

THE

# Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

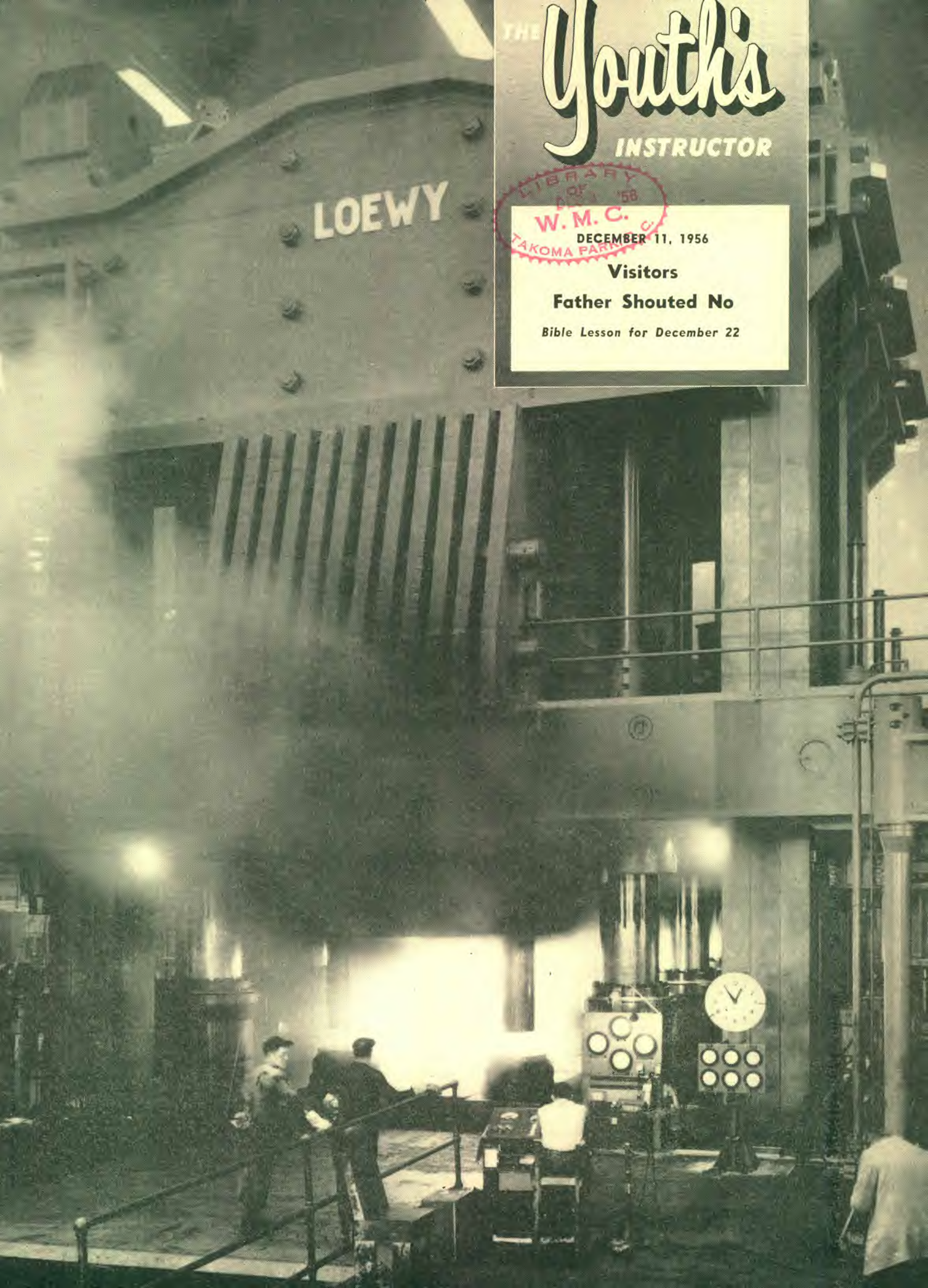
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DECEMBER 11, 1956

Visitors

**Father Shouted No**

Bible Lesson for December 22







H. M. LAMBERT

*"Everything that Christians do should be as transparent as the sunlight."<sup>1</sup>*

The sign, big enough to catch motorists' eyes as they drove by, read "Suits and dresses, cleaned and pressed, 79 cents." "Here's a chance to save a few pennies," I decided, as I parked in the next block and walked back with the suit I had been carrying in the car. As I entered the cleaners my eye caught the fine print on the placard—"79 cents for navy blue and black only."

For months I have been passing a gasoline advertisement. First it read 27 cents, now it reads 29 cents. But in a skinny numeral a twentieth the size of the 27 or the 29, was a .9 in the lower corner of the sign. Only close inspection would tell a motorist he would pay nearly a cent more than the sign seemed to say.

The Bible states, "let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."<sup>2</sup> Maybe the signs do not fall into this Bible category, or fit this comment on it: "These words . . . condemn the deceptive compliments, the evasion of truth, the flattering phrases, the exaggerations, the misrepresentations in trade, that are current in society and in the business world. They teach that no one who tries to appear what he is not, or whose words do not convey the real sentiment of his heart, can be called truthful."<sup>3</sup>

"Opposite each name in the books of heaven is entered with terrible exactness every wrong word, every selfish act, every unfulfilled duty, and every secret sin, with every artful dissembling."<sup>4</sup>

The "artful dissembling," the "deceptive compliments," the speech that does not convey the real sentiment of the heart, is untruthful. And no liar will enter in through the gates into the eternal city.

*Walter T. Crandall*

<sup>1</sup> Matt. 5:37. <sup>2</sup> *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 105 (1956 ed., p. 68). <sup>3</sup> *The Great Controversy*, p. 482.

## Grace Notes

**MAJOR** Claimed to be the world's largest industrial machine, Major is a ten-thousand-ton press capable of exerting a pressure of more than fifty thousand tons. Our cover pictures this press, courtesy of Bethlehem Steel. This article, "Biggest Machine in the World," recommended for weekday reading, reflects but another in the giant strides of industry in fulfillment of Daniel 12:4.

**MATAMP** "I left Sierra Leone," writes Dr. Sherman A. Nagel, Jr., in his page 15 article, "with far more than just a medical survey completed. I left feeling that I had walked in the footsteps of a pioneer, one whose example we all should follow." His article is entitled "I Saw It, I Felt It, at Matamp!"

**REREAD** "We do enjoy reading all the INSTRUCTOR articles," says Maude Devereux, writing from California. "Many of the articles I read over and over, to try and retain them in memory. Thank God for all who make it possible for us to enjoy good spiritual reading."

**GEORGIA** Mrs. E. V. Cassano comments from Georgia: "We're so much enjoying 'On Wings of Cheer.' We have read others of Sam Campbell's books but had missed this one. Could you tell us what the difference is between the special Adventist editions and the regular editions? Elder Bunch's series of articles is also excellent. I think the INSTRUCTOR needs more of these and the 'personal testimony' type of reading such as 'Inside Out' and 'I Married a Dope Addict.' It helps us to see the other side of the picture."

**DIFFERENCE** Inasmuch as Mr. Campbell is not a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church it is only natural that some of his expressions of speech, generally acceptable in the world, would not be considered advisable to pass on to our readers. Expressions often referred to as slang, or more accurately as mild expletives or swear words, were deleted in the Seventh-day Adventist editions.

**ANNIVERSARY** The year 1956 is the terminal date for celebrating the five-hundredth anniversary of the printing of the Gutenberg Bible. In a thoroughly researched article next week, Nathaniel Krum considers the background of this "Choicest Book of Christendom." In his research, Mr. Krum also reports some episodes of extraordinary interest about the Chinese, the world's first known printers.

### THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



**V**IRGINIA MARTIN looked out the window toward the river. The yellow-brown water was surging and boiling through its channel, spreading out over the field below the house. Rain had been falling steadily for three days. The Eel was now at flood stage.

Twice before in the last three weeks the water had left the banks and spread over the meadow. Virginia looked at the dead alder tree that stood halfway to the river. That was as far as the water had come both times last week. Now it was creeping around the roots of the tree. She turned from the window and switched on the floor lamp. The northern California night was settling down early with the heavy clouds pushing against the tops of the trees on the hill. The room was cheerful when Dave came in the entry, shaking the rain from his coat.

"Do you think the river will come any higher?" she asked. "It frightens me to hear it roaring through the canyon."

"It's at flood stage now," he answered. "It's never come higher. It will probably slacken off before long. Must be nearly the end of this storm."

The rain on the roof and the wind in the trees almost shut out the sound of the river as Virginia tried to forget it. But when darkness closed in she became more uneasy. Many storms had broken over their home by the river but she had never felt apprehension like this. She busied herself with supper and the many little tasks that take up a wife's time, trying to keep Dave from knowing how she felt.

Finally she looked at her watch. It was only seven o'clock. It seemed hours since

*The minister's faith was never more beautiful  
as he talked of*

# A HAND OVER US

By RUTH WHEELER

darkness had come. "Dave," she said, "I feel uneasy, I wish you would look at the river."

Dave did not hesitate. Virginia thought he seemed glad for the chance. When he opened the door the roar of the water filled the room. In a moment he was back in the house without shutting the door behind him. "The water is touching the foundation of the house," he said. "We must be out of here in five minutes for it's over the road now."

Five minutes! It was hard to think. Virginia cast a quick glance around the room. She hurried to the bookcase, filled her arms and ran to the door. Dave had

the car there with the trunk open. She threw in the books and ran back into the house. Clothes—no matter where they went they must have clothes. She lifted an armful of clothes from the rack in the closet and stuffed them in the trunk. Dave was there with his arms full of underwear from their bureau drawers. He ran back and closed the door to the house. "Get in, quick. That's all we have time for." She looked back at the lighted windows of the house, warm and comfortable-looking. The lights of the car shone on the surging water where the driveway led up to the main road.

"We'll go to the hotel up on the highway," Dave was saying. "I'll leave you there. I'll go back and set things up high. Should the water come in the house, nothing will be damaged too much then."

At the hotel others were unloading their cars. Everyone was quiet, moving quickly in the driving rain. Virginia wanted to go back, but she knew that Dave felt it was best for her to stay. She sat in the lobby while other women, neighbors and strangers, some with small children and tiny babies, sat quietly. No one complained. Even the small children seemed awed by it all and were quiet.

Virginia sat and prayed silently. She thought only briefly of her possessions. If Dave was safe, the rest did not matter. Every new person that arrived spoke in subdued tones of the madly flowing river that was leaving its banks and cutting new channels.

In an hour Dave was back. A neighbor had gone in with him, offering help. They had loaded everything they could into the truck—mattresses, bedding, the new stove and refrigerator, and the rest of the clothes—and had driven it up on



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

As soon as it was light they went to look for their home. The flood was racing over the spot.



the rise beyond the house. In his arms he had the books that contained all the records of their lumberyard business. These were too important to be left in the truck.

Virginia looked at her husband, scarcely sensing what he said. He was wet and muddy clear to the top of his head. "Is the river still rising?" she asked. "How could you get the car out?"

"We didn't," he answered slowly. "It's still there. When I went back, the water was running over the floor of the house. We worked as fast as we could, but the water came up until it was above our waists when we left. We drove the truck up and left it on the ridge above the road."

"You mean the water was above your waists in the house?"

"Yes, in the house. We got out what we could, but we couldn't stay longer. We left the truck and waded through the water to get out."

A new group of people was arriving. Virginia heard their voices at the door. When they came in, the pastor of their little Adventist church led the group and tried to make each one comfortable in the lobby of the hotel.

Virginia smiled when he looked at her, but she could sense that hers was a very weak smile. The pastor crossed the room and laid a hand on her shoulder. He looked into her eyes and then at Dave beside her.

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Martin," he said. "I feel assured that all will be well with us. The Lord has His protecting hand over us. In the morning I feel sure that we will find your house there, and my house will be there, too. Things will be pretty wet, that's true, but the Lord is watching over our homes."

Virginia was comforted as she helped the owner of the hotel prepare hot food for the cold, shivering people who came in. Some who had gone to bed before the flood had reached their homes had awakened when the water touched their beds, and had waded out in their night clothes. There were warm blankets to wrap around these.

