

THE

14 Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

MAR 22 '57

A new serial by
Marjorie Grant Burns--

All the Way

APRIL 2, 1957

Bible Lesson for April 13

ADVENT YOUTH

"Marriage Is Honourable"

A friend of young people told us about the magazine article which we reprint with permission as this week's center spread. When the editor of *Family Circle Magazine* replied to our request he observed: "We are pleased that you find this worthy of being reprinted in *The Youth's Instructor* as we feel it is one of our finest articles."

God is the originator of the marriage institution. But just as Satan has cunningly changed the day of worship from that on which God's blessing rests, so he has changed the way of marriage to conform to his own purposes for man's eternal downfall.

The display that with increasing frequency characterizes the marriage of even professed Christians testifies against their faith. "When those who profess to be reformers, those in humble life, ape the customs and fashions of the worldly wealthy, it is a reproach to our faith."—4T 515.

Instead of bringing glory to the name of our Saviour, whom we profess to adore and serve, many a marriage ceremony gives notice to the world that we do not comprehend the first principle of fellowship with Jesus.

When the beauty of simplicity marks the wedding rite, we believe celestial beings join the marriage company to add their sweet influence to the occasion. But when ostentation, show, and expenditures to match a wedding of so-called high society or the theater world mark the union of a Seventh-day Adventist couple, we think the angels weep.

The elements that make up the sum of the wedding occasion can be arranged in harmony with the thought that Jesus is to be an unseen but honored guest. When this is done there will be no squandering of funds to win the envy of human beings, but a chaste and beautiful and refined witness to the sacredness of marriage.

A wedding can be a wonderful demonstration in all its details of the kind of home that is being founded. And even the worldling will discern whether its forecast is for time or eternity.

Walter T. Crandall

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

UNBELIEVER Mid-January brought this note from California: "In Radarscope items in THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, December 25, 1956, I read as follows: 'Every second the American Telephone and Telegraph Company spends \$66,408.62 on new facilities.' That would be more than 1900 billion dollars per year! I don't believe it, do you?" Geo. W. Ritz.

UNBELIEVER No, we don't believe it either. Then why did we publish it? As usual in instances where we are told of publication errors, we checked back on the source from which the Radarscope item had been taken. Our findings? We had repeated the original, word for word, from a publication that heretofore has maintained an enviable record for accuracy!

ACCURACY To have each statement of fact a statement of fact is the aim of every reputable publication. But as long as eyes and hands are what they are, we shall face the possibility of occasional error. To correct the one factor that has most to do with accuracy in the statement of fact, we have eliminated many sources from which we had once gleaned, substituting in their stead the original news releases supplied by industries, organizations, societies, foundations, educational institutions, government bureaus, and so forth. And we have received corrected releases from these "primary" sources!

OTHERS That others face similar problems is shown in the letters column of *Time* magazine. This exchange recently appeared: "Sir: This one I can't pass up. *Time*, Nov. 12, says, 'Estes Kefauver, by staff count, shook the hands of 5,595 auto workers in one hour at a Flint, Mich., factory gate.' By comparison, our Multigraph running top speed at 6,300 impressions per hour goes Bang! Bang! Bang! Estes couldn't shake the tail of his coonskin cap half that fast, let alone his weary hand. William Berg, Los Angeles." "Sir: Kefauver must have averaged about two-thirds of a second per hand. Did they file by him, or did he run down the line? I move we send him to the Olympic Games. He is bound to win some event hands down. Jerome M. Cowle, Chicago." [Editor's comment] "*Time's* researcher has been sentenced to 5,595 hand-springs."

COVER An air view of the Como Park pageant during the Congress of the South Pacific. Photo, courtesy of author, Ernest H. J. Steed. Story page 6.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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*Lohanna felt she had come to the judgment bar of God,
that she would soon be forced to decide whether to go*

All the Way

By MARJORIE GRANT BURNS

FIRST OF THREE PARTS

THE auditorium was hushed. Heads were bowed and silent prayers ascended like incense to the great God above. The voice of the evangelist broke the stillness now and then, pleading for the men and women that he knew should come.

Then someone touched me on the shoulder. I turned, and a voice said urgently, "Mrs. Burns, will you go down to the main floor and speak to Jean? She promised me she would go forward, but she hasn't yet."

So I arose and quietly made my way down from the balcony and into the pas-

tor's study, and stood in the doorway that opened into the back of the auditorium. Just as I saw Jean a minister stopped and spoke to her. I paused, and it was at that moment that I noticed the evangelist's wife. Certainly I had seen her before—but not quite like this. She was leaning against the wall, her head resting against the window casing, her hand on the window sill. Her eyes were closed, her face drained of color, and her lips moved in silent, urgent prayer. She was such a small, quiet, reserved person, but to see her now was to feel the power that was there.

I averted my eyes, ashamed to tread carelessly into such a sacred moment. But my mind was busy. What had prepared her, with such seeming fullness, to be so well the needed complement for an evangelist husband? How was she able to sense, better than some of the rest of us perhaps, the struggle of hearts in the valley of decision? Where had she learned such power in prayer? What had it cost her—to go all the way?

Lohanna was the second of four children. Her father, a stern individualist, held the important position of State Inspector of Fruit Canneries and her uncle was the speaker of the house of representatives of a Midwestern State.

Lohanna's mother was a short, slender woman, quiet but fun loving, thoroughly understanding the needs of her children. Neither she nor her husband approved of careless living of any kind, and the children were taught to recognize a stern code of honor and a sacred obligation to guard well the family name.

Although Father frowned on parties and the like (because it scratched up the furniture) Mother approved, and the home was gay with happy times when Papa was away.

Their beautiful homestead was known as Cherry Orchard. Lohanna, age eight, would often go out on cool mornings just to catch the fragrance of the lovely flowers and trees, and most of all to listen to the drone of hundreds of busy, purposeful bees. Something stirred in her as she viewed with awe the ordered workings of things, and her heart responded with strange and unrecognizable aspirations, things she could not understand. She determined to be good and to accomplish something useful in life someday.

About that time her father built a large new home for the family just across the road from the first. Running upstairs and down, in and out, barely escaping the tools of the busy workmen, Lohanna watched with breathless interest as the structure took shape.

While this was enough to provide a bewitched chaos in her mind, another startling thing happened that quite took her breath away.

Mother had been ill for a day or two, and there had been a great deal of coming and going at the old house. But not even that could keep Lohanna away from the new one. She was there one morning when suddenly her father appeared before her. He looked down at his little girl and the little pile of pretty rocks she was sorting, and said with a catch in his usually stern voice, "Lohanna, we have something new at our house."

The girl stood up slowly, her eyes



LESTER QUADE, ARTIST

The ones behind pushed forward; the ones in front held back. Then unceremoniously they bolted in.

never leaving her father's face. She took his hand and they went across the road together. Not until they got to the porch did she have the courage to ask whether it was the sister she so much wanted to help fortify her against two lively brothers. Her father's hand tightened, and he smiled and said, "Yes, dear, it is!" They named her Alcen.

Time went rapidly from then on, what with two brothers and a baby sister and a lovely new home to live in. But a crisis was coming on apace.

Lohanna, at thirteen, became much interested in religion. She attended the community church sometimes with her folks, but more often alone, since they were often too busy to go. Since the community was rural, she was allowed to take the car and drive in. Shortly after this interest was aroused, Lohanna moved to Denton and lived with her uncle and attended school there. He was an active churchgoer and Lohanna, always deeply stirred by religious things, asked to be baptized. Following her baptism, she became busy helping with the younger children and teaching a Sunday school class.

About this time a laughing, happy-go-lucky girl came along named Elaine Erwin, and she and Lohanna became fast friends. They did everything together.

One day while walking to school they stopped to peer through a fence at some children playing on a small school ground.

"Look at that dump," sniffed Elaine. "Wouldn't you hate to go there?"

"Umm," said Lohanna. "What school is it, do you know?"

"Belongs to some church, I think. Seven-day stuff or something. Awful, isn't it!"

"Well, poor I guess," admitted Lohanna, "but not awful exactly. It is clean, and the children are clean."

"Well, maybe. Come on, let's go or we'll be late."

So they hurried on.

Then one day a handbill was left at Lohanna's door and one at Elaine's too. They took them in and looked them over. Elaine became very dramatic over hers, reading the startling titles in an exaggerated voice with wild, vehement gestures. Then she collapsed in a laughing heap near her friend and said, "That's at that dinky Adventist church, the one we pass on the way to ours. Wonder what all they do over there?"

"Don't know," Lohanna answered absent-mindedly as she parted her hair and combed it back a new way. "Are you going to prayer meeting tonight? You'd better hurry if you are."

Elaine sat bolt upright. "Guess I had better hurry!" She fished around in her pocket for her comb. Lohanna handed her her coat and mittens and put on her own. They pulled on their galoshes, then stood surveying each other.

"Guess we're ready," grinned Elaine. "Let's go."

Out they went into the cold, crisp air and their feelings responded quickly. They felt giddy and hilarious and a little silly without knowing why, and flashing eyes and glowing cheeks made quite a picture as they hurried up the street. Some girl friends joined them, increasing the hum and chatter.

On the back side of the block on which their own attractive church stood, Elaine suddenly halted.

"Look!" she said pointing. "Just look at that sign!"

It hung on a small frame church. The girls read and then laughed.

"'Doomsday,'" said one, "sad, isn't it?"

"'Armageddon—and Then What?'" read another. "What outlandish thing is that?"

"'Where Are the Dead?'" read another. "Who doesn't know where the dead are!"

"In heaven, of course," said Lohanna. "Why would anyone ask such a question?"

"Look," cried Elaine, "there are people in there. I dare you to peek and see what they are doing!"

The group swayed back and forth a little, pushing and giggling.

"I'll go you one better," said one girl. "I just dare you to go in!"

"In! You mean, *inside*? Horrors! No!"

"Horrors nothing. Let's do. I'm yearning for something exciting to do."

"Let's," said the rest. The group wavered uncertainly across the street and stood regarding the door.

The ones behind pushed forward; the ones in the front held back. They giggled and jockeyed for the least conspicuous position, made several false starts, then suddenly and unceremoniously bolted in.

Once inside they felt terribly embarrassed. The place was nearly empty, and those that were there couldn't help turning and staring. Nudging each other and thoroughly upset, the girls hurriedly slid into an empty bench. Taking off coats and mittens and scarfs they sat expectantly, waiting for some excitement to begin.

An old man came in, took off his cap, put it back on, took off his coat, then his cap again, and sat down. The girls giggled.

The minister came in, and they all giggled again. He looked not much older than themselves.

"What's his name, I wonder," one whispered to Lohanna.

"Harold Wilson, I think," she whispered back. "Saw it on the handbill this afternoon."

They both giggled. It seemed terribly funny.

The meeting began. The singing was

simple and rather poorly accompanied. The girls held up their books and whispered behind them.

"Listen to that quavery lark over there," said Elaine.

"Look how the minister holds his mouth," said another. That was passed clear down the line, each girl looking intently after receiving the information. Then she would giggle and pass the word to the next.

During the sermon they resorted to pencil and paper. When they ran out of comments they drew pictures. And not to be caught and cornered in any such place, the moment the benediction was finished they jumped up and rushed out the door.

Once outside they leaned upon each other and gave way to gales of laughter. Then they started home. One by one each girl said good night. Finally there were just Elaine and Lohanna. Somehow it didn't seem so funny now, and they both became very quiet.

"Lohanna."

"Yes?"

"He was nice-looking, wasn't he?"

"Yes he was. And he really knew his Bible, didn't he?"

"Yes he did!"

They walked along a little way, each thinking her own disturbed thoughts. Then Lohanna said, "Wonder what he'll talk about tomorrow night."

"Shall we go and see?"

"Let's do."

"All right," said Elaine, turning in at her house. "I'll meet you at the corner at seven-thirty."

"All right," said her friend, scraping her galoshes against the curb to remove some of the mud and snow. "I've got to hurry now though; it's getting late." She waved and trudged away into the night.

When Lohanna got home she put her things away and hurried to bed. But she lay awake a long time tossing and turning, and sleep would not come. A path seemed to be stretching away before her, a strange, unknown way from which there would be no returning. She fell into insecure sleep finally, filled with dreams and unfathomed dreads.

The next night the girls returned and this time they were quiet and attentive. The subject was "Hell and the State of the Dead." It was a hard dose to take. The answer to the question, "Where are the dead?" caused them to sit bolt upright. Lohanna was sure there must be some mistake. She just knew the wicked would burn forever. The minister must be overlooking something.

