

THE

Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

A distraught mother voices
the problems that arise from
compromising Christians:

But I Can't

FEBRUARY 5, 1957

Bible Lesson for February 16



"The Boys Like Them Natural"

Our title is taken from an article in the first issue of *TEEN*, a new supplement to *The Sunday Star* of Washington, D.C. What is it that the boys like "natural"?

"Teen-age glamor girls, slathered with makeup, may inspire wolf whistles, but it's the lass with a natural look who gets the dates.

"There's something about excess makeup and low-cut dresses that freezes a young man in his tracks.

"If there's anything I despise it's a girl with all that gook on her face," observes a high school football star. "And slinky dresses, ugh!" . . .

"Almost unanimously, young men favor the All-American Girl look. They say heavy cake makeup, mascara and rouge are all right for movie stars, but not for the girls they want to be seen with."¹

Last week we published in this column the personal testimony of a young woman whose standards in dress, and whose advice about the same, a few have stigmatized as old-fashioned, out of step with the times.² This week we have quoted from an article as recent as November 18, 1956—less than three months ago. The first was speaking for a principle. The second was speaking for a preference. Marching between November, 1852, and November, 1956, were 104 years of time—yet between principle and preference we find almost complete harmony!

Not without significance have Bible writers, who had to choose their words with economy and care, seen fit to include some facts and descriptions that at first reading may seem pointless. But no scripture is inconsequential, without purpose. When the story of the kings was recorded, particular mention was made of Jezebel's last acts before she was thrown to her death from the walls of Jezreel. "And she painted her face, and tired her head,"³ the record stated.

We hold this truth: a profession of godliness is mockery if the grip of the Lord Jesus on the heart isn't strong enough to change the fruitage of the life.

Walter T. Crandall

¹ With permission from the publishers of *The Sunday Star*, Nov. 18, 1956, and the AP News Service.

² *The Youth's Instructor*, Jan. 29, 1957.

³ 2 Kings 9:30.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a nonfiction weekly. It is designed to meet the spiritual, social, physical, and mental interests of Christian youth in their teens and twenties. It adheres to the fundamental concepts of Sacred Scripture. These concepts it holds essential in man's true relationship to his heavenly Father, to his Saviour, Jesus Christ, and to his fellow men.

Beginning with volume one, number one, in August of 1852, this paragraph appeared under the name of publisher James White: "Its object is, to teach the young the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and thereby help them to a correct understanding of the Holy Scriptures."

Whether 1852 or 1957, our objectives continue to be the same.

Grace Notes

CARIBBEAN Next week will bring the first of a five-part serial about one of the most interesting characters we've met in the pages of a story. Dorothy Minchin Comm tells the exploits of a man from the little-publicized Cayman Islands. The islands lie in the Caribbean Sea, south of Cuba and northwest of Jamaica. "My name is Brother Lazzari," he told Mrs. Comm on their first meeting. "But you just call me 'Uncle Teebie' like everyone else does." So we present next week—"Uncle Teebie of Cayman Brac."

PREVENTION This letter to Dr. Jackson A. Saxon, author of our twice-monthly feature, *Prevention or Consequences*, may be a helpful reminder to others: "This is a note of appreciation to you for your article on the common cold, as published by our church periodical *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* [April 17, 1956]. Our daughter, aged fifteen, has suffered from colds all her life. This past three or four years she developed bronchial asthma, and lost much school time and suffered a great deal, often being so ill from the asthma the doctor resorted to adrenalin to relieve her. After reading your article I talked it over with her, and we decided to take her off all chocolate and cocoa products. Now for six weeks she has been a well child for the first time in many years. Even the tone of her voice has changed, her body that was constantly cold is normally warm, and thank the good Lord and you she is having fine health. For all these years when three doctors have failed to help her at all, and she was developing an invalid complex because of her inability to take part in things all her school friends were doing, you can well understand just what this means to us as parents of an only child. Thank you, Dr. Saxon; our sincere thanks again and again." —Mrs. G. E., British Columbia, Canada.

COLUMNS Whether the column or feature is *Prevention or Consequences*, *Counsel Clinic*, *Solutions*, or some other, it is designed to offer a genuine service to our readers. Such columns in the *INSTRUCTOR* are few, but we believe well chosen to meet the physical, mental, and spiritual needs of youth and young home-makers.

COVER The baptismal scene, courtesy of the author of "Voice of Youth in '57," page 16, makes a thrilling cover for this issue. Why? Because it testifies to what can result from the Voice of Youth program. It shows Pastor Reed, who was associated with the Pine Hill program, baptizing a young couple who accepted the message as presented by the teen- and twenty-agers.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Editor WALTER T. CRANDALL
Associate Editor FREDERICK LEE
Art Editor T. K. MARTIN
Consulting Editors
GEORGE W. CHAMBERS, RICHARD HAMMILL
THEODORE LUCAS, E. LENNARD MINCHIN
L. L. MOFFITT
Circulation Manager R. J. CHRISTIAN

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

I wish I could tell him—

But I Can't

By ANN CLAYTON



LEW MERRIM, FROM MONKMEYER

I shall have to answer his letter. There are so many things I wish I could tell him—but I can't.

MY son-in-law is perplexed. Recently he eloped with my youngest daughter, Jean, so he is new in our family. They stopped by to see me on their way to get married, then went East to establish their home.

John is the kind of boy who wins your confidence at first sight. He is quiet

and soft spoken, well educated and likable. However, he is not of our faith. Jean was living away from home when she met him. She wasn't living like a Seventh-day Adventist, so John doesn't know that a religious problem exists. She told him she was reared a Seventh-day Adventist, he told her he was reared a Catholic—and to him that was the end

of the matter, since neither of them attends church.

Now it seems there is a bit of a problem, and John has written confidentially to me to determine whether I know what is worrying Jean—that she doesn't seem to be her usual happy self.

Yes, I know, and I wish I could tell him, but I can't! My lips are sealed. Members of my family who are Seventh-day Adventists have betrayed me!

I long to tell John that my beloved little Jean is unhappy because of a feeling of guilt. She is violating her conscience. He bought an expensive diamond wedding band for her, and I wish I could tell him that she knows she shouldn't be wearing it. But I can't tell him that. Her sister Doris wears one, and she's a "good" Seventh-day Adventist, attending church every Sabbath with her Seventh-day Adventist husband.

Of course Doris' ring is just a plain gold band. Her husband was in the Army two years, and she followed him from camp to camp, working close to the bases. "You just have to wear a wedding ring around an Army camp, Mother. It's a protection!" Well, anyway, that was what she said.

I wish John could know that Jean never attended a movie in her life until she went with him! She would never have told me herself, but I saw her wince and look the other way when John innocently mentioned one they had seen.

I wish I could tell him that Seventh-day Adventists do not frequent motion-picture theaters, but I can't. When John was at his military base getting his discharge, my brother, a newly baptized Seventh-day Adventist who "just can't see any harm in a good picture," went with John to a movie when they were on their own for an evening.

Now I'm sure my brother didn't dream he was doing me a real disservice when he helped my new son-in-law pass some time. But—well, I can't tell John that Seventh-day Adventists do not go to theaters. He wouldn't understand.

Jean has been reared a vegetarian, but now her food is the same as John's. I'd like him to know that Jean would be happier if she would refrain from meat eating, but I can't. Jean and John live near Jean's grandmother, who is also a Seventh-day Adventist. They drove over and spent a holiday with her. Jean's grandmother is a marvelous cook, and John thought that chicken dinner was delicious!

How my heart yearns for my precious daughter who has strayed into "the far country" and for my fine young son-in-law whom I long to see believing in the precious third angel's message. I've given John some things to read. I hope he will become interested some way.

In the meantime I shall have to answer his letter. There are so many things I wish I could tell him—but I can't!

Queer!

By *PROTEA MARAIS*

THIS time the pain was worse. Red-hot knives were searing through her lungs, pinning her to the bed. At first it had come in waves—but now it was hammering incessantly at her aching body. Every nerve screamed at the top of its voice as she tried to move.

But she just had to gather herself up. Long years of discipline could not be denied. At six o'clock every morning it was her task to ring the rising bell for the orphanage, and it was five minutes to six now. If the bell was late, she would be punished severely. Perhaps she would not be allowed to see her father for a month—that had been her last punishment. And she had to see her father again soon. It was soon to be her fourteenth birthday.



H. A. ROBERTS

For ten days she was kept under observation, but there was no sign of a relapse. At the end of that blessed respite she found herself again treading the well-remembered paths of the orphanage.

The thought goaded her into action. Somehow she managed to stand—to make an agonizing, sobbing, gasping journey down the long corridor. Through a haze of pain she knocked the heavy bell on its side, and rolled it around the table a few times. It was as much as her strength would allow. Then she lurched back to the dormitory, clutching desperately at the dado rail along the passage.

Voices came out of the air around her. Disembodied voices. "She's ill." "Put her back to bed." "Call Matron." "Look at her face—it's like a sheet."

Pain eddied through the darkness, tugging her remorselessly back into full consciousness. The sunlight cut its way through the window, accentuating the whiteness of the dormitory. Light and shadow were contrasted with startling vividness. Light and shadow. Consciousness and unconsciousness. Pain and oblivion.

But now it was pain again. Pain and Matron. What was she saying? The words seemed to come from an unbridged distance. She strained her senses to catch the words, and, as though they were tangible things, to hold and understand them. "The doctor is here to see you."

Doctor? Another form in the haze. Clear now. Sunlight shining on a dark suit. Black figure and white. Doctor and Matron. Pain and oblivion.

The doctor is talking. "Where does it hurt?"

"Here—here. When I breathe."

"Quietly now, don't talk. Yes, Matron, I'll have the ambulance here right away."

Only Matron now, the white figure. Concentrate on what she is saying, you must listen. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes, Matron."

"Doctor says you have pneumonia—and I'm very glad. I hope you die!"

Could a person hate so bitterly? "I'm very glad. I hope you die." The venom—the spite in that sentence! She was fully conscious now. Even the pain was

forgotten in the full shock of those vehement words. Surely she had been dreaming!

But it had not been a dream. For Matron was repeating it again—rolling the words around her tongue, as if to savor them to the full. "Did you hear what I said? You've got pneumonia, and I'm glad. I hope you die."

And then she was gone. Pain again. Pain and mental agony. How can one hate a child so? Die? Me? What would Daddy say? Oh, please, God, don't let me die. Make me better. Please.

Pain—the ambulance—Matron's glaring face receding in the distance, but her words filling the air, beating at her aching body, pressing down, suffocating her.

The hospital now. A lovely cool bed—another doctor. A lovely nurse. Cold hands—stethoscope. "Say 'ninety-nine.' Say it again. Where's the pain?"

Pain? It's gone! No, no pain now. None! It was there before—like burning knives. But it's gone!

The doctor is shaking his head. Queer—they said she had pneumonia. No sign of it. Queer. Must have been a wrong diagnosis. Flu perhaps. Queer.

For ten days she was kept under observation, but there was no sign of a relapse. At the end of that blessed respite she found herself again treading the well-remembered paths of the orphanage. During the next year she was to experience the old constant unhappiness—an unhappiness that was to linger in retrospect even when she had left the orphanage, just after her fifteenth birthday. Sometimes she would visit her old playmates, but the sadness, the knowledge of their misery, would oppress her beyond expression.

Until the day the glad news came to her—now the children had a new matron, one whom they could love, one who loved them.

Now she could forget everything—forget those unhappy years, forget that awful sentence that still rang through her thoughts unexpectedly, forget the memories that crowded through her brain. Now she could make new memories. The past was gone.

Only after many years could she again dip into the piece bag of her memories, to take out the dull, ugly pieces along with the gossamer brightness, to see again the patchwork that had been her life, to remember incidents, people, snatches of conversation—words like "queer."

Queer? That was what the doctor had said all those years ago. "Must have been a wrong diagnosis. Flu perhaps. Queer."

Queer! No, she knew now that the queerest part was that it had taken twenty-two years to remember, to reflect, and to realize that a miracle had been wrought that day on the way to the hospital—and she had never even thanked God!

THEY all gathered round him as he solemnly took out his bag of magic. A rabbit foot hung over its side as a sign of his profession. The assortment of bones fell with a soft clatter into his hands. He muttered a few words, then played with the bones for a while as a look of concentration came into his eyes.

Then, with a little explosive sound, he threw the bones sharply to the ground. Automatically the circle of observers bent forward as one body. The old witch doctor sat silent, and the bones lay before him, telling him their story.

A look of sadness crossed his face. The others, watching anxiously, needed no words. His face had told them that the message was not good. Slowly, quietly they drifted away, leaving the old man wrapped in silence.

Looking out over the shimmering heat of South Africa's Kalahari Desert, the old man's eyes clouded with tears. His soul longed to live. His power as a witch doctor was sweet to him, and he loved the hot stillness of the desert, the cool contrast of the night. Today the bones had foretold his end. They had said he must die!

For a long time now he had been worried about himself. He had not told his family, but as the pain increased and became more unbearable, he had had to admit that there was something the matter with him. He had tried his own medicine, and that of his friends. He had thrown the bones, but it was all to no avail. Now in desperation he had looked to see whether he must die.

As the pain and discomfort increased he spent more and more time on his skin bed, his wife taking care of him as best she knew how. Once again he threw the bones. Maybe there had been a mistake, maybe he could find some hope. No, the story was the same—he must surely die!