Even in their distress the group could not hold back smiles when an elderly woman arrived, drenched from wading in water to her armpits, but holding an umbrella over her head. They laughed with the woman who came bringing only a tube of hand cream, which she had snatched from the bureau when she had looked around for something of value to bring out with her. No doubt it was her purse she had meant to grab.

The night passed slowly. The civilian defense warden who was in charge of the evacuation brought reports that were not encouraging. The river was still rising. It was over the highway on both sides of the little town. No one knew, in the darkness, just what was taking place.

The people could only hope and pray. At least those who could, prayed.

A little girl looked ruefully at her mud-spattered wet shoes. "Look, these are all the shoes I've got. These are all the clothes I own, too."

"You are as well off as the rest," the child's mother spoke. "None of us can complain of having less than the others."

The youngster grinned at the children in the room. A catastrophe shared did not seem so bad. Virginia nodded at the mother who had spoken. They were safe, and that, at the moment, was the most important thing.

Dawn came late. But the picture it revealed was complete devastation. From the porch of the little hotel Virginia looked down at the road below them. There a silent group of people walked slowly, quietly, back and forth the length of the pavement that was unflooded, men and women leading little children, all of them too stunned to speak or scarcely comprehend this monstrous thing that had engulfed their homes.

Virginia went with Dave as soon as it was light. They looked out over the flood to where their home had been. The Eel had changed course and now the full fury of the flood was racing over the spot. The river had risen until the ridge where the truck had stood was deep under water too. Not one of their possessions remained. As they looked, a roof floated by, and a part of a house.

Virginia felt Dave's hand on her arm as he led her back. Then a neighbor told them the shocking news. The Adventist pastor's home was gone. The water was surging high and swift over the spot

where his beautiful new home had stood. Even the trees that had surrounded the house were gone.

Virginia was stunned. The pastor had said, with all faith, that their possessions were in God's hand. And now they were gone. Had God failed them? Her own loss seemed small compared to the loss of this dear man. He had come here to retire, to make his home as long as he needed one on this earth. In this comfortable home, he and his wife had put their lifetime collection of things precious to them. They had a wonderful library of carefully selected books; their house was full of loved things, gathered in lands far away. Why should they, who had such faith, be deprived of these comforts in their old age?

Although her hands found work to do in feeding those who came, in drying clothes, and in warming the cold, wet people, her thoughts were in a tumult. She was startled to hear the pleasant voice of her pastor greeting and encouraging people. He came to her, seeming to sense some of her despair.

"This is only a beginning," he said simply. "This is a foretaste of what must come on the whole world. God has a purpose in allowing this to come to us." Then he turned to the warden. "Thank God, not a person in this town has been lost. His hand has been over us tonight."

And then Virginia Martin understood. How easy it would have been for Dave to have died last night, wading through the rising water in the darkness. God knew, too, why they should be allowed to lose all they possessed. His hand had been over them. He had saved their lives.

## FAMILY FARE



WHY should both my girls smoke?" The cry of the mother was anguished. "They have been brought up Adventists and they know the evils of it."

Poor mother, little did you realize when you chose worldly women for your bosom friends while your girls were passing through their most impressionable years, that they would take your visitors as their examples.

Colporteurs did not make much money

during World War I, yet the little woman next door, whose husband sold our books, always kept open house for ministers, workers, and fellow canvassers.

Once my mother, who at the time was not a Seventh-day Adventist, said, "Mrs. Riley, I don't know how you can afford to have all those people staying with you!"

"For the sake of my children, I can't afford not to," was her reply. Need I tell you that her children have remained well established in the Lord?

## Visitors

By DELCIE OATES



# Along the Trails of FOSSIL LAND

By MARION E. and EVANGELINE H. CARR

## PART FOUR



Most meteorites burn out when they encounter the earth's atmosphere. So Meteor Crater, some 600 feet deep and three fourths of a mile across, is one of the most interesting spots in the world.

Of course, everyone knows about the largest chasm in the State and the nation—the Grand Canyon. But very few people have seen the natural wonders that are scattered about in the remote areas.

A few miles north of Winslow a rock wall rises out of the earth appearing and disappearing and then reappearing for a distance of over a hundred miles across the northeast corner of Arizona and extending over into New Mexico.

At first glance this wall looks as if it had been laid up by man, of hewn stone. In places there is a wall within a wall. In reality this wall is an outcropping of shiny brown lava. This is a place where one can dream of walled cities and ancient armies. The silence of the desert is so deep that a gentle breeze sounds like men talking in the distance.

The surface of northern Arizona has been very much disturbed, and some of the Indians think that the arid, wasted condition of this region is due to the falling of a meteor long ago.

Most meteorites burn out when they encounter the atmosphere of the earth and do not strike at all. So Meteor Crater is one of the most interesting spots on earth. It is located about twenty miles west of Winslow and its rim can be seen for miles before it is reached from any direction.

Standing on the rim of the crater we look some six hundred feet down and three fourths of a mile across it. At the bottom of the crater lies celestial matter imbedded so deeply that no one has ever uncovered it. Several mining companies have tried to reach the meteorite, but they seem to have given up now, leaving some very expensive drill bits stuck in a very hard mass they struck.

The fill and erosion of the side walls of the crater would indicate that the meteorite has reposed in this place for a long time. About 300,000 tons of rock was dislodged when the meteorite fell, and much of it was ground to a fine dust—rock flour—which is banked up on the rim causing it to rise 150 feet above the surrounding landscape.

Meteor showers are one of the most impressive phenomena in all nature, and people of many countries have observed them in ages past. Records and legends of the Chinese, Peruvians, Greeks, and—not to be forgotten—the American Indians, have contributed to this knowledge.

The rain of stars of November, 1833, provided a milestone in the Sioux Indian Calendar. This calendar appears on a buffalo hide and is preserved in a museum for all to see.

About thirteen hundred falls of meteorites are known to have taken place and specimens from about half of these are preserved in museums. These are the only heavenly bodies that we can touch, aside from the earth. Some of them have

**I**N OUR travels through Fossil Land we could hardly pass up the Arizona crater that was caused by the falling of a great meteor, for this too, is a wonder of nature.

We have been awed, too, as we looked down into a crack in the surface of the earth—southwest of Holbrook—that was plenty wide enough to swallow our car. We threw stones into its depths that hit the sides now and then with a “zing, zing, zing” that grew fainter and fainter until the sound died away.

The *sinks* are a strange freak of nature. They are huge bowl-like depressions as much as two hundred feet deep, in the

bottom of which are top soil, shrubs, and grass like that surrounding the edges of the bowls. The largest of these sinks, known as Pioneer Sink, has been converted into an amphitheater in which concerts and school activities are held. The natural acoustics of this bowl are so nearly perfect that no matter where a singer is placed around the sides of the bowl, the softest tones can be heard by the audience.

The sinks, says science, were formed when melting rock-salt deposits in the earth dissolved by subterranean rivers allowed the crust of the earth to drop into the vacancy.



been neatly wrapped in a burial robe and have been given burial rites by the Indians such as they give to only the very great.

Canyon Diablo lies a few miles west of the crater, and it was here that shepherds first discovered a piece of almost solid iron meteorite. They thought it was silver. Meteoric iron has since been found on all sides of the crater. Perhaps more of it has been found here than on all other parts of the earth put together.

The largest piece weighs about 1,050 pounds. It is estimated that between ten and fifteen tons of fragments have been collected in this area and shipped away. Material from this locality is about 90 per cent iron, 7 per cent nickel, with traces of other minerals.

The largest known meteorite is located near Grootontein, South West Africa. Its estimated weight is from fifty to seventy tons. In 1897 Admiral Peary brought out a meteorite from Greenland, weighing thirty-seven tons.

There are also stony meteorites, which can be identified by the particles of nickel or iron scattered through the mass.

The speed of a meteorite traveling through space varies from ten to forty miles per second; consequently, some may be buried very deeply while others can be found near the surface. When we think of such a celestial body as a meteorite, we are reminded of how frail man is and how wonderfully "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." And man's efforts at destruction dwindle into insignificance. Man has had very little experience with celestial bombs.

To many the meteorites are unrecognized. The Indians have used them as hammers to roughen their metates so they could grind corn faster.

The iron-nickel stones weigh about three times as much as ordinary rocks of the same size. The surface of a stony meteorite somewhat resembles the crust of a loaf of cracked-wheat bread. If they have fallen recently they will be covered by a black crust, instead of the brown coating that eventually forms over the surface.

The shape of meteorites varies greatly, but there are no really sharp corners because they usually travel in a tumbling fashion. They have no symmetry; the surface is quite pitted.

The burning up of these stones or irons produces what we call shooting stars. How thrilling to observe a meteor skimming the heavens on a clear night. This is a stone coming from wandering among the stars out in the dizzy reaches of space at last to find rest among the rocks of earth. How wonderful to handle one of these "sky stones."

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



EWING GALLOWAY

A musty, delapidated woodshed was the laboratory the Curies used for their experiments. Never did they complain or ask for a better laboratory, until Pierre was suggested for the Legion of Honor.

## Recipe for Living

By KATHERINE BEVIS

THERE are many ingredients that go into that recipe which makes up life. But one of the most important ingredients of all is the ability to rise above any handicap.

A musty, dilapidated woodshed was the laboratory used by the Curies for their experiments. Cold and damp, a place that was no more than a shanty, the Curies worked, and here it was that the foundation for the whole field of atomic research was laid. Working with inadequate tools, the two of them examined the nature of radioactive compounds and from this research in that bleak, dreary shed, the curative powers of radium so effective in the treatment of cancer were discovered. Never did the Curies complain nor ask for a much-needed laboratory, until Pierre Curie's name was proposed for the Legion of Honor.

The Curies knew how to overcome handicaps. They knew how to rise above everything that would hinder them in their search.

The man who gave to Costa Rica a transformed educational system, who at his death left 60 per cent of his people literate instead of the previous 10 per cent, was frail Mauro Fernandez. Fer-

nandez was left fatherless when very young. Life was hard for his mother, a widow with three small children. Mauro was deprived even of an education, other than that snatched here and there and at a great sacrifice. His health failed, rendering him paralyzed in his right hand and arm, yet he did not let that hinder him. He learned to write with his left hand and labored on.

The poet John Milton, who gave us *Paradise Lost*, was blind, yet his genius burst out on the world to bless it with beautiful, inspiring words.

A man whose closed ears shut out all the beautiful melodies of the universe, who couldn't hear the sweet song of the thrush at eventide or the mockingbird awakening the world in the dawning of the new day—Beethoven—gave to us the immortal *Ninth Symphony*.

These and others were gifted with that important ingredient in life, the faculty of making the best of things, of rising above their handicap by disregarding any circumstance or condition, and adapting themselves to things as they were.

No one is useless in the world today!

Each one of us can contribute something to the world's betterment, and in so doing enrich his own life.



**M**Y Uncle Gus, while he was still in his prime, stood head and shoulders above most men, a husky farmer, with merry blue eyes and a friendly smile. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Will Rogers, in both features and personality.

Once, as a youth, he traveled to California to seek a fortune, but soon returned to the home farm, seldom thereafter venturing from his own fireside. One notable exception was his going to the annual State fair some sixty miles away. Now you might expect a farmer to be interested in the fair, but Uncle Gus spent little time looking over the cattle and farm exhibits. He preferred instead to stand for hours watching magicians do their sleight-of-hand performances. He seemed to derive unfailing amusement watching the sly tricksters who managed by devious means to extract money from the billfolds and purses of the gullible crowds surrounding them. Do not assume, however, that his wallet was in any danger, for he was much too smart for that.

Uncle Gus seemed contented with his lot in life. He balanced his hard out-of-doors farm labor with a great deal of reading, and the combination made him not only physically fit, but mentally alert. He was interested in everything and everybody. Many people beat a pathway to his door, because of the interesting companionship they found there.

My father, who is rather well-to-do, always went to visit his brother after any special personal triumph, because Uncle Gus was such a good audience. My uncle never seemed to indulge in envy. He knew how to rejoice with those who rejoice, but mourning was rather out of his line. When clouds came along, he could never see anything but the silver lining.

My Aunt Lucy on the other hand always saw the dark side of every sunbeam, even when there wasn't any. Yet she was loved by everybody for her sympathetic, neighborly spirit, and generous nature. She was plump, neat, and sweet and seemed to thrive on worry and hard work, always doing more than her share of both. At wide intervals four children came to bless their home but one died in infancy.