At home that night she began to search. Slowly and with painstaking care she looked hour after hour. Midnight came, lights went out, but the one in Lohanna's room burned on. Dawn came, and finally in despair she threw herself back upon the bed and fell into exhausted sleep.

Elaine came over about noon. "Why,

Lohanna, you look like a ghost! Whatever is the matter with you?"

"I was up all night!"

"All night! Whatever for!"

"Trying to find the text."

"What text?"

"The one that proves that the wicked will burn forever."

"Did you find it?"

"No."

Elaine walked over to the window and stood looking out. Then she turned back. "Lohanna," she said, "suppose there is no such text."

The words hung in the air. Lohanna's mind rushed ahead to many things, things that must come if she found that what she now believed was not true. Her mind recoiled from it. "Don't say such a thing, Elaine. That's wrong even to suggest a thing like that."

Elaine picked up a little powder puff and absently patted it on her pert upturned nose. "Shall we go again tonight?"

"What's the subject?" asked Lohanna.

"It's on baptism."

"Baptism! Are you sure?" Lohanna jumped off the bed excitedly. "Let's go. He'll never preach immersion, and that's what we believe in and I can prove that. Let's go, Elaine. We'll get him this time!"

So that night found Elaine and Lohanna entering the little Adventist church again. The minister with his black wavy hair and very blue eyes could be ever so nice, and speak ever so well, but all a certain two girls desired for him was a sure and irrevocable downfall. The girls even joined in the singing and condescended to drop something into the offering plate, so sure were they of victory.

One hour later they stole away quietly from that little frame church, not even daring to look at each other. That minister believed in immersion too, and proved every point of his stand from the Bible. Lohanna was simply floored. If he proved some of her beliefs to be wrong, yet believed in and proved the things she herself was sure of to be right, where did that leave her? The more she thought of it all the more desperate she felt. Elaine could take it less seriously, but Lohanna had a high sense of honor and personal obligation. She felt she had come face to face with the judgment bar of God, and that she would soon be forced to make a decision.

But what decision? Which was right and which wrong? Her minister, to be sure! Why hadn't she thought of him before? The very next day she went to see him.

When she knocked rather timidly on the door of his study, he arose and came to open it, smiling with pleased surprise at this young fifteen-year-old who already was becoming a real help to him.

"Why, Lohanna, my dear," he said in his fatherly way, "do come in. What could you have on your mind so bright and early this winter morning?"

His voice was so cordial and understanding that the girl relaxed immediately and sighed in relief, wondering why she hadn't come sooner. She took a chair near his desk and confidently told him everything.

His face, smiling and pleasant at the first, became startled, then worried, then a harassed look came, followed by one of determined defiance. Lohanna faltered, paused, then stopped altogether. A cold silence hung in the room.

She swallowed hard several times, then looked up from her tightly clasped hands to the disturbed face across the desk from her.

"Lohanna," he said, "where have you found such ideas?"

"From the Adventist church. But that isn't the point—these ideas are in the Bible."

"No, they are not. These ideas are not in the Bible. Adventists invent things—they do not teach the Bible."

"Oh, but they do teach the Bible. I heard him read it, and later I read it myself. I know it's there. All the things he said are there!"

The pastor rose suddenly and the girl, startled, rose also. There they stood, that young girl and a minister matured by

long years of his pastoral experience, and to each had come a moment weighed with eternal destiny.

The pastor made his decision very quickly. "Lohanna," he said, "promise me something."

Her eyes searched his for a clue as she waited.

"Promise me that you will stay away from the Adventists. Don't go to their church, and don't talk to that young pastor. What can he know of things! Don't read their books. Don't listen to them at all. Promise me—right now!"

The urgency in his voice almost frightened her. The strength and pressure of his personality left her hardly any choice. She faltered a moment; her eyes wavered away from his; then suddenly a woman's pride came to her rescue. What right had her pastor, or anyone for that matter, to put her in such a position or to make such demands? After all, it was a free country, and she had her rights. Her cheeks turned pink, then dark red. Struggling with her voice, she lifted her head, and looking him honestly in the face said, "I cannot promise that now—or ever," then turned and fled.

This is the first installment of a three-part serial. Part 2 will appear next week.

Above the Clouds

By BETTY GARVIN DAVENPORT

THE morning air was crisp. Whirling, dancing snowflakes promised to add another layer to the already fleecy white blanket covering the ground and crowning the fence posts. Each branch and twig of the oaks and maples was edged in frosty lace, and the evergreen trees dipped icy snow-capped fingers toward the ground.

Heavy gray clouds formed a low ceiling overhead. "Oh, look up there," I said, pointing skyward, where a dim

circle of light barely revealed the sun's presence through the dark clouds. "See! The sun is trying to shine."

"Oh, Mother," Ann's ten-year-old wisdom spilled over as she corrected her mother's statement, "you know very well that up there the sun is shining all right. It's just that it doesn't show through the clouds very well."

It may help us all to remember that God, too, is up there all right, but the doubts and fears that surround us at times keep His love from shining through.



CONGRES SOUTH



WITH a sparkling smile, seventeen-year-old Lynette Branstater stepped forward. Dressed in her Missionary Volunteer uniform she held a brilliantly colored flag. This was the moment youth of the Australasian Division had greatly anticipated—the opening ceremony of the South Pacific Adventist Youth Congress at Melbourne.

From all parts of Australia, New Zealand, and the Pacific Islands, nearly two thousand Missionary Volunteers met together from December 24 to 31, 1956, in a congress with the motto "To Live Is Christ."

With others from all parts of the division, Lynette, whose home was in Mont Albert, Melbourne, had entered a contest to design a new MV flag for the Australasian Division. Her entry had been chosen, and now it was the solemn but thrilling moment when for the first time the youth of the division were to see it.

The background of dark blue with white stars of the Southern Cross indicated the region. Below, two wavy white lines represented the great Pacific Ocean upon which are scattered many youth of the church, and on the left of the flag is the world in turquoise blue with yellow continents. Covering part of the continents are the large letters MV in bright red.

The world Missionary Volunteer leader, T. E. Lucas, emphasized that this flag was a symbol of the challenge to youth to share their faith and to reveal to the world that SDA youth are to be true missionaries for our heavenly leader, Jesus Christ.

Attended by the largest number of Island youth ever to visit a congress, the gathering included delegates from Raratonga, Samoa, Cook Islands, Gilbert Islands, Fiji, the New Hebrides, the Solomons, New Britain, New Guinea, Papua, Tonga, Tahiti, Norfolk Island. Maoris from New Zealand and aborigines from Australia also were present.

A parade of nationals with society banners followed by conference and society banners from Australia and New Zealand highlighted the opening ceremony. This

PHOTOS BY FRANKLIN BALDWIN

From top to bottom: The Victorian campground, site of the congress; Lynette Branstater displaying the Australian Division MV flag she designed; Pastor R. A. Vince receiving the torch from pioneer member Annie Higgins; inset: world youth leader T. E. Lucas; Maureen Campbell points to her New Zealand homeland.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

of the PACIFIC

By ERNEST H. J. STEED

vividly colored display preceded the arrival of the flaming torch, which had been brought from Adelaide, South Australia, the place of the first young people's society. A charter member, Annie Higgins, carried the torch, mounted the rostrum, and passed it to R. A. Vince, Australasian Division youth leader.

"It was in response to a testimony from Ellen G. White in 1893 while residing in Melbourne that Pastor A. G. Daniells organized this first youth society in that same year," said Pastor Vince. "From that society, we take the torch and pass on the commission to our churches throughout the world." With this he passed the torch to Pastor Lucas, who then officially declared the congress open. At this instant, a large torch was electrically lighted and burned throughout the congress period.

The youth were housed in more than four hundred tents on the Victorian campground amidst trees and streets. Two large torches illuminated the entrance sign, "Welcome to the South Pacific Adventist Youth Congress, Melbourne." Under this friendly introduction young people walked into a new experience in Christian fellowship with the congress theme daily ringing in their ears, "To Live Is Christ."

Delegates came by bus convoys from Queensland, by streamlined trains from West Australia, by air and by sea from the Islands, all with a burning in their hearts to get an experience never to be forgotten. First delegate to arrive was Andrew Bwenana from the other side of the equator—the Gilbert Islands.

TV cameras were soon whirring and press photographers were shuffling into good positions for pictures, while in Sydney, the *Wangenalla* arrived with a popular Islander, Sauni Kuresa, youth leader of the Samoan Mission, and several Raratongans and Maoris. With newsreel cameramen, press, radio, and TV, the story was soon being told to the millions that these folks were en route to the Seventh-day Adventist Youth Congress.

From top to bottom: The float announcing the Como Park pageant; representatives of Fiji, Tonga, and the Solomon and Gilbert Islands; inset: Esther Rose, daughter of a Solomon Island pastor; Raratongans take shelter from the showers; Maori pastor Campbell leads out as his group sings; a display in the exhibition tent.



Highlighting this publicity was Sauni, who is a musical genius. Playing two cornets at once, first and second parts, he soon captured the attention of skeptical pressmen and onlookers.

A few days later another barrage of news told the public that Pastor Lucas, world Adventist youth leader, had arrived from headquarters at Washington. He was soon appearing on TV and giving radio talks. Flying south to Melbourne, he was surprised and delighted to step out between a guard of Papuan boys dressed in MV uniform and to be met at the top of the steps by Pastor R. A. Vince.

As I drove Pastor Lucas through the wide streets of Melbourne, still flying the decorations and bunting of the Olympic games with Christmas glamour added, we were soon halted in the busy streets. We could hear singing and trumpets playing. Crowds stopped in their tracks to look at a float slowly moving up and down Melbourne city streets.

This was December 24. Soon we could see the brilliant colors—reds, yellows, and greens. In large letters above a group of Maoris, Raratongans, and Samoans it said, "Seventh-day Adventist Youth Pageant, Como Park, December 30, 3:00 P.M." The Maoris were doing the *Canoe Poi* on one side of the float, while on the other side Sauni was playing his trumpets and the Raratongans were singing. It was a wonderful sight.

"This is terrific," commented Pastor Lucas as he opened the door for Pastor Vince to take color shots.

In twenty-five spots throughout the city, signs had been erected across the streets and two hundred window cards had been placed in stores to tell the same story of the great Adventist youth pageant planned for the public.

By the time we arrived at the grounds, buses were unloading their cargoes of much-traveled young people, for the South Pacific is an area of wide open spaces. In fact, the Australasian Division covers one sixth of the earth's surface.

Hungry as hunters, the young folks headed for the kitchen. There a dozen cooks and many more assistants had been working for weeks to plan a plenteous food supply of six thousand meals a day, the largest catering job ever undertaken by Adventists.

Pastor Eric Hon and his committee had overcome mountains of difficulties. Not even at regular camp meetings have I seen such speedy service and satisfaction given.

In another spot—"Reception"—the youth moved in one door and out another, but en route, they collected a souvenir folder, an attractive program and songbook, meal tickets, and other data. Pastor K. H. Mead and his team saw that a welcoming smile awaited the weary travelers as they settled into their quarters.

In the large canvas pavilion seating three thousand, Al Riggins had used his gift of modern designing to impressively present the theme, the MV aim, and motto. In the center of the theme words was the drawing of Christ at the helm amidst the storm.

Bands from Adelaide, Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne had been marshaled by music committee chairman Pastor A. P. Dyason.

After the opening night, two days were packed with devotionals, workshops, discussion programs, and evening presentations outlining the scope and



FRANKLIN BALDWIN
Samoan chief Sauni Kuresa plays his two cornets.

work of MV's in the various unions. To the great satisfaction of the young people, Pastor Lucas carried a heavy share of the meetings. Stirring up the faith of Adventist youth, a series of meetings entitled "Challenge to Faith" met with an enthusiastic response.

Tucked away in a small room, five stenographers and four other workers kept hammering out the news and attending to the needs of pressmen, TV cameramen, and radio interviewers. In Melbourne alone, twelve TV news items and interviews were telecast and thirteen radio interviews, apart from radio news and newspaper and magazine coverage of pictures and stories, were given.

Everyone took a breath on the Wednesday, when fifty chartered buses conveyed the whole congress to picturesque Phillip Island, the penguin paradise. Later, youth leaders and young people fraternized with pleasure as they traveled by bus and by boat to Cowes, the town on the island. They watched koala bears cuddling in forked branches of gum trees.

After games and lunch, all headed for the fairy penguins that come inshore at dusk. Here was a marvelous sight as the little penguins waddled up the sandy beach, stuffed with food for their young awaiting them in holes in the sand dunes.

