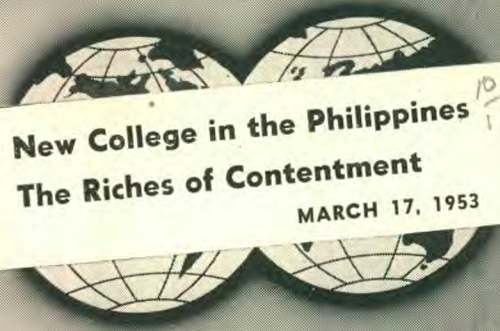


The  
**Youth's**  
INSTRUCTOR

New College in the Philippines  
The Riches of Contentment

MARCH 17, 1953







## Exercises for Faith

Even before James wrote, "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow," men had pondered how to face the expectation of rapid change in life or fortune. Today sudden calamity rather than rust most often destroys man's treasure. Lives are snuffed out in a moment.

Some years ago I surveyed the wreckage left by the flood waters of the Santa Ana River in southern California. Devastation had come minute quick and ruthlessly. Now it took men with metal detectors to find the automobiles swept from the highway and buried from sight in sand and debris. Drivers and passengers had had to flee at once or be buried alive.

Early this year when a runaway train crashed into the passenger concourse of the Union Station in Washington, D.C., dispatchers had less than two minutes to decide whether to shunt the train to another track or let it come in on its own. A clerk in the stationmaster's office had only ten seconds in which to warn fellow workers and make his own escape.

God's servant commends to us two great exercises for faith that can bring confidence and tranquillity for each day. First, "consecrate yourself to God in the morning; make this your very first work. . . . This is a daily matter. . . . Thus day by day you may be giving your life into the hands of God." Second, "make the actions of each day a subject of careful thought and deliberate review. . . . This daily review of our acts, to see whether conscience approves or condemns, is necessary for all who wish to arrive at the perfection of Christian character."

Daily consecration, daily review—these can mean the difference between trust and fear.

*Walter T. Crandall*

## Grace Notes

**SAWMILL** When the sons of the prophets found their dwelling too strait, they were eager to go with Elisha, a visiting teacher, and "cut down wood" that they might enlarge their school. That scene is being re-enacted today as youth join their leaders in erecting a new college on Mindanao. Our cover shows the sawmill, with mahogany logs at the right. Holding the first board sawed at the new school site are three Filipino youth; central figures are Wilton O. Baldwin, educational secretary of the Far Eastern Division, and Charles L. Martin, in charge of mechanical and electrical construction. To his father's right is John Baldwin. Photos by C. L. Martin and W. O. Baldwin.

**BUILDER** Dr. Andrew N. Nelson, who writes the story of providences in beginning our new college in the Philippines, was president of the Philippine Union College until his appointment to the Japan Union Mission as its secretary. "It has been my lot," he writes, "to lead out in the founding of three Christian schools: Seattle Junior Academy in 1915, Japan Missionary College in 1925, and now the new college in the Philippines. This last-named school should be our best, because we now have the complete pattern as well as the experience of all the other colleges to refer to."

**CONTENTMENT** Dallas Youngs does not talk theory in his "Riches of Contentment." Some of these riches he is drawing on now as for a little time he chops wood and goes horseback riding on an Arizona ranch, while successfully recovering from a recent illness. He is editor of the Canadian *Signs of the Times*.

**QUOTES** Page 6 carries a sentence from a sermon by Russell Quackenbush, pastor of the Washington Sanitarium church and assistant chaplain of the Washington Sanitarium and Hospital. The mental compass of these fifteen words seem worthy of a wider audience. Other quotations from S.I.A. speakers will occasionally appear.

Writers' contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcome and receive careful evaluation. The material should be typewritten, double spaced, and return postage should accompany each manuscript. Queries to the editor on the suitability of proposed articles will receive prompt attention.

Action pictures rather than portraits are desired with manuscripts. Black and white prints or color transparencies are usable. No pictures will be returned unless specifically requested.



**A**N ANCIENT Oriental king, being low in spirits, called in his astrologers. "How can I be happy?" he asked.

"You can be happy," they answered, "only if you wear the shirt of a perfectly contented man."

A search was made, first in the homes of the rich and prosperous in the kingdom. But the search was vain—there were no contented men. At last, reaching the lower classes, a man was found, a laboring man, who fulfilled the conditions. He was absolutely happy and contented. But he had no shirt. The king's problem must remain unsolved.

Happiness is about as hard to find today as it was for the Eastern king. We might well declare it to be a rare commodity in this pushing and shoving age. But being rare makes it but the more desirable. One of the New Testament writers advises, "Be content with such things as ye have." This strikes a blow at covetousness and pride.

A woman and her husband were out walking when a judge and his wife drove past in a beautiful carriage. Said the woman, "Look at that beautiful carriage. I wish we were so lucky."

But in the carriage the judge's wife said: "I'm ashamed of this old rig. See how the people stare at us in contempt. If you don't get a new carriage, you'll drive me to despair."

The woman without a carriage and the woman with one were both discontented and unhappy. It was a state of the mind. It was possible for the woman without a carriage to be contented with her lot, and the judge's wife could easily have directed her thoughts into happy channels.

One Christmas Day a small girl from the slums was taken to the hospital. There, for the first time, she heard the story of salvation—how Jesus came into the world, how He taught, preached, healed the sick, and at last was put to death for our sins. One day later she said to the nurse: "I'm havin' real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I'll have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know about Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse; "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own order in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you knew about Jesus bein' born."

Cheerfulness, joy, and happiness are fruits of that basic quality of life, contentment. This is essentially true of the Christian. For these traits to be absent is but to deny our profession. God has provided us with every good thing to enjoy—home, family, parents, children, sweetheart,



A. Devaney

If You Cherish the Ambition to Build a Strong Christian Character and to Grow in Grace and Knowledge, Then Let Church Attendance and the Habits of Christian Service Become Fixed

*It is the kind and not the quantity*

*of ambition that regulates*

# The Riches of CONTENTMENT

By DALLAS YOUNGS



friends, together with the bounties of a generous mother nature. But in addition to that He has provided at unbelievable cost the plan of salvation. Since the promise and the fact of Calvary, no member of the human race faces a despairing future. Christ by His sacrifice has made all eternity bright with hope. Whereas the sinner was before at enmity with God, now, because of the sacrifice of Jesus, he may come into a condition of peace. Jesus destroyed the enmity and effected a reconciliation.

With this before us we can better understand the little girl's mistake. It is far from God's will that any Christian should wear a glum countenance. It is not a good trademark of our faith. One of Haydn's friends asked him why he almost always wrote music of a cheerful nature. The composer said: "I cannot make it otherwise, I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen."

History, ancient and modern, bears abundant testimony to the fact that inordinate ambition destroys happiness. Alexander the Great had more success than most men. He met with military success beyond his fondest dreams. The world lay at his feet, conquered, when he was thirty years of age. But Alexander was not contented. He wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. And because there were no more, he turned to dissipation and shortly destroyed himself.

Napoleon was another military genius who possessed unrestrained ambition. He wanted to conquer the world as had Alexander. He aspired to subjugate Russia and to unite the nations of Europe, the fragments of the old Roman Empire. But Napoleon lived at the wrong time in history to do that. There were to be no more world empires until the time when God would set up His own kingdom. God had, more than two thousand years before, decreed that the European nations would not cleave one to another. In his efforts to realize his ambition Napoleon met his Waterloo, and went into exile an unhappy, discontented man.

Paul wrote in his letter to Timothy, "Having food and raiment let us be therewith content." Just how many have violated these instructions we would not know, but we think the majority. Space prevents more than a mention of Hannibal, Charles V, Philip II, Louis XIV, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Adolph Hitler. Ambition is never satisfied. The ambitious are never contented. Cineas said in his effort to talk Pyrrhus out of making war on the Romans, "Have you not already a kingdom of your own? And he that cannot enjoy himself with a kingdom, cannot with the whole world."

So far we have spoken only of military ambitions. In addition to these there are social, financial, athletic, and scores of other ambitions. A mother cried out for

God to save her dying daughter. The daughter said: "Mother dear, it's too late. Your only ambition for me has been that I shine in society. You never had time to

with that which Shakespeare calls "foul ambition." The apostle Paul was ambitious, but it was a worthy ambition. "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved."

Luther, Knox, Wesley, Whitefield, and Moody were men who had a consuming passion to see souls saved. Livingstone was a man who possessed an ambition to plant the cross of Christ in heathen Africa. It would not be too much to say that every missionary who has left homeland and loved ones has been consumed with this same worthy ambition. Hundreds, even thousands, of missionaries in this ease-loving, materialistic age leave their native shores to wear out their lives in arduous labor in fever swamps or in the rarefied air of high mountain plateaus.

Another worth-while ambition is for a businessman (or any man) to take Jesus into partnership with him. Let Jesus be taken into every deal, every venture. Let nothing be done that He would not approve. Let the business of life be regulated by the principles of honesty, fair dealing, and liberality. Let Jesus have a share in the profits—the tithe—and see how the "silent Partner" will make things go. To do this would be to bear a powerful testimony of the practical value of religion.

Let the ambition be cherished to build a strong Christian character, to grow in grace and increase in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Build a true Christian home, and rear a family of Christian children. Establish the family altar. Let your home be a place where the Bible is read, honored, and obeyed; a place where the voice of prayer is heard; a place where God is revered, and where kindness, generosity, and helpfulness prevail. Let church attendance and habits of Christian service become fixed. Accept as applying to yourself and family Christ's great commission to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Though you may not be called to go, God may lay His hand upon your sons and daughters and upon your money. But more, every place where an unsaved person resides is a place where the great commission applies.

Can man cherish a higher ambition than to be Christlike? I think not. Let Christ's love, His humility, His kindness, His devotion to God, and His service to man pervade the life. Be brave, courageous, and daring as was He. Have His faith, trust, and hope. Minister to the sick, the poor, the discouraged. Have His patience, cultivate His tact, and seek after His wisdom. Such ambition is legitimate and well pleasing in the sight of God.

Such an ambition is in sharp contrast to that of the false, proud kind that thinks only of self-advancement. The ambition that testifies to the saving power of Christ in the life glorifies God and begets happiness, contentment, and peace in the individual heart.



## Be Tranquil

By GRENVILLE KLEISER

When you feel like saying something

That you know you will regret,

Or keenly feel an insult

Not so easy to forget,

That's the time to curb resentment

And maintain a mental peace,

For when your mind is tranquil

All your ill thoughts simply cease.

It is easy to get angry

When defrauded or defied,

To be peeved and disappointed

If your wishes are denied.

But to win a worth-while battle

Over selfishness and spite,

You must learn to keep strict silence,

Though you know you're in the right.

So, keep your mental balance

When confronted by a foe,

Be it enemy in ambush

Or some danger that you know.

Be self-controlled and tranquil

When all around is strife,

And know, my friend, you've mastered

The most vital thing in life.



read the Bible to me, or talk to me of the Saviour, and now I'm dying."

Though inordinate ambition is destructive of peace, there is an ambition that is good and right, and which produces contentment. This ambition is in contrast



*An earthquake only cracked the old church walls, and some of the pupils who studied in it were almost as immovable.*

# In the COLORFUL CARIBBEAN

PART 2

By S. A. WELLMAN



**L**IFE on a comparatively small tropical island apart from the busy activities of great cities may appeal to some as excessively dull. Yet right here viewpoints differ greatly. In the busy life of a missionary teacher, with many additional duties thrust upon him, each demanding time and attention, there are numerous occurrences that highlight the normally humdrum existence, and compensate for ennui and loneliness. These give most vivid recollections for one's mental scrapbook.

School was held in a rear room on the first floor of the old slave church. At the beginning of the century this stood at 32 Text Lane in Kingston, the capital. The church auditorium was on the second floor, seating about three hundred people, and the Tract Society and book depository occupied the front portion of the first floor. At the rear of the yard in a small compound of its own stood a two-story frame house that then served as a residence for the pastor.