Now that he was certain, he began to make plans. He could not die in the family hut, for if he did, it would have to be burned to the ground. It was a superstitious requirement, but a hygienic one to keep down plague. No, he must have a hut of his own. A little place where he could lie down and die.

The family accepted the verdict of the bones. Who could go against them? They give life, and they take it. They bring rain, and they keep it away. So a little grass hut was built, just away from the others, and the old witch doctor, in agony of pain, was carried there to die.

Away over in Tsani another doctor had started practicing a new "witchcraft," one of medicine and injections with a long sharp needle. The people were flocking to see him, and they came away feeling better. The doctor visited but once in six weeks, but gradually the people were getting to know him. News reached the old witch doctor: "This doc-

tor's medicine is stronger than yours. It is the medicine of the white man."

For a moment he was tempted to allow his friends to go and bring the white doctor, but no, it was useless, the bones had foretold his end. Let death come quickly now. Suddenly the pain increased. He could bear it no longer. Maybe the white doctor could make death come more easily. "Go and fetch him," was his request.

So they came to Tsani, and the doctor, never too busy to go to see the sick, climbed into the lorry and allowed them to direct him over the sand, off from the track, through the scrub of the desert, miles from Tsani, to the old witch doctor lying in agony.

The doctor bent over the little old man lying on his bed of skins. "Ra, I

have come to see you, tell me about your pain."

The old man described it all. All he wanted now was something to make him die peacefully.

"But, Ra, you do not have to die. Why do you talk this way?"

Then came the story of the bones. He had known them all his life. They never lied. He must be ready to die any time now.

"Listen, Ra, I have something to tell you." And now it was not merely the doctor talking, but the medical missionary, who sat by the old man's side, and told him of the One who was greater than the bones. This Great One gave him all his wisdom in the care of the sick. He was the One who brought healing when medicines failed.

The Bones FORETELL

By HAZEL HEYWOOD



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

As his watchers left, a look of sadness crossed his face—he wanted to live; his power as a witch doctor was sweet to him, but today the bones had foretold his end. They said he must die!

The old man lay still and listened. He knew something about unseen powers. Something spoke to his soul. Here was One greater than the bones, One who could give him life. Yes, he would be willing to let this Great One help him. So there in that tiny hut the medical missionary knelt beside the skin bed and asked for God's blessing and guidance.

Very carefully they put the old man onto the back of the lorry. As the doctor took the old man's hand, to assure him that all would be well, he said a little prayer in his heart that here God would heal both physically and spiritually, for the power of the witch doctor can be just as great for good as for evil.

They did not return to the hospital at Kanye immediately. The old man had been somewhat relieved of the pain. Prayer had been offered that the condition would not be complicated by added infection, for it was impossible to maintain sterile technique in the desert sands. He bravely bore the journey to Kakhie, waiting over for the dispensary there, then finally to the hospital at Kanye, still believing in the One who was greater than the bones.

He was operated upon immediately. The old man watched the faces of those who prayed over him. They were talking to Great God, and through the interpreter he could understand what they were saying.

Despite his age and physical condition the operation was blessed. The first stage was successful. Already he could feel a change taking place in his body. He had more faith as they took him to the operating table the second time, more confidence as they prayed to the great God.

Then came slow recovery. The doctor advised the African pastor to visit with the old man, for he was eager to know about the God of the doctor. So Pastor Mogegeh began studies with the old witch doctor, Kobo.

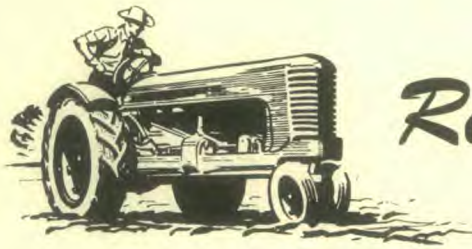
Interest grew, his heart was touched. Then came the day when his magic bones lost their power for him. The great God loved him, had brought him back to health and strength again. He did not want to own those bones, and gladly gave them away as souvenirs.

We were away when he returned to the desert, but he took with him a Bible and Voice of Prophecy lessons in his own language. He had new hope, a new vision, and he wanted to know more.

On returning to Kanye the doctor wanted to know about Kobo. On his first trip back to the desert he asked about the old man. "What is he doing now?" he asked.

"He is a Christian," the people said. "He is studying the Bible and giving his knowledge to others."

Did the bones foretell that an old man would die? Yes. But they did not add that a new man would be born again in Jesus Christ!



Red Tractor

By MARION L. TAYLOR

CAMP was over, and the boys and girls, having given their hearts to Jesus, had gone home. And it was time for me to go home too, in a big DC-6, right across the Tasman Sea to Australia, whence I had come in the interest of child evangelism. Oh, was I tired! Not till then did it register.

So that is how I happened to be with New Zealand friends spending a few days in relaxation beside the hot Crystal Springs. To an Australian the thermal region of New Zealand is most interesting, almost uncanny. We shall long remember the pools of bubbling mud plop-plopping like porridge in the breakfast pot. And the geysers! Boiling water shooting high into the air!

And now it was Sabbath, and here we were miles from other Adventists. But a tree-lined river at the foot of the hill beckoned us down to spend some of the Sabbath there. Sure enough, a lovely walk took us to the perfect log under a shady tree, and there, with a harmonica to lead us, we sang camp meeting song after song.

Across the stream on the higher bank there came to work a large tractor, red enough in color to make any small boy happy. What power there is in a tractor! But what a little thing can undermine it!

"Do you see what I see?" someone remarked.

"A tiny trickle of earth zigzagging down the riverbank to the water below, leaving a snakelike path behind it?"

There it was all right, an interesting eggcupful of earth, in-and-outing its way to the warm water below. For half an hour we watched it, and the tractor, never dreaming—

Then it was that the high bank gave way. The innocent trickle of earth had become a major landslide, and the red tractor was falling, driver and all. It took us days to forget the terror of the next moment. Three times the red monster somersaulted over and over, breaking itself as it went. Three times we cried out, and prayed for the driver, "Lord, save him."

The actual crash happened so quickly! Why hadn't we told the driver of the slowly but surely shifting sand? Didn't we realize his possible danger? Were we afraid he might laugh us to scorn? Were we indifferent because he was a stranger? All I know is that it took some courage to take our frightened faces out of our trembling hands. The minister with us was off like a shot to rescue the sure-to-be mangled body. But what was that moving? Out from underneath the broken red tractor, which was caught by a log near the water's edge, crawled the driver. "Thank you, God," was all we could say.

Coming home on the long journey to Australia a few days later, I had something to think about. Had I any shifting sand beneath me? Even a tiny innocent trickle, if such there could be? Oh, surely that could never become a landslide, taking my soul with it. "Lord save me," I cried, remembering the tractor.

But what about the men and the women on the other bank? Do they know of the imminent danger they are in? Better still, do they know of the soon coming of Jesus?

Those of us who have been sitting on a log leisurely watching the tell-tale trickles of the signs of the end, shall we not race around to the other bank and save others lest they fall?

TO THE students who were busily engaged in washing the dishes and cleaning up the cafeteria after dinner, the usual shriek of the train's whistle as it crossed the highway brought no suggestion that they were soon to have a visitor.

Here, as almost everywhere else on the campus of Upper Columbia Academy, all talk was centered around the fast-approaching afternoon of recreation and entertainment.

An afternoon of fun in the snow had been planned, but because the chinook winds had melted the snow during the night, plans had been changed to games in the gym, climaxing with a junior-senior volleyball game.

Bruce had just come in the door and was waiting for his friend Wayne, who was making out his timecard, when one of the girls came running in from the stock room screaming, "There's a man at the back door!"

The assistant matron went to the back door, and with some of the kitchen help looking over her shoulder, greeted the visitor somewhat shakily. "Can we help you?"

He replied, "I would like something to eat and a lunch for my friend Bill over on the tracks."

"Just a moment," she said. "Wayne and Bruce, will you boys stay here for a few minutes? We are going to give this man a meal."

"Sure, if it doesn't take too long. We want to be up to the gym by two o'clock," Bruce replied.

A meal was quickly prepared, and the man invited in to eat.

What a sight he was! Rags and tatters from head to foot, with an old dirty hat, and an unshaven face.

Bruce had started a conversation with him while Wayne and Mrs. Knowles were busy preparing a lunch for his friend Bill.

Mrs. Knowles said, "I surely do wish we could do something to help this poor man. I hate to see people in his condition."

"Why can't we?" Wayne exclaimed. "I

could give him a haircut and shave, and I'm sure we could find him some clean clothes here on the campus somewhere."

Bruce, who was now smiling as he talked to the man, was called in as plans were made to do something to help him out of his present condition into a better way of life. It seemed that the campus day had been forgotten.

"John Wright is his name," explained Bruce. "He is forty-five, and from early manhood has just been drifting, with no particular object in mind or definite plan for his life. He must be the one Pastor Alderson spoke of in Bible class last week when he explained the question, 'Who is your neighbor?' You know, Wayne. Anyone who needs our help."

So, inspired by the few words of the matron "I wish we could do something for this poor man" the boys' minds and energy were diverted from the afternoon of play to an errand of mercy.

Wayne was left in the cafeteria with John while Bruce began his search for an outfit of clean clothing for the poor man.

Who Is My NEIGHBOR?

By OTIS PARKS

When John had finished his meal Wayne took him to the boys' dormitory, told him what they wanted to do for him, and with his consent started on the haircut and shave.

As Wayne worked he quizzed John for more information concerning his past life.

"Where have you lived most of your life?" he inquired.

"No particular place. You see, when I was small I lived with my grandparents. When they died I was sent to live with my aunt and uncle. I didn't get along well there so I ran away when I was sixteen. Since that time I have been traveling, mostly by boxcar, from place to place, doing odd jobs for my meals, and working whenever possible in the fruit harvests in the fall. It's not much of a life, I guess."

Wondering why John limped, Wayne asked, "Has your leg caused you trouble very long?"

"No, only for about a year. While walking along the road one day I was



J. C. ALLEN AND SONS

John was a real help on the Royer farm. With his first pay he had bought some new clothes, and was now as respectable looking a farm hand as could be.

struck by a motorcycle and was seriously injured. I was taken to a Government hospital, where my broken bones were set. I stayed there for several weeks while my leg was healing. That was the best care I have ever had. My leg hasn't caused me any trouble for the last month, and I have been able to work."

As Wayne listened intently the man continued. "I finished a job only a week ago. I had a little money that would have kept me for a while, but some so-called friends stole it and left me broke."

By the time the haircut and shave were finished and John had been rushed off to the shower room with a bar of strong soap and a stiff brush, Bruce was back with the necessary clothing.

Warm shirts and underclothing had been donated by the Dorcas Society, a heavy pair of outgrown but nearly new work boots and an overcoat had been given by a sprouting junior student. A pair of overalls and other necessary items were given by several others.

Throwing them all on the bed, Bruce exclaimed, "What a hunt! With everyone up in the gym it was like spotting the first buttercup that opens in the spring."

Bruce continued, "They need another senior on the volleyball team. Wayne, why don't you go on up? I'll take care of John and see that he gets the lunch to take over to his friend."

"But Bruce!" Wayne pleaded, "We can't just send him away. He will go right back to his old ways because he has nowhere else to go. Maybe we could get him a job or something. Why don't you go call Albert? He knows most of the farmers in this community, and he may know of someone who needs a man this spring. I'll see that John gets dressed and is ready to go by the time you get back."

"O.K.," Bruce called over his shoulder as he disappeared through the door on his way to the telephone.

"Hello, Albert. This is Bruce Edwards out at the school. Yes. How is your new tractor running since you overhauled it? That's good. Say, do you need any more help this spring? You don't. Well, Wayne Olson and I have a man here whom we are trying to find a job for. Do you know of anyone who might need him? Clyde Shields may? O.K. Thanks a lot, Albert. Good-by."

Soon another call was placed.

"Hello, Mr. Shields, this is Bruce Edwards at the academy. We have a man whom we are trying to find a job for. He can drive a tractor, and he is willing to do almost any kind of farm work. You don't need a man? All right. Thanks a lot. Say, just a moment. Do you know of anyone who might need him? Scotty Royer? I'll call him. Thanks again, Mr. Shields."

"Hello, Mr. Royer. This is Bruce Edwards at the academy. Clyde Shields said you might need another man. Tearing

down a barn? I think he would. Sure we can. We'll bring him right out to see you. Good-by."

"Why are you boys doing all this for me when you could be having a lot of fun like the other students in the gym?" questioned John as his now bright and shining face wrinkled into a toothless grin.

"Because we really believe that it is more enjoyable to help someone when he needs it than it is to play a lot of games," explained Bruce, as he and John left the dormitory and walked back

Working for Jesus

By DONNA CUMMINGS

Are you doing work for Jesus?
Are you striving every day
In His footsteps e'er to follow—
On the bright and lighted way?

Are you striving to save others,
Working daily with a zest;
Keeping daily to the motto,
Serving Mankind Serves God
Best?

Live your life, a good example,
Strive to help bring others too—
That the light which floods your
pathway
Glorifies the Lord in you.

to the cafeteria to pick up the lunch. "We believe in helping our neighbors, and our neighbor, we are told, is anyone who needs our help."

