

THE

Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

"A man's foes shall be they of his own household," the Bible says. Margit Heppenstall gives proof in

Heroic Christian Mother

AUGUST 16, 1960

[Sabbath School Lesson for August 27]



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The Youth's Instructor, August 16, 1960

*Misunderstood and persecuted
at home, Nolita found happiness in her
faith and service.*

Nolita

by

WARREN D. PIERCE

as told to

SHARON MINER

HELP! Help! These ants are killing me! Help!" Straining against the ropes, the young girl tried to free herself, but to no avail. The knots held. The dreaded army ants were all over her—biting fiercely.

In a village not far away I heard her screams, and listened closely to determine whether the sound came from a human or an animal. Finally, deciding that a person must be in trouble, I hurriedly pulled on some clothes and ran out of our small house, calling back to my wife that I would be back as soon as possible. I rushed over to the African pastor's hut to take him along, and we ran toward the place of the screaming.

In a small clearing there was a girl about fifteen years old frantically struggling to loosen the cords binding her to a small tree. Huge black ants covered her frail little body. The pastor, Niraga, rushed forward and cut her loose while I began picking the ants from her arms and face. She was trembling all over and had to be carried back to the village. She was Nolita, one of the students at the mission school. She had been a student for about four years.

At my home we laid her carefully on the bed. My wife, who was awake by this time, dressed the bites and made Nolita as comfortable as possible. She was left to rest.

"What do you suppose happened?" I wondered aloud.

"Well, how old do you think she is? About fifteen? The Chehega tribe has a custom that on a girl's eleventh birthday her husband is chosen for her. However, the girls are not actually married until their fifteenth birthday. Do you suppose this custom could have some connection with Nolita's trouble?"

"Sounds very likely. Why don't we go in and see if she is asleep yet. If she isn't, we probably should get the whole story, so we'll know what to expect."

Nolita was not asleep. She was lying quietly on her back, staring at the roof above her head. We went quietly to her.

"How do you feel now, Nolita?" I asked.

"Much better, teacher. I am so thankful to you for saving my life. I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come."

"That's all right, Nolita. Could you tell us exactly what happened, so we will know exactly what to expect from your parents?"

"Well, a long time ago I wanted to go to school, but my parents never did think it was necessary. Then when Bamba, my husband-to-be was chosen on my eleventh birthday he informed my parents that I would have to have an education. My parents decided to send me to your school. Education created a little barrier between my parents and me, but everything had been going along pretty well until about two days ago.

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction weekly 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.

A continually changing world is reflected in its pages as it has expanded from 1852 to 1960. Then it was essentially a medium for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also supplies many added services meaningful to twentieth-century Christians.

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"You see, I just turned fifteen, the age at which I was promised to Bamba. My father told me he was going to take me to Bamba, but I refused to go. I said I could not marry Bamba because of his evil practices. My father was very angry. He had given Bamba my dowry of seven goats when I had been promised him, and now he would have to ask for them back. He was also angry because I had refused to do what he told me to do. That was something I had never dared do before.

"After many beatings and threats—which did not change my mind—my father decided to scare me into submission. He took me to the woods and tied me up just as you found me."

"Do you think your father will come after you?" asked Niraga.

"No, I really don't think he will. He'll probably be glad not to have to worry about me any more." With this she began sobbing as if her heart would break.

I looked at my wife and asked a silent question. She nodded in assent.

"Nolita, you don't have to worry. You just say the word and you can live here with the other girls who stay at the school. Would you like that?"

She sat up quickly and wiped the tears from her eyes. "Oh, yes. I would love it here." Her eyes shone.

"Good. We know you will be happy. You came at just the right time, because there is only one vacancy in the girls' huts. It is in a hut where there are four other girls just about your age. The fifth girl left just yesterday." I turned to my wife. "Can you see about some clothes for her?"

"Surely. I'll do that right now."

Settled in her new home, Nolita, an enthusiastic pupil, seemed to drink in knowledge. We thanked God over and over for bringing her to us. She would be a great worker for Him.

The years sped quickly by. One of the young men at the school noticed Nolita. Soon after her twenty-second birthday she was married to him.

Within a week they had been assigned to a village not far from Nolita's home. They left the mission a little reluctantly, but they were eager to begin telling the people what they had learned.

They were well accepted in the village, and the people crowded around eagerly to hear the Word of God.

Soon the news spread, and people from other villages began coming to the meetings.

One day while Nolita was at the back of the small hut where the people met each Sabbath she noticed an older couple coming toward her. Running to meet them, she greeted her parents, whom she hadn't seen for seven years.

Her parents became interested in the Word of God and continued to come. Two months later they joined the small baptismal class. The day I came to the village and baptized Nolita's parents along with ten others was indeed a happy one.

That evening at sunset Nolita, her husband, her parents, and I knelt to thank God for the protection shown them through the years and for the way in which He had guided their lives.

Old Rugs

by JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

Her rugs are worn, yet she explains
That though thick new ones would be nice,
It's more like home while she retains
The old. New rugs at any price
Could not reveal the paths of shoes,
From babyhood through college days,
Whose footprints have thinned down the blues
And scuffed the golds to burlap maize.
Alone now in her house she hugs
Thoughts of dear distant ones, and sees
In all her faded, footworn rugs
The mark of heart-bright memories.

Horses Many youth today find their chief pleasure at the controls of a boat or car or plane. A few, however, still find real thrills astride a spirited horse. To those who have at some time owned their own mount—well, there is really nothing to compare! A Ewing Gallo-way cover.

Africa A recent note on the coauthor of "Nolita": "The Elder Pierce referred to is Warren D. or W. D. Pierce. On April 27, 1960, he returned to Africa for his third term in Nyasaland." CARL E. MINER.

Opposition Have you sometimes wondered why there is so much opposition aroused against a person considering a change from first-day to seventh-day observance? "Heroic Christian Mother" illustrates the question. Here, we believe, is the answer from *The Great Controversy*, page 607: "As the controversy extends into new fields, and the minds of the people are called to God's downtrodden law, Satan is astir. The power attending the message will only madden those who oppose it." How quickly the writer of this passage puts her finger on the cause of the controversy, and how accurately she describes its manifestations!

Oregon "I was greatly disappointed when I received a copy of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR yesterday to notice the cheap sketch on page 16 of the March 10 issue. To me it seemed completely out of place in one of our publications. Our artistic standards should be as high as our other standards. I feel strongly that we should avoid even the borderline to things that cheapen." MRS. R. A. MORLEY, Portland.

• Mrs. Morley refers to the March 15 issue carrying the cartoon, "Not words to live by."

Evil "The work of the enemy is not abrupt; it is not, at the outset, sudden and startling; it is a secret undermining of the strongholds of principle. It begins in apparently small things,—the neglect to be true to God and to rely upon Him wholly, the disposition to follow the customs and practices of the world."—PP 718.

Reflections on a Youth Congress

As with all great convocations, the time inevitably comes when the last word is spoken, the final note is sounded, the lights finally dimmed. So it came to the 1960 North American youth congress.

It is doubtful that if today you were to traverse the boardwalk of Atlantic City you would find any visible token left to testify that in June a congress of Christian youth had met there.

The evidence would be found in the memories of its residents who for four days and five nights witnessed a sampling of Christianity as demonstrated by youth of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

These youth gave a good account of their profession. They faithfully attended the meetings, participated wholeheartedly in the discussion groups, rendered their contributions in the programs with credit.

Some sixteen thousand attended the Sabbath morning services, with another two thousand or more unable to find seating. We concur with those who believe in the small Sabbath school class. But we must in fairness concede that the Andrews University professor who "taught" the class had better attention from the sixteen thousand than we have sometimes seen in classes of sixteen.

It was important that Atlantic City should see a good witness from youth who love God more than the pleasures characterizing a seacoast resort. From such witness can come eternal life to those whose curiosity leads to honest search of the Scriptures.

It was important that planners and leaders and participants in a congress such as this should do their respective tasks with consecrated competence. The hours and dollars expended to bring an audience from all the United States and Canada were well invested in programs of Christian emphasis that should extend far beyond the hours of June 21-25.

An MV leader in the last moments of the last meeting of the last night expressed what undoubtedly was in the hearts of many. He stated the hope that it might be in the providence of God that the next great congregating of Advent youth might follow the return of Jesus.

"It is the privilege of every Christian, not only to look for, but to hasten the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." You who attended the youth congress are especially called to labor toward this high objective. Your rededication to Jesus in this congress should be, not for an hour or a day or year, but for the rest of time. Let that rededication be evident both in your personal affairs and in your public ministry. In so doing you will perform your part in hastening the day when the boardwalks of the world give place to the highways of heaven.

Walter C. Crouse

COMING NEXT WEEK

- "FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS"—Joe Sahly was nineteen when he arrived on the Pacific Coast, and when the sixteen dollars he brought with him was gone, he discovered what hunger is. But God's plan was just beginning to unfold. By Roberta J. Moore.
- "THE GIVE AND TAKE"—Public school teaching was scarcely Janice Pagel's idea of the perfect job, but it was employment and an opportunity to work and perhaps to witness. By Janice Louise Pagel.

Saved by His Grace

FIRST OF THREE PARTS

PEOPLE didn't think the child could ever amount to a row of pins. All the chances seemed to be against him. He was named Herbie for Pa Moltke, but everybody hoped he wouldn't take after him, for he was the liquor-drinkingest fellow you ever saw; and ma had a terrible time getting the children raised, all alone, bearing every responsibility. Everybody knew she didn't have any help.

Herbie hung around the mill in the village from the time he learned to walk, with no one to tell him No. Men who came to have grist ground used to teach him obscene songs to sing. Then when he'd obligingly sing them, they'd give him snuff, and at the age of four, Herbie had the tobacco habit.

There was no one to tell him No, for ma used snuff all the time, too, though pa didn't use tobacco in any form. But he made up for it in drinking liquor.

So Herbie grew up, learning much of evil, very little of good.

Schools were poor in those days, and Herbie didn't get very much beyond reading, writing, and a little figuring. But he loved reading. He read every book he could lay his hands on. He read yellowback novels, Horatio Alger books, histories, geographies, and old readers.

Often he'd take his book and go down into the gap to watch the trains roar by on the way to Chattanooga or Nashville or Knoxville—faraway places he had never laid eyes on. He watched the great engines wistfully, and pondered the cities and villages he had read of, but which he would more than likely never lay eyes on.

"Me—someday—I want to drive one of those things, one of those snorting engines. I bet I could."

He never became tired of lying in the grass, watching trains thunder into the

distance to fairyland places his eyes had never seen, but which he longed for sight of some glad day.

Then, growing up with shiftless, good-for-nothing companions whose main ambition was another box of snuff or a bottle of beer, Herbie was weaned away from his dreams; and it's always a pity to get weaned away from dreams. But somehow he couldn't forget completely.

Once he saw a skilled carpenter fashioning cupboards in a new house, and ambition awakened again. His hands itched to be skilled.

"Newt," he told his brother, "there's something I'd like awful well to do. Seems like it'd pleasure me wonderful to get to make things and handle good clean pine boards the way that fellow does who's making them cupboards."

"Aw, forget it," his brother said. "It'd take you years to learn that. Why, you can go right on down in the copper mines 'n earn without waitin' 'round. You jus' don't know how well off you are."

