed that everyone seemed to be cleaning and straightening rooms. I wondered whether they were getting ready for room inspection, but later I learned that they were preparing for the Sabbath. I noticed as the girls prepared to go to supper that



T. K. MARTIN

After attending the first meeting of the youth congress in San Francisco, Jo decided to leave off her make-up because it made her feel conspicuous. She marveled at the friendliness evidenced among the young people, and everyone seemed to know everyone else from all over the continent.

they didn't put on any make-up or jewelry.

In the dining room no meat was served. Doris explained that meat was not considered a safe food because of the diseased condition of animals, and therefore it was not served in the nurses' dining room. This certainly was a contrast to what I was accustomed to, but I found myself thoroughly enjoying the association with this congenial group that seemed so happy in spite of the fact that they didn't smoke, wear make-up or jewelry, drink coffee or tea, or eat meat.

Sabbath morning found me with Doris and her friends in what was called Sabbath school. I decided that this was probably the same as Sunday school, which I heard some of my Protestant friends mention. I found myself enjoying the friendly atmosphere and the hymns that were so different from the French-Catholic hymns with which I was familiar. The church service followed, and as I listened to the sermon on "Friendliness" by Pastor Betz, I wondered, "Can anything so good be wrong?"

Sunday morning, as she had promised, Doris took me to St. Mary's church for Mass. For the first time in my life I found myself comparing the simple service of another religion with the complicated ritual of my church.

During the weeks and months that followed I made other trips with Doris to San Diego. It seemed each trip was more enjoyable than the previous one. Then, on my birthday, Doris, knowing that I probably would not read the King James Version of the Bible, presented me with a Douay Version. I was pleased with the gift and promised to read it. As I evidenced more interest in the Seventh-day Adventist religion, I was persuaded to enroll in the Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence Course.

One day in May, 1953, Doris asked, "Would you like to go to San Francisco with me in June?"

Eager at the thought of travel, I replied, "Yes. What is the occasion?"

"I would like to attend the Pan-American Youth Congress, and I think you would enjoy it too."

"What is a youth congress?"

"It's a mass gathering of the Seventh-day Adventist youth from all over this country and other parts of the world. At this youth congress there will be delegates from Canada, Central America, and South America, as well as from the United States."

So plans were laid and reservations were made for us to attend the congress.

June 16 to 20 found us among the thousands of Adventist youth in San Francisco, attending the meetings at the huge Civic Auditorium. After attending the first meeting, I decided to leave off my make-up because it made me feel conspicuous. I enjoyed the meetings and

became very interested in the programs. I marveled at the friendliness everyone displayed and how everyone seemed to know everyone else from all over the continent.

One afternoon we were given the opportunity to visit the St. Helena Sanitarium and Hospital and Pacific Union College, which are about seventy-five miles north of the Bay City. While strolling across the campus at Pacific Union College, we met a group of people from Saskatchewan, Canada. Following a brief introduction, I was asked if I knew a certain person at CUC.

Surprised, and not knowing what CUC stood for, I turned to Doris, who quickly came to my rescue and said, "Canadian Union College." Without my make-up on, someone had mistaken me for a Seventh-day Adventist.

As I read my Bible and studied the correspondence lessons eagerly and prayerfully, the light of the third angel's

message shone into my heart and I was able to see God's plan for my life.

In July, 1953, I began regular attendance at the Fresno Central Seventh-day Adventist church. However, it was not easy to give up faith in the religion that I had firmly believed for so many years. After many conflicts and painful struggles I surrendered my heart completely to my Lord.

On October 8, 1953, I was among other baptismal candidates on the banks of the Kings River on Dr. Moore's ranch in Fresno. What a beautiful day! What a joyous occasion! Angels in heaven rejoiced with Doris as I was buried in baptism by W. O. Reynolds.

The seed that had been sown two years before had found good soil, taken root, and grown. Two years of conflict and sincere heart searching and prayer are being truly rewarded as peace and happiness in my new way of life abound without measure.



A Father's Prayer

By ARTHUR PARCE



My daughter turned sixteen today.
If you could see her you would say,
"How tall, and sweet, such golden
hair,
And slender hands, and skin so fair."

Her eyes the shade of summer skies,
And lips like roses, crimson dyed.
How fine and soft her pretty face,
Clear cut by nature's kindly grace.

And two smooth lines of gleaming
pearls
As bright as any happy girl's,
Between her spreading lips to see
Whenever she will smile at me.

O God, my heavenly Father, hear
This prayer I say for Jeannine dear.
Help her, Lord, like a temple tall,
To stand erect and not to fall.

Let her all smiles and youthful grace
Reflect the glory of Thy face.
And keep her pure, O blessed God,
E'en at the risk of seeming odd.

In this loose world where standards
fall,
May she determine to stand tall.
With head erect and conscience clear,
With heart made clean by the Saviour
dear.

Help her to show her friends the way
To the mansions fair and endless day.
May her hands and feet be busy, Lord,
As she brings to troubled hearts, ac-
cord.

And most of all, dear God, I pray,
Let Sharon's lovely Rose today
Her character with fragrance fill,
And hold her heart to do Thy will.

THE following letter was written by a young woman who wanted some dependable information on the use of cigarettes by women:

"Dr. D. H. Kress

"DEAR SIR:

"I am writing to ask if you have a pamphlet dealing with women and cigarettes.

"Two of my friends and I are rather interested in this subject. The one friend is a married woman of about thirty-five years of age, who is childless. The other is twenty-eight years old, and never intends to marry. I myself am thirty. We are all modern young women, and have been taking an occasional drink and are smoking from twenty to thirty cigarettes each day as a matter of course.

"Naturally, I am much more interested in the effect smoking is having, or will have, on me than I am in what it might do to the other two. They never intend to have children, but sometime in the more or less distant future, when conditions permit, I am going to marry, and I do want babies. (Maybe I'm not so very modern after all!)

"So if it wouldn't inconvenience you so very much, I would appreciate it if you would send me any pamphlet or pamphlets that you have. Thanking you in advance for your kindness and courtesy, Yours very truly."

Several years ago a bishop of Boston in a sermon made the remark, "Let women smoke if men do." The statement may have been made to discourage smoking among men and women, but the editor of the Chicago *American* thought the bishop was inclined to justify the practice among women. In commenting on the statement, the editor said (and what he says is so to the point that I have taken the liberty of quoting it verbatim):

"It is distressing to read that Bishop William Boyd Carpenter sends out from Boston, Massachusetts, his solemn verdict, 'Let women smoke if men do.'

"He says he knows some nice women who smoke. . . . But women are very much nicer when they don't smoke. They are nicer as individuals, nicer in health, and the prospect is 'nicer' for the generation to come."

The editor continues: "Good Bishop, if the women did what the men do, our civilization would go backward with a speed that would disconcert you, and all the good bishops and clergymen on earth could not stop it." Then he gave the bishop this wholesome advice: "Next time you preach on smoking say to the women: 'Be better than the men, as you have always been. Set a good example, as you have always done; think of the children and the generation to come, for which you are responsible.'"

Dr. Richardson, in a book entitled *Diseases of Modern Life*, some years ago



H. A. ROBERTS

"If American women generally contract the [smoking] habit, as reports now indicate they are doing, the entire American nation will suffer," says Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, a former U.S. surgeon general.

My Message to YOUNG WOMEN

By D. H. KRESS, M.D.

made the statement: "If a community of youths of both sexes whose progenitors were finely formed and powerful, were trained to the early practice of smoking, and if marriages were confined to smokers, an apparently new and physically inferior race of men and women would be bred." He said further: "Such an experiment is impossible as we live; for many of our fathers do not smoke, and scarcely any of our mothers, and so chiefly to the credit of our women, be it said, the integrity of the race is fairly preserved." Unfortunately, today most fathers smoke, and many mothers.

Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, a former United States surgeon general, said: "If American women generally contract the

habit, as reports now indicate they are doing, the entire American nation will suffer. The physical tone of the whole nation will be lowered. This is one of the most evil influences in American life today."

It is a more serious matter for a prospective mother to be a user of tobacco than it is for a father. When a prospective mother smokes, the cigarette smoke containing nicotine and other poisons is taken by the blood and conveyed to the developing infant.

In America the smoking of cigarettes by women is recent. The evil resulting from the practice is, therefore, not as apparent as it will be.

Dr. Arnold Lorand, the noted author

of Carlsbad, Czechoslovakia, says: "This pernicious influence of tobacco upon young women is, in my opinion, a matter about which we can no longer be unconcerned. . . . The cases of young women from Russia, Greece, and the Orient who came to consult me at Carlsbad during the years preceding World War I were often very striking. When I studied the cause of their condition, I found nearly all of these women had been addicted to the use of tobacco, *for years*. . . .

"Since the war I have seen tobacco devotees among women who show the same premature senility."

In referring to the increase of cigarette smoking among women, that popular paper known as the London *Tit-Bits*, said:

"Before the outbreak of World War I, women who found consolation in the weed, smoked from fifteen to twenty

cigarettes a week. But, not so now, for the smoking craze has made such headway that there are thousands of women at the present time who think nothing of smoking one hundred to one hundred and fifty cigarettes a week."