The old church had been built by slaves in the days when slavery was legal in British territory. Its eighteen-inch-thick walls of burned brick had been well and sturdily built as a labor of love by those who had worshiped there. At the time of the earthquake in 1907, when many of the newer buildings were reduced to heaps of rubble, the old church suffered no greater damage than severely cracked walls.

On our arrival in Kingston in May, 1899, I was introduced to the schoolroom where the church school was to be conducted, and where later with improved recitation benches and desks I looked into the eager faces of forty to fifty children of all standards (grades), from beginners to upper grammar school students. Some came from middle-class homes, some from the working classes—artisans—and some

from the very poorest. From the first they proved to be an interesting group. For the most part they were happyhearted, quick to be aroused, quick to forgive, and full of life, vigor, and mischievousness. Some learned easily, others were slow, and one or two were sullen, difficult to understand, hard to control.

One little lad about seven years of age was the son of a contractor, a deacon in the church. Let us call him Amos. His face was always cleft with a grin that showed the greater part of his pure-white teeth against the red of his open mouth. From the first he was a close friend of the teacher. Easy to discipline, ready and willing to do all that was asked of him, he had those qualities that always endear a pupil to his teacher. He always came to school dressed in clean white garments

that showed scrupulous parental care.

Early in our friendship Amos had learned that the teacher knew how to dress a cut, for one of the boys had appeared at school one morning with a patch of coarse brown wrapping paper, such as butchers used to wrap meat, stuck under one eye. Inquiry as to the reason for the patch and investigation by the teacher revealed a piece of laundry soap shaped into a plug and inserted into a cut on his cheekbone. I learned that his small sister, endeavoring to get a rake away from her brother, had brought the tine of the rake around and made a deep puncture wound in his cheek. The mother had used the remedies at hand and inserted the wedge of soap as an antiseptic. Then and there began a series of ministrations to the physical injuries of the pupils.



*Photo Courtesy of the Author*

Here at 32 Text Lane Was Our First Church in Kingston, Jamaica. Its Eighteen-Inch Walls of Burned Brick Had Been Well and Sturdily Built as a Labor of Love by Those Who Worshiped There



When later Amos came back to my home one evening asking for help, I discovered that on the way home from school he had stepped on a sharp piece of glass and cut his foot badly. He would not let his mother dress it, but came the long mile back so that teacher could do a "proper job." Think of a two-mile walk to get help that would leave no bad scar!

With such a cooperative pupil, imagine my surprise one day after the noon recess when the class to which Amos belonged was called forward to recite, and Amos remained uneasily in his seat. His absence noted at once, he was asked, "Amos, why are you not in your place? Come immediately to your class."

Amos, doubly embarrassed, blurted out, "But I can't, teacher."

"Why can't you?" I inquired.

Whiningly and almost tearfully the response, "Because I can't," spilled out of his puckered mouth.

Reaching into my desk, I said to him, "Amos, come to your class at once," and at the same time I drew out the wooden paddle with which I administered punishment to some of the more recalcitrant children who understood no other means of discipline than the physical, either at home or in school. Back to where Amos sat I stepped quietly but determinedly. It would not do to let the little rascal think he could get away with such behavior because of his good record.

And then I reached his seat and looked down at him. There he sat with not a rag on below the waistline, his short shirt a most abbreviated covering. I understood why he couldn't. Meanwhile every eye in the room was watching to get my reaction. Putting on a severe look, I asked, "Amos, how did you get in this condition?"

With a quavering voice and as tears filled his eyes he blurted out, "I was out on the playground with the boys, and one of them pushed me right down in a puddle of water, and so I hung my pants on the back fence to dry."

Without losing a bit of the severity that I had assumed but did not feel, I replied, "It's very hot outside. Your pants are probably dry by now. Go out and get them on at once." Without an instant's hesitation he shot out of his seat, placed well back toward the rear door because of his excellent behavior, and like a streak of lightning was gone. He returned moments later clothed, his usually happy face wreathed in smiles, and unabashed, took his place with his classmates on the recitation bench. It was his nearest approach to disobedience of the teacher's orders in his two years as a pupil.

On another occasion one of two brothers who were pupils in the school came with an ugly bruise on his left cheek. The skin was broken for an inch or two, and the cheek puffed and swollen. I asked him how it had been hurt, but no explanation was forthcoming. After trying other angles of approach that elicited no reply, his

brother, who was standing nearby, blurted out, "Aw, ma licked him." That broke the tension, but still brought no direct response.

Again I asked, "Ma licked him? With what?"

"With a rope," the brother replied.

"How big was it?" I asked. His circled finger and thumb revealed that it was nearly an inch in diameter. "But surely your mother did not hit him in the face," I suggested.



**The hand that held the  
plumb line in Nazareth had swung  
the worlds in space.**

*Russell Quackenbush.*



"Naw, he dodged," replied his brother. And all the time this interesting conversation was being carried on, the injured brother stood without a word of comment. These boys came from a home in the poorer quarter. The prattling brother was the one who usually required physical persuasion to keep him in line in the school. After one such session with me in a room adjoining the schoolroom, I overheard him at the recess period saying to a schoolmate, "I like to have the teacher whip me; he just tickles my skin." Up to that time I had been using a strap. It was mild punishment compared with the sterner measures at home. So keeping my own counsel, I prepared for the next day of reckoning. At this time a wooden paddle about eighteen inches long, two inches wide, and three eighths of an inch thick originated. Made of hard pine, it

was substantial but not heavy and did nothing more than sting severely.

When the next misdemeanor demanded it the erstwhile braggart was called forward. He came with a broad grin on his face, was quickly and unceremoniously laid over the broad top of the recitation bench. The paddle was then wielded so as to make a lasting impression on his memory. There was not a whimper out of him, but when he came up from his ordeal his eyes were brimming with tears, and at my instruction he returned to his seat in the schoolroom. The punishment never had to be repeated; yet he bore no grudge, and we remained as always good friends.

Surprising are some of the backgrounds one finds in the lives of his pupils. The inherited traits of character that manifest themselves at unexpected moments, the trends toward good or evil that are seen and recognized, many times are the result of home environment and early training or no training at all. These traits come out in the daily life at school, becoming the problem and oftentimes the joys of a teacher's life.

One young girl in her middle teens showed a definite tendency to such stubbornness that it led her to refuse to obey any command or yield to any persuasion. Punishment of the usual kind only stiffened her will, and made it like a steel post set in a block of the thoroughly reinforced cement of human immobility. She became my despair in discipline because she was one of the older girls and her spirit was contagious. Drastic action was demanded. I visited her parents and arranged for a form of punishment of a new kind if she should again disobey orders. I hoped that this would settle once for all whether she would remain in school or be sent home permanently. Her parents gave unqualified consent to the plan, even urging that I endeavor to break her of the ugly habit of stubbornness, for they had been powerless to conquer her.

I was not to wait long for the moment when my plan was to be tested. A week or two later she sat sullenly in her seat when her classes were called. Refusing to reply to my requests, she just sat and sulked. Calling another to take charge of the school in my absence, I went back to her desk and said, "F—, come with me." For some reason she rose and followed me without protest or delay, doubtless planning to have it out with me later.

I explained what I planned to do, with her parents' consent. Still not a word of response. Then calling the servant girl employed in the home of the pastor of the church, I had her unlock the door of a windowless storeroom in which was a single wooden bench six feet long and a foot wide, but no other furniture, and informed the young rebel that she was remaining there in darkness, fed with bread and water, until she promised to do her

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## Beauty in Stained Glass

By Theodore Lucas

Jewel clear, even today, are the masterpieces of yesterday's stained-glass windows. With crude tools unknown artisans of old fashioned a forever beauty that is unique indeed. One can never really understand the awe and emotion that these windows inspire until he has raised his eyes to watch the sunlight filter through them.

Our young people attending the Paris Youth Congress saw some of the finest stained windows in the world in the great cathedrals of Europe—in France, the rose windows at Rheims and Notre Dame, La Belle Verrière at Chartres; in England, the genealogy of Christ windows at Canterbury; in Germany, the prophet windows (probably the oldest stained glass in existence) at Augsburg.

To stand in a cathedral and look high overhead at the grandeur of inspired design is a spiritual experience through which we discover—

Beauty in stained glass!

Remarkable are the wings of birds. Men watching them have learned to fly. But wings of planes are no competition for those of birds. The gull, the hawk, the sparrow, the heron, the eagle—the wings of each are marvelous wonders in them-

# MV Youth in Action

selves. They speed their owners to sunny climes, to the far seas, and to the mountains high, and we discover—

Beauty in bird flight!

There is no ending to the story of Jesus. The beauty of His life will endure always. Even death could not stifle or stop His career. God honored the sacrifice He made and raised Him from the dead. With His resurrection came forth the living conviction that Jesus lives forever. He is alive, and "all the burdens we have carried sadly, grow light as blossoms on an April day," and we discover—

Beauty in life!

Paul had become an old man. Standing before King Agrippa, he looked back upon the quarter century that had passed since the living Christ had appeared to him in a vision before the gates of Damascus.

What a life-changing experience that had been! It had changed the proud Pharisee into a humble disciple of Christ; it had caused the bitter enemy of the

church to become the greatest missionary of all times. Paul, reviewing his whole past life, could truthfully say, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

The Christian life begins with vision. Perhaps the vision comes while at school, at camp meeting, at Senior camp, or during a great meeting, such as the *Pan-American Youth Congress to be held in San Francisco next June*.

Whether or not our lives are made to count for Christ and His kingdom will depend upon the courage we have to discover—

Beauty in service!

## Navahos Visit L.S.C.

By Philip Follett

Missions became real to students at La Sierra College, Arlington, California, the second week end of December, when twenty Navaho youth from the Holbrook

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Courtesy of Riverside Daily Press

Some of the Twenty Navaho Young People Who Came From the Holbrook Mission School in Arizona to Give a Program to the Students at La Sierra College





H. M. Lambert

The Poor Creature, a Victim of Drink and the Accompanying Vices, Had Been Picked Up by the Police and Placed in the Women's Jail. She Was Just a Young Woman—Probably in Her Thirties

# YOU CAN HELP ME

By CLARA NOSWORTHY WRIGHT

**I**T HAPPENED one evening during the summer session at Southern Missionary College. We were eating dinner when my husband said: "I had a most unusual experience in town today, and I can't throw off the expression, 'You can help me,' that a poor, wretched woman cried out to me. The words keep ringing in my ears, and her haggard look lingers in my mind.

"I was driving down the right traffic lane on Seventh Street nearing Market Street when a red light flashed. I slowed down of course, and there was one car ahead of mine in the right lane. Almost immediately a patrol wagon pulled along to my left and ahead, so the rear door of the patrol car was very close to me.

"I paid little attention till a moment

later, when a woman came to the grated iron door, which was locked, of course. She looked right at me pleadingly and said (shaking the iron door meanwhile): 'Mister, open this door! Help me to get out of here—you can help me—you can help me!' I tried not to notice, but she was looking right into my face saying, 'You can help me.' I shook my head helplessly, and she let out a volume of oaths that would put a hardened sinner to shame. I came my way home, and she went her way with the patrol wagon.

"The poor creature, a victim of drink and the accompanying vices, had been picked up by the police, and was enroute to the women's jail. She was just a young woman—probably in her early thirties—and I imagine she was a good-looking per-

son before drink became her master, but there she was, with hair disheveled and a wild look in her eyes pleading, 'You can help me.' I can't forget the scene, but what could I do?"

We made the usual round of comments on such sad victims of circumstance and tried to dismiss the matter from our minds. However, the next evening in the chapel, while he was speaking to the students, my husband was impressed to relate the experience again to the assembled group. He did not know why until Saturday evening, when a young woman came to him after sundown worship.