So Herb continued on in the copper mines, getting nowhere. The whole landscape about his home looked like a dreary desert—eroded, with great hills bare and bleak. All living things, even trees, had been killed by the deadly acid. For wherever copper is, there is sulphur too. And where the deadly acid breathes, death comes swiftly; nothing lives.

Payday was Saturday, and the saloons ran wide open that day. But Herbie never had liked liquor. He had no scruples against it; he never thought of it as wrong. If he wanted to drink it, he would, for at home no one cared whether he came or went, drank or didn't drink.

Ma would shout him down if he didn't give her some of his pay for

board, so he took care of that. And, of course, because she liked it so well, he always took her a few boxes of snuff. He never recalled a time when his mother's mouth, even her chin, was not stained with the weed. But he thought nothing of it. He had grown up with it. Most of the hill women dipped.

There weren't many places to go. The fellows and girls would walk out by the milldam on a Sunday, or they'd go buggy riding. Sometimes the men and the boys would get their hounds and go 'possum hunting. Ma had roasted 'possum a few times. It tasted a little like suckling pig, and Herbie relished it—especially when she served it with baked sweet 'taters.

He couldn't understand Newt, though, to save his life. Always wanting to run and chase around with the girls. And his cousin Bob too. Seemed like they were possessed.

"I don't even like girls," he told Bob, one afternoon.

"You don't? How old are you anyway, Herb?" Bob had asked with a laugh at the lad.

"I'm seventeen," answered Herbie. "Be eighteen come February."

"Ha!" laughed Bob. "In another year a pretty girl will look good t'you. I know."

But Herbie wouldn't believe it. He'd rather go out in the woods with his gun and his hound dog and prowl around thickets, flushing out rabbits and squirrels. He would rather do that any day than to squire the prettiest girl in the hills.

But one day, unsuspected, a change came into his life. The Baptists had a Sunday school picnic out by the milldam. The men set up trestles on saw-horses, and the women covered them with tablecloths. Of course everybody went. It was a neighborhood affair, a



While Alma poured lemonade, Herbie stood and stared like the awkward fellow he was.

S. E. BOHLMAN, ARTIST

big event for the whole community.

There was one whole table filled with just cakes—white cakes, chocolate cakes, yellow cakes, angel food, devil's food, caramel, marshmallow, butter cakes, and pound cakes. All of them were tempting. Herbie stayed pretty close, for if there was anything he liked it was cake. And there was to be ice cream and lemonade, too, to top it off. Herbie seldom had cake from year end

to year end, for ma was what was called a "plain" cook, no hand at fancy cooking. So he usually made up for lost time at the picnics.

But this day a girl, slim and unusually pretty, was presiding over the lemonade. He had never seen her before. She had skin like cream and peaches and her soft brown hair curled all about her pretty forehead. He stood and stared at her like the country yokel

he was, until Newt went by and whispered, "Now don't muscle in, Herb. I'm stakin' out a claim there. She's the sheriff's granddaughter. They're comin' here t' live, and I aim to get my claim in first."

But Herb didn't pay any attention to Newt. He went right up to her. Admiration made him brave. While she served him lemonade, he got busy with a fumbling start at conversation.

"Good evening, miss. Aren't you a stranger here? We've not met before."

"Yes, I am," she answered shyly. "I'm Alma. We're moving onto the Hayes place."

"That's right good news," Herbie answered. "My name is Herb Moltke. What's yours?"

"I'm Alma Cartell."

Before he left the lemonade table he had Alma's shy promise to accompany him to the Baptist church that night, where they were holding "protracted meeting." He went away as if walking on air. And he had bragged that he didn't even like girls. Well, he didn't. Alma wasn't like most of them. She was—well, just different.

The boys down at the general store had heard about horseless carriages; they had read about them in newspapers, and while the men and the big boys were sitting on the porch, chewing and spitting tobacco, they laughed a great deal about the idea of such a thing.

Grandpa Cochran had the most to say, though he was the most ignorant of the lot. He partook liberally from his little sack of chewin' tobacco before he ventured his opinion.

"You'll see, fellers. Thar ain't nothin' will ever take the place of the hoss. Them as wants t' git in one of them contrivances that goes with their own maneuvers kin do it. But not me. I don't want to be blowed sky high. Gasoline's powerful dangerous, boys."

One would think, looking at old grandpa, that his ultimatum was final and that the horseless carriage wouldn't have a chance. Herbie, looking at the old man, felt disdain swell up in his young heart. What could Grandpa Cochran know about the world? Of what value were his opinions? Suddenly Herbie wished the horseless carriage would catch on, just to show up some of these ignorant old prognosticators what was what.

In a Sun-swept Garden

by *FRANCES OETTEL*

**Tenderly molded
Of exquisite dust . . . daisies
And small daughters bloom.**

The young man was going regularly now to see Alma. He'd bought himself a suit of good store clothes and some shirts. He took care to always dress up when he went to see her. Her daintiness seemed to demand it. She didn't seem to be part and parcel with the other girls in the Gap. And some of them were really jealous of her. They called her a "stuck-up piece of goods." But Herbie only laughed at them and let them have their say.

One day while he was on his way to see Alma, cousin Bob came along in his buggy and gave him a lift. Then Bob produced a bottle of corn liquor from under the seat and offered Herb a drink. He refused.

"I don't want any of the stuff, Bob. I don't like it. You know that as well as I do."

"Aw, come on, just a swig," Bob coaxed. "It'll make you so you can talk to your girl better. I'm tongue-tied with the girls if I don't take just a nip."

Since Herbie had no scruples as to the wrong of drinking and it had never occurred to him that he shouldn't do it, he took a swallow from the bottle Bob proffered—just to please Bob.

That weakened him enough that when Bob held the bottle out again, he took it. It wasn't long until he was really drunk for the first time in his life. This tickled Bob no end, for there were any number of the men in the val-

ley that had wanted to try to get Herbie drunk.

Bob had to help him out of the rig at the livery stable. It was a mean trick, and it was certain he'd have to sober up before he went on to see his Alma.

When Herbie came out of the stupor a couple of hours later, he was lying on the board floor of the livery stable office that had been partitioned off from one corner of the big barn. He had vomited all over his good clothes, and they smelled sour and horrible. Pulling himself up on his elbow, he looked around him.

He saw Bob, drunk and silly; also old Grandpa Cochran, slobbering and foolish. And Jim Hayes, who loved liquor more than anything in the world. Slowly he got up. He was dizzy and his eyes wouldn't focus.

"I hope I die before I ever get caught with such a bunch of bums as this again," he told himself.

"Where ya goin'?" someone blubbered. "Where goin', Herb?"

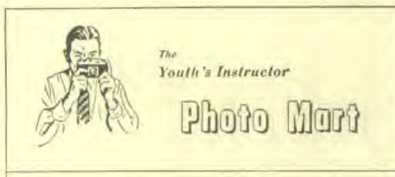
He didn't even answer. He went out to the pump by the tree and washed himself, trying to make himself presentable. It took him more than an hour, and even then he was a sorry-looking spectacle to present before as nice and lovely a person as Alma. But he had to go see his Alma. He just had to. He was late already—two or three hours late. If he stood her up she might never go with him again. And he'd rather die than lose her, he told himself. He really would. She was the best thing that had ever come into his life.

Slowly he started down the road, ignoring the shouts of the old tipplers back in the stable. He was busy with his handkerchief all the way to Alma's house, trying to mend his appearance.

"Whatever got into me?" he muttered. "I could beat Bob up for this. He aimed to get me drunk, and he'll laugh about me all over the valley." The closer he got to Alma's house, the more ashamed he became. How could he bear to face her? Yet how could he bear not to, and there wasn't time to go home. And if he did go home, what would he put on? He didn't have anything else but an old pair of overalls.

It was worse than he thought. Alma and her mother were out on the porch when he came up and opened the gate. Alma got up and looked at him closely, her brow knit in puzzlement. Mrs. Cartell gave him one glance, then got up and went in the house and slammed the door—hard.

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



For details write to:

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*The parade of
Christless
men and women is
endless.*

If Ye Abide In Me

by
LUCILE
JOY
SMALL

I HAVE been in India only a short time. Seated in a car that is slowly and with much use of the horn making its way down a busy street, I am amazed at the number of people that I see—people, people, people everywhere I look: tall ones, short ones, young ones, old ones, lean ones, leaner ones, clean ones, dirty ones, clothed ones, near-naked ones; walking, cycling, and motoring; crowded in bullock carts, juktas; sitting, standing, lying, awake, asleep, crawling on the ground.

I remember the words of Scripture, "But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them.

... Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," and I sense One near me who says, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."

And I am here in India as one of the laborers sent forth.

If the Master were with me in person, I imagine our conversation might go something like this:

"But, Master, what can I do for India?"

His answer would be clear. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Underneath—the Everlasting Arms

by ALBERTA BERNHARD MAZAT

"How shall I witness?"

"You have your instructions. 'As you go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils . . .'"

"But, Master, surely You do not mean those instructions for me? I am not a preacher. I cannot heal the sick, to say nothing of cleansing lepers, raising the dead, or casting out devils. Why do You ask me to do these things?"

"When you yielded your life to Me, was it a sinful life?"

"Yes."

"You sought forgiveness. Do you believe that I granted it?"

"Yes, Lord, and You gave me peace of mind. It is wonderful."

"Do you believe that I accepted you into My family, to bear My name?"

"Yes."

"And therefore the honor of My name is in your keeping?"

I nod assent.

"Have you read My word as a personal letter to you?"

I nod.

"Have you read, 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you?'"

Again I nod.

"And further, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.' Do you believe these words?"

I stand silent, for I fear the next question.

"If you believe that I have forgiven your sins, can you doubt My other promises?"

IT ALL came in one day: news of the death of a friend; a young mother, leaving two small children to find love in others' arms; a letter telling of another friend having undergone surgery for an incurable condition; a visit to a neighbor, beloved by all, fighting her tired but courageous way through the dark pain of a heart attack.

The ache in my own heart made the daily tasks a perfunctory chore, and yet my own private grief was but an infinitesimal fraction of the sorrow multiplying around the world on any given day. How the heart of God must pity His children in their anguish! And yet, couldn't He work the miracle to restore each of these—and others? Why, then, does He choose to heal one, and not relieve another? My thoughts tumbled unchecked.

I hang my head and make no reply.

And I imagine His questions now take a new turn. "As you have traveled through the Orient how many homes have you seen for which you would trade yours? You remember the damp, miserable huts that you saw in the Philippines and in Burma? If you were to give up your comfortable home and go to live in the poorest hut that you have seen, could it compare with what I did for you?"

I see the nail-scarred hands. Vividly there comes to mind the passage, "He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. . . . He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. . . . For the transgression of my people was he stricken. . . . He hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors." And, "The Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

In shame I fall at His feet. "Blessed Master," I cry, "how could I bear Thy name so lightly?"

He stretches out His hand and raises me up. Sadly He asks, "When will you love Me enough to see the value of these souls? You have confused poverty and grime with degradation. What would you do in their place?"