The editor added: "Never was there a time when babies were of such vital importance as today. Yet at this critical period, when we need strong, healthy children to fill the ranks depleted by those who have gone before, there is likely to come into the world a race of weaklings, who have paid the price of their mothers' devotion to tobacco."

The instruction given by a heavenly messenger to a prospective mother should be heeded. This messenger said to her, "Behold . . . thou shalt conceive, and bear a son. Now therefore beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing."

The propaganda carried on by the various tobacco concerns to encourage women and girls to smoke is one of the most destructive plots the enemy could possibly invent to destroy the human race.

As long as women are what they should be, the world cannot go far wrong, but when women go wrong, the home is gone, and the world is doomed. It was when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose," "and they bare children to them," that the world condition became hopeless, and the Flood became a necessity and an act of mercy. Referring to that event, Jesus said: "As the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." When a similar world condition will again develop, the coming of the Son of man will be a necessity and an act of mercy.

What's in a Name?

By W. R. FERGUSON

DOING a "walk-about" through the mountains of Guadalcanal the other day, I bent down to shake hands with a little eight-year-old boy. I asked someone his name.

A voice nearby said, "Leaf."

I thought I had heard incorrectly, so I asked again.

Once more the name was given, "Leaf."

It appears that when this little lad was born he was wrapped in a banana leaf because of the cold.

Another name that caught my attention just a little farther down the line was Ceiling. This boy shook hands with me and gave me quite a smile. While the father of the boy was working for a European he heard the word "ceiling" and, not knowing the meaning but liking the sound, gave his newborn son this unusual name.

A few days later I visited another village. The local chieftain proudly introduced me to his son, Labour. After many questions I learned that this man had labored for the American soldiers, and to commemorate this he called his son, who was born at that time, Labour.

About four days later I took a devotional meeting in one of our churches

near the coast. One of the last to shake hands was a little Western Solomons girl, the village teacher's child. By now I had



R. E. HARE

Names of the Solomon Islands children can be quite entertaining. These little boys may have been named to commemorate some event or sound of a word that appealed to the hearing of their parents.

found that names of children here in the Solomons can be quite entertaining. So I asked her name, and much to my surprise the father said, "Everready." I could not help showing surprise. You can be sure I questioned this teacher quite closely.

It seems that this teacher, just before the outbreak of the last war, was appointed to a new village. He was told, as he took up his abode in the village, to be ready at a moment's notice to begin to build a new village, when word was sent. War broke out, and word was never given to go ahead. For months this teacher had remained ever ready to build—and then a little baby was born. So what better name could be given than Everready, to the child of a waiting parent?

These four names remind me of a number of others I have heard during the last few years. A national pastor was hurriedly called upon to deliver a baby on the deck of one of our little mission ships. He considered it his right to name the baby. And so today a girl of seven years bears the name Deckaline, because she was born on the deck of a ship.

A church clerk is called Meati. The "i" is placed on the end of the word because native words almost always end with a vowel. Not far from where I live is a girl called Timber, and a boy is called Spelling, while another is called Nighty.

But a man I had as a captain for my forty-five-foot launch had even a more curious name. When I first knew him he was called Guitar, but before the war he was known as Soapu, and a few of the old hands still call him that.

Well, anyway, soap is one of the chief things that these people want when they become Adventists, members of the well-known Clean Mission.

IT IS common to sorrow in afflictions, and to rejoice in health and prosperity. This is human, but when we get the divine viewpoint we will joy in adversity. James wrote: "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." And why is this? The answer is given in the next verse: "Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience."¹

Afflictions are sometimes said to be the factory wherein God builds character. An invalid, who suffered great pain, was thinking one night of the reason for her long-continued affliction. Suddenly, as the story goes, the room was filled with light, and a beautiful angel bent over the sufferer. "Daughter," he said, "are you impatient?"

"Yes," she replied frankly, "I suppose I am. I know that I am a sinner, but I know that Christ died for my sins, and I hoped that His sufferings, not mine, would save me."

"True, true," said the visitor. "But come with me. I have something to show you."

Taking the invalid in his arms, he carried her over land and water to a far-off city, and to a workshop in that city. In the workshop, men were intently at work grinding what seemed to be small brown pebbles. Her guide pointed to one man who seemed to be working more earnestly than the others. He had a brown pebble in a strong pair of pincers, and was holding it without mercy upon the rough grinding wheel. The pebble was a diamond. Every little while he held it up to the light and examined it carefully.

Said the invalid, "Workman, why do you hold the pebble on the wheel so hard?"



God does not willingly afflict His children, but the luxuries of life today tend to make men like hothouse plants that wither unless they are protected from the rigors and fury of the elements.

No

Hothouse Treatment

By DALLAS YOUNGS

"I do that that I may grind off every flaw. When I am finished this will be a beautiful jewel in the crown of the king."

"But you waste so much of it," protested the sufferer.

"True, but what is left will be worth so much the more."

The guide gently conveyed the invalid back to her room. "Daughter," he said, "do you understand what you have seen?"

With great humility she said: "May I dare to hope that I am a diamond in the hands of the polisher who is preparing me for the crown of the Great King?"

"Daughter," replied the angelic guide in the story, "you may have that consolation. Every sorrow, every pain, every pang of suffering, every 'light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

Without doubt you have at some time or another received discipline from your parents. It was given, not to give your

parents pleasure, but that you might bear the fruits of righteousness. Your parents saw some unlovely trait forming in your life. It would damage your character, impair your success in life, and perhaps endanger your eternal welfare. What to do? There was but one answer: You must be aroused, brought to see the necessity of casting out this perilous trait. Did you see the need of it at that time? Likely not. But you do now, and you bless the hand that had the love and courage to administer the punishment.

In the city of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, the broken end of a high-voltage wire was lying loose on the pavement. Mr. Hildebrand, an engineer, was walking toward it, entirely unconscious of his danger. Mr. Schlitzer saw what was about to happen and yelled to warn him, but his voice was drowned by noise. Thinking quickly, he picked up a stone and hit Hildebrand in the chest. He looked up just as he was about to step on the wire.

With tears he thanked his friend for having saved his life. We, too, will thank the Lord one day for the chastening rod that has saved us from more than one calamity. By the exercise of God's divine providence we experience adversity, ill-health, persecution, poverty. We think this is hard, and it may be. But it is the chastening rod of God, preparing us for greater things in this life and for greater things in all eternity.

God's way of dealing with men was no mystery to the writer of Hebrews. Hear him: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."

"Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own



pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."²

When the larch tree was brought from Southern Europe to Britain, gardeners thought that because it came from a warm climate it would do best in the hothouse. But it didn't. It seemed to wither and die. Finally, as a last resort, they threw it outside. There it took root and flourished, becoming one of England's most beautiful trees.

God uses no hothouse methods in preparing people for His kingdom. He cannot. He frankly declares that chastening is unpleasant—unpleasant but necessary, because it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness. It is truly said that the worse the disease the more bitter the medicine. Selfishness, impurity, stubbornness, blasphemy, lying, stealing, and such are bad diseases, and it generally takes drastic measures on God's part to bring a man to the place of repentance and reformation.

It has been said, "God's corrections are our instructions; His lashes our lessons, and His scourges our schoolmasters." Let the thought never be entertained that God corrects for His own pleasure. He loves us, and in His love He disciplines and corrects us for our good.

The saints of old endured the rigors of severe discipline. They had trials of "cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented."³ Abraham had his Mount Moriah, Joseph his descent into Egypt, Moses learned patience in the wilderness, Paul had his Damascus road, his years in the desert, and his thorn in the flesh. Even Jesus "learned . . . obedience by the things which he suffered."

We are now living in a "hothouse" age. Men today, compared to their ancestors, are soft—made so by the conveniences and luxuries that surround them. Life is easy. Many no longer earn their bread by the sweat of their face. The world needs more David Livingstones, more Robert Moffatts, more Jane Welch.

Jane Welch was the daughter of the man who was one of the bravest men in Scotland. When her husband was in exile, she went to the king to plead for his return. She did not want him to die in a distant land.

"Tell him to recant," said the king, "and he shall return."

Lifting her apron she said, "Your majesty, with all respect, I would rather catch his head here."

The war that began in heaven six thousand years ago is still raging. God is still fighting against the forces of darkness. It is a grim life and death struggle and God needs brave, self-sacrificing men on His side. He needs men upon whom He can depend.

During the Civil War an officer and his son were fighting together on the Northern side. The officer needed to send an important dispatch to his general. He chose his son. The young man receiving his father's command, mounted his horse and rode through a hail of



Spring Fever

By

EVELINE WENTLAND HEINTZ

I know I have spring fever
When I look outside today,
In dream I smell the April rain
And feel the warmth of May;
I hear the golden, mellow notes
That from the winged folks pour—
And walk the budding country trail,
For half an hour or more.