How I loved them all as a child! My mother believed in firm discipline, but Aunt Lucy always let me do just as I pleased! I agree with my mother now on how to raise children, but then I preferred Aunt Lucy's methods. My aunt likes to tell about the time I was exploring in her clothes closet. Of course, Mother had always taught me not to meddle in things that belonged to other people. Suddenly I paused as I heard footsteps approaching.

"Aunt Lucy?" I inquired.

"Yes, Cora, what do you want?"

"Oh, I just wanted to know if it was

# UNCLE GUS and My Religion

By CORA LANDRUM PENDLETON

you," I replied with a sigh of relief as I went on rummaging, blissfully unmolested, through her things.

Since I was city born and bred, some of the brightest memories I have took place on their fertile, well-cared-for farm. I remember working in their cotton field, pulling a twenty-five-pound-size flour sack that was hanging from my small shoulders. How fluffy and clean the white bolls of cotton looked as I reached out to pull them off and how proud I was

when they weighed my sack and told me I had six pounds of cotton in it!

My cousin Paul, who was three years younger than I, created a little extra diversion by catching grasshoppers and chasing me delightedly all over the field with them. I was mortally afraid of almost every kind of insect and especially those horrid old hoppy grasshoppers! After many a lively battle, Paul and I would always make up over a snack of cold baked sweet potatoes which we



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

From left to right: the author (on the horse), her father, and her tall, happy-go-lucky Uncle Gus.



brought along to keep us from starving until lunchtime.

Then came the day when I was happily engaged in digging in the sandy soil with an old spoon. Such beautiful mud pies! Suddenly I was struck with an idea. That sand looked almost good enough to eat! It looked as if it might have a chocolate flavor. Perhaps no one had ever tasted of it. Maybe it was good to eat and no one knew it! Scooping up a generous supply I filled my mouth with it. Needless to say, my taste buds hardly registered the reaction I was expecting! Sputtering and spitting, I ran howling around the house for my mamma!

But if the sand at the farm didn't taste good, at least the watermelons, pumpkin pie, peach cobbler, biscuits, and fresh sweet milk left nothing to be desired. And many times I would sit up and listen to grown-up talk until far into the night while someone cranked the old ice-cream freezer.

Quite often we arrived for a visit just in time to have fun with a new family of fluffy kittens, or baby chicks, or little slick pink pigs. Calves and long-legged colts, an old Victrola that I cranked by hand, boat rides on the river that ran through their place, an occasional swim in the muddy water, the mail-order catalogs—really there was no end to the delights waiting for me every time I went to see Uncle Gus and Aunt Lucy!

Finally, comparatively carefree childhood passed into memory, and as I found myself a grown young woman, life was not so simple. I felt a great lack, a longing for something, I knew not what. God was calling me, and though not knowing what it was I was seeking, I began to hunt for the Voice.

I had attended Sunday school and church all my life, and now I began to visit other denominations, neglecting none that had churches nearby. I found nothing anywhere that appealed to me, so I began to study philosophy and psychology. Everywhere it seemed the same. Occasionally from the debris, a sudden ray of light and truth would thrill me and lead me on, but it was a slow process. I turned to worldly pleasure, but as I looked into the eyes of those befogged beings who go to wild parties, I knew I did not belong with them either. They had not found the answers I sought. "No, thanks, I don't drink!" I told them, and at the earliest possible moment made a hasty departure.

Day after day, I looked searchingly into the eyes of those I met who seemed contented and happy. What did they know that I did not know?

Finally a friend of mine went away for a few weeks to visit, and returned a newly converted Seventh-day Adventist. Almost immediately I recognized that here at last was that for which I had been seeking, but as I eagerly drank it in, I also found that all of it was not entirely

to my liking. There followed long, hard, stern battles with my unruly self, but at last the love of God overcame my love of the idols I had acquired in my twenty-one years without Him, and I found the peace and joy I had sought.

One of the things I found most difficult was the idea of trying to share my faith with others. Sabbath by Sabbath I was troubled as our minister would urge us to feel our responsibility to those who sit in darkness. I felt I could not talk to people about religion! I just couldn't, that was all there was to it!

In this state of spiritual and mental

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## Contentment

By ROSA CLARIDGE

**There is such beauty in the common things.**

**I have no wish for palaces of kings.  
I'd rather have a kitchen warm and clean**

**Than any crystal parlor of a queen.  
The gleam of windows blazoned by the sun,**

**The smell of supper when the day is done,**

**The homemade curtains fluttering in the breeze—**

**What is more beautiful or sweet than these?**

**And everywhere the music of the whole**

**Seeps down into the heart and warms the soul,**

**That tender feeling of complete content**

**For which heaven and homes originally were meant.**

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turmoil, knowing that I could not be saved myself unless I tried to save others, I was relieved to have my folks come by where I was living with two other girls and invite me to go with them to visit Uncle Gus and Aunt Lucy.

A trip to their place always seemed like a sweet release to the happy days of childhood and I determined to forget my religious perplexities and enjoy it to the full.

That evening we gathered around the old rickety table filled with good things to eat and—then it happened!

Casually the subject of religion came up. Timidly I added my little bit, and my Uncle Gus gazed upon me with undisguised delight.

Now my aunt was quite religious, but I would not lead you to believe that my

uncle was perfect, or even nearly so, just because so many people were so fond of him. He could be quite crafty in business deals and after a rather deceitful business deal, far from feeling any qualms of conscience, he would congratulate himself upon his superior smartness. As he had no particular standards by which to judge his reading, much of it was hardly elevating. His sudden interest in me and my religion was not because he was an earnest seeker after truth, but because he dearly loved to argue. He had spent many enjoyable hours tying up hapless preachers in theological knots and then watching in high glee as they struggled to extricate themselves.

From the moment he caught the gleam of my new interest in religion, he was interested in no one but me for the remainder of the evening. We adjourned from the supper table to the nearest corner of the room with our cane-bottomed chairs and he began to shoot the questions at me.

I looked at him and was surprised to see an almost fiendish grin. The conviction crossed my mind that the man before me needed only to have a bit more cunning in his eye to sit for a convincing portrait of a certain other-world personality with whom we are all too well acquainted.

But my Uncle Gus had never talked to an Adventist before! My Bible instructor had been very thorough, and I had learned my lessons well. He questioned me about hell. I countered with the Biblical presentation of the punishment of the wicked.

He said that no one knows much about heaven, what it is like, or where it is, or if it really exists. I quoted several scriptures that described a country that even my uncle could see was desirable. Gradually the expression on his face underwent a complete change. No longer did he even try to mix me up, but was asking questions, sincere questions, and listening enthralled to my simple answers from the Word of God.

He remembered I was an Adventist, and asked about the Sabbath. I quoted the fourth commandment. He replied that the law had been done away with, to which statement I agreed, but explained that there were two laws—one nailed to the cross, the other, the eternal standard of the judgment. I took him for a quick glimpse into the sanctuary.

How can I describe the spiritual exultation that swept over me as I found myself more than prepared to give him the perfect answers from the only perfect chain of truth in our world today! I sat strangely awed by the interest in his eyes as the Lord gave me words to speak that drew aside the curtain and revealed Jesus, the Son of the living God, and His glorious mission to our world.

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**I**F SOMEONE had told me two years ago that I would become a Seventh-day Adventist and a student at an Adventist college, I would not have believed it. But I could not then foresee how God was to intervene in my life as He has done.

In July, 1954, I was living in Decatur, Illinois. For a week I had been attending a series of tent meetings conducted by a Protestant revival group. The meetings were to last for one more week and I was planning to be baptized the following Sunday.

One afternoon Mother said, "Marcie, would you like to go to California for a few weeks to see my relatives?" At first I thought she was not serious, but she continued, "You better go now while I have the money." I thought I knew why she wanted me to go. All her relatives in California are Adventists and she thought they could change my beliefs. Even though my mother was not a member of the Adventist Church, she believed it to be the right church, and she had tried without success to convince me.

At two o'clock the next morning I found myself on the train for Chicago. When, two days later, I reached Los Angeles Union Station, one of the largest in America, I felt very small.

My Aunt Marcella, Mother's older sister, after whom I was named, met me at the station. I found her to be a wonderful woman and I soon found that I could talk to her about almost anything. I stayed with her for a week, then I went north to Cottonwood, California, to see my mother's other sister.

I had been visiting there for two days, when I began wondering when they would start trying to convince me of their religious beliefs. They just didn't say anything about it. I decided they must be going to let me make up my own mind.

One morning when I got up, I found two books on the table. One was *Steps to Christ* and the other *The Desire of Ages*. I picked up *Steps to Christ* and read it. It was a beautiful book, and I read it again. While I was reading the book the second time, I began to wonder whether I was really going to the right church. This book brought many questions to my mind. I also read a few chapters in *The Desire of Ages*, which brought more questions.

When Friday came, the whole family began preparing for Sabbath. "Marcie," Aunt Bessie asked, "would you like to go to church with me tomorrow?"

"I have been trying to decide all week whether I should go. Would it be all right if I let you know tomorrow morning early?"

"Why, of course, Marcie, that would be fine. We have a wonderful pastor and I know you will enjoy the service."

That Friday evening I lay in bed thinking about what I should do. I kept re-



WOLFINGER PHOTO

At 2:00 A.M. I found myself on the train for Chicago, and two days later I reached Los Angeles.

# At the RIGHT TIME

By MARCELLA SMITH

membering what my friends back East had said. They had told me to be sure I didn't become an Adventist. I decided to leave it in God's hands and asked Him to help me make the right decision and to let me know one way or another when I awoke in the morning.

Sabbath morning when I awoke, my mind was already made up to go. I found the little church at Red Bluff very friendly. Aunt Bessie introduced me to the teachers in the local church school, and I found them to be wonderful Christians. Although the sermon impressed me greatly, I didn't know what to believe. I still thought that, since the majority of people went to church on Sunday, they must be right.

One of the church school teachers gave me a book named *Highways to Heaven*, and I enjoyed the book tremendously.

The following Sunday, my aunt asked

me if I would like to hear the Adventist program on the radio. She said it might answer some of my questions.

"Yes, Aunt Bessie," I replied, "I would love to hear it. I guess I better get my Bible and a pencil and paper and write down the texts the speaker gives."

The first person I heard on the Voice of Prophecy was Del Delker, singing a beautiful gospel hymn. Then, strange to say, Pastor Richards' sermon was on the Sabbath, the very subject that was troubling me. I listened and wrote down every text he gave. At the end of the program, I was almost convinced that Saturday is the right day to worship. As I studied the texts he had given in their context, my conviction grew to a certainty. What amazed me was that a small minority could be right, while the great majority of the world was keeping a day for which there is no Biblical



command. My aunt encouraged me to enroll in the Voice of Prophecy Correspondence Course, which helped in my study.

I wrote to my mother that I was coming home. I told her I was going to study the Bible as a whole and not just part of it, and was hoping soon to be a Seventh-day Adventist. I knew she would be pleased. I returned home after being in California for four weeks. It seemed I had made the trip at just the right time.

But I had forgotten what my friends in Decatur would think when they found out that I was going to be an Adventist. I knew it was going to be hard to explain all my actions to them. The day came when I had to give them my reason for changing my belief. I asked my friends to wait till I had explained all my scriptures, then to ask their questions. After I had explained the texts on the Sabbath, I read to them the few texts which mention the first day of the week, showing them that nowhere in the Bible has God made it a holy day. I was nervous, and without God's help I know I couldn't have made it clear, because I was still rather unfamiliar with the Bible, and many of these young people had studied longer in their own churches than I had.

It came time for their questions. The first one was asked by my best girl friend. "Marcella, are you a Jew?"

That stumped me; I couldn't figure out why she should ask me such a question, because she knew I wasn't. Of course, I said "No."

As they kept on asking questions, I did not have all the answers; I had not studied the context of all their verses, but I was sure of the ones I had.

I left my friends with sorrow in my heart because they were so convinced they were right, but I knew our study together had raised many questions in their minds, and I hoped they would continue seeking for the truth. I prayed that night as I had never prayed before, and thanked the Lord for His greatly needed help that afternoon. I asked Him for a special blessing upon my friends, that someday they might find the full truth.