My thoughts revert to the friendliness and courtesy I have been shown here even by strangers. There is Basha, the young Moslem of whom I buy my vegetables in the bazaar. When I want some-

thing that he does not have at his own vegetable stand he goes out and gets it for me; the result—better quality and lower prices than I could possibly find by myself. Then there is the peon who carries the mail. On several occasions he has handed me our letters, having picked them out before the sorting is finished; it is extra work for him and he receives no reward except my poorly expressed gratitude. I did not ask him to do me this kindness. Only last evening as I was riding on a crowded bus I sat next to a young mother who was holding a baby clothed only in a tiny shirt. I could see that she was poor and not very clean, but as the bus swung around the oxcarts, donkeys, and pedestrians, and she saw how I was straining to keep from being pitched out of the door, she reached out and grasped my arm to help hold me in my place. Such a thoughtful, kindly act to a complete stranger showed a heart that has a care for others.

Immediately I was content. And I was thankful.

Surely such thoughtfulness does not accompany degradation. Then as I can imagine Jesus' eyes upon me I become very much aware that I have also confused cleanliness and wealth with superiority.

His questions continue. "Do you think these are any less precious to Me than your children are to you? Are you as eager to reach out a helping hand to them as that young mother was to help you last evening?"

The questions come closer. "If you really want to help them, what is pre-

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but a man by the name of Whiskey recently pleaded guilty to a drunkenness charge. The judge sentenced Whiskey, who had been brought in on a number of previous occasions, to thirty days in jail or to pay a \$50 fine in lieu of the jail sentence. Since he was unable to pay the fine, he served thirty days in jail. Playing around with John Barleycorn is dangerous even for Whiskey.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

venting you? Are not My promises sufficient?" And the questions make me know that India's need of Christ is no greater than my own need, for the privileges that I have enjoyed only increase my responsibility.

He puts another question to me. "Do you want Me to come?"

And this time my reply is eager. "Oh, yes, Jesus, please come soon!

"How can I return to my comfortable home and forget the needs of Your children, forget the busload after busload of bright-faced Japanese school children worshipping at the Shinto shrines, forget the millions of Buddha worshipers whose love and loyalty and worship are directed to images while You wait with outstretched hands; forget the Moslem millions who give a deep devotion to God, but who, because most of His witnesses have failed Him, have had no opportunity to behold the character of God as revealed in Jesus Christ; forget the opium den in Bangkok where booth after booth is occupied by men and

Summer Dawn

Dawn brings to earth a bright new mantle
 Folding night's blanket over the stars,
 Caressing infant leaves of willows,
 Nuzzling the calves at the pasture bars;
 Brushing the sheen from fields of clover,
 Bringing a breeze sweet scented and cool,
 Lighting the canvas of earth's splendor,
 Turning to silver the still, dark pool.

by EFFIE
 MAYE
 WHITE



WIT Sharpeners

Step-O-Gram

by EARL HILLIARD

Fill in the blank spaces with the missing letters to form the words defined.

Definitions

1. A country of Western Asia.
2. Son of Jonas.
3. A grace extolled by Paul in 1 Corinthians 13.
4. A woman of Athens converted after Paul's sermon on Mars' Hill.
5. Where Christ was crucified.
6. A Damascus river in which Naaman wished to bathe.

A	R						
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Key on page 16

women created in God's image, but who are finding their one satisfaction in life to be another pipeful of the drug that is the dearest thing in the world to them, while it robs them of everything including life itself?

"How can I forget the homeless beggars of India, whose life is only a miserable existence; forget the nation of India whose leaders are making a heroic struggle to build a nation that can feed its people? No, Lord, in this world of misery You are our only hope. You have promised to come."

"If you believe My promise to come, can you not also believe My promise to enable you to do the work I have bidden you?"

I can only cry out as did the anxious father, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

I imagine that He continues: "You have excused yourself by saying, 'My faith just isn't strong enough,' when in reality you are saying, 'Master, You cannot be trusted.' Can you not see why I have listed the fearful and the unbelieving with the murderers and idolaters and liars?"

I stammer, "I didn't realize—" but He breaks in sadly, "You excused yourself in your doubts. I will gladly forgive sin when you confess it as sin, but I cannot excuse it. Have I ever failed you in a time of need?"

Vividly to my memory comes a series of events that have demonstrated His love and His willingness to hear and answer my prayers. There was the time that I prayed earnestly for some indication that my nursing work might be fruitful of souls, and Maizie said to me the last time I saw her alive, "I'm going

to be a star in your crown." When I had to live for some months in a spica cast, His presence made it a joyous experience.

And the prayers for our children that have been answered. There was the time I went on a case that I expected to be a difficult one, and before leaving the house I dropped on my knees and said, "Loving Father, You have told us that invisible armies of light and power attend the meek and lowly ones who believe and claim Your promises. I must have this help now." When it was over I felt that I had simply been at that bedside to witness what God could do. Everything went as nearly perfectly as anyone could wish.

"No, Master, You have never failed me. It is I who have miserably failed You. How can You continue to love me?"

He answers, "I have purchased you. You are Mine and as I behold you I see what it is your privilege to become. You see, I am trying to teach you the difference between faith and presumption. In faith you yield all to Me, and we work together My way. In presumption you try to do it your way and expect Me to help."

And humbly I am led to pray, "Lord, take my heart; for I cannot give it. It is Thy property. Keep it pure, for I cannot keep it for Thee. Mold me, fashion me, raise me into a pure and holy atmosphere, where the rich current of Thy love can flow through my soul."*

And His smile is wonderful as He repeats, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

* Christ's Object Lessons, p. 159.

PEOPLE said that Magdalena Strom was one of the most beautiful women at the coronation ball. When she danced with her husband, a young lieutenant, they attracted attention even in the glittering crowd that celebrated the festive occasion. Visiting royalty, foreign diplomats, military officers, government officials—all accompanied by their ladies in exquisite finery—had come for the coronation of the new King Haakon VII and Queen Maud of Norway in the ancient cathedral city of Trondheim in 1906. The June day of solemn ritual and colorful parades ended in an evening of gaiety and glamour in the ballroom of the Grand Hotel.

"What makes her so attractive, do you suppose?" the other women must have wondered. She was very simply dressed, with no jewels to speak of, and almost looked as if she didn't belong there. She was there, in fact, only because her husband recently had been made aide-de-camp to a general; none of the other junior officers and their wives were invited.

There was no doubt, however, that Lena was attractive. She had more than just a pretty face, good figure, and flawless complexion; she had an inner radiance of character.

People also said that "her husband simply worships her. It was a love match for sure. A good-looking officer like Lieut. Arthur Strom could have married any one of the wealthy girls here in his home town." And he might have bettered himself materially by doing so. But he had met Lena on a trip south; fallen completely in love with her, and married her when he was graduated from the War College. Her family was respectable, but not rich. By the time of the coronation the couple had two sons, and Lena looked younger and prettier than ever. Natural, unsophisticated, filled with the wonder and joy of the celebration, she was like a little girl at her first birthday party.

But time and reality have a way of dimming the childlike wonder in most girls' eyes, and only the rare, enchanted souls are permitted to keep it.

"Arthur, this letter from mother is somewhat disturbing," Lena said one morning at breakfast while they were consuming the mail along with their toast and marmalade.



Lieut. Arthur Strom and Lena enjoyed an apparently near-perfect marriage.

"What's that?" came a half-absent-minded reply from behind the morning paper. "Nothing seriously wrong, I trust."

"Well, no. Everybody is in good health, I guess. Papa has received a contract to build a school and a hospital in Reykjavik, Iceland. He will be away from home for several months this spring and summer. What really bothers me is what she writes about some meetings she has been attending. Her cousin, Uncle Gottfried, has a visitor, a Danish evangelist, and has been inviting people to his home for some lectures. Mamma seems uncommonly interested in some of the things she has heard. She says she has never understood the Bible as she does now, and that these meetings have done more for her than anything she ever heard in the Lutheran church. Arthur, I do hope that mamma doesn't get mixed up with some kind of sect!"

Her husband folded the paper and put it down. "Come, come, sweetheart. Don't worry your pretty little head over anything so trivial. Your mother is a saint, as everybody knows. Anything

with a religious flavor is going to attract her. But this is only a passing fancy, I'm sure. Say, I have to be gone for nearly two months this summer on troop maneuvers. With your father away in Iceland, your mother will be lonesome. Why don't you take the boys and spend the summer with her? It will cheer you both up. You can find out what this is all about, and straighten her out if she needs it."

He came around to her side of the table, bent down, and gave her a reassuring kiss. Lena smiled.

"Arthur, you're wonderful. I had been wondering how I would stand this summer with you gone so long. No matter what the problem is, you always have the right solution. What a lucky girl I am to have a husband like you!"

THE long journey south with Peter and Paul, five and four years old respectively, was a challenge to Lena's ingenuity. "The two P's," as their father called them, were as lively and curious as a pair of terrier puppies. To keep them under constant supervision on the train

Lena was certain her mother did not need this new and strange faith.

Heroic Christian Mother

by *MARGIT S. HEPPENSTALL*

and the coastal steamer, Lena put each one on a long leash, and thus managed to arrive at her destination without a nervous breakdown.

Though she missed Arthur she enjoyed the thrill of her first visit home since her wedding. The first few weeks sped by in a flurry of excitement, as her old girl friends welcomed her back by vying with one another in entertaining her. She was whisked away to a succession of parties, picnics, and boating excursions, while the two P's were put out to pasture in the safety of Grandma's fenced-in back yard, supervised by an elderly maid who had been with the family since Lena's own childhood.

After the first intense social whirl came some quiet afternoons, with time for relaxation and small talk with her mother in the shaded summerhouse in the garden, fragrant with the scent of heliotrope and tea roses. The serious discussion that weighed on her mind could no longer be postponed, although she dreaded having to dissuade her gentle, lovable mother from some pet fancy. When the subject finally came up she was amazed to discover two things: Her mother, though as lovable as ever, was firm rather than gentle where her new religious interest was concerned; and it was far more than a pet fancy. By now it had become a deep-rooted conviction.

"Lena," she said, with a new ring of certainty in her voice, "can't you see from what I have told you that there is Bible proof to support every one of these doctrines that you find so strange and farfetched? The important thing with me is to follow the Bible and the Bible only!"

"Mamma, you are the most devout Christian I know! You don't need a new religion. The one you have is better than any other already. And all these prophecies and symbols. They seem so unnecessary. The important thing is to believe in Christ."

"But, child, if we love Him, we will obey Him!" Her mother dropped her knitting and leaned forward in her chair. "The times of ignorance God winked at, but now commands all men everywhere to repent. It says so right here in Acts 17:30." She fingered the Bible lovingly. It seemed to be always at her side these days, Lena thought.

"But, Mamma, how do you know that these people are interpreting the Bible correctly? Their teaching is so different. Why should this handful of people be right and all the rest of the Christian world be wrong? Why not leave the interpreting of the Bible to the ministers of the church who have been trained to do it? After all, you must admit that the people here in town who are accepting the message of

this evangelist can hardly be called educated! Old Tom Jensen, the cobbler; Mrs. Gundersen, the charwoman; and her daughter, the dressmaker; Uncle Gottfried and the few farmers from out of town—they are all fine, sincere people, but I don't think you need to take their word in this matter."