"Do you remember telling us in chapel about the drunken woman in the patrol car?" she asked. He assured her that he did. She remarked then that she had been distributing literature on Sabbath afternoons with a group of young people, and after hearing of the incident they decided to include the women's jail in their calls that afternoon. They were admitted, and inquired whether there was a woman there who was being held on drunken charges brought against her the previous Wednesday. The warden readily agreed that there was such a woman, and without too much persuasion granted them opportunity to see her.

The young woman asked the prisoner whether she remembered a man in a blue car whom she had asked to help her. She said she remembered his face very well and also the incident. Our Missionary Volunteer told her that the man was president of Southern Missionary College and that he had related the experience in the hope that we might be of some help to her. That was the reason for the visit. The woman was sober and grateful. She gladly accepted some reading material, and they had prayer. Before they departed they had signed another person up for our Bible study course and left a gleam of hope in an otherwise saddened life.

"If any little word of mine  
May make a dark life brighter,  
If any little song of mine  
May make a sad heart lighter,  
God help me speak the helping word,  
And sweeten it with singing,  
And drop it in some lonely vale,  
To set the echoes ringing."

Is someone saying to you audibly or inaudibly, "You can help me"? Just speak a word of cheer, pray for the sick, or write a letter of encouragement to someone overseas. Maybe someone can offer to help Johnny with his geometry, or read to an invalid, or baby sit free, or sing a song. One dear woman told me that she does not care for preaching, but we could sing her right into the kingdom. There are countless ways to be helpful! The world is dying for a little bit of love, and the world consists of our family and our neighbors. Look around you and listen for the opportunity. Surely there is somebody counting on you—yes, even pleading, "You can help me! You can help me!"

THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR



**K** MC 716, KMC 716, this is Car 603. Do you read me? KMC 716 from Car 603. Do you read me? Over.”  
“Car 603 from KMC 716. You have a fire call. Proceed to checking station, and call the fire dispatcher. This call will terminate our radio schedule. This is KMC 716 clear.”

I turned from the radio to the members of my crew who were cutting wood nearby. “Gather up the tools, men; we have a fire call.” As though they were one, the crew sprang into action. Within seconds we were rolling over one of the many back roads of Yosemite National Park, in California, toward the Crane Flat checking station. From there we would call the central fire headquarters in Yosemite Valley for instructions before proceeding.

Our job is to fight fires. Smoke eaters, they call us. We are part of the Yosemite National Park fire suppression group, an organization with the sole purpose of fighting and controlling fires begun in this California national park either by man or by nature. My crew is made up mostly of college men. They represent Fresno State College, University of Colorado, Oregon State College, University of California, and Pacific Union College.

At the checking station we called the fire dispatcher, the boss of all fire fighting. “How many men are in your crew today?” he asked. I told him that we had five men. Two others were enjoying days off. He recorded the information, and then told us that the fire was in the Grouse Creek area, some thirty miles across the park from our district. “Get over there as fast as possible,” he said. “A wind is driving the fire up an open slope, and there are only two men there now.”

We located the fire area on our map, told the park ranger at the checking station where we were going, and headed toward the fire. The time was 3:05 p.m., just five minutes from the time we received the first message of the fire by radio. I turned to Doug Rafferty, one of the crewmen who sat beside me in the truck checking the fire’s location.

“How close would you say we can get to the fire with the truck, Doug?” I asked him.

“Well, it looks as if we’ll have to pack in from the Wawona Road for about half a mile,” he answered as he looked over the big topographic map we carry with us. That was a break—no long walk in to the fire. The crew would be fresh for the job ahead. Not like the assignment we had of packing eight miles in to a fire last week.

We crowded the park speed limit with our truck as we struck off down the Crane Flat road into Yosemite Valley, crossed the roaring Merced River, and began climbing the road up the other side of the park. In the rear of the truck the crewmen were checking over our fire-fighting equipment. We passed through the long,

# FIRE CALL

By *HERB FORD*

black finger that is Wawona Tunnel, and emerged on the other side, with a clear view of the fire area. Smoke was being whipped along the ground and up a steep slope. It was not difficult to see that the flames were moving rapidly. Then suddenly we came to the spot on the roadway where we had decided to leave the truck and pack in to the fire.

As we climbed out of the truck and began shouldering our fire packs, a green park truck roared around a curve and came to a stop beside us. “You men going in to the fire?” asked a white-haired ranger.

We assured him that we were.

“Well,” he said, “I’m Sam Clark, the ranger at Chinquapin. We’ll have food and water up to you in a short time. My

assistant ranger is up there now with one of the boys from the fire shed, and they need help.” In the background I could hear one of the crewmen say something about being glad we would get lunches and would not have to eat C rations again tonight.

Ranger Clark sent his truck back up the road the way he had come, and we started up the steep slope toward the fire. The climb was steeper than we had thought. With a forty-pound fire pack, canteens, and fire tools, the crew, though hardened by exercise and labor, had to stop often. Ahead we could see smoke billowing up. Trees snapped and crackled as the fire raced through new stands of young timber and roared up the slope.

Once at the fire I split up the crew, send-



*American Forest Products Industries*

As We Made Our Way up the Side of the Fire, Flames Could Be Seen Racing Through the Small Trees That Covered the Mountainside. Suddenly the Wind Changed, and the Flames Headed Our Way



# Discriminating Friend

By BARBARA CHAPMAN



There is a story, told half in jest, that the shah of Persia, while on a state visit to Russia, was taken to the opera by the czar. When asked whether he had enjoyed the performance, the visiting potentate is said to have expressed great pleasure—especially with that part of the music that came “before the man in the orchestra pit started waving the stick.”

This amused the Russians immeasurably, making them feel very sophisticated and cosmopolitan. Yet had they traveled to Persia, they would have evoked similar smiles. Lacking the necessary familiarity with Persian music, they too might have derived more pleasure from the tuning up than from the concert. More than likely they would have found the playing confusing and boring, for the enjoyment of music comes with familiarity.

All music lovers do not necessarily possess musical erudition. The majority would be incapable of analyzing a symphony or of defining the meaning of the word *canon*. All share one characteristic: They possess a listening acquaintance with the music they enjoy. This listening acquaintance means that they have heard a composition a sufficient number of times to have become familiar with its principal melodies and subdivisions. They can anticipate the loveliness of the music as it unfolds; they are prepared to enjoy it when it comes. When deeply moved, they follow it tensely, almost breathlessly.

It is in this respect that good music differs from worldly amusements, say, the movies. There is little of lasting value in popular films. Even according to worldly standards, few movies contribute more, and the majority contribute less, when viewed the second and third time. Exactly the reverse is true with music. A musical composition, especially a complex composition such as a symphony, may not really be “heard” when one listens to it for the first time. Only through repeated hearings does the mass of sound gradually take shape, sort itself out, and assume a definite meaning.

Only then is the listener, in a sense, a participant in the music he hears. Through familiarity he brings to the performance of a composition the attention required to follow it as it develops.

To the enjoyment of music the listener brings his likes and dislikes, also his mood, which at the moment predisposes him to hear this or that music or perhaps not to hear music at all. He may, for example, be familiar with both Beethoven and Mozart, but may find neither of these as meaningful as Brahms. He may be in the mood for Stravinsky's blatant and colorful *Petrouchka*, or crave the poetic eloquence of Smetana's *Moldau*, or feel that nothing else will do but Debussy's elusive, sensitive nocturnes.

Actually there is no must in musical tastes and musical moods, no obligation to like music because it is Beethoven's, Wagner's, Chopin's, or Bach's, or because it is performed by some world-famous musician. If this were the case, God's plan in giving music to the world would be thwarted.

With music, as with food, people's tastes differ and the appetite is selective. Who is to say what I, at my stage of musical development, must find conducive to the better things of life?

ing two men up one side of the burning area and three up the other, hotter side. Axes began to bite into small trees, clearing a path for the men coming behind with McLeod tools, a combination rake and hoe, and shovels. This was the process called building a fire line. A path is cleared one and a half times as wide as the height of surrounding ground cover. The path must be clean down to mineral soil. A fire will creep across a fire line that has duff or weeds lying in it. The line must be clean!

As we made our way up the side of the fire, flames could be seen racing through the small trees that covered the mountainside. Suddenly the wind changed, and the flames started our way. Quickly the course of the fire line was changed. We dropped to a lower level and began moving parallel to the fire again.

Darkness began to creep over the fire area as the sun dipped behind the giant mountains that surround Yosemite Valley. The crew, sweating now in the struggle to race a control line around the fire, began to tire noticeably. It was time for somebody to show up with the promised food and water. As we continued to chop and scrape the fire line clean, the wind, as it always does in the late evening, began to diminish, and the fire slowed down a bit. We knew that our battle was almost over.

Soon the fire line extended to a point that enabled us to turn across the front of the fire. Into the smoke we went, and almost immediately made contact with the other members of our crew, who had started up the other side of the fire. I looked at the time. It was 11:45 P.M., seven and a half hours after we had arrived at the fire—seven and a half hours of hot, hard work. But at least the fire was under control.

Someone appeared with the food and drink, and we took a much-needed rest. As we sat there eating, one of the crew members asked how the fire had begun. “It was a lightning strike,” replied one of the two men who had been first at the fire. And then the conversation turned to stories of great fires that had been ignited by lightning.

“A lightning strike,” I thought. Just a bolt of lightning caused all this damage. I looked over the blackened and still-burning acres that only a few hours before had been young, green trees and tall, majestic pines and firs. As I gazed at the smoldering waste of the fire, my mind turned to the great work of Jesus, who is organizing a fire-fighting crew to deal with the devastating flames of wickedness that rush through the earth.

I thought of the unfinished task of Seventh-day Adventist youth, who must tell the world of Christ's wonderful plan of salvation for this world. The challenge of that task is the greatest of all time. Are you taking your place on the fire line with the army of youth who are now preparing themselves to finish the work? Are you one of God's crew, ready for the call?





# The EVIL EYE

By ELSIE LEWIS RAWSON

*This is a chapter from "Story of an Indian Coin,"  
one of the 1953 Junior MV Book Club selections.*

**O** MUST tell you about the Evil Eye, or the evil spirits that play such a large part in the lives of the people of India. They believe they are surrounded by a host of evil spirits whose piercing, penetrating eyes are watching every move they make. Because of this they are forever trying to outwit them or appease them. They avoid doing anything that will arouse their anger, and thus bring calamity upon themselves. They believe that all misfortune, sickness, and death are the results of the displeasure of these spirits or gods or goddesses.

Most Hindus wear a charm—a little tube made of gold, silver, or nickel in which are placed some magic words and a few herbs. These charms can be seen dangling from the neck or arms of men and women who have implicit faith in their efficacy.

Their lives are filled with fear, and so every act of devotion is done for the purpose of appeasing some evil spirit and averting danger. The family gods have to be washed, dressed, and decorated periodically in order to keep them happy and make them favorable to worshipers. No Hindu would dream of going to the temple without an offering to place before the deities. One way by which these Hindus think to gain favor from their gods is to make a float. These vary in size

from a miniature temple to a mammoth structure, which takes a thousand men to pull. Many of these floats are made of gold or silver, beads or flowers; and the larger ones are made of wood, on which are carved hundreds of gods and goddesses.

On special occasions the deities are seated in these beautiful floats and paraded through the streets. There are four hundred million gods in India, so there is scarcely a day when some of them do not go out for a ride. These processions are what help to make India such a colorful country.

Passing through a paddy field one day, I saw scores of bamboo poles sticking up out of the ground. On the tops of these poles were bright-colored waterpots. On these was painted a picture of a terrible demon. I was curious to know why these pots had been placed in the paddy field. On inquiring from one of my anna companions I learned that they had been placed there to keep the evil spirits from destroying the crop.

"But I should think those hideous apparitions would make the spirits angry," I remarked to him.

"Oh, no, the people believe that when the evil spirits see what they suppose are other evil spirits occupying a certain spot, they move on to some other place. These apparitions serve another purpose." He

continued as he looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, "They instill fear into the hearts of jealous neighbors. I am sure if you should enter one of these fields on a dark night and find yourself surrounded by evil-looking apparitions, you too would flee."