Exactly one month after I had returned from my trip Mother decided to move to Fullerton, California. There we found an apartment and were soon settled. While I was attending high school there for my senior year, I was taking the Faith Correspondence Course. This course answered many of my questions, and the people at the Voice of Prophecy wrote me helpful letters when I needed them the most. I found it hard trying to be an Adventist in a public school, for the students had a tendency to criticize, but with the Lord's help, I held my ground. The Voice of Prophecy program every Sunday was a source of great encouragement.

I attended church every Sabbath, and I soon asked for the Bible instructor to help me prepare for church membership. About two weeks later a wonderful Christian woman who was willing to give me lessons came to my home. I grew to appreciate her greatly because she was so loving and understanding and also knew her Bible so well.

While living in Fullerton I grew better acquainted with my cousins, who attended the same church. They suggested that I go to one of our Adventist colleges to prepare to be a nurse. I had always wanted to be a nurse, but when

they asked me, I thought it was out of the question. I had little confidence in my ability, and even less money. Yet in March of 1955, I found myself going to the college with my cousin to find out about work and to reserve a room. Even then I hardly thought I would make it.

During the summer I managed to save about \$200. I sent in my application and awaited an answer. One Sunday morning I had a personal interview with one of the Bible teachers from the college. I was afraid I would not be able to go for lack of money, but he told me the school was willing to accept me if I would take two years for my prenursing course and work most of my way.

September 18, 1955, was a big day in my life. What really made me happy was that I was entering college an Adventist, for just one week before school began I had been baptized.

At first I found life in a Christian college very new and strange. I had always attended a public school and I certainly saw and felt a difference. It seemed that God was present in everything. Later on in the year I met Del Delker, whose singing on that first Voice of Prophecy program had been such an inspiration to me. She has helped me with many of the problems confronting one so new in the faith.

I went to school for four months without any financial difficulty. My parents were able to give some help and I worked the rest of my way. But when the December and January statements came, I could not pay them, for both of my parents were out of work and could not help me. I became really worried, for I thought I would have to quit school and go to work. But God had other plans for me.

One Sunday morning I got a little note with eleven dollars in it, from an unknown person. The note instructed that the money was to be applied on my school bill. I was so surprised I almost cried for joy. In the following Friday's mail, I received a birthday gift of thirty dollars from my cousins. Also, my roommate handed me thirty-five dollars from the Dorcas Society in her church in Washington. I could hardly take any more. I turned and left the room. I had to be alone to pray and thank God for His wonderful help just at the time when I needed it most.

The following day I received additional birthday gifts of forty dollars. I felt that the windows of heaven were open just for me. God was really providing for me to stay in school. I lacked so much faith, yet God was answering my prayers and caring for my needs.

As the school year has progressed, God has been with me every step of the way. I cannot always see the next step to take, but there have been so many evidences of His guiding hand that I know I cannot miss the way.

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## Last Words

By BETTY GARVIN DAVENPORT

**I**N the garden of life, one little bud was picked before it was half open to the sunlight. Three-year-old Jimmy will not be back to Sabbath school. His little chair is empty.

His daddy was speaking, "Jimmy loved Sabbath school, especially the stories. There was one story that he liked best. It was about a little Indian boy who wanted to be named a big, important-sounding name. Each day he went out and tried to prove that he deserved a big name but it seemed that everyone could run faster or hunt better than he

could. But because he was so willing to do things to help others he was finally named Big Helper. That story made such an impression on Jimmy. He helped his mommy and said that he was a big helper too."

Suddenly there was a lump in my throat. It was I who had told the story that day. Little did I realize that it would be the last little Jimmy would hear.

How little we know the impressions our words are constantly making on others. Life is indeed a fragile thing. Regrets are so bitter. Choose well the words you speak!



# BIGGEST MACHINE

## In the World

By BETHLEHEM STEEL CO.

**I**N the center of a modern, well-groomed plant near Worcester, Massachusetts, a giant press scrunches down on a nest egg of flaming and smoking metal.

For fifteen seconds its powerful dies hold the soft hot metal in a relentless grip under terrific pressure. Then, when the metal has flowed to every crevice in the dies, the big press proudly straightens up to display its latest offspring—a shiny airplane wing spar twelve feet long or some other large plane component.

This dramatic forging operation fascinates you as you watch. And a reaction equally as happy remains in store for you. This you will experience on some future business or vacation plane trip upon learning your flight is cheaper and better because of the forgings being made more economically back at the Wyman-Gordon-U.S. Air Force plant in Massachusetts.

One expert predicts the new method

will help cut aircraft costs as much as forty per cent. The saving lies in making one-piece components. For example, a typical wing spar replaces 68 parts and 800 rivets, which were formerly required by the "bits and pieces" method. Workmen's time, machining, and more than twenty-five pounds of metal per spar have also been saved.

The press, affectionately known as Major, is the world's largest industrial machine—weighing ten thousand tons. It can exert a pressure five times its own weight—more than fifty thousand tons. This enables it to make one-piece forgings up to thirty feet long, an accomplishment considered only an engineer's dream before Major went to work.

The visionary force behind this mechanical miracle is Erwin Loewy, head of the Loewy-Hydropress Division of the Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton Corporation. Born in Czechoslovakia, he came to America in 1940 and has devoted the

bulk of his time since then toward building vital presses for the aircraft industry.

His dream of a giant press was for several years considered impractical, but now that it has been realized, industry is looking forward to even greater presses.

Of unique design which permits unprecedented rigidity during operations, Major was built as part of the Air Force multi-million-dollar heavy press program designed to keep the United States in the forefront of world aircraft production.

To make the press itself required new forging records. Its 18 laminated column sections are 108 feet long—the world's longest forgings all in one piece. Forging history was rewritten when these 110-ton products were heated and shaped from 275-ton ingots at the Bethlehem Steel Company plant in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Assembling the behemoth was in itself another herculean task. Rudy B. Moulder, the persevering field engineer who did the job, had only this disarming comment afterward:

"I'm pleased that there was nothing left over!"

Rudy knew very well beforehand that there wouldn't be, because he had written a book two inches thick that described, item by item, how to put the mammoth press together. A credit to his skill is the fact that Major went to work immediately without needing any of the adjustments that such a big piece of equipment can require.

The work of handling Major rests with her Wyman-Gordon forging crew—with young Phil Mulcahy, who operates all her 50,000 tons of might with an easy pull on a single lever; with cheery Robert Caplette, who squirts oil on the metal forging and dies to prevent sticking. In fact, all 4,100 employees of Wyman-Gordon, leading manufacturer of aircraft forgings, are proud to be working.



PHOTOS, BETHLEHEM STEEL CO.

Left: The president of the Wyman-Gordon Company inspects a twelve-foot wing spar hot off the forging press. Center: Press operator at the console—fifty thousand tons of pressure at his fingertips. Right: Mr. Erwin Loewy, whose engineering vision and skill made this mechanical giant possible.



**n**O, no, no," roared Father, the force of his doubled fist bouncing the dishes on the table. "I absolutely forbid it. If you marry that young whippersnapper, you're no daughter of mine."

"But, Daddy," I tearfully pleaded, "I love him, I tell you. How can you be like this?"

"He's just a boy, irresponsible and immature. Why, he doesn't even have a job. How can you even consider his proposal? It's preposterous!"

"Oh, Daddy, you're so unreasonable," I sobbed bleakly. Turning and running from the room, I sought my favorite sanctuary, the willow tree by the river.

At eighteen I was a headstrong adolescent having my father's German will and my mother's Irish smile. Brought up an Adventist but led by financial reverses to attend public high school, I had met and dated the young farmer who had just been the subject of our heated conversation.

Living a sheltered life, I had never tasted the world and its charm, but Dick Saunders' exciting and stimulating company soon motivated me to sip pleasure's cup. True, he was spoiled by his parents, called incorrigible by the community, and considered a reckless driver by even the high school crowd. But what cared I? "This *is* adventure," I would squeal gleefully. "This *is* living!"

But sitting alone under the willow tree I brooded over my father's remarks. Not realizing the course I was taking, I thought mainly of Father's seemingly unreasonable opposition to Dick. "How could he speak so harshly of him?" I pouted. "He's always acted the gentleman in front of Dad."

"Has he?" my conscience countered. "How about the time he told that story and when your father didn't respond, nudged him in the ribs? And you know how airy he acts about his smoking in the house even though he knows Mother and Father hate tobacco. He says, 'Oh, don't worry about me, Mom. I'll just put the ashes in my pants' cuff.'"

But quieting my conscience, I dreamed of marrying Dick. Mother had always said, "We'll never stand in the way of anything you really want as long as we feel it will make you happy." But *now* they were denying me! Or could they? An evil thought took root and sprouted: I would marry him! No one was going to tell me what to do! Rising from my lounging position, I brushed my skirt and smiling smugly, hurried to my bedroom, shut the door to insure privacy, and wrote two letters—one to my sister at the academy in Missouri, and the other to Dick.

Three days later my sweetheart scanned my affirmative answer to his proposal of marriage. "Hurray," he gloated, skimming through the contents quickly. "She's finally decided to marry

*Keen readers will detect more than one about-face in this story, based on some perfectly good reasons.*

# Father Shouted



me!" He knew our plans would include crossing the State line and having a Justice of the Peace marry us. That was to be Thursday night, and there wasn't much time.

As I adjusted the last curl and slipped into my coat, a thunderstorm broke, as if the elements agreed with Father. I groaned inwardly, "Why does it have to rain tonight?" The click of a pebble against my bedroom window alerted me. Snatching my purse, which contained my savings of more than a hundred dollars, and pecking my mother's cheek, I lied glibly, "I'll stay in town at Barbara's tonight, Mother. It would be too far for Dick to bring me back home again."

A minute later, ignoring a fleeting pang of conscience, I climbed into the flashy car beside my blond fiancé. He was jaunty and cocksure; I was apprehensive. "Put out that cigarette," I demanded crossly, "and let's get going!"

"Aw right, aw right. Don't get so excited!"

"Oh, hurry up, will you? I think Mother's suspicious now! I don't want her wading out here in the rain with some last-minute advice. I'm afraid my face might give us away."

"Seems to me you're pretty anxious to get out of here. You can always fly, you know."

"Let's not quibble," I pleaded, nervously flicking dust from the dashboard. "I'm just upset, that's all. I don't get married every day!"

"Well, let's not start out having you as boss. I'm to be your husband, not your slave."

Anger and revulsion blinded me. The nerve of him! What was I thinking of, running off with this fellow? He was immature, childish. Did I really want to marry him? Father was right. Like a child, I had built a castle of sand, knowing full well that it could not last, but pouting when the waves of good judgment washed it to oblivion. Opening the door, I thrust my feet out, grabbed my purse, and shouted, "Get out of here, and don't ever come back! Ever!" Ducking my head in the downpour, I scurried back into the house and security.

The next morning, as the alarm jerked me to consciousness, I groaned and fumbled for the button. My back ached from a restless night, my eyes smarted, my sheet was wadded into a lump. Rising wearily on one elbow, I raised the shade, peered out, yawned, stretched. "Here, what's this?" I asked half-aloud, spying





HOMER NORRIS, ARTIST

So we finally drifted into dating—studying, hiking—all were more fun because we were together.

on my night table a letter from Mary, my sister at the academy. "Hmm, Mom must have forgotten to give this to me yesterday." Sprawling on the bed again, I read the letter without interest until suddenly her words seemed printed in bold type: "We held prayer bands after your letter came . . . prayed that God would prevent your hasty marriage somehow . . . asked Him to send you a good substitute."

"So that's it," I grimaced, tucking my sister's letter back into the pink envelope. "I *knew* there was something mysterious about all this. Dick and I never quarreled before, but last night certainly made up for the peaceful times we've had. So she prayed for a substitute for me, eh? Oh, why couldn't she mind her own business?"

But conscience was still on the job. "Shame on you," it said. "Don't you know that Mary, young as she is, is wiser than you? Instead of being angry, you should be thankful."

Feeling suddenly remorseful for what I had cunningly devised, I felt tears course down my cheeks. Grateful for a praying sister and a wise God, I whispered, "Thank you, Lord, for the goodness I receive from Thy hand. Please let Mary's prayer be answered—fully. Amen."

Though the next weeks seemed sus-

# NO!

By PATRICIA J. MORRISON

ended in space, I tried to live a normal life in public and mend my broken heart in private. My laughter was dead, and my sorrow was a shroud. "God's ways are best," I kept repeating. "God's ways are best."