"I'm not. I am taking the word of this Book! The Holy Spirit makes the meaning plain to anyone who is honestly seeking for truth and who will let the Bible explain itself. Besides, God is no respecter of persons. Don't forget, Lena, in the days of Christ it was the common people who heard Him gladly. Even then, only a small handful actually believed in Him. Numbers and social standing are not necessarily on the side of truth."

"But, Mamma, it is not as simple as all that. This Adventist religion is so revolutionary. Imagine keeping Saturday instead of Sunday! Why make a spectacle of oneself? It is pure fanaticism. What would people say if you joined a sect like that? What would papa say? You know he would never allow it!"

She watched this last argument strike home. Her mother grew pale. She said nothing for a while, fumbling nervously with the fringes of her shawl. When she spoke, her voice was strained.

"I'm afraid you are right on that point, dear. I shall make no rash decisions. I am studying and praying as never before. But if this is really the truth, I must obey it no matter what happens."

The shouts of the boys ended the conversation, and Lena was grateful for the interruption afforded by a couple of skinned knees.

She felt that she was getting nowhere with her mother, and that her summer's mission was a failure. She had always admired her mother's deep piety, although she herself had been content with a less demanding religion. Now she was faced with the possibility of a serious cleavage in their views, and she did not relish the prospect. She also had an uncomfortable feeling that anyone who lived as close to God as her mother did should have the right to form her own convictions, since she was likely to have greater spiritual insight than most people.

It was all very disturbing, Lena thought, and she was relieved when the time came for her to return home.

She told her husband about the problem some time later, when life was flowing along in its usual happy way. Arthur laughed at her misgivings.

"Don't worry, darling! When it comes right down to it, your mother has too much sense to become seriously involved with a sect like that. Think what it would do to her social position! Your father would never allow it, as you say. I'm glad you have a mind of your own so as not to be taken in by your mother's little whim."

He held her at arm's length and looked at her quizzically for a moment. Then he laughed again. "Why, the thought is too ridiculous to even consider. Come, let's get ready for that theater date we have with the colonel tonight!"

THE next few years brought many changes. Arthur was promoted to captain in the infantry, which meant increased social responsibilities for Lena. There was a new home in the suburbs, nestling in spruce groves atop a hill and overlooking a shining fiord. There was the arrival of a baby daughter, who was welcomed jubilantly by the two P's, now schoolboys.

This was the bright side of the picture. There was also a dark side. This was the change in her childhood home, brought about by her mother's acceptance of the Seventh-day Adventist faith. Lena's father was a gentlemen of the

old school and had strong convictions about the duties of wives to obey their husbands. He had opposed his wife's new religious interest vigorously when he returned from Iceland and discovered how far it had developed. It was not uncommon for him to hide her best clothes to prevent her from attending services at the Adventist meetinghouse.

She, who had been the gentlest and most amenable of women, would quietly defy him by attending church in her housedress, walking with dignity through the entire length of the small town where everybody knew her and knew where she was going with her Bible in hand on a busy Saturday morning. He forbade her to receive any of the members of the sect in their home. Therefore, when Mrs. Gundersen was sent to notify Lena's mother of the time and place that had been arranged for her baptism, she came to the house with a basket of eggs on her arm. Accepted by the master of the house as an egg woman, she managed to slip into the hand of the mistress the piece of paper with the vital information.

When her father learned afterward that his wife had been baptized, his fury boiled over. Then after a torrent of scathing rebuke, he settled down to an icy silence. He moved into a room of his own, and although he continued to reside in the same house with his wife and eat at the same table, he did not exchange one word with her for the next ten years. An unmarried daughter who had returned to live at home was used as an intermediary when it was necessary.

Lena's infrequent summer visits with her parents were marred by the tension and bitterness of a previously happy household. But her mother seemed saintlier than ever, with a patience and a calm joy that moved Lena to tears.

"Mamma," she exclaimed after one particularly trying day, "how can you stand it? I would never be able to endure what you have to bear!"

"I hope you won't have to, dear. But every person must answer for himself. And if you are convinced of the truth of the Advent message, as I pray that you may be someday, you will not be able to disobey it. Time is short. Jesus will soon return to claim His own, and nothing matters but that we shall be ready. If only your father would surrender his stubborn pride and let the Lord save him! I can bear anything but to have him be lost. What happens to me here and now is not important. The sweetness of the fellowship of Jesus makes up for everything. Here, let me

read you a text." She turned to 2 Corinthians 4:17: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

She remembered that conversation when during the following winter she received a small pamphlet from her mother, advertising some lectures to be held in Trondheim. "I wish you would go and hear for yourself, Lena dear," the accompanying note said. "Give it a fair chance. Do not decide against it until you have. It will be presented so much better than I have been able to in our little talks. May God bless you and show you what is truth."

She studied the information in the pamphlet, listing the topics for the next few Sunday afternoon meetings, which would be held in a lodge hall in the city.

"Those are the same weeks that Arthur will be away on special maneuvers," she thought. "I might be able to go to a few lectures, just to see what they are like, and to satisfy mamma. I wouldn't dare go if Arthur were home but this way he need never find out."

World War I was now flaming throughout Europe, and although Norway had been able to preserve its neutrality, military exercises were stepped up to ensure preparedness. Captain Strom was scheduled to take part in winter training maneuvers near the border between Norway and Sweden.

Lena felt strange the first Sunday she left the boys and their sister in the housekeeper's care and took the suburban train into the city. She had told the children that she had a call to make and would be back in time for their supper and story hour.

She felt conspicuous as she made her way to a rather mediocre section of town and mounted the stairs to the hall on the second floor above a hardware store. A pleasant-faced young woman greeted her at the door and handed her a songbook, and a young man showed her to a seat. The room was nearly filled with people. She was sure there would be no one there from her circle of acquaintances, but she took a seat on the back row just in case.

After the audience had sung a few hymns a Pastor Berg appeared and began his discourse. He was a young man of no particular eloquence, but he seemed sincere in his presentation. What impressed her was his constant reference to Bible texts. With the help of charts and maps he unfolded the prophecy in Daniel 2 to show that there would never again be a universal king-

dom involving the lands of Europe, and that the next outstanding event in history would be the coming of God's own Son once more to this earth.

"There certainly was nothing wrong with what I heard today," she thought on the way home. "In fact, it was fascinating. Even Arthur would have found it so. Next Sunday he will speak on the signs and the manner of Christ's second coming. I would like to hear that. Our ministers ought to preach more on these topics, as mamma says."

THUS began a strange interlude in Lena's life. For the next few weeks she did not miss a single Sunday afternoon lecture. It was as if an irresistible force drew her back to the lodge hall again and again. As the doctrines of the Bible opened before her, she could not help agreeing with her mother that a religion ought not to be judged by the social standing or education of its adherents. The conviction that this message was the truth became stronger every time she heard it. Her correspondence with her mother was full of questions, and back through the mail came books and papers that she devoured until late into the night.

As she was leaving the meeting hall one Sunday, the young woman at the door introduced herself as Ingrid Holm and asked if she would like to have her come and visit her, so they could study the Bible together.

"I have noticed you coming regularly," she said, "and you probably have many questions that might be easier to answer privately."

Lena shook her head. "I would like to accept your kind offer, Miss Holm, but it is impossible. The only reason I have been able to attend these meetings is that my husband has been away. Now that he is coming home, I shall have to stop coming, much to my regret. And it would never do for you to come to my home. I am truly sorry, for I have enjoyed everything I have learned so far, and there is much more that I would like to learn."

The woman thought fast. "Mrs. Strom, I have an idea. I share an apartment with a friend of mine, Esther Thorsen, who is a fine dressmaker. Would you consider letting her do some sewing for you? If you would have to make regular trips to town to see your seamstress, there surely would be no embarrassing questions asked, would there? I could be there too, and we could study together then."

Lena's eyes lighted up. "An excellent

plan. That might be easily arranged."

Many times during the next few weeks she wished she could tell Arthur what she was doing; she felt like a part of a conspiracy. But she knew that she needed to learn more about the Bible foundation for her new faith before she would be strong enough to break the news to him.

After one afternoon's study on the lordship of Christ and what it means to make a full surrender, she went home deep in thought. Her whole being was in turmoil. Grateful that Arthur was spending the evening in town at a meeting of the officers' club, she ate supper with the children, told her daughter a story before tucking her in, and saw that Peter and Paul began their session of homework.

Then she took refuge in the garden. It was a balmy night in May. Waves of fragrance wafted toward her from the lilac thicket by the porch and the budding spruce groves farther down the slope. The sun was low in the northwestern sky, transforming the quiet ford into a mirror of burnished gold. From deep in the forest came the call of a cuckoo. All nature seemed to want to share its peace with Lena's troubled soul. But some words she had heard that day kept hammering in her mind: "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

"That forsaketh not all he hath!" How could anyone pay a price like that? She leaned against the old silver birch at the end of the lawn and laid her flushed cheek on its cool bark.

"Lord, I want to be a real Christian. I want to belong to Thee wholly. But does it have to be this way? O Lord, help me!"

Her lips formed the words, but no voice was heard. She remembered a passage Miss Holm had read to her from a book called *Steps to Christ*. They had burned themselves into her memory: "In giving ourselves to God, we must necessarily give up all that would separate us from Him. . . . Do you feel that it is too great a sacrifice to yield all to Christ? Ask yourself the question, 'What has Christ given for me?'"

She groaned softly and sat down on a lawn bench.

"Oh, Father in heaven, help me!" she prayed. "I must be Thine completely. I must give myself to Thee! But help me tell Arthur, and if it be Thy will, make him kindly disposed and understanding. But if not—" Her voice faltered. "But if not, help me to stand firm nevertheless. Thou hast

given all for me; I give my all to Thee. Take my heart. Rule my life. Be my Lord and my Redeemer. Amen."

The turmoil ceased. God's benediction smiled at her from the skies above. His presence was sacredly close as the cool, green evening held her in its own peace. She was accepted. She knew that now. She belonged to the Heart of the universe, and she believed that He would never leave her or forsake her.

She needed every bit of that conviction when she told her husband the next day of her study of the Bible and of her desire to join the Adventist Church.

He was first incredulous, then shocked, and then furious. In front of her horrified eyes he changed from the loving husband she had known to a cold-eyed, thin-lipped person she hardly recognized as he gave in to wounded pride and hot temper.

"You have deceived me! You have duped me! You, my gentle little dove— You, the model of a true and faithful wife. So this is what you have been doing behind my back! And how do I know that you haven't done a lot of other things not yet confessed! How can you dream of doing such a thing as joining that sect? Have you no love nor regard for me or the children? Are you bound and determined to wreck our happy home the way your mother did hers? Well, I'm not going to let you. You must break all connections with these people. I forbid you to ever see one of them again. If any of them dares show up around here, I shall get out my horsewhip. You shall see who is master of this house!"

He walked the floor, heaping invective upon invective, while Lena cowered in her chair, white-faced and numb with heartache. He stopped and shook his fists toward the ceiling.

"How could I have been so trusting? I was so sure that you would profit from your mother's horrible example and not repeat her mistake. Lena, Lena, how could you do this to me! This fanatical religion—these impossible concepts of what God requires. If you have to be so religious, why couldn't you choose something a little less odd and peculiar? You tell me that you cannot attend the theater with me again or go to dances. That in itself puts me in a very awkward position. But if you joined that sect, we would be the laughingstock of the regiment. You would ruin my career.