Also organized by Pastor L. A. Dyason and his committee were Friday afternoon trips to Warburton, the center of Adventist publishing work in Australia. Here the sanitarium and health food factory nestle among the towering snow-capped ranges.

Sabbath was a day of delight—a packed Sabbath school—a soul-stirring challenge to renewed faith and vision by Pastor Lucas. An afternoon of music, rare and exhilarating—a New Guinea boys quartet, a whistling nurse, Maori singers and Islanders supported by the bands. Evening came and with it the Best Saturday Night in Town program. Introduced were compères and directors of programs across Australia. Soon the youth were enjoying A. Lyndon Knight's Sunshine Songs and his musical group.

The young people really sang with Roy Naden his congress composition "To Live Is Christ." Aboriginal tenor Harold Blair and guest speaker Pastor C. C. Weis gave the introduction to the temperance theme. Awards for the best temperance poster and jingles were presented by *Alert* editor Pastor R. E. Hare.

But the big day was to come. Como Park. Nothing like it had ever been planned before. Could this number of youth present an outdoor pageant successfully without a full dress rehearsal?

The weather was perfect—the crowd gathered and the young people streamed into the vicinity most decorously.

Como Park is a natural amphitheater surrounded by green lawns and trees. To the side, the youth organized under conferences and then into four groups. The plan was for each band to lead out a group, march around the arena, leaving a group at each corner.

It was exactly 3:00 P.M. as the Victorian band struck out—leading their team, with flags and banners flying. Missionary Volunteers in uniform missed each group, following the bands of Victoria, Adelaide, Sydney, and Brisbane.

A group of more than fifty Master Guides were to be invested by Master Guides. This contingent of more than one hundred marched into position. The Victorian band then gave a display of figure marching equal to anything presented at the Olympic games opening—rated the best seen in Australia. Pastor Lucas then gave the challenge to the newly qualified Master Guides. It was a grand sight to see so many invested at one time.

Newsreel, press, and TV men were taking it all down for wider public consumption as Pastor Lucas inspected the Master Guides, followed by Pastor Vince.

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Returning APRIL

By WILLIAM FORSSBERG

IN THE shift of seasons there are some countries, some provinces, especially favored. One of these, according to poets and travelers, is New England, famous for russet falls and gentle springs.

That nature persists in restoring life is continually demonstrated by the return of spring to a section of the country equally well known for its severe, bleak winters. We rarely appreciate the minute but arduous processes by which nature

puts her kingdom through the seasonal metamorphoses. The business of shaking off winter is one of her monumental tasks, requiring long preparation, tedious waiting, and many adjustments. Ever more concerned with the future than with the present, nature does not prove her wisdom in a day, but in a year, perhaps an age.

Preceding any noticeable sign of spring are weeks of imperceptible changes. Since winter rules by the power to petrify and deaden, its grip must be loosened gradually, gently, with a minimum of damage. Drop by drop water halted in its course by freezing temperatures is re-

leased. Some the earth retains and distributes to suitable reservoirs where it will be drawn from in the dry seasons; some seeps surfaceward where it trickles into streams. These are joined by melting snow and together flow to their ultimate depository—the sea.

Thus winter recedes, allowing man a path. Some of these paths look rather uncertain at first. In New England the highway department trucks come out before the crocus, repairing the many faults and disparities that cycles of snow, ice, and sand have caused in the roads. Here and there lie blackened slabs of snow in shadowy, cool places where winter clings. They, too, will melt, permitting mud particles to drop back into place. So nature restores kind to kind in all the eventualities of life.

I have walked beside a highway in Connecticut on an early spring evening and been notified of the season by the chirping of the hyla in a nearby marsh. Between whirs of traffic I could hear his sharp cry like the sound of crickets. The hyla, or spring peeper, is a small brown frog—no more than two inches long—who communicates to his fellows by distending a membrane under his throat and emitting a high-pitched cry.

Intended for the trees where he finds safety from his natural enemies, the peeper matures in tufts of marsh grass, protected by his size and coloring. One may capture him quite easily, however, by wading in any small pool after twilight, standing silently shin deep in water until the peeper jeopardizes his privacy by a mournful cry. The beam of a flashlight does not send him scuttling to safety. Transfixed to a root he waits for the aberration to pass. In his telltale call nature has placed one of her checks against overpopulation. We may wonder why she sustains less than a tithe of what she creates; her only answer is that she will maintain her economy and not be overwhelmed.

One by one, returning with what man in his insensibility to natural phenomena might call presumption, come the myriad varieties of birds who have left established climates to pioneer again in leafless trees. A robin appears tentatively, and in a burst of eloquence affirms what the equinox, plainly marked on man's charts, indicated in the cold terms of mathematics. These creatures, could they combine human intelligence with animal instinct, might marvel at helpless man, who apparently cannot receive the basic signals of life and must grope with the remote signs of the sky for his knowledge of times and seasons. And man, somehow, might agree; for in him lives something that favors the robin to the calendar.

Because of their force-resistant bulk some creatures yield more slowly to spring's wooing. Imposing, yet responsive, the trees awaken gradually to the



EWING GALLOWAY

When spring comes to Vermont the tall maple has already stirred; its life fluid has coursed once.

low whispers that urge them to shake off torpor and renew life. When spring comes to Vermont the tall maple has already stirred; its life fluid, a portion drained by the marketing instincts of man, has coursed once. Now the sap buckets with their curious covers are gone, the taps closed. All waits the warmth that bids growth. Should it delay, or play a whimsical trick, a year of tree life might be required. Nature imposes grave risks upon her subjects.

Spring is still young in New England, but tourists are never too early to be welcomed by her people. However, one must not expect to find here the type of native who waves at strangers from a porch by the side of the road. New Englanders generally do not build facing a thoroughfare, if they can help it. Rather they live a respectable distance from the road, their homes turning coyly at an angle of semiconcealment, or hidden behind a large tree. New Englanders were the first and most cautious of the pioneers. Perhaps it is the heritage of an Indian-wary ancestry that prompts their building in the shade.

Tourists will notice other revelations of the New England attitude. Something there is in Yankee blood that loves a stone wall and goes to lengths to maintain this monument to privacy. Each spring

farmers repair their mortarless walls with ritualistic regularity, placing stone upon stone, cleaning of mud and leaves. Here and there a cattle crossing breaks the yards of gray rock, or a driveway asserts the steady march of progress. But interruptions are few and orderly; an unkempt wall in New England is a sure sign of sloth.

The overalled, granite-faced farmers who chat in salty accents over these walls do not own large rolling farms, imposing barns, and gleaming silos. The barns they fill are usually small and red, the silos wooden and leaning. But do not regard them patronizingly as humble mainstays of a national tradition. Thrift is more than a motto and pays surprising dividends. Some might afford the shiny silos and sprawling fields, but prefer the leaning ones and the nearby woods.

All New England homes of any vintage have a cellar that doesn't get warm until mid-April. When the desire to putter overpowers, one dons a jacket and heads downstairs. The chances of being sidetracked are numerous, and one may while away an afternoon thumbing through old newspapers yellow with history.

If April were given insignia, they would be the flowerpot and hand trowel. Certainly New Englanders are not alone

in their desire to plunge hands into the newly breathing soil, mysterious in composition, titillating to the touch; but neither do they waste time getting started. Nature is quick to compensate; to make up their lack of fragrance the early flowers are given a frank beauty. Many are perennials growing from tubers that have lain under the snow for winters; some shoot up bladelike leaves in order to penetrate the unfrozen earth.

April in New England has its drawbacks. Decidedly it is a rainy month, and for anyone venturing outdoors an umbrella is standard equipment. I suppose there are men so rutted in routine, so deafened by the din of the marketplace, that in them the sudden blue after a spring shower, the ozone-electric air, the clear pools of water in the bowl of a tree's base, evoke no response. Nature demands no esthetic appreciation and seems at least reconciled that some men will live without noticing her.

New England Mays almost elude description. They are composed of thirty-one days of natural intoxication, almost overnight growth, first timothy grass, but particularly lilacs. The lavender variety isn't really more fragrant than the white; it just looks that way.

Even the physically inert spend the warm evenings on porches, or, if city dwellers, elbow-propped on window sills, dreaming into the twilight haze. May evenings belong also to the swarms of maturing insects, phototropic as sunflowers, but more easily beguiled by strange gods. Everyone has had his screen door covered when there were bright lights in the room. The powdery moth and iridescent spring bug flit in first if curiosity bids one open to them. Cavorting in a frenzy around the false suns, feinting and withdrawing, they venture too near and are smitten in a tragic fluff.

But not all creatures dance before the sun; many prefer the cool depths where the threat of impending summer and its accompanying discomforts is more remote. In the shaded woods salamanders skitter among damp rocks and dead twigs, offering a challenge to anyone who would observe, much less capture. Insect life abounds here in every possible crevice.

If one travels these forests north, he will notice that they multiply and extend for many miles. Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire offer woods that are probably the most popular ones in the land. In their depths hangs a primeval silence older than New England's Indian cemeteries with their gentle mounds. One stops to contemplate these miles of woods that must have looked the same thousands of years ago, before Western man knew of their existence. He realizes there how silently wise nature has been, rolling on the cycles, the generations, ever with the relentless purpose of perpetuating life.



How to Become Great

By KATHERINE BEVIS

What a majestic river the Thames is! How broad and deep and strong! When you see that river you would not believe that it has such a very small beginning, but it has. We are told by those who have been there, that this great river, which carries thousands of ships on its bosom, has such a small beginning that there isn't half so much water flowing there as runs down your street when a water pipe has burst.

You ask, "But how does this river become so great?"

By just going along and doing its best. By just keeping on its way; for as it goes, other little rills of water join in, then others, then a stream, then another, until at last it swells and broadens and becomes the mighty river that it is.

All that God asks of any one of us is our best. He does not hold us responsible for the other person's talents—only our own—only what we are capable of doing.

But, remember, God does require that!

A MORAVIAN missionary named George Smith went to Africa. He had been there only a short time and had only one convert, a poor woman, when he was driven from the country. He died shortly afterward on his knees, praying for dark Africa. You might consider his efforts and life a failure.

But one day a company of men stumbled onto the place where he had prayed and found a copy of the Scriptures he had left. Presently they met the poor woman who was his convert.

A century later his mission counted more than thirteen thousand living converts who had sprung from the ministry of George Smith.



THE hurried shuffle and brisk movements overhead ceased suddenly. There was a brief silence soon shattered by a well-aimed, boy-sized voice shouting, "Five minutes until time to catch the school bus, Mother." The loud

call rang down through the air vent in the room above the kitchen. The speaker shifted position slightly as he bent to tie his shoelaces, then called again. "Is my lunch ready?"

"It soon will be, Ruben," Mrs. Landsberg called back, dropping a few tasty olives in a bag and carefully placing the generous lunch beside her son's homework, both soon to be snatched away. Buttoning his coat on the way, grabbing his precious lunch with a glance at the living room clock, Ruben swung his robust form through the door. A quick wave and he was on his way.

"Ruben! Your books!" shouted Mother. "Here," she encouraged as he reached her again, "tuck your notebook under your left arm. There you are!" She watched with a fond smile as the lad trotted off in the full vigor of twelve-year-old youthfulness. "His two older brothers are already well over six feet—I wonder how tall this one is going to be," she mused as she watched a minute more, then turned back into the large farm kitchen.

The bark of Towser announced the arrival of the school bus, which screeched to a stop near the brightly painted mailbox at the entrance of the graveled driveway. Rounding the curve, the bus approached the top of the hill overlooking the Oklahoma homestead, and Ruben glanced back on the shining metal roofs of a half-dozen barns and sheds, offsetting the large white farmhouse. His eyes went beyond the nest of buildings cuddled at the foot of the hill to the various shades of green splotches on spring's easel—fields of lush green alfalfa, wheat, oats, and symmetrical rows of foot-high corn. Then, just before the bus descended from the other side of the hill, he caught a glimpse of his father servicing the tractor used earlier that morning in feeding the large herd of Hereford cattle—stock of which Mr. Landsberg was rightfully proud.

The boy's thoughts returned to his father particularly, as his earnest blue eyes fixed themselves on the fresh-graded road ahead. His young heart swelled gratefully. He had good reason for being

Mr. Fisher was a religion major at Southwestern Junior College when he wrote this true story for his Freshman English teacher. He has been president of the college chapter of the American Temperance Society and president of the Ushers' Club. Work on his father's farm in summers and as janitor and assistant dean in school have made it possible for him to earn 100 per cent of his educational expenses. He claims barbering as a hobby. Someday he wants to enter the educational administrative field of service.