Although the sun shines bright outside
Within the house I stay,
For February days are chill
And not at all like May.

enemy bullets. He delivered the message and returned. His father threw his arms around him. "My son," he said, "I did not want you to be killed, but I had to have someone upon whom I could depend."

God does not afflict willingly, but He has to have someone upon whom He can depend. But there is more to life than running God's errands—there is eternity. It must be prepared for by a perfecting of the character.

You ask: How can I be happy in my pain, in my sorrow, in my reverses, in my persecution? Was Jesus discouraged when He "came unto his own, and his own received him not"? Did Paul give up when he was stoned and left for dead, when he was betrayed by false brethren, when he was shipwrecked on his missionary journeys, when he was

imprisoned for the truth's sake, or when he was beaten with the rod?

Not at all! He rejoiced in that he was accounted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. He looked forward to the eternal world with all its wonders. Hear him as he says: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."⁴

God has in nature provided an illustration of almost every phase of human experience—even of happiness in affliction. The thistle bird sings persistently when in trouble. In Nebraska a man heard a bird singing near his window for several successive days. He wondered about it, and finally put a ladder up the tree and there found that a thistle bird had become entangled in its nest and could not escape. He loosed the bird's foot and it flew away.

The remarkable part of this is that the bird's habit of singing in trouble was the cause of its release. This reminds us that God heard Paul and Silas as they sang in the stocks, and sent an earthquake to deliver them.

Happiness is a state of the mind rather than pleasant surroundings. There is hardly a circumstance, no matter how miserable, under which one may not be happy if he will but see the hand of God in it and rightly relate himself to it. "I would gladly take your tract," said a soldier to a hospital worker, "but I lost both my arms in battle. And I would gladly lose them again," he went on, "rather than not enjoy what I now possess."

On the battlefield the soldier had obtained something of greater value than his arms—his soul's salvation. He could not regret his physical loss for rejoicing over God's mercy in saving him. The consciousness of salvation more than compensated for every loss he had suffered.

In order that we may rejoice in afflictions it is necessary that we get the divine viewpoint and be in harmony with it. No man can be happy in rebellion against his fate. God means all for good, but in order that good may come, you must also will it. That was what the apostle meant when he said, "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

To the child of God, periods of affliction may be the happiest times of his life. The hand that wields the rod will place a divine caress upon the brow. It is at such a time that God draws nearest. The sense of sins forgiven, of peace with your Maker, of His divine approval, is worth more than even life itself.

In your next affliction look to see the hand of God in it, and rejoice that God sees in you that which is worth saving.

¹ James 1:2, 3.
² Heb. 12:5-11.

³ Heb. 11:36, 37.
⁴ 2 Cor. 4:17.

Treasures in Panama

By R. F. MATTISON



TWENTY fortunate young people recently gathered at Gamboa, Canal Zone, for the first Nature Training Course to be conducted in the Inter-American Division. They had been looking forward to this time since the beginning of 1955 when D. H. Baasch first announced that Dr. R. A. Underhill would be able to come.

Thanks to the missionary spirit of Walla Walla College, Dr. Underhill was permitted to take time out of his busy teaching to conduct this much-needed program. Little has been done for our youth along these lines in the past, and this was an answer to the prayers of many young people and youth leaders.

The campers were delighted and thrilled by the glimpses into the treasure house of nature as mysteries and facts from the lives of birds, insects, and plants were unfolded before them. The challenge of leading the juniors into the thrill of discovery was also presented by Pastor Baasch. The whole group participated in the study of birds, and many of them will soon have their advanced honor in birds as a result. They were divided into two groups for the other studies of trees and insects. At the end of the course eight persons received the beginners and advanced honors in trees and insects, and of the ones that studied the insects six completed honors in moths and butterflies.

It was a great thrill to discover a new bird that had not been placed on the camp list as yet, and to go chasing through the jungle after the exotic tropical butterflies. Especially hard to catch were the beautiful blue *Morpho* butterflies, and yet four were captured by the campers. Two of the largest grasshoppers that many of us had ever seen, measuring five and six inches long, were added to our collection. A large rhinoceros beetle was also caught. Dr. Underhill was asked to choose specimens from the collections of the campers, for they wanted him to have something to remember them by.

The high light was reached Thursday when all the campers boarded the train and went to Frijoles and from there by launch to Barro Colorado Island, the game preserve maintained by the United States Government here in the Canal Zone. Guides led the campers in two groups through the jungles, pointing out birds and animals along the trails of this beautiful island.

Sabbath brought the climax to a wonder-filled week of adventure and discovery. The nature hike in the afternoon and the vesper service made the most thrilling Sabbath they had ever celebrated, according to comments of the campers and church members.

ELLEN MATTISON

Top to Bottom: Panama Canal, from Barro Colorado Island; road caught by the campers; Dr. R. A. Underhill takes movies of nature specimens; the coati of Barro Colorado Island; Dr. Underhill and one of the campers catching butterflies.



IF YOU ever go to southern Michigan, look for the rambling farm buildings belonging to Cecil and Dorothy Brandon. Follow the maple-tree lane past the big red barn, go through the large white gate, and cross the cornfield.

Slide under the wire fence, and you'll find yourself in the clover pasture. The chances are you'll discover a friendly, long-legged teen-aged girl. If you do, she'll hardly greet you before she tells you the story of King, her beloved bay horse.

"He's a real hero, you know," she'll say in her friendly way.

That's the way she began this story for me.

"See, here he comes now."

As I turned my eyes, the beauty of the massive flash of mahogany bounding in our direction caused my eyes to match the eager sparkle in hers. Big, barrel-chested, and mighty, he came to a halt as Beverly whistled.

"Come and pet him," she invited. "He's as gentle as a cat caressing her kitten." She walked to him, holding out her hand. King opened his mouth, neighed his welcome, and snuggled against her. Rubbing his velveteen nose, she fed him one of the apples she carried in her pocket for him.

"Where's Lady?" she asked. "Call Lady for us, King."

His long ears straightened like the tail of a pointer who had caught a bird scent, and his head, glistening with perspiration, cocked to one side as if studying her; then opening his mouth he called out a series of whimperings and neighings.

As if a stage director had given a cue, an answering sound was heard from the other side of the shade tree in the center of the field and a black duplicate of King came thundering across the field.

"Here, you can give them each an apple," Beverly generously offered.

"I'd like that. Thank you."

After I had petted both horses, Beverly gently slapped them to send them back to their play.

Dropping gracefully on a grassy knoll, she continued. "King saved Lady twice, you know." She stopped.

With uninhibited curiosity I finally blurted, "What happened? *Come on*, tell me."

"Well, the first time, I was just a little girl—"

As she talked, I let my imagination see it all.

[Earning 100 per cent of her school expenses, the author has been a secretary, department-store clerk, governess, cook, and practical nurse. She has taught church school for ten years, and was working toward completion of a course in education at Emmanuel Missionary College when this story was written in a creative writing class. She loves children, enjoys teaching, and likes swimming, crafts, and reading. After reading her true nature story we think you'll agree that she doesn't fall behind in writing either.]

As he rode toward the barn, Mr. Brandon planned aloud.

"I'll get that heavy rope from the pulley on the hay lift. It ought to be stout enough."

Valiant Champion



By LAVERN SWEGLES

White puffs of gauze floated in a sky only a little less blue than the flash of the bluejay as he passes. Warming sunbeams lured the family out of the house, and the teasing breezes coaxed them into their car.

"Just the day to be going some place," they agreed.

And away they went, little realizing that this same combination of Heaven's gifts would call to their animals also, rousing a thirst for adventure that could be quenched only by action.

When the family returned, their visiting appetite satisfied, King was in the lane close to the house. He whinnied nervously and made a frightful commotion.

"Well, Dorothy, it looks as if King is giving us a grand-entrance show."

"He's certainly putting his heart and soul into the performance." Turning to the actor, she applauded, "Thank you, sir! You are in especially fine fettle tonight."

They went with their young daughter into the house.

But King would not be satisfied with compliments.

He called louder, challenging them to come out, defying them to ignore his summons.

Finally Mrs. Brandon announced thoughtfully, "Cecil, I think you'd better go out and see if something is wrong with that horse."

"I was thinking that myself," he said, dragging himself out of his chair. "I just hated to move from this comfortable seat."

"If King had been showing off before, he now gave a feature performance. Leaping, snorting, nearly snarling, King expressed his urgency.

"Why, I believe he wants me to follow him," Mr. Brandon decided with genuine surprise.

Running and halting, King coaxed Mr. Brandon down the lane. When he reached the white gate, the bay stretched like a rubber band and flew over it with a mighty snap. The astonished man climbed and followed. Without crossing the cornfield, they went down the lane to the pasture.

King whizzed across the field to the swamp as his master sped after him. A nagging image began tantalizing the man's thoughts like the shirttail of an elusive ghost.

"Where's Lady? I don't see her. Can she be stuck in the swamp?"

His common sense answered, "Of course she's not in that mire. She's crossed the path many times. She knows the way."

"Then where is she?" his searching mind countered as he neared the marsh.