"Can't you imagine people talking: 'Mrs. Strom is going to church on Saturdays with a bunch of charwomen and

chambermaids! People will think you have lost your mind, and rightly so. They will say, 'How can a man command troops when he cannot even control his own wife?' But don't worry. It will never happen. I am putting my foot down. If you want to go through with this absurd idea, it will mean a parting of the ways for you and me. That is my final word."

He slammed the door behind him, and through a mist of tears Lena watched him dash down the hill to catch a train to the city. For the first time in sixteen years he did not turn to wave and blow her a kiss.

Pale and trembling, she found her Bible and began searching for some words of encouragement in this darkest hour of her life. Her eyes fell on Matthew 10:34: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

"That sword is turning around in my heart right now," she thought. Then she read on.

"For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother. . . . And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."

"Or husband," said a mournful voice inside her heart.

"And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

"Arthur, Arthur, my life, my love, how can I bear to lose you?" she sobbed. "Oh, God, does this really have to be?"

She spent a great deal of time in prayer that day. When Arthur came home in the evening, she watched for a softening of his attitude. There was none. For several days she sought to effect a reconciliation.

He finally suggested a compromise, one he thought was very generous: "You may be an Adventist quietly in your own home. You may be excused from attending the theater with me and functions involving what you call 'worldly pleasures.' But you must promise me not to join the Adventist Church. Nor may you see another Adventist except your mother as long as you are my wife, nor allow any of them to get in touch with you in any way whatsoever. You must not discuss your beliefs with our children. On those conditions we will keep our home together."

She thought it over for a long time. It mattered to her tremendously to

keep her family intact. Maybe by patience and quiet endurance she could win her dearest one to a more reasonable attitude. Her peace-loving nature had always tried to avoid strife and conflict. She agreed to the proposition reluctantly.

But the peace she expected did not come. A feeling of estrangement had crept into her home life. At the same time her conscience kept prodding her: "No one has a right to dictate to you in matters of faith. The Bible says, 'We ought to obey God rather than man.' Your soul is no longer your own under this agreement. How can you expect to remain faithful to your Lord without the fellowship of others to encourage you? How can you be a true believer and not share this glorious truth with your children?"

She fought the battle all over once more one evening that summer while Arthur was again on maneuvers. After hours with her Bible and on her knees she came to the conclusion that she must insist on full church privileges. Otherwise she would not be doing her duty to God or to herself as a free moral agent.

The victory was not easily won. The decision was made in the face of all that it implied in terms of sacrifice and dire consequences. But the peace in her heart was the kind "which passeth all understanding."

A hush settled in the room as if a heavenly presence were there. Lena was awed and thrilled. She knew without a shred of doubt that if her eyes were to be opened, she would see the angel sent by God to give her special strength for the battle to follow. "I felt that if I stretched out my hand, I would have touched his wings," she recalled later.

When Arthur returned in August, it was as bad as she had feared. He alternately raved and ranted, wept and pleaded, threatened and cajoled. There was a never-to-be-forgotten night when he tried to throw her bodily out of the house, with three horrified youngsters watching, and holding onto their mother's skirts to keep her with them. Hearing the commotion, the house-

keeper rushed to the scene and restrained him.

He was like a man bereft of his reason. His officer friends, even though they lamented Lena's turning to such a "fanatical" religion, tried to make him see that he was gaining nothing by acting as he did.

Lena, leaning on strength from Heaven, manifested such gentleness throughout the ordeal that all their mutual friends and even Arthur's relatives came to her defense. But no one could reason with him. He maintained that she had broken her marriage vows that enjoined her to love, honor, and obey him, and that he had every right to hurt her as much as she had hurt him. He proceeded to do so, and the end was inevitable.

The final twist of the sword in Lena's heart came when a suit was filed for legal separation, and she was awarded custody of the children. The home was broken. Her sacrifice was complete. "I told mamma I could never bear what she had to suffer," she thought, "but the Lord has given me strength to endure tenfold."

Lena's father, although still unshaken in his opposition to the Adventist religion, opened the old family home to her and the children, and she was able to brighten the last few years of her parents' lives with loving care.

There was no bitterness in her heart. She never felt that she had paid too high a price for her spiritual freedom, but rather that "this darkness is the shadow of God's wing." The sense of her Saviour's nearness was the greatest reality in her life. It remained with her always to put a spring in her step and a song in her heart through loneliness, disappointment, and financial difficulty. None of these were able to tinge her cheerful smile with sadness or dim the look of wonder and joy in her eyes.

Magdalena Strom had proved her Lord and found His promise true: "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

Her genuine Christian character spread a fragrance to all who crossed her path. It will live forever in the memory of her children, one of whom has recorded this story in a grateful tribute to a heroic Christian mother.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

A R M E N I A
B A R J O N A
C H A R I T Y
D A M A R I S
C A L V A R Y
P H A R P A R



all Ham

and a world wide

by C. M. EDWARDS

Amateur radio operators have turned this hobby into a remarkably valuable communication skill.

A NORWEGIAN whaling vessel strikes a submerged iceberg near the Arctic Circle and begins to sink. A thousand miles away an Iowa schoolboy, idly tuning his amateur radio receiver, hears the S O S and makes contact with the Coast Guard.

All hands are saved.

On the Florida Keys a raging hurricane prompts an invalid to crawl to his radio set. He remains there for hours relaying vital messages—after the roof has blown off his house. Help comes quickly, delivered by the man at the “key.”

For amateur radio operators—hams, as they are popularly known—excitement is nothing new. They’ve been called to help mankind hundreds of times in the past four decades.

A handful of “pioneers” in 1901, they’ve grown into an international fraternity with 120,000 members—and the number is still increasing.

First inspired by Guglielmo Marconi,

father of wireless communication across the Atlantic, hams have contributed many new developments in wireless communication, and performed courageously whenever called upon.

Progress was slow at first. All transmitting and receiving apparatus had to be assembled by hand. Few books—no magazines—on the topic were available.

As far back as 1910 hams built workable sets, talking to other experimenters up to one mile away. By 1923 communications with other continents—Australia and South Africa—were well established.

Constant tinkering, ingenuity, experience: that’s a “ham.” One helped track the first man-made satellite. Another discovered the value of short waves and helped open the way for TV and FM broadcasting.

In 1953 a two-man team of hams, experimenting with an inexpensive 650-watt transmitter, bounced signals off the moon. The feat astounded government

scientists whose costly equipment had barely reached the moon a mere three years earlier.

World War II called more than 25,000 hams into uniform. A valuable wartime asset, they designed "commo" equipment, set up global networks, manned radar installations.

In peacetime, amateur radio operators maintain a national emergency network that assists disaster units. Amateurs on disaster duty have stayed at their sets thirty or forty hours without food or sleep to transmit and relay messages for medical supplies and doctors.

Hams talk with their counterparts in other countries, comprising the friendliest "club" in the world. Some play games via short wave. One ten-year-old checks his geography lessons with hams in foreign countries. His grades are highest in his class.

An amateur radio set may be smaller than a television console, and draw less current than an ordinary electric iron. Factory-built sets cost up to \$3,000.

Many hams build their own from do-it-yourself kits. According to the Heath Company, you can outfit a station that way for as little as \$75, including transmitter, all-band receiver, key, and antenna. All you need to assemble them is a screwdriver, soldering iron, and long-nose pliers. On the other hand, one "ham rig" is valued at \$100,000.

Any American citizen can become a licensed operator by passing the government examination, which among other things requires that he be able to send and receive a minimum of five words a minute by telegraph key. Simple enough for anyone with an interest in the hobby.

Few hobbies are more rewarding, offering fun, excitement, friends in every country in the world—all at the flick of the switch.

FAMILY FARE

A Difference in Us

by **MARILYN JOHNSON RIESEBERG**

THREE-YEAR-OLD Teddy spilled his milk during Sabbath dinner. As I opened my mouth to scold he asked seriously, "Can I go to heaven now?"

When we older folks make mistakes we worry about what our boss will think, what our friends will say, what the mistake will do to our income or our future promotions. How many of us worry as to whether our mistakes will keep us out of heaven? If more of our actions were guided by our desire to reach the kingdom, we would then become Christians who lived as if we really expected Jesus to return soon.

The Youth's Instructor Amateur Radio Log

K1IKC—Chuck Mitchell, Sterling Rd., South Lancaster, Mass.—80-6. Phone and CW. Phone patch.

K1JDJ—Carl Mitchell, 78 Nepas Rd., Fairfield, Conn.—75, 40, 20, 15. Phone and CW.

K1KHX—F. W. Donnenberger, Box 255, Albion, R.I.—40, 20. CW.

K1MIJ—Wilson Caselli, 394 Great Rd., Lincoln, R.I.—40, 20, 6, 2. Phone and CW.

W2GYZ—Godfrey C. Beckett, Port Murray Rd., Rt. 2, Washington, N.J.—75-10. AM and SSB.

W2HHX—Donald A. Learned, Rt. 2, Cazenovia, N.Y.—20. Phone.

W2ODY—George B. Suhrie, 67 Glenwood Dr., North Haledon, N.J.—All bands. Phone.

W2RHG—Allen J. Learned, Rt. 2, Cazenovia, N.Y.—20. Phone.

W2VFK—G. A. Rhoads, Jr. ("AP"), 11 Eighth Ave., Haddon Heights, N.J.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

W2ZHL—Stanley J. Farnham, 116 Lansdowne Ave., Haddonfield, N.J.—All bands. Phone and CW.

W3ATH—Harvey L. Sauder, Rt. 1, Hagerstown, Md.—80, 40, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

K3DPV—Timothy Neufeld ("Tim"), 705 Langley Dr., Silver Spring, Md.—40, 20, 10, 6. Phone and CW.

K3DQA—Arthur Robertson, 8117 Chester St., Takoma Park 12, Md.—6, 2. AM.

W3GUH—Lewis Ankerbrand ("Lew"), 335 Dock St., Schuylkill Haven, Pa.—2. CD, C.A.P., AREC, RACES, MARS, PFN.

K3HPZ—Karl Kilmosh, 100 S. Linden Ave., Hatboro, Pa.—80-10. Phone and CW.

KN3LJN—Walter C. Dorn, 8901 Flower Ave., Silver Spring, Md.—80, 40. CW.

KN3LJP—Edmund M. Peterson, 1210 Prospect St., Takoma Park 12, Md.—80, 40. CW.

K3LRU—Melvin R. Lyon, 2015 Oakridge Lane, Adelphi, Md.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. AM and CW.

KN3LXS—Bill Hooker, 1000 Prospect Ave., Takoma Park 12, Md.—80, 15. CW.

W3SSB—Noel R. Nelson, 7810 Greenwood Ave., Takoma Park 12, Md.—All bands. AM, CW, and SSB.

W3TNE—Don Jones, 7425 Aspen Ct., Takoma Park 12, Md.—All bands. CW.

W3TRT—Bob Ford, 8322 26th Ave., Adelphi, Md.—All bands. Phone and CW.

W3TSA—Takoma Park Amateur Radio Club, Takoma Park 12, Md.—80-10. Phone and CW. Noel Nelson, trustee.

W3UYC—George Messenger, 7730 Greenwood Ave., Takoma Park 12, Md.—All bands. AM and CW.