When they returned, Wayne was waiting in the car he had borrowed from Mr. Dutro. They were on their way to deliver the lunch and to see Scotty Royer.

Bill was huddling over a small campfire beside the tracks, trying to counteract the chill of the March wind.

"Didn't recognize you," he said to John.

John, bubbling with pride because of his new clothes, began to tell all that had happened to him and how he might get a job.

As the boys gave Bill the lunch and a bit of cash, he said, "I guess I'll be going back to Spokane. Some guys get all the luck." With these words he turned, picked up his pack, and began walking slowly down the track.

When they arrived at the Royer farm, Scotty was just backing his truck into the yard preparatory to unloading a heavy deep-freeze.

"Let us give you a lift," called Bruce as they stepped from the car. After a full round of introductions the four set the heavy machine on the back porch with apparent ease.

Scotty explained how he was tearing down his old barn and was going to build a new house during the summer. If John was interested, he could have the job of tearing the barn down for three dollars a day plus his board and room. Of course, he was.

Scotty told the boys he would keep John all summer if he proved to be a good worker. The boys bade John good-by then and told him they would come to see him as soon as possible.

When the boys returned to the campus that evening they were confronted with the expected remarks.

"You sure missed a good time in the gym today."

"Why weren't you up to help us beat those juniors in the volleyball game?"

"Where have you been anyway?"

But they knew by the feeling of accomplishment that was welling up inside them that their day had been well spent.

A few weeks later when Bruce and Wayne returned to see John he was standing astraddle a heavy plank, pulling spikes from it.

"How do you like your work by now?" asked Bruce.

"Just fine," answered John. "Especially the good food Mrs. Royer serves. It's really a treat." You could plainly see that it had done a lot for him by the ruddy glow that now shone on his face.

"We brought you some papers to read," offered Wayne, handing him a roll of Signs. "We hope you will enjoy them."

Through the remaining weeks of school the boys returned often to the Royer farm. They found that John had become a real help there. With his first pay he had purchased some new clothes, and was now as respectable looking a farm hand as anyone could expect.

Scotty told the boys they had done a real job in inspiring John to do something with his life.

The last time the boys visited John they sold him the book *Drama of the Ages*, and they were happy to hear him say, "I sure appreciate those papers you have been bringing me; they give me something of value to read in the evenings and also to think about during the day."

The boys feel that he has now found his place in life and is well on the way to respectable citizenship. They are confident that someday John will find God, and in turn might ask himself the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

WE HAVE been invited to visit the King. How thrilled we are! Of course, the first problem is, What shall we wear? I begin immediately to think of my dresses. Just which one shall I wear, or do I have anything that is suitable?

From the closet I take my dresses one by one. Some, I realize immediately, are much too old. I hang them back at one end of the rack and go on to others. Here is one that is practically new. I loved its vivid colors when I bought it. Now I begin to really look at it as I think the King might see it. It has gorgeous roses all over it. I finger the lovely



We Visit THE KING

By LOIS CAGLE BURTON

How do we pay attention to the King's messages?

soft material. It would be appropriate for an afternoon garden party, but I am quite sure the King would disapprove, for He would know that I was trying to draw attention away from Him and to myself. I don't want Him to think that I am selfish enough to try to hold the spotlight of attention when in His presence. So back on the rack it goes.

One by one my dresses are put back. Some of them would be fine for a picnic in the country, others would do for an afternoon shopping trip. Some are definitely party dresses. The soft quiet colors of a few would do if only the dresses were not so faded and spotted. I must go shopping for a new hat and shoes anyway, so why not get a new dress too?

The clerk is very helpful. She shows me dress after dress, but none fits all the specifications that I have laid down for *the* dress. Some have plunging necklines or practically no sleeves. They won't do—I want the King to know I am modest. The clerk tactfully tells me that many others who are going are wearing some of the very styles I have rejected.

I reply, "I am sorry to be such a bother to you, but the dress I wear must have nothing about it that would detract the interest of others from His Majesty the King."

She sympathizes, "I understand how you feel, and I am extremely sorry but there seem to be few such dresses made these days. Perhaps you will have to make it."

I assure her, "I would be only too glad to do it, only I don't have the time."

From store to store I go, but it is always the same. I decide to visit the nearby city. The results are much the same, but after I search through many stores a helpful clerk says, "I know I have the very dress you want. I was just looking at it this morning. If I could wear it, I would buy it for my own visit, for I have an invitation too. I am sure it will fit you."

She brings out a solid blue color. I feel the material; it is good. The collar and cuffs are a navy-and-white print. It would do if they were just plain white, or even if they were of the same material as the dress. "Best of all," she says, "since the days are still somewhat cool, it has its own matching stole!"

The next thing is a hat. I look the hats over just as critically as I have the dresses. It must not be too large, for I don't want it to interfere with the vision of others who may not be so fortunate as I am and will have to be behind me. I don't want any long feathers sticking out to tickle someone literally or imag-

inatively. I find just the one I want. Shoes and gloves are chosen with the same ideas in mind, and I am at last ready for the great day.

The day before our visit I check all my clothing to see that everything is pressed and ready to slip into quickly. I also check over my husband's clothing. He too has been shopping and has chosen clothes with careful attention. I am thankful we have much the same tastes. I wouldn't want to dress carefully myself and then have my husband wear a loud sport shirt or some outlandish thing.

We are up early. The great day is here. The sun is shining, but I am sure we would think it a wonderful day if it were raining. For the day you visit the King is always a good day, no matter what the weather. We have leisure time for reading some from our Bibles and time for family prayers. We dress carefully and drive along without too much haste, because we have left home in plenty of time. We are sure that no one who visits the King will want to be late, and it would be an unforgivable thing to make the King wait for us.

As we arrive we notice that, early as we are, others are already ahead of us. We are ushered quietly in and shown where we are to sit. For a time everything is very quiet as others come in to

take their appointed places. We have a good place and can see well. Our hearts are filled with wonder and a thrill of expectancy. Up front there are lovely flowers. No glitter or show, nothing cheap or gawdy, but everything in good taste and fitting in the King's house.

Suddenly many realize that the King has already entered, but some are quite unaware of His presence. They are whispering and moving about. I earnestly wish that they would be still, for I very much want to get every bit of the message that the King has for us, and is now giving in His quiet manner.

To my right a girl of about ten is continually whispering to a little friend on the other side. I am curious as to where their parents are, and why they didn't teach them that when the King is speaking all must listen solemnly to every word of His message, that each one of His subjects may know the heart's desire of the King. I put out a warning hand, to quiet the little girls from time to time, but they completely ignore me. I hope for an attendant of some kind to come and tell them that they must either be silent or leave, but none comes.

Trying to ignore the girls, I fix my attention up front, and then I am somewhat distracted by the woman ahead of me. She has moved over, and I can no longer see the front of the room for a few minutes. I can only guess at what is taking place. I notice that she is wearing a dark dress, with some small tracings of color, and then I am horrified to see that the shapes on the dress are figures of images, palm trees, and Egyptian mummies. I can't help wondering whether she really looked at the new dress she bought to wear to visit the King. Undoubtedly she didn't, for how could she wear it if she had?

Just now some guests are coming in late. I feel that the King would be quite justified in refusing them admittance, but He is kind and gracious. The attendants try to get them in place with as little confusion as possible. I am sad. "Why couldn't they get up a few minutes earlier for this audience with the King?" It seems to me that they must not love Him as much as they should. Certainly they do not respect the value of His time as they ought. Besides, they have stolen a portion of everyone else's valuable time from the solemn message of the King, for His voice is still while they enter.

All too soon our audience with the King is over. We leave filled with the glory and inspiration of it all, and the precious joy of having listened personally to our beloved King. His message has filled our hearts with gratitude and love.

Outside I notice the dress of some of the others. I see that undoubtedly some of them came just to show off their "fine feathers," and my heart is filled with

longing that they might really understand the joy of coming just to be with the King and to receive His blessing.

Would you not like to visit the King too? He has given you an invitation: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come." Accept the robe that he has given you, "the robe of righteousness," as a free gift. Then do not cover it with something that will draw attention away from the King.

We have all made mistakes in choosing clothing. Let us kneel and ask the King to forgive us and to help us remember when we choose our clothes, "that women adorn themselves in modest

apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with . . . gold, or pearls, or costly array."

When we buy a Sabbath dress let us really look at it, as far as possible, through the eyes of King Jesus. The woman with the Egyptian mummy dress, not knowing that I had noticed it, confided to me that she had worn it for quite a number of Sabbaths before she really saw it one day. During prayer her small baby started to cry. She opened her eyes to quiet him, and it was thus with bowed head that the Lord opened her eyes to the print of her dress.

"I could ill afford another dress," she said, "but I could no longer wear the symbols of heathenism in God's house."

FAMILY



FARE

By PEGGY HEWLETT

When God Says "No"

SABBATH school was in session, and I sat near the back of the church with baby Paul on my knee. Suddenly he discovered that the small brush he had been playing with made a beautiful noise when smacked hard against the pew in front of us. With a happy little smile he settled down to enjoy himself.

Chubby arm raised, eyes blinking in anticipation, he prepared for another assault, but just then Mummy whispered an emphatic "No!" in his ear. This was an unfortunate development! For a long moment the blue eyes scanned Mummy's face. What he saw there prompted him to decide that obedience was the better part of wisdom.

After church service a little granny remarked: "How that wee chap understands! He knew exactly what was expected of him."

Have you ever been right on the verge of doing something you felt you would really enjoy when suddenly God whispered "No"? It may have seemed unreasonable and unnecessary at the time, but time reveals that the restraint was for our good.

If we look long at the face of God through His Holy Word, we will find that to conform to His will is the happier way, the better way.

Does He Look Like Me?

WHEN we first went to see the baby boy we planned to adopt, the journey took many hours. A friend stayed with our three children for the day, and we expected them all to be asleep when we wearily returned home about midnight.

But no. Upon going upstairs I was hailed by our ten-year-old son. There he was, bleary-eyed for want of sleep, propped up in bed. Eagerly he blurted out, "Mummy, does he look like me?" All those long hours of tedious waiting, just to hear the answer to that question!

What a loving welcome that infant had in store for him when we finally brought him home!

We like to hear people remark about a family resemblance. Even a redheaded chappie of ten, with freckles and minus a tooth or two, is happy when someone remarks, "My, but you look like so-and-so!" It generates such a homey, belonging-together feeling.

It is always a source of wonder to me that the Lord Jesus is so eager to have sinful mortals belong to Him that He was willing to die in agony in order to make the miracle possible. He longs to have us bear a close resemblance to Himself and be called by His name—Christian.

DOESN'T it feel good to be out on our own, Shirley, and to get a pay check each week?"

"It surely does. I'm glad we're through high school," she agreed.

Shirley and I had graduated from the Santa Anna (Texas) Consolidated High School in May and had lost no time finding jobs in Coleman, about nine miles from Santa Anna, where I lived. I worked in one drugstore and she worked at another nearby. We were thoroughly enjoying being independent.

One day I waited on a woman who, seeing the long, thin scar line across my throat, commented, "Oh, did you have surgery on your throat?"

"Why, yes, about four months ago. Dr. Charles Henner, at Santa Anna, did my surgery," I told her.

"Did he? He did mine too, and you can scarcely see my scar. Dr. Henner's an excellent surgeon. Isn't he kind to his patients? And he's such a good Christian. Everyone likes him."

"Yes," I agreed, "and the thing that impressed me most while I was in the hospital was that he had prayer with me before doing my surgery."

"You know, I hear he has bought that hospital."

"He has," I told her. "And he has also bought a church and a parsonage for his denomination. Before Dr. Henner came to Santa Anna, several doctors came and went within just a short period of time. The hospital was somewhat run down when he took it over. He has built in the porch space and made a six-room clinic and X-ray and lab department and rebuilt part of the business office. He's a progressive doctor. And now he's Santa Anna's mayor too."

"The Henners are Seventh-day Adventists, aren't they?" she asked.

"Yes, they are. I wonder what they are like—I mean their religion. I've known only one family of Adventists in my life, and that was when I was a child."

"All these different religious sects make a person wonder which church is right. There are so many denominations and churches," she continued thoughtfully.

"Yes, it is confusing, but I try to keep from thinking about them so that I won't get confused," I added as I handed her parcel to her. "Thank you, and come back again."

All that week, though, I did think. My mind kept wandering back to that conversation about Mr. Henner, his religion, and my contact with Seventh-day Adventists in the hospital.

As time passed I lost some of my enthusiasm for my drugstore job. I began to dread getting up and going to work, day after day, just to get a pay check. One morning I got up a little moody. Business seemed to drag, and my thoughts began to wander again. I said to myself, "Well, Miss Drake, just what

do you plan to do with your life? Are you going to be a soda jerk all your life?"

Just then I glanced toward the door and saw Mrs. Henner, with whom I was somewhat acquainted, and their little red-headed boy. She seemed to be headed in my direction.

"Good morning, Maureen. How do you like these hot days?"

"They're not the best, but we have to like them," I laughed.

"Maureen," she continued, "I received a good recommendation for you from a friend who thought you might be interested in working at the hospital. We will be needing someone soon. If you are interested, come to see me this Sunday."

"Oh, what an opportunity!" I thought

to myself. I quickly replied, "Yes, I think I'd like to. Would Sunday afternoon be all right?"