What a sorry sight greeted him! Lady was there, sunk in the boggy land until it looked as though she was part of her surroundings. Her four feet and half of her body were drawn into it. Near the

path were strewn a few blades of grass to show where she had stopped a while to munch.

The green grass had looked good growing there on that clump of dirt, but the land under and around it was soft. Ordinarily Lady would have passed the temptation to nibble without a glance, but today the treacherous whispers of the shy breezelets and the impelling lure of grass had been too strong. In the pleasure of eating the delicious, sweet-flavored herbage, she forgot caution. Thoughtlessly putting one front foot out to steady herself, she slipped and was trapped in the oozing mush. Then like a fly on sticky paper, she stepped down on the other foot while she tried to draw out the first and it stuck also. She floundered, ensnaring her whole body. She had tried so long and so hard to extricate herself that she was completely exhausted, motionless.

Quickly grasping the situation, Mr. Brandon exchanged thoughts for action.

"Come on, King." We have work to do."

Vaulting into riding position, he leaned forward over King's neck and headed back in the direction from which they had come.

As he rode toward the barn Mr. Brandon planned aloud. "I'll get that heavy rope from the pulley on the hay lift. It ought to be stout enough."

They raced to the mow, grabbed the cable, and sped back to Lady.

Managing to unglue her two front feet, Mr. Brandon wound the rope around her body twice and tied the loose end to King.

"Giddap, King!" he directed. "Come on, a little more. There now! Whoa, boy!" He stopped to untangle the line. "It's fixed now. Giddap!"

Verbally directing King right and left, they rolled Lady from the mud as the coil unwound.

"That's it, take it easy. Here she comes! Attaboy!"

Giving the powerful horse a gentle pat on the nose, he untied the rope and went over to Lady.

"You're all right now, Lady girl! You're all right," he soothed. "You're sure all tucked out—What you shivering for?—Chilled? I guess I better get a blanket. King, you stay with her. I'll be right back."

In the barn he found a large blanket, filled a bucket with water, and measured a quart of oats. Calling to his wife, he reassured her. Then taking all three things, he returned to the horses. Quickly he built a fire to warm the rescued animal, covered her, and gave her a drink. He put the feed close to her mouth.

After watching her for an hour, he went to the house.

Returning at midnight, he was surprised to see her at the opposite end of the field with King, both quietly nib-

bling grass, shoulder to shoulder, as if nothing had ever happened.

The last scene slid from view. I was startled to hear the voice of Beverly flash back into my consciousness.

"That sure was a load off Dad's chest."

"And no bad effects?" I asked her.

"No bad effects," she repeated, "but you can see why Lady came trotting when King called."

Beverly sprang up from her position on the grass.

"But you said that he had saved her twice. Don't tell me that she got mired again!"

"No, not there again. Come on back to the end of the pasture where Dad is. I want to show you the old river bed. It used to have a lot of water, but there's hardly enough for a swim now. See that high bank. We used to jump from that, and it was loads of fun. The water was as clear as glass and we could see bottom. Sometimes the fish would come real close, and we could catch them standing right where you are now."

"What? Do you mean to tell me that the fish stood right where I am now?" I teased.

She laughed. "You know what I mean! But they came so close that it seemed we could reach in the water and catch them. There's Dad over there. Let's go over, and he can tell you about it."

We crossed to the other side.

"Hi, Dad," Beverly greeted him. "Here's someone who wants to know about Lady's dip in the deep. Got time to talk now?"

"Sure thing, Babe."

Turning to me, he inquired, "Did Bev tell you that we were away when this happened?"

"She hasn't told me anything about it yet. But she said you were away when Lady landed in the mud."

"Oh, Bev calls that Lady's dunk-in-the-dirt and this she refers to as Lady's dip-in-the-deep." And he looked fondly at his offspring.

After a good laugh by all of us, he continued.

"As I was saying, we were away. Lady and King came down to drink. The big shade trees hang like umbrellas over the river, and the water is cool here. King must have stopped back here, but Lady started down the bank. Usually it is a perfectly safe place to descend, but this was right after a heavy rain and the ground was deceiving. Lady slipped and fell in the river."

"Was that so bad?" I wanted to know. "I've seen horses wade right into water and even swim."

"That's what Lady planned to do. Ordinarily it would have worked out all right, but you remember this was after the rain. Trees and broken limbs were everywhere like Christmas wrappings. Lady decided to swim a little way to a

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As I Have Loved

By IAN WOLFE

FOR once the sun was shining. This had been the worst summer in living memory, but now October, for this morning at any rate, had brought the sun. As its life-giving rays filtered through the smoke-filled atmosphere of the little industrial town, memories flooded the mind of the young teacher sitting at his desk.

John had been born and raised in bonnie Scotland, but this particular part of the country, with its sooty chimneys belching flame, its grime, and its dirt, somewhat belied the tourists' usual description. In this environment, bordered on one side by a scrap merchant's yard, on the other by a garage, stood the school, a grim, forbidding assortment of buildings. Nor were the pupils out of keeping with their surroundings—their faces dirty, their clothes torn, and (so it seemed to John at times) their souls as black as their surroundings.

But this morning the sun was shining. John had been reading for his morning devotions a book on the love of Christ and its fulfillment in the lives of men today. And as he looked at his class again he thought, "How can I possibly love such miserable, thieving, lying, cheating little wretches? Surely Christ does not expect that! Surely—" But into the recesses of his mind, in a still, yet insistent little voice, came the words, "They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick."

"What," mused John, "would Christ do in this school?"

His mind went back over the two years he had spent there. What had he ac-

complished? What good had he done? How much of the love of Christ had been manifested in his life?

He thought of Robert, a fourteen-year-old with curly red hair. John had disliked the boy from the first, with his cocksure manner and his impudent remarks. Discipline in the school was tough, and Robert had had his full share of thrashings. He was often late for school, and always dirty and untidy. Then came the day when Robert was convicted of breaking into houses and stealing money. He was sent for two years to a reform school. It was then that John learned the boy's home circumstances. Both his father and mother were out at work all day and had no time for their son. He had to awaken himself, cook all his own meals, mend all his own clothes. What the boy needed was trust and affection, a sense of being wanted—and he, John, had failed to fill that desperate need. But what would Jesus have done?

Then there was Alex. John saw very little of him, for he was a confirmed truant. But when they did meet, there usually ensued a scene of just retribution. Beaten at home, beaten at school, the

boy began to live a lone life of crime. Now he had passed out of John's care, for he was spending five years in the reformatory, having admitted to a charge of breaking into six shops. But would the lad have fled from Jesus as he had from John?

Many other faces passed in retrospect before John that morning—clean faces, dirty faces, happy faces, embittered faces, faces in which the devil himself seemed to have a vested interest, but faces of lads and lasses for whom Christ died. He thought of Willie with his filthy home, his mother dead, and never a shirt to his back; he thought of Margaret, even at the age of fourteen showing signs of the immoral life that was to be hers; of Dennis with his retarded mentality and his national origin of which the other boys teased him.

John thought of his two years' work. He had taught them English and history and geography and sometimes Bible. He had taught them conscientiously enough. He had tried to impress on their minds lessons of honesty, of trustworthiness, of obedience. He had praised them when deserving, and chastised them when necessary. In short, he had been a good teacher. But—and the thought would not leave him—had he been a good Christian? "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Oh, it was all very well for teachers in church schools with more prepossessing pupils, children with fine clothes and good homes. And yet, was not the mission of Jesus to the despised tax gatherers, the dirty paupers, the immoral, and the unclean? Again there came to John's memory that line of the hymn that runs, "How kind was our Saviour to bid those children welcome." Jesus seemed to be standing at his desk saying, "As I have given you an example, so do ye."

"Lord," prayed John, "help me to love the unlovely, to see them as souls for whom Thou hast died, and for whom I must labor in love."

"Out in the darkness, shadowed by sin, Souls are in bondage, souls we would win.

How can we win them? How show the way?

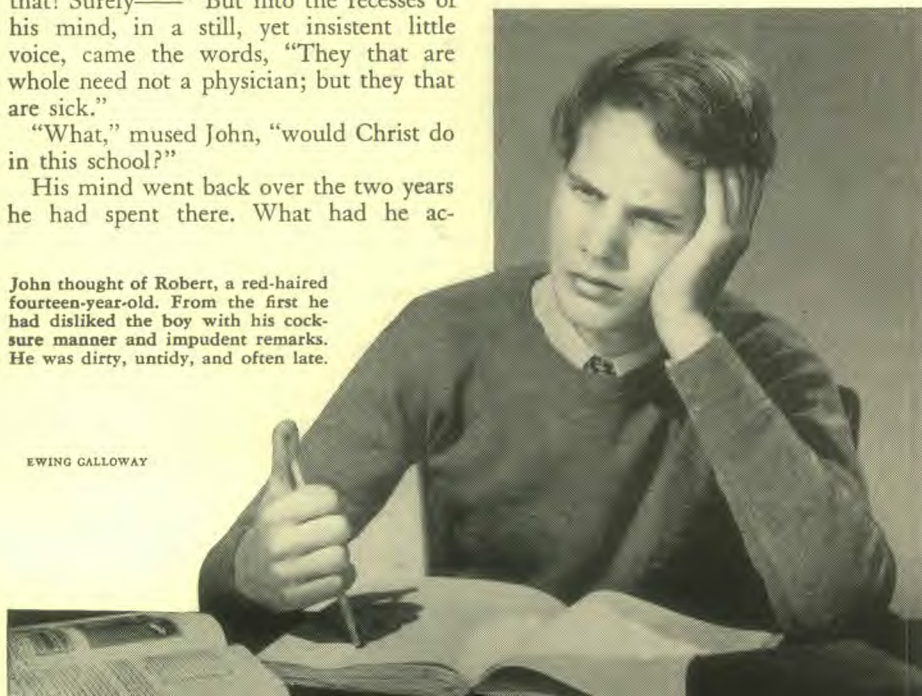
Love never faileth. Love is the way."