"Wait a minute, Pat," Doris puffed, hurrying toward me after church. "I want to talk to you a minute."

"All right, but let's get out of this raw wind. It's ruining my hair-do, and my hands are cold."

"Listen," my friend continued, as we clambered into my old car, "there's going to be an MV Rally here in two weeks. I know the nicest fellow. He teaches school in the southern part of the State. Since you're thinking about teaching this fall, I thought you might like to talk to him. If I invite him down, will you join us for dinner?"

"Oh, I don't know," I answered listlessly, making a wry face. "You know that since I got my heart bent I'm not much interested in men."

"Now, Pat," she comforted, putting an arm around me, "you know the Lord has something better in store for you, and maybe this is it."

A phrase from my sister's letter thrust itself into my memory: "We prayed that God would send you a good substitute," she had written.

"You'll come?" Doris persisted.

"Sure."

"Good. I'll write him this week."

"And Ken, this is Pat Harker. She's going to teach this fall, and I thought you could give her some pointers," introduced Doris.

"I'm so happy to know you," smiled the dark-haired young man politely, bowing slightly from the waist with a quaint Old World air. Murmuring some polite phrase in return, I surveyed him critically from his smart suede shoes to his immaculate white shirt; he was carefully dressed. Suddenly it flashed through my mind that I had seen him several

times during camp meeting as guest speaker.

Like the turning of pages in a book, my unhappiness fluttered to a standstill. Roused from my emotional lethargy by this mild-mannered Englishman, I took a firmer grip on life.

A few weeks later the conference educational secretary told me that my assignment was the Charlottesville church school. Charlottesville, Ken's home town! Hurriedly, I telephoned my girl friend: "Doris, I simply must visit my school," I pleaded. "I'd like to get acquainted with the school board, and also, at the same time—"

Her chuckle came to me clearly. "Of course, dear. When shall we go?"

Visiting the people in the little church was a pleasure; they were friendly and gracious. So was Ken; he made us welcome and introduced us to the elder, who insisted that I play for Sabbath school.

"It was a delightful day," we chorused, as we bade him good-by.

"Wasn't it? You must write me if there are more questions about the school. Here," he tore off a piece of note paper and slipped it through the car window to me, "this is my home address. Good-by. See you."

"I'll write," I promised above the humming motor, "for I know you'll be so much help."

Came summer school, a haven of peace. What a contrast to my former life. From jazz to hymns, from late-night dates to ten o'clock curfew, from the loud sound of be-bop to the nocturnal clicking of crickets—glorious contrasts. And best of all, there was Ken—guiding, advising, explaining.

"Did you pick out a good set of courses?" Ken asked as we sauntered toward the college dining room. "Are you taking psychology of reading? So am I! You'll like Professor Caldwell. He's the best prof around."

"I'd feel lost without you and Doris, and your advice," I said gratefully.

Ken beamed expansively. "Any time I can be of help, just let me know. By the way, there's a travelogue this Saturday night at the chapel. If you'd care to go—" He paused.

So we drifted into dating. Studying, hiking—all were more fun because we were together.

During the last weeks of summer school, I kept pondering the fact that Ken had not yet been assigned to his school.

"Where will they place him?" I wondered. "Suppose they send him to the opposite end of the State! Horrors! Why did I think of that?"

Suddenly I realized that seeing him had become paramount in my life.

One evening while we were chatting on the college lawn, and Ken had just finished a breath-taking story of his mirac-



ulous deliverance while on the battlefield, I exclaimed, "How marvelously God has led in your life! And in my life too!" (I thought, of course, of the near-tragedy of an impulsive elopement, of my decision to attend college, and of Ken's friendship.)

"You know," Ken continued, "since we've met I've felt as if I'd always known you. We like the same music, enjoy the same books, follow the same profession. It's almost as if—" He broke off and glanced at me tenderly. "You're a lovely girl, Pat. Your vivacity adds color to my somber life."

"Wait, wait," I laughed, waving a hand protestingly. "None of your flattery. There's the bell for worship. 'Bye."

At a later kitchenette date, Ken fell to talking about marriage, how important the choice of a mate is, the seriousness of married life. "I've been thinking about it lately," Ken remarked. "I think I've found the girl I want." He glanced away, and fumbled with his napkin.

That night I cried myself to sleep. "Surely he's in love with another girl," I sobbed.

On the day before summer school closed, Ken told me he had been assigned to a church school forty miles from mine. After blurting out the news excitedly, he said, "I'll see you," waved his hand and dashed off to his room. Puzzled at this abruptness, I returned to the dormitory to read my morning mail.

"Pat, oh, Pat," called Doris an hour later, just as I was finishing the last letter. "Oh, there you are," she smiled as she handed me another letter.

"Did I miss this in the box? No, because it has no stamp. Doesn't have a return, either. Why, it's from Ken."

"From Ken? What does he say? What's the matter? You're pale as a ghost, girl."

"I—he—we—that is," I gasped weakly, leaning against the couch. "He's asked me to marry him."

"Oh, wonderful!" laughed Doris. "It's just wonderful."

I nodded vigorously. "What shall I tell him?"

"Mm—let's see. I'll tell you—why not tease him a bit? Remember the days you spent fussing about whether he liked you? And the night you cried a lot after your kitchenette date? And think of the times he dated other girls while you stayed here through a long, dull evening." Her eyes twinkled mischievously. "Write him a note and tell him to meet you somewhere in an hour or so. That should keep him fuming for a while. It's his turn to fuss."

"Oh, I can't do that!" I protested. But quickly I gave in.

When Ken came for my answer, he stood awkwardly in the foyer of the women's dormitory, fumbling with a large Chamberlain-type umbrella. His look resembled that of a woman hurrying home from shopping while wonder-

ing if the stew has burned! I smiled and beckoned him to the small room adjoining the girls' parlor.

He hesitated, but I reassured him. "Don't worry; I've got the Dean's permission."

Inside, I stared at an imaginary stain on the front of my dress and murmured softly, "I—I—guess, I'm, that is, I guess I'll marry you."

"Honest?" he beamed. Then, as if remembering his solemn English ancestry, he sobered and glanced furtively at my blushing face. "Pat, let's ask God to bless us."

I knelt beside my Christian fiancé and heard him pray: "Lord, may I always make her as happy as she is today. Bless our union, and may we work for Thee until Jesus comes. Amen."

My heart winged a silent prayer of thanks as my sister Mary's letter reached its glad fruition.

We rose, still embarrassed, and Ken took me gently into his arms, and we sealed our Heaven-blessed decision.

When I called my parents the next day to break the glad news, my greatest thrill was when my father shouted into the telephone: "Yes, yes, yes!"



## Permanents From God's Beauty Parlors

By BERT RHOADS

NOT far from my home is a beautiful entrance and driveway to an orchard home nestled on a gently rising hill. The long drive is lined with roses. In the peak of blossoming time there are some twenty thousand blooms.

The entrance is marked by brown stone masonry that rises towerlike to a height of ten or twelve feet. These two towers are the ends of gracefully curving masonry that broadens the way into the lane. Covering it on either side is a riot of roses, in places almost hiding the stone.

This gateway, this entrance to the lane and to the beautiful home on the hill, is symbolic of Christ, the door, the way, into every beautiful experience of life.

None may enter this way but those who have been made holy in the beauty parlors of God—the same parlors in which Joseph of old got his permanents—those experiences that beautify character.

The first permanent made Joseph one

of the most trustworthy of slaves. The next one made him one of the most respected of prisoners. It was followed by another permanent that made him a prince of prisoners. His next permanent made him prime minister of Egypt. And where in all history can we find a wiser, nobler prime minister?

His next permanent made him one of the greatest persons in all history in that gentle forgiveness of his wicked brethren. Joseph's last words, "God will surely visit you," further reveal his beauty of character. He could have been laid away in the most beautiful of tombs among the great of earth but his heart was in Israel's homeland. He would be buried there.

His final permanent will confer on Joseph immortality in the homecoming day soon to be. There has never been nor ever will be any really beautiful man or woman who has not received some permanents in God's beauty parlors. (Call them promotions if you like; that is what they are.)



**T**HE airways house at Accra, scenic tropical capital of the Gold Coast, was alive and swarming with activity, though it was only six o'clock in the morning. Most of the passengers on the Accra-Freetown flight were Moslem pilgrims returning from their long trip beyond the Sahara Desert to visit the sacred shrine of Mecca in Arabia.

Many of the male pilgrims had one thing in common: they carried bright, gold-tinted turbans, which were protected from the hazards of travel by suitable metal turban boxes. The temptation to view these external marks of Moslem attainment was too much for some of these pilgrims. With feelings of affection and tenderness they would remove these "bejeweled" sparkling turbans from their cases, unwrap the tissue paper parcelling them, and hold high their trophies of achievement for fellow travelers and curious onlookers to admire.

Just across from me sat one who was presumably the wife of one of the pilgrims, eating her breakfast off a banana leaf, her fingers serving as her knife and fork. From time to time she would quench her thirst by taking a swig of something from the spout end of an old teakettle, the like of which most of the passengers seemed to carry.

I was on the final lap of the flight that would bring me to my destination—the country of Sierra Leone, geographically located just above the equator and just south and east of the French port of Dakar, the most westerly point on the great western bulge of Africa.

Six hours passed and the wheels of our plane put down on Freetown's airport. Shortly after arrival, I walked up the century-old weather-scarred stone steps of Freetown's waterfront, over which in years past the blood of beaten and tortured human slaves had flowed.

The West African Union Mission had asked me to make a medical survey of Sierra Leone with the aim of ultimately opening medical work again in that country. I say "again," for it was in Freetown, capital of Sierra Leone, that the third angel's message first entered West Africa. In Freetown stands our oldest West African Seventh-day Adventist church, a modest but well-built structure. On one of the foundation stones is carved the date 1907, telling the year the church was dedicated. It was an inspiration to preach a Sunday night sermon from that platform still standing there as one of the many testimonies to the work of our pioneer missionaries, D. C. Babcock, Dr. E. W. Myers, and many others.

Not far from where the church still stands is another stately building, with well-laid-out, fruit-tree-covered grounds. This was once our medical institution in West Africa, the first we had. This was our Freetown Sanitarium.

# I Saw It, I Felt It, at MATAMP!

By SHERMAN A. NAGEL, Jr., M.D.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Pastor J. S. Myers with his wife and son John A. on the Sabbath of his ordination, March 7, 1953.

Our senior African workers have kept a diary of the mission's progress in Sierra Leone since its beginning, and I had the privilege of reading this diary during my recent visit there. I was interested in the comments made on the work of Dr. E. W. Myers. "Elder Myers did a very good work in Freetown, which won a great fame for Adventists, and his skill in medicine was admirable. He had as his first lady nurse Sister R. Fyfe, and as his attendant, Henry Wilson."

A strange series of events took place about two years after the Freetown Sanitarium was on its feet, bringing to an abrupt close the thriving medical mis-

sionary work that had already become well established.

Greatly discouraged, though far from discouraged, Dr. Myers with his small staff picked up what few instruments and pieces of equipment had not been sold out from under them, and headed up country, back into the primitive bush country, where no missionary had yet ventured with the glorious gospel of the remnant church. A portion of the trip was made on a narrow gauge railway, the train for miles scarcely moving faster than a man could walk. But the last portion of the way had to be made on foot through the dense disease-infested forest. Matamp, a large Moslem village was to come under the kind influence of Dr. Myers and his staff for a number of years.

But, as so many times is true, the missionary was not welcome. Satan puts up every effort to keep the gospel from reaching the honest in heart. Dr. Myers had hoped to find a more friendly welcome. He went to the chief of Matamp, explaining to him his mission, how he had come to help the chief and his village, to bring treatment and medicines for their sicknesses, and schooling for their children.

He asked if the chief would allow one of his sons to come to the clinic that he was about to begin, there to be trained as a medical worker. The chief was not at all responsive. Finally, after repeated appeals, the chief said to Dr. Myers, "I'll let you have this one," pointing to a small boy. "He is sick much of the time anyway," said the chief, "and I do not think he will amount to anything anyway."

