



THE

# Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

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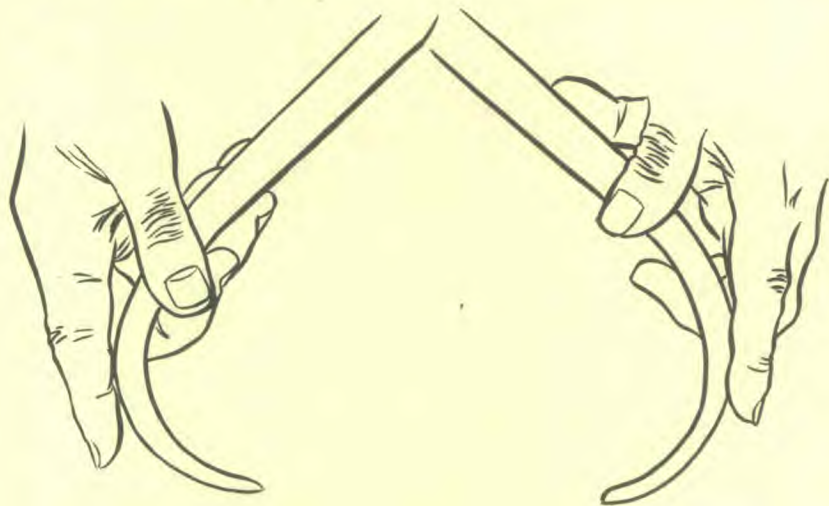
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## The Crucifixion

### These Shadows Are Real

Bible Lesson for April 21





## In His Hands

No man is free from the consequences of his influence on others. Every intelligent being is accountable to God for his witness, whether for weal or for woe. "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil" (Eccl. 12:14).

There is another equally inescapable fact. Irrespective of the influence others wield over us, we are accountable to God for each choice, for each decision, we make. We may see a member of our church follow a course of conduct that we have considered to be wrong. Because of the esteem in which that other person is held, some may conclude, "If it is all right for him to do that, it is all right for me to do it too."

What false reasoning! What a shortsighted decision!

Because one motorist runs through the intersections when the traffic lights are red, will you do it too? Because one gardener lets the weeds choke out his good plants, will you let weeds do the same to yours? Because one carpenter runs his power saw with the guard removed, will you operate yours without a guard too?

If in the physical realm we know better than to follow the poor example of the foolhardy, the indolent, the careless, will God excuse us for showing less discernment in spiritual affairs?

Suppose a professed Christian violates one of the commandments? Suppose he lies? Suppose he steals? Does that mean God's standard has changed? No. It means that man has failed, that Satan has succeeded. But God does not change—no—not one jot or one tittle. And after all, my fitness for eternity lies in His hands, not man's.

*Walter D. Crandall*

## Grace Notes

**PICTURE** When Herb Ford completed his assignment to do a story on the Jan Styka masterpiece in the Hall of the Crucifixion at Forest Lawn in Glendale, California, he made these comments: "This has not been an easy article to put down on paper. There were a number of times when I felt like giving up trying to do anything with my story, because whatever I would write would never seem to match the magnitude of this great art piece. What I have sent really isn't anywhere near the picture's standard, but I have reworked the article at least ten times to get it in its present form."

**PICTURE** "You will note I have written the article strictly from the artist's standpoint, that is, I have not tried to conjecture whether the man whose ear was cut off was actually at the cross at the time of the crucifixion. The artist has painted the individual there, and I have written about the characters whom the artist painted. Whether all Seventh-day Adventists believe that this individual or some other individuals were actually at the scene of the crucifixion is something I did not try to go into."

**PICTURE** We believe Mr. Ford has given a most worthy word picture of a remarkable painting of this climactic event in the earthly ministry of our Saviour. Mr. Ford is public relations director of the Southern California Conference.

**PICTURE** We are indebted to Forest Lawn Memorial Park Association, Inc., for the use of their photographs that both illustrate Mr. Ford's article and provide our cover photo. The cover shows the Hall of the Crucifixion, built for the display of Styka's painting.

**LONGER** "You are wanting to know which your readers prefer, longer or shorter installments of the serials," writes Mrs. Viola W. Gusten, of Lynwood, California. "Well, as a reader of the INSTRUCTOR for seventy years I heartily vote for the longer ones. My husband at eighty-five years of age and I at seventy-eight enjoy the INSTRUCTOR as much as do any of the younger readers." Has anyone read the INSTRUCTOR longer than our Lynwood friends?

**COMING** An impromptu Bible study on a bus; a 10,000-square-mile schoolroom; a fiftieth-anniversary article about the San Francisco earthquake—you can read these and many other exclusive INSTRUCTOR features next week.

### THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR





I COULD feel the closeness of night. It was cold, and somehow the fitful darkness choked me. Mocking shadows were slinking across the tall trees and undergrowth. I looked heavenward.

The gray clouds crept across the moon, and in a while a star appeared. Tired and disheartened, I muttered, "If there is a God—then where?"

I was losing faith in God that night. My mother was ill in bed, and I was left alone to do all the chores on the farm. I was walking back to the barn to finish up the chores after having dragged the second dead calf from the barn to the pasture, where dogs and coyotes would eat the stiffened carcass. It was hard, cold work for a girl. Walking back, I felt numb. Tears would not help. To pray was worse—for God didn't seem to hear. Tonight, faith, money, and the hope for an education were going out of my dreams. It was 30° below zero in northern Alberta, where I lived, and I felt as if the blood were freezing in my veins as it had frozen in the two dead creatures.

One of the calves would have been Mother's, and with the money she got from the calf when it was sold, she would have bought coal and paid some of the debts. The other calf would have been mine, to help pay my college expenses. But both of the calves were dead. More than that, one of the cows was sick and had to be cared for. Warm water must be carried to her and blankets kept around her. There was so much to do outside, especially when it was cold.

That bitter night I wished I had never been born. It seemed that my whole world had no future, and I felt as if it had had no beginning. It was just existing. Surely God had not planned the Christian life to be like this, and if He had, I wanted no part in it, now or ever. If only I could do something big to show God I could get along by myself.

For I had tried to get along by myself. I had wanted to show God I could live without Him, because I felt He was unfair to me. Recognizing that it is much easier to walk without God when you don't pray, I had decided not to pray. Anyway, what was the good of prayers? God never heard them. I didn't even want to believe there was a God, so why pray and be a Judas?

I had begun to wonder whether evolution was true, and had taken sides in favor of it. In my study of literature I had found that some great writers had lost

*For the first time I realized that trials and suffering can build a stronger character for life here as well as for the hereafter.*

# I Was Alone

By GRACE WETTER

their faith in God and mankind. I thought I knew exactly how they felt.

As time went on I became even more bitter. How many times I lived over the spring Father became ill and I had prayed for him. I was a small girl with the unquestioning faith of a little child; I prayed, and knew that Jesus would answer my prayer. There were no doubts in my mind then.

The Sabbath before my father went to the hospital he asked the church members to pray for him. I wondered then why everybody cried. Didn't they know that he was having an operation and Jesus would perform a miracle and he would get well?

But when the operation was over, the cancerous tumor was still there. It could

not be removed by the skillful hands of the surgeon. I remember how I went into the still room with my older sister and just said Hello to Daddy. My lip trembled but I wouldn't cry, even though I was surprised to see Daddy so pale and still and unable to talk. I remember how he took my hand in his and whispered, "Don't cry."

I knew Daddy prayed to Jesus too, and surely God would hear him. Wasn't he the best man in the whole world? It seemed that everybody we knew was praying for him to get better. Daddy did get better—a little—and came home in summer. I thought Jesus was making him well slowly.

One night before I went to bed I knelt beside Daddy's bed to pray. Not



EVA LUOMA

*I felt that God was unfair to me and began to wonder whether evolution was true. I knew of great writers who had lost their faith in God and mankind, and I thought I knew exactly how they felt.*

[The author of this thoughtful story has told it because she believes people must learn to live by faith and not by sight. A pre-nursing student at Canadian Union College when she wrote it, Miss Wetter has given serious thought to becoming a mission nurse in Africa. She is a native of Leduc, Alberta, Canada.]



that I didn't pray every night, but this one night I prayed beside his bed. I knelt and said my little prayer and asked Jesus to make Daddy well. When I finished, Daddy said, "What if Jesus doesn't answer your prayer?"

It came as a shock, because I never had thought of that before. After a moment I replied, "I guess it will have to be all right too." But I doubted whether it would be all right, because I just knew Jesus would make him well. I needed my daddy so much.

Summer faded into fall and harvest-time. This year there was no tractor to ride, and more important, no Daddy to drive it and to do the harvesting, which had always been so much fun for me. This fall all the kind neighbors came and cut the grain and threshed. Oh, it seemed as though they did just everything to help make Daddy well again.

It was October, and Father wasn't getting much better. One day my uncle came in his car and took him back to the city hospital. I wasn't old enough to go into the hospital to visit, but the nurses let me in anyway. I thought it was so strange, but of course I was happy to see Daddy. Then one Sabbath morning my mother, sister, and I were getting ready to go to church. My uncle came and said there was a telephone call that

Father was very low. Oh, how sick I felt inside! Mother's face had a frightened look. Just before we left for the hospital I slipped upstairs alone and quickly asked Jesus not to let Daddy die. I did not know then that Daddy had died early that morning, while I was still asleep.

I didn't know the truth until Mother came back out of the hospital to the car and told my sister and me that we were alone. It was as if someone had stabbed me. My sister cried, but I was still so taken back that my prayer hadn't been answered that I couldn't cry. Maybe, I thought, they have made a mistake in the hospital. Just anything but the bare truth.

I can never tell how the day passed. It was cold and empty and lonely. Many kind friends tried to comfort and sympathize with us, but it was our daddy who had gone. They still had theirs—how could they know?

It was decided that the funeral would be on the following Thursday. I prayed that Jesus would raise Daddy from sleep. Hadn't He done it before? In the Bible story He awakened Lazarus, and the Bible says, "Ask, and ye shall receive." The funeral was at our home, with a service later at the church. I was even cheerful as I stood beside Mother's chair and looked over at the coffin. I just

couldn't wait until Jesus would put breath into Daddy again.

But God had different plans; the reason I did not understand. At the church I was sure Jesus would perform the miracle so that everybody could see. Nothing happened. I had one hope left—at the grave Jesus would certainly perform the miracle. Not until I had seen the coffin lowered and heard the first shovelful of dirt fall on the box did I cry. Then I remembered the words, "It will have to be all right too."

The day was over now, and I realized that God had not performed any miracle. Why? How could God look down and see one suffer so? It didn't matter so much that I was alone, but there was Mother, whose heart was nearly broken; couldn't God have done something to help her? I thought even the old yellow dog understood better than God, because he cried; I know the difference between a dog's howl and a cry.

A week after the funeral, when I went up to the grave, there were dog's tracks across the field and up to the grave, but not on it. I know it was old Curly, who had missed her master, had gone to the mound of earth to watch, and then had come home again. If a dog could understand, then why not God, who was said to be such a great loving Father to widows and orphans.