How often have we sung this hymn—but how seldom do we carry it out! Whether we be teachers or pupils, in church school or state school, artists or bricklayers, nurses or navvies, "brethren, let us love one another"—not with the sloppy, sentimental variety, but with the active, all-embracing, positive force that motivated our Saviour. We carry within ourselves a force greater than dynamite, more powerful than the A-bomb or the H-bomb or all of them put together—the healing, restoring, miracle-working, mountain-removing dynamite of love.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

John thought of Robert, a red-haired fourteen-year-old. From the first he had disliked the boy with his cocksure manner and impudent remarks. He was dirty, untidy, and often late.

EWING GALLOWAY



THE ability of handicapped men and women who, accepting themselves, have achieved success, Dr. Alfred Adler has called "the human being's power to turn a minus into a plus." It might be stated this way: Energy plus aim equals accomplishment. A lead bullet if fired against a two-inch board from a lightly charged cartridge will fall inert to the ground, while a wax bullet fired from a highly charged cartridge will penetrate the same board. It is energy plus aim that does the trick.

We have been told that everyone is the architect of his own destiny, or as one of the poets has expressed it, "So build we up the being that we are." Of all the animals of creation, man is the one in whom heredity counts the least, and initiative and enterprise the most. Man's infancy is the longest, his instincts are the least fixed, his brain is the most unfinished at birth, his habit-forming and habit-changing powers are most marked, and his susceptibility to social stimuli is the greatest. In every way God has created a being with the inherent power of raising his capacity and productivity. Nature largely mothers and guides other creatures; the human creature must take himself in hand and finish himself.

Ralph Waldo Emerson saw the matter of our heaven-given responsibility thus: "There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on *that plot of ground which is given to him to till.*" (Italics supplied.)

Harry Emerson Fosdick remarks that "life consists not simply in what heredity and environment do to us but in what we make of what they do to us."

"Fate slew him, but he did not drop;
She felled—he did not fall—
Impaled him on her fiercest stakes—
He neutralized them all."

"Success does not consist in never falling, but in rising every time we fall," someone has said; and success is a worthy goal provided we do not become enamored of it! Longfellow in his homey and direct way has stated the matter in his poem "The Ladder of Saint Augustine":

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

History is replete with the accounts of what common men have accomplished. Joseph, a foreigner and a prisoner, because he keenly sensed his mission as well as his dependence on God, became the savior of his people. David, the eighth son of Jesse, though not so noble appearing or strong as his older brothers, was the one chosen to slay Goliath and put the Phil-

Turn Your Minus Into a Plus

By H. B. LUNDQUIST

istines to flight, because he recognized his destiny.

Judas Maccabaeus, the son of an obscure but venerable priest, turned back armies ten times the size of his and, after Israel had languished for three centuries, re-established the Jewish kingdom, and thus prepared the way for the Messiah.

In the time of Luther as well as in that of James and Ellen White, without a doubt there were eminent divines who could have, had they recognized the duty and privilege of so doing, done a more

brilliant work than those God chose. God uses best the instruments that are willing in His hands.

And so it has been since the beginning of time. Paul declared, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the . . . things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."

What a calling and what a privilege—partnership with God for the salvation not only of ourselves but of the race of which we are a part!



ARMED FORCES INSTITUTE OF PATHOLOGY

The purposeful aim and long, patient struggle of the handicapped eventually finds its reward.



THE BLACK MAMBAS

By DELMAR T. BURKE

nOHA, Muruti, noha!" screamed the servant boys at the back door of the Sitoti Mission house one evening.

"Muruti [teacher], come with the gun and help. There is a *noha* in the fowl run," they shouted.

In an instant the missionary had a double-barreled shotgun and was running for the chicken house, which was only a hundred feet behind the house. A quick search in the chicken house with a torch (flashlight) revealed that there was indeed a *noha* in the fowl run. There in plain view was a black mamba coiled around a young chicken.

The black mamba is one of the most poisonous snakes in the world, his victims dying within fifteen minutes after being bitten. He is a member of the notorious cobra family, and when agitated, is very courageous and fast, charging with such speed that his prey cannot get out of the way.

One charge from the gun went full into the chicken and snake without any apparent harm to the snake. He uncoiled from the chicken and started to escape when another blast from the gun took off his head about two inches back. The Africans laughed and shouted, as they always do when they see such a deadly enemy put out of the way.

Another dangerous foe who is abroad day or night is Satan. He is at work in every land. The best weapon with which to defeat him is the sword of the Spirit,

which is the Word of God. No matter how young or how old you are, wherever you may be, you can use that weapon for your defense, and you can shout in victory.

To get meat for African paddlers, a hunting party put ashore on a lonely island in the upper Zambezi River, in Barotseland. No sooner had the party landed than it began penetrating the thick bush that covered the island. Just a short distance in, as the missionary was walking under a large tree, there was a heavy thud a few feet away. There in the weeds was a huge black mamba unwinding and starting away. A quick aim and fire with a rifle broke his back about midway. He coiled in a flash and held his head high, weaving back and forth, getting ready for a strike. Another shot timed just right severed his head. Again the Africans shouted their approval on seeing the fallen foe.

As I think of that snake falling from the tree I am reminded of the text: "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

We need to wake up to the fact that he is making plays and counterplays for every one of us, and we must be constantly on our guard lest he deceive us and even use us in his subtle warfare to deceive and destroy others.

Two missionaries were crossing the flooded *Labala la Matabeli* ("Plain of

the Matabele") branching out from the Zambezi below Sitoti Mission. They were leisurely riding along, the barge being paddled by a few Africans, who were always glad to be members of the white man's party.

Suddenly someone noticed a black mamba swimming toward the barge with full determination of coming aboard. Both missionaries were immediately concerned with trying to shoot the unwelcome guest. How it happened that that snake was in the middle of the flooded plain they could not guess. They only knew he wanted aboard.

For a time there was almost complete confusion aboard, for no one wanted to be on the boat with that black snake. Because of the rocking of the boat and the dodging of the snake, it was a difficult task to hit him. Finally, however, one of the men made a lucky shot, and the snake limply floated away. All aboard rejoiced that they did not have to abandon the boat to the intruder.

God's people are on the lifeboat that will safely carry them across the stormy sea of life, but they must stay aboard. The old serpent would like to cause confusion among the voyagers and cause some to abandon ship. Yes, if it were possible, Satan would come aboard the ship of life to scatter the passengers.

In times of stress or storm we cannot trust in ourselves, or in others, but only in the Lord. He will never fail to defend us from the attacks of the serpent, Satan.

SABBATH SCHOOL



Jehovah's Challenge to False Gods

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 25

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41:10).

OUTSIDE READING: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 143-154.

FOR SUNDAY

1. How does God display His merciful providence?

"Keep silence before me, O islands; and let the people renew their strength: let them come near; then let them speak: let us come near together to judgement" (Isa. 41:1). See also Isa. 41:18.

NOTE.—He is the God of consideration. He invited everyone into His counsels, not only to listen but to speak. He will act on the evidence.

2. What right does God have to summon the people?

"Who hath wrought and done it, calling the generations from the beginning? I the Lord, the first, and with the last; I am he" (Isa. 41:4). See also Isa. 42:8, 9; 44:6-10; Job 38:4, 5; Rev. 22:13.

NOTE.—The Lord of heaven is the God of action and of accomplishment. He has called the generations from the beginning. His credentials, or His right to speak, are established in eternity.

FOR MONDAY

3. What statement is made regarding His compassion?

"When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together: that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it" (Isa. 41:17-20). See also Ps. 86:15; Isa. 42:16; Matt. 14:14.

"For I know the plans I have for you, says the Lord, plans for welfare and not for evil, to give you a future and a hope" (Jer. 29:11, R.S.V.).

NOTE.—"The people of God will not be free from suffering; but while persecuted and distressed, while they endure privation, and suffer for want of food, they will not be left to perish. That God who cared for Elijah, will not pass by one of His

self-sacrificing children. He who numbers the hairs of their head, will care for them; and in time of famine they shall be satisfied. While the wicked are dying from hunger and pestilence, angels will shield the righteous, and supply their wants. To him that 'walketh righteously' is the promise, 'Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.'—*The Great Controversy*, p. 629.