The belief of these people in the Evil Eye was impressed upon me by another custom, and that was that it is very impolite to tell a parent that his child is beautiful. He never utters those words, neither does he like to hear others use them, for he is afraid the spirits will become jealous and cast the Evil Eye on the child. In order that the spirits will not desire his child or cast some evil spell over him, he paints a black circle around his eyes and smears saffron paste on his face and makes him appear as ugly as possible. In this way the people try to outwit the evil spirits.

I noticed too that every good Hindu housewife rises early in the morning and mixes a little white powder into a thin paste. With this she draws intricate geometrical designs on her doorsteps. This is done, so I was told, in the hope of catching the evil spirit as he endeavors to enter the home. The people think that he will be tangled up in the designs and fail to break through into the home. The more intricate the designs, the more possibility of his not making an entrance. Here again they think they can outwit the devil.

Most of the cows in India give very little milk. If a farmer has a cow that gives more than three quarts of milk a day, he will tie a bag over her udder. He does this to prevent the evil spirits from coveting this fine cow and casting an evil spell over her.

The Hindus celebrate a feast called Dipavali, or feast of lights. This feast is supposed to be held on the darkest night of the year. They believe that at this time the spirits of the departed come back to visit or haunt them. During this feast lights are kept burning in every nook and corner of the home and place of business. It is a beautiful sight—something like the Christian's Christmas illuminations. Although these poor people are steeped in superstition, yet they have the idea that light will scare the evil spirits away. If only they knew about Jesus, the Light of the world, who dispels all darkness! Hindus are born in fear, live in fear, and die in fear. If they knew the gospel story, they would understand that "perfect love casteth out fear." When Jesus comes into the heart there is no room for fear. There is no darkness—all is light.

I have been amazed to find that people living in Western countries carry on many

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*Rich timberlands and abundant water power*

*herald an ideal site for Christian education. We are*

# Pioneering a New College in the

By A. N.

**W**ORKMEN are carving the newest Seventh-day Adventist college out of mahogany forests and verdant farmland in central Mindanao. Cold, splashing waterfalls, fertile soil, and the quiet seclusion of a fifteen-thousand-acre tract make it an ideal school home for Filipino youth. How the land was found and secured is a miracle of modern missions.

Though situated in the southern Philippines, this college belongs to the Seventh-day Adventists of the world. Is it not thrilling to think of our Sabbath school members everywhere, from Tierra del Fuego to Hammerfest and from Africa to Alaska, all uniting on thirteenth Sabbath this month to roll in a grand overflow offering that will help erect the first buildings of this new college of the Philippines?

It is hoped that the school may have its formal opening at the new location on July 1, when the new school year begins in the Philippines.

The need for a new college in this Oriental field grows out of a tremendous interest in Christian education. Philippine Union College, including its temporary southern extension, which is the nucleus for the new school, has seen its collegiate enrollment jump from 137 to 800 in the last six years, not to mention the academy and elementary students. Furthermore, the Adventist membership of the Philippines is now approaching forty thousand, and the annual baptisms five thousand, two thousand of whom are young people!

For years Seventh-day Adventists have been conducting schools of higher education in many different lands around the

world. These Adventist schools have been given a blueprint to follow—a blueprint from God, presented to us through the Spirit of prophecy. In fact, the marvelous nature of these messages on education is to me one of the outstanding proofs of their divine origin.

The thrilling story of the actual establishment of the new college began with the decision of the planning group to restudy this pattern. We carefully read those inspiring messages on education as presented in those three classics: *Education; Counsels to Parents, Teachers, and Students*; and *Fundamentals of Christian Education*. This in itself was a grand experience, for we were thus thinking the thoughts of God after Him. We were seeing again the kind of school He would have for our youth.

It is the will of God that Adventist youth secure an education that is balanced, one that is mental, spiritual, physical, and social. We were reminded again of the great importance of complementing theory with practice, for neither is complete without the other. We also learned that all students should have a period of work included in their daily program, that all teachers should work with the students, and that the work should be efficiently organized so as to minimize drudgery. Profitable labor should be made an interesting and even a thrilling experience. Every student should master a trade.

We learned again that character education should have a supreme place in the school program. In addition earnest study and true scholarship are of vital importance. Students should study for the love of learning and to secure a preparation for life, both here and in the hereafter. The pattern given in the Spirit of prophecy specifies that a Christian college should be in a quiet and beautiful rural area, where there is land for a large farm, so that an agricultural program can be carried on. We are also instructed to establish varied manufacturing enterprises.



A. V. Dick

Wilton O. Baldwin, Educational Secretary of the Far Eastern Division, Standing Before Some of the Huge Bamboo Growing at the Site of Our New College, Bukidnon, Mindanao, Philippines



# Philippines

W. N. NELSON



Having thus clearly focused the picture of the ideal Christian school, we next drew up a list of the qualifications of the ideal site for such an institution and prayed for the guidance of the Author of our pattern. He is also the great engineer, who ever since the Flood has been shaping the earth, carving out the site for our new college, and planting it with the trees and ferns and grasses and flowers to make it ready for erecting another monument to Christian education.

Thus, in communion with the God of heaven, we made bold to ask the Owner of the forests and the farmlands and the cattle on a thousand hills for the following:

A fertile farm of one thousand hectares (twenty-five hundred acres) where we could raise a large variety of crops.

Government land, because that is inexpensive.

A quiet, secluded place away from the noise and wickedness of the cities and yet one with a good approaching road.

Since many parts of the Philippines are torn with storms and strife, a place of peace and order, where there were no outlaws and no typhoons.

Plenty of water and a well-distributed rainfall, with not too long a dry season.

A place with ample, level building sites and with beautiful views of nature.

A cool place, which is something to ask for in a tropical climate!

An extensive forest for lumbering, for



A. V. Dick

This Is the Breath-taking View From the Edge of the Forest That Covers Some 12,500 Acres

beauty, and for quiet meditation and study.

Finally, a swift stream of water for hydroelectric power, to save on operating costs.

With this prayer in our hearts and the spirit of adventure, Wilton Baldwin, our indefatigable division educational secretary, and I set out. We searched intensively over the large southern island of Mindanao, the logical place for the new southern college. We sailed through the air on the wings of the friendly Philippine Air Lines. We traveled day on end in rickety jeeps over many a mile of road. We rode the simple bullock carts as they lumbered along over rural stretches. Our searching journeys carried us over much rough country, through endless forests, and across miles of fertile farmland.

One day found us sliding down and clambering up steep, jungle-clad canyons to examine fertile though lonely stretches of land in between. One dark night our party of ten was making its way in inky

blackness through a rain-soaked jungle along the razor-backed ridge of a mountain range four thousand feet high, guided only by two dim flashlights and the soft, phosphorescent carpet of decaying forest leaves. After drying our clothes by the fire and sleeping in an abandoned, roofless shack under stars, we awoke to spend a grand day exploring a thousand-hectare forest, only to find that building a road to the place would be impossibly expensive.

On one of our journeys of exploration we passed a group of people resting under a tree. They turned out to be Seventh-day Adventists, and they insisted on our spending the Sabbath with them. This we did, and were surprised to find a thriving church of two hundred earnest agricultural members away off on this high central plateau of Mindanao, where our search was now concentrated.

After joining our believers in prayer for the success of our search, we retired Saturday night for a sound sleep. In the morning Señor and Señora Valendez an-





W. O. Baldwin

This 120-Foot Waterfall Is Only One of Many Waterfalls on the Site of Our New College at Bukidnon

native and foreign, will do well. One most interesting crop grown in the area is hemp. This is a fiber obtained from a bananalike plant called the abacá. It is the source of the famous Manila rope that is used to tie the world's steamers to the piers of a thousand ports. Most of these products have a ready sale, especially rice, corn, abacá, and certain fruits and vegetables. Poultry and cattle thrive.

By an outstanding providence we found that this large piece of land was available, being government land. It had been turned back just a few months before by a wealthy prewar American cattle rancher. This meant that if we

could settle with the squatters, who are always scattered on most open and fertile lands in the Orient, we could secure this piece for a comparatively small sum.

It is a quiet, secluded place away from the noise and wickedness of the cities. The six-mile road on which we traveled from the Valendez home on the national highway had a perfect grade, rising gently, in fact almost imperceptibly, one thousand feet in the six miles. Although it was a dirt road, the drainage was excellent, and gravel for surfacing is available at a nearby stream for only ten centavos, or five cents, a cubic yard.

We were happy to learn that the large province of Bukidnon, which covers a large part of the central Mindanao plain, is the most peaceful in the Philippines. There are no outlaws here and, best of all, there are no typhoons!

We found an abundance of water; for on the northern and western boundaries are swift, cool, clear, perennial mountain streams, one of them 20 feet and another 120 feet wide! There are also many fine springs on the land, and the rainfall is made to order. It is practically always clear and sunny in the morning, with almost daily showers beginning in the middle or late afternoon and at times continuing on into the night. But the next morning the sun shines brightly again. The dry season is a short one of just a few

weeks' duration for preparing the land for planting. Thus the rainfall admirably fits into a program of working in the morning and studying in the afternoon.

As we climbed up onto the higher reaches of the estate we turned around to take in a view of the truly beautiful and extensive gardenlike plain surrounded by a great circle of forested mountains including that nine-thousand-foot Mount Kitanglad just across the valley. Sunshine and shadow, rain showers passing over the land near and far, quiet moonlit eves, and speedy tropical sunrises present a varied panorama of real beauty.

The climate is cool and delightful, thanks to the two-thousand-five-hundred-foot elevation! An elevated area in the tropics is almost ideal, because it is cool and refreshing. The days are moderately warm, but blankets are in order at night. Best of all, this delightful climate continues the year round, for there is no winter and, accordingly, no snow. Farming, lumbering, and all other outdoor work go on twelve months a year.

You will remember that our prayer asked for a forest, and in this also we were not disappointed! For right next to the 2,500 acres of farmland is a grand hardwood forest of over 12,500 acres more. In fact, this forest spills down from the heights onto the farm itself. It is a forest of Philippine mahogany—cool, fertile, quiet, superb, with sixty-foot trees of a three- or four-foot diameter!

As we followed our guides around this beauty spot, we were really thrilled and knew instinctively that our prayer had been answered almost to the very letter.

"But what about the promised waterfall for hydroelectric power?" we asked.

"Just wait; we'll show you," came the quick reply; and off they went ahead of us, up and down two large, excellent hemp-growing canyons and up again onto a fertile, rolling plateau, where we walked through grass and ferns seven or eight feet high, an evidence of great fertility.

Presently, while approaching the next canyon and still on the twenty-five hundred acres, we heard in the distance the thrilling sound of rushing water! Quickly, though with some difficulty, we made our way down into the center of the valley, where we found a veritable park of tall evergreens, huge bamboo with trunks seven inches in diameter, interesting huge-leaved tropical plants, long rattan vines climbing and winding through the jungle, and, at last and best of all, the rocks and the rapids of a clear, cool mountain stream, the Malington!

Hurrying up the canyon, we presently made a turn and came into full view of a large waterfall 120 feet high! And we learned that there were ten or more other waterfalls ranging from eight to sixty feet in height. So here was our hydroelectric power and the complete answer to our specific prayer!

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**H**UCKLEBERRY is a cedar waxwing. Perhaps you read some time ago about his rescue from starvation in deep snow and bitter cold.

His odd name was given him as a consequence of his enjoyment of the berries. He loved many other kinds of canned berries, but huckleberries were his favorite.

For weeks after the little bird came to live with us he was suspicious of sudden moves. He became panicky if captured by hand and removed from his cage, but we did catch him and let him fly loose in the house for an hour evenings, lest his wings become weak from lack of use.

Poor little fellow! His tail soon wore down to a stub from flipping it against the bars of his cage. It gave him a curiously unfinished appearance, and interfered with accuracy in guiding his flight. Until he became accustomed to his condition he frequently overshot his mark in alighting.