"Yes, that's a good time. I'll look for you then."

But after she left I began to wonder whether I wanted to work in an Adventist hospital. What would people think of me if I worked there? But the idea interested me, and after discussing the matter with my parents and getting their approval, I went to see Mrs. Henner the next Sunday.

After greetings and a little pleasant conversation, she began telling me about the place that was open for me. "The girl at the desk will begin working on the floor next week, and we need a receptionist," she told me.

She then went on to explain the de-

The LIGHT Shone ON ME

By MAUREEN DRAKE



TELL MAGAZINE

Dr. Charles Henner, who first impressed the author with SDA's, and Mrs. Henner as they give the deed of the Santa Anna, Texas, church to O. J. Bell, secretary-treasurer of the Texas Conference.

tails of the job and the duties that would be expected of me should I take it. It seemed to me that I would be more than a mere receptionist. Right then I made my decision, but did not tell her so. She told me to discuss the matter further with my parents and let her know later that day.

After I reached home I began telling my mother about my interview. "Do you think I should take the job, Mother? I know I'd enjoy it, even though they are Adventists."

"Well, it is a much better job than your present one. You will have more chance to advance than you would at the drugstore. And you will be right here at home instead of working in Coleman."

Later that day I called Mrs. Henner and told her I would take the job.

"When can you start?" she asked.

"I'll have to give my employer a week's notice. That means I'll quit at the drugstore on Saturday night."

"All right. Then Monday morning at eight o'clock you can come to the office."

The next Monday morning, a warm day in September, I began working at the hospital. At first I felt a little out of place. I was not sure how I would be treated, since I was not an Adventist. But as one of the girls showed me through the building, I knew I would like the place and the people. I wondered whether I could ever remember all the forms to fill out, all the records to keep, and all the bells to ring.

Suddenly I heard a bell ring. "What is that bell for?" I asked.

"We have worship every morning at eight-forty-five. Pastor DeWitt comes over and leads in a short service," she told me.

That afternoon at staff meeting I met all the workers. Everyone was friendly, and right away I felt at home. I soon became friends with them all.

The atmosphere of the hospital was different from that of the drugstore. Here every day began with worship, which seemed to influence the whole day. There had been much tobacco smoke and coarse, careless language at the drugstore. In the hospital there was none of this. I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

Every now and then my girl friends would ask me, "Have they made an Adventist out of you yet?"

"No, and they won't ever make one out of me, either," I would laugh.

Sometimes they would tauntingly remark, as our crowd would start out together, "Oh, Maureen can't go with us; she works for the Adventists." Or, "What would the doctor say if he saw you at a show, Maureen?"

Having been reared in a Christian home, I had been taught never to speak disparagingly of religion. I rather resented their remarks. I would always say something to uphold the Seventh-day Advent-

ists. Since I had been working in the hospital I had seen so many demonstrations of their religion that I was beginning to respect and admire them.

In May of the next year Pastor Matar came to be the new pastor and began a series of meetings. Several of the workers at the hospital invited me to attend.

"I might do that sometime," I told them, and then wondered whether I should go.

The first meeting I knew would be interesting, because Pastor Matar, a missionary from Arabia, was going to be in costume and tell of life there. I wanted to go to the meeting, but did not want to become involved with the doctrines of the church. Several people had warned me of this danger.

That night two of my friends and I decided to go to our own church. As

New Moon

By JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

The slim cocoon of an infant moon
Swings by a thread in a charcoal sky,
With a wisp of cloud from a rain-
storm's shroud
Slowly and silently drifting by.

we began walking toward the church I thought of the Adventist meeting again.

"Why don't we go to the Adventist church tonight, just to see what it's like? I've never been to one," I suggested.

"Neither have I. It might be interesting. Let's go," said one of the girls.

We turned and started walking in the other direction.

"But," Patsy objected, "I haven't been to my own church in so long that I should go there."

None of us had been attending church as we should have, so, feeling our responsibility, we again turned and started down the street toward our own church. But still the discussion went on among us as to which church we should attend. Mainly for curiosity's sake I wanted to go to the Adventist church. I wondered what they did at their services, and how their meetings were conducted.

After we had changed our minds about three times, I walked away from the girls, saying as I went, "I'm going to that meeting. I don't care where you go."

"Well, all right, so we all go to the meeting," Patsy retorted.

The usher met us at the door and wel-

comed us in. Soon we were engrossed in what was going on. When we started to leave, several members invited us back.

"I surely enjoyed the meeting, didn't you? I'm going again," I said warmly.

"Yes, I liked it too," Patsy admitted.

I enjoyed the meetings so much that I went again and again. Patsy went with me several times, but Nell lost interest right away. Before long I was going alone.

The meetings were illustrated with pictures, which made the minister's message seem very realistic. I especially enjoyed the historical and prophetic topics.

One evening the pastor displayed a beautiful gold Bible, which he said he would give to the person who brought the most visitors to the meetings during a certain period of time. I wanted that gold Bible very badly. At first I felt that perhaps I should not compete for it, since I was not an Adventist. But several of the members said that I should.

I began to invite people, and soon I averaged as many as six or seven a night. One week I brought fewer people, and I was sure I had lost the opportunity to win the Bible. On the night that it was to be given away, my heart was in my mouth. As the names were read, and the number of people each person had brought, I was thrilled to hear mine read as the winner. Now that beautiful gold Bible was mine.

As I attended the meetings I began to learn little by little. I filled out a card for literature and Bible lessons, and used my Bible to study the lessons.

Of course, I met much opposition from my own church. At different times my pastor and a former pastor visited me, telling me that I was confused. But in spite of this opposition, and opposition from parents and friends, I accepted what I was learning as the truth, and on July 25, 1955, I was baptized and became a member of the Seventh-day Adventist church of Brownwood, Texas. Later I became a charter member of the new church in Santa Anna, which Dr. Henner had bought.

Meanwhile a nurse at the hospital, who was a close friend of mine, had decided to go to college. I read some of the bulletins she had received, and I also became interested. I wrote for information concerning courses of study, requirements, and expenses. Having been interested in nursing since childhood, I decided to send in my application to enter prenursing. I was accepted, and soon began to make plans to leave.

By September 25 I was all packed and ready to go. Though it was hard to say good-bye to home and all my friends, I was happy in the thought that I was going to a Christian school, where I could fulfill my desire to become a Christian nurse and work for my Lord till He comes.



HARRIS & EWING

John Francis McCormack sang with all the well-known singers of his day, among them Tetrzzini, Bori, Farrar, and Melba.

Model SINGER

By VERNE KELSEY

ONE of the world's great singers may be only a name to many INSTRUCTOR readers, for his last public appearance was more than fifteen years ago. But he was such a master of diction, phrasing, and voice control that it is decidedly worth while to listen to him on records. Admittedly they do not reproduce the artist's personality, but with all of their limitations they will provide a thrill for anyone who loves good singing.

John Francis McCormack's life began at Athlone on the banks of the Shannon in Ireland, where he was born on June 14, 1884. He was the fourth of eleven children. His father was a better-than-average singer, so from the first he was surrounded by good singing.

At the age of three his father took him to the Marists Brothers school in Athlone. Before too long he won a scholarship to Summerhill College, County Sligo, where he studied for some time under Dr. Kieley. He had wonderful powers of mimicry and was invited to take part in a school play. As sometimes happens, he became nervous at the performance. Instead of saying, "Stop! If you put your head outside that door, I'll put a bullet in it," he said, "Stop! If you put that bullet outside the door, I'll put a head on it." This trait of forgetting words never left him, and he was always more or less dependent on a notebook for his words when singing.

For some time he had been singing in the college choir, so in 1900 he was invited to sing at a charity concert. Here again words bothered him, but at this time it was his diction that was at fault. The kindly criticism of the school directors made him realize that he must perfect his diction. This he did to such an extent that he was able to project words

to the back of any hall, even when singing pianissimo.

His first voice lessons were with Vincent O'Brien. He progressed so rapidly that he won the Dublin National Irish Festival prize in 1902. In 1904 he was engaged to sing at the Irish Village at the St. Louis Exposition. He was not satisfied with the engagement and soon returned to Ireland. It was at this time that he began making records, which constantly became more perfect as both he and the science of recording progressed.

In 1905 he went to Italy for further study. Here he worked with Maestro Sabatini. For some weeks the master had him work only on exercises, much to his disgust. He was later to learn their real worth, and ever afterward he used them regularly.

He made his operatic debut at Savona, a town of twenty thousand people on the Gulf of Genoa. The tenor role he sang ends on a high B flat. His voice having not yet fully developed, he realized that it never would sound above the full orchestra, so when the time came he merely opened his mouth without making any sound. The audience was most enthusiastic, and he was asked to sing an encore—to a note he never sang at all!

After his return to England he passed through a period of struggle, as most artists have done. Overcoming his obstacles matured him emotionally and vocally. More records were made, and gradually he began to establish himself as a worth-while singer. His first real success followed his appearances at the Queen's Hall Ballad Concerts.

His London operatic debut was made at the age of twenty-three. He was the youngest principal ever to have been engaged at the Covent Garden Opera

House. His success in *Cavalleria Rusticana* was followed by even greater success in *Don Giovanni*, by Mozart. In this he sang with "much beauty of voice and instinctive feeling for phrasing," the *Daily News* wrote.

Constantly he was making new friends among both musicians and amateurs. He sang with all the well-known singers of his day, among them Tetrzzini, Bori, Farrar, and Melba. Melba liked his singing so much that she invited him to sing with her in a series of operas in Australia. This venture was a great success there, and on his return voyage he made a number of solo appearances.

He was a tremendous favorite in America. During the season of 1912-1913 he gave sixty-seven recitals to packed houses besides his opera appearances. During the first world war he raised large sums of money for the Red Cross. His last New York recital was attended by seven thousand people, and another five thousand had to be turned away.

McCormack's mastery of diction, phrasing, and vocal control were so fine that he was held up as a model by most singers. The famous De Reszke once invited him to sing for some of his pupils, afterward saying, "That is the way I want you to sing."

He had as friends all the musicians of his day—Caruso, Rachmaninoff, and a whole host more. With Fritz Kreisler, who was also a good friend of the family, he made a number of recordings.

Probably the best loved of his opera records is "Il mio tesoro," by Mozart, which is considered by many vocalists as a model of good singing. The average music lover will probably respond more to his ballad records, the best known of which is "I Hear You Calling Me," by Charles Marshall.



LOOKING like a giant wasp on the Oklahoma landscape, the big drill stung the earth. Powerful machines buzzed angrily. As toilers manned machines with heavy tools, pumps pulsed rhythmically, sucking salty

water from the earth's deep wound. Pacing nervously, a farmer watched with anxious face. Then like a greasy arrow, oil suddenly gushed from the ground and streaked upward. In reckless glee the farmer flung his hat skyward as fortune paid off with a fifty-thousand-dollar oil gusher.

Millions are drilling for oil wells of happiness. How many actually strike the big gushers? Often what promises to be an oil well is no more than a deep salt-water deception.

"Money will get you everything," boomed a trailer salesman from Nebraska. I was riding with him to my home town, Rock Island. Very grateful for his kindness, I listened attentively to the courageous story of his rise from poverty to success in the trailer business.

He explained that his father had passed away in middle age, leaving a wife to rear eight children. Gathering around the table one day, this family discovered that there wasn't enough food for them all. As my host relived the experience, his eyes flashed like the blue chrome on his new trailer as it reflected the August sun. "My fist thumped the table," he recalled, "and I declared, 'Someday, I'll make money.'" Now a real lion of business, he almost roared his proud challenge, "What is there that money can't buy?" Many young people are going after money as though it were life's most valued treasure.

Perhaps as we have all seen the finger of prosperity beckoning, we have wondered whether it isn't a little old-fashioned to cling to such outdated principles as honesty, truthfulness, and Sabbath observance when a little indulgence in sin would bring material gain. To live in luxury is attractive, but is money really worth everything?

Consider the case of a man in a suburban hospital whom I remember now only as John. Sitting in his wheel chair and peering out of the window or gazing innocently at passers-by, poor John seemed as timid as a chipmunk. With mind and body obviously shattered, he

A periodic checkup is a practical way to determine whether you are

Striking Life's O

By DO

drew the sympathy of everyone. Then I discovered that he had been one of the richest men in the area. After spending his life gathering a fortune, he was almost ready to retire, when suddenly his powerful mind, overburdened with problems, cracked. Then what happened to John's money? It vanished like salt water in the desert test of life.

Pleasure is another fountain that people are seeking today, pleasure that will drown sorrow and fill the heart to overflowing. What puzzling irony it is, however, that so many pleasure seekers are desperately unhappy! I remember particularly a young man whom I saw while changing buses in Chicago very early one New Year's Day. He was standing alone on a street corner. On his head were the tattered remnants of a fancy dunce cap he had used in some wild celebration. Smiling like a punch-drunk boxer, he peered through the slits of his swollen eyes.

In his hand was a noisemaker, which he was waving feebly in the air. Apparently broken, the noisemaker would not respond, but the young man seemed not to notice. As I passed near, he rocked precariously on his heels, and in a weak, sad voice that barely reached my ears he murmured, "Whoopee!" The poor fellow was trying to convince the world that he was having a good time. Quite obviously he had been outrun in a tough race with pleasure, and his careless mirth was only a sham. "I am a sad and lonely man," his heart would have cried, but his pride stifled the hollow call.