After all my praying I thought perhaps there wasn't a God at all. The night I walked away from the two dead carcasses I felt sure there was no God. I just couldn't find faith enough to pray again, and I really didn't care.

But if there was a God? In my heart I knew there was.

I wished God would give up. I wondered why He didn't get tired of waiting for souls like me. As hard as I tried to hate Him I found I couldn't honestly say He hadn't done anything for me. Wasn't He loving and patient even to wait for me to come back and find faith and the belief in prayer?

How did I find faith enough to pray again? I cannot tell you. It came back slowly, but with a different meaning. Perhaps for the first time I realized that trials and suffering can build a stronger character for life here as well as for the hereafter.

I gave up trying to find the answer to all the whys. After all, even Job never found all the answers, but he ceased to argue with God, choosing rather to leave in God's hands the mysteries of human suffering along with the mysteries of nature. Now I recognize that we live by faith, and not by sight. I know that I need never be alone in this world even when things seem dark, because if I pray, Jesus will certainly hear, even though my prayers are not always answered according to my wishes.

And when that happens I shall try to say again, "It will have to be all right."

## Spring Song

By JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

Robins gossip at their nesting,  
 "Someone's coming! Did you hear?"  
 Small boys' kites are skyward questing,  
 Frogs their violins are testing,  
 And the bluejay stops his jesting  
 As he cocks a curious ear;  
 Robins gossip at their nesting,  
 "Someone's coming! Did you hear?"

There's a whisper from the willows,  
 "Someone's coming! Did you hear?"  
 By the lake's blue murmuring billows  
 Clouds shake out their fluffy pillows,  
 And in shadowed leafy villas  
 Purple violets waken near;  
 There's a whisper from the willows,  
 "Someone's coming! Did you hear?"

Soft the echo, drifting, drifting,  
 "Someone's coming! Did you hear?"  
 Through the silver moonlight sifting,  
 From the tiny grass blades lifting,  
 From the honk of wild geese, rifting  
 Midnight as they northward veer;  
 Soft the echo, drifting, drifting,  
 "Spring is coming! Spring is here!"



# Soldiers of the NEW KINGDOM

By G. W. CHAMBERS

**A**ND what shall we do?" The fearless prophet of the wilderness looked at the men who had asked the question. With power he had proclaimed the coming of One whose shoes he confessed himself unworthy to loose. Under the convicting power of his message many of his hearers asked what they should do to prepare for the coming Messiah. John went straight to the point as he answered the question of the soldiers: "Do violence to no man."<sup>1</sup>

With amazement the soldiers and the people near at hand listened to John's reply. Had not Moses commanded their fathers to destroy their enemies with the sword? Had not Saul, Israel's first king, merited the wrath of God because he had not complied fully with the command to destroy the Amalekites? Had not God prospered the armies of Israel in driving out the heathen nations of Canaan? How could soldiers do their appointed duty if they were to "do violence to no man"? War means violence and death!

Some among John's hearers may have remembered that God's original purpose was that Israel was not to fight in order to take possession of Canaan. They may have recalled that, when the Egyptian armies pressed upon the newly released throng at the Red Sea, God had said, "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace."<sup>2</sup> They may have thought of the times when God, unaided by puny man, put to flight, captured, or entirely destroyed the enemies of His people. Memories like this could have convinced them that God did not need the arm of flesh to drive out the nations of Canaan.

Why, then, did God allow Israel to bear arms?

This thought could have come to those who recalled Israel's history in the light of John's answer.

They may have reflected on the fact that Israel had demanded a king, so that

they could be like the nations about them, with their armies, their battles, and their victories, and that God had yielded to their insistence.

Some of them may have been present later when Christ answered a question concerning another departure from God's original plan. As the Saviour upheld God's original plan for marriage, one of



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

The followers of Christ are actuated by the same loving spirit that Christ possessed. A Christian soldier ministers to the needs of his enemies.

His hearers asked, "Why did Moses then command to give a writing of divorcement, and to put her away?"

"Because of the hardness of your hearts," replied the Master.<sup>3</sup>

Not because it was His plan, but because of the stubborn determination of His people to have their own way, He had allowed them to depart from His original plan for marriage. Might it not be that because of the hardness of Israel's heart He had allowed them to wage war and had even made use of their armies? Jesus made haste to correct the error concerning marriage. But "I say unto you," He said, and then placed God's way before them anew. At another time He did the same thing with regard to the problem of His followers bearing arms.

"It hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemies. But I say unto you, Love your enemies."<sup>4</sup>

Here Christ laid the foundation stone of relationship between those who professed to be His followers and their enemies. Love for one another, and even for their enemies, was to characterize the members of His rapidly expanding church. Formerly confined to the Jewish nation, the church of Christ soon overflowed national boundaries and embraced people in every nation. A kingdom with Christ as its recognized ruler claimed its citizens all over the world. Sent forth as representatives of Him who came to this world because of the love that both He and His Father had for a lost race, these ambassadors spread the "gospel of the kingdom" of love wherever they went.

The practical application of the "new commandment" of love for one another and for others would identify them as followers of Christ. Those who heeded the call of the apostles became citizens of the new kingdom, no matter where or in what nation they lived. Thus was made "of one blood" the great brotherhood of His church all over the world, citizens of the invisible yet real kingdom of Christ as well as citizens of the nations where they lived. Bound together by closer ties than those of national or family relationship, they owed one another all the obligations of Christian love. "All ye are brethren," they had been told. Though blood relationship would not keep brother from delivering brother to death, the citizens of God's "United Nations" were taught to lay down their lives for their brethren if need be.

Such a beautiful bond of loving fellowship forbade the members of Christ's universal church to take up arms. The injunction to do only what they would have others do to them, the reminder that "love worketh no ill to his neighbour,"<sup>5</sup> and that the citizens of this "kingdom" do not fight, kept them from combatant service.

If tempted to forget these divine prin-



ciples, they may have asked themselves, "Shall brother slay brother?" It could easily be that. If the members of this universal church were to bear arms, church member might engage fellow church member in mortal combat on the field of battle. Could this be the will of Christ for His followers?

A more solemn question might have come to their minds. "Should we close the probation of a fellow man?" A criminal facing death is given time to prepare for his ordeal, but a man on the battlefield has no such reprieve. The bullet that crashes into his brain, the bayonet thrust that pierces his heart, closes the victim's probation for time and eternity! If perchance, he is ready to die, death is but an interval, but if not—what then? The action on the field of battle has doomed him for eternity! A little more time, another opportunity, may have resulted in a soul saved for the kingdom of God.

Many are the people who have been snatched as brands from the burning because they were allowed more time to consider the claims of Christ upon them. Outstanding among them was Harry Orchard, a man who slew a score of people, but who became such a devoted follower of the Master that it was a blessed experience to hear him pray. What if he had not had more time to yield his heart to Christ?

In striking contrast to the loving concern of the Saviour for erring men, we find that our common enemy, Satan, is anxious to see lost souls destroyed in the awful maelstrom of war.

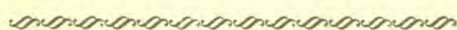
"Satan delights in war, for it excites the worst passions of the soul and then sweeps into eternity its victims steeped in vice and blood."<sup>6</sup> "It suits his satanic majesty well to see slaughter and carnage upon the earth. He loves to see the poor soldiers mowed down like grass."<sup>7</sup>

The Master stressed the fact that He had come to save, and not to destroy, those for whom He died. "Put up again thy sword," He warned, "for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."<sup>8</sup> Could He thrust a bayonet into the quivering body of an enemy, or fire the shot that would take his life? Would He tell His followers to do so?

The apostles emphasized the fact that the followers of Christ will be like Him, and that they will possess the same loving Spirit that actuated Christ. They stressed the fact that the child of God must not strive, but minister to the needs of his enemies.

The followers of Christ are warned that fellowship with Him will mean warfare, that they will be soldiers, that they must fight, and that they will have to be armed for the battle. But they are informed that the weapons of their warfare "are not carnal," and that their warfare is not "after the flesh."<sup>9</sup> The soldiers of the new kingdom are to wear an

"armour of light" and righteousness. They are to carry as a shield a living faith, which will overcome the enemy. A breastplate combining faith, love, and righteousness will effectively protect them. The helmet of salvation includes hope as well as confidence in God's plan. The powerful sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, is their weapon of defense and conquest. From their lips it flashes to defeat and subdues all opponents. With their feet shod with "the preparation of the gospel of peace"<sup>10</sup> the soldiers of the new kingdom are ready for defensive or aggressive action. Spir-



## Man of Galilee

By

OLIVER EARL THOMPSON, M.D.

He died for you and me,  
This Man of Galilee—  
Shedding His precious blood  
That He might set us free.

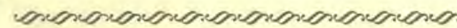
We see Him standing, calm,  
In majesty sublime,  
While unbelievers there  
Cannot abide their time.

They nail Him to a tree—  
Our Christ from Galilee—  
His gracious form outstretched  
Proves love for you and me.

Oh, wondrous thought divine—  
How Jesus loves us so  
That He would die upon the cross  
Our ransom to bestow.

Beloved Son of God,  
In rapturous joy we sing  
Our ardent hymns of praise  
To Thee, our Lord and King.

Author's note: "Written at 2 A.M. the morning after reviewing the great picture, *The Crucifixion*, in Forest Lawn Mortuary, Glendale, California." [Turn to the center spread for a description of this painting.]



itual, and not physical, are the weapons of their warfare!

Note how the Saviour made use of this armor and the sword! Tested and proved by Him in the fiercest conflict ever known, they are passed on to us by Him as our only certain assurance of protection and final victory as the great battle for the allegiance of men roars on to its mighty climax. Warned by the ancient prophet that God's curse rests on the man who puts his trust in the arm of flesh, but assured that His blessing is bestowed on those who trust in Him,<sup>11</sup> the follower of Christ should follow His teaching and example as he faces

the problem of aggressive or defensive warfare. The law of love forbids aggression, and his faith and trust in God bars defensive warfare.

Do enemies threaten our land and our loved ones? Angels that excel in strength stand ready to protect God's children. In His hour of danger, Christ referred to these unseen guardians as merely waiting for His call. They surrounded the prophet and his youthful helper, even though the young man could not see them until God opened his eyes. They are our protectors, as long as we are faithful to their divine commander.<sup>12</sup>

"His angels, thousands upon thousands and ten thousand times ten thousand, are commissioned to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation. They guard us against temporal evil, and press back the powers of darkness, to save us from destruction."<sup>13</sup>

"So long as the people of God preserve their fidelity to Him, so long as they cling by living faith to Jesus, they are under the protection of heavenly angels, and Satan will not be permitted to exercise his hellish arts upon them to their destruction."<sup>14</sup>

"The Christian communities of the first four centuries declared categorically, from the mouths of their pastors, the prohibition of . . . war.

"The philosopher Tatian, converted to Christianity in the second century considered . . . warfare to be . . . inadmissible for his co-religionists . . . and looked upon the laurel crown of the victor as an unworthy symbol. . . .

"In the third century Clement of Alexandria contrasted *warlike* pagans with 'the peaceful community of Christians.'