4. How does God expose the helpless state of false gods?

"Produce your cause, saith the Lord; bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob. Let them bring them forth, and shew us what shall happen: let them shew the former things, what they be, that we may consider them, and know the latter end of them; or declare us things for to come. Shew the things that are to come hereafter, that we may know that ye are gods: yea, do good, or do evil, that we may be dismayed, and behold it together" (Isa. 41:21-23). See also Jer. 10:5; Hab. 2:18, 19; Isa. 46:5-7.

NOTE.—They have no cause, no strong reason. They are even more helpless than the tiniest single cell creature. They cannot think, perceive, or act. They are utterly without life and sense.

FOR TUESDAY

5. What is their standing before God?

"Behold, ye are of nothing, and your work of nought: an abomination is he that chooseth you" (Isa. 41:24). "For I beheld, and there was no man; even among them, and there was no counsellor, that, when I asked of them, could answer a word. Behold, they are all vanity; their works are nothing: their molten images are wind and confusion" (verses 28, 29). See also Isa. 42:17.

6. Who is God's servant?

"But thou, Israel, art my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham my friend" (Isa. 41:8). See also Gal. 3:29; James 2:23.

7. Is his position as servant one of degradation or honor?

"Thou whom I have taken from the ends of the earth, and called thee from the chief men thereof, and said unto thee, Thou art my servant; I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away" (Isa. 41:9). See also Gen. 32:28; Deut. 28:13.

NOTE.—How about you? Do you consider it an honor to be a Christian?

FOR WEDNESDAY

8. Why should Israel have no fear?

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41:10).

9. What will be the experience of those who make trouble for God's people?

"Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contended with thee: they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of nought" (verses 11, 12).

FOR THURSDAY

10. How does the Holy One of Israel encourage His people?

"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob,

and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy redeemer, the Holy One of Israel" (verses 13, 14).

NOTE.—"The heart of Infinite Love yearns after those who feel powerless to free themselves from the snares of Satan; and He graciously offers to strengthen them to live for Him."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 316.

11. In what words does the Lord indicate the triumph of His people over their enemies?

"Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and

the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them: and thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel" (Isa. 41:15, 16).

FOR FRIDAY

Special assignment: Make a list of some of the things in which men trust for power today that might be considered false gods, and show how the power of the true God can bring these things to nought.

Special assignment: List the main reasons for your choice of a lifework, and relate them to God's call to you to be His servant.



ROCKS AND MINERALS: By B. M. Heald

Jasper may not have an intrinsic value on the gem market, but from the Christian's point of view it is an outstanding semi-precious stone in the mineral kingdom of the Creator. It is an important Biblical stone.

ROCKS and MINERALS

This gem is widely found, but principally in North Africa and Siberia. I found some of my prized specimens near San Jose, California. Petrified wood, especially common in the petrified forest of Arizona, has been impregnated with jasper elements, and is known as jasperized wood. Specimens found here have been of gem quality.

The color scheme in the jasper family is worthy of special notice. Two or three colors may be beautifully banded with rock crystal, or in parallel strips forming ribbon jasper. This attractive stone is sometimes used for exquisite wainscoting in mansions and also for expensive tabletops. Varicolored irregular arrangements are nearly always found in each specimen. To illustrate: There may be a conglomerate series of circles, squares, crescents, triangles, interlocking or separate, all interlacing in red, brown, and cream. Another may be a mottled green, white, and yellow. All the splash of nature's fall colorings is seen in jasper.

The many color combinations of jasper never clash. That's God's color

ensemble! The whole becomes a perfect color scheme in every individual specimen.

Jasper crystallizes into beautiful elongated, translucent quartz formations. No wonder God prizes it in His universe! Jasper may combine in conglomerate combinations of chalcedony. In fact, it



PHOTO, COURTESY OF B. M. HEALD

Pastor B. M. Heald has collected and organized an unusual display of Bible gems. His museum, housed at the New England Sanitarium and Hospital (Massachusetts), contains 6,000 specimens.

is a highly prized variety of chalcedony. It is an opaque quartz of many shades and colors: red, brown, white, yellow, green, and so on. Heavily impregnated with several minerals, jasper becomes a gem of many colors. It is the distribution of these mineral atoms that makes it the possessor of more minerals than any other stone. When green chalcedony has small spots of red jasper scattered through it, it becomes bloodstone, or heliotrope.

Jasper is believed to be the stone of Benjamin (as bloodstone it is called the birthstone of March), and it has been considered the stone of the planet Mars. Among some it was considered Peter's stone. Jasper was a conspicuous stone among the Babylonians, Egyptians, Arabians, Syrians, Chinese, and American Indians. The world-famous statue Emerald Buddha, in the Bangkok, Thailand, temple, is not emerald, but solid jasper.

In Old Testament times the fourth row of the high priest's breastplate contained the jasper stone. It was one of the covering stones in the garment worn by Lucifer while he was one of the cherubim.

Coming to the New Testament, early in the book of Revelation we see that jasper is one of the glory-land stones. "And, behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper." The throne was surrounded by a rainbow, in appearance like an emerald, but God, who sat upon the throne, had the appearance of jasper.

Again, John the revelator was carried away in the spirit and was shown "that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal." The city of God will shine with all the effulgent glory of this stone—the first of the twelve foundation stones will be jasper.

So from Holy Writ we learn that this is a prominent gem in the architectural design of the magnificent metropolitan city of the Most High God.

THERE are a thousand and one problems that arise as complexities after such an accident as mine—problems that are in some cases almost beyond the understanding of the one crippled, especially in his shocked condition, even beyond the reach of the welfare organizations that together with the hospital authorities do a wonderful job of rehabilitation.

The heart has problems that are not meant for the ears of the world to hear, and these are the things that are thought out alone at night—alone in the darkness. And not even the night nurse who appears to miss nothing on her silent rounds through Ward 3C knows of the turmoil that is taking place in the minds of her patients.

These men—the men around me—have learned the art of feigning sleep, the same as they have other things: Facing the world and pretending that their wounds do not matter very much; hiding their disabilities so that they can take a job, but knowing full well that it will not last; endeavoring to appear oblivious of the stares of others, those who are evidently not used to infirmities.

Some have kept up the pretense for so long that they have almost ceased to be human beings. They're mere automations going through the process of living perfectly, but without feeling, not knowing what may happen next, and in some cases not caring either.

All I can say is, may God bless men like Drs. Davies, Hadden-Kemp, and all the rest who are engaged in this all-important work of restoration of both body and spirit, and ever replenish their supply of tolerance and sympathetic understanding, which is so necessary in this task of dual healing. May they be richly rewarded for the part they are playing in alleviating the suffering of many of His children!

It was wonderful to be home again. Simply wonderful! And it was good to be able to resume my boatbuilding, too.

The boat was beginning to take shape now, and I reasoned that it should look quite smart by the time it was completed, with its bright green paint and cream trimmings.

At this juncture I was asked by several would-be yacht owners whether I would consent to build them one too, but I declined. As I stated before, I am not an expert. Besides, I had an idea that it would not be long before I would be allowed to resume work. Grand, wasn't it?

Incidentally, funds were running a little bit low too, for buying the timber for the boat had reduced my bank account to a mere pittance. So not unnaturally I was looking forward to that first week's wages with interest.

In fact, if I hadn't persuaded Dad to allow me to use some of his timber, that

By the Grace of God

By KEITH THORPE

As told to BETTY M. ANDERSON

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

first week's salary would have been well and truly mortgaged. But Dad is one of those really good-natured fathers whose pride in his children's achievements would easily outweigh any pique he might feel at losing some of his best bond wood.

Then, interspersed with boatbuilding, were the days I spent on the farm of Pastor Grieve, our conference president. Stanley, his eighteen-year-old son, is a special friend of mine. In fact, he was one of the first at my bedside after the accident. His father brought him along specially, because I asked for him. That is something that I'll always remember Pastor Grieve for, because it wasn't exactly a pleasant sight for his son to see, but in his anxiety for my welfare I guess he didn't think of it like that. However, I hope the happy days we spent on the farm helped to superimpose more

pleasant pictures of me over that memory!

There's much to be said for farm life in Australia, for the wide open spaces have an attraction that cannot be denied, and what is known as the "call of the bush" is not confined to the aborigines, the early inhabitants of our continent.

Just you try to lure a typical countryman—a sheep or cattle drover, a station hand, or a lumberjack—toward the dazzling lights of the big cities and see how long they'll last!

"No bright lights for us," they declare, and return to their solitude, which is broken only by the company of the bush creatures—the kangaroos, the wallabies, the bandicoots, and paddymelons, and other fascinating animals.

Often the green and the brown of the countryside is relieved by the brilliant



IRVING BROWNING

Not even the nurse who appears to miss nothing on her silent rounds through Ward 3C knows of the problems that are wrestling in the hearts of her patients through the long, dark hours of night.

hues of kingfishers, cockatoos, the rosellas, and bowerbirds—our natural, national thieves—and the startling black and white of the magpies and the willy-wagtails, who incidentally do just that, as well as uttering a strange throaty cry that sounds exactly like “sweet pretty creature”!