J. C. ALLEN

Through the years the family studied and observed principles of healthful living and wholesome diet.

Vindicating EVIDENCE

By *HELTON RICHARD FISHER*

proud of his family and home—a wonderful home where vibrant well-being was more than just incidental, and never in any sense accidental! They were three exuberant boys, a thrifty father who knew all the trades complementary to being a good farmer, and his mom—a real home organizer if there ever was one.

Unmindful of her son's unspoken tribute, the lauded homemaker was still in the kitchen putting away the remains of a head of lettuce, cleaning the much-used breadboard, and fingering the remaining half loaf of nutritious whole-wheat bread, which she had so carefully baked. Even the wheat had come from their own farm. With light steps she carried it back to its box and reminisced contentedly on the diet she had been giving her family through the years, and more specifically, on the nourishing lunch just prepared.

The ringing of the noon bell brought more definite consideration of that lunch as Ruben shelved his geography book

and made his way to a secluded corner preparatory to filling an empty stomach. The usual number of soda-pop addicts formed their lengthy line at the soft drinks dispenser in the lobby and subsequently proceeded to wash down their ham sandwiches with a variety of flavors. The half pint of milk in Ruben's lunch box had become slightly warm by now, but it tasted good to him nevertheless. The wholesome gluten sandwich he was thoroughly enjoying would have seemed flat to his classmates who had acquired the taste for highly stimulating flesh foods.

"Swallow that sandwich and come on out to the ball field," coaxed Tom as he guzzled his last drop of orange flavor. "Not many days until school will be out and we won't get to play then."

Happy that his friend withheld the not-unfamiliar remarks about his "tough" whole-wheat bread and meatless sandwiches, Ruben grabbed his ap-

ple and loped to the locker for his ball glove.

"Say, Ruben, what are you going to be doing this summer, anyway? Like to go to the 4-H roundup with Ted and me the first of June?"

"Well, I'm afraid we will be baling alfalfa about that time, Tom, although I'd like to," he added cordially. "I sure wish we could get one of those automatic balers I heard the dealer talking about. It would take only half as many hands."

Although Mr. Landsberg was progressive in his farming practices and kept his machinery in top running condition, he was not "the first by whom the new are tried," but utilized each practice as it proved itself.

Just as Ruben had anticipated, he found himself riding a mowing machine—an unusual one, however. This time Mr. Landsberg was a step ahead of the machine companies, for he had devised a system whereby he had hooked the usual horse-drawn mower behind a tractor-mounted one, and Ruben found it his job to ride the trailing mower, raising and lowering the blade as necessary—not before being carefully instructed, however, never to get off the mower without first kicking it out of gear.

Sunny June days not only saw the first cutting of alfalfa stored away in the upper loft of the milk barn, but also witnessed wiggling toes shed their shoes and come joyfully out to bake in the summer sun and race nimbly over the freshly mowed lawn.

"Ruben, get the tractor and let's take the combine out of storage," came the call from his father one bright June morning. "Your feet will enjoy plowing the garden this afternoon," he added whimsically.

Things followed in quick succession until Ruben again found himself back on the iron-wheeled mower that evidenced no concern over how hard it shook its rider. Blue stem hay frequently

brought more complications for the young operator than did alfalfa, for stalky weeds often caught in the blade. Some refused to dislodge themselves.

On this particular occasion, a stubborn old weed asserted itself, and stoutly refused to give in when Ruben pulled on it from behind. Thinking that the sickle would soon cut it free, he hopped back on the seat as the operator threw the tractor into gear. Simultaneously, however, Ruben reconsidered and decided that he had better get the troublesome weed off after all. Determined to give it a tough time, he stepped in front of the uplifted blade just as the engine accelerated and both mowers began to clatter.

One bare foot cleared the blade, but the sickle caught the other about three inches from the end of the toes, leaving only the tough skin on the bottom of his foot unsevered.

Quick action followed and shortly Ruben and his horror-stricken parents were rushing to the nearest hospital fourteen miles away. The doctor cleaned the wound, and with a look of dismay sent him by ambulance to a bone specialist in a larger hospital. Only an expert could even attempt to save that foot, he averred. Anxious minutes passed and many prayers ascended as the mutilated foot received skilled analysis. Tests were taken and a blood count was made.

On the basis of the reports the specialist decided to risk serious infection and attempt to coalesce the almost severed portions of the foot. Using two large carpentry nails, he rejoined the bone, and having tied the leaders together, sewed and bandaged the wound. He gave his best skill, but he dared offer little hope.

The foremost question now was "Does the boy have resistance sufficient to pass so rigid a test?" It would take clean, pure blood, indeed, to battle the insidious poisons and to overcome infection. The best of circulatory systems would be none too efficient in restoring passage of blood to a severed foot. Only a layer of skin

on the sole of his foot remained to effect such circulation and carry off the poisons. Could the herculean task be accomplished?

Back on the farm, a heavy-hearted family performed the chores and prepared meals each day—without the presence of Mother, who was attending the bedside of her unfortunate son. Sleepless, prayerful nights passed.

Regularly the doctor made eager examinations concerning the results of his efforts. An anxious mother watched, waited, vainly tried to look ahead of time and answer an answerless question. After all their theories of diet, their principles of healthful living—through all the years, the very foundation of their family life—would the foundation stand now under such strain and stress? The firm, well-knit body lying there—seeming so helpless now—had they built up that human structure as solidly as they had supposed? Could it adequately handle the poisons through that thin layer of skin effectively enough to save his foot?

Praying and reading, Mother Landsberg found consolation. She read again from inspired writing that flesh foods are not essential to healthful living, but on the contrary, often are the source of disease and weakness. "Grains, fruits, nuts, and vegetables constitute the diet chosen for us by our Creator," she read. "They impart a strength, a power of endurance . . . not afforded by a more complex and stimulating diet."

Tearful anxiety passed into calm assurance as time proved that bones were slowly knitting, tissues were healing within the cast on Ruben's foot. Faith grew strong as prayers were answered. Ruben was back in school almost a year later.

The bright April day was waning slowly when the busy mother in the Landsberg kitchen deftly transferred five shining, golden-crust loaves from the oven to the breadboard to cool. An elaborate trill, whistled in fair imitation of a chickadee, caught and held her attention. Turning to the window, she parted the crisp polka dot curtains in time for a brief glimpse of the lad coming on a gallop through the gate and down the cobblestone walk.

Her eyes lighted with satisfaction as they always did these days whenever she saw him. Sun and wind had once more retouched his well-rounded cheeks to a glowing tan. Arms, long glued to crutches, swung freely now, she noted happily; and the elastic steps that bounded him forward so lightly betrayed but a slight limp.

Her words of greeting were overpowered by the big voice that preceded its owner through the screen door of the porch and into the warm, fragrant kitchen: "Ummm—it smells good in here! Supper 'bout ready, Mom? I'll have the milking done in fifteen minutes flat, and then let's eat. I'm starved!"

You Can Prove It

By W. A. TOWNEND

ASKED what hymns were sung at church, a little lad who had just returned home from there replied: "Trust and O.K." Although he meant "Trust and Obey," he was pretty right, when you think about it.

Trust God. This means to obey Him and show that your trust really is trust; then it will be a case of all being well,

or, as we sometimes say, O.K. But how we are inclined to hold back, to doubt, to wonder, and then to say to ourselves: "Will it all work out if I really obey God?"

The answer is: Of course it will! Simply trust God by obeying Him and you will be amazed at the results. So many other young Adventists have proved that. You can prove it too!

At Home on the Sea

By HAZEL I. GOERTZEN

AS WE draw aside the early morning lavender drapes shrouding the hills, inlets, and quiet bays, we see many of God's creatures crowding our wildlife stage.

The bay is well populated with taxiing grebes, surf scoters, buffleheads, and goldeneyes. Mallards and mergansers also visit our ocean yard, and over near the basin some of our own Canada geese are nesting. Poe's ravens are making peculiar g-r-r-awp, g-r-r-awp sounds these spring days, to say nothing of the eagle's screeching, the loon's laughing, and the sea gull's crying.

The birds here are quite a notable assemblage. The kingfisher, halcyon bird of the ancients, is spectacular in its hover and dive after perch, herring, or other small fish. No less amazing is the eagle as he comes zooming down in a power dive intimidating the gulls into dropping their fish. Sometimes indeed, the hapless sea gull is itself caught up in cruel talons and torn apart atop a lofty snag. Floating feathers tell their own sad story.

But then those scrawny eaglets must have food, and no mere worms satisfy such voracious appetites as theirs. We counted sixteen eagles one day recently when the herring were spawning in our bay. They sail steadily through the thin air, majestically indifferent to any weather.

Along with this usual parade of birds and beasts, our newly formed nature club, one spring Sunday, donned outdoor clothes, and paraded up the rocky beach into the woods. There at the old mill-

site on the point, we had an egg hunt and some games, then toasted our sandwiches and buns. April or no, Old Man Winter made a violent protest against being pushed back into the hinterland. So we repeated the MV pledge and law and sang our club chorus on the way home.

Our choruses rose and fell with the waves, tumbling along like prairie wool before a gale. Salt spray blew over us and vagrant snowflakes sifted down upon us. Then the squall was gone again—blustering off, sheepishly no doubt—to whistle and howl over some frozen tundra of the Arctic northland.

So it is in life; there are gray days and May days, tempests and sunshine.

Sometimes the bay is a mirror reflecting flawlessly every tiny rock and island, the sawtoothed skyline of the spruces, and the white cloud billows of the sky itself. Not a breath, not a ripple, disturbs the mere. There on the rocks see how the snipe go teetering and bobbing and watch how they circle and wheel in perfect formation equaling any plane maneuvers anywhere.

As we round the first point we surprise a lanky, feathered fisherman, statueque in the shallows. He rises with startled croaks, folds his neck back into the famous heron S curve, and with deliberate wingbeats heads out across the bay.

Incense of moss and leaf, earth and newly felled timber drifts down to us from the woods and slashings. We re-

member mossy spots where wild arum blooms and devil's-club arms itself to bar the way.

Robin, wren, and thrush weave strains of song through the melody of the waters. Four little creeks and rivers rise with the melting mountain snow and sparkle their merry ways to the sea.

What if we should run into a seal or a sea lion? Not really, of course. But they do come in from the sea quite often from now until fall. They are a real bother to the fisherman, for they follow his net around and eat the fish out of it. Many a fish head comes over the rollers without a body on it. In fact, many fishermen keep guns on board their boats and it is not uncommon to hear them blasting away, to scare away the sea lions, if not hit them.

Just around another bend we can see the sand beach way over at the other side of Smith Inlet. Since we have no cars or roads here, we often go to the beach on Sabbath afternoons, and sometimes have sundown worship there. Of course, our beach is inhabited by nothing but gulls, occasional sandpipers, driftwood, and shells. Little tracks and trails tell of visits by raccoon and otter.

In the long ago, before our camp folks began holding Sabbath school services in the Indian village nearby, we occasionally had Sabbath school at the sand beach. And there, as the surf came rolling, rolling in we'd "sing the mighty power of God, That made the mountains rise, That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies."

Did you ever sit on a secluded beach and listen to the leaf conversation of the overhanging trees? and tune your heart to the music of the surf? Did you notice how, since your last visit, sand and driftwood had been borrowed from one spot and deposited in another? Always shifting, always changing, is the sand, forever forming new dunes, castles, and forts.

Returning home, we round the point again and see the alders there at the wood's edge. The trussed-up leaf buds released from their sticky capsules have thickened the limbs into panoplies of living green.

As we row into camp the sun is setting in rosy splendor, bathing our little floating community in a warm glow.

Dusk moves quietly down the mountain slopes, steals through the woods, and mantles us softly for the night. We hear contented quacks and queaks from ducks and divers, and from the woods, tired notes of little birds. Our eyes turn upward as the stars come out one by one, and we feel humbled as we think of God's care for us frail mortals. "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth."

PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Sometimes the bay is a mirror reflecting islands, sawtoothed skylines, and white cloud billows above.



Our family avoided "keeping up with the Joneses" when was to be married. Result: A wedding rich in true values—with no strain on finances or dispositions.

MOTH

ANNOUNCING the engagement of one's daughter in the social columns of a newspaper is a fine custom. It tells the world that you appreciate your son-in-law-to-be and his family. It recognizes the seriousness of marriage and the importance of stability. But, believe me, such an announcement can open the way to a lot of temptation.