"But it was Origen who most forcibly expressed the Christian's dislike of war. In applying the words of Isaiah to the Christians: the time would come when men would change their swords for sickles and their lances for ploughs, he says clearly: 'We do not arm ourselves against any nation; we do not learn the art of war; because, through Jesus Christ, we have become the children of peace.' Answering the accusation of Celsus against the Christians who avoided military service (for, in his opinion, the Roman Empire would disappear as soon as it became Christian), Origen said that Christians fought more than the rest for the welfare of the emperor, since they defended him by good actions, by prayers and good influence on other men. As to armed combat, Origen added that he was certain that they would not take part with the imperial armies, nor would they take part even if the emperor himself obliged them to do so.

"Tertullian, a contemporary of Origen, expressed himself as categorically on the impossibility of Christians being warriors. Speaking of military service he said: 'It is not fitting to serve at the same time

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A. DEVANEY

Mrs. Nick received three dollars for fixing Betty's hair. Would it go for knickknacks, dishes, or missions?

# Dishes the Lord Sent

By JIM NASH

**M**AMMA! Mrs. Wing wants to talk to you on the phone."  
"All right, I'll be right there."

Mrs. Nick set her clothesbasket down and hurried to the telephone.

"Hello, Betty. How are you? What's this?"

"I've just found that I'll be able to attend my nephew's graduation from academy, and I want to know if you would fix my hair, because I can't get an appointment soon enough at the beauty parlor."

"Well, surely I will. When can you come over? This afternoon? All right, one-thirty it is."

The hour for the appointment arrived, and the two friends were soon engrossed in animated conversation. At last Mrs. Nick said, "There, now all we have to do is finish these few pin curls, and we

shall be through. It surely was a good thing I started my washing early this morning. Otherwise I wouldn't have had anything else done before you came. There we are, all done. How's that?"

"Thanks, Lois. I really appreciate this. Here is something you might use to buy another horse for your collection."

"Now listen, Betty, I can't take this. I fixed your hair as a friendly favor, and I don't expect anything for it."

"Here, Lois. Take it."

"No, three dollars is way too much."

"Look, Lois. It would have cost me much more in a beauty parlor, so the least you could do is to take this."

"Well, if it will keep peace in town, I suppose I'll have to take it. But, remember, next time you want me to fix your hair, you leave your purse at home."

Later, Mrs. Nick began to wonder if she should spend all that money on a

little horse that would only collect dust, or put it toward something she could use. She did need a set of dishes, so she decided to start a fund toward a new set.

A while later, Mrs. Nick began to think of a mission story she had heard in Sabbath school a few weeks before. She remembered the needs of a mission school where one dollar would go a long way toward keeping a student in school. Her mind began to wander as she thought of what the result of just such a gift might be.

"My three dollars might keep a boy in school until he could complete his training. Then he could go out on his own and teach others. He might bring another person into his faith. This person in turn would do the same thing. By the time Jesus comes to take His children home, there might be a multitude of people waiting for Him as a result of my three dollars. I have never really taken Investment to heart. I have given liberally every year, but have never done anything special for it. I think it is about time I did something. I would much rather see perhaps a hundred more people seated at the banquet table in the holy mansions of Christ than spend this money on something for myself."

As a result of her meditation Mrs. Nick made an offering of her money to the Investment Fund. She had been the Sabbath school superintendent in a large church for the past year and a half. After she had decided what to do with the money, she felt impressed to relate her experience to her Sabbath school, as an inspiration to others to be liberal in their Investment giving.

After church was over that day the Nick family went home for their Sabbath dinner. As the car went around the last corner little Davy cried out, "Look, look, Mamma! What's that big box on the front porch?"

"I don't know what it could be. I haven't ordered anything. We will soon find out though."

As soon as the car was stopped, the three little children ran to the porch and gave the package a thorough examination. When they could be pulled off, the package was taken into the house. When the carton was opened, there, before the eyes of Mrs. Nick and all her family, was a great surprise. There was a set of badly needed dishes.

The family didn't have any idea whence they had come. The box had their name on it, so it was not left by mistake. Nobody had called on the telephone from the church from the time Sabbath school began until it closed. A neighbor girl had seen a middle-aged man and woman drive up in front of the Nick house in a black car and leave the dishes on the porch. Mrs. Nick hadn't told anybody about wanting dishes, even

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# Blue Pajamas

By DOROTHY CHRISTMAN

**A**LFREDA was busily sewing a pair of new blue pajamas for her husband. It was getting late, and he would be coming home any moment now. She lifted her head as she heard the front gate click, and stopped her work long enough to be sure that the steps she heard entering were those of the one she awaited. He always came in through the kitchen so as not to awaken the baby if he was sleeping.

"Alfreda," he called softly. Something in his voice made Alfreda gather up her work as she went to meet her husband. It just seemed he had a story in his voice.

"Alfreda, come and hear the news," called John. "They've asked us to help in an evangelistic effort in the interior. I'm to be there three or four months, and you are to come along too."

He took the letter from his pocket, unfolded it, and together they read it.

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful. When do we go—and how?"

"We'll go at once—as soon as we can get passage and can be ready."

Alfreda and John Cessa lived in the city of Manaus, a city that borders the great Amazon in north Brazil. The accepted way to travel from one city to another was by boat. The "how" in Alfreda's question only meant, "What boat do you think we'll take?"

"I'll go down to the docks tomorrow. It's about time for the *Rodrigues Alves* to be coming back. Maybe we can arrange passage on her—that is, if we could be ready to go in—say a week."

"So this is why I've made these new pajamas," Alfreda mused, and turned up the last hem. "Tomorrow I'll sew up those little things I've cut out for Renato, and I think we can get ready without too much rush."

The next few days the little household took on an air of concentrated activity, as though in preparation for an approaching deadline. Clothes were washed and ironed, folded, and packed away in the large suitcase.

By noon on Thursday, John had arrived saying that the *Rodrigues Alves* would be in Sabbath evening and be going out Sunday morning. "I bought the tickets," he announced. "I was sure we could make it."

Sunday morning was one big bustle, and ended with the little family quietly arriving at the pier in good time. Alfreda, with little Renato in her arms, waited outside. She looked at the big boat and stopped to think of her happiness in being able to accompany her husband on this trip. Pastor Cessa went to claim the suitcase that the baggage carrier had taken for him. But there was no suitcase.

Alfreda looked too. At first they hoped that it was just misplaced and that somehow, in their excitement, they just couldn't see it. Finally they believed that it was really gone and began to search in earnest.

By permission of the chief of the harbor police, the baggage carrier went aboard the other ships docked in the harbor and searched every cabin. But there was no suitcase to reward his search.

It was a sickening moment. What should they do? It seemed that the only thing they could do was to give up the trip and wait until some of the necessities could be replaced. In the Amazon country it is so hot that one needs a change of clothing two or three times a day. And now, with the exception of a small handbag that mothers always carry, they had only the clothing they were wearing. But their help in the planned evangelistic program was needed at once. They were expected. A short family council and prayer was held, and a decision made to continue with their plans in spite of their misfortune.

A sober little group stood at the rail as the big ship whistled and sailed away. They could have been so happy, but the theft of their suitcase of clothes and precious things had caused a cloud to settle upon them.

The next two days were spent in prayer—earnest prayer—that even yet God would direct in the recovery of their belongings.

"Look, John, it could always be worse," Alfreda waved the coat of his new blue pajamas. In the last-minute gather-up at home she had pushed it in the top of her handbag. "You can at least give your shirt a rest."

So on Tuesday morning Pastor Cessa was sitting on the deck near their cabin wearing his pajama coat. "John, come,"

Alfreda quietly interrupted his meditation; "I just saw the trousers to your pajamas."

As Alfreda was leaving their room after putting the baby down for his nap, she had somehow and for some reason looked down the stairway that led to the quarters of the third-class passengers. There at the foot of the stairs a group of men stood talking. One was wearing the blue trousers of Pastor Cessa's sleeping togs. Mrs. Cessa was quick to recognize the pajamas she had just finished making.

John quickly took off the half of the pajamas he was wearing and called the commandant of the ship. Together they went in search of the Cessa suitcase.

And sure enough, there it was as though it belonged there—on top of one of the lockers in a downstairs cabin.

"To whom does this suitcase belong?" inquired the commandant.

And he who had stolen replied, "To my buddy here."

"No," replied the buddy, "here is the man who has been selling things from that suitcase."

The commandant recovered the suitcase and restored it to the Cessas. The things that had been sold were of little importance and of little value.

God had answered their petitions, and for the remainder of the journey their prayers were of grateful praise to a loving God.



H. A. ROBERTS

The theft of their suitcase caused a cloud to settle on the little family as they stood at the rail of the big ship, but, fortunately, Alfreda, at the last minute, had put the blue pajama coat in her handbag.





# Expedition to Hunza

By JEWEL HATCHER HENRICKSON

## PART FOUR

**T**UESDAY was to be a big day—the Mir-Sahib was to return home! And when we left our tents at eight-thirty that morning, we could see preparations already being made for the coming of the chief of state. We could hear a sort of chanting in the distance, and were asking ourselves what it could mean when Sultan Ali, the schoolmaster, appeared. He seemed always to be there when we needed him.

"An old man, eighty years old, quite a prominent man, died in Baltit last night, and those are the mourners you hear. They will be coming in about a half hour to bury him in the cemetery, which is on the hill just above the palace."

"Could we go up there to see it?" asked Stan. "And do you suppose they would mind if we took pictures?"

"Certainly you may go to watch," was his reply, "and they won't mind your cameras at all."

Stan, Jerry, Dr. Verna, and I scurried up the hillside in order not to miss this unusual sight, a Hunza funeral. Within a few minutes we saw the procession winding through the village and on up the slope of the barren hill. It consisted entirely of men in Hunza hats, the first dozen being very elderly. One was a Moslem priest from Baltit, and the rest were priests from neighboring villages. Behind the priests, four men carried the body on a charpoy, over which was draped a brightly colored spread. To the side of us, two men were digging the grave, and when finished, they lined it with large flat stones.

At the summit of the hill the bright spread was removed and the body, wrapped in a white sheet, was lifted from the charpoy and placed on the ground. The priests gathered around it, and leaving the side toward Mecca open, they repeated portions of the Koran and prayed to Allah. In unison they lifted their hands heavenward in supplication, and at the same time the other men did likewise.

The body was then returned to the charpoy and carried to the side of the grave in relays, three different groups of



JEWEL HENRICKSON

The funeral procession wound through the village of Baltit and up the slope of the barren hill.

men carrying it a few feet. This man came from a large family and he also had many friends, therefore there were many men to serve as pallbearers. By having them serve in relays more of his friends could be honored.

After the body was laid in the grave, a rectangular stone slab, which rested on the sides of the lining, was placed over it. The earth was shoveled over the slab, and the priests gathered again to chant and pray. The men began to leave the hill and return to the village, but the priests and the dead man's sons and grandsons remained to chant and pray longer.

"It is all over now," said Sultan Ali, "but if you will return tomorrow about this same time you will see the grave completed by the pouring of a rectangular cement slab over it, as has been done on these other graves."