When the deluded masses seek pleasure in extremes, they are always disappointed in the results. I am reminded of a time when a group of us boys were playing in the woods near a riverbank, and we spied an army of frogs having a peaceful siesta. Thinking it would be delightful to catch them in our hands, we crept softly on tiptoes. When our hands were poised to fasten on them, they suddenly jumped. Undaunted, we again tried to outwit our victims, but they eluded our finger tips as we gripped air. Forgetting caution, we slipped and

tumbled over stones and stumps as we scrambled after the scattering frogs. After one desperate dive, I landed—splat—in the mud of the riverbank as the frogs disappeared into the water.

So many people find that lying just beyond grasping finger tips are the delightful frogs of pleasure, but just as greedy hands begin to fasten on the slippery prey, away they jump! Casting all caution aside, the eager pleasure seekers slip and stumble over the stones and stumps of sin. One desperate dive, it seems, will gain the prize, but when it is made, the bewildered pleasure seeker looks up from the muddy brink of ruin and finds that all pleasures have disappeared completely.

The desire to gain popularity and fame is a magnet that draws the iron in young people's blood, but like slippery pleasure, popularity and fame do not always give the promised satisfaction. Almost two decades ago a young colored boy entered the boxing world to hammer out fame with his fists. With the speed of bullets and the power of bombs in his hands, he quickly rose from obscurity to become the champion of the world. His popularity flaming high, he packed huge stadiums to overflowing and held his crown aloof from all challengers. Then age began to stalk the mighty champion. The reflexes in his faithful arms began to falter, and the legs that had carried him to victory, like sturdy iron pillars, suddenly quivered with weariness. Then the crown was gone, and the popularity fled with it.

Popularity and fame are transitory things. Thinking their deeds were inscribed in granite or stone, many heroes of the past would have been shocked if they had known that their records were merely scratched in the sand, only to be erased by the desert winds of time.

Superior in wealth, wit, and worldly power, King Solomon launched an exhaustive search for life's oil wells of happiness. To his surprise, however, he found that the greatest happiness was not in pompous pleasure or lavish luxury, but in simple obedience to God.

The thought burst upon the author during an MV Week of Prayer that Christians enjoy many advantages worldlyings never know. Thus this article was written for the INSTRUCTOR in his creative writing course at Emmanuel Missionary College. He was in his junior year, with major emphasis on religion and premedical studies. Someday he hopes to become a medical missionary to South America or India or Africa. Married, the father of two-year-old boy-and-girl twins, he answered the question "How have you earned school expenses?" by saying, "My wife and I have earned all." His personal labors have been in hospital employment and in industrial and maintenance departments of the college.

Wells

LD CROXTON

And we too strike life's richest oil wells by simply obeying God. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Genuine Christians are not sorrowful, long-faced creatures. Because they find pleasure in everything, they don't have to seek popularity, but popularity seeks them.

While talking to a classmate who has been blind for the past five years, I glanced out the window and remarked, "It surely is snowing hard out there." He fairly sparkled with enthusiasm, "Good! I love the snow; it's so clean and white." He paused to grasp the picture in his mind and whispered thoughtfully, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Then he beamed, "Let it snow! Cold air is so invigorating." Swinging his arms briskly, he imagined that he was gulping down fresh outdoor air. Smiling, he added, "I can study better when it's cold too." As I hurried on to meet my next appointment, I could still hear my blind friend's voice chiming in the distance, "Let it snow! I love the snow."

"That's what it means to be a Christian," I thought to myself. He spoke not a word about slippery walks and the danger they would bring as he felt his way with a cane, nor of the slush and water that would get in his shoes if he wandered into a puddle. Too busy enjoying life, he had no time to complain.

Fellow youth, the Christian is rich. "I don't believe it," asserts a skeptical young man. "I know a lot of Christians who aren't rich." But consider the wealth of the genuine Christian. He is the friend of everyone. He can face the prospects of war with courage and inward security. Untroubled by stinging conscience or anxious fears, he finds that his nights are peaceful and his sleep is sweet. Since he is diligent and successful on the job, his working hours are no drudgery to

him. Promised to him are mansions, eternal life, wealth unlimited.

"Yes," yawns a disinterested young person, "spiritual wealth now; material wealth later. Right now I'm interested in material wealth." This remark brings to my mind another childhood memory. When I was a little boy, my father took very simple tools and carved a pair of merry-go-round horses in wood, mounting them on a plank, turned on a wheel in the center. Since it was a magnificent piece of craftsmanship, people coming from everywhere would stop to see it. Being somewhat jealous of the visiting children who were given rides on my merry-go-round, I would get rather impatient when I thought they were riding too long. Then Mother would smile at my childish complaints and explain, "But you have the merry-go-round here all the time. They don't have one, and you can ride it all you want when they're gone."

Just so, the wealth of the world belongs to the Christian, but some of us must wait for it. If the wait becomes so unbearable that we are ready to sacrifice Christian principle for present wealth, then we must enjoy our profit while we can, for we will not have it long. It may be the only pleasure we will ever get out of life.

"But it's so hard to be a Christian," wails a young person, as though this fact would take all the joy out of life. When I was a member of the junior-high track

team a few years ago, I chose a hero—Buddy Young, then the seventeen-year-old sensation of the University of Illinois. As he brushed the fringes of the world's records in the 100- and 220-yard dashes, I would hold my breath and gasp. Running the hurdles one day, however, he tripped over one of them and fell flat on the cinder track, injuring himself and thus losing the race.

Later someone asked him which event he enjoyed running the most, and he replied, "The hurdles, because they are the hardest to run." With him the challenge of the harder race was more enjoyable than that which was easier.

Without question, the Christian life requires rigid discipline, self-denial, and obedience, but does this fact take all the joy out of living? Think of the highest-paid baseball players in the world today. They must submit to rigid discipline and severe training if they want to stay in the game, but how do they feel about it? One of them says, "I sort of hate to take the pay, I enjoy it so much."

By entering fully into the game of Christian living, we may enjoy our religion as much as a champion of sports enjoys baseball. But cheating is a thief; disobeying the rules is stealing half the pleasure. If we enter the game of life wholeheartedly, and if we play without cheating, we will strike oil wells of satisfaction, pleasure, and success, both in this world and in the world to come.



CY LA TOUR

"Right now I want material wealth," says the disinterested young person, yawning at eternal life.



CECIL COFFEY PHOTO

The usherettes are welcoming visitors to the Winter Park youth tent effort in Orlando, Florida.

Voice of Youth in '57

By L. M. NELSON

THERE is nothing that can compare with the thrill of seeing a baptism of those who have been won in a Voice of Youth effort.

Seven weeks of meetings had passed quickly. The time had come for the first baptism. Joy filled my heart as I approached God's sanctuary to witness the first fruits of that evangelistic effort. My thoughts began to review the past week. It was indeed an anxious one. So many times those who appear to be the best interests seem to hesitate, while others you may think to be difficult cases will suddenly take their definite stand for the truths of God.

One by one you recall how each made his decision. There was the soldier boy, as he came to the front, leading the way for others, giving his heart to God. Next you remember the two teen-agers stepping out to follow God's last message—not the faith of their parents. Your mind takes you back to four days ago when you, with the pastor, met these two young

women in the afternoon as they came from the public high school. How different they looked from the rest of the worldly youth. You were impressed to find that they wore no make-up. They wanted to be baptized. You suggested that they talk it over with their parents. What a victory to see these two girls now ready.

Then there was the elderly couple. How the Holy Spirit had softened their hearts! Willingly the woman had laid aside all her jewelry. Both were willing to make necessary adjustments in their lives to conform to their new beliefs. And so it went with each candidate.

Now the hour had arrived. The church was filled. Every youth who had participated in the effort was in the congregation awaiting the precious moment of baptism. The curtains are drawn back, revealing the baptistry; beautiful organ music fills the air, the pastor's hand is uplifted: "My dear Nadine, because you have given your heart fully to Jesus,

and by His grace, you are willing to keep all of His commandments, I now baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Many eyes are wet with tears. Many a youth is searching his heart. These Voice of Youth meetings have made changes in their lives. A new experience has been gained that will never be forgotten.

Both Florida pilot meetings have been successful—seventeen have been added to the faith by baptism. Two are awaiting the next baptism, and many more, we feel, will take their stand.

As you leave this sacred spot and drive past the Voice of Youth tent, you remember how you spent the hours previous to the baptism. You had taken the MV leader, Mrs. Mayhew, and her husband to visit some of those who you felt would be in the coming baptisms, so that proper follow-up work with Bible studies could be arranged.

What a joy it was to call on the couple who live in a beautiful home by the lake. They had recently lost a daughter and were members of a very prominent church in town. How our hearts burned within us as we talked of that better land! Suddenly the woman said, "We are giving serious thought to joining your church and being baptized."

Then there was the Mennonite couple, living three miles west. They showed a marked interest and were willing to read the *Drama of the Ages* in order to learn more. There were the mother and daughter just four blocks from the tent—well, I could go on. There are additional persons still in the valley of decision, but, we pray, soon to join with God's remnant people because of the Voice of Youth effort.

Definite plans are being carried out to continue Friday night meetings in the church, with youth speakers preaching the doctrines.

A literature band is being organized to mail out weekly papers to the hundred or more people interested in the message as a result of the meetings. Yes, there will be many more taking their stand in the future. But that's not all. This very day, as I write these lines, the Southern Union Conference Missionary Volunteer secretaries with their presidents have met to give study to the launching of scores of such evangelistic programs. The goal finally decided on by the conference MV leadership and the union committee is 57 youth efforts in '57, with the help of God. Hundreds will be baptized as a result.

Southern youth are on the march. Will you not pray that they may give the loud cry with power? And one thing more, Why not get the youth of your church to work with your pastor in such a soul-winning endeavor, sharing the blessings of Voice of Youth evangelism?

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Sabbath School LESSON

Prepared for Publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Forbearance--Not Timidity

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 16

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Prov. 15:1; Rom. 5:3; Col. 3:13; 1 Thess. 2:7, 11; 5:14.

MEMORY GEM: "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth" (Isa. 53:7).

OUTSIDE READING: *Gospel Workers*, pp. 475-480.

Inspiration

"Then Isaac sowed in that land, and received in the same year an hundredfold: and the Lord blessed him. And the man waxed great, and went forward, and grew until he became very great: for he had possession of flocks, and possession of herds, and great store of servants: and the Philistines envied him. For all the wells which his father's servants had digged in the days of Abraham his father, the Philistines had stopped them, and filled them with earth. And Abimelech said unto Isaac, Go from us; for thou art much mightier than we. And Isaac departed thence, and pitched his tent in the valley of Gerar, and dwelt there. And Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham: and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them. And Isaac's servants digged in the valley, and found there a well of springing water. And the herdmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, The water is ours: and he called the name of the well Esek; because they strove with him. And they digged another well, and strove for that also: and he called the name of it Sitnah. And he removed from thence, and digged another well; and for that they strove not: and he called the name of it Rehoboth; and he said, For now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land" (Gen. 26:12-22).

"Then Abimelech went to him from Gerar, and Ahuzzath one of his friends, and Phichol the chief captain of his army. . . . And they said, We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee: and we said, Let there be now an oath betwixt us; even betwixt us and thee, and let us make a covenant with thee; that thou wilt do us no hurt, as we have not touched thee, and as we have done unto thee nothing but good, and have sent thee away in peace: thou art now the blessed of the Lord. And he made them a feast, and they did eat and drink. And they rose up betimes in the morning, and sware one to another: and Isaac sent them away, and they departed from him in peace" (Gen. 26:26, 28-31).

Spirit of Prophecy

"We need not begin by *trying* to love one another. The love of Christ in the heart is what is needed. When self is submerged in Christ, true love springs forth spontaneously.

"In patient forbearance we shall conquer. It is patience in service that brings rest to the soul. It is through humble, diligent, faithful toilers that the welfare of Israel is promoted. A word of

love and encouragement will do more to subdue the hasty temper and willful disposition than all the faultfinding and censure that you can heap upon the erring one.

"The Master's message must be declared in the Master's spirit. Our only safety is in keeping our thoughts and impulses under the control of the Great Teacher. Angels of God will give to every true worker a rich experience in doing this. The grace of humility will mold our words into expressions of Christlike tenderness."—*Testimonies*, vol. 7, p. 266.

"Nothing is gained by cowardice or by fearing to let it be known that we are God's commandment-keeping people. Hiding our light, as if ashamed of our faith, will result only in disaster. God will leave us to our own weakness. May the Lord forbid that we should refuse to let our light shine forth in any place to which He may call us. If we venture to go forth of ourselves, following our own ideas, our own plans, and leave Jesus behind, we need not expect to gain fortitude, courage, or spiritual strength. God has had moral heroes, and He has them now,—those who are not ashamed of being His peculiar people. Their wills and plans are all subordinate to the law of God. The love of Jesus has led them not to count their lives dear unto themselves. Their work has been to catch the light from the word of God and to let it shine forth in clear, steady rays to the world. 'Fidelity to God' is their motto."—*Ibid.*, vol. 5, pp. 527, 528.