Dr. Myers took this small Moslem boy—took him into his own home and treated him like his own child. The boy grew and advanced, and with his physical and educational advancement, the seeds of truth that the missionary and his



wife were sowing in his heart also began to grow.

Years later I was to meet this chief's son. He is not a young man today, for the years have gone by. After Dr. Myers had left Sierra Leone, this boy finally and fully gave his heart to Jesus. He worked a number of years as a successful evangelist, and finally became ordained as a pastor. This boy, whom his father had thought would never amount to anything, has become one of our strong workers in this field, and his own son, now in his twenties, is walking in his father's footsteps and is preparing to be an evangelist. When the former "worthless" Moslem boy gave his heart to Christ he had to give up his Moslem name, and he chose to take for his own Christian name the name of "Myers," and for years now has been carrying that burden that Dr. Myers had to lay down when circumstances caused him to return permanently to his home in America.

At Matamp I saw the well that Dr. Myers had to dig with his own hands because the superstitious Africans in those pioneer days would not assist him for fear they would fall through to the other side of the world. I saw the early converts, the first fruit of Dr. Myers' seed sowing, who because of renouncing their Moslem or pagan faith were held in the stocks for days, a public spectacle, held under the torment of the tropical sun, the torrential rains, the objects of rebuke and ridicule. But they stood firm, and today a company of well over two hundred rejoice in the blessed hope of our Lord's return.

At six o'clock in the morning the last bell for the morning service rings. This bell rings each weekday morning as these earnest, simple sons and daughters of God in Matamp, many still unable even to read, gather in their hall of worship before starting their day's work in the home or on the farm or in the shop. There they gather to sing praises to God, to pray together, to gain spiritual strength and food to help them resist the adversary. There they listen to the reading of those portions of the Scriptures that to date have been translated into their native language. There they gather together for the study of their Sabbath school lesson.

While in Sierra Leone I also met Pastor Henry Wilson, who in 1914, as a young man, was Dr. Myers' African dispensary attendant. For many years now this man too has been pushing forward the good work started years ago by our pioneer medical missionary. How my own heart was thrilled and inspired as I shook his hand and heard from his lips the stories of the pioneer days of our work in his native land. My heart was stirred as I heard his own solid testimony of his own beliefs, his own convictions so typical of every devout Adventist.

The seeds of truth sown by Dr. Myers have indeed borne much fruit; there is living testimony to the power of the gospel working through the lives of God's humble, self-sacrificing disciples of these

last days. And as I left Sierra Leone, I left it with far more than just a medical survey completed. I left feeling that I had walked in the footsteps of a pioneer, one whose example we all should follow.

# Young Cowboy



By FRANCES TAYLOR

**T**HE kitchen door of the sod house creaked noisily. There was a clank of spurs as Jack Carr swaggered in wearing his tall hat and leather chaps. His mother pushed the last pumpkin pie into the hot oven before looking up.

"Mom, may I go to the post office for the mail?" asked the boy, caressing his new quirt, which he carried in his hand. "Jim went last time."

"Who will milk the fifteen cows? That's too many for Jim and me. You know your father won't be back from town until late. Thirty miles to town and back in the same day is a long trip for four horses with a heavily loaded wagon. Remember he is bringing home a load of salt blocks for the cattle."

"Mommy, I can help you milk," and three-year-old Lenna ran to get her tin cup, which she always used for milking. "I will milk Bessie." A smile greeted this generous offer.

"If I start right away," persisted the boy, "I can be back in just no time. I'll be here in time to do my share of the milking." Since the post office was but five miles away, Mrs. Carr gave her consent. Soon Jack, assisted by Jim, his twin brother, had the saddle on Pinto, the pretty black-and-white pony. "You better be back in time to milk your cows," was Jim's parting shot.

The boy galloped down the valley, his jauntily tied red handkerchief flapping gaily about his neck. His shiny spurs jingled merrily on his high-heeled boots. Soon he was opening his first gate. He lived in a cattle country where there were no roads, only trails. Barbed-wire

gates were to be found almost every mile.

The lad reached the small town. All the houses were made of sod. In fact, all the houses in the country were built of sod and had a stovepipe for a chimney. Jack dismounted and strutted into the post office, proud of his new suit. A crowd of ranchers lounged about waiting for the mail carrier to arrive.

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Carr, the cowpuncher," teased one of the men from the Diamond Bar Ranch. "How old are you, Jack?"

"Ten, last month," answered the boy proudly, standing very tall. It made him feel important to be one of so large a group of men. So far as he was concerned, he did not care how late the mail carrier might be, or how long he had to wait—this was fun!

Jack liked to listen to the men discuss branding cattle, roping steers, and "busting" broncos. Someday he would be a big rancher, a real cowman. He would run hundreds of cattle, and own thousands of acres of land. That was the life for him.

"What is keeping that mail carrier?" impatiently asked the postmaster after a time. "He was due here more than an hour ago. I hope he hasn't broken down his jockey cart."

"Well, the milking is sure to be done before I get home," chuckled a tall, lanky man from the Triangle Ranch.

With a start, Jack remembered that his father was not at home and that he had promised to be back in time to help with the milking. What should he do? He did not like to go home without the mail—they had not had the mail for a week. Maybe a letter would come from Grandma; she had promised to make them a visit soon. He decided he had better wait.

The talk and laughter continued in the little post office, lighted only by a

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# SABBATH SCHOOL



Prepared for Publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

## Jesus' Burial and Resurrection

### LESSON FOR DECEMBER 22

LESSON SCRIPTURES: John 19:38-42; 20:1-18.

MEMORY GEM: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. 1:18).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 769-787.

#### Inspiration

"Now late on the sabbath day, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre. And behold there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled away the stone, and sat upon it. His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the watchers did quake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, who hath been crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples, he is risen from the dead; and lo, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you. And they departed quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy, and ran to bring his disciples word. And behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and took hold of his feet, and worshipped him. Then saith Jesus unto them, Fear not: go tell my brethren that they depart into Galilee, and there shall they see me" (Matt. 28:1-10, ASV).

#### Spirit of Prophecy

"Christ's first work on earth after His resurrection was to convince His disciples of His undiminished love and tender regard for them. To give them proof that He was their living Saviour, that He had broken the fetters of the tomb, and could no longer be held by the enemy death; to reveal that He had the same heart of love as when He was with them as their beloved Teacher, He appeared to them again and again. He would draw the bonds of love still closer around them. Go tell My brethren, He said, that they meet Me in Galilee.

"As they heard this appointment, so definitely given, the disciples began to think of Christ's words to them foretelling His resurrection. But even now they did not rejoice. They could not cast off their doubt and perplexity. Even when the women declared that they had seen the Lord, the disciples would not believe. They thought them under an illusion.

"Trouble seemed crowding upon trouble. On the sixth day of the week they had seen their Master die; on the first day of the next week they found themselves deprived of His body, and they were accused of having stolen it away for the sake of deceiving the people. They despaired of ever correcting the false impressions that were gaining ground against them. They feared the enmity of the priests and the wrath of the people. They longed for the presence of Jesus, who had helped them in every perplexity.

"Often they repeated the words, 'We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.' Lonely and sick at heart they remembered His words, 'If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' Luke 24:21; 23:31. They met together in the upper chamber, and closed and fastened the doors, knowing that the fate of their beloved Teacher might at any time be theirs.

"And all the time they might have been rejoicing in the knowledge of a risen Saviour. In the garden, Mary had stood weeping, when Jesus was close beside her. Her eyes were so blinded by tears that she did not discern Him. And the hearts of the disciples were so full of grief that they did not believe the angels' message or the words of Christ Himself.

"How many are still doing what these disciples did!"—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 793, 794.

#### Notes

Here is the event upon which modern Sunday keeping is based.

It is reasoned that Jesus' resurrection from the dead on the first day of the week marks that day as the *new* weekly observance for Christian worship, thus displacing the Sabbath of the fourth commandment.

Although written approximately half a century after the events described, nowhere in his Gospel does John take the opportunity to mention such a far-reaching change, or to state that Jesus authorized it, or that the early church observed it even once as a day of worship.

If God had desired such a radical change in His plan, imbedded deep in the heart of the Ten Commandments, He surely would have said something about it somewhere in the pages of Holy Writ, for "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets" (Amos 3:7).

But not only is John silent on the subject, so is all the rest of the Bible silent.

Further, Mark gives the lie to such a fantasy when he says in Mark 16:1, 2, "when the sabbath was past . . . very early in the morning the first day of the week."

To Mark, who wrote approximately thirty years after the events he described, the Sabbath was still a part of God's plan, and the first day of the week was still just that, "the first day of the week." And he, like the other writers, mentions no service of worship called by Jesus on that day at any time between the resurrection and the ascension.

Mary indicated to the angels at the tomb that she was looking for a dead Christ, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Consequently when she "saw Jesus" she did not recognize Him, but thought He was somebody else.

Jesus said to Mary, and the question claims our first attention today, "Whom seekest thou?"

Are you seeking the Christ of the manger, still a baby in swaddling clothes, the Christ of Christmas?

Is it the Christ of the Galilee road, or the Jerusalem street?

Are you seeking the Christ of the cross?

Or is it the Christ of the church? Many have found the false security of church membership, attendance, tithe paying, Sabbath keeping, but know nothing of righteousness by faith. They can argue and criticize as destructively as ever. They can be just as selfish and unfriendly and pharasaical as they ever were outside the church. They can consistently put the church's wrong foot forward in all its efforts for the lost. For they were looking for, and they found the Christ of the church.

Are you seeking the Christ of Olivet and the ascension, with Christ now in heaven and the church left in the world to build the kingdom? Or will you have the Christ of the whole Bible, who not only liveth to make intercession for us, but who also lives in our hearts every day, if we will open the door and let Him in?

Whom seekest thou?



## Quizangles

1. Can you find anything in this lesson to even suggest that Christ ever authorized the observance of Sunday as a day of worship, or as a memorial of His resurrection? \_\_\_\_\_
2. Is the first day of the week dignified with any Bible name at all, like Sunday, or Lord's Day? \_\_\_\_\_
3. Who ran to the tomb? \_\_\_\_\_
4. Which disciple got there first? \_\_\_\_\_
5. Which one went into the tomb first? \_\_\_\_\_

6. Who has the keys of death? \_\_\_\_\_
7. What kind of a disciple was Joseph of Arimathea? \_\_\_\_\_
8. Why? \_\_\_\_\_
9. Is this a reproach on Joseph? \_\_\_\_\_

**NEXT WEEK, December 29, lesson title: "Jesus' Ascension." Scripture References: Mark 16:19, 20; Luke 24:50-53; John 13:33; 14:1-4. Memory Gem: Acts 1:11. Outside Reading: *The Desire of Ages* (1940), pp. 829-835 (Miss. ed., pp. 819-825).**



# Prevention or Consequences



Health subjects of general interest will be discussed in this twice-monthly department. There will be no diagnosis or treatment of disease by mail, and no letters will be answered personally. If you would like to suggest a subject for discussion, you may send your suggestion to Dr. Saxon, The Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

## Beware of Quacks!

**W**HICH treatment would you choose if you developed cancer? Pills that claim to cure all types of internal cancer, or extensive surgery and radiation? Numerous case histories can be cited in favor of both types of treatment.

If you are up to date on the best treatment for cancer you should immediately recognize that a claim that promises the cure of all internal cancers with pills is a quack medical treatment.

It is amazing that hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent each year on medicines and treatments offered by quack doctors. Such medicines and treatments are not only worthless but are dangerous. The delay in seeking proper medical care, while relying on quack remedies, frequently allows the disease to advance to a stage that makes cure impossible.

Everything from colored solutions of Epsom salts to motor oil have been sold to the gullible public for a rapid sure cure of disease. The modern quacks have been increasing their business by allegedly adding atoms and radioactive substances to their remedies. These atomic substances are claimed to cure Parkinson's disease and cancer, protect you from polio, as well as stop arthritis dead in its tracks.

Do quacks and charlatans actually believe in their remedies? As money makers, yes. Money is more valuable to them than the life of their fellow men. Their main objective is to extract every dollar possible from you before you become aware of their deception.

At a recent American Medical Association annual congress the control of quackery was one of the important topics discussed. It was felt that widespread education of the public regarding medical quackery and cultists would be the most effective method of protecting the people.