Before time for school to begin, Sultan Ali took us to see the weaving art of his country. He had chosen a home in the village a short distance below the palace. We were very graciously received in the yard of the home, where the loom was set down in a square hole in the earth. The weaver sat on the edge of the hole, and manipulated the pedals with his feet. The woolen thread

on the shuttle he sent back and forth was a gray tan and quite coarse. The woolen cloth made—gray, tan, or brown in color—was about twenty-four inches wide, and was used for the Hunza hats and robes. A neighbor woman in a gaily embroidered cap showed us how they beat the wool in the sand with sticks to cleanse it of oil. We also had to see how the wool was spun into thread, and then wound on the shuttle.

"Where is the music coming from?" asked Jerry, peeking out of their tent that afternoon. "It sounds like a bagpipe band. It must be just down the path."

"It's for the Mir's return," Stan replied. "I understand the crown prince and Prince Haritham left just after lunch to go to meet him. He is due at four o'clock, so they must have sighted him across the valley. Let's get our cameras and get down by the band so we don't miss his arrival!"

Minutes later we were enjoying the vigorous thumping of the drummers and blowing of the horn players. They had no printed music and no director; they needed none; they were playing for the welcome of their beloved Mir and playing from their hearts.

The band consisted of two drummers, each playing a set of drums, and three



horn players. Their oboelike horns were of silver metal with openings for their fingers and a circle of metal through which a reed protruded to form the mouthpiece, the circle fitting against the player's lips.

Through clearings in the trees along the trail the Mir's party on horseback could be seen coming through the valley. Winston Mumby, the crown prince's American tutor, returning from annual leave, and Ayash, the Mir's brother, were in the lead. The Mir was behind all the way, we were told, as there were from thirty to forty of his people following him. Every village through which he passed had prepared a feast for him, and he had to eat something in each one to be courteous. There were also eight disputes, which he took time to settle en route to the palace.

The group dismounted at the beginning of the palace grounds and walked the remaining distance with the Mir in the lead, Ayash, Mr. Mumby, the crown prince, and Prince Haritham following, and a group of Hunzukuts at a respectful distance. At the court pavilion the Mir stopped and greeted each of our group, shook hands with us, and introduced Mr. Mumby. We chatted at tea for a few minutes with the returned members of the household, and then retired to our own quarters so they could be with the family again.

That evening before dinner we had opportunity to become better acquainted with Winston Mumby, who is the son of a Methodist minister, and had spent the greater share of his life in India. He took most of his schooling at interdenominational Woodstock, school for missionaries' children at Mussoorie. At this time his wife, Jean, was visiting her medical missionary parents in Assam, so

Mr. Mumby, or Win, as he wished to be called, was happy to see some American visitors. And we were fortunate to have him to serve as our "chief of protocol." He assisted us in many instances when we were not sure just what was the correct procedure.

"Tell us, Mr. Mumby, does the Mir tax his people? Just what is the source of his income?" were questions we tossed to him.

"No, the Mir does not tax his people. His income is derived from private properties he owns. He does rent some lands to his people for cultivation, and he collects 50 per cent of the crops from them. He used to charge the persons involved in disputes he settled a calf each, but now he has discontinued that practice and does it free.

"The crops this year have been very good, and everyone is happy and well taken care of. Last year, though, the crops were poor, and before the new crops came in there was a famine. Karimabad just squeaked through with sufficient provisions."

"Say, have you folks noticed the royal children have foster parents?" Mr. Mumby inquired of us.

"Why, no. We thought the men with the little princes were their servants or appointed to look after them," I replied.

"They are the foster parents of the princes. Each royal child, very soon after he is born, is given over to foster parents, good people of the nearby villages, who bring him up from infancy. The Mir and Rani bear the expenses in the way of food and clothing, and the parents bring the children often to the palace. Gazhanfar, Dorrishawar, Nelo-fur, Malika, and Mary are at the palace almost constantly, and there are quarters in the rear of the palace where they

and their foster parents may stay. Abbas' foster father brings him from Ganesh to Karimabad every day to see the Rani."

"What is the purpose of this arrangement?"

"It is followed to integrate the village people with the royal family, to make them feel they are part of the ruling family."

"How long have you been tutor to the crown prince, Mr. Mumby?" came another inquiry, this time from Emma.

"Three years. I am now beginning my second term of three years."

"Do you teach only the crown prince?"

"I also teach the cousin, Nasim, and Dorrishawar and Nelo-fur have been coming for classes. I understand it has been decided that since Dorrishawar is being married, she will not need to attend class any longer. You probably know that the legal contract for her marriage has been completed, but the Mir feels her husband-to-be should settle down a little more before they really live together.

"I follow the Calvert system in teaching them. The crown prince has state matters in which he is receiving instruction also. For example, he must learn the names of the members of each family in each village in the state. You can imagine what a task that is."

That evening was the "when" to present our gifts. We had been told that it was protocol to give quite a valuable gift to the Mir in appreciation for the entertainment of a group like ours. The seven of us pooled our gifts, mostly articles we had brought with us or had sent for from America, with the result that we had a present for each member of the royal family. Preceding dinner, Roy presented the gifts—a Rolliflex camera for the Mir, a thermos dish for the Rani, chocolates and *The Desire of Ages* for the entire family, pencils and puzzles for the crown prince and his cousin, an evening stole for Dorrishawar, a sweater for Nelo-fur, dolls for the four little princesses, gyrotops for the four little princes, candy for Ayash, a fountain pen for Haritham, and an Eversharp pencil for the schoolmaster.

When Roy was finished, the Mir sighed and said, "It is too, too much. To think you brought all these things in your saman! You should not have done it."

We were a happy, jolly group that evening, as we went in to a very special dinner in honor of the Mir's return.

We ate breakfast the next morning, Wednesday, with the Mir and Rani joining us at the table, although they had already eaten. During the conversation after breakfast the Mir mentioned the parties that he had attended in Gilgit while waiting the arrival of the political resident, who in the end found it impossible to come.

"Ever since last spring in Karachi, when Dr. Nelson advised me to leave

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JEWEL HENRICKSON

The loom of the weaver is set down in a square hole in the earth, and the operator sits on the edge of the hole, manipulating the pedals with his feet. The cloth is used for Hunza hats and robes.



# A New Suit and a Visitor



By

WILMA

ROSS

WESTPHAL

STANLEY DUNLAP, JR.

Jeanie's friend had given her an old-fashioned beaded suit to make over, and Jeanie accepted it in all good faith, never dreaming that it would become the source of a great deal of heartache.

**C**HRISTMAS vacation had come and gone, and Jeanie and her brother LeRoy had spent the holidays at home with Dad and Mother and the younger brothers and sister. There had been some snow, and the crackling fire, the good home cooking, and the occasional games in the evenings with a few friends in had made of this vacation a very pleasant occasion indeed.

Not that Jeanie hadn't spent her time profitably. Jeanie's friend, Madge, of her home church, had given her an old-fashioned beaded suit to make over for herself before she went to college. And Jeanie had accepted it in all good faith, never dreaming for a moment that it would become the source of a great deal of heartache later on.

She took the suit from a box one day at the beginning of the holidays at home, for she hadn't had the time to do anything about it at college. The material was of finest quality navy-blue wool gabardine, and was cut on loose, flowing lines with heavy beaded work on the front and back.

With her mother's encouragement she decided to make it over for herself during her vacation, and together they had spent many long hours taking off the beaded work. Then Jeanie had ripped it all apart at the seams, cleaned it thoroughly and steam-pressed it before

she got her new stylish pattern out and began to cut.

At the end of the holiday season, when she put the finishing touches on the lovely new creation and had given it a final pressing, she had proudly put it on and modeled it before her family and several friends who had dropped in. It fitted her perfectly, and had that professional touch that characterizes an expensive garment from an exclusive shop. Jeanie's family and friends had been verbose in their compliments, and she knew instinctively that this new suit was smart and stylish enough for any occasion.

Back at college, Jeanie had worn the new suit to church occasionally and to a few social festivities, and it had never failed to bring forth admiring remarks from her friends and acquaintances. "I would like to know where you get your clothes?" some of the best-dressed girls of the college had asked her. "Your clothes always have such a distinguished look about them," they said. And when Jeanie told them that she made all her clothes herself, they were amazed. "Why," they said with lifted brows, "you are considered one of the best-dressed girls on the campus. How about making a few clothes for us? We will pay you extra well!"

So, Jeanie had been persuaded to do some sewing for several of these girls.

But it seemed, as time went on, that everything she did now required a great deal of eyestrain. She still did a lot of typing for various students, and there were her own lessons to prepare, along with some research and outside reading, and an occasional theme of her own to write and copy. Then, on top of everything else, there was this extra sewing.

Something had to happen, and it happened to Jeanie's eyes. As a reward for all these efforts she had reaped a fine crop of seven or eight sties on both eyes just before period examinations! The doctor had put her on a more alkaline diet, anointed her burning eyes with yellow oxide ointment, bandaged them shut, and told her to go back and stay in bed a few days. "Too much eyestrain," he had told her brother LeRoy. "See that she reduces the eyestrain to a minimum from here on."

But that had been only the beginning of Jeanie's troubles. When the grades had been given out, she had received a list of incompletes, owing to the fact that she had been unable to write the examinations. Her bandages had finally been removed, and the doctor had grudgingly given her permission to study a little and to go to class when and if she felt like it. But her head throbbed incessantly and the continued burning around her eyes had caused her to lay her books aside frequently and dab at her eyes with cotton soaked in a solution of boric acid.

"That suit!" Jeanie reflected from the depths of despondency. "That suit is indirectly responsible for all my troubles now!" Troubles seldom come unattended, and this particular trouble was out gathering recruits that very moment!

Back in the conference office where Jeanie had been presented with a generous cash gift from the staff before she went to college, the conference president had been puzzling over some very dis-

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Above: *The Crucifixion*, by Jan Styka, is housed in a building constructed especially for it. Its immensity can be compared with the man on an eight-foot stepladder in the circle. Below: The central section of *The Crucifixion* pictures Jesus standing with His head raised heavenward just before His crucifixion. Behind Him are the two thieves, and at his feet lie the purple robe and the crown of thorns. Styka painted hundreds of characters into his masterpiece, all of them with striking clarity and individuality.





# The CRUCIFIXION

By HERB FORD

**W**ITHIN a great gray building that towers high on a hill in Glendale, California, there is hung a painting called *The Crucifixion*.

*The Crucifixion* is a great and magnificent art piece that is 45 feet high and 195 feet long—as tall as a three-story building and as long as a good-sized ship. It hangs in the Hall of the Crucifixion, a structure built especially to house the great picture, in Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

In terms of size it is the world's largest painting on display. But its size is not the measure of its greatness. For the greatness of *The Crucifixion* lies in the story that painter Jan Styka tells on the canvas.

With almost unbelievable balance Styka has painted the entire sweep of Palestinian countryside, from the distant hills to the nearness of Calvary, where all about stand the painting's central characters. To the right swarms the jostling, jittery mob, and to the left spread out the peaceful vales and ascents. Over all the land, though, there hang darkened and threatening clouds.