I hadn't yet seen the announcement of our daughter's engagement when the phone rang and a photographer asked me about taking the bride's portrait. Florists, caterers, and engravers called. Our mailbox was filled with letters offering services of all kinds. One colorful folder showed fabulous wedding dresses, and carried the footnote, "Other gowns available for as low as \$125."

I blinked my eyes. The bride-to-be brushed the stars out of her eyes and said wearily, "I guess it would be easier to elope."

She didn't elope, and the stars came back into her eyes. Fortunately we realized in time that the only important "must" about a wedding is that it express the finest values and sincerest convictions of the man and woman who have decided that they belong together. The wedding was beautiful because it expressed these values—and it was no strain on our bank account or our dispositions.

Our couple chose to have a church wedding because a religious ceremony emphasizes the sacredness of marriage. "But," they said, "our marriage service is not going to be a dramatic production." Then and there they ruled out the artificial props—among them the trellises, archways, cellophane bells, and bows that make a church look like anything but a church—so often a part of modern weddings.

They talked with the minister about the words to be spoken, and chose the form of service they liked best. They

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WILLIAM ANDERSON, ARTIST

ER OF THE BRIDE

By LOUISE PARKS WINFIELD

copied the service, underlining the vows each would make. Then they memorized the vows so they would know well the promises to be given—and so the congregation could hear and witness them.

When the moment for taking these vows came, the couple faced each other, not the minister or the altar. In full knowledge, and with eyes on each other, the bride and groom pledged their troth. It didn't matter then what the bride's mother was wearing. It didn't matter whether there was a white carpet on the floor. It mattered only that our Margaret and her Dan had found each other and were daring to face an unknown future as husband and wife.

Anything injected into the ceremony or the sanctuary that would have detracted from the significance of that moment of dedication would have been wrong for us. Whatever emphasized the beauty and dignity of the ceremony was right and good.

Because it was summertime, garden flowers from our own and our friends' back yards added grace to the church chancel. We used greens to cover the altar—pine branches cut from a neighbor's hillside; and two tall tapers burned side by side on one end of the altar. Graceful gladioluses were tilted so that their flowers showed against the green altar sprays. What more does a church need when late afternoon sun creeps into clear glass windows through the trees?

The bride wore a lovely long dress that she had made herself from material that cost all of \$12, and she carried a charming bouquet fashioned by a friend of the groom's mother. For \$15 we bought enough pastel taffeta so that the three attendants could also make their dresses; and each carried a spray of garden flowers.

Soon after their visit to the minister, our daughter and her fiancé called on the church organist and gave him a list of favorite selections that to them seemed appropriate for the period preceding the ceremony. They had chosen

two hymns for the service, so that the congregation might participate in both the processional and the recessional.

The result of their planning was a rare experience. There was my firstborn, relaxed, and smiling on the arm of her father, singing as she marched down the aisle toward the young man who was singing near the altar. The groom's brother (the best man), his friends (the ushers), the bride's college roommate and her two sisters (the attendants), were also singing "Rejoice, ye pure in heart."

"Rejoice, give thanks and sing" sounded from the chancel in front of me, from the pews behind me. I, too, gave thanks and sang.

When the guests left their pews, the bride, the groom, and the two sets of parents were waiting to receive them. I introduced our family's friends to the groom's parents, and met their friends, who moved on to speak to my husband and say a few personal words to the bride and groom. This receiving line was important, because not all the guests at the marriage service could be invited to the small reception at our home.

We wanted some pictures to record our daughter's wedding, of course. But we didn't want flash bulbs interrupting prayers and music, or photographers hidden here or there.

Some pictures, we decided, would be recorded only in our hearts. The few others would be taken casually *after* the ceremony. So while guests passed down the reception line, as the newlyweds left the church, and then as they mingled with guests at our home reception, two friends made a fine picture record. We missed a few shots we'd like to have, but we didn't clutter the wedding with a lot of flashing or posing.

We prepared all the food for the wedding reception ourselves—with the help of our home freezer—well in advance of the wedding day. We put assorted cookies and small loaves of date-nut bread (to be sliced and spread with cream cheese) on freezer shelves. We stored an

ample supply of frozen apricot nectar and of frozen concentrated pineapple, lemon, and orange juice. On the wedding day these went into the punch bowl with lemon-lime-flavored carbonated bottled beverage—and quartered fresh strawberries.

The wedding cake was made well in advance of the wedding day, too. The bride's sister and a friend elected to make our favorite white-cake recipe. A younger sister and a little brother offered their help in the kitchen. The huge tiered cake was baked in graduated cake pans, then frozen till the day before the wedding when a snowy icing was spread on its towering layers. A dappling of dainty garden daisies decorated it.

Although we didn't hire help, we certainly had it on the wedding day. A friend came over and said, "I'm here with my car to be useful." Two others offered to show reception guests where to put their coats. Another announced, "I'm going to be on duty in the kitchen."

I didn't worry about having enough choice linen, china, and silver. The embroidered cloth on the bride's table was one my husband had bought in China 24 years ago and had given me when I was his bride; its signs of wear are precious to us. I used our treasured hand-painted plates as long as they lasted; then slices of cake went on everyday saucers.

I've learned to my amazement that many people allow themselves to be high-pressured into a wedding that will "keep up with the Joneses," and that the whole business often becomes a nightmare of superficialities. Check lists compiled by so-called specialists and supplied by the courtesy of this or that firm suggest all the things you *have* to do to make your daughter's wedding socially acceptable. As a result mothers often grow nervous and brides jittery—as if all the wedding formalities itemized in check lists constitute rules that *must* be followed. We didn't think so. We believed that a wedding ought to be the most personal event in anyone's life.



LOMA LINDA FOODS

Is Vegetable Protein ADEQUATE?

By M. DOROTHEA VAN GUNDY

A MOST interesting experience came to my attention in a letter from Calvin Mellish, of Escondido, California, on October 10, 1955. He was a United States merchant seaman in training on Catalina Island at the time the event took place. Here is the story as he gave it:

"The U.S. Maritime Commission held, on approximately February 5, 1944, a contest for mountain climbing at Avalon, Catalina Island, in direct conjunction with its training base for Merchant Seamen and Naval Reserve Personnel. A sailor named Brown held the title to speed and endurance at the time our company, #45, was in training. When we made the climb as a unit I was faster than any man in our company. Then I was singled out to represent our outfit in training.

"Each company sent its best men to vie for Brown's title of 14 minutes 32 seconds. I reduced this to 12 minutes 48 seconds and then some local athletes from U.C.L.A. came to capture the title. We went up the mountain as a group of three men. I was shoulder to shoulder with one of these top athletes. He jammed me to the side and I tripped and slid some twelve or more feet down a sand slide. I recovered and continued the climb. I overtook these two men and



made about 40 seconds better time than they, even after being shoved aside. My time was 11 minutes 42 seconds, which to this day has not been broken by anyone.

"This mountain climbing was part of training on Catalina. It was the hardest part of what was called an obstacle course. This obstacle course tested one to the breaking point. I was physically fit to go through it as if I had been over this course before. Many men could not begin to go through it. Over 60,000 men went through training, and out of this number several hundred tried to capture the mountain climbing title.

"My diet was strictly vegetarian. I have never eaten a bit of flesh all my life. I eat all vegetables, fruits, and nuts. At the time I won this climb I ate grapes,

avocado, and a potato. For twelve hours before the climb I drank water only so the blood would not bother my stomach."

Signed: CALVIN T. MELLISH

This shows what a vegetarian diet did for one serviceman. Modern research also has something to say about vegetable protein foods.

Kwashiorkor is a deficiency disease prevalent in some sections of Africa and other places where the protein intake is low and inadequate. Much research has been done on this disease. The August 10, 1955, issue of *Journal of Nutrition* gave a report of some of this work. In the conclusion are these statements:

"The fact that vegetable proteins (peanuts and soybeans) are retained equally as well as animal protein is a valuable conclusion in the prophylaxis and treatment of kwashiorkor. Dean ('52) claimed good results in curing this disease by the use of vegetable proteins."¹

"The nitrogen retention was as good for vegetable protein as for animal proteins."²

Another experiment was reported in the same issue of the *Journal of Nutrition*. This is a report of six student dietitians who were fed on calculated diets containing all vegetable proteins, and balance studies were made. They were put on a five-day depletion diet before the regular diet was given. In the diets containing the lowest protein intake supplementary feedings of two of the essential amino acids thought to be low in the diet were given. Here are the conclusions: "An all-vegetable diet supplying 25 gms. of protein per day of which 48% of the protein came from wheat products and 62% from cereal, contained all of the essential amino acids in quantities equaling or exceeding Roses' estimated minimum requirements.

"The fact remains that it is difficult to obtain a mixed vegetable diet which will produce an appreciable loss of body nitrogen without resorting to high levels of sugar, jams and jellies, and other essentially protein-free foods.

"The data emphasizes the probability that the protein of fruits and vegetables which are usually not considered to be of importance in protein nutrition may be an important supplement to the cereal proteins."³

Wherever doctors, nutritionists, dietitians, and public health educators meet today to discuss world nutrition they usually emphasize vegetable protein foods as being adequate, for in terms of world nutrition it is impossible to supply enough meat, eggs, and milk. Many countries must depend upon the protein foods that can be grown locally. There is quite general agreement among these groups that vegetable proteins, if carefully chosen, can be adequate.

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Sabbath School LESSON

Prepared for Publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Christ Empowers His Church

LESSON FOR APRIL 13

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 2.

MEMORY GEM: "And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved" (Acts 2:47).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Acts of the Apostles*, chapters 4, 5.

Inspiration

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2:1-4).

"Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation. Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles. And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need. And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved" (Acts 2:38-47).

Spirit of Prophecy

"As the disciples, filled with the power of the Spirit, went forth to proclaim the gospel, so God's servants are to go forth today. Filled with an unselfish desire to give the message of mercy to those who are in the darkness of error and unbelief, we are to take up the Lord's work. He gives us our part to do in co-operation with Him, and He will also move on the hearts of unbelievers to carry forward His work in the regions beyond. Already many are receiving the Holy Spirit, and no longer will the way be blocked by listless indifference.

"Why has the history of the work of the disciples, as they labored with holy zeal, animated and vitalized by the Holy Spirit, been recorded, if it is not that from this record the Lord's people today are to gain an inspiration to work earnestly for Him? What the Lord did for His people in that time, it is just as essential, and more so, that He do for His people today. All that the apostles did, every church member today is to do. And we are to work with as much more fervor, to be accompanied

by the Holy Spirit in as much greater measure, as the increase of wickedness demands a more decided call to repentance.

"Everyone on whom is shining the light of present truth is to be stirred with compassion for those who are in darkness. From all believers, light is to be reflected in clear, distinct rays. A work similar to that which the Lord did through His delegated messengers after the Day of Pentecost He is waiting to do today. At this time, when the end of all things is at hand, should not the zeal of the church exceed even that of the early church? Zeal for the glory of God moved the disciples to bear witness to the truth with mighty power. Should not this zeal fire our hearts with a longing to tell the story of redeeming love, of Christ and Him crucified? Should not the power of God be even more mightily revealed today than in the time of the apostles?"—*Testimonies*, vol. 7, pp. 32, 33.

Notes

Interesting Terms: "Pentecost." So named from the Greek for "fiftieth," because this early summer harvest celebration of the Jews fell fifty days, or seven weeks (the seven Sabbaths of Lev. 23:15, 16) after the first Sabbath of the spring Feast of Unleavened Bread. Pentecost was therefore known also as the Feast of Weeks. Christ arose on the day when the sheaf of barley was waved as the first fruits, on the day following the first Sabbath of Unleavened Bread (Lev. 23:10-12; 1 Cor. 15:20). Fifty days later, inclusive reckoning, came Pentecost. Christ had appeared to His disciples during forty days following the resurrection, then ascended to heaven. Therefore, ten days elapsed after the ascension until the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, which the believers spent in prayer and heartsearching.

"Hell." The Greek is *hades*, the "place of the dead," and should be translated in reference to Peter's usage "grave."

The expression, "one accord," appears in verses one and forty-six, and is descriptive of the church before and after Pentecost. This attitude on the part of the apostles not only gave rise to, or set the stage for, Pentecost; it seems also to have been one of the effects of Pentecost. This is the kind of church God can use to proclaim His message of salvation to the world.

This truth is heavily underscored by the following list of distinctive attitudes and activities that characterized the church of Pentecost.

- Continued steadfastly
- in doctrine.
- in breaking of bread from house to house.
- in prayer.
- Fear came upon every soul.
- Many wonders and signs.
- Had all things in common.
- Sold their possessions and goods.
- Parted them to all men, as every man had need.
- Continued daily in the Temple.
- Gladness and singleness of heart.
- Praising God.
- In favor with all the people.