A favorite perch was a ledge close to the ceiling, and another was a leafless branch tacked to the wall by the window.

How he did object to being caught and returned to his cage! The easiest manner of capture was by turning out the lights and creeping up on him with a flashlight.

Later, though, he sometimes challenged us to a game. Down he would dive past someone's ear, with a short trill. If the object of his attention failed to look up, he repeated the maneuver. Eventually we learned that he wanted some excitement.

Back and forth he would fly with one of the family in pursuit. Sometimes the



*He made a wonderful flytrap.*

*but we named him for his favorite fruit*

# HUCKLEBERRY

By MRS. LOIS M. PARKER

whole family would take part. If the chase kept up too long, Huckleberry forgot it was just play, and became frightened. He would cling with open beak to curtain or picture frame to catch his breath before darting away, and his little body quivered with his gasping.

When everyone sat down, he soon became calm, and in a few minutes might zip down with another challenge. He never grew to like being held, but once in a while if sleepy or tired, he would allow us to pick him up and place him in his cage without a struggle. Possibly his dislike of being held was that our hands were too warm.

Sometimes when we played the flight game, one of us would gauge a spring just right to catch him in mid-air—and how disgusted he would be! He would snap his beak indignantly and try to nip a finger. Neither the noise nor the pretended bite was fearsome, for his beak was not thick and stout like those of seed-eaters, but slender and weak.

The cats took much interest in the waxwing at first. However,

they were given a sharp spat every time they so much as looked at him, and in time came to treat him with superb indifference. This was so even if he chanced to light beside them. These were mature cats before this training began.

Huckleberry lacked something in his diet, for his feathers grew dull after three months in the house. We tried feeding him everything we could imagine he might want, only to be refused. He gave us the answer the day the first big blue-fly came into the house.

The bird became so excited he seemed likely to turn himself inside out, whipping around his cage and trilling. We lifted his cage so he could get out. Straight as a flight could be, he made his way to the window and snapped up the buzzing fly. His trill of accomplishment was almost a crow! Thereafter no fly lasted long in the house, if Huckleberry was free to take care of it.

In time we let him have the freedom of the house. He spent the night on the high ledge close to the ceiling, and as days grew longer, objected to our sleeping for very long after sunup. It was startling to be awakened in the morning by a small, determined bird perched on one's chest, snapping his beak within inches of one's face.

Our animated flytrap grew more daring as time went on. He ventured into the kitchen, attempted a landing on the window cactus, and flew back into the living room with ruffled dignity.

Before long he was back again. The



A Bright-feathered Cedar Waxwing, With a Graceful Yellow-tipped Tail, Flitted From One Bush to Another, Following Us for Half a Mile Along the Fence Row. Was He Our Huckleberry?





## NATURE TRAILS

### Black Skimmer

By E. LAURENCE PALMER

**F**LYING in spectacular unison close to the water of some river mouth, bay, or harbor is a relatively compact flock of good-sized birds that appear conspicuously black above and white beneath. They look much like slender-billed gulls but fly more rapidly, and on close examination with glasses we may see that the bills are red with black tips.

The birds may fly one way across a stretch of water, wheel, and come back over the same path. On occasion one may dip its bill into the water but continue its flight with little interruption. If you are in the proper place at the proper time, the flock being observed may be black skimmers.

Black skimmers breed from southern New England to Florida and Texas, and south to Central Argentine on the Atlantic Coast and from Ecuador to Chile on the Pacific Coast. They winter from North Carolina southward. Sometimes the birds are found as far inland as Tennessee, and one race lives in central South America.

The male black skimmer is slightly larger than the female. He may be twenty inches long including a six-inch tail with its one-and-one-half-inch fork. The wing-

spread may be as great as fifty inches. If you can observe the bird closely, you will be able to identify it simply by its bill. The lower part of the bill is definitely longer than the upper portion, and the whole bill is conspicuously compressed. With a structure like this the bird may skim along the water surface while flying, with the bill in position quickly to pick up a small fish or other animal that may serve as a meal.

Black skimmers nest in colonies on bare ground such as shell beaches or sand flats. They build no nest but lay from three to five eggs in a mere depression. The eggs are white, greenish, or brown, and are spotted or blotched with brown, gray, or lavender. Although the birds nest in colonies, the individual nests are not too close together. Incubation is probably by the female only, and there is but one annual brood. In the northern part of the range the nesting period is from the middle of May to the middle of July. The young birds have bills that are more nearly equal in length than are those of the adults, and because of this they may pick food from the surface of the ground, a feat that is practically impossible for the adults.—National Wildlife Federation.



National Wildlife Federation Photo

dining table was interesting. A dish of leftover macaroni and tomatoes attracted him. To our surprise he perched on the edge, and ate with enthusiasm.

At breakfast time five-year-old Ellen was thrilled and delighted to have him join her at her dish of oatmeal and cream, and he obviously enjoyed it.

Huckleberry had more variety to his soft chirps and trills than one would imagine. Never very noisy, he still had language to express a number of different emotions.

An orphan chick was taken into the house, and the wildling could hardly bear to have the baby fed. Though he seldom lighted on the floor at other times, he had to try every food the chick was given. Very little of it was suitable for Huckleberry, but he never failed to drive the little chicken away to see.

The smaller children liked to bathe in a large galvanized tub by the living-room fire. Time after time Huckleberry watched, growing more excited each time, until he flew down to a chair nearby. We

put his bath pan in the chair, but he did not want it.

Ellen squealed with rapture, and held very still as he hovered over the tub, then dropped down to light on her knee. Apparently it was too deep. After peering into the water, he hopped to the tub edge.

"Splash some water on him, Ellen!"

At first only droplets, then finally whole handfuls of water she threw. He ducked his head, and stayed until he was thoroughly soaked.

The little fellow could hardly flutter over to a chair. He shook and dressed his feathers for a few moments. With a long trill back he came for more! You may be sure that one small girl will never forget this merry time.

It was June now, and Huckleberry spent much of his time at the window. He danced up and down in a frenzy when birds flew past. All one day a female bluebird attempted to come in through the pane of glass, while the waxwing snapped his beak and dared her to do it.

Waxwings nest late in the summer.

About the time they were mating we propped the doors open, so Huckleberry could leave if he wished. It was several days before he seemed to realize that he could go. He lighted on the step for a look in all directions, then swift and straight he flew to a big elderberry bush in the chicken yard.

As Huckleberry lighted on an outer twig, another waxwing flew to join him. Poor little bird! His feathers were dull, and his stubby tail awkward looking compared to the sleek, lovely creature beside him.

He was not thinking of that, however.

With a sudden start he bounded into the air—up and up and still higher; then down he came like a rock, halted his drop to hover, then lighted on the fence nearby.

We watched him for an hour before he slipped away from our sight. He danced and darted around the bushes, ate elderberry blossoms, drank water from the tiny stream. A cat appeared, and with proper caution he sought a higher perch. (He had disregarded them in the house.)

The other waxwings—three pairs of them—were intent on their billing and cooing, and truly doves have nothing on them at all! But Huckleberry was too busy tasting his freedom to notice.

Weeks later a bright-feathered cedar waxwing, with a graceful yellow-tipped tail, flitted from one bush to another, following us for half a mile along the fence row. On the other side of the bushes his partner nervously tried to coax him away.

He paused to eat a serviceberry, trilled politely on finishing it, just as our Huckleberry always did, and daintily wiped his bill. Who else could it be but our own special friend? We have seen him many times since, once helping us as we picked black raspberries in the garden patch. He never comes very near, but seems to like our company at a distance.

As Ellen says, someday we hope to have many dear little feathered friends in the earth made new. We doubt whether they could be much dearer than Huckleberry. After all, his vote of confidence in us is a marvelous thing, something bright to treasure in a world where so much darkness is found.

### MV Youth in Action

From page 7

Mission School, Holbrook, Arizona, visited the college campus. The Indian children gave a Friday evening program of songs and readings, and displayed the work they had done at the mission school.

They sang several numbers in English and one song each in the Navaho and the Hopi languages. Several told about their tribe and their personal experiences in coming to the mission school. Mr. Frank Daugherty, the principal, showed slides of



the mission school and of the Navaho Reservation.

Students from four tribes attend the Holbrook school. The majority are Navahos, and some are from the Hopi, the Pima, and the Maricopa tribes.

Built to accommodate fifty-five students, the school now has an enrollment of ninety-five. The boys live in a newly constructed, neat dormitory, but the girls are crowded into a small, inadequate room. The girls' beds are bunked three high to conserve floor space. Offerings received at La Sierra and at the Loma Linda Hill church, Loma Linda, California, where the Indian children gave a program Sabbath afternoon, will be used to help build a dormitory for the girls.

In addition to the offerings, gifts of food valued at six hundred dollars were received at the meetings held at La Sierra and Loma Linda. Both meetings were sponsored by the La Sierra College Missionary Volunteer Society in cooperation with the local Associated Youth.

Accompanying the group were the principal; his wife, a teacher at the mission school; Miss Mildred Keaton, a veteran nurse among the Indians; and Neal Daugherty, the school principal's cousin. Mr. and Mrs. Daugherty began their work at Holbrook in 1949, after having served for nineteen years teaching for the United States Government Indian Service in Alaska.

## Pioneering a New College in the Philippines

From page 14

That was how we found the right place for the location of our new Seventh-day Adventist college, one which is destined by God to carry on the full program of true education.

But it was one thing to find the place and another to secure it. First, we had to

### Believe It or Not

but in the hallway of a leading Cleveland hotel that operates seven bars, a notice was posted to the effect that any employee caught drinking on the hotel premises would be discharged. It apparently is good business to entice and induce hotel guests and their friends to drink but poor business for their own employees to drink. No employer wants to employ tipsy employees.

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make amicable settlements with the twenty-six squatter families, people who, though not owning a foot of the land, have farmed it for years and have therefore some rights to stay on if they wish. It was hard to settle with them, as you can well imagine, for they had their homes and well-kept fertile farms. We were finally reaching successful settlements when another party determined to secure the land ahead of us, obstensibly pleading for the rights of the squatters. But we received very timely aid from the congressman from Bukidnon, who convinced the squatters that they should settle with us to permit the establishment of what he called a college destined to be the best in the area.

Then came the detailed official survey with all the hairline instruments and intricate calculations; and a vital meeting with the National Irrigation Board in Manila assured us of the precious water rights for domestic use, for irrigation, and for hydroelectric power. The Philippine

Air Lines cordially agreed to make our college a flag stop for their regular commercial planes, since there is ample room for an airstrip on the lower plateau of the farm.

A survey committee of General Conference, Far Eastern Division, Philippine Union, and local leaders gave the final approval; and on January 1, 1952, our tractors made their way to the site to begin farming operations.

The National Forestry Bureau was enthusiastic about our plan to give the youth of the Philippines a practical education, and granted us a regular commercial concession on the 12,500 acres of timberland. This large forest is ours to care for and to log on a sustained-yield basis at the modest cost of from two to four dollars a thousand board feet plus a small deposit as we turn it into lumber.

The 2,500-acre farm has now been officially purchased for only \$5 an acre, or \$12,500; \$5,000 of this has already been given by the family of the late Tirso Jamandre, who joined us in the early days of the plan to establish a college that recognizes agriculture as the A B C of education and gives a college course in this field.

Today those who opposed us are very friendly; and the squatters are the best of backers, for in cooperation with the local officials we have helped them relocate and get their fields plowed for the spring planting.

Just as God began centuries ago, in that terrific aftermath of the Flood, to prepare those fertile 2,500 acres for us and to plant that 12,500-acre forest of tall evergreen mahogany trees, so He also began years ago to prepare the men needed to launch this new college program. Trained men are of vital importance.