Since my experience I have learned to appreciate the blessings of this land also, and hardly a day passes without my thanking God for extending my privilege of living in it.

A land of adventure and romance, it is teeming with natural interest from tiny Tasmania, known as the “apple isle,” to the tip of Cape York Peninsula, beautiful, bountiful wilderness of the tropics.

I must tell you about the strange formation of rock in the far north that has attracted tourists from all over the world. The reason is that every day when the sun reaches a certain point in the heavens, a shadow falls on it forming a picture of Christ! Naturally it does not last long, but people have been known to camp for days around that area in order to view it each time it occurs.

It is a grand feeling to be serving God in a country like this where there are so many ways and means of doing so. Why, right now, the energetic young people's leaders at Sherwood are planning a wonderful youth week, featuring health (“create in me a clean heart, O God”), wealth (“where your treasure is, there will your heart be also”), and ultimately happiness (“so shall we ever be with the Lord”).

At the beginning, Shirley and Julie will explain how to scatter the seed that will grow into the health, wealth, and happiness, and the climax of the week's meetings will be the harvest on the following Sabbath, when the young folks will report their progress after this special coaching.

And I'll guarantee that from then onward, there will not be many at Sherwood who will not be active members. Both those girls mean business for sure, and all of it is going to enrich the bank of heaven greatly, I know. Why, Shirley has just deposited a talk on health in front of me now, “to be given with interest.” (Shirley is my sister!)

I am sure that we are not alone in this all-important work, for recent reports indicate that young people in other lands are just as eager in their efforts to spread the gospel and to let the world know that Christ is coming again.

It's strange, you know. The other day I was glancing over some old newspapers, and you'd have smiled at one paragraph by a leading clergyman maybe, but not I.

“There are a sect of calamity howlers who . . . say that the Lord is coming soon, but don't worry, it will not happen this Saturday night . . . but in about two hundred years' time!”

Well, sir, I felt like saying, Have you thought about those living now? They won't be here in two hundred years' time! There are some who will not be here tomorrow even. How about their souls? How about mine if I had not been so miraculously led through the valley of the shadow? Was I ready to meet my Maker? I just can't say.

But now I think I had better divert my attention to my tasks of the moment. You see, I am beginning work next Monday, so there's my kit of tools to attend to—the one that my folks never thought I would be using again. Then I want to find out whether the final coat of paint that I put on my boat is dry. She looks fine, does that trim little craft of mine, the one that has helped me to embark on what I call my “new life.”

The story of Keith is the story of my brother. It is the story of a boy who

AMATEUR RADIO OPERATORS

A New Log for

Seventh-day Adventist amateurs will appear in the May 15 issue. Only listings received since the May, 1955, log appeared will be included.

No old listings will be held over.

Sample listing—

W6ABC—John J. Jones, 1111 First St., San Francisco, Calif.—20, 40, 80, CW.

Your listing must arrive in our office by April 1.

Address:

**Radio Log, Youth's Instructor
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.**

is living again purely and simply as a result of prayer and faith as practiced by earnest Christians. Many and moving have been the scenes that have accompanied this sudden drama that descended upon our lives so unexpectedly, but with an intensity that affected many.

I have seen Protestant, Catholic, and Jew praying almost side by side as they asked God to spare his young life. I stood watching as the hundreds of messages flowed in: “We are praying”; “Praying for you”; “You can be sure of our prayers”; “Is there anything we can do besides praying”; “For the first time in many years I got down on my knees”; “My children, who never even go to church now, prayed for Keith!”

These are just a few but they serve to show how prayer can bind the hearts of men together. Prayer—heaven's communication cord; earth's emergency treatment for all ills.

“Rejoice and pray,” the Good Book says.

Well, I am rejoicing now.

The tide has just turned, and a bronzed young boatman is making his way along the swift-running water with masterly strokes. He turns and waves to the small group on the bank who have watched him launch his brand-new craft.

“Don't worry,” he calls, “I'll be all right. It's going to be plain sailing from here!”

Then suddenly we turn to leave, for the *Pilot* and its skipper are out of sight now, but as we make our way homeward, we are so happy that we could sing for joy.

“And why not?” suggests someone. “Come on.”

“Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal—”

But hark, just a moment, as a voice comes answering back across the water,

“Chart and compass come from Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.”

It's not a wonderful voice; it's not even tuneful, but to those who are listening ashore and in heaven above, it is the sweetest of music.

Valiant Champion

From page 13

shallow place where she could get out easily. But in the water was a booby trap. One of those crotched trees hidden just below the surface was turned so that she couldn't see the fork until her body was right on it. Bev probably told you that Lady gets excited real easy.”

“I gathered that.”

“She thrashed around until she nearly drowned. As soon as King realized that she could not get loose, he dashed to the road on the river side of the pasture and made such a fuss that the neighbors came to investigate. When they saw the situation, someone telephoned a wrecker and got six men to help. Before long they had ropes around Lady and attached to the truck hoist. Pressing, pulling, pushing, the men guided her out of the water.”

“Was she exhausted this time?”

“No, but she was chilled, so they covered her with a blanket. As soon as she was warmed up my brother, who had

arrived by then, led her to the barn."

"Was she all right after that?"

"Oh, sure! But I never let her out of the barn unless King is in the field too. I feel that she is safe then."

And with a gesture for us to follow,

he recrossed the river. Together we walked back through the green clover pasture, slid under the wire fence, crossed the cornfield, and went through the big white gate back past the big red barn and into the maple-tree lane.

desk before them is a list of patients to be visited in the next two hours. Names, yes. But more than that—souls for whom Christ died and for whom He has a place in His kingdom.

Notes are compared. Some they will visit together; others, on the critical list, are limited to a brief visit and prayer from one person. They kneel and plead with God for the Spirit of the heavenly Physician to accompany them.

The soft night lights are on and the rooms quiet except for the nurses and aides gently rubbing backs and whispering good-night prayers. In contrast is the turbulence in the hearts of the chaplain and his associate as they go from room to room. Here are souls destined for eternity; how can we keep in touch with them after they return home? The average hospital stay has dwindled to a few days. What is the answer?

Here is a patient with a broken hip; she will be confined to her home for weeks. Across the hall is a public school teacher overflowing with spiritual questions. In this bed is the vice-president of a local bank, whose hard business heart was broken by the simple prayer of a student nurse. Over here, a little Spanish woman, already the mother of eight, returning to her home in Mexico with another little bundle. Other than the universal language of love, she understands none but her mother tongue. At the end of the medical wing two distraught parents, a lovely young couple, stand beside their only child slipping painfully away with dreaded leukemia.

Frontiers? We hear much these days about the "passing of the frontier"; in God's work there will be frontiers until the last person has been warned. Especially is this true within the confines of our hospitals, where hourly there rages a real conflict between eternal life and eternal death. How the cunning adversary of souls struggles to carry his victims down into Christless graves!

The hospital ministry is truly the right arm of heaven's last-day message; the chaplain and his team are the coordinators of the physical and the spiritual. The doctor acts as assistant to the Great Physician; the chaplain, as assistant to the Great Shepherd.

Here at Paradise Valley Sanitarium we have attempted to unify all phases of the ministry in reaching our patient clientele. The hospital works hand in hand with the church in conducting evangelistic meetings in which health talks and demonstrations are featured.

To meet the vast challenge of follow-up contacts, the medical right arm found its ally in clasping the hand of the Voice of Prophecy. The Bible instructor, or hospital hostess as she is known, makes every attempt to enroll interested patients, assisting them with the first two or three lessons of the



Philippine Youth Association Trophy Rally

By Rubin Da. Baliton

CALAMBA, MISAMIS OCCIDENTAL, PHILIPPINES.—Young people came here from many parts of Mindanao recently for a trophy rally. It was sponsored by "MOSUGA," an MV association whose name stands for "Misamis Occidental Soul Uplifting Gaining Association." "MOSUGA," in the Cebuano-Visayan dialect, means "to give light."

The high light of the affair was the trophy ceremony, or the presentation of souls won to Christ—twenty in number. After the ceremony the young people launched a literature distribution campaign, using about 350 back issues of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, the *Review and Herald*, *Life and Health*, *Present Truth*, as well as assorted tracts. On Saturday night Mr. B. Calahat and Mr. D. Brion conducted an oratorical contest, which attracted many from the surrounding territory.

The association then set as its next project a January tent effort in Aloran, Misamis Occidental. This is the first time that these youth have organized themselves to conduct an evangelistic campaign.

Hospital Frontier

By Kenneth Perry

NATIONAL CITY, CALIFORNIA.—"Attention, all visitors. Visiting hours are now over. Visiting hours are now over." The operator's melodious voice fills the busy hospital corridors, then fades away. It is eight o'clock in the evening. Friends and relatives file out of the Paradise Valley Sanitarium, breathing deeply the cool night air, inwardly grateful to be returning home.