Recently I received a notice from the Food and Drug Administration urging the dissemination of a public warning against quack cancer treatment. It is one of the functions of the Food and Drug Administration to expose and prosecute quacks and cultists who jeopardize the health of the people.

Quacks usually offer simple painless remedies for conditions that are difficult to cure. Although their claims are false, the lure of a painless cure that can be taken at home or self-administered is almost irresistible to those who have these diseases.

Charlatans frequently emphasize that their product eliminates the need for

surgery, X-ray, or expensive medicines. What they offer as a panacea for your ills usually consists of herb extracts with sugar and coloring. These may be in liquid or pill form. All these cheap herb extracts have been investigated by the Food and Drug Administration and none have produced the results claimed for them.

Then why is it that many people believe they have been cured of even cancer by quack medicines? These people have been deceived into believing they have a cancer that does not exist. These growths usually cannot be seen or felt and no biopsies are taken to prove their existence. The supposed cancers that are cured by quack treatment are not cancers at all.

Practically all successful quackery is based on these principles of deception. First, convince the patient he has a disease that does not actually exist. Next, treat him with a cheap, worthless concoction and convince him he has been cured. Then secure a testimonial from the patient to make it easier to persuade the next unfortunate person to try the same treatment.

Whenever you become ill, do not rely on questionable remedies. The quicker a disease is properly treated the better the opportunity for a rapid and sure cure. If you are in doubt about a special type of treatment that may be highly advertised, write to the Food and Drug Administration, Washington, D.C. They will tell you whether such treatment is approved by the medical profession.

Better yet, protect yourself by reading more widely about advances in medical science. Educate yourself to recognize false propaganda. When in doubt, consult a certified medical doctor of good standing in your community.

If you neglect to fortify yourself against quacks and charlatans you will sooner or later pay the consequences!

*Yours for Longer Life*

JACKSON A. SAXON, M.D.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR





## Japan Conducts Camp at New Permanent Site

By Warren Hilliard

TOKYO, JAPAN.—In the shadow of beautiful Mount Fujiyama, Japan conducted the first MV camp at Lake Saiko, its new permanent camp site.

The nine-day JMV camp began when fifty-eight boys and girls from ten to fifteen years of age arrived just as we were scanning the darkening clouds with some misgivings. In a patched evangelistic tent used some twenty years ago by Pastor V. T. Armstrong, we bedded about thirty campers. In the heavy downpour the evening before the youngsters' arrival, we had discovered that this old tent merely strained the rain. We feel that the Lord's hand guided during the camp, for there was no rain until a few minutes after the last child had boarded the train for home—then it began.

In addition to the regular camp features of Morning Watch, prayer bands, nature classes, craft classes, swimming periods, hikes, and campfires, a special feature was the two-day visit by a famous naturalist, Mr. Nakamura. He is the guide who accompanies the imperial family when they are in the Fuji area. At

a memorable campfire he demonstrated some of the calls of various local birds.

Sabbath school and church services were conducted by the juniors themselves. As we met under the trees with the lake in the distance, our eleven o'clock speaker was Pastor McClure, from the Far Eastern Division. For Friday evening sundown worship we gathered to sing on the lake in small boats borrowed from nearby farmers.

The history of the camp began when we attempted to buy land and build a permanent camp and equip it with considerably less than one thousand dollars. An energetic group of young people helped to demolish an old school building contributed along with some money by the Amanuma mission compound. Most of this lumber was then taken up to the camp site. The sanitarium on the compound made a gift of money and kitchen equipment, while from the army we received tools, canvas, and 350 yards of hose to bring spring water to the camp.

A contractor erected a dining hall and one cabin for eight campers. About twelve young men helped in building the kitchen, digging the plumbing system, making tables and benches and pitching the camp, preparing it for the campers.

## Uncle Gus and My Religion

From page 8

Hours later the exciting discussion came to an end and as I sought the hard pallet on the rough old floor, I found myself in no mood to sleep. I was simply too ecstatically happy! God had shown me that salvation was not too hard—even for me. I could, after all, talk to people about religion and it was more fun than anything I had ever done in all my life! That night was never to be forgotten for it marked the beginning of a new phase of my Christian experience. I had tasted the joy of fellowship with Christ in service and I wanted nothing else!

During the years that followed I faithfully sent *Present Truth*, *Signs of the Times*, and other periodicals to that home. Uncle Gus and Aunt Lucy moved to the other side of town and built a nice home. Still the literature followed them and occasionally as I had opportu-

nity to visit them, we always discussed religion to some extent.

I had married and my husband and I dreamed dreams about moving on a farm near some nice-sized town where there was no church, and starting one. After he came back from three years overseas, we did just that. For temporary housing we moved to the same old shack my uncle had lived in, and during the two years we lived there and on another place nearby, we succeeded in organizing a small Sabbath school that has since grown into an organized church. I also realized another long-dreamed-of ambition. I gave quite a lot of Bible studies to my aunt and uncle.

They always seemed to enjoy them and even went to church with us once, but never actually came to a decision before we moved away.

Through the years my uncle's black curly hair gradually became quite white, but he was almost never ill. Those of us who knew him knew he was growing old, but the end seemed far away.

Finally their youngest daughter married, and moved to town, leaving my aunt and uncle alone in the roomy farmhouse. There came a time when another big event took place. For over a week, my uncle was left to his own devices and his own cooking while my aunt had more important business elsewhere.

Saturday night, my cousin, her husband, and the new baby brought my Aunt Lucy back home. A happy reunion was the order of the evening. Uncle Gus was thrilled over his new grandson, happy to see his daughter well and strong and also glad that his period of loneliness was at an end. After the daughter and her family returned home, they decided to have an extra special dinner on the morrow with fried chicken, salads, pies, and all the trimmings, such as only Aunt Lucy could make. Finally they prepared to retire.

Suddenly, sharply, my uncle called to her, "Ma! Come here!"

Surprised at the tone of his voice, she hurried in to find him staring out the window.

"Just look at those two crosses in the sky. What do you suppose they are? Aren't they the most beautiful things you ever saw?"

Aunt Lucy looked at him strangely, "Gus, I don't see a thing!"

"You mean you can't see them? Why they're so large and bright, how can you help but see them?"

Aunt Lucy stared harder, "No, I see nothing at all."

For some time Uncle Gus talked on, amazed that she couldn't see them, wondering what it all meant.

"I can hardly wait for morning to see if they are still there," he said.

Morning came and the beautiful gleaming crosses, visible only to my uncle, were still there! Gradually they faded from his view in the early morning sunshine.

"I think that while you are cooking dinner, I'll walk down to the neighbor's and see if she has seen those crosses." So saying, Uncle Gus strolled off down the road.

No, the neighbor hadn't seen them either, and after a pleasant visit he returned home where the inviting aroma of Aunt Lucy's cooking had filled the large kitchen.

They turned on the radio that Sunday morning and both enjoyed a good sermon, discussing it afterward. Then Uncle Gus went out on the cool sleeping porch to take a nap just before dinner. This was a regular habit of his.

Aunt Lucy looked with pleasure upon the delicious steaming food as she brought in the last dish. Making a quick survey, she decided that all was ready. She called Uncle Gus to dinner.

Receiving no answer she stepped to the door of the porch to awaken him. Reaching out to touch him, she stopped



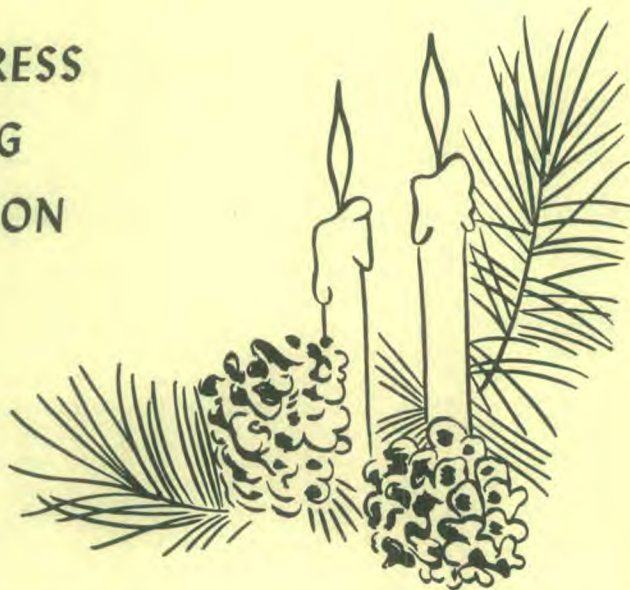
*W*E want to take this opportunity of  
wishing you the joy and blessings  
of the Christmas Season.



For a fuller appreciation of the meaning of  
Christmas, we invite you to read the account of our  
Saviour's birth as written in "The Desire of Ages"  
beginning with page 43.

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short! The sickening realization gradually forced itself upon her.

He was gone!

The doctor pronounced it a heart attack. We shall not dwell upon the shock that was hers, the mourning period, the painful attempt at readjustment that must always follow such tragedy as it comes to us who live in the land of the enemy. I prefer rather to dwell upon the love of God.

How the Lord must have loved my uncle! Year after year, He sent messenger after messenger of truth, some in literature, some in human form. God marked his interest in the truth. God heard him the day he honestly admitted he saw no Biblical reason to keep Sunday, but it was a habit, and he felt he was too old to change. Finally God, who has numbered our every heartbeat, knew that for my uncle the sands of time in the hourglass of his allotted years were fast running out. He foresaw the end would come without any warning. By the decree of the Holy Watchers, it was decided to send one more earnest appeal to his heart.

Who knows what went on in those last hours after the vision of the crosses appeared? We shall never know until Jesus comes, but my uncle may have felt a premonition that his time was about up. If anything could have led him to surrender to the Lord unreservedly, knowing this would have accomplished it.

Surely, ah yes, surely, if we are lost, we cannot frame one single excuse, for God just doesn't leave anything at all undone that might possibly save us! Truly our God is "mighty to save!"

### Young Cowboy

*From page 16*

kerosene lamp. The boy had no thought of the passage of time in so magic an atmosphere. Jack lived a rather lonely life, for the Carrs' nearest neighbor was two miles away. Homes were far apart and there were no houses between the post office and his home.

"Why doesn't that mail come?" growled a fat man from a neighboring ranch. "When I came in a while ago, it surely looked like snow. It's October now and we can expect to have bad weather just any time."

Finally the mail arrived and was hurriedly distributed. Jack had half a flour sack of mail, which included a new catalog he was very glad to receive. He shouldered his sack and opened the door. A gust of wind almost blew him off his feet. "It's as dark as a stack of black cats," he mumbled, his teeth chattering with cold.

He groped his way to his horse and tied the sack of mail on the back of the saddle. "Surely is dark, Pinto. But we

## WIT Sharpeners

### Grandfathers

By IDA M. PARDUE

Listed in column two are the grandfathers of the Bible personalities listed in column one. See if you can match them.

1. Ephraim	Noah
2. David	Boaz
3. Dan	Isaac
4. Jonathan	Jacob
5. Jesse	Jeroham
6. Cush	Kish
7. Samuel	Obed

*Key on page 23*

aren't afraid, are we? This isn't the first time we have been caught out after dark." Often the Carr boys had been out in the hills late at night helping round up the cattle.

They had not gone a mile when Jack felt cutting snow in his face. Then all at once, the snow seemed to come down in great sheets, driven along by a terrific wind. The horse turned her head sideways to keep from facing the biting, stinging storm.

"Here is the first gate anyway," said Jack with satisfaction. "My, it's so dark I can't see my hand before me. This snow will ruin my new suit. Why didn't I know enough to wear a coat instead of this sweater. I'm freezing already. But I never dreamed of a blizzard this early, and it has been so nice and warm lately."

After tugging to fasten the wire gate with his wet hands, he climbed back on the horse and gave her the rein. "Pinto, I'm glad you know the way home. I never could find the way in this storm. Poor Mother and Jim will have to do the milking alone." It kept up his courage to talk to his horse.

"Giddap, Pinto! We'll hurry home and maybe I can help a little with the milking. Can't you go a little faster? Don't be so poky!" He patted her neck. "Nice Pinto, you shall have an extra big supper when you get home."

But she only jogged along at a snail's pace. He slapped her side gently with his quirt. It never occurred to him to use his new spurs—he wore them only for style.