W4AZU—Clayton Schlenker, 4013 Blanton Lane, Louisville 16, Ky.—80, 20, 15, 10, 6. AM and SSB.

K4BFI—Charles De Ark, P.O. Box 126, Pegram, Tenn.

K4CCE—Gerald W. White, Stanley, Va.—80-10. Phone and CW. Bible study group 3855 at 0600 E.S.T. /3—Washington Missionary College, Takoma Park, Md.

K4DWU—Ronnie Maples, 619 Hoyle St., Durham, N.C.—160-2. Phone and CW. RACES, R.C.C. MARS member (AA4DWU).

K4GLN—"Pete" Walden, P.O. Box 1313, Orlando, Fla.—All bands. Phone.

W4HOC—John H. Carlson, Coalmont, Tenn.

W4MJZ—Francis M. Northrop, 12 Loizos Dr., Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

K4PMG—Tim Otto, Collegedale, Tenn.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone.

K4PPL—Arnold Otto, Collegedale, Tenn.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone.

K4PSL—Wiley Austin, Rt. 6, Box 58, Plant City, Fla.—80-10. Phone and CW.

K4RTO—Wilton B. White, Shenandoah Valley Academy, New Market, Va.—75-10. Phone and CW.

W4RWS—Rodger V. Neidigh, Rt. 20, Lobetti Rd., Knoxville 21, Tenn.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

K4SCF—Hersch Martin, M.D., 303-A Fairview Dr., Dalton, Ga.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. AM, CW, SSB, RTTY. Traffic invited.

KN4STD—Edward E. Mayers, 3003 Overton Rd., Richmond 28, Va.—3725 kc. CW.

K4TOB—Charles T. Jones, 7213 Rome Ave., Birmingham 6, Ala.—20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

KN4WQU—Arthur D. Maples, 619 Hoyle St., Durham, N.C.—80, 40, 15, 2.

W4ZFO—Oluf Edwin Olsen, M.D., 601 E. Rollins Ave., Orlando, Fla.—80-10. Phone and CW; 2 phone.

KN5BHL—Gerald E. Copeland, 1706 Cherry Ave., Lawton, Okla.—75. CW.

K5DLH—J. L. Copeland, Jr., 1706 Cherry Ave., Lawton, Okla.—75, 40, 20, 10. Phone and CW.

W5FWK—Jim Calloway, 1005 Cuero St., Garland, Tex.—80, 40, 10. Phone and CW. Fixed and mobile.

W5GCD/6—Hazel Mallory, 25175 Gould St., San Bernardino, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and SSB.

W5HYP—Nita M. Spink, 406 N. 39th Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.

W5IRY—W. E. Ross, Sr., 4003 W. 21 St., Little Rock, Ark.—80-10. AM phone and CW.

K5LHA—Ed Reno, 2223 Barlow Ave., Dallas 24, Tex.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone.

W5PX—Arthur W. Beem, Rt. 1, Traskwood, Ark.—75, 40, 20, 10 fixed; 10 mobile. MARS member.

K5ULT—Jimmy Lothian, 7324 Turtle Creek Blvd., Dallas, Tex.—40. CW.

W5ZDP—G. Herbert Fleenor, Hays County Memorial Hospital, San Marcos, Tex.—80, 20, 10. Phone.

K6AKK—Dean Holland, M.D., Box 177, Paradise, Calif.—80-10. AM.

WA6AXP—Bob Jauch, Box 535, Angwin, Calif.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone, CW, and SSB. Phone patch for Pacific Union College.

WA6BOQ—Wiley M. Elick, P.O. Box 401, Hanford, (QTH Five Points), Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone, CW, and SSB.

WA6BQZ—Jack Griffith, 1761 Drendel Circle, Paradise, Calif.—All bands. AM, CW, and SSB.

W6BUX—Walter M. Bolinger, Box 494, Angwin, Calif.

WA6BXD—Bob Leo, 2610 Green Acres Dr., Visalia, Calif.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

WA6CBV—Michael D. Milliron, 415 Concord St., Lodi, Calif.—80, 10. Phone and CW.

K6CJO—Rene P. Veroul, 16429 Superior St., Sepulveda, Calif.

WA6CQX—Wilber R. Elliott, 11747 Campus Dr., Riverside (permanent QTH La Sierra College), Calif.—All bands. Phone and CW. Bible study net, 0600 P.S.T. daily, 3854 kc.

W6DQL—Angwin Amateur Radio Association, Pacific Union College, Angwin, Calif. Walter M. Bolinger, trustee. Will be glad to arrange schedules.

1960

WA6DRY—Elden Wood, 1294 Woodcroft Rd., Paradise, Calif.—80-10. AM and CW.

WA6DRZ—Larry Drayton, 1692 Bille Rd., Paradise, Calif.—All bands. AM, CW, and SSB.

WA6DVO—Leonard Drayton, 1692 Bille Rd., Paradise, Calif.—All bands. AM, CW, and SSB.

WA6ECC—Edwin Pullen, P.O. Box 336, Galt, Calif.—80-10. Phone and CW. Bible study group 0600, 3854 kc. /6—Pacific Union College, Angwin, Calif.

W6ECE—Bernie Mallory, 25175 Gould St., San Bernardino, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and SSB.

W6EDL—College of Medical Evangelists Amateur Radio Club, White Memorial Hospital, 1720 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles 33, Calif.—80, 75, 40, 20, 15, 10, 2. Phone and CW.

WA6EIB—Barry Parkinson, Box 739, Paradise, Calif.—Mobile 80 AM; Fixed 160-10, 2. AM and CW.

WA6ESL—Scot Holland, Box 177, Paradise, Calif.—80-10. AM and CW.

W6EVP—Jack Mallory, D.D.S., 1065 Fairview Dr., Paradise, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM.

WV6FKI/A—Bob Ensminger, Rt. 1, Box J, Linden, Calif.—80-10. Phone AM and CW. S.D.A. net, M.W.F., 0630 P.S.T., 3854 kc.

W6FTL/4—Glenn L. Foster, 1532 Valley View Dr., Birmingham 9, Ala.—80-10. Phone and CW.

WA6GJI—Clifford L. Rodgers, 427 E. 18th St., Marysville, Calif.—80, 40.

WA6IHE—Lindy Williams, Rt. 2, Box 855D, Modesto, Calif.—80-10. AM, CW, SSB.

WA6ILC—Guy Lee Welsh, 321 E. Stanislaus, Avenal, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

WV6IUU—Jon Green, P.O. Box 1301, Escondido, Calif.—2 phone; 80-10 CW.

K6JAI—Roy H. Steck, 11518 Westwood Dr., Arlington, Tenn.—6. Phone. /4—Madison College, Madison, Tenn.

WV6JFN—Jonathan N. Hardt, 3420 Pueblo Ave., Los Angeles 32, Calif.—80, 40, CW.

K6JIT—E. A. Tinker, Jr. ("Bert"), 6011 Rose Arbor Ave., San Pablo, Calif.—6, 2. Phone.

WV6KCH—Franklin A. Mason, Box 7, La Sierra Sta., Arlington, Calif.—40, 15. CW.

WA6KDK—Gary Davidson, Rt. 2, Box 304, Manteca, Calif.—80-10. Phone and CW.

K6KGM—Ervin Phillips, 376 Delno, Fresno 6, Calif.—75, 40, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

W6KOA/4—Eleanor O. Foster, 1532 Valley View Dr., Birmingham 9, Ala.—80-10. Phone and CW.

WV6KYD—San Gabriel Academy Radio Club, 8833 E. Broadway, San Gabriel, Calif. Jerry Hoffman, secretary.

WV6KYF—Joe Graffi, Jr., 5118 La Calandria Dr., Los Angeles 32, Calif. W6EDL—2. Phone.

WV6KYZ—Arthur Walls, 5520 Encinita Ave., Temple City, Calif.—80, 40, 15. CW.

W6LHY—Paul Williams, Sr., P.O. Box 265, Angwin, Calif.—160, 80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

K6LOS—Bill Hullquist, 5474 Mission Blvd., Riverside, Calif.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM and SSB. Fixed and mobile. Traffic handled.

WV6LVU—Robert Tims, 400B Thompson, China Lake, Calif.—40. CW.

K6MJS—Charles H. Seitz ("Mert"), 1955 Marta Dr., Pleasant Hill, Calif.—Bible study group daily, 0600 P.S.T., 3854 kc. Net nightly, 1830 P.S.T., 3905 kc. Northern California traffic. Phone patch; can handle traffic for Bay area.

K6PUA—Reg Scarbrough, 1779 Whitaker Rd., Paradise, Calif.—80, 40, 15, 10.

K6QEF—Art Barnaby, 3717½ N. Del Mar, South San Gabriel, Calif.—2. Phone and CW. Fixed and mobile.

K6SFV/3—Bernard Marsh, M.D., U.S. Public Health Service Hospital, Baltimore 11, Md.—20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

W6TAK—Malcolm Swingle, 9508 Palmetto Ave., Fontana, Calif.—20, 15, 10. Phone and SSB.

K6VUO—R. L. Hilliard ("Bob"), 10625 Mountain View Ave., Rt. 2, Redlands, Calif.—75, 40, 10. Phone and CW.

W6WHY—Dave Wurscher, 1757 Whitaker Rd., Paradise, Calif.—80, 40, 15, 10.

W6WWT—Don R. Pearson, U.S. Forest Service, North Fork, Calif.—All bands. Usually on 3854 kc.

K6YBK—Howard Swenson, 1705 Timothy Ave., Modesto, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10, 2. Phone and CW. Will handle any phone patch traffic.

K6YCI—Paul Williams, Jr., P.O. Box 265, Angwin, Calif.—160, 80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

K6ZGL—A. A. Cree ("Ace"), 5290 Rindge Rd., Arlington, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

K6ZLU—Les Gilpin, 2944 Home Ave., Fresno 3, Calif.—80-10.

W6ZTY—Guy B. Welsh, 321 E. Stanislaus, Avenal, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW. Bible study net, 0600 P.D.T., 3854 kc.

W7AXQ—Clifford L. Witzel ("Cliff"), Auburn Academy, Auburn, Wash.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10.

K7BCF—Charles Samuel Werner, P.O. Box 112, Merlin, Ore.

K7DLK—Larry Lambeth, Rt. 2, Box 15q, Pendleton, Ore.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

W7EYE—Nels H. Nelson, 326 S.E. 6th St., College Place, Wash.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

K7GLA—Warren W. Watson, 1124 E. El Camino Dr., Phoenix, Ariz.

K7GTE—H. W. Dunford, D.O., 5746 W. Hazelwood Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

K7HJU—Robert F. Reiber, 12218 N. 57th St., Scottsdale, Ariz.—80, 40, 20, 10. Phone and CW.

W7HVR—Jerry Schoepflin, Rt. 2, Box 222, Battle Ground, Wash.—40, 10. AM, CW, and SSB.

K7IBQ—Bob Wresch, Rt. 2, Box 262-A, Battle Ground, Wash.—40, 15. CW.

W7JEL—Lee Parker, P.O. Box 698, Sandy, Ore.—6. Phone and CW.

K7JUK—Gordon E. Simkin, 1599 Austin Ave., Idaho Falls, Idaho.—6. Fridays, evenings.