Notes

Isaac would probably be called a coward, or an appeaser, or a pacifist by the modern expert in human relationships.

He permitted his neighbors to walk all over him; he ran away rather than stand up for his rights.

Actually he turned the other cheek, gave the other cloak, walked the second mile, etc., just as Jesus urged later in the New Testament.

Isaac was not considered a coward by those who knew him and watched his actions. Far from it.

The record reveals that "the Philistines envied him," Abimelech recognized him to be "mightier than we," and then said, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee."

The result of all these goings-on, which would seem so strange to modern catch-as-catch-can and do-unto-others-as-you-fear-they-will-do-unto-you strategems, was peace.

No, not peace at any price. It was peace at a proper price.

And Isaac is shown to have been a man of great forbearance. Here is a man who knew how to wait on God. He considered and took carefully into account the long haul and its costs.

At the end he not only had peace to show for it, but the good will of those who had gone to such lengths to be disagreeable and unfriendly. More important than anything was the fact that the Philistines were shown an exhibition of the providence of Isaac's God.

And they were so impressed by it as to recognize it for what it was.

Quizangles

1. What is prescribed as a sure thing to turn away wrath?
2. What effect is produced by tribulation? _____
3. What was Jesus' attitude under trial? _____
4. What did the Philistines do to the wells dug by Abraham? _____
5. What was their first reaction to Isaac? _____
6. What did they request of Isaac? _____
7. How did Isaac respond? _____
8. What did he do about the wells? _____
9. How did Isaac manifest his unshaken faith in God? _____

10. What did the Philistines get out of all this? _____
11. When they took the credit for the favorable results, did Isaac rebuke them and preach a sermon? _____
12. What did Isaac have to show for this program of forbearance? _____

NEXT WEEK, February 23, lesson title: "Meekness—Not Spinelessness." Scripture References: Matt. 18:2-4; 23:5-12; Luke 14:7-11; James 4:6, 10; 1 Peter 3:4. Memory Gem: 1 Peter 5:6. Outside Reading: *The Desire of Ages* (1940), pp. 432-442 (Miss. ed., pp. 416-428).



Riches of the Kingdom

By ARNOLD V. WALLENKAMPF

THIRTY-EIGHT long years ago a man and a woman arrived on the prairies of North Dakota. They were young then, and recently wedded. All the native optimism, courage, faith, and hope of young people were theirs. Added to this, they had unimpaired love one for the other, which indeed made them an invincible team.

Today they are no longer young, neither do their muscles tingle with eagerness and vigor as they did when they homesteaded and built their "dream castle" on the prairie.

By a small lake, which with the passing years came to resemble a swamp, they erected a house and built barns. Then the pioneers broke acre after acre of the wild prairie. Big rocks too heavy to lift had to be removed so that the plow in future days might undisturbedly furrow the black soil, in which wheat was to grow bountifully in the coming good years; so during long arduous days, which stretched into late evenings and ended only when darkness cast its pall over the landscape, they dug big holes beside these immense boulders. Into these holes they rolled the rocks with the help of levers.

In this way was cleared farmland that was to feed and clothe this father and mother and their eleven children, to which size the family finally grew.

During the great drought that made the Midwestern plains languish some two

decades ago the third angel's message reached this family. It was hard to make a living on the wheat plains back in those dreadful years, even if one devoted seven days a week and ten tenths of his income to it. Grain refused to grow; thistles and slough grass constituted the fare of the cattle that were spared. Father and Mother found it hard to support their family, which now numbered nine children, the oldest of whom was fourteen.

As God's message for the hour was unfolded to the family, the mother and oldest son felt impelled to do God's biddings. The father was bitterly opposed; he knew he could not possibly make a living for his household in six days of the week and on nine tenths of his income. In spite of the husband's opposition the wife went bravely forward with her fourteen-year-old son and joined the remnant church, trusting her family to the God who anciently fed His people even in a desert. That very fall, while the father was still not a Seventh-day Adventist, the fourteen-year-old lad went to Sheyenne River Academy.

A year later the father joined his wife and oldest son in the message. When school opened that year the son returned to academy, and later graduated. Then he went to Union College. All his sisters and brothers followed him through the academy when they reached high-school age. Some of them even traced his steps to college. In all their educational pur-

suits they were helped and constantly encouraged by Father and Mother, who labored long and heavy hours in the fields and barns when their boys and girls left them and returned to the beckoning classrooms each recurring fall.

Just recently this father and mother retired from the farm. The heavy work finally proved too much for their declining years and diminishing vigor and health. But today, as they think of their children, for whom they have truly sacrificed much, they feel they have been richly rewarded by God for all their work, sacrifice, and prayers.

By examining the record one recognizes they are right. Of their five sons, three are already preaching the gospel as ministers in the Advent Movement, and the youngest son is preparing for the ministry. Of the six daughters, two are married to consecrated Seventh-day Adventist farmers, one to a Seventh-day Adventist doctor, and the three youngest are still at home. Surely these parents are evaluating things in their proper light.

Over and over again as the boys and girls were attending academy and college, neighbors, friends, and even other church members would say to this father and mother, "You certainly must be rich to be able to send all your children away to school year after year." And the aging parents, happy to see their children do well, knew they *were* rich—rich in labor, rich in sacrifice, and rich in faith that the heavenly Father who had graciously given them boys and girls with healthy bodies and keen minds would also provide the requisite means to train them for Him in a school of His own planting. And the Giver of all good gifts never disappointed the father and mother.

Today as these precious parents sit in their small home and think of their boys and girls, they realize they are truly wealthy, inasmuch as all their eleven children are faithful members of the remnant church and several of them even workers, actively helping to fulfill the gospel commission in order that Jesus may soon come.

On that great day when the Lord of all the earth shall ask, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?" this father and mother will be able to say with rejoicing as they present all their eleven children to Him, "Behold I and the children which God hath given me."

SHORTLY after arriving in Washington I was invited to join an organization known as the Young Men's Literary Society of Takoma Park. It was composed of Review, General Conference, and Washington Training College men. Two of its members were LeRoy E. Froom and Carlyle B. Haynes. Its purpose was to provide social activity for our young people, and also to help them cultivate the art of public speaking. The society issued a quarterly called *The Bulletin*, of which Claude E. Holmes was editor. The organization disbanded when the purposes for which it had been established were fulfilled by other groups in the community.

No story of the Review office of early Takoma Park would be complete without mentioning the Review and Herald Band, which was organized about 1912, and originally consisted of some twenty-four members. It was at first led by N. D. Staughton, and thrived during a period when there were comparatively few musical organizations in the area. The band functioned intermittently through the years under various leaders, and disbanded a few years ago when other organizations in the community filled the need for such a group. Only two charter members of the band are still working at the Review—J. D. Snider, cornetist, and I, who played one of the tubas. Band-leader Staughton taught me to play.

Then there was the Review and Herald Men's Chorus of a later date, led by M. E. Dawson, present personnel director. This group provided a musical outlet for the employees. It represented

TEEN-AGER of 1901

By SANFORD M. HARLAN

As Told to Nathaniel Krum

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

the Review in nearby States on special occasions, and at camp meetings during religious services. Later, a ladies' chorus was organized and directed by Max Shoup.

Some major names and events in the political life of Washington since the Review came to Takoma Park should perhaps be mentioned here. I have always been interested in our Government, the men who have been our Presidents, the members of Congress, and the judges of the Supreme Court. My first two hours in Washington, back in 1906, were spent in visiting the Capitol building. It was there that I saw my first Vice-President, Charles W. Fairbanks, presiding over the Senate of the United States in all the dignity that befits that high office.

Over on the House side I was thrilled to see Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, in the Speaker's chair. So well was he liked that most folks called him Uncle Joe

as a term of endearment and respect. From that time on I have made it a point to visit Congress as often as possible, in order to keep in close touch with our developing national life. I have seen twelve Vice-Presidents of the United States, three of whom later became Presidents. Also ten Speakers of the House of Representatives, one of whom later became a Vice-President.

My first recollection of a President was of Grover Cleveland. This was during his second term, in 1895-1896. The country was in the throes of a depression at that time, and the people were feeling its effects. The neighbors placed much of the blame on the President. Father was out of work, and was forced to seek employment far away in a large city. When he returned, he brought some bananas with him. I was only seven years old then, and they were the first I had ever seen. We ate them with gusto, even scraping the inside of the skins to extract every edible bit!

Then I recall the political campaigns of 1896 and 1900, both between William McKinley and William Jennings Bryan. In 1898 the Spanish-American War broke out, and was fought during McKinley's administration. There was much excitement on our street when one of my boy friends volunteered to fight in Cuba.

I had been working in the Review only a few weeks when the startling news of the assassination of President William McKinley came over the wires. Two years later I was called upon to paint a picture of this tragic scene to illustrate one of our books. This was a difficult assignment for a young man of seventeen, and I worked many long hours before completing the task.

Theodore Roosevelt was President when I arrived in Washington. In those days it was the custom to hold a reception at the White House on New Year's Day. The President and his wife would first meet the officials of the executive departments of the Government, the diplomatic corps, the judiciary, and the members of Congress. Then several thousand citizens would file past to shake the



J. BYRON LOGAN

Personnel of the Review and Herald Art Department. Left to right, back row: William Clendaniel, laboratory, Visual Aids; Allan Forquer, apprentice; Rudolf Varesko, cut clerk; Harry Baerg, artist; Richard Hughes, artist, Visual Aids; Gerald Wilkinson, laboratory, Visual Aids; J. Byron Logan, photographer. Second row: Thomas Dunbebin, artist; Homer C. Norris, artist; Lester Quade, artist; William Anderson, layout; Robert Sheldon, layout; John Gourley, artist. Front row: Charlene Jones, secretary; Russell Harlan, artist; Sanford Harlan, assistant art director; T. K. Martin, art director; William Medvee, layout; Racheal Thurston, Visual Aids illustration; Muriel Munson, file clerk.

President's hand and receive his hearty New Year's greeting.

I was in such a group on several occasions, and met Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Harding, and Hoover. As the people entered the White House grounds, they walked two abreast, then changed to single file upon entering the White House itself. Here they were entertained by the martial music of the United States Marine Band. The band members looked very attractive in their brilliant blue uniforms and braid. Almost before we knew what had happened we had met the President, and were on our way to the Gold Room and out of the building. Special guards and Secret Service agents were everywhere. One wonders how the President could stand the strain of such an ordeal.

In connection with my work as Review photographer I was able to get photos of several Presidents in inaugural parades on Pennsylvania Avenue. On these occasions special police passes enabled me to get close enough to take worthwhile shots of these famous men. I have personally attended almost every inaugural parade held during the past fifty years except the one for 1953, and I watched it on television.

My work in the art department of the Review and Herald has not been confined to drawing, painting, and making layouts for *Liberty* and other magazines. Photography has been a major interest since the day in Battle Creek when I bought my first Brownie camera for two dollars. Later I purchased a 5 by 7 view camera from Ray Hendricks, a worker at the Review. Still later I used better cameras and equipment belonging to the institution.

Through the years it has been my privilege to take more than fifty thousand photographs, many of which have been used to illustrate denominational periodicals and books.

Being human, I could hardly take so many pictures without making at least one mistake. I remember vividly once during wartime of being asked to take a photograph of a particular section of a street in Washington, D.C. Because it was a restricted area, it was necessary for me to have a policeman present to make sure I did not turn my camera on a building in a no-photo zone.

The one for whom I was making the picture drove me six miles to the required spot. I took from the car various pieces of equipment, set up my tripod, and then reached for my camera. Imagine my surprise and chagrin when I discovered that I had forgotten to bring it with me! There was nothing else to do but put everything back into the car and drive back to Takoma Park for it.

And the policeman? Well, he looked thoroughly disgusted, turned on his heels, and walked away. To say the least, I was very much disturbed because of my blun-

der. When I returned an hour later with my camera, the policeman didn't pay much attention to me. He no doubt thought there was nothing to fear from such a thoughtless photographer!

On many occasions when people were sitting for a portrait they would remark:

"Aren't you afraid I will break your camera?"

I would invariably reply, "Oh, I don't think so!"

But then came the fateful day! After a sitter had just remarked that her homeliness might break my camera, and I had assured her solemnly that it would not, I clicked the lens, and to my utter amazement it fell apart on the floor! I was greatly embarrassed, and so was the sitter. After that experience I was on my guard when taking portraits, for I had



PHOTO, COURTESY OF S. M. HARLAN

Together these men have put in 150 years of art service for the denominational publishing work. They are T. K. Martin, F. E. Roberts, S. M. Harlan.

learned that just anything can happen when one is taking pictures!

It is indeed a privilege to work in the Review, where the employees are one large, happy family, sharing one another's joys and sorrows. But it is more than a privilege. It is a great responsibility. Unconsciously we influence one another for good or ill. How important, then, that we strive always to be under the direction of the Holy Spirit.

As I contemplate these things my mind goes back to some of the workers I have known who have had an uplifting influence on me. I have already mentioned some from the years spent in Michigan, but now I would like to name some of the outstanding leaders and workers I have known since the Review was moved to Washington.

I think of W. W. Prescott, long a *Review and Herald* editor and General Conference worker. The scores of Bible studies I attended under his leadership always brought new courage and consecration. F. M. Wilcox, for many years editor of the *Review and Herald*, was ever a wise counselor and a godly man. For a time his office was next to mine,

and I always knew that when his door was closed I should not intrude, because he was on his knees praying for divine guidance. I am sure that many of the editorials he wrote resulted from this close communion with heaven.