It is not necessary to know and understand all the theological implications and ramifications of these various items. In fact, that is quite impossible with the limited information available. It is important to note what happens when the church stays with the divine blueprint whether at Pentecost in A.D. 31 or at Newport News or Sacramento or anywhere else around the circle in A.D. 1957.

Notice the use of the term "breaking bread" in Acts 2:46. Apparently they went "from house to house" in social fellowship, which we are not sure included the Lord's Supper. In Acts 20:7 the believers came together "to break bread" in an upper room, and this included the communion service according to Mrs. E. G. White (*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 391). Breaking bread, therefore, did not always mean the Lord's Supper, but a careful writer like Luke would hardly use such a phrase as "breaking bread" if there had been no connection between it and holy communion.

Quizangles

1. How many of the apostles were present at the Pentecost meeting? _____
2. What miraculous manifestation did they experience? _____
3. How many were filled with the Holy Ghost? _____
4. How many were divinely enabled to speak in foreign tongues? _____
5. Who gave them this utterance? _____
6. How many nations were represented by the devout Jews in Jerusalem at this time? _____
7. When the apostles spoke to the audience, how many heard them speak in their own language? _____
8. How many marveled and were amazed? _____
9. Where is the prophecy that was being fulfilled in this event? _____

10. Who raised Jesus from the dead? _____
11. From what did Peter call upon his audience to save themselves? _____
12. How many were added to the church that day? _____
13. Who were added every day? _____

* * *

"With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world!"—*Education*, p. 271.

NEXT WEEK, April 20, lesson title: "The First Healing." Scripture Reference: Acts 3. Memory Gem: Acts 3:19. Outside Reading: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 57-62.



J. BYRON LOGAN

The services of the Youth's Instructor Counsel Clinic are provided primarily to those for whom this magazine is published, young people in their teens and twenties. Any reader, however, is welcome to submit his problem to the Counsel Clinic. The answer you receive will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but it will not represent an official church pronouncement. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of universal interest will be selected for publication, and will appear without identification of either questioner or counselor. 1. Submit only one question at a time. 2. Confine your question to one hundred words or less. 3. Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope for the reply. 4. Send your question to: The Youth's Instructor, Counsel Clinic, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

QUESTION I am a Seventh-day Adventist young person of twenty-one. For some time now I have had conflicting thoughts on whether to bear arms when I am called into the service of my country. I realize that Jesus taught us that we should not take up the sword, for those that do will perish with it. I love my Lord and want to please and serve Him to the best of my ability. On the other hand, I realize that many of our forefathers died that we could have freedom of all types. I have also (although as yet I have not been in the service) seen what the ravages of war will do to a country and its people. I find that I feel I would be willing to do anything

in my power to protect my country, even to the bearing of arms if necessary. In my own mind I do not feel that this would be wrong, even though I know that it is contrary to our teachings. I would appreciate any counsel that you might give me.

ANSWER Although the Seventh-day Adventist Church does not disfellowship or discipline any of its members who are inducted into or enlist in the service and bear arms, it does urge its members to consider very seriously the example and teachings of the Master and of the Spirit-filled apostles, and they were not beligerent.

Christ said He was sending His followers out as sheep among wolves, and admonished them, "Be ye therefore . . . harmless."

You say, "I realize that Jesus taught us that we should not take up the sword, for those who do will perish with it." Since you realize this, it seems, if your other statement—"I love my Lord and want to please and serve Him to the best of my ability"—is correct, that you would choose to follow the Lord's admonition.

Again you refer to "our teachings," meaning the teachings of the church. You should follow the teachings of the church inasmuch as those teachings follow the teachings of Jesus, and by your own statement you say you know that the Saviour forbids taking the sword.

In taking a stand as a noncombatant soldier one is not shirking duty, seeking an easy place, or a safe location. He is placing himself in times of war right in the danger zone, and he may be required to give his life in the line of duty, as many have.

The Seventh-day Adventist noncombatant soldier fills a place of recognized importance and of absolute necessity. In doing this he discharges fully his duty to his government and his God, and both the government and the church recognize this full duty has been met. If he performs his duties faithfully and does not shirk responsibility or danger, then he comes under that Biblical classification: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15:13).

MANDALAY and BEYOND

By GEORGE M. BAROYA

OPENED books lay before him unheeded. Keith sat gazing into the silvery space of the moonlit night, in his eyes a faraway look, on his face a shadow of anxiety.

J. A. Soule had only recently conducted a colporteur institute at Spicer Memorial College, Poona, India. Keith had attended every meeting, and had decided that the summer would be devoted to selling books.

But where would he go? Should he go to his home town in Burma and canvass there as he had before? Should he stay on in India? He could save on his traveling expenses if he did. He could also be sure to be back in time for the next school year.

Soon it was March and college was about to close. He had to decide, and decide soon. Something stronger than reason directed his course of action—he would return to Burma.

Burma, scarcely recovered from World War II occupation, was plunged into civil war. Acts of sabotage were frequent. Railway bridges were often dynamited, parties ambushed, water mains blown up to cut off the water supply of towns and cities. Communication was uncertain.

In such a country Keith was to canvass. How he would receive his books for making delivery, no one knew. It was doubtful that supplies would ever reach him.

At first he stayed in Rangoon, the principal city, praying for wisdom, planning his course of action and packing eleven deal-wood boxes with Adventist books. This seemed to be the only way to get books transported, for he could personally take care of them.

Then on the morning of April 4 his train pulled out of Rangoon, bound for Mandalay.

On reaching Mandalay, Keith headed toward the house of a very hospitable Christian gentleman who has accommodated many an Adventist colporteur during the past years. Having spent the night there, he left early next morning for Maymyo, his home town, about forty-two miles northeast of Mandalay.

Dissatisfied with the poor results at Maymyo, where he worked hard for more than a month, he decided to leave and go farther north. His sales had been

a little more than kyats 300. [Kyat is pronounced chut and rhymes with hut. \$1 (U.S.) equals about kyats 4.76.] One thing that might have contributed to his poor sales was the water festival that is peculiar to Burma.

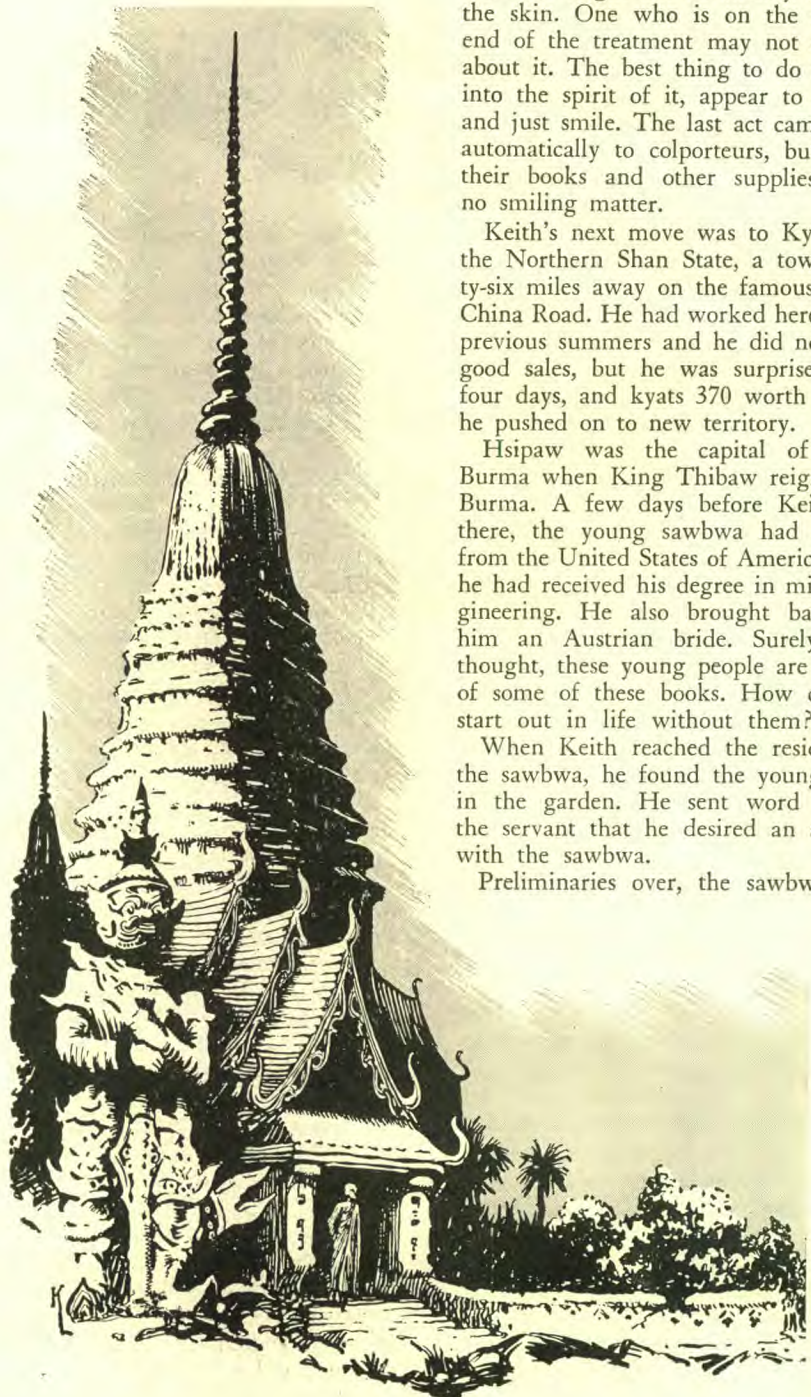
Now, the water festival is a unique, and to foreigners a provoking, celebration. Armed with water guns, men, women, and children go shooting. They either stand at street corners or go racing in cars, spraying clear, cool water at anyone who might not be already soaked to the skin. One who is on the receiving end of the treatment may not complain about it. The best thing to do is to get into the spirit of it, appear to enjoy it, and just smile. The last act came almost automatically to colporteurs, but getting their books and other supplies wet is no smiling matter.

Keith's next move was to Kyaukse in the Northern Shan State, a town seventy-six miles away on the famous Burma-China Road. He had worked here for two previous summers and he did not expect good sales, but he was surprised. After four days, and kyats 370 worth of sales, he pushed on to new territory.

Hsipaw was the capital of ancient Burma when King Thibaw reigned over Burma. A few days before Keith went there, the young sawbwa had returned from the United States of America, where he had received his degree in mining engineering. He also brought back with him an Austrian bride. Surely, Keith thought, these young people are in need of some of these books. How can they start out in life without them?

When Keith reached the residence of the sawbwa, he found the young couple in the garden. He sent word through the servant that he desired an audience with the sawbwa.

Preliminaries over, the sawbwa asked



Keith whether he was a doctor. Keith assured them that he was not a doctor, but he said that the mind affects the body and what one reads has much to do with influencing one's mind. Out came the prospectus for the *Oriental Watchman and Herald of Health* magazine!

While the couple examined the magazine and the various books, Keith sent up a silent petition for words that he might speak. He also prayed that God would make it possible for His message to gain entrance into this home. That day another victory was won. God honored His servant. They ordered kyats 93 worth of books and magazines. In that town Keith sold Adventist literature worth about kyats 250 in four days.

Another stop in the Northern Shan State was Namhkam, where Dr. Seagraves' hospital is located. This hospital is known all over northeastern Burma, and the doctor is known all over the world for his books *Burma Surgeon* and *Burma Surgeon Returns*. Here he made sales amounting to a little over kyats 168. Since most of the people at this place understood neither English nor Burmese, Keith moved on to Bhamo, a place about seventy-six miles away on a dirt road. An excellent opportunity was had here for real work. In most of these places different types of people were visited—Indians, Shans, Burmans, Kachins, and Palaungs, with the Chinese being in the majority. His sales totaled a little more than kyats 300. Keith was moving still northward toward Myitkyina, capital of the Kachin State.

Meanwhile back in India, Spicer Memorial College had already reopened, and Keith was still in North Burma canvassing. Should he get back in a hurry? Or should he go on canvassing? Even if he did return, it would be too late to register for the first semester.

Planning as though he were going to canvass in Burma all his life, and working as hard as though he had only twenty-four hours in which to make preparations to leave, he decided that he would see the inspector of schools for the Kachin State. Then he might leave for India.

Accordingly, on July 9 he started off for the office of the inspector of schools. Once there, Keith knocked at the door, and waited.

The door opened.