Years ago a fourteen-year-old lad suddenly bereft of his father was to be seen swinging the ax and felling the tall trees in the virgin forests of northern Michigan to make a living for his Christian mother

## Lone Leo, the Cougar, No. 10 - By Harry Baerg

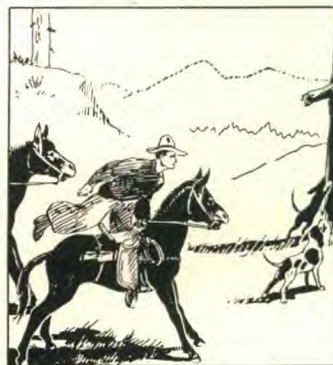
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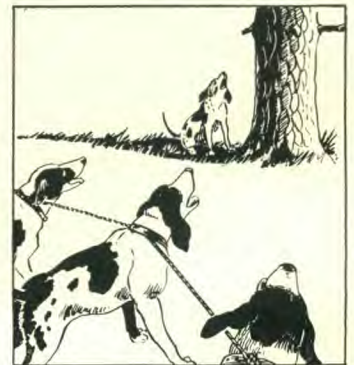
1. Leo did not like the thought of facing the men with their guns, so he leaped to the ground and led the dogs on another chase down the canyon and up along the other side of the gorge.



2. The young cougar thought he would be safe high up in the heavy branches of a large yellow pine. The dogs were still barking far below, but surely they could not reach him up here.



3. The riders on their sure-footed mules arrived and dismounted. They did not try to shoot the cougar, but tied their mules to nearby trees and left their revolvers in the holsters.



4. With one of their lariats the men tied all but the lead dog between two trees. Leo wondered what the men were up to and why the one dog was loose when all the other dogs were tied.



and younger brothers and sisters. Later he worked his way through Emmanuel Missionary College. Today he is in charge of this new college in the Philippines. His name is Virgil L. Bartlett.

Those same years saw another young man working in a tractor factory and spending years gaining experience in machine work and electrical engineering to become our mechanical and electrical supervisor at the new college. This is Charles L. Martin.

To run the farm, God chose a young man who a few years ago was the cook on an American PT boat operating in the Far East during World War II. He was only a nominal Christian then. One day late in the war a suicide plane attacked them and hit its mark. One of the eight

rescued was young Raymond C. Hill. While convalescing in his homeland he providentially met some wide-awake Missionary Volunteers who suggested that he further his education at Walla Walla College. There he caught the vision of God's plan for him and readily joined the church. With a B.S. degree and an M.A. in agriculture he is now on his way to take charge of those fertile twenty-five hundred acres and train our Filipino youth in agriculture.

Providence has also been busy preparing the necessary Filipino teachers and foremen for the new institution. Dean Benito Mary is busily building up his faculty and directing the instruction of close to two hundred college students temporarily located at the Mindanao Mission Academy

until the thirteenth Sabbath overflow makes possible the erection of the first buildings in Bukidnon.

The school will be a junior college for a short period, but will gradually grow into a senior college as large as the mother Philippine Union College in Manila, I am sure.

We have been greatly pleased to see the enthusiasm with which our Filipino students have jumped into the work program, gathering abacá fibers for the hungry Manila-rope markets of the world, surveying for roads and buildings, exploring and surveying the hitherto unexplored forest, running the tractors, cooking the food for hungry crews, harvesting the rich crops, felling the forest trees, and running the sawmill. Student drivers

## God's Love Letter

By DELMAR T. BURKE

**T**HE Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., is the world's largest library, containing 9,241,765 volumes and pamphlets. Naturally these books cover many different topics that are of inestimable value to the learning and advancement of civilization. In all the world there are untold millions of volumes, for "of making many books there is no end."

Without question the Bible is the greatest book ever written. The silver thread that runs through its sacred pages from beginning to end, the theme of the whole Book, is love. Truly, it is God's love letter to man. Love impelled God to give to lost humanity, and in so doing He gave the best and the greatest gift of heaven. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." What an expression of affection!

It follows that if we read and study the Bible, we shall assimilate into our very being the principles contained in its holy pages. The Scriptures say that as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he," and we might well put it this way: as he readeth, so is he. From the reading of this Book one will naturally learn to speak the language of heaven.

Love does for us exactly the opposite that hate does. Hate makes us think only of self. It causes man to destroy others in his determination to have what *he* wants. Love impels us to give our lives in loving service for others. "When love fills the heart, it will flow out to others, not because of favors received from them, but because love is the principle of action. Love modifies the character, governs the im-

pulses, subdues enmity, and ennobles the affections."

It is always manifestly evident that acts of love receive responses of love. The apostle John wrote more about love than any of the other disciples. There must be a definite reason for this. He felt his heart warmed by the great loving heart of Jesus, and he responded as none of the others did. He must have performed special acts of kindness for his Master that caused the mighty principle of love to grow upon him.

In the last hours before the crucifixion of the Saviour love caused John to want to be close to Jesus. It was he who was leaning on Jesus' bosom at the last supper. He was the disciple "whom Jesus loved." Anyone may be as John, the disciple whom the Master loves, for, when we express our love to God, He responds again with greater blessings. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

True love is not natural in sinful human hearts. We do not acquire it of ourselves. It is a *gift* from the great God of love. "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

Again, in loving mercy God made Himself known to the fallen race in the greatest and most personal way possible. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love,

not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. . . . If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us."

A great number of silver-tongued professions can be made and even some acts of apparent kindness performed to back up the professions, but unless holy love is in the heart, "it profiteth . . . nothing." "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." It would be well if we would read often the Bible's love chapter, 1 Corinthians 13.

Proverbs 10:12 tells us that love covers our sins. The apostle Paul teaches that "love is the fulfilling of the law." No other principle can do these things for us. It is by the everlasting love of God that we have been drawn out from superstition and fear to serve Him. "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

It is a depressing thing to know that some will forget their first love, but it serves as a warning to all that side attractions in the things of the world do not pay and may lead to destruction. Jesus says, "Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." What a tragedy to shun God's love!

Contrary to worldly belief it is true love alone that makes us happy and smooths the rough places in this life of disappointments. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him, because he first loved us."

Young soldiers of the cross, it is the love of Christ that is able to constrain you, as the best Book reveals. His love is made perfect in you through the indwelling power of His Spirit.

"Finally, . . . be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."





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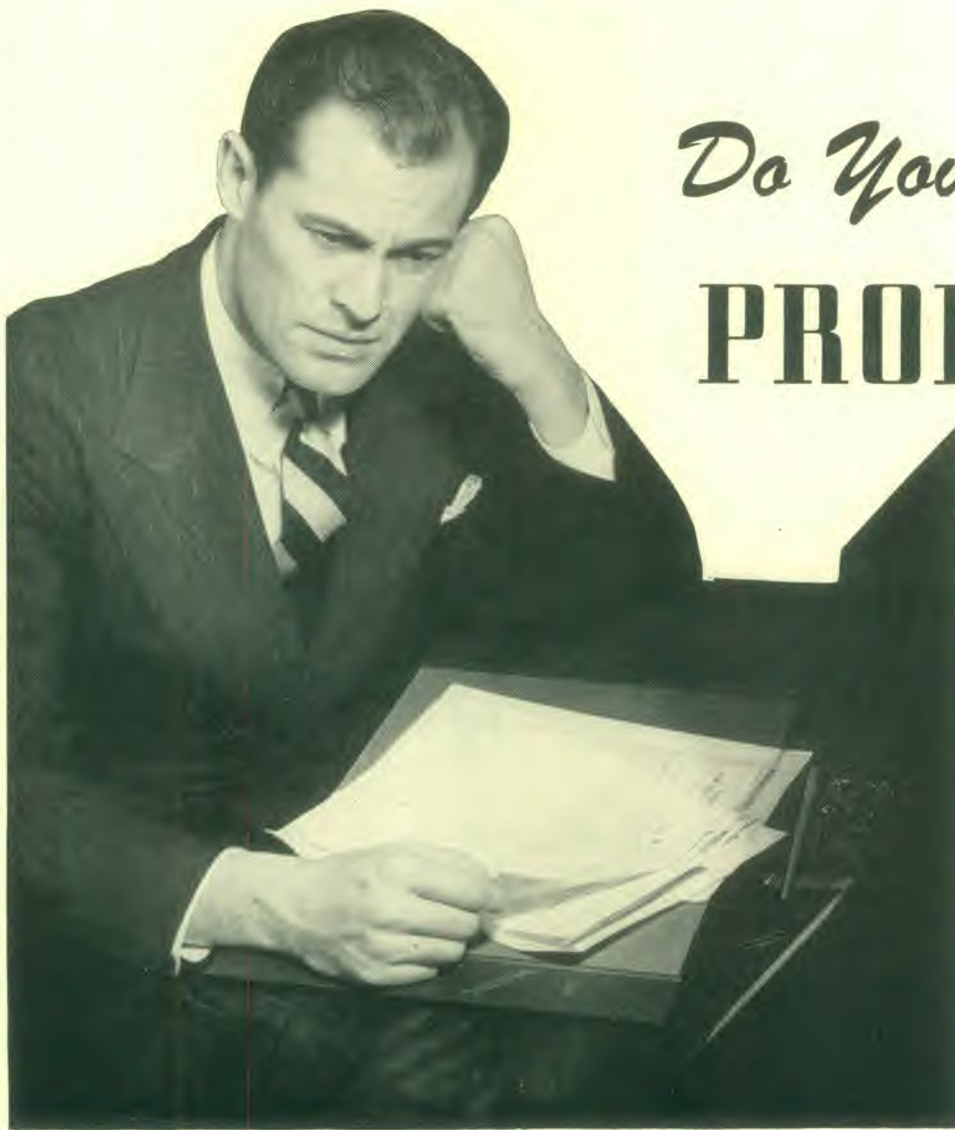
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make the large scarlet bulldozer do double duty on long sixteen-hour shifts. This important machine may be seen scurrying over the landscape plowing five furrows at a time with the large disk plow or working in the forest dragging those long smooth mahogany logs to the college sawmill, which is already humming away cutting lumber at the rate of thousands of board feet a day. Some of this lumber will be used in the erection of homes and buildings, and an increasing volume will find its way into the commercial lumber markets of the Philippines and the outside world as well, through the port of Cagayan on Mindanao's north coast.

All students will live in the dormitories and enjoy a twenty-four-hour-a-day education. With their teachers and foremen, all students will join in the work program, in harmony with the pattern, and will build and carry on all the work of the institution. Sabbaths already find our pioneering students with their Bibles under their arms making their way over the quiet rural landscape to spread the message of a soon-coming Saviour far and wide.

Most providentially, again, though we have as yet no school buildings, industrial operations are already under way; for we have been able to secure the essential tools and machine equipment quickly and reasonably with the emergency funds provided. At present this consists of three new International tractors, a cub, an H, and a TD-14 bulldozer; a pickup and a truck; a Corinth C2 portable sawmill; two gasoline electric generators, totaling twenty-five kilowatts, which will serve until the falls are harnessed for hydroelectric power; a heavy-duty, four-sided planer; a mortising machine; a large shaper; a welding outfit; and metal working and woodworking tools. All this equipment is now set up and operating. Much of it came into our hands just when we needed it and often at almost giveaway prices.

Water is a simple matter, for all we have to do is to bring a pipe line from the top of the falls in that Malingon stream flowing right through the campus, and an abundance of high-pressure water is ours without even having to pump! School buildings are now our outstanding need.

It is a profound joy to realize anew that God still answers prayer. He has given us 2,500 acres of ideally situated farmland and 12,500 acres more of forest, or a total of 15,000 acres for this new school. In other words, the farm covers four sections of land (four square miles) and the forest, twenty sections (twenty square miles) more, for a grand total of twenty-four square miles.

As I write these lines on furlough in the United States, the word comes that a bumper corn crop has been harvested, that the rice harvest is on, and that the sawmill on the heights above is rolling out the lumber.