I think, too, of E. R. Palmer, who for many years was general manager. He was ever a most excellent and practical adviser. His numerous chapel talks were not only spiritual but filled with helpful hints for daily living. In all, I have attended more than two thousand seven hundred weekly chapel services at the Review, and each has brought its measure of spiritual uplift.

Then there was Charles M. Andrews, who for fifty years was a publishing house worker, eleven of which he spent working with his father in Switzerland. He and I enjoyed many Sabbath afternoons together, talking about the early experiences, and recounting God's manifold providences in the spread of the message. I have often heard him repeat an entire Bible chapter from memory during morning worship at the Review. I have also heard him repeat the entire book of Revelation from memory. Those who knew him loved and respected him. Truly, the influence of his Christian life was most salutary.

Of the twelve men who have served as presidents of the General Conference (the first three died before I was born), it has been my privilege to know the last nine. I have heard them speak many times. I have taken photographs of most of them, including G. I. Butler. In addition, the list includes O. A. Olsen, G. A. Irwin, A. G. Daniells, W. A. Spicer, C. H. Watson, J. L. McElhany, W. H. Branson, and R. R. Figuhr.

Other outstanding pioneers whom I have known include J. N. Loughborough, S. N. Haskell, S. H. Lane, W. C. White, Uriah Smith, N. Z. Town, G. W. Cavinness, H. R. Salisbury, J. L. Shaw, Mrs. Flora L. Plummer, and Drs. J. H. Kellogg and David Paulson.

Many of these have gone to their rest, but the godly influence of their lives lives on. I could mention many others whose lives have been a blessing to me.

A few years ago I visited the old homestead in southern Michigan. How the house and the neighborhood had changed with the passing of the years! I stood on the street corner and looked, just looked and mused to myself. Yes, it was in this humble home that the truth came to our family. As I gazed, a train of sacred memories of the long ago was brought back to me.

And so it is all through our lives. There have been places that to us have been sacred spots. There have been occasions when the Lord has been especially near. These high points in life have helped us on our way, and we like to

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ZERO STARTED IT ALL

By JOHN DROMEY

WHEN you check your automobile mileage, total your grocery bill, or use a modern office calculator for billing or accounting, please remember to give thanks to Aryabhata, Brahmagupta, Mahavira, and Bhaskara!

These ancient Hindus, whose names may sound strange to our ears, were the first mathematicians to use both the numerals that developed into the Hindu-Arabic system and the symbol for zero, which made possible our current place-value methods of computation.

Their zero started it all! With this new symbol for zero and the numerals for one to nine, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, as Western civilization knows them today, began to be widely used.

Aryabhata (about 475-550 A.D.) lived in or near the present city of Patna on the

Ganges, to the east of Benares. His works covered arithmetic and geometric progressions, and quadratic and indeterminate equations.

Brahmagupta (circa 628 A.D.) lived at Ujjain, where a renowned astronomical observatory was located. He contributed successfully to solving problems of barter, interest, progressions, and shadow reckoning. He gave the rules for negative numbers in his algebra.

Mahavira lived at Mysore about two centuries after Brahmagupta. His works discussing operations with zero treated division by zero as having no effect on the dividend, something every schoolboy knows today, but a genuine contribution to mathematics then. Mahavira, like his fellow Hindus, was known for the fanciful language in which he stated his problems, as can be seen in the famous problem in the box.

The last of our Hindu mathematicians, Bhaskara (1114-1185 A.D.), was another resident of Ujjain. He was noted for his treatment of negative numbers, which he considered as debts or losses.

Their contributions advanced the science of mathematics notably. The Hindu-Arabic numeral system gradually replaced the Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman numbers system used by the ancient world. The computing methods made possible by their work made obsolete the abacus, the counter reckoner, and other primitive-type devices, such as the sand reckoner of Archimedes.

As mathematics became more scientific, improved computing devices were perfected. In

MAHAVIRA'S PROBLEM

Of a collection of mango fruits, the king took $1/6$; the queen $1/5$ of the remainder, and the 3 chief princes took $1/4$, $1/3$, and $1/2$ each of the remainder. The youngest child took the remaining 3 mangoes. O you who are clever in miscellaneous problems on fractions, give out the measure of that collection of mangoes.

Key on page 23.

approximately 1597, the Italian physicist, Galileo, devised sector compasses to aid in solving many problems. Napier's Rods (also called Napier's Bones) were invented by the Scotsman, John Napier, in 1617 to facilitate multiplication. The first slide rules were invented by the English mathematicians, Edmund Gunter and William Oughtred, in the early seventeenth century.

Finally, the first calculating machine was made by Blaise Pascal in 1642. Based on the now familiar principle of a series of wheels, each having ten teeth for the numerals zero to nine, Pascal's machine was a far cry from today's fantastic electronic "brains," which solve in seconds problems that might have stumped Pascal for hours, even days, perhaps a lifetime. Yet, in its way, Pascal's work made a direct contribution to the smooth efficiency of modern business.

Sweden became a center of calculating machine progress in the late nineteenth century. One famous Swedish inventor was W. T. Odhner, who completed his lever-set calculating machine in the middle 1880's. Odhner-type calculating machines are now employed widely in practically every country in the world. Another mathematical engineer was Karl Viktor Rudin, who devised the Facit calculating machine. Production of Swedish calculating machines in general has been based on his inventions.

In the late 1920's, seeking a faster way to set up calculations than by the use of Odhner-type levers, Rudin hit upon a revolutionary idea for Facit calculators, which led to the construction of a simple and efficient ten-key keyboard, which anyone could learn to operate after a few minutes' practice.

The Facit thus became the first ten-key calculator. As it made possible high-speed calculations by an easily learned touch system, it soon became popular throughout the world. Today, it is used in all types of offices in 102 countries.

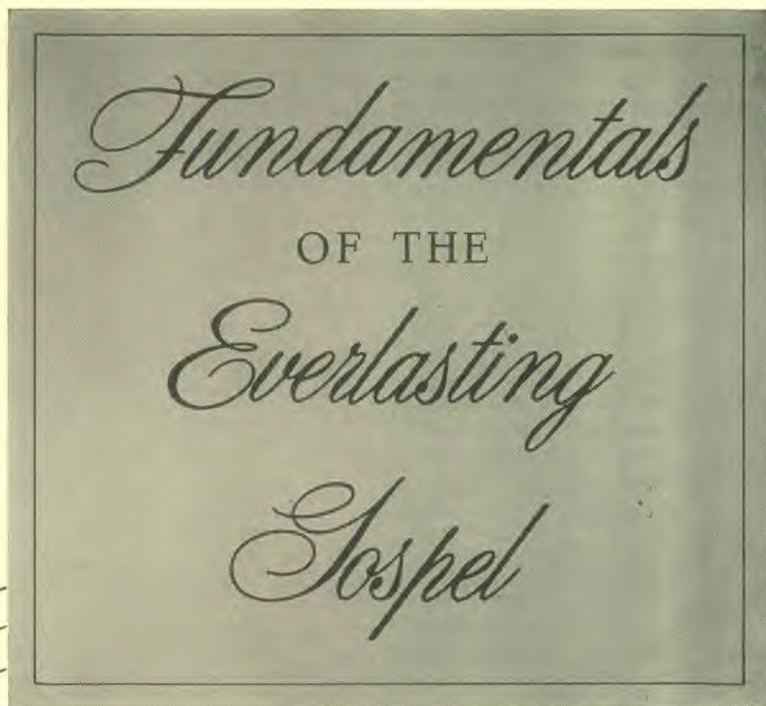
When accountants, billing clerks, tellers, or secretaries operate calculators today in offices throughout the United States and the world, they may not realize that they are continuing in the tradition begun when Aryabhata, Mahavira, Brahmagupta, and Bhaskara, Hindu mathematicians of long ago, first started to use the symbol for zero. But they are, whether they know it or not.

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think of them. They bring encouragement and spiritual strength.

I especially rejoice in the fact that every book and periodical that has left the Review and Herald Publishing Association has had a vital part in spreading the gospel message of Christ's soon return to all the world in our day.

The publishing work of Seventh-day Adventists was born in poverty, and as a direct result of earnest prayer for light and heavenly guidance. At the sixth conference of the believers, held November 18, 1848, God gave Mrs. E. G. White special instruction regarding the publication of our first periodical—*Present Truth*.

"In the vision she seemed to be watching a light as of the sun, ascending in the east, like the angel in Revelation 7, and she greeted it with exclamations of wonder at its increasing power. 'Out of weakness it has become strong! . . . It arises, commencing from the rising of the sun. . . . O the power of those rays! It grows in strength. . . . The saints are not all sealed! . . . Yea, publish the things thou hast seen and heard, and the blessing of God will attend.' 'Look ye! That rising is in strength, and grows brighter and brighter!'"

At the conclusion of the vision Mrs. White said to her husband:

"I have a message for you. You must begin to print a little paper and send it out to the people. Let it be small at first; but as the people read, they will send you means with which to print, and it will be a success from the first. From this small beginning it was shown to me to be like streams of light that went clear round the world."

And through the hundred and more years since this vision was given, the publishing work has steadily grown in volume and strength like the ascending rays of the sun. Today Seventh-day Adventist books and periodicals bearing the special truths for this time are being published in 202 languages, and sold by an army

of 4,268 literature evangelists in almost every country on earth. World literature sales for 1955 totaled \$10,256,247.74.

"Like streams of light that went clear round the world." Surely, as we witness the fulfillment of this latter-day miracle of God's leading, we are inspired to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

If I had my life to live over, and had the privilege of naming my place of employment, I would choose the Review and Herald above any other I know. Here the day's work brings with prayer. Here we are a part of a great worldwide movement born of prophecy. We publish an important message of hope, appealing to men everywhere to prepare to meet their God. We have the same objectives in mind. Here are shown kindness and forbearance, skill and industry, and deep devotion to a cause. Here the atmosphere is clean, surcharged with prayers for one another and for the ultimate triumph of a worldwide movement in which the workers have the utmost confidence. It is indeed good to be here!

This unity of spirit, this faith in the future, is beautifully expressed by Bertha D. Martin in the chorus of the "Review and Herald Song":

"Shoulder to shoulder with faith hand in hand,
Loyal in heart to its purpose so grand,
Day after day we will carry through
'Till closed is the work in our loved Review."

I have observed that length of service, in and of itself, carries no special merit. It is faithfulness, sincerity, devotion to the cause, and efficiency that count with God. This fact is made clear by Christ's parable of the workers in the vineyard. Those who toiled only a portion of the day were rewarded just as much as those who toiled the whole day. That is the right way, because it is God's way.

The years have rolled on and on. May, 1956, marked a half century for the Review office in Takoma Park. And now that I am retiring, whether my future days be many or few, I shall always be thankful that I have been permitted to have a humble part in the publishing work of the "good old Review."



Youth Inspired at MV Week of Prayer Rally

By Robert J. Stocken

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—As one of the youth who attended the recent MV Week of Prayer Youth Rally in Sydney, I felt my heart fill with zeal. The time has come when the Advent youth of the world will rally under the banner of our Prince.

Pastor R. A. Vince, Australasian Division youth leader, gave an inspirational message augmented by music from the Australasian Missionary College Symphonic Choir. The choir, coming from Avondale for the first Sabbath of the rally, was under the direction of N. P. Clapham. In the afternoon many of the older local church members listened to Pastor E. E. White, principal of the college, speak.

At the last Sabbath's meeting, Pastor Vince once again addressed the group, appealing to the youth to decide for Christ immediately instead of vaguely postponing the urge. The Sydney Advent Band provided the musical high lights on this day.

Well-planned by Pastor K. E. Satchell,

Greater Sydney Conference youth secretary, and the associate speakers of the week, the meetings continued in the Sanitarium café every night. The youth who met were spiritually refreshed by the excellent talks and song services, and many participated in the prayer services.

Philippine Baptism



The members of "Mosuga," MV association of Misamis Occidental, Northern Mindanao Mission, Philippines, can now report the first baptism from the Aloran evangelistic effort. In spite of a heavy downpour, twenty-five candidates were baptized by Pastor R. Cuizon in the beautiful Aloran River. Six of these baptisms are the direct results of the effort; and others came from nearby territory.

—Rubin Da. Baliton.

Answer to Mahavira's Problem

The king took $\frac{1}{6}$ of the mangoes, which left a remainder of $\frac{5}{6}$.

The queen took $\frac{1}{5}$ of $\frac{5}{6}$, which is $\frac{1}{6}$. Remainder now $\frac{4}{6}$.

The first chief prince took $\frac{1}{4}$ of $\frac{4}{6}$, which is $\frac{1}{6}$. Remainder now $\frac{3}{6}$.

The second chief prince took $\frac{1}{3}$ of $\frac{3}{6}$, which is $\frac{1}{6}$. Remainder now $\frac{2}{6}$.