There he saw a man in his forties seated on a deck chair.

"Good morning, U Kyaw Myin [pronounced Ooh Chaw—soft ch—Min]. I am Keith Mundt, of Rangoon, visiting leading men and women of Myitkyina in connection with the National Home and Health Service."

The inspector greeted him with a smile and this put the youth at ease.

He presented his canvass as perfectly as he knew how. Out of nowhere, or so it seemed to the inspector, came magazines, books, and more books.

The man in charge of the schools was now carefully inspecting the books. Presently he declared them to be valuable and helpful to anyone.

"But," asked the inspector in a matter-of-fact way, "what do you want me to do with these books?"

Pilate had asked the mob, "What shall I do . . . with Jesus?"

The jailer had asked Peter, "What must I do to be saved?"

Much depended on the answers to these questions. Much depended on Keith's answer to the question just asked.

Although taken aback, Keith summoned up all his courage and said, "Well, U Kyaw Myin, I would like you to take these books for your schools in the state."

Oh, Closely Hold Each Lovely Thing

By INEZ BRASIER

Oh, closely hold each lovely thing—
These first spring days with birds
awing,

These skies of blue above a brook,
These snowy flowers in shaded nook.
When sun-kissed hours are
comforting,

Oh, closely hold each lovely thing.

The answer had an electrifying effect.

The man rose from his deck chair and seated himself in his official swivel chair and was seen deeply engrossed in reading some figures that he had written on a piece of paper. He checked and rechecked those figures. Then he called out to a clerk to verify the number of high, middle, and primary schools (12-, 8-, and 6-grade schools) in the Kachin State.

"All right, Mr. Mundt, will you please take down our order for your publications?" asked the inspector, resuming his conversation with Keith.

Keith sat there, straight as a plumb line, taking in everything that the inspector had said, attentive lest he should miss some details of the order.

"We would like to have," began U Kyaw Myin, "seven copies of *Modern Medical Counselor*—"

Keith had that written down as the inspector paused.

"Yes," continued the inspector after some hurried calculation, "twenty-three sets (Books 1-5, totaling 115 copies) of *Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories*—"

There were more calculations.

"Twenty-three sets (Books 1-5, totaling ninety-two copies) of *Children's Hour* and three hundred copies of *Health and Longevity* by Dr. A. C. Selmon, in the Burmese language."

Keith took down the order with apparent calm. He was thinking hard. First, he must return to college at once. Second, he did not have enough of the books, and he could not wait until the supplies did reach him.

When he totaled it up, Keith did not know that he was making the largest single sale of Adventist literature in the Southern Asia Division.

"U Kyaw Myin, I do not have with me all that you have ordered, but I shall deliver to you all that I have. You may pay me for the books that I deliver to you. I shall instruct the Rangoon office to send the balance of the order to your office as soon as they receive your government draft in full payment."

"It is all right with me," said the smiling inspector.

The sale closed, and Keith was on his way to call on more prospects.

On Sunday, Keith brought his entire supply of books to the office of the inspector of schools, and obtained a government draft for kyats 1,053.

On July 14 the young colporteur left Myitkyina for home to say good-by to his people. Then on to Rangoon, where he had to get his passport and other travel papers in readiness.

Once again at school in Poona, Keith watched the days grow into weeks, the weeks into months. There was no word from the Rangoon Book Depot. The books could not be sent to the inspector of schools unless the money came. And Keith could not get his commission until the sale was completed. What if the inspector of schools should change his mind and cancel the rest of the order?

One day in October, H. R. Hendley, manager of the Rangoon branch of the Oriental Watchman Publishing House, was somewhat taken aback when the postman handed him a sealed, special-delivery, brown envelope. What could be the matter? Anything can happen in a country that is being often harassed by civil strife. Strange orders or warnings could be sent to and received by persons who least expect them.

With caution in his eyes, Mr. Hendley tore open the letter and out fell a check in full payment for the balance of the order secured by Mr. Keith R. Mundt, who also, a week later, tore open a letter that read:

"DEAR FRIEND KEITH:

"It was just last Thursday that I ripped open a registered letter, and out dropped a check for Ks. 6,699.00 exactly. . . .

"Well, I suppose you can breathe normally once again now that this check has eventually come through. . . .

"The good Lord has surely blessed you for your hard work and earnest efforts.

"Sincerely your friend,

(Signed) H. R. HENDLEY, *Manager Book & Bible House.*"

HONEST, Frank, I am not fooling. There will be no Tuesday for us this week." Jim was having quite a time explaining to his buddy, as the two were on a troopship sailing out into the unknown, that for them there would be no Tuesday in that particular week.

Frank had lived a normal nineteen years and as long as he could remember every week had had a Tuesday in it, and he supposed that all the weeks before his day had Tuesdays in them too, or surely his parents would have mentioned it. But until now he had heard of nothing like this. Here he was in the Army and on a troopship sailing across the ocean, and his best buddy was telling him that for them one normal day of the week would not exist, that it would be lost and no one could find it. No wonder Frank was a little hard to convince.

Jim, momentarily assuming the roll of a teacher, said, "Well, you see, Frank, it is like this. We live on a round world and we have to have a place where the day is said to begin and end, so an arbitrary and imaginary line has been drawn from the North Pole to the South Pole across the face of the earth down through the wide expanses of the Pacific Ocean, seeking a place where the smallest number of people will be affected. This is called the international dateline. On one side of the line it is Monday while on the other side it is Tuesday."

Still somewhat puzzled, Frank was willing to concede this fact. He guessed his teacher had at least mentioned the international date line to his class in school, but what this had to do with dropping Tuesday completely out of the week was still a mystery to him.

Jim continued to explain. "You see, it is Monday now, and since the date line is only about a hundred fifty miles ahead of us, and it is Tuesday on the other side of the line, you might say that we are only a hundred and fifty miles from Tuesday; but since we will not reach this line until sometime in the night, it will be Wednesday over there and Tuesday where we are now. We will wake up Wednesday morning without having had a Tuesday this week at all."

"Well of all things!" responded Frank. "Now I am beginning to see how that could be. I suppose if we were sailing east when we crossed this line instead of west we might have two Tuesdays, or whatever, instead of one. We would gain a day instead of losing one, wouldn't we?"

"Right," smiled Jim. "It is a strange trick that the date line plays on a person sometimes, but now let me tell you something even more interesting about it. Far up in the northland where Asia and North America reach out toward each other and there is only a comparatively small stretch of water separating these two great countries, there are two islands called Big

Land of TOMORROW

By HAROLD E. HAAS

Diomed and Little Diomed, and believe it or not, this date line runs between them."

"Yes, so what?" Frank asked by the question mark on his face more than by his voice.

"So," Jim said with his ready answer, "it is possible to stand on the shore of Little Diomed where it is, we will say, Wednesday, and look over to Big Diomed where it would be at the same time Thursday, or, as far as the calendar is concerned, a day later. Because of this, Big Diomed is called the Land of Tomorrow."

"My, wouldn't it be interesting to visit a place like this," Frank interrupted wishfully.

"Indeed," agreed Jim, "but wait until you have heard the rest. A friend of mine had served his time in the Pacific war

and was taking that thrilling trip home. He watched a glorious sunset as the ball of fire seemed to extinguish itself one Friday afternoon by dipping slowly but surely into the horizon of a peaceful Pacific Ocean. Soon it was completely out of sight and the Sabbath had begun.

After a good night's rest he rose the next morning to greet a delightful Sabbath day, but strange as it might seem, about nine o'clock, just thirty minutes before we would normally be beginning Sabbath school, the ship crossed the international date line and sailed right out of Sabbath and back into Friday again. My friend continued his journey all day only to see the Friday sunset all over again followed by the same Sabbath that, as far as the calendar was concerned, he had greeted twenty-four hours before."

Frank's eyes seemed to have a faraway



INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

The international date line runs through this narrow channel of water, so that while it is today on the island of Little Diomed in the foreground, it is tomorrow on Big Diomed in the distance.

look in them as he sat there on the deck of this large ship with his Christian friend. Slowly his lips moved and formed the words that came to his mind as he listened to this experience, "The land of yesterday. Your friend sailed back into the land of yesterday, didn't he?"

"Jim, as you have explained this to me," he said, "it seems to fit right in with some thoughts I have had about young people and their attitudes toward life. I have heard a lot of my friends talking about war, and draft, and the uncertainties of life, and they express the thought that we are very unfortunate to be living in these unsettled times. When they say they wish they could have lived before all these troubles broke loose, back during the good old days, as they call them, it seems to me like they are looking the wrong way. They are looking toward the land of yesterday. Their main interest is to find more ways to enjoy life now and they seem to feel that if things could be like they were before the war they would be happier.

"Yes, Jim," Frank continued as he turned to look his friend squarely in the face and a smile of a pleasant conviction took shape, "yes, I much prefer your first story, for Christian youth. You know, the island story, where one can look into the land of tomorrow. I like to think about the land of the Christian's tomorrow, when we won't be riding troopships, and our training that helps us take care of the sick and wounded more efficiently will be useless, because there will be no sick or wounded.

"My heart is heavy tonight after having left my wife and baby, my father and mother, such a short time ago. But, Jim, with all the uncertainties and disappointments of this life, I never want to go back into the land of yesterday. Jesus made a promise that is very real to me tonight. He said He was going to prepare a mansion for me and that He was coming back soon to take us home with Him; and so my hope is built firmly in the land of the Christian's tomorrow."



One of the earliest young people's societies on the West Coast was formed during the summer of 1900 in Healdsburg, California. Mrs. Anna M. Folsom, in recalling that event, says, "I was very anxious to join but the age limit was from 15 to 30. I took one of the slips they passed around and put down my name and then added: 'I will be 15 in September.' They took me in."



CANOEING: By Harvey Hansen

HISTORY: By Rosa Claridge

The best way to experience the pleasures of canoeing is to paddle a canoe yourself. But apparently paddling is something we don't know instinctively. I remember visiting a junior camp where there were at least a dozen canoes

CANOEING

and scores of young people, all of whom were having turns with the canoes and yet not one of whom knew how to paddle.

It was the same way with me when I started. I knew that canoeists easily keep a straight course even when paddling just on one side of the canoe. But my paddling just on one side took me only in circles. Then I tried using the paddle rudder fashion at the end of each stroke. This kept the canoe going straight but slowed it down so much that I made hardly any forward progress. Then I took one stroke on one side and the next on the other side. This produced forward motion but it constantly dribbled water in the canoe and on myself.

Lacking know-how, I could have been soured for life by these first attempts at canoeing. But an outdoor friend taught me in a few minutes the basic stroke that makes it easy to go places with a canoe. In turn I'd like to pass on the technique of this basic stroke. You may have opportunity to use it yourself or to teach it at young people's camps.

Though its present improved form no longer writes a J in the water, it is officially known as the J stroke and may be learned as follows.

Sit on the canoe's stern (back) seat, or, preferably, take a kneeling position forward of the back seat. Call the broad, flat part of the paddle that goes in the water the blade, the long slender handle the shaft, and the very top the grip. With either hand grasp palm-down on top of the grip. With the other hand grasp the shaft quite far down keeping the little finger edge of the hand toward the blade. If you grasp the shaft with your left hand you paddle on your left. If you grasp the shaft with your right hand you paddle on the right.

While holding the grip end of the

paddle fairly close to your chin or chest dip the blade comfortably forward into the water. Quickly immersing the blade and keeping its flat surface broadside to the direction of travel (edgewise to the canoe), push lightly with the upper arm and pull more heavily with the lower arm until the paddle is straight up and

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down. At this point the paddle should still be a little forward of the side of your body.

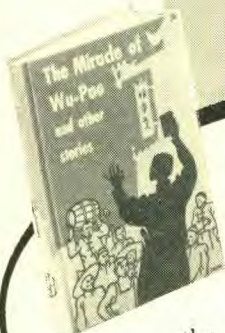
Then while still pushing and pulling, bend or "hump" both wrists outward enough to turn the blade approximately forty-five degrees. While holding the blade at this angle keep push-pulling it straight back, and just as the blade is about ready to come out of the water, turn the wrists still more so that the blade comes out edge up.

During the stroke, the "grip" arm begins in a bent position close to the body and progressively extends forward and across one's chest toward the paddle side of the canoe. The "shaft" arm is kept extended throughout the stroke and swings straight back until the hand is about even with one's hip pocket by the time the blade is coming edgewise out of the water. When the paddle comes out, turn the wrists so as to let the blade cut the air edgewise rather than broadside as you swing it outward and forward into position to repeat the stroke.