In the midst of this scene stands Jesus. A light streaming through the blackened sky shines full upon Him as He stands bound, yet erect, facing the multitude that swarms up Calvary's rise from the gate of Pilate's court in Jerusalem. Painting the scene as it must have occurred just before the actual crucifixion, the artist has caught a seemingly triumphant moment when Jesus stands looking beyond His captors to heaven—realizing that this day of infamy is part of the great plan laid down for man's salvation before He left heaven. Behind Jesus and to one side are the two thieves.

Nearby, the artist has placed many of the persons closely connected with Jesus' life and His crucifixion. The influential lawyer Gamaliel, standing apart from the

other members of the Sanhedrin, is shown talking with his pupil Saul of Tarsus.\* To one side stands Joseph of Arimathea, silently resolving to ask for the Master's body that he might give it an honorable burial. With Joseph is the wealthy Nicodemus who, in spite of his wealth and conviction of Jesus' innocence, can do nothing. In front of Jesus is Mary Magdalene, weeping in abandon upon the rocky ground of Calvary. Lazarus, for whom Jesus wept, is pictured too. And Jesus' mother stands near the cross, being comforted by the beloved John. Peter, almost lost in the swarming crowd, stares aghast down at a fluttering cock on the ground.

Far to the left, punctuating a distant cliff, can be seen Joseph's tomb, where Jesus was to be laid to rest. And in the shadow of the cross of one of the thieves stands the still-wondering Malchus, whose ear was struck off by the furious Peter at the time of the betrayal.

Artist Styka's painting defies complete verbal description. For the scenes that his brush has unfolded with such meticulousness and detail are infinite in number. Few other artists have attempted to encompass the drama of the crucifixion, and the ones who have are most noticeable for their failure to accomplish their purpose. But Jan Styka not only attempted the work but also succeeded in a most triumphant manner.

The artist's inspiration for *The Crucifixion* came from one of his fellow country men, Ignace Jan Paderewski, Poland's beloved musician and patriot. In 1894 Paderewski stood before a giant painting depicting the struggle for Poland's freedom. As Paderewski gazed at the picture the idea for a greater painting that would have universal appeal came to mind. With his idea he went to Jan Styka, who was soon eagerly sharing the dream.

\* See author's comments in *Grace Notes*, page 2.—Ed.



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Jan Styka, painter of *The Crucifixion*, died in discouragement after he had brought his masterpiece to America and found no hall in which it could be exhibited properly because of its large size.

While a special canvas was being prepared for the giant work, Styka journeyed to the Holy Land to acquire a more intimate knowledge of his subject. There he viewed Golgotha, trod the pathways that two thousand years before had led to the crucifixion, and drew characters, using the people of Jerusalem as models.

Returning to Poland, he set to work in a mammoth public building loaned by the city officials of Lemburg, his home. For thousands of hours Styka painted—often far into the night. More than one thousand characters were painted, all of them with consuming individuality.

When the work was completed it was shown to enthralled audiences in Europe. In 1900 Styka brought the painting to America. But there was no building large enough to house it permanently. Disappointed and discouraged that the work could not be shown, he soon lost possession of the masterpiece and returned to Europe.

Years passed, with *The Crucifixion* in storage, its universal message lost to the world. But the memory of the painting was often in conversations where artists met. One day Dr. Hubert Eaton, "The Builder," of Forest Lawn Memorial Park in California, heard of the painting, and in 1944 obtained it for the Park. Then Forest Lawn built the huge Hall of the Crucifixion to house the masterpiece.

And today atop Mount Forest Lawn, in the massive Hall of the Crucifixion thousands of persons view Styka's magnificent masterpiece each week. *The Crucifixion* message, once lost to mankind, is again telling that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son."



**B**EING born into a family that was doing its best to obey God, Lois knew about that admonition—"Unless you would have a home where the shadows are never lifted—" Her father, a minister, was called on to counsel many a person who had disregarded this counsel and had married a non-Adventist.

Lois was an attractive girl. When she was old enough she went to an academy for her secondary education, and then on to college, a Seventh-day Adventist college, and graduated. Feeling that she needed still further education, she decided to attend a nearby university for her Master's degree.

That's where she met Ed.

Ed was in some of her classes. Almost before she realized what was happening to her she found herself glad when he was around. He was just about everything that a girl could want—almost, that is. He was popular, a hustling basketball player, the president of his fraternity, a straight A student, and a real gentleman. And he seemed interested in her.

As Lois sized him up she realized that there was only one flaw in Ed. He was a devout Christian, but he was not a Seventh-day Adventist. Yet as the school year wore away she began hoping that he would ask her to marry him. They were in perfect accord on everything—except religion, of course.

But the school year ended and Ed had not asked the question. During the summer vacation she tried to settle down to a job, but she couldn't. Ed was on her mind.

When school opened again the next autumn both were back in classes again. The long separation had served only to make each seem dearer to the other, and the second week Ed asked her to be his wife. Her consent was easy to get. The rest of the school year seemed to fly as the two planned their future together.

Since each was a devout Christian in his own church, it was impossible for the subject of religion to remain undiscussed. Naturally he wanted his wife to be of the same religion as he was, and he did his best to get her to join his church. She was adamant, and it disgusted him not a little. Then it was her turn to try to convert him to her faith. This time he was adamant. Since they thought so much of each other, they agreed that their mutual love ought to find a way to bridge over this one chasm.

They found a little apartment in his home town after the ceremony. She was disappointed that her father could not marry them, so they went to a clergyman of his faith. Though neither went to church with the other, still the first few months were blissful enough. They were really happy.

The first real trouble began when the baby was born. Ed demanded that he be baptized into his faith. This she refused



"Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?" (Prov. 6:27).

# These Shadows Are Real

By *VINSTON E. ADAMS*

to permit. Ed became sulky, would hardly speak a civil word to her. In her own mind she was sure she was right in not letting her precious boy be baptized into another church, but she realized that this position she had taken was the cause of his dissatisfaction with her.

She was not too well physically after the baby came, and this, together with the mental torture of seeing her husband estranged from her so, soon led to a complete breakdown. In her desperation she took the baby and went home to Mother and Dad.

They were kind to her. They did not blame her in their conversation, for they did not desire to add to her anguish. For many months she lay in bed, too sick to tend to her son.

Eventually good care, fresh air, and proper food performed their restorative

function. Lois was well again. What should she do now? Through her long illness and recuperation Ed had never come to see her, but he had written occasionally.

Naturally he was pleased when she recovered, and he asked her to come once more to their little apartment, which he had occupied all by himself during their separation. She was glad and eager to go back, but she decided to leave the baby with her mother to care for, thinking that she would thus remove the cause of disagreements with her husband.

The first few weeks were like another honeymoon. Ed was attentive again and life looked rosy. She missed her baby, but her new joy in her husband for a time covered up this lack.

Just when she thought the two were

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**L**OOK, Roland!" John exclaimed excitedly. "That school bus is on fire!"

Black smoke billowed out as tongues of red flame burst from the rear of a school bus coming toward them. "There are children in that bus! Hear them screaming!"

John Davis and his friend Roland Semmens were driving along New Hampshire Avenue, just outside the District of Columbia. They were on their way to do some marketing for Cedarcroft Sanitarium and Hospital, where Mr. Davis was chef.

They had paid little attention to the bus coming slowly up the hill toward them until, with the suddenness of an explosion, the whole rear end burst into flames before their startled eyes. And the road, for 250 feet down the hill, also seemed to be burning.

Mr. Davis whipped the steering wheel to the right and came to a tire-skidding stop in the dirt on the edge of the road. The bus now had stopped almost opposite them. The driver was frantically waving his hands out a front window. The faces of frightened children pressed against the unyielding glass on the left side of the doomed bus.

John and Roland instantly realized that the emergency door must have jammed. They knew that the twenty kindergarten children and the driver would quickly burn to death unless they were rescued within a few minutes.

John's first thoughts were of a hammer in the trunk of his car. With this he could smash the windows and release the terror-stricken children. He leaped out and dashed to the trunk, but in his excitement he broke the key off in the lock before it opened.

Roland ran to the front of the bus. The roar of flames, the crackling of wood and screams of children filled his ears. The most important thing for him at the moment seemed to be to rescue the driver who, after the doors jammed, decided to go out the small window next to his steering wheel. But his hips caught in the window and there he dangled, half in the bus and half out. He could go neither way. Roland dashed to him and grabbed him by the shoulders. He pulled and tugged with all his might. Very slowly the man inched through the tiny window and dropped to the ground.

While Roland was rescuing the driver John ran to the side of the bus and began banging against the glass with his fists. He worked against time, for the flames were roaring louder all the time and creeping toward the front of the bus.

John pounded around the edges of the window first. Then he smashed into the center of the glass. To his great relief it broke. With other rapid blows, now with bleeding hands, he broke away the jagged edges around the frame.

By this time another car came to a

grinding stop and a man dashed over to begin smashing out still another window with his bare hands.

As soon as Roland had released the driver he began pulling out the children who were crowding up to the small window in panic. One after another they came out. A blond boy, two tiny girls, another boy. Still crying, they moved away from the hungry flames that were rapidly crawling toward the front end of the now smoke-filled bus.

John also began taking children out the window he had broken. In quiet tones he talked to them as he quickly reached into the seething bus and pulled them to safety. Each sobbing child clung to him until the child was put on the ground and urged to run back into the field with the others.

In less than five minutes of heroic work twenty children were snatched from a

horrible death. In less than two minutes from the time the last child was taken out, the whole interior of the bus was a mass of flames in which no one could have remained for an instant.

The screaming of sirens announced the arrival of police, fire truck, and ambulance. The still-sobbing children were moved a safe distance into the field while firemen poured streams of water onto the hissing metal and flaming wood. Clouds of smoke and steam rose fifty feet into the air, and in a few minutes the bus was a charred wreck, with windows smashed and interior completely burned out. Now the firemen's attention was directed to a telephone pole twenty feet away and to the grass in a nearby field that had been ignited by the terrific heat of the burning bus.

Courteous police began asking pointed

*To page 18*

# Fire in the SCHOOL BUS

By HOWARD A. MUNSON



PHOTO, WASHINGTON EVENING STAR

John (left) was commended for lifting frightened children through the school bus window that he had broken with his fists. With him are Roland Semmens and the late Mrs. Elizabeth Heitman.



## Expedition to Hunza

From page 10

off sugar in my diet, I have taken on the drinking of beer and whisky," His Highness remarked. "But in Gilgit I gained ten pounds or more, which I intend to lose. Dr. Nelson also advised me to keep my weight down to 175 pounds, and I had brought it down from 210 to 175 pounds."

"Perhaps Your Highness does not realize that alcoholic beverages are very high in sugar content," advised Dr. Verna.

"Is that right? I didn't know that. Well, well, and how about beer, Doctor?"

"Beer, of course, doesn't contain as much alcohol as whisky or wine, but it still has quite a high sugar content."

"Dr. Wilkinson, do you agree with the lady doctor?" inquired the Mir.

"Yes, I do, Your Highness. What she says is right."

"That being the case, friends, I will drink no more whisky or beer from today. As of this date, September 14, I will stop drinking."