"This is not the gate. Don't stop! Giddap!" But the horse would not budge. Jack slid out of the saddle onto the ground. "This is not where you are supposed to stop, Pinto. But where is the gate?" He peered about in the murky blackness, but he could see nothing.



# Bible Games

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He cautiously felt along the fence to find the gate, leading Pinto behind him. It is not easy to follow a barbed wire fence with cold bare hands in pitch darkness. His feet were wet and cold and numb. He wanted to cry, but he knew it was not manly for such a big boy to shed tears.

He continued to stagger along in the snow, trying to feel for the gate, but the pony kept pulling back. "Maybe we are going in the wrong direction." He turned and followed the fence in the opposite direction. "The gate! I've found it, Pinto. You knew all the time that I was wrong!"

He was relieved to find the gate, but this was only halfway home. He opened and closed the gate with stiff numb fingers, and climbed back on Pinto's back again. He urged her to walk faster and soon they arrived at the next gate.

Jack's heart grew lighter, even if his feet and hands were getting colder every minute. "Soon we shall be home, if you will hurry." He pounded his numb hands on the saddle to try to get the blood circulating. The pony scarcely moved for the blizzard nearly blew her off her feet.

Then she stopped dead still. Jack managed to clamber to the ground, alighting in a big snow drift. "This must be father's meadow fence, just one mile from home, warmth, and safety. Oh, if I could find that gate!"

He groped along as before, following the icy fence and lifting his feet as if they were huge blocks of ice. He was a brave boy, but his courage was failing him. As he thought of his mother and Jim and little Lenna sitting cosily beside a warm fire, tears rolled from his eyes and froze on his cheeks.

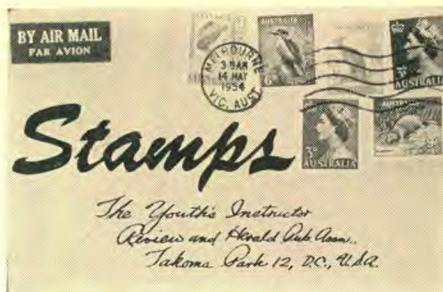
He then thought maybe they were milking. Or if the chores were done, perhaps they were gathered about the kitchen table devouring huge pieces of pumpkin pie. Jim and his mother would not dare venture out in this horrible blizzard to hunt for him, he felt sure of this. He hoped his father was not lost in the hills with his load.

He remembered the story of the teacher who had lived but fifty miles away, who had got lost in a blizzard. She had started home from school, but could not find the way. The next morning, the neighbors had dug her frozen body out of a drift only a few feet from her own doorstep.

Jack shivered as he thought of his being found with his pretty pony in a drift frozen to death right across the fence from his father's meadow. He must find that gate! He did not want to freeze to death.

But how could he find the gate? Even if he crawled under the wire fence, he would never be able to find his way home. Besides, he would not think of deserting Pinto.

Then he remembered. Why had he not thought of it before? "Pinto, be quiet. I



## Sorrow in the Stamp Album

BY WALTER C. UTT

IT HAS been said, perhaps too frequently, that "the cover tells the story." It is quite true, nevertheless. Interesting as the stamp may be, it is able to tell more when it is still on the original envelope or cover, with all its markings intact.

Much too common in this century of upheaval is a particular type of cover, one that normally does not even carry stamps. This is the Prisoner of War letter or envelope. Some collectors actually collect nothing else, trying to find specimens from each war, each belligerent nation, showing the various camp markings and printed forms in use. As old correspondence is disposed of, such mementoes of war's sufferings come on the market and are indeed not hard to find for World War I. More recent wars are not as well represented, for most surviving prisoner mail is still held by the relatives to whom it was originally sent.

Related material might be included in such a collection: the forms used by the International Red Cross in Switzerland to report to anxious relatives whether their dear one has been found as a prisoner.

want to pray." He knelt right down in the snowbank and asked God to lead them to the gate and home as He had led the children of Israel across the Red Sea on dry land.

Jack arose from his knees with new courage. He scrambled up on the horse's back and peered around, trying to get his directions. He saw nothing. He looked again; he looked in every direction into the darkness. He tried to find the dipper and the north star, but of course there were no stars to be seen.

"Pinto!" he shouted so loud the pony jumped and he nearly tumbled off. "A light! Just a tiny speck! It must be the light from our house. We are headed in the wrong direction." He patted the pony and induced her to turn around.

"The light is getting bigger! It moves! Someone is coming to save us! God is answering my prayer!" He urged his horse to move toward the bobbing speck of light.

It is easy to imagine the consternation and grief in a French home in 1914 when the envelope shown here was returned marked in red ink and stamped "Return to sender: the addressee could not be reached in time." In this case, at least, we know that somewhat better news followed, for in my collection I have several envelopes sent by this same French infantry officer from several prison camps in Germany. One of them appears here also, duly marked and censored by the German authorities.

An item or two of this nature adds a thoughtful touch to a collection. It may tell more of our times than a new and immaculate postage stamp in the prettiest of colors.



Covers and markings always enhance one's stamps.

"Jack! Jack!" came a muffled voice through the whistle and moan of the wind and storm. "Jack! I'm coming! Can you hear me, Jack? I'm coming."

"Dad! Dad! This way! Here we are! We can't find the gate!"

Slowly but surely the light came nearer and nearer. Then Jack could see the dim outline of his father's big form on the back of Old Belle; a lantern dangled from his arm.

"Jack, my brave boy! I feared I never would find you in time!"

"It was God who saved me and Pinto until you could find us, Father."

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

GRANDFATHERS

1. Jacob, 2. Obed, 3. Isaac, 4. Kish, 5. Boaz, 6. Noah, 7. Jeroham.



► AN average U.S. dollar bill remains in service about nine months.

► THERE are no gymnasiums in 91 per cent of the United States' 150,000 elementary schools.

► NERVOUS tensions caused by difficult reading tasks can have a definite effect upon children's vision, recent tests have indicated.

► NEARLY one fourth of the world's population, some 400 million persons, have benefited by disease-control programs assisted by the World Health Organization in the last ten years.

► LEAVES turn red and gold in autumn when roots of a plant or tree slow down the intake of water and minerals. The green chlorophyll in the leaves ceases to be dominant, and the red, orange, and yellow pigments have their chance to show.

► A ROYAL cavalry garbed in chain mail is maintained by the ruler of Rei Bouba, a domain of some 36,000 people in Africa's French Cameroun. So lordly is his sultan's majesty, the Lamido, that his subjects are forbidden to look at his face, yet he has 400 wives.

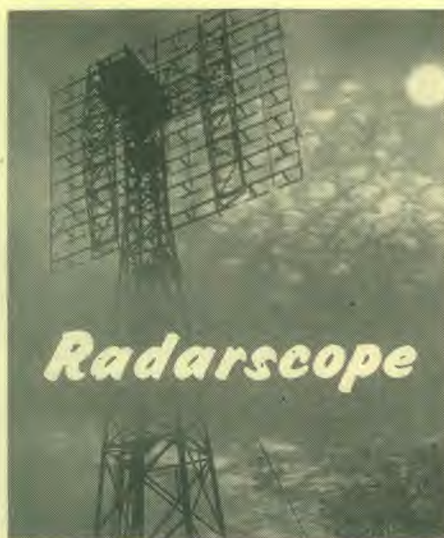
► A FISHERMAN working out of Cape Town, South Africa, drowned recently because his catch was too large. Having sighted a large school of pilchards, he and his companions made ready to haul in the catch. As he was working in the boat's dinghy, it was pulled down by the weight of the fish and the man was thrown into the sea.

► Two scientists think that it may be possible to send a rocket to the moon. They have said that the initial payload might consist of nothing but a charge of metallic dust. If the rocket were fired at a new moon and if it landed on its darkened surface, the impact might be witnessed from the earth as a large, bright flash.

► AMERICAN-MADE locks find strange uses around the world. In faraway desert lands, they secure packs to camel backs, and in New Guinea, Motu tribesmen use them on their treasure chests holding shrunken human heads. In the States locks are put on TV sets, telephones, briefcases, and even on imitation china eggs—to hold them fast to hen's nests.

► WOMEN are making molehills out of men's mountains by climbing them. In 1912 the world's climbing record for women was set at 23,000 feet, but in 1934 Frau Hettie Dyhrenfurth broke the record by climbing 24,000-foot Sia Kangri west peak in the Karakoram. Madame Kogan reached a height of 25,496 in 1954, and the leader of her group, a guide who climbed within 800 feet of Everest's summit, claims she could top Everest.

► AMERICAN archeologists have discovered the Biblical Israelite city of Gibeon near El-Jib, eight miles north of Jerusalem. Gibeon covered about 16 acres and was surrounded by a 10-foot wall enlarged at vital points to 26 feet, where fortified towers were built. A pool cut from solid rock and large enough to contain a three-story house was the most spectacular discovery. It is believed to be the pool mentioned as the scene of a match between Abner and Joab in 2 Samuel 2.



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► A LAW-ABIDING citizen happened on a group of men in a drunken brawl one evening. He tried to break up their fight, and the next thing he knew he was lying on something made of stone, in unfamiliar surroundings. When he asked where he was, a doctor answered, "You're in the morgue; the police thought you dead." A policeman had examined one of his eyes and found no reflex action. The officer hadn't known he was testing an artificial eye.

► FIFTY years ago in THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: "The Interstate Commerce Commission in its latest accident bulletin, reports 3,103 railroad wrecks for the three months ending June 30, an average of more than one an hour."

► THE world's longest overwater highway bridge is the \$46 million Lake Pontchartrain Causeway, a two-lane concrete bridge extending 23.83 miles across the lake near New Orleans.

► FIRE damage caused by careless smokers last year totaled about \$65 million, while fire damage of incendiary and suspicious origin totaled some \$25 million.

► AMERICANS averaged a daily 2.68 cups of coffee per person during the winter of 1955-56.

► LOUISIANA has some 4,000 miles of navigable inland waterways.

## Focus

One man begins to haul in a large catch of fish; his boat is pulled under and he loses his life. Another man does the same thing and he finds a new life.

The tragedy of the South African fisherman reminds us of the experience of Simon Peter. At the command of the Teacher, this man let down his net at what he knew was the wrong time and the wrong place. But his success was so great that he had to call to his partners for help.

If ever there was a time in their experience as fishermen when Peter, James, and John were tempted to be mercenary, it was probably then. Think what such a catch would bring at the market! Perhaps they could even hire this Teacher on a regular basis if He would work such miracles for them every day. However, the record says, "They forsook all, and followed him." And that is how they found the new life.

It should be no different with us today. If at a time of great success, our thoughts are only for ourselves, we shall miss the greatest of all miracles—the gift of eternal life.

DON YOST

► ABOUT 78 per cent of Argentina's population is of European extraction.

► THE typical student is required to read about 203 books during his four years of college.

► THE water plummeting over Kaieteur Falls, British Guiana, changes from golden brown to amber, cream, pink, and saffron during its fall of 741 feet.

► IN the 16th century, the rod was decreed to be the total length of the left feet of the first 16 good men and true who emerged from church on Sunday morning.

► PEAS come in pods, and so do walrus and whales; man travels on trips, and seals travel in trips. These are two examples of the seldom-heard group names applied to the animal kingdom.

► A LITTLE man (4 foot 4 inches, 75 pounds) of the Colombian Indian tribe thinks he's about 167 years old. If he is, he is the oldest human alive, having been born the same year that George Washington was inaugurated.

► THERE are fishes in the sea that look like swimming pine cones and when dead and dried actually could be mistaken for such at first sight. Belonging to a distinctive genus, *Monocentris*, they do not seem related to anything else.

► WARTS attack more girls than boys, but no one knows why. They are caused by a virus and can be transmitted from one part of the body to another by such methods as combing the hair or shaving. But no one knows how they are acquired in the first place.

► JOHN is twice as popular as any other man's name, and following it come William, Robert, James, David, Charles, Michael, Richard, George, and Joseph. Mary is four times more popular than any other girl's name, with Elizabeth, Helen, Susan, Margaret, Ruth, Anne, Carol, Barbara, and Linda following in order.

► TWENTY-FIVE years ago in THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: "Mahatma Ghandi, wearing only his loin cloth and shawl, attended an afternoon reception given by King George and Queen Mary, for the Indian delegates attending the famous Round Table Conference in London. The function was held at Buckingham Palace."