When two are paddling, the individual in the bow (front) of the canoe ordinarily uses the bow stroke. This begins the

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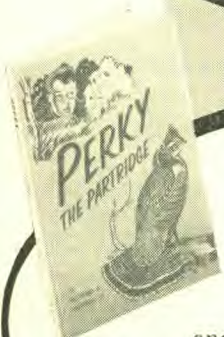


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same as the J stroke, and as in the first half of the underwater portion of the J stroke the blade is kept broadside to the direction of travel (edgewise to the canoe). But when the blade comes alongside the paddler's hip it is immediately brought outward and upward and edgewise out of the water and then forward into position to begin another stroke.

Whether one or two persons paddle the canoe it is the J stroke used at the stern that ordinarily steers the craft. Use it alone or in time or rhythm with a partner in front of you, and the canoe can travel smoothly, swiftly, and comfortably for many adventurous miles.

To the student struggling with dates and the dry facts of history, the thought of history as a hobby would seem anything but appealing. But to me, history is not dry facts and dates difficult to remember, but the story of people who have gone before us, living, loving, hating, working, sorrowing, and struggling much as we do.

History as a hobby can cost nothing at all or a great deal, depending on yourself. All local libraries are well supplied with histories of the region in which you live. Many of these books are interesting, taking you back into the past in such a way that you almost feel that you are there. Every town has elderly people eager to tell stories of the past.

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The thing I like most about Camp Doss is the close resemblance to real Army training. It gives the boys a feeling of confidence as they go into the service. Such confidence helps make good soldiers. The camp was a great inspiration to me.

—Walter D. Cox
Escondido, California

The training at Camp Doss both spiritually and physically was superb. It was one of the best two weeks of my life. Not until I had taken the training did I feel sure of being ready to enter the military service. I commend the training to you if you are nearing military age.

—Wendell Marsh
Fall River, Wisconsin



One little old lady at home told me many stories of the days when the stagecoach was the only public conveyance there. She remembered when a ferry crossed the river where the bridge now stands. She told stories of dread epidemics when many children were laid to rest in the old graveyard, as well as happy stories of her childhood.

On vacation trips, by watching for historical markers, I have followed the trail of de Anza across the desert, the old Oregon Trail, and parts of the trail of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Our family has traveled the great freeway that follows almost exactly the route of El Camino Real, the king's highway of the Spanish era in California. We have stood on the hills overlooking the Little Bighorn River, where General Custer made his last stand. We have seen the pioneer museum in Salt Lake City and the missions of California, and have stood in the crumbling remains of an old fort on the Platte River in Colorado. And long ago I saw relics of a more ancient past in a great museum in Oslo, Norway, the ships and artifacts of the adventurous Vikings.

Perhaps by studying history and following the trails of those who have gone before us, we can better understand the present. We can see more clearly God's care over His people in the past, and our faith in the future may be strengthened.

Look about you, listen to the stories of the children of the pioneers, read the many books written by those who have delved into the dusty pages of the past, follow the trails of history, and you may find a rich rewarding hobby.

Congress of the South Pacific

From page 8

Now the big pageant was to begin. More than six thousand feet of colored material had been arranged to form a grass-o-graph depicting the words ADVENT YOUTH and then showing a lighthouse and a world with streamers of light running out from the lighthouse to the world.

As all this was in progress, being constructed by special runners, the youth in the groups formed a border to the design. Pastor Lucas then addressed the assembly concluding his words with the MV Aim "The Advent message to all the world in this generation." At this juncture runners set forth from the lighthouse with the streamers of light, taking them across to the world.

Without one mistake the pageant was completed. It was an experience that left the viewer with the overwhelming impression that here was a body of youth

intent on zealous service for their faith. One non-Adventist resident nearby who had seen most of the activity on the arena stated that this was the most impressive and best-conducted pageant he had ever seen. Next day, the tens of thousands in Melbourne and Sydney saw the pageant again on TV and in newspaper pictures.

Highlighting educational opportunities for youth, Pastor E. G. McDowell presented a program to close the day. In a special pavilion the Australasian Missionary College, our sanitariums, and other colleges in the division had elaborate exhibitions revealing the scope of Adventist educational privileges. Radio personalities visiting the grounds were particularly impressed by the display.

Monday, December 31, saw the buses lining up, the taxis arriving, the cars loading—and to the last—TV cameras whirled as the youth shook hands with newly made friends, pledging to write. With a glorious experience and happy memories in their hearts, they set forth to the towns, the villages, and the islands of the sea, there to share their faith as never before, for truly they had found that "To Live Is Christ."

Is Vegetable Protein Adequate?

From page 16

This brings us to the statement by the late Dr. Henry C. Sherman, in his book, *Nutritional Improvement of Life*: "Much experimental evidence published by several independent investigators during the past four decades has repeatedly emphasized the body's ability to thrive equally well throughout long periods of experimentation upon either low protein or high protein food, except of course, that extra protein is needed for the special demands of growth, reproduction, and lactation."⁴

Throughout his book, Dr. Sherman emphasizes the importance of fruits, vegetables, nuts, whole grains, and natural foods.

"Again and again I have been shown that God is trying to lead us back, step by step, to His original design,—that man should subsist upon the natural products of the earth."⁵

There is a reason why God wants us to go back to the original diet. Here it is: "God has given us the fruits and grains of the earth for food, that we might have unfevered blood, calm nerves, and clear minds."⁶

Next Week: What Vegetable Proteins Can We Use?

¹ *Journal of Nutrition*, p. 491.

² *Ibid.*, p. 492.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 555-576.

⁴ *Nutritional Improvement of Life*, p. 127.

⁵ ELLEN G. WHITE, *Counsels on Diet and Foods*, p. 380.

⁶ WHITE in *The Review and Herald*, Feb. 21, 1888.



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► THE people of Sardinia, an island 120 miles west of the Italian boot, now have modern combines in the wheat fields to contrast with threshing floors where horses and oxen trample out the grain in age-old style. The classic textiles of the island, long a delight to villagers and visitors on festival days, are being made into fashionable clothing for the world market. One cloth that traditionally was made into donkey bags now shows up in swank evening cloaks.

► COLOMBIA's war on yellow fever seems to be producing results, for in 1956 only 8 deaths were reported, of which 2 were not confirmed. In 1954 there were 13 deaths, while in 1953 there were 25. The improvement is attributed to the Carlos Finlay Institute in Bogotá, which carried out 120,000 vaccinations last year and shipped abroad 987,947 doses.

► SUNBURN can kill lambs and young sheep, according to scientists in Australia and New Zealand. The high content of chlorophyll in lush green grass may not all be filtered in the sheep's liver, so that the surplus spills into the blood stream, causing the skin to be excessively sensitive to sunlight.

► A PIECE of artificial granite, claimed to be the first synthetic granite in the world, was made recently by a professor of mineralogy at Sorbonne University, in France. It was made from a chip of volcanic glass, called obsidian, water, and salt, subjected to pressure and heat.

► Two of the worst floods in American Red Cross history helped to make the fiscal year 1955-56 the costliest peacetime year since the organization was founded 76 years ago. Nearly \$27 million was required for the two major floods.

► CHEESE around the world is made from the milk of the cow, sheep, goat, buffalo, camel, reindeer, ass, zebu, and horse.

AMATEUR RADIO OPERATORS

A New Log for

Seventh-day Adventist amateurs will appear in the June 11 issue. Only listings received since the May, 1956, log appeared will be included.

No old listings will be held over.

Sample listing—

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

Your listing must arrive in our office by May 1.

Address:

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

► BIBLES are being put on all of the new Super-G Constellation airplanes of Trans World Airlines.

► SKUNK cabbage, often the first plant of spring, takes its name from the odor released when it is bruised.

► THE longest jackknife bridge in the United States is the 3,067-foot international railway bridge built in 1887 between Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

► TRAFFIC congestion has been given as the motivation of a recommended ordinance prohibiting Sunday business except "works of necessity and charity" in the town of Paramus, New Jersey.

► MANY well-known names appear in fashion. The Eisenhower military jacket came out in World War II, and a single-breasted topcoat with hidden buttons bears the name of the fourth Earl of Chesterfield.

► "OUR greatest happiness does not depend on the condition of life in which chance has placed us, but is always the result of a good conscience, good health, occupation, and freedom in all just pursuits," said Thomas Jefferson.

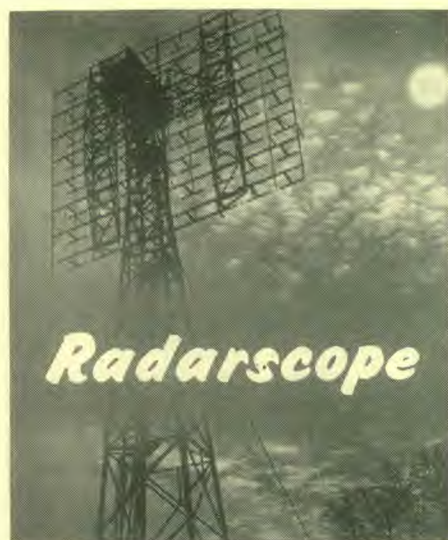
► THE violent *khamisin*, "wind of 50 days," is a seasonal wind around Egypt. Although it may last only a few hours at a time, it has been known to take paint off cars. Storms of a record week in 1911 dumped 105 million cubic feet of sand into the Suez Canal—a pile larger than the Great Pyramid.

► EVENLY sliced bales of hay are produced by a new high-capacity baler that treats the hay so gently that most of the protein-filled leaves go into the bale and are not left in the field. The machine is claimed to be adjustable so that it can turn out bales from one to more than four feet long, depending on the operator's preference.

► SHOCK, the state of collapse that may follow an injury, is basically a condition in which the effective circulation of the blood is seriously impaired. The blood pressure falls, the pulse is rapid and thready, the skin becomes pale, the patient is weak, and if the shock is severe enough, the patient may die. The underlying cause of shock is not entirely clear.

► AN ESTIMATED 130,000 Maoris in New Zealand are descendants of daring seafarers who are thought to have migrated centuries ago from central Polynesian islands of the Pacific. Each wave of settlers brought its own culture, as carvers, weavers, and builders all adjusted to new materials and a colder climate. Handicrafts and decorative arts unique among Pacific area dwellers were seen by Capt. James Cook on his mid-18th-century visit to New Zealand.

► SOME mementos of New York City in 1880 were discovered recently when the Department of Parks removed a horse drinking trough from Madison Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Sealed in the trough was a lead case containing "Colton's Map of New York City," the business card of a plumber, a restaurant menu offering a full-course table d'hôte for 25 cents, and a timetable for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad of its 36-hour service between Chicago and New York.



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► WHEN Dr. George T. Harding addresses the graduating classes of the College of Medical Evangelists on June 9 this year, he will be participating in CME's 45th commencement exercises. The 1957 classes bring the graduates of the medical education center to a total of 5,500. There will be 218 graduates this year, from the Schools of Dentistry, Medicine, Nursing, Medical Technology, Physical Therapy, X-ray Technology, and Dietetics.

► THOUGH armies have advanced and retreated across the Sinai Peninsula for centuries, historic St. Catherine's Monastery at the foot of Mount Sinai has enjoyed complete protection. One of the monks was mildly surprised recently to learn about World Wars I and II. The monastery library contains a collection of priceless old Biblical texts.

► THE corona—the faint, tenuous envelope of the sun that extends outward for about 2 million miles from the sun's surface and has a temperature of at least a million degrees centigrade—holds the key to many mysteries of solar phenomena, in the opinion of Sir Harold Spencer Jones, former Astronomer Royal of Great Britain.

► TO EMPHASIZE the importance of religion in personal, community, and national life in order to increase regular worship attendance, American newspapers, television and radio networks, and the advertising industry have contributed nearly \$6 million worth of free time and space.

► A BILL which would prohibit the employment of females to advertise alcoholic beverages or tobacco on television or radio programs has been introduced in the lower house of the Massachusetts state legislature.

► BERYLLIUM is precious because in nature it is always found in combination with sand or some other common material, and never in a pure metallic form.

► THE cocoon of a single silkworm will produce a mile and a half of silk thread, reports the National Geographic Society.

► AT AN altitude of 12,000 feet crops of barley, potatoes, turnips, and radishes grow in Tibet.

Senior - 1957

BURNING BUSHES

By Georgia Cottrell

The fact that God has a plan and place for everyone born into this world is emphasized in this absorbing book. All who read it will be stirred anew to dedicate their service to the finishing of God's great work in the earth.

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By Raymond S. Moore

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Junior - 1957

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By Madge Haines and Leslie Morrill

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