In an office on the main floor a different scene is enacted. The hospital chaplain and his Bible instructor associate are preparing to return to the floors as soon as the halls are cleared. On the



MERALLIES STUDIO

The young people of Calamba, Misamis Occidental, Philippines, at the time of their trophy rally.

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PHOTO, COURTESY OF KENNETH PERRY

Patients at Paradise Valley Sanitarium are encouraged to enroll in the Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence Course. Above are graduates and others who are at present enrolled in the course.

Bible course. After they are discharged she calls by phone and in person, encouraging and helping them. She is the coordinator, directing their spiritual activities largely by telephone from the hospital, and the Voice of Prophecy corrects the lessons. Several times each week the chaplain makes home calls with the worker. Somehow this personal contact does wonders.

In the past eighteen months we have had an active enrollment of 150, with 40 completing one or more of the courses. Two public graduations have been held in the chapel with the assistance of the Voice of Prophecy radio group. In addition to this, some thirty-five personal studies are given weekly at the hospital and doctors' offices.

In the last two and one-half years, largely as a result of this coordinated evangelism, eighty-three have been added to the Paradise Valley church by baptism. Christian physicians, nurses, and all medical personnel are charged with great influence and responsibility in directing their patients to Christ.

It is thrilling to observe that the majority of these joining the church are young people, many of them couples with the best years of service before them. At this writing, plans are under way for the third Voice of Prophecy hospital-patient graduation.

Frontiers? Yes, challenging new frontiers every day in God's worldwide medical missionary program—frontiers to be conquered by consecrated youth.



MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA.—The Missionary Volunteer activities of the Instituto Colombo-Venezolano here were climaxed recently. Since the school year begins in March and closes in November, MV classes were started in March and the investiture held October 22. Above are the results of the year's MV program. There were nine Master Guides, one Friend, three Sunbeams, and three Builders invested. Many other students received MV Honors. Pastor F. H. McNeil (center back), union Missionary Volunteer secretary, and other Master Guides assisted in the colorful ceremony.

—MARY COLBY MONTEITH.

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► At age 70, 14 per cent more American women than men are totally toothless.

► AMONG the estimated 40,000 persons around the earth who succumb annually to snake bites, snake charmers rank high.

► THE average person spends 7,000 hours a year indoors, with the exception of farmers. Two thirds of this time is spent doing close work with the eyes.

► FIFTY years ago in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*: "New York and Key West are to be connected by rail. About sixty miles of the proposed extension will be over the keys."

► THE first flight around the world nonstop was done in ten minutes. On May 9, 1926, Richard E. Byrd and Floyd Bennett flew to the North Pole and circled it, crossing all the meridians of longitude in one full turn.

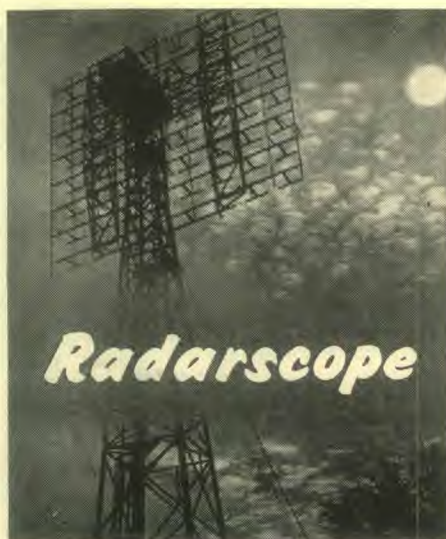
► TWENTY-FIVE years ago in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*: "General Charles Pelot Summerall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, has been retired from active service. His successor is former Major General Douglas MacArthur."

► NAZARETH, perennially parched Arab city in Israel, is now receiving water in plentiful supply, piped from a Jewish farm settlement in the Valley of Esdraelon. The 12-inch pipe carries the water to a summit overlooking Nazareth where a junction with municipal pipelines allows distribution throughout the city.

► If satisfactory orbits are achieved, at least one of the ten instrumented satellites to be launched during the International Geophysical Year should circle the earth "for many weeks." The satellites will travel at about 18,000 miles per hour, girdling the earth approximately every hour and a half. Because the orbit will at first be elliptical, the nearest point of the satellite to the earth will be some 200 to 250 miles, and the farthest point 800 or 900 miles.

► HENRY NICHOLAS RIDLEY, originator of the tapping technique on which the rubber plantation industry still depends, celebrated his 100th birthday at his home in London, England, on December 10, 1955. Mr. Ridley, who was director of the Singapore Botanic Gardens from 1888 to 1911, discovered how to get latex from the para rubber tree without injuring the tree. At first he was only successful in persuading one planter to grow a crop of the rubber trees, but after a blight came on the traditional coffee crop the tide turned for Mr. Ridley. His discovery led to the foundation of the modern rubber industry.

► ATOMIC physicists expect to be able to forge ahead to new ground, following the discovery of a new particle of matter called the antiproton. It is described as a heavy particle of the same mass but of opposite electrical charge from the proton, which is one of the fundamental building blocks of all matter. Scientists of the University of California have succeeded in producing the antiproton by firing a proton at an energy of 6.2 billion electron volts. When one hits a neutron, part of the original energy is converted into two new particles—an antiproton and a proton. Strangely enough, when an antiproton hits a proton both are completely annihilated.



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► FOREST FIRES have a tendency to crop up in areas of unemployment, a Government survey has shown. An arsonist in California set the "Rattlesnake Fire" in July, 1953, which burned 14 young missionary students to death, to create a job for himself. After starting the fire, he applied for work as cook in the fire fighting camp. Such job fires were known to exist "without question" on a large scale during the depression, forestry experts point out. Now, in relatively good times, job fires seem to be more localized phenomenon in low employment areas of America.

► THE earth and other planets may have small moons not yet discovered, and search for them by eye rather than through telescopes might be the most likely way of finding them, believes Dr. Robert S. Richardson of Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories. The discovery of satellites for Mercury, Venus, and Pluto would be most useful in determining the masses of these planets, says Dr. Richardson. Three such satellites have been discovered in the last six years.

► A JUVENILE traffic court in Franklin County, Kentucky, comprised of teen-aged jurors is a new idea in justice being tried out by County Judge John D. Darnell, who says he is not bound by law to abide by the verdicts. Every panel is composed of at least one student from each of the county's high schools who holds a driver's license.

► MOUNT SINGGALANG in central Sumatra gets 320 days of rain in a year with a mean relative humidity of 93 per cent.

► BALDNESS is hereditary in 19 out of 20 cases, reports the University of California.

Focus

The golden days of exploration are over. No more can man set sail to discover vast, uncharted continents, or plant his country's flag upon unclaimed soil. Even the frozen wastes of Antarctica are claimed by

several nations.

But all frontiers are not yet crossed. Only geography has largely submitted to man's inquisitiveness. Before modern youth still lie fields of knowledge as broad as the universe and as deep as the mysteries of the atom.

Wise young men and young women will see in the opening of each new frontier, not an evidence of man's superiority, but the assurance that there is One who "spoke, and it was done," who "commanded, and it stood fast." "Great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend."

DON YOST

► SHARON KAY RITCHIE, Miss America of 1956, is one of many people in the public eye who wear contact lenses, which fit under the eyelids and are almost unnoticeable.

► THE sun is three million miles closer to the earth in January than it is in July, says the National Geographic Society. If the sun's rays did not strike the Northern Hemisphere more obliquely in January, winter would be warmer than summer.

► ZOOLOGISTS have been provided valuable data, as well as some amusement, as the result of a new experimental system of electrified fencing to keep wild animals within reservations in Africa. Although baboons hopped over wires suspended fifteen inches from the ground, they wouldn't dispute with anything higher. Rhinos and zebras were intimidated, but giraffes and buffaloes walked right through electrified fences.

► THE Soviet Union's high-speed electronic calculator, housed in the Institute for Precision Mechanics and Calculating Technology in Moscow, can match the performance of the most advanced machines of that type in the United States, according to Western experts who have inspected it. The Soviet mechanical brain is able to solve the most complex mathematical and technical problems at the rate of seven to eight arithmetical processes per second.

► SIDEWALK cafés on the Champs-Élysées, an avenue which sweeps through the heart of fashionable Paris, are fighting a losing battle against the automobile. Drivers are now allowed to park not only along the curb on the avenue but also on its broad pavements where café tables cluster. Next January, still more parking space is to be taken from café terraces. Opponents point to the increasing jumble of cars, tables, dodging waiters, and apprehensive patrons, and maintain the new regulations will both deprive the city of taxes and strike a blow at its charm and gaiety.

► THE rabbit, which can multiply itself 70 times in a year, is a great menace in Australia. Since the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization began war on the rabbit pest a few years ago with the spreading of the disease myxomatosis, rabbits have disappeared from many areas that they infested before 1950. The organization has now enlisted the aid of a deadly poison known as "1080." This is sodium fluoroacetate, developed in America for use against rats and mice. Its success against the coyote has been so marked that in some areas the animal has been protected to save it from extinction.