Then followed a period of picture taking, when the Mir, in his royal robe of black velvet embroidered in gold, and wearing a black Jinnah cap ornamented with jewels and a feather, and the Rani, in white lace *qamiz*, white satin *salwar*, and white net *dupatta*, patiently posed and posed for us.

At ten o'clock the Mir went to the rectangular court area, where he met with his counselors, although they had no cases to consider that day. He had been gone ten days, yet there were no disputes to settle on his return. What a peaceful country! However, His Highness met with his men and visited with them, thus learning all the happenings during his absence. He sat in a corner of the pavilion on a large settee covered with colorful Persian rugs, smoked and visited with about forty of his men, who sat on the matting at his feet and smoked their hookahs, or hubble-bubble pipes. The Hunza men may come to the Mir, and the women to the Rani, any time of the day or night when they need help.

A trip to the village of Ganesh, perched on the edge of the river cliff below the palace, had been planned for us, and we set out in the warm sunlight to see more of beautiful Hunza. The path led beside several harvest fields, where women were helping the men cut hay, tie it in small bundles, and make bundles of four into miniature haystacks. In a half hour we were at Ganesh, and passing on through the village, we took the path to the left that led above the river and to a small suspension bridge across the river. It took a good deal of courage to cross the bridge,

as it swayed violently in the wind from the motion of those crossing. We were advised to run across it, thus reducing the swaying motion.

That noon at lunch the Mir told of two Hunza girls who were crossing this bridge with loads of brush on their backs when a strong wind blew them off into the river about two hundred feet below. They just swam to shore uninjured, wrung the water from their clothing, and went on their way.

At Thursday morning breakfast the Mir mentioned that before he left Gilgit, Mr. Kiani, the political agent for the Gilgit Agency, informed him that he, his wife, and small daughter were planning to pay Hunza an official visit and would



DR. STANLEY WILKINSON

Soon after royal children are born they are given to foster parents, who bring them up from infancy. Prince Abbas is shown here with his foster father, who brings him often to see his mother.

arrive about four o'clock the following Friday afternoon. That would be the following day.

"I only wish that he had chosen to come after your visit," continued the Mir. "He will be in Karimabad for two days, taking his departure on Monday morning. I understand you are planning to leave this Sunday. I would much prefer that you not leave while the P.A. is here. Stay until next Tuesday, won't you? Then I can be free to visit with you. We can have a picnic at the old fort at Altit.

"There is another matter I regret very much also, and that is that I have used my quota of petrol for September. I fear

I will not be able to secure two jeeps for your return trip. As you know, petrol is quite scarce in this area, having to be flown in. I am allotted thirty gallons each month. My trip to Gilgit used ten gallons, and your two jeeps coming in used twenty gallons, as they had to be returned to the army and could not remain at Sakanderabad for your return. I will keep trying to secure jeeps for you; it may still work out. I thought I should give you this little warning of what may be the situation."

"Be assured, Your Highness," responded Stan, "we will not mind a bit going out all the way by horse. It will just make our trip all the more interesting. What if it does take another day?"

After we had discussed this suggested change in our plans among the members of our group, it was decided that two days longer would not make any great difference in anyone's plans and that we should comply with the Mir's request.

That evening, as we visited in the reception room, some listening to records, others playing table games with the two older princesses, Jerry timidly broached the subject of the romance of the Mir and the Rani:

"Mir-Sahib, how did you and the Rani meet? Was it a love match?"

Womanlike, we had conjectured about this several times, for the Mir and Rani seemed so very fond of each other. He always spoke of her as "my Rani," and we were sure we saw more than an ordinary glow of happiness on her face upon his return to Karimabad.

"No, it wasn't," was the Mir's reply. "For many years there had been no marriages between Nagar and Hunza. In fact, we had been enemies for a long time. But this feeling had died out, and both sides of the river were keen for a marriage between the royal families. Even my grandparents would have liked to arrange a marriage between the families. I told my parents that they could arrange the marriage, but I would decide for myself on the girl. Finally I decided; they arranged it; and we were married."

"Were you married here in Hunza or over in Nagar?"

"I personally went over to Nagar and brought her to Hunza. The marriage ceremony was held over there."

"Were you happy when you saw her?" Jerry pressed.

"Yes, but I don't know if she was happy when she saw me," teased the Mir.

There was a general laugh when the Rani, understanding more of the conversation than we realized, retorted—in English, "I was *not* happy when I saw him!"

[This is the fourth installment of a five-part serial. Part 5 will appear next week.]



# SABBATH SCHOOL



## From Defeat to Victory

LESSON FOR APRIL 21

### FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

**MEMORY GEM:** "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth" (Isa. 52:7).

**OUTSIDE READING:** *Messages to Young People*, pp. 41-48.

### FOR SUNDAY

#### 1. Why did God's people get into trouble?

"Ye have sold yourselves for nought" (Isa. 52:3).

**NOTE.**—"The enemy is buying souls today very cheap. . . . One is selling his soul for the world's applause, another for money; one to gratify base passions, another for worldly amusement. Such bargains are made daily. Satan is bidding for the purchase of Christ's blood and buying them cheap, notwithstanding the infinite price which has been paid to ransom them."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 133.

#### 2. Who had oppressed them?

"The Assyrian oppressed them without cause" (Isa. 52:4).

#### 3. What had the oppressors caused them to do?

"They that rule over them make them to howl" (Isa. 52:5, first part).

### FOR MONDAY

#### 4. To what abuse had God's name been subjected?

"My name continually every day is blasphemed" (Isa. 52:5, last part).

#### 5. Confronted with this series of defeats, what is the first thing for God's people to do?

"Awake, awake" (Isa. 52:1).

**NOTE.**—There are ten steps altogether in this plan for national recovery, set forth in verses 1-11. They are:

"Awake"	"break forth into joy"
"put on thy strength"	"sing together"
"put on thy beautiful garments"	"depart ye, go ye out from thence"
"shake thyself from the dust"	"touch no unclean thing"
"loose thyself from the bands of thy neck"	"be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord"

Do not miss this opportunity for an earnest check-up season on your own standing before the Lord. Have you taken each of the ten steps?

### FOR TUESDAY

#### 6. How is the work of the watchmen described?

"Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion" (Isa. 52:8). See also 1 Cor. 14:8.

**NOTE.**—The Lord can and will use this kind of leadership.

"If every soldier of Christ had done his duty, if every watchman on the walls of Zion had given the trumpet a certain sound, the world might ere this have heard the message of warning. But the work is years behind. While men have slept, Satan has stolen a march upon us."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 29.

"When wholehearted work is done, the efficacy of the grace of Christ will be seen. The watchmen on the walls of Zion are to be wide awake, and they are to arouse others. God's people are to be so earnest and faithful in their work for Him that all selfishness will be separated from their lives. His workers will then see eye to eye, and the arm of the Lord, the power of which was seen in the life of Christ, will be revealed. Confidence will be restored, and there will be unity in the churches throughout our ranks."—*Ibid.*, pp. 32, 33.

"God designs that His people shall be a unit, that they shall see eye to eye and be of the same mind and of the same judgment."—*Ibid.*, vol. 3, p. 361.

#### 7. What is God's part in bringing victory out of defeat?

"The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations" (Isa. 52:10, first part). See also Zech. 4:6.

**NOTE.**—God has left to men only that which it is possible for them to do for themselves. God undertakes the greater part. But each one has a part to perform for himself. See Phil. 2:12; Luke 13:24; Matt. 7:13, 14.

"Man is no passive being, to be saved in indolence. He is called upon to strain every muscle and exercise every faculty in the struggle for immortality; yet it is God that supplies the efficiency. No human being can be saved in indolence."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 65.

All the way through, the Christian life is a partnership,—the weak and helpless human being in the yoke with the omnipotent Christ (see Matt. 11:29). Who is that in the yoke with you?

### FOR WEDNESDAY

#### 8. What reason does Jerusalem have to sing?

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem" (Isa. 52:9).

#### 9. How extensive will be the results of the conquest of the gospel?

"And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God" (Isa. 52:10, last part).

**NOTE.**—It is not predicted, as many are proclaiming today, that all the world will hear and accept the gospel and be converted, but that "all the eyes of the earth shall see." Many who see will reject. See Rev. 6:15-17; Zeph. 1:14.

### FOR THURSDAY

#### 10. What instruction is given to those who accept responsibility in sacred things?

"Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing; go ye out of the midst of her; be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord" (Isa. 52:11). See also Lev. 10:1, 2.

#### 11. What promise is made to the people of God in their hour of extremity?



"For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight: for the Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your reeward" (Isa. 52:12). See also Ex. 13:21, 22.

#### FOR FRIDAY

Special assignment: Prepare to discuss the numerous things young people are willing to take in exchange for their souls. Reference material, *Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 132-148.

NEXT WEEK, April 28, lesson title: "The Sufferings of the God-Man." Scripture reference: Isa. 53. Memory Gem: Isa. 53:7. Outside Reading: Ellen G. White, *The Sufferings of Christ; The Desire of Ages*, pp. 741-764.

### Dishes the Lord Sent

From page 7

though she was using the remains of two different sets. She hadn't even told anyone of her decision to use the three dollars for Investment except that day in Sabbath school. Where the dishes came from is still a mystery to them. It surely must have been through the hand of God.

"Where did they come from?" was the constant question of little Davy.

Mrs. Nick, with tears in her eyes, would solemnly reply, "The Lord sent them, honey. He always knows our wants and needs. If He sees fit, He will supply them to us. Is it not wonderful that we worship such a kind and loving Father?"

That night, after everything was quiet and still, Mrs. Nick was sitting in her favorite easy chair in the living room, thinking of the day's events. Her thoughts wandered from that day away into the future. They were something like this:

"I wonder which one of my family will inherit this wonderful gift from the Lord. Will it be my first-born, the right-ful heir, or my second son, over whose hospital bed I have kept long vigils? Will it be my only daughter, my baby? I can't make my decision by any of these factors. The dishes will go to the son or daughter who is most in need of faith, strength, and courage, for all of these come with eating from dishes the Lord has sent."

### Fire in the School Bus

From page 15

questions as they investigated every angle of the accident. It was found that the straps that held the gas tank had broken. This allowed the tank to strike the ground. As it bounced along, a spark ignited the volatile fluid. In an instant the roadway and the rear of the bus were in flames.

Within a few hours after the accident Roland Semmens and John Davis were deluged with reporters, photographers, and telephone calls. All the papers in the District of Columbia and many of the dailies and weeklies in nearby Mary-

land and Virginia carried the story with pictures.

Messages of congratulation poured in. The children rescued were pupils at the St. Camillus Catholic School, and the priest in charge of the St. Camillus Rectory wrote:

"In the name of St. Camillus Parish and particularly in the name of the parents of the children on the school bus, I wish to express our sincere appreciation and deep gratitude for your heroic efforts to save the lives of our little ones.

"On Sunday morning I will offer Holy Mass in gratitude to Almighty God for averting this great tragedy and ask Him to shower His choicest blessings on you and your loved ones for your great Christ-like charity to our dear children."