K7KEG—Ralph E. Jacobus, Rt. 2, Box 13, Walla Walla, Wash.—All bands. Phone and CW.

KN7KJP—Kathy Wresch (YL), Rt. 2, Box 262-A, Battle Ground, Wash.—40, 15. CW.

KN7KOA—Dick Wresch, Rt. 2, Box 262-A, Battle Ground, Wash.—40, 15. CW.

KN7KPB—John E. Schoengart, Rt. 4, Box 112, Port Orchard, Wash.—80, 40, 15. CW.

KN7LTE—Dale Ross, 315 N. Vincent Pl., Eugene, Ore.—40. CW.

KN7LTV—Ronnie Conley, 811 Palmer St., Miles City, Mont.—80, 40, 15. CW.

W7QHR—William Jensen ("Bill"), 510 S.E. 4th St., College Place, Wash.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10, 2. Phone.

W7RDU—Eugene E. Taft, Box 112, 12-A Hiway, Ocean Park, Wash.—75, 40, 20. Phone and CW.

W7SZF—Michael James Perry, 335 W. 202 St., Seattle 77, Wash.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM and SSB. Will handle phone patch traffic.

W7VOT—Delmer Wagner, Rt. 1, Box 71, Terrebonne, Ore.—80, 40, 20, 10. Phone.

W7WUI—Stephen J. Yost, 2516 Nob Hill Ave., Seattle, Wash.—75, 40, 20, 10 phone; 80, 40, 20, 10 CW. Will handle traffic into Northwest.

W7YKV—H. F. Fischer, M.D. ("Fred"), 317 Shoshone St. N., Twin Falls, Idaho—All bands.

K8AYW—Terry Zdon, 28336 Hampden, Madison Heights, Mich.—80-10.

K8CDU—Kurt Alexander, Rt. 2, Onaway, Mich.—80-10.

K8CWE—Richard Nimbach, 1882 Eaton Rd., Berkley, Mich.—80-10. Phone and CW. /8—Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Mich.

W8DDW—Carlyle B. Schultz, Rt. 5, Wapakoneta, Ohio.—160, 75. Phone. Dog House net 1800 E.S.T. Mon., 75; Ohio Emergency net 1800 E.S.T., Thurs., 75.

W8FEM—Dick Sowler, 111 Mansfield Ave., Mount Vernon, Ohio.—80, 40, 20, 10. Phone AM and CW.

W8HTC—Robert P. Swisher, 120 Oak Hill Ave., Delaware, Ohio.—6, 2. Phone and CW. Fixed and mobile. MARS 2220 kc.

K8IVN—Zane Faurot, New Knoxville, Ohio.—6, 2. Phone and CW.

K8NGY—Jerry Fore, 910 Staples Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.—80, 75, 40, 20, 15, 10, 6. Phone AM and CW.

K8PME—Gerry Smith, 107 Pennsylvania Ave., Clarksburg (Nutter Fort Sta.), W. Va.—All bands. Phone.

KN8SFE—Samuel C. Jackson, 3309 Glendale Ave., Detroit 38, Mich.—80, 40, 15 CW; 145-147 mc. phone and CW.

K9CKZ—Aubrey L. Gooch, Sr., 1228 Avon St., La Crosse, Wis.—80, 40, 20, 15. CW.

K9IBT—Nesbit A. Boyles, P.O. Box 7, Hartford City, Ind.—80, 40, 20, 15; 10, 6, 2—phone and CW, fixed; 6 mobile. Phone patch. R.T.T.Y. MARS—AFA9IBT, 7305, 49980.

K9JPZ—Robert Johnson ("Bob"), Box 206, Withee, Wis.—80, 40, 15. Phone and CW. MARS member.

K9LBY—Aubrey L. Gooch, Jr., 1228 Avon St., La Crosse, Wis.—80, 40, 20, 15. Phone and CW. /9—Wisconsin Academy, Columbus, Wis.

K9ORV—William Haper, 2614 Krum St., Alton, Ill.—6. Phone. MARS 4450 phone.

K9RWA—Ronnie Myers ("Lid"), 718 Brown Ave., Evanston, Ill.—80-2. Phone and CW. /9—Broadview Academy, La Fox, Ill.

KN9URS—Frederick A. Boyles, P.O. Box 7, Hartford City, Ind.—80, 40, 15. CW.

K0LGR/7—Donald L. Starkey, D.O., 1950 W. Indian School Rd., Phoenix, Ariz.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW. Fixed and mobile.

K0LXU—Henry D. Darrell, 2506 N. 64th, Kansas City 4, Kans.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone.

W0VCG—Harry C. Lloyd, Box 71, Nucla, Colo.—80, 40, 20, 15, 11, 10. Phone and CW.

KN0YFP—Rhoda D. Lewis, 1118 W. Arroya, Pueblo, Colo.

CANADA

VE7AFV—E. L. Liske ("AP"), R.R. 5, Kelowna, B.C., Canada.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. AM, CW, and SSB. Phone patch. Northwest Go net member.

VE7AMZ—Victor Loo, 332 E. 38th Ave., Vancouver 10, B.C., Canada.—75, 40, 20. Phone and CW.

VE7CO—J. A. G. Bunting ("Algie"), Rt. 5, Kelowna, B.C., Canada.—80, 40, 20, 10. AM phone and CW. Main operation 75 phone.

VE7ZI—R. E. Kye ("Bob"), 459 Glenwood Ave., Kelowna, B.C., Canada.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. AM, CW, and SSB. Phone patch.

DENMARK

OZ5AW—Arne Wagenblast, Norre Allé 30 A, Aarhus, Denmark.—All bands. Phone.

FIJI ISLANDS

VR2DO—O. D. F. McCutcheon, Central Pacific Union Mission of S.D.A., Tamavua, P.O. Box 270, Suva, Fiji Islands.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone.

HAWAII

KH6CWQ—Matthew D. Lee, 1428 Kauluwela Lane, Honolulu 17, T.H.—40. Phone and CW. SDA traffic preferred.

NEW ZEALAND

ZL2AUZ—Russell Blair, 365 Main St., Palmerston N., New Zealand.—20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

OKINAWA

KR6DR—George M. Tolhurst, M.D., Okinawa Mission of S.D.A., Akahira, Naha, Okinawa.—All bands. SSB.

PARAGUAY

ZP5IT—Ira E. Bailie, M.D., Sanatorio Adventista, Petrirossi 174, Asuncion, Paraguay.—20, 15, 10. AM and DSB.

ZP5JE—Clara N. Bailie, Sanatorio Adventista, Petrirossi 174, Asuncion, Paraguay.—20, 15, 10. AM and DSB.

PITCAIRN

VR6AC—Floyd McCoy, Pitcairn Island, S.P.O.—20, 15, 10.—Phone on Mon., Tue., Wed. at 0600 to 0730 GMT.

SOUTH AMERICA

CP1BC—Gunnar Wensell, M.D., Chulumani Sanitarium and Hospital, Chulumani, Sud Yungas, Bolivia.—40, 20, 15. Contacts with mission field doctors appreciated.

The next Youth's Instructor Radio Log is scheduled for publication in August, 1961. Listings must be in the editorial office not later than June 1, 1961.

THE SONGBOOK FOR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

Singing Youth

Prepared by the MV Department of the General Conference

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General Conference, S.D.A.

Sabbath School

Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

IX—THINKING AND PRACTICING PURITY

(August 27, 1960)

Daily Study Record: **S** **S** **M** **T** **W** **T** **F**

MEMORY GEM: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God" (Matt. 5:8).

OUTSIDE READING: *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 59, 60.

Introduction

The seventh commandment has suffered not only in its rejection by God's enemies but also in being winked at by His friends. This lesson presents that precept of God's law that is so flagrantly held in contempt by modern men and fashions. In the brazen conduct of cheap women, in relations between the sexes, and in the disregard of the time-honored standards of modesty, this commandment to purity is violated.

In this day and age it is easy to get an immodest swim suit; difficult to find a modest one. It is easy to drift with the crowd and forget we should wear only that which can be worn "to the glory of God."

So, what will the young Christian do? Will he conform to the modern trend, or will he refuse to go to those places where it is impossible to maintain respect for God and himself?

Do these things make any difference, really?

Think it over as you go through this lesson.

Never mind what you saw last week at the beach or swimming pool. Never mind that Brother or Sister So-and-so in your church says, "We are living in different times." God and one is a majority, when that one makes a choice for right. Your decision will tell. How about you? What times are you living in?

You will have to answer these questions for yourself.

1 A Sacred Relationship

1. What relationship did God ordain in the creation of our first parents?

"Have you not read that the Creator made them from the beginning male and female and said, On this account a man shall leave his father and mother and be joined to his wife and the two shall be one flesh? So they are no longer two but one flesh" (Matt. 19:4, 5, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"God celebrated the first marriage. Thus the institution has for its originator the Creator of the universe. . . . When the divine principles are recognized and obeyed in this relation, marriage is a blessing; it guards the purity and happiness of the race, it provides for man's social needs, it elevates the physical, the intellectual, and the moral nature."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 46.

2. What safeguard for family life is proclaimed in the seventh commandment?

"Thou shalt not commit adultery" (Ex. 20:14).

NOTE.—"The command is a simple, unqualified, irrevocable negative. 'Thou shalt not!' No argument is used, no reason given, because

none is required. The sin is of so destructive and damning a nature that it is in itself sufficient cause for the stern forbidding. . . . A sevenfold vice is this sin of unchaste conduct, being sin against the individual, the family, society, the nation, the race, the universe, and God."—G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, *The Ten Commandments*, p. 78.

3. What law is inexorably at work in the life of the young person?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7).

NOTE.—"He who has once yielded to temptation will yield more readily the second time. Every repetition of the sin lessens his power of resistance, blinds his eyes, and stifles conviction. Every seed of indulgence sown will bear fruit. God works no miracle to prevent the harvest."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 268.

2 The Secret of Stability

4. What is the fundamental cause of sensuality?

"They did not like to retain God in their knowledge" (Rom. 1:28).

5. What does God do with those in this condition?

"God gave them over to a reprobate mind" (Rom. 1:28).

NOTE.—"Let the mind be directed to high and holy ideals, let the life have a noble aim, an absorbing purpose, and evil finds little foothold. Let the youth, then, be taught to give close study to the word of God. Received into the soul, it will prove a mighty barricade against temptation."—*Education*, p. 190.

6. By what principle was Joseph guided?

"How could I commit so great a crime and sin against God!" (Gen. 39:9, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"Joseph's answer reveals the power of religious principle. He would not betray the confidence of his master on earth, and, whatever the consequences, he would be true to his Master in heaven. Under the inspecting eye of God and holy angels, many take liberties of which they would not be guilty in the presence of their fellow-men; but Joseph's first thought was of God. 'How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?' he said."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 217.

7. By what power may every sinner have the victory over temptation?

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13).

"Have nothing to do with sexual immorality, dirty-mindedness, uncontrolled passion, evil desire" (Col. 3:5, Phillips).

NOTE.—"It is for you to yield up your will to the will of Jesus Christ; and as you do this, God will immediately take possession and work in you to will and to do of His good pleasure. Your whole nature will then be brought under the control of the Spirit of Christ, and even your thoughts will be subject to Him."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 514.