As I left the new campus after a busy period working with students surveying the entrance drive along the crest of Manupali River Canyon, the airstrip, the campus proper, and a new road up into the rich mahogany forests, it was with the deep conviction that the day of miracles and answered prayer is not over. It is truly marvelous to see what God hath wrought and soul stirring to contemplate the great possibilities for this our newest educational institution.

## In the Colorful Caribbean

From page 6

school duties without giving any further demonstration of her stubbornness. Still no word. As the door closed, she remained sitting bolt upright on the bench, jaw set, eyes hard, no yielding or change of attitude apparent.

Came evening. Bread and water were served without a word of recognition. Bedtime came and still no sign of yielding. I

had sent word home by a younger and much sweeter-dispositioned sister, that F— would not be home for the night, that the attempt to cure her was in progress and that I would report in due course. The servant girl went to her again at 10 P.M. Still adamant, she reported. So after praying for the culprit, I went to my rest with the hope that morning would see a change of attitude.

I rose early. Again the report: No change. Her barren fare of the night before had remained untouched. At 8 A.M. the servant reported that the girl was crying. I said, "Good, that is what I have been waiting for."

So I went to talk with the girl. At first only her sobs were heard. There was no other reply to my efforts to impress upon her the danger to herself and her future of allowing her temper full control. I pointed out that she was making others as well as herself miserable. I emphasized how her parents were in despair not knowing what to do to break her of this evil habit of stubborn disobedience and rebellion. I assured her that I had only her personal good in view, and hoped that



## Crossword Puzzle

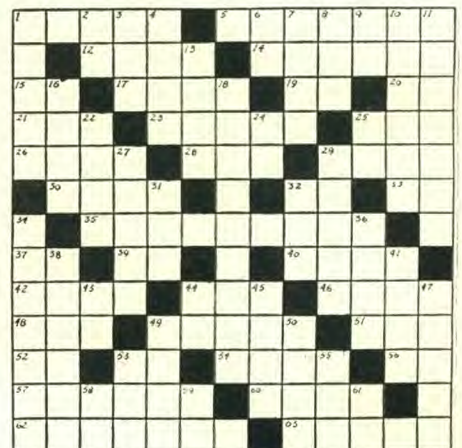
### Horizontal

- 1 Son of Leah and Jacob
- 5 David's son, whom he mourned
- 12 The Hebrews were forbidden to muzzle these animals
- 14 An island near Crete
- 15 Direction
- 17 Scandinavian navigator; reputed discoverer of America
- 19 Mighty man of valor of the family of Benjamin. (1 Chr. 7:12)
- 20 Elias
- 21 Son of Hur. (Ex. 31:2)
- 23 Life fluid
- 25 A king who began his reign with a campaign against idolatry. (1 Ki. 15:8)
- 26 The lorus tree
- 28 Sea eagle
- 29 Flat, round plate
- 30 Christmas carol
- 32 State
- 33 Exclamation
- 35 Sea monster, probably a crocodile
- 37 King of Bashan
- 39 Moon goddess
- 40 Indigo
- 42 Island off the coast of Asia Minor
- 44 Poem
- 46 Animal having no feet
- 48 Esdras—a version of Ezra
- 49 Island south of Greece
- 51 Hail
- 53 One-fourth of an acre
- 54 Talk wildly
- 56 Judah's first-born
- 57 High
- 60 Liquefy
- 62 Makes possible
- 63 Saltpeter

### Vertical

- 1 The Babe of Bethlehem
- 2 Act
- 3 Chopping tool
- 4 Plant of economic value. (Is. 18:4)
- 6 Before Christ
- 7 Went quickly
- 8 Aaron

- 9 Liberal Unionist
- 10 Russian seaport on the Black Sea
- 11 The last of the prophets, who prophesied about B.C. 420
- 13 River of Africa, which for 1,800 miles traverses Bible country
- 16 Son of Ephraim's son, Shuthelah. (Num. 26:36)
- 18 Medicinal seed which resembles manna
- 22 Graven image
- 24 Preposition
- 25 The Israelites, under Joshua, were smitten here
- 27 Tall grasses which grow in marshes
- 29 Italian goddess, for whom Demetrius made silver shrines
- 31 Fifty six
- 32 Rhubarb
- 34 Early heretical sect, which held that Christ's body was a phantom
- 36 Thatch composed of leaves
- 38 Land of Egypt, which Joseph promised to his father. (Gen. 45:10)
- 41 The greatest thing in the world
- 43 Natural power which produces hypnotism
- 44 Conjunction
- 45 Samson went to this rock after slaying the Philistines
- 47 Small town in Lycaonia, visited by Paul and Barnabas. (Acts 14:6)
- 49 Black, solid combustible substance
- 50 Evening
- 53 A pleurapophysis
- 55 High priest who had two ungodly sons
- 58 Principal deity of Egypt, from whom the Pharaohs claimed descent
- 59 French article
- 61 Trinity term



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Key on page 23



she had learned that she must obey at home and in school without acting as had been her habit in the past.

At last the question was put: "F—, do you think you can faithfully promise to do as you are told in school and set a good example to the younger pupils? How about it?"

At first there was only continued weeping, but eventually her head came up. She replied, "Yes, Mr. Wellman, I will do what you say."

"Fine," I replied, "I'd hoped you would see it that way, and I am going to trust you to do it." Calling the servant, I said, "See that F— has a chance to wash up, and then serve her a good breakfast. I am off to get ready for school. When F— is ready and through breakfast, send her over to the school." From that day she was a different girl, cooperative and helpful. The milder physical but more severe psychological punishment had been effective.

One of my real problems was how to deal with parents. Some of them were rather inclined to interfere with the discipline of the school, especially when one of their own children was involved. The school group, some forty of them, were playing on the schoolground at the noon hour. School was called. I noted that one of the older girls was absent, though she had been there for the morning session, so I asked the others about her. They reported that she had gone home. But the lowering face of one of the other older girls made me suspicious that something more serious was afoot.

I did not have long to wait for the confirmation of my suspicion. Suddenly the absent girl and her mother came around the corner of the building, and I acted automatically. Stepping back to the rear of the room where mother and daughter were converging on E—, the second girl, who was now looking quite frightened, I was just in time to stop the enraged mother. She had grabbed E— by the shoulders and was about to drag her out of her seat and administer physical punishment.

Stepping behind the mother, I grasped both her wrists in my hands and said, "Mrs. B, what are you doing here in the schoolroom?"

Angry as a setting hen defending her young, she snapped out, "She cut my girl with a stone. Look at her face." It was very evident what had happened. "I'll teach her to behave herself. Let me loose," she continued.

Quietly I held her hands pinioned, and replied, "Mrs. B, no one but me administers punishment in this school. If E— deserves punishment, I'll be the one who gives it and no one else. When you promise to go home and behave yourself, I'll release you, but not before then."

For a few moments it was a battle of wills, but eventually she called her child, and said that she would go home. "All right," I said, "see that you go peaceably and do not molest E—. I will see that she is adequately punished. And send your daughter over, and I will see that her wounds are properly cared for."

Most of the scholars were quick witted, forceful, and aggressive. A few were slow, almost impossible to teach. One small lad might know his lesson today but know nothing of his lesson tomorrow or of yesterday's lesson either. One day the answer to every question would fall off his tongue readily; the next day he would sit speechless, with lack-luster eyes. There were others who would be into mischief every fleeting moment, occupied with some new scheme with which to entertain themselves and their fellow pupils.

Eight years after teaching this group of lively and extremely interesting pupils, I came back to attend the union conference sessions in Kingston in 1907. Lads and lassies who had grown to young manhood and womanhood greeted me as though I were a part of the family, and broad smiles and vigorous handshaking were the order of the day.

[This is the second installment of a twelve-part serial. Part 3 will appear next week.]

## The Evil Eye

From page 11

of the same superstitious ideas, only in milder form. I have heard such expressions as: "Don't let a black cat cross your path." "Don't walk under a ladder." "If you walk on a crack, you'll break your mother's

back." "See the new moon over your left shoulder, and you'll be lucky." "Keep your fingers crossed." "Friday is an unlucky day. Don't start any work on that day, or you'll never finish it." I find many people resorting to fortunetellers. Some people waste hours reading their fortunes from leaves in a teacup. I thought it was only non-Christians who wasted their time dabbling in these dark mysteries. Beware! lest you be carried away by all these superstitious ideas and practices that had their origin in non-Christian countries.



### Senior Youth Lesson

## XIII—The Objectives of the Church of Christ

(March 28)

MEMORY VERSE: Matthew 28:19, margin.  
LESSON HELP: W. E. READ, *The Bible, the Spirit of Prophecy, and the Church*, chap. 13.

### Daily Study Assignment

1. Ques. 1-3, and notes; memorize Matt. 28:19.
2. Ques. 4-6, and notes.
3. Ques. 7, 8; read first half of chap. 13 of lesson help.
4. Ques. 9, 10, and notes.
5. Read second half of chap. 13 of lesson help.
6. Ques. 11, 12.
7. Review entire lesson.

### Work for the World

1. What symbol does Paul use to illustrate Christ's love for His church on earth? Eph. 5:25, 29.

NOTE.—"Our Lord's love for the church is not questioned. He gave Himself for it. He is our model. Even the unconverted man does not hate his own flesh. He would not murder himself, naturally. He ought to love his wife as well as that, and the Christian ought to have for his model his Lord."—M. C. WILCOX, *Studies in Ephesians*, p. 85.

2. How has God arranged to tell the world of His love for humanity? Mark 16:15; Acts 26:22; Isa. 52:7.

NOTE.—This is done by preaching, by witnessing, by publishing. This means giving the gospel both publicly and privately, as well as by living it. 1 Cor. 9:27.

3. What should be the main theme of all preaching? 1 Cor. 1:23; 2:2; Phil. 1:20.

NOTE.—"The world will not be converted by the gift of tongues, or by the working of miracles, but by preaching Christ crucified. The Holy Spirit must be allowed to work. God has placed instrumentalities in our hands, and we must use every one of them to do His will and way. As believers we are privileged to act a part in forwarding the truth for this time."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 424.

4. What is the ultimate goal of the church on earth? What encouraging promise is made to soul winners? Luke 19:10; Dan. 12:3.

### Comfort for the Church

5. What should be our relationship with fellow members of the church? Gal. 6:10; 2 Cor. 6:18.

NOTE.—"As the members of a true family care for one another, ministering to the sick,

## Who Supplies the Luxuries?

God lays His hand upon the tithe, as well as upon gifts and offerings, and says, "That is Mine. When I entrusted you with My goods, I specified that a portion should be your own, to supply your necessities, and a portion should be returned to Me."

As you gathered in your harvest, storing barns and granary for your own comfort, did you return to God a faithful tithe? Have you presented to Him your gifts and offerings, that His cause may not suffer?—"Review and Herald," Dec. 23, 1890.



supporting the weak, teaching the ignorant, training the inexperienced, so is the 'household of faith' to care for its needy and helpless ones."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 201.

6. How are the joy and happiness of true church membership expressed? Col. 3:16; Ps. 133:1; John 17:21.

NOTE.—"To have fellowship with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ is to be ennobled and elevated, and made a partaker of joys unspeakable and full of glory. . . . The princely dignity of the Christian character will shine forth as the sun, and the beams of light from the face of Christ will be reflected upon those who have purified themselves even as He is pure."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 357.

7. In addition to having fellowship one with another, what other great blessing comes to us through the church? 1 John 1:3, 7.

#### Service Through the Church

8. In our service for the world, what are we admonished to do besides preaching? Matt. 28:19, 20.

NOTE.—"We are not only to seek for disciples, or for 'Christians' [Matt. 28:19, margin], but we are to teach them, baptize them, and to keep them in the church.

9. In addition to working for others, to what should we give special attention? Heb. 6:1, 2; 2 Peter 3:18.

NOTE.—"Our growth in grace, our joy, our usefulness,—all depend upon our union with Christ. It is by communion with Him, daily, hourly,—by abiding in Him,—that we are to grow in grace. . . . It is Christ first and last and always. He is to be with us, not only at the beginning and the end of our course, but at every step of the way."—*Steps to Christ*, pp. 73, 74.