Even the Archbishop of Washington, Patrick A. O'Boyle, wrote personal letters to the men as follows: "Permit me to express my deep appreciation and profound gratitude to you for helping the school children who were in the bus which caught fire last Tuesday. I thank God and I thank you for this wonderful help. Without your assistance many of these dear children might easily have lost their lives. Please be assured that I remember you gratefully in my prayers."

John and Roland have shared their faith many times since this accident. When asked how they ever accomplished such a task so quickly, their answer has always been, "We are Christians and we know the Lord helped us. We could not have done it in our own strength."

Later the House of Delegates of the State of Maryland passed a resolution in which they commended and congratulated the men who took part in this rescue. Signed copies of this resolution were sent to John and Roland.

One grateful mother wrote:

"My husband and I would like to express our profound and everlasting gratitude to you for your part in rescuing our son, Tommy, from that burning bus. You so selflessly risked your own life, for Heaven knows it may have been that way, to save him and the other little ones aboard the bus.

"We are people of very moderate means and could not possibly reward you relative to the feeling in our hearts, but we want you to know that our prayers are with you and we shall forever be

grateful that God made you compassionate men.

"Perhaps sometime we can be of service to you or your family, if so please do not hesitate to call upon us. I am a registered nurse and, who knows, at sometime I might be of some service to you.

"I understand that you cut your hand on the glass. I hope it is not severe and that it will heal well and rapidly.

"We are both looking forward to meeting you personally to tell you that we are,

"Everlastingly grateful,

[Signed by the parents]"

### These Shadows Are Real

From page 14

completely reconciled again, trouble started once more. It began when Ed brought home a generous portion of pork for Lois to cook. With tears she explained to him that her religion forbade her to eat pork, and she did not want it on her table. Ed really went berserk this time. He called her vile names, and told her in no uncertain terms just where their marriage stood if she would not cook for him the things he liked and wanted to eat.

He left in a rage, and didn't come home that night, nor the next. She knew well enough that this time it was he who had gone home, home where he could get all the pork he wanted.

Vainly she waited for him. Two whole weeks passed. Then, running out of money, she left town and went to the home of a girl friend.

There is no point in recounting all the other attempted reconciliations, the tears shed, and the heartaches. She never went back to live with her mother anymore, though she visited there once in a while to see her son. Her good education enabled her to find employment at good wages, so she supported herself. Finally she was forced to seek an end to her troubles with her husband in the divorce court.

During the years of separation she had continued to go to church faithfully and to discharge her duties to the church as





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best she could. Years went by, and her son grew to adolescence, carefully reared by his grandmother but scarcely knowing his mother.

At her place of work Lois had occasion to meet many veterans of recent wars. Although she was not in her mind contemplating matrimony again, still she was comparatively young, and the devil had another temptation prepared for her. This time it was Charley.

Charley reminded her of her divorced husband quite a lot. They were about the same build, pleasant, and affable. However, Charley had one point in his favor that Ed didn't have. Charley was interested in Lois's religion. He stopped working on the Sabbath and always went to church with her. He readily gave up tobacco, liquor, and unclean meats. There seemed to be no obstacle left, and so they were married.

Years have gone by since Lois married Charley. He still goes to church with her when it is convenient, and he never brings home the unclean meats, but Lois admits that he is certainly no nearer to the church than he was when she married him years ago.

Lois has proved twice that "unless you would have a home where the shadows are never lifted, do not unite yourself with one who is an enemy of God."

"For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them."

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## *Soldiers of the New Kingdom*

*From page 6*

the symbol of Christ and the symbol of the devil, the power of light, and the power of darkness. One and the same soul cannot serve two masters. And how may we wage war without the sword that God himself has taken away from us? How can we learn the use of the sword, when Our Lord said that he who raised the sword would perish by the sword? And how can the sons of peace take part in combat?"<sup>16</sup>

The soldiers of the new kingdom, which is made possible by God's great love for them, will manifest that same love toward friend and foe, even as He did. They will seek to save and not to destroy. They will lay down their lives if need be in their efforts to serve others, including their enemies.

No railing accusation was made by John the Baptist or by Christ as they dealt with this problem. No threat of eternal damnation for those whose eyes were not yet open to this great truth accompanied the loving instruction of the Master and the New Testament writers. So it should be now. Each man must study his own personal relationship to,

and arrive at his own individual conclusion. Each should respect the convictions of the other.

God alone reserves the right to judge each of us, not only on this, but on every other similar problem. Sometimes an awakening comes late in our earthly existence. It was so with the thief on the cross. It was also the way with two men, an officer and an enemy soldier, who met on the field of battle. The officer thrust his sword into the body of the soldier and, at the same time, the soldier drove his bayonet into the body of the officer. They fell, side by side, and the tide of battle rushed over and beyond them. Drawn together by the common bond of suffering and possible death, they saw each other in a different light. They also saw something of their own need. At last the soldier spoke.

"How do you feel, sir?" he asked.

"I'm so thirsty!" replied the other.

Reaching for his canteen, the soldier unscrewed the cap, and handed it to his erstwhile enemy.

"Drink—and live!" he said simply.

The officer drank deeply, and returned the canteen. Then, opening his blouse, he drew forth a pocket Bible, and handed it to the other.

"Drink—and live forever!" he urged.

These men had discovered too late the great truth concerning the attitude that, as enemies, they should take toward each other. Service, to friend and foe alike, should be the objective of every soldier of the new kingdom.

<sup>1</sup> Luke 3:14.

<sup>2</sup> Ex. 14:14.

<sup>3</sup> Matt. 19:7, 8.

<sup>4</sup> Matt. 5:43, 44.

<sup>5</sup> Rom. 13:10.

<sup>6</sup> *The Great Controversy*,

p. 589.

<sup>7</sup> *Testimonies*, vol. 1, p.

366.

<sup>8</sup> Matt. 26:52.

<sup>9</sup> 2 Cor. 10:3, 4.

<sup>10</sup> Eph. 6:15.

<sup>11</sup> Jer. 17:5-8.

<sup>12</sup> Matt. 26:53; 2 Kings

6:8-17.

<sup>13</sup> Mrs. E. G. White in

*The Review and Herald*,

March 21, 1899.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, Nov. 19, 1908.

<sup>15</sup> Leo Tolstoy, "The

Church Fathers and

War," *The Church-*

*man*, Feb. 15, 1952.

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## *A New Suit and a Visitor*

*From page 11*

turbing insinuations in a letter that had arrived a few days before. Now he was on his way to a union committee meeting at Walla Walla, so he would have a good opportunity to run over and see Jeanie at the college and thus determine for himself whether these unlikely tales had any sound basis.

Personally, the conference president just couldn't see how Jeanie could have changed so radically in a few short months! Deep in thought, he tried to figure something out. Spending her money foolishly, eh? One of the best-dressed girls on the campus. Lovely clothes all the time. Now, an elegant, expensive suit, which must have cost a pretty sum. Getting snobbish too. No

time for common folks like us. Not up to par in her grades. Incompletes.

Well, he'd soon look into the situation. Too bad if this were true, for Jeanie had seemed like a forthright, dependable girl. But that part about her climbing out of the window and running around at night—why, that was incredible!

Arriving at the college, the conference president went to the registrar's office and copied Jeanie's class schedule. "Let's see," he mused while looking over the program, "Jeanie would be in cookery class right now." So he went directly to the home economics department and opened the door, glancing hastily about the room. He could see very clearly that Jeanie was not there. The teacher came over and asked politely if she could be of some service.

"Where may I find Jeanie Richard?" he asked.

"Why, Jeanie has been absent quite a lot lately. I don't know just where you would be likely to find her," she answered hurriedly as she opened her book and gave some instructions to the class over her shoulder.

He departed after thanking her politely. "Absent quite a lot lately!" he mused with growing concern. He resolved then to return to the registrar's office and check on Jeanie's grades. Pretty fair grades on the whole until the last period—then a whole string of incompletes. Hmmmm—this didn't look too good for Jeanie! He turned then and inquired for Jeanie's residence address.

"She did have a room for a while on Maple Avenue," the girl at the desk told him, "but I believe she is staying with the Conways now. Mrs. Conway hasn't been well, and since Pastor Conway has to travel a great deal, she asked us to find her a dependable girl to stay with her. We thought Jeanie would fill the bill, so we recommended her, and—"

The conference president cut her short. "Then you would consider Jeanie Richard a dependable girl?"

"Why, very much so," the office girl told him, a little puzzled. But before she could ask any questions the conference president was halfway through the door on his way out.

Jeanie had spent the last two hours applying boric acid solution to her burning eyes. She was thus occupied when she got up to answer the doorbell and found the conference president standing there on the front porch with his hat in hand.

"Why, Pastor ———," Jeanie gasped. "Why, I can't believe my eyes! Do come in, won't you please? I can't think of anyone, aside from my own parents, whom I'd rather see right now!"

He came in and sat down. "Jeanie," he said, and then stopped abruptly, looking at the girl before him appraisingly. "Why, you don't look so well, Jeanie. Is anything wrong?"



But the conference president ignored Jeanie's question, and went right to the point. "You weren't to class this morning—been missing quite a lot lately. What's the trouble, Jeanie?" he asked kindly.

"Now, that explains a lot of things. Been getting any new clothes lately?" he asked irrelevantly.

"May I see your wardrobe, Jeanie?" He was determined to go to the bottom of things.

"Pretty nice clothes you have here. So you made them over, eh? Mind telling me all about them?"

"Well, well!" he said, "you're to be highly congratulated. Do you have anything else? A winter suit perhaps—new and very expensive?"

"Just a minute," she said on a note of elation. "I've something really nice to show you now!" And in a flash she was back with the suit. "Like it?" she beamed.

"It looks even better on," Jeanie enthused, forgetting her troubles for the moment. "And it cost me my Christmas vacation!"

"Hardly that," Jeanie said. "Before I came to college, Madge gave me an old-

But the conference president had started to laugh, and he couldn't seem to stop. "Madge gave it to you!" he repeated, and then laughed some more.

"Let's go back to the parlor," Jeanie said, taking the suit with her. "Have you been to see Madge yet?"

Jeanie persisted.

"Not to my knowledge," Jeanie said pensively. "The truth of the matter is,

"You haven't snubbed her intentionally—felt yourself above her and——"

Putting her words into action, she proceeded to make a package of it while the president looked on, still laughing a little.

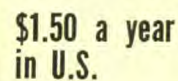
"Here, take this, Jeanie," he said, handing her a generous bill. "Now, I want you to spend this on something you need in the clothing line. Anyone who can work magic like this with old things should have something new now and then. I'm proud of you, Jeanie. Chin up now, and may God bless you!"

Then he was gone.  
Jeanie took the package over to Madge's room, but she was out, so she scribbled a curt little note and left it there with the suit.

That night, however, Jeanie didn't sleep very well. She and Madge had been such good friends once—really good friends! How had she failed Madge so utterly, and unwittingly created an enemy of her?