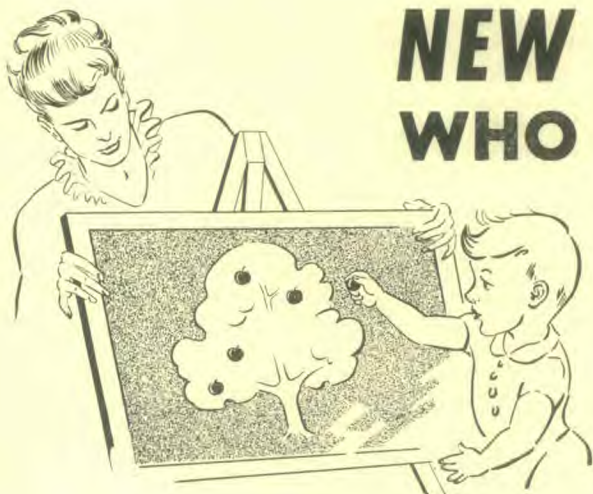
The third chief prince took $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{2}{6}$, which is $\frac{1}{6}$. Remainder now $\frac{1}{6}$.

The youngest child, with 3 mangoes, had $\frac{1}{6}$ of the total.

The full measure of mangoes, therefore, was 18.

Each of the others also had $\frac{1}{6}$ of the total.

Each one of them, therefore, also had 3 mangoes.



NEW HELP FOR THOSE WHO TEACH LITTLE FOLK

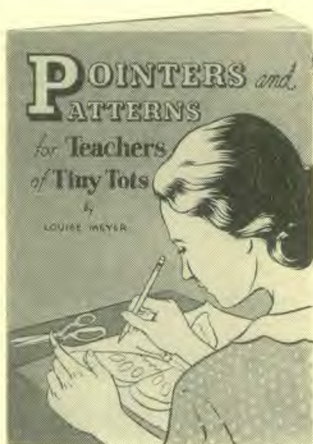
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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



RAILROADING: By Edward Geary

In 1830 Peter Cooper, of New York, built a locomotive so small that its boiler tubes were made of gun barrels. The little job was aptly named *Tom Thumb*. In August

RAILROADING

it was entered in an exciting race with a stagecoach horse near Baltimore. Baltimoreans turned out to witness the event. *Tom Thumb* and the horse ran neck and neck at the start, but *Tom Thumb* got up more steam and nosed ahead until it was out in front. Then when victory was well within sight *Tom Thumb* stopped dead. A belt had slipped, and while Peter Cooper was trying desperately to get the engine back into the running, the horse was gaining rapidly. When *Tom Thumb* finally re-entered the race,

the railroads is a widely used business index, and this figure runs to about 851,866.

In the seemingly bewildering maze of railroading, everything is actually precision and order. In the crowded freight yards every car is moved to its proper place with perfect accuracy and timing. Every train is made up to begin its run at the exact minute, and cars are moved to and from factory and warehouse sidings with the same kind of speed and accuracy. Nothing is actually complicated to the railroader. The appearance of complication is reserved only for the onlooker.

In addition to all this precision, each railroad maintains a complete daily record of each car traveling on its own lines, regardless of ownership, together with its own cars traveling on other roads. All of each car's wanderings are, therefore, a matter of permanent record. Each freight car is known by initial and number.

Industry and the railroad are interdependent. The United States is not a compact nation. Nowhere within its borders are all human needs produced on one spot. Actually, the United States is a group of widely separated subnations, each specializing in its own product. All these different localities—each concerned with its own industrial, agricultural, or mineralogical pursuits—require daily interchange of materials, both in raw and fabricated products. Here is where the railroads come in.

Still commanding public admiration is the passenger train, which continues to be a comfortable and pleasant means of travel. During the past twenty years passenger service has been greatly curtailed. Smaller roads have abandoned it altogether, and many others have limited it to their main lines only. In addition to this reduction of service, many smaller towns, once honored with many daily stops, are now reduced to one stop in each direction while the great luxury trains speed by in their race between the big cities.

When a passenger train attained a speed of 112.5 miles an hour near Batavia, New York, on May 10, 1893, it was

the first time that man had ever traveled faster than 100 miles an hour. The fastest speed ever recorded on an American railroad was on June 12, 1905, when the *Pennsylvania Special*, now the famed *Broadway Limited*, reached 127.06 miles an hour near Ada, Ohio. That speed was held for three miles, which the train covered in 85 seconds.

The special train carrying the President of the United States is known as the White House on Wheels, and the President's private car is a gift of the railroads. In 1866, Andrew Jackson was the first President to make a tour of the United States by rail. He set the pattern for all succeeding Chief Executives. Franklin D. Roosevelt, piling up a total of 243,827 miles, became, among them, the heaviest user of the rails. Harry S. Truman, in sharp contrast to Roosevelt, traveled only 77,170 while he was President. In his youth, Truman was a time-keeper on the construction of the Santa Fe Railway.

There are approximately 37,706 locomotives to pull the trains in the United States. None of these trains contact the rails by more than a chalk-line width, and were it not for their heavy loads, that width would be reduced to a knife edge.

It is difficult to imagine the United States without railroads, so dependent is the nation's life upon them. Few things intrigue the imagination more than railroads. In fact, they have their faithful fans, and millions of persons play at railroading with miniature lines laid out in their homes. Miniature Railroad Clubs are formed, with regular meetings where the tiny railroads are operated with professional skill not too unlike the big-time carriers.



SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The man in the control tower directs the trains.

it was much too late. The stagecoach horse reached the goal line well ahead of its opponent.

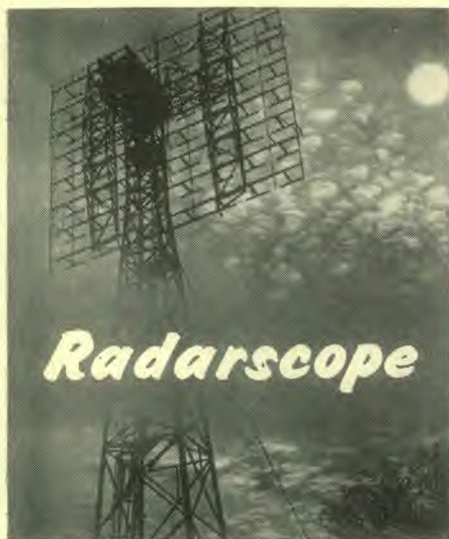
It is the freight train that makes the railroads great, for it contributes so magnificently to the economy of our day. It is the freight train that distributes the products of our labors across the nation, and it is the freight train that brings the products of the labors of others to us. It brings them at a speed that is exceeded only by air transport.

America's average haul of freight by rail is 427 miles, and each freight train travels about this distance every twenty-four hours. The weekly carloadings of



Harriet M. Holt recalls an experience while she was junior secretary of the Missionary Volunteer Department in the 1920's:

"I well remember the time when Professor Kern handed me a set of typewritten sheets, three in number, and said, 'Go out into Takoma Park, get acquainted with some Junior girls, and see how these plans work.' Those simple plans held the seed of progressive membership. Some of the requirements for class advancement are the same as those of today. However, there were no Honors, no instructions, no handbooks, but there were junior girls full of life and fun and ready for adventure."



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► **ACEROLA**, a tropical fruit, is the richest source of Vitamin C known to man.

► **HOME** permanent kits are now sold in 88 countries, and direction sheets are printed in 14 different languages.

► **HOTTER** than the sun's surface is the "flame" shot out by a newly developed short-arc mercury lamp.

► Two types of alloy are used in stainless steel: chrome alloy, which gives a cold bluish tint, and nickel chrome, which imparts a warm, yellow tone.

► **PECKY** wood is wood which has been attacked by fungi, birds, or insects. Sawmills used to throw it away until a few years ago when people began to appreciate its rustic appearance. It is now used for paneling.

► **TENS** of thousands of star galaxy clusters have been found in the far reaches of space by the National Geographic Society-Palomar Observatory Sky Survey, recently completed, which has expanded known space 25 times. Before the survey began, scarcely three dozen such clusters had ever been seen.

► **AN** infant has 20/2000 vision; that is, he can see at a distance of 20 feet what a person with normal, fully developed eyesight sees at 2000 feet. The one-year-old baby has 20/150 vision, and the two-year-old's vision is 20/40.

► **WHEN** police arrested "Hashish King" Ibrahim Hussein for illegal possession of narcotics, he protested that his pockets had been stuffed with hashish by a troublesome genie who had plagued him ever since they had a "little misunderstanding."

► **CERAMIC** tile seems to repel dust from clinging to its surface, say physicians who specialize in allergy treatments and study the "habits" of dust. Real tile is not only pleasant to dust haters, but its smooth, waterproof surface wipes clean with only detergent and water.

► **THE** married person has a greater life expectancy than the single, widowed, or divorced, according to statistics. The relationship of the mental health to the marital state is indicated by the fact that suicide rates in husbands are half or less in every age group than those for single, widowed, or divorced men. The divorced are particularly prone to suicide, as to alcoholism.

► **PLASTIC** houses may be among the homes of the future, for there were two on display at the recent National Plastics Exhibition. Such a home would never have to be painted; sun, rain, snow or ice wouldn't faze it. Vermin and dampness would be permanently sealed out; roof gutters, downspouts, and plumbing would never rust or corrode, and its resilient picture windows would not be harmed by bouncing baseballs.

► **FOUR** medical education experts have proposed dividing the present nine-year period of medical training into three-year segments—the first three to be spent in pre-medical education, the second three to be spent in formal medical school classroom instruction, followed by three years of clinical hospital and outpatient training. The experts criticized the present divisions of four, four, and one year (in that order) as being archaic.

► **WHEN** Charles E. Wampler drove to Green Bay and parked his car in a lot behind the Wisconsin Telephone Company building, he later found a note on his car saying, "This is a private parking lot—please do not use it again or your car will be towed away at your expense." Wampler is president of the Wisconsin Telephone Company.

► **NORTHERN RHODESIA** is geographically a part of tropical Africa but not at all like it, for most of it is a vast plateau ranging from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, making the climate agreeable. It is so heavily wooded that a flier who crashed unhurt in the bush walked for five days without encountering a single one of the 2.1 million inhabitants.

► **THE** Illinois State Athletic Commission requires that folding chairs used at wrestling matches must either be bolted to the floor or fastened together in groups of not less than four, so that excited fans can't grab a single chair and throw it to express displeasure at ring proceedings.

► **IN** case of a lost canine, dog owners in San Francisco can simply dial L-O-S-T D-O-G, and the telephone call will yield a recording by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, describing all stray dogs brought in.

► **IF** ONE smokes a pack a day, his chances of dying from lung cancer are 14 times higher than if he does not smoke, and if he smokes two packs daily, his chances are 27 times higher, the American Cancer Society has discovered.

► **AN** 11-inch trout with a dollar bill stuck in its gill was caught by a Colorado man recently. Two weeks earlier at the same spot he had caught a 20-inch trout which weighed four pounds.

► **A** HAWK apparently mistook a sleeping cat for a rabbit and swooped and seized it. After a terrific aerial combat, the cat clawed the hawk to the ground, ate it, then resumed its nap.

► **ABOUT** \$1,900 in personal items and cash was taken one night from the home of Anita Stark. The next night she found everything that had been stolen stacked just outside her door.

► **A** SHOEBAG hung over the back of a car's front seat provides handy pockets for storing small items, such as toys, that are usually strewn all over the car.

► **SOMEONE** left four kittens in a basket on a doorstep recently. The doorstep belonged to the Holy Family Adoption Service, which last year placed 147 babies.

► **DRINKING** Americans took close to five lives per hour, killing 335 persons during the three-day 1955 Christmas holiday.

► **THE** highest waterfall in the continental United States is Yosemite Falls in California—2,425 feet.

► **THERE** are more than 20 million women drivers in the United States.

► **THE** cost of keeping one rat on farm premises starts at \$10.

► **THE** name Edna, from the Hebrew, means rejuvenation.

► **"ACCIDENT PRONE"** people are those who habitually have more than their share of accidents or near-accidents—for any of several reasons. Some are foolhardy or inattentive, some are emotionally unstable, some are thrill-hunters, some panic under pressure. Insurance and safety experts believe that anyone who has a record of two or three consecutive accidents should consider himself "accident prone" and should try to overcome the character quirk responsible.

► **TEEN-AGERS** need from one third to one half more protein, vitamins, and minerals than their parents, says one nutritionist. Warning against skipping breakfast, she says that a balanced breakfast, including high-protein foods, is not likely to add unwanted pounds, and that a weight reducer who eats an adequate morning meal will probably not be tempted by starchy, fattening foods at lunch or supper.

► **A** WOMAN in Rome stepped out of her apartment's kitchen door onto a service elevator that wasn't there, and she fell screaming two stories to the ground floor. When her husband heard her scream, he ran out the kitchen door to investigate, and joined her suddenly two floors below. Both recovered.

► **SCHOOL** band and orchestra are two of the three most popular extracurricular courses offered in United States high schools in the last 36 years, and there are more than 60,000 school music organizations, according to a recent survey.

► **WOMEN** studying medicine in the 76 approved four-year medical schools in the United States totaled 1,573 during the year 1955-56—a 2.3-per-cent gain over the previous year.

► **THE** average U.S. citizen uses twice as much lumber as a Russian, four times as much as an Englishman, and six times as much as a Frenchman.

► **THE** liver of the soupfin shark contains an average of four gallons of oil, the most potent natural source of vitamin A.

► **MOTOR** buses have finally replaced all streetcars in Detroit, Michigan, home of the automobile.

Senior - 1957

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