10. How is the work of winning men and women to God illustrated in the Bible? Luke 5:9, 10; Jer. 16:16; Matt. 5:16.

NOTE.—"The deeper lesson which the miracle [in Luke 5:9, 10] conveyed for the disciples, is a lesson for us also,—that He whose word could gather the fishes from the sea, could also impress human hearts, and draw them by the cords of His love, so that His servants might become 'fishers of men.' They were humble and unlearned men, those fishers of Galilee; but Christ, the light of the world, was abundantly able to qualify them for the position for which He had chosen them."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 249.

11. In addition to personal service, what are we called upon to render to the Lord? Mal. 3:8, 10.

12. When we fully yield our lives in service to God, what will be the result? Acts 1:8.

MEMORY VERSE: "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15.

#### Guiding Thought

Yes! you need the church and the church needs you! Could you make a list of the things the church gives you, not merely the local church in the city or part of the State where you live, but the church at large? It gives you friendship—fellowship, the Bible calls it—that happy feeling of being with others who share your faith and your hope and interests. It helps you grow in grace through the Sabbath school and the Junior Missionary Volunteer Society. It helps you gain an education that keeps you safe from the harmful things of the world. These are only a few of the things your church does for you. Are you doing anything for your church? You help by being a regular attendant at Sabbath school and Missionary Volunteer meetings; you help by going to church, by taking part in the worship of the church, by taking part in the work of the church. You help by giving offerings and returning your tithe. In all these and other ways you help your church. Yes, the church needs you and you need the church.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

##### The Church Is a Family

1. What is God to us, and what do we become to Him when we leave the world to become Christians? 2 Cor. 6:17, 18.

2. What term, showing how closely knit together are its members, does Paul apply to the church in Galatians 6:10, last part?

NOTE.—"What a promise is here made upon condition of obedience! Do you have to cut loose from friends and relatives in deciding to obey the elevated truths of God's word? Take courage, God has made provision for you, His arms are open to receive you. Come out from among them and be separate, and touch not the unclean, and He will receive you. He promises to be a Father unto you. Oh, what a relationship is this! higher and holier than any earthly tie. If you make the sacrifice, if you have to forsake father, mother, sisters, brothers, wife, and children for Christ's sake, you will not be friendless. God adopts you into His family; you become members of the royal household, sons and daughters of the King who rules in the heaven of heavens."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, p. 510.

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

##### The Church Helps Us Grow

3. What is God's plan for every child born into the great family? 2 Peter 3:18.

NOTE.—"In studying the Scriptures, in manifesting an unselfish interest in others, in doing those things that will please the Saviour, you will grow in grace and in a knowledge of our Lord and Saviour."—*Counsels on Sabbath School Work*, p. 69.

4. What are some of the things we do at church that help us to grow in grace? Col. 3:16.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

##### We Help the Church by Our Lives

5. In the midst of the darkness of this world that is caused by sin and ignorance, what should the lives of Christians be like? Phil. 2:15.

NOTE.—"Christ has made every provision that His church shall be a transformed body, illumined with the Light of the world, possessing the glory of Immanuel. It is His purpose that every Christian shall be surrounded with a spiritual atmosphere of light and peace. He desires that we shall reveal His own joy in our lives."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 720.

6. What does Jesus say about our responsibilities as light bearers? Matt. 5:16.

NOTE.—"Jesus did not bid the disciples, 'Strive to make your light shine'; He said, 'Let it shine.' If Christ is dwelling in the heart, it is impossible to conceal the light of His presence."—*Mount of Blessing*, p. 67.

"Trials patiently borne, blessings gratefully received, temptations manfully resisted, meekness, kindness, mercy, and love habitually re-

vealed, are the lights that shine forth in the character in contrast with the darkness of the selfish heart, into which the light of life has never shone."—*Ibid.*, pp. 71, 72.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

##### We Help the Church by Our Work

7. As members of God's family we have a two-fold responsibility. We have to grow in grace so that the happiness and peace we get from Christ shines out like a lamp in the darkness, and we are to engage in active missionary work. Recall Christ's words as He sent His disciples out into the world. Matt. 28:19, 20.

8. Does each one have the same task to do? Mark 13:34.

NOTE.—"Let none feel that because they are uneducated they cannot take part in the Lord's work. God has a work for you to do. He has given to every man his work."

"There are ways in which all may do personal service for God. Some can write a letter to a far-off friend. . . . Others can give counsel to those who are in difficulty. Those who know how to treat the sick can help in this line. Others who have the necessary qualifications can give Bible readings or conduct Bible classes."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 433.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

##### We Help the Church by Our Giving

9. In Luke 12:42 find a word that Christ applies to His disciples that means one who takes care of the goods of another.

NOTE.—"Every man is a steward of God. To each the Master has committed His means."—*Ibid.*, vol. 3, pp. 385, 386.

10. What are we to do with a tenth of everything that comes to us? Mal. 3:8, 10.

NOTE.—"Our money has not been given us that we might honor and glorify ourselves. As faithful stewards we are to use it for the honor and glory of God."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 351.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

Name some of the ways in which the Second Advent Movement is helping men and women to accept Christ. An Ingathering booklet will help you.

Write here some ways in which your church is winning souls and helping people.

Write here some ways in which you can do your part as a light bearer.

#### KEY

#### Wit Sharpeners

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### THIRTEENTH SABBATH OFFERING

MARCH 28, 1953—FAR EASTERN DIVISION

This quarter the young people of the world will have opportunity to rally to the aid of the young people of the Far Eastern Division, for the overflow of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help in providing needed buildings and equipment in three major educational institutions: Japan Missionary College, North Celebes Training School, and the new junior college of the South Philippine Union.

## Junior-YOUTH LESSON

### XIII—You Need the Church and the Church Needs You

(March 28)

LESSON TEXTS: 2 Corinthians 6:17, 18; Matthew 5:14-16; 28:19, 20.

MARCH 17, 1953





► BRAZIL nuts grow on trees so high that pickers wait for them to ripen and fall.

► THE multitude of islands between Canada and the North Pole have a total land area almost equal to that of Peru, South America.

► SUGAR cane growers of Hawaii have found that fire is a laborsaving device. Flames set just before harvesttime consume the useless leaves and tassels so rapidly that the juicy stalks are unharmed and are easier to harvest.

► IN a lifetime a Doctor of Philosophy degree in science or engineering is worth about \$40,000 more than a Bachelor of Science degree, according to Dr. B. R. Stanerson, of Washington, secretary of the American Chemical Society's committee on manpower.

► "BOTH the monuments and the stone work are falling into decay," Winston Churchill, Britain's prime minister, told his people recently about Westminster Abbey. He called for one million persons to give £1 (\$2.80) each to help clean and restore the historic structure. The first donation was made by Queen Elizabeth II, who on next June 2 will enter the 1,000-year-old building to be crowned.

► ELEVEN Moslem nations are going together to sponsor the Washington mosque and Islamic Institute, a center of Islamic culture to be developed among the embassies and residences of Washington's (D.C.) Massachusetts Avenue. The place of worship will easily accommodate the city's 1,000 Moslems. The center connected with it will include a museum and a library and will offer classes in Islamic culture. Although other large cities of the United States have mosques, the Washington mosque is the first in the country to fulfill all the Moslem traditions. It is built in pure Islamic architectural style, reports the National Geographic Society, including the lacy ornamentations and mosaics, graceful arched windows, colonnades, and fountains, so typical of Moslem architecture. From a slender 160-foot minaret the call to prayer will be uttered five times a day, but a modern device will do the calling—a recording over a loud-speaker system. The entire building will be air conditioned.

► A MACHINE that can receive directions from the human voice and operate accordingly is nearer reality now than ever before. The Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York have built an electronic device that is able to "understand" and recognize spoken numbers. It may be the forerunner of a future device that would allow putting phone calls through automatically simply by speaking the desired number into the mouthpiece instead of dialing it. This robot is named Audrey, a contraction of "automatic digit recognizer." At present it can operate only when it is spoken to by a particular person. It is hoped that future developments will make it possible for anyone to use the device and for its scope of sounds to be broadened to include words other than numbers.

► THE odds that the same number of vehicles will cross a bridge from each direction over any given period of time is extremely unlikely—"once in a lifetime." However, the Delaware Memorial Bridge connecting Delaware and New Jersey has already recorded two such days. On August 13, 1952, 8,593 vehicles crossed the bridge from east to west, and the same number crossed from west to east. Again on December 12, 5,929 vehicles traveled across from each direction.

► A CANBERRA twin-jet bomber flew recently from London to Darwin, Australia, in half the record time set by a Lancaster bomber in 1946. The Canberra streaked the 8,608-mile journey in a little more than 22 hours. Actual time in the air was only 19 hours and 1 minute, making an average of 453 miles an hour.

► SATAN is an object of worship among a religious sect in northern Iraq. The National Geographic Society says that the Yezidis, comprising several Kurdish-speaking tribes, consider Satan not an evil one but a fallen angel restored by God to rule the earth.

► HARRY S. TRUMAN was the most air-conscious President the United States ever had. Up to the time he left the White House he had made 61 Presidential flights and logged 135,098 air miles.

► NEARLY 1.4 million automobile drivers in the United States ran out of gasoline while on the road in 1951, according to the American Automobile Association.

► THE United Nations now has 60 member nations compared with 50 signers of the charter in 1945.

► AUTOMOBILE motor courts are now doing 10 times the amount of business they did in 1940. It is now a \$1.6-billion enterprise.

► ANTELOPE are being shipped to new feeding grounds in North and South Dakota from Yellowstone National Park, where a surplus of the animals has developed.

► SOME pioneer homes in the United States were built directly over a brook or spring, and many included a built-in spring house, the predecessor of the refrigerator.

► ABOUT 6,000 separate engineering drawings and from 80,000 to 90,000 parts are required for the manufacture of the average Army combat vehicle. An automobile has only about 17,000 parts.

► IT used to be that a Moslem making his pilgrimage to Mecca was required to pay a heavy tax for the privilege of visiting the city. Now oil revenues have increased sufficiently in Arabia to permit the dropping of the tax.

► ULTRA-HIGH-SPEED motion-picture cameras capable of making thousands of exposures a second can stop almost anything in mid-air. Even the rapid beat of an insect's wings has been slowed down on film for the benefit of aeronautical engineers. But up till now the remarkable flying ability of such insects as the hawk moth cannot be imitated.

► A RECTOR who preached to empty pews for 22 years died recently. He was 83-year-old Frederick William Densham. He had had various disagreements with his Warleggan, Cornwall, congregation until finally in 1931 his 160 parishioners boycotted him. But he continued to hold services—some 2,000 in more than two decades—all without a listener.

► THE work of junior farmers' organizations is growing in Australia. At a recent meeting of the Australian Council of Young Farmers the Australian Postmaster-General's Department submitted a design for a postage stamp to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the establishment of this movement. These various organizations are run in much the same way as they are in Great Britain and the United States. Mutual cooperation between these countries has made it possible for two boys and two girls from the United States now to visit several Australian states, and soon an Australian boy and girl are expected to visit the United States, under the auspices of the International Farm Youth Movement.

## Focus

The secrets of God are being discovered with increasing rapidity by the penetrating investigations of science. Man has probed into the recesses of the earth; he has dared to tamper with the weather; he can transport himself rapidly across vast distances. But he has only scratched the surface.

For five hundred years men who have wanted to soar in the heavens have studied the flight of birds. They have learned much; new records of flight are now being made continually. Even so, no one has yet learned how to copy the flying ability of the hawk moth. This insect is capable of more than swift, darting flight; it can fly backward, dodge sidewise, stop abruptly in mid-flight, and hover motionless in the air—with wings only, no propellers.

Say the scientists, "We know now how the insect flies—but, despite all our scientific and technological advance, we are still unable to imitate its art." Nature's God still holds His secrets.

DON YOST.