"If you draw close to Jesus and seek to adorn your profession by a well-ordered life and godly conversation, your feet will be kept from straying into forbidden paths. If you will only watch, continually watch unto prayer, if you will do everything as if you were in the immediate presence of God, you will be saved from yielding to temptation, and may hope to be kept pure, spotless, and undefiled till the last. . . . If Christ be within us, we shall crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts."—*Ibid.*, p. 148.

3 The Temple of God

8. Why is sin against the body a sin against God?

"Are you not aware that your bodies are members of Christ?" "Or do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit within you, which you have from God, and that you do not belong to yourselves? For you were bought and paid for; then give God the glory with your body" (1 Cor. 6:15, 19, 20, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"Is it true that all the powers of our being, our bodies, our spirits, all that we have, and all we are, belong to God? It certainly is. And when we realize this, what obligation does it lay us under to God to preserve ourselves in that condition that we may honor Him upon the earth in our bodies and in our spirits which are His."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 354.

9. What manner of life only is proper for saints?

"God has not called us to an impure but to a holy life" (1 Thess. 4:7, Berkeley).

NOTE.—“Nothing but purity, sacred purity, will stand the grand review, abide the day of God, and be received into a pure and holy heaven.”—*Ibid.*, p. 458.

4 Every Thought in Captivity

10. How wide an application did Jesus give to the seventh commandment?

“Anyone who looks lustfully at a woman has in his heart already broken the marriage vow” (Matt. 5:28, Berkeley).

NOTE.—“This commandment forbids not only acts of impurity, but sensual thoughts and desires, or any practice that tends to excite them. Purity is demanded not only in the outward life, but in the secret intents and emotions of the heart. Christ, who taught the far-reaching obligation of the law of God, declared the evil thought or look to be as truly sin as is the unlawful deed.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 308.

11. What thoughts should possess the mind of the young believer?

“Whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is kindly spoken, whatever is lofty and whatever is praiseworthy, put your mind on these” (Phil. 4:8, Berkeley).

NOTE.—“It is your duty to control your thoughts. You will have to war against a vain imagination. You may think that there can be no sin in permitting your thoughts to run as they naturally would without restraint. But this is not so. You are responsible to God for the indulgence of vain thoughts; for from vain imaginations arises the committal of sins, the actual doing of those things upon which the mind has dwelt. Govern your thoughts, and it will then be much easier to govern your actions. Your thoughts need to be sanctified.”—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, pp. 82, 83.

12. How is control of the thoughts possible?

“Every mental perception we lead into subjection to Christ” (2 Cor. 10:5, Berkeley).

5 The Remnant Will Be Pure

13. To what high standard will the remnant have attained?

“These were purchased from among mankind’s first fruits for God and for the Lamb. No lie was ever found on their lips; they are faultless.” (Rev. 14:4, 5, Berkeley).

NOTE.—“The Bible is an unerring guide. It demands perfect purity in word, in thought, and in action. Only virtuous and spotless characters will be permitted to enter the presence of a pure and holy God.”—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 312.

“The pure in heart live as in the visible presence of God during the time He apportions them in this world. And they will also see Him face to face in the future, immortal state, as did Adam when he walked and talked with God in Eden.”—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 27.

Quizangles

1. Why is it supremely important to sow well? (1)
2. Why only does God give a man over to a reprobate mind? (2)
3. How can you, like Paul, do all things? (2)
4. What did Paul say about “dirty-mindedness”? (2)
5. To whom do you belong? (3)
6. To what kind of life has God called us? (3)
7. Name the eight adjectives that Inspiration uses to describe the things we ought to be thinking about. (4)
8. What should we do with all our mental perceptions? (4)
9. What has been purchased for God and the Lamb? (5)
10. Who shall see God? **Memory Gem.**

NEXT WEEK, September 3, 1960—Lesson title: “Honesty in All Things.” Outside reading: *Counsels on Stewardship*, pp. 77-79, 142, 143; *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 525-529. Memory gem: Ephesians 4:28.



Question *Four years ago, I became a Seventh-day Adventist. For more than a year now, I have been very depressed. I feel I'm not worthy of entering the kingdom of heaven. I know of God's mercy and forgiveness, yet I feel miserable and wretched. Six years ago I became a widow. I've become so dissatisfied that I rebel against myself and all I do or don't do.*

Counsel It is difficult to give specific advice or counsel to you concerning your depression without having considerably more information regarding it. However, there are several possibilities worthy of consideration.

You may need to consult with your family doctor concerning certain organic and functional changes that occur in life as the years move along. It might well be that you will need rather consistent medical care for a few months. Second, if this depression that you are presently experiencing has periodically occurred before, you will also probably need professional psychological counseling. Third, are you trying to get your proper rest along with a balanced diet? As you know, God has given careful instruction to us concerning the delicate relationship of health of body and mind and spirit. Fourth, have you tried to remain active since the death

of your husband or have you retreated somewhat into yourself?

Thank God we live in a world where Jesus Christ has conquered! He has defeated every enemy! His victory is our victory! We still pass through enemy ground. Sickness, sorrow, separation, and death come to all, but our true life is “hid with Christ in God” (Col. 3:3). Thank God that our sins are removed “as far as the east is from the west,” “cast . . . into the depths of the sea,” remembered by God “no more” as they are confessed in Christ. Nothing can separate us from the love of God!

Seek help from both your physician and your minister and hold fast to Jesus Christ.

The services of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Counsel Clinic are provided for those for whom this magazine is published, young people in their teens and twenties. Any reader, however, is welcome to submit a question to the Counsel Clinic.

The answer will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but is not to be taken as either an official church pronouncement or, necessarily, the opinion of the editors. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of general 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.



Key to source abbreviations published February 23, 1960.

▶ The heart is rated at 1/240 h.p. It pumps 10 tons of blood a day. ITA

▶ Despite the owl's knowing look, the creature falls into a rather low position among birds, so far as IQ is concerned. NGS

▶ Registered births in the U.S. totaled 4,249,000 in 1959, the U.S. Public Health Service reports. This is 1.1 per cent above the 1958 total. AMA

▶ According to the recommendation of the International Committee on Radiation, the United States has lowered its permissible strontium-90 level in food and water to 33 microcuries per liter. Science

▶ American industry spent \$8.2 billion in the performance of research and development in 1958. This was a 7 per cent increase over the figure for 1957, and more than double the performance level of 1953. NSF

▶ Cockroaches may be spreading food-poisoning germs, according to a study by a Kansas State College bacteriologist, who captured 100 groups of brown-banded roaches and found that 25 per cent of the roaches contained staphylococcus aureus. Scope

▶ Fishermen of Cuxhaven, Germany, where the Elbe River flows into the North Sea, trap their catches in baskets on the beach. Fish riding the tide are stranded in them when the waters recede. Twice each day, fishermen harness dogs to wooden sledges and collect the baskets of fish. NGS

▶ One of every four M.D.'s who smoked five years ago has stopped smoking since the habit was called a cause of lung cancer, reported Daniel Horn, American Cancer Society. He said adult smokers in the U.S. are dying of lung cancer at the rate of almost 100 a day, and that 30 million smokers, concerned about their health, have switched to filter cigarettes. AMA

▶ An electronic tube that can play a vital role in the attack on heart disease, life's number one enemy, was revealed by Machlett Laboratories, a subsidiary of Raytheon Company. The new electron tube, an X-ray image intensifier, can increase the brightness of a fluoroscopic screen 3,000 times and, when used with an X-ray tube just introduced by Machlett, makes possible X-ray movies of the heart and other body processes with less than one fourth of the previously required exposure. Raytheon

▶ Individual molecules of antibody have been photographed for the first time under an electron microscope, according to an announcement by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Photographs showed the molecules to be rodlike particles 40 angstroms thick and of lengths varying between 140 and 400 angstroms. AMA

▶ A British vehicle, the Hovercraft, which is neither a boat, a plane, nor a streamlined bus, rides on a cushion of air generated by a fan in a large funnel amidships, which kicks up a mountain of spray all around, while it is driven forward or back by air jets. BIS

▶ The giants of all icebergs come from the Antarctic. An ice mass floating off the Falkland Islands in 1893 was estimated to be as big as the island of Corsica. Its cubic content was probably similar to that of all Swiss lakes combined. NGS

▶ A floor-covering manufacturer claims that a 112-pound woman on spike heels exerts 4,000 pounds of pressure per square inch, while a 224-pound man in regular shoes exerts only 24 pounds pressure on the same area. AMA

▶ Millions of comets fly through the cosmos, but most are too faint to be seen from earth. Chinese astronomers recorded observations of comets as early as 2369 B.C. NGS

▶ Skin divers who hunt or provoke sharks are flirting with death or severe mutilation. Death results in 30 to 40 per cent of all cases of shark attack. Scope

▶ U.S. colleges and universities increased their scientific research and development expenditures 80 per cent between 1954 and 1958. NSF

▶ During his recent African meetings Billy Graham preached to 600,000 people in 12 countries over a period of eight weeks. NAM

▶ This year 23 million Americans will be patients in hospitals. ITA

▶ Old Faithful geyser in Yellowstone National Park erupts on an average of once every 65 minutes. NGS

▶ Americans now spend more money on foreign travel (\$2.4 billion in 1959) than on foreign autos, textiles, and newsprint together. AMA

▶ Japan's first atomic power station, a 150,000 kilowatt plant, will be supplied with enriched uranium by the British Atomic Energy Authority. The plant will probably go into service in 1964. Science

▶ Alcoholics comprise about 3 per cent of the nation's industrial work force. The highest incidence of alcoholism in industry is in the 35- to 50-year age bracket, according to a study of 900 cases on all levels of industry. Scope

▶ Gorillas, largest of the manlike apes, may stand six feet tall and weigh 600 pounds. They can bend iron bars and will fight fiercely if cornered or if their families are threatened. Roaming the jungle for food, they live like nomads. NGS

▶ Two policemen—one in Pittsburgh, one in New York—safely passed the incubation period of meningitis after giving mouth-to-mouth respiration to dying meningitis victims. Both said they would not hesitate to use the same method if they again encounter a person who is apparently dying. AMA

▶ While German, French, and Italian car manufacturers enlarged their share of the South African market during the past three years, British, Canadian, and American makers lost ground, the latest licensing figures show. American car sales fell from 12,684 in 1957 to 8,388 last year. British sales dropped off nearly 5,000 in the past three years. ISSA

▶ For the past 28 years the Sklifosovsky Institute in Russia has used cadaver blood for more than 27,000 transfusions, providing it with 70 per cent of its needs. The cadavers of persons dying suddenly (heart failure) or of persons who died from a closed injury (cerebral trauma) are selected within six hours after death and brought to a special operating room. Here the blood is removed to a special sterile receptacle. A complete laboratory examination is made before the blood is released to the clinic. Abbott

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In the classroom and hospital the professional nurse acquires skills that enable her to help alleviate suffering. Under competent supervision, knowledge is gained that makes her a success in her profession.

However, to the Christian nurse the job requires more of her than this. She is trained to recognize not only physical ailments but spiritual sickness as well.

Her devotion to humanity is surpassed only by her dedication to God.



For further information write to the Seventh-day Adventist school of nursing serving your area.

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