And there, in the stillness of the night, the answer had come. So obvious too. She should have realized it from the start. She could have avoided all this by going

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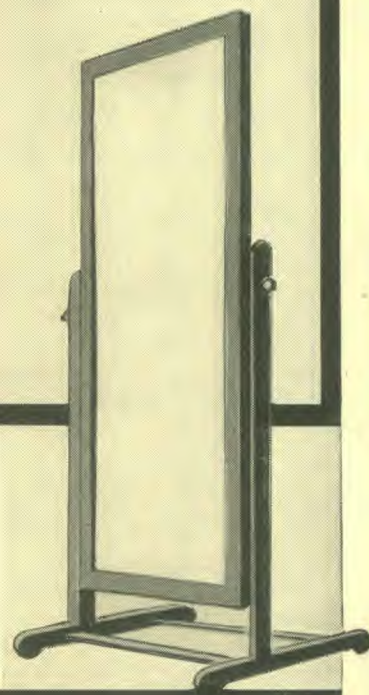
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to Madge and showing her the beautiful suit she had made from her gift. She could have thanked her again for giving it to her. It wouldn't have taken long, and it would have made Madge very happy.

As it was, she had lost a lot of time, had lost her temper along with the

beautiful suit, and above all, a good friend! Perhaps this lesson was, after all, more valuable to her than the classes she had missed. She must see Madge soon and have a talk with her.

*Next week: A letter and a turning point.*



**SHELLS:** By Charles W. Templin

The first thing to do in preparing for a shell collection is to decide the type of shell we want to look for. On a seashore beach at low tide we may expect to find both univalve and bivalve shells.

**SHELLS** Around the rocks we can surely look for the univalves, so let us go there first. Along rocky shore lines we will find sea fans, sea moss and many sea grasses. Here the snails, limpets, chitons, and (in California) the abalones are found. The sea snails are easily recognized by their resemblance to garden snails. They have long feelers, and keen eyes, which turn in every direction, and they feed on grasses and sea fans. Carefully and slowly feel about in the sea grasses or fans, and in a very little while while you will find one or more of several kinds.

I remember that one day at Long Key, below Miami, Florida, Mrs. Templin and I were looking among the sea grass when we found our first bleeding-tooth shell. It has in the aperture of the shell one or more teeth like protuberances stained with a reddish yellow that is very much like a bleeding tooth. We found approximately one hundred, and I am sure that these

shells are now in nearly every State, because we have given nearly all of them away to young people starting shell collections.

After you have gone over the mosses and grasses, carefully turn over some of the larger loose rocks. You will be amazed at the sea life beneath the rocks. We have many times found ten to twenty different types of sea life under one rock. Here you will find limpets and chitons, baby starfish and brittle stars, worm shells and horn shells, sea urchins and many times a tiny baby octopus.

Of the limpets there are many kinds and colors. Three of the most interesting are the keyhole, or volcano, the cup and saucer, and the owl limpet. One of the largest limpets is found in Central America, fourteen inches across. They are used as washbasins.

Of the chitons, or jointed pectens, there are 140 different kinds, and as far as is known no one shell collector has all of them. Why not make a hobby of just chitons?

Here among the rocks you will also find the coffee bean, the cowries, of which there are two thousand different kinds from pin-head size to ones several inches long, and among them are the beautiful chestnut cowrie of the West Coast and the measly cowrie of the East Coast.

Now, let us go to the sandy part of the beach, and here we can be sure to find the bivalve shells and also some univalve cannibals that prey on the bivalves. Looking carefully in the sand, we see small round mounds of sand with sometimes a hole in the center. With a shovel or our hands we dig in the sand around this mound sometimes to a depth of twelve to eighteen inches before we come to our shell. On the

West Coast we find the pismo clam, which lays as many as 75,000,000 eggs a year and grows to four pounds in weight, as well as the chiones, the rock venus, the razor clams, pectens, and cockles. On the East Coast there are many kinds. A few of the most interesting are the angel wings, the turkey wings, the pen shells, the beautiful pectens and cockles along with the oysters, which include the magnificent thorny oyster, the lion's paw, and the jewel boxes. Crawling among these bivalves are the moon shells, the beautiful murex shells, drills, and the king's crowns. These are all carnivorous, and feed on the bivalves. Many times you will find a mollusk with a round hole drilled through the shell. This is done by one of the cannibal shells, and millions of dollars' damage is done in the oyster beds by these carnivorous shells.

We have had a very enjoyable time at the beach today and have a goodly number of shells to start our collection, so now we go home and put our shells in a bucket of fresh water until tomorrow, when we will clean them and prepare them for identification.

● A LIGHTWEIGHT, re-usable snake-bite kit, molded from Zytel nylon resin, has been designed by a West Coast firm for emergency first-aid use. The kit, small enough to carry in a vest pocket, contains all necessary equipment for on-the-spot treatment of poisonous-snake bites—a tourniquet, lancet, suction pump to extract venom, antiseptic, and ammonia inhalant. The case, lancet handle, and pump (except for the clear nozzle, which is detachable) are all made of Zytel, which can be sterilized readily in boiling water. The kit is manufactured by B. F. McDonald Company, 5721 West 96th Street, Los Angeles 45, California.







U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► BRITISH troops in the tropics can get cans of butter that will stay fresh for more than two years.

► SOME 200,000 Americans become physically handicapped each year through traffic and other accidents.

► ABOUT 30 per cent of the 4,580-mile Trans-Canada Highway has been completed to standard, with 1,481 miles graded and 1,075 miles paved.

► FIFTY years ago in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*: "By the Lick Observatory at San Jose, California, the seventh satellite of Jupiter has been discovered." [NOTE.—Since then five additional satellites of Jupiter have become known.]

► FINDING that some of their customers in other countries objected to eating cold-storage butter, some Dutch buttermakers tried freezing cream and making butter from it instead. The 12 dairies that have made the experiment say that the butter churned from frozen cream not only tastes like fresh butter but has a higher vitamin A content than fresh butter and is easier to spread.

► NANCY is a mule with sales appeal. When Steve Reaves, of Hazard, Kentucky, decided to trade her in on a car he drove her into town and left her with a used-car dealer. Reaves drove away in a 1946 car, and the dealer tagged Nancy with a sign he used on his cars—"For Sale or Trade." A man walking by the lot saw Nancy and bought her. "That little mule kinda has a way with people," the dealer commented. "I hated to see her go."

► AN aeronautical heat problem not previously suspected has been discovered by University of California researchers working with a new supersonic wind tunnel. Projectiles traveling at 760 miles per hour, they learned, get hotter at altitudes above 20 miles than when flying lower. This was surprising because it had been thought that the friction caused by dense air at low altitudes produced greater heat. Now they find that the thin air is actually more viscid and that the heat generated in the stratosphere cannot be dissipated as easily, causing a high-flying object to heat up more than a low-flying one.

► ALTHOUGH tests and studies on the effects of tea drinking have not by any means exhausted the field, there is clear evidence that this popular beverage is to be classed with coffee, caffeine-containing soft drinks, and alcoholic beverages as having an effect upon the central nervous system. All are stimulants except alcohol. "The abatement of fatigue [through the consumption of tea] occurs not only peripherally but also centrally in the nervous system," admit researchers. "Tea," they say, "is popular in part because of its capacity not to reduce, but rather to heighten the activity of the cerebral cortex, the level of awareness, the discrimination of perceptions, the enjoyment of intellectual activity, the effective synthesis of solutions."

► AFTER four decades of labor, a railway in the Andes mountains of South America will connect Quito, capital city in northern Ecuador, and San Lorenzo, on the coast. As a result of the new railroad, San Lorenzo's natural harbor will be dredged to accommodate large ships, and a lighthouse, additional cargo-handling facilities, and enlarged piers will facilitate handling of Ecuadorian exports.

► LATEST item in the luxury line-up is a pair of eyeglasses with diamond-studded platinum frames, designed by Schiaparelli and priced at \$10,000. The frames are set with a combination of emerald-cut and brilliant-cut stones in a crown effect from temple to temple, with a miniature coronet over the bridge.

► THE U.S.S. *Rigel*, a new kind of Navy ship called the "floating icebox," is built specifically for carrying refrigerated cargo. In the ship's 351,000 cubic feet of storage space, there is more room than that supplied by 35,000 home-type refrigerators.

► THE first submarine accepted by the Navy, the U.S.S. *Holland*, was built in 1899 at a cost of \$236,600. The Navy bought it for \$150,000. Present-day submarines cost about 10 million dollars.

► UNSALTED fish cooked with coconut will keep for six months, Pacific island natives have been advised by the fisheries officer in New Zealand.

► As an aid to night navigation the U.S. Coast Guard is marking buoys with reflector tape such as is used on automobile bumpers.

► THE Army will spend about 85 million dollars to clothe its troops during the 1956 fiscal year.

► TWENTY-FIVE years ago in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*: "The United States Government has spent more than a billion dollars these last six months for war purposes."

► UNITED STATES colleges and universities handed out 354,445 diplomas during the 1954-55 college year. This was a decrease of 4,254 degrees earned by college students from the year 1953-54.

► THE military salute differs somewhat in the leading nations of the world. The British salute with the palm facing forward, whereas the French place the finger tips against the temple. The Russian military salute is most nearly like the salute used by the United States Armed Forces.

► A NEW idea in silo domes has been introduced by the Marietta Concrete Corporation in Ohio. Constructed of fiberglass-reinforced plastic, the translucent roof is unaffected by weather conditions. The company says the dome shows great strength and can be installed easily on existing wooden or metal silos.

► RECENT estimates show that there are 40,000 kinds of fish in the world, 9,000 of which are found in the tropical Indo-Pacific area. Fishes vary in their methods of locomotion. Some fly, but not like birds; others leap, walk, and burrow, as well as swim. The speed at which they navigate also varies. The swordfish travels at a rate of 60 miles an hour, the bonito 50, the tuna 44, but some, like the bass, can hardly speed up beyond 12 miles an hour.

► HARNESSING volcanic energy for machine-age industry was first accomplished in Italy about 1904. Engineers in Iceland made their first attempt to pipe neighboring hot-springs water to Reykjavik in the 1930's, and now the city's hot water is almost completely supplied from natural sources. New Zealand is building a power station in North Island's famous volcanic region. Dozens of steam bores have been drilled at Wairakei, and it is expected that the electricity generated will help power paper-making and railway-transport industries. Mexico and other sections of Central America are also planning exploratory drilling to tap potential underground steam resources.

## Focus

In a symposium presented by the Biological Sciences Foundation, Ltd., on the effects of beverage tea, we find much that gives support to the teachings of the Spirit of prophecy. These reports say: "Beverage tea tends to facilitate mental and muscular effort, to diminish drowsiness and fatigue, and to produce a sensation of comfort and cheerfulness."

Ellen G. White says: "It [tea] stimulates, excites, and quickens the motion of the living machinery, forcing it to unnatural action, and thus gives the tea drinker the impression that it is doing him great service, imparting to him strength. This is a mistake."

The research studies argue that the tannin in tea counteracts "caffeine's not-so-desirable aspects," but they admit that "reliable information on the effect of tea tannin is limited."

Meanwhile we continue to stand firmly upon Heaven-inspired revelation: "Tea draws upon the strength of the nerves and leaves them greatly weakened. When its influence is gone and the increased action caused by its use is abated, then what is the result? Languor and debility corresponding to the artificial vivacity the tea imparted."

DON YOST