

the
Youth's
instructor

DECEMBER 18, 1962

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[Sabbath School Lessons for December 29]

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ORDER FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

INSIDE my hacienda stands a big balete tree. It has been my problem for years, and up to now it still remains a dreaded spot in this municipality. So, Mr. Gregorio Bacomo, I come to seek your help, if you can do something to it."

Pedro Labayin, well-known plantation owner of Talisayan, Negros Occidental, had attended my evangelistic preaching on the night of October 16, 1928. That was my sixth night of preaching in the little church of Dos Hermanos, a small barrio of that municipality. After my sermon I approached him and shook his hand. At the same time, I thanked him for his attendance and expressed my desire to see him again the following night. In short, he told me that he came to see me for an important purpose. I was interested and asked, "Can I do any service for you?"

"Certainly," he said, "if you care to be of help to me."

"Why shouldn't I?" was my immediate reply. "Tell me your problem."

"Well," he began, "in my hacienda is a big balete tree. The diameter is about one and a half meters and the height is about forty meters."

"What of it?" I questioned him.

"The tree has been the dreaded spot in my hacienda," he continued. "Every time my carabaos passed nearby, their necks were twisted and instantly they died on that very spot. Eight of my carabaos have died in that place, and five of my workers have died in that same area."

"Is there something wrong with that tree?" I asked him.

"It is haunted," he said. "Last month I called a well-known spirit doctor from the city of Dumaguete to see whether he could help me. On the night of his arrival an eaglelike bird with a flaming tail flew directly toward that tree and alighted on its topmost branch. The following day the witch doctor went home, telling me that even he was afraid to go near that tree. A week after that I called another spirit doctor from San Carlos and the same thing happened."

"Belete trees in our country are really believed to be haunted. I have heard many fearful stories about them.



Gregorio Bacomo and his companions chopped at the ill-famed tree from three angles.

by

GREGORIO BACOMO

as told to

MELCHOR DAPO

Tomorrow, however, I will go and see that tree," I assured the plantation owner.

The following day twenty-one SDA members from the local church joined me in hiking toward the plantation. I took with me my Bible and religious songbooks. Two hours later my companions and I reached the residence of Pedro Labayin. More than two hundred people waited in the open yard, all eager to know what I would do with the haunted tree.

The plantation owner prepared a good dinner for his visitors, and when his kitchen staff began to set the table I told him I would like to have my dinner right at the foot of the tree, if there was drinking water near the place.

"There is," was his quiet response, "but none could drink there, for that belongs to the evil spirits in the tree."

"Do they get angry?" I asked the hacendado.

"Yes," he said. "Some men lost their lives by merely touching that tree, and how much more angry they will be if you drink from the spring that is the source of their water supply."

"I will try to drink from that spring," I said, "so will you please request some of your workers to take our food to the foot of that tree."

He went around to the hacienda's cottages to call his workers, and when he came back he told me that none of them would carry the food for us. They were all afraid to go near that area. I then suggested that my companions each take with them their individual provision for dinner.

When all the information about that tree had been related to me I proceeded toward it with my companions. Eager spectators followed us. At exactly

the Tree of Death

the Youth's instructor

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

A continually changing world is reflected in its pages as it has expanded from 1852 to 1962. Then it was essentially a medium for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also supplies many added services meaningful to twentieth-century Christians.

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10:30 A.M. we reached the foot of the tree. I looked around the area. This parasitic tree grew at the brink of a deep canyon. Half of its ground roots formed a semicircle, and underneath them was a bowl-like spring whose water was clear and pure. The huge trunk was formed by a mass of big greenish roots. Surrounding the tree were herb-like plants whose leaves were multicolored. All the area around seemed to be well cared for and cultured.

Seeing that my companions had now had enough rest, I called them to gather around for a short religious service. We praised God with a few songs and then I read Psalm 23 at the top of my voice. After the closing song I offered a prayer in which I besought God to reveal His power in that evil-inhabited area.

At 10:45 A.M. three of my companions began to cut down the tree. Every ten minutes the three workers were relieved by others, and the axing continued every minute. These persons chopped the tree from three angles. After my first turn was through, I went to the waiting crowd to see whether they would help us. None volunteered, for they were all afraid. I tried to find out why.

One came near me and said, "I will not even cut any of those growing plants around, for if I did I am sure my hands would swell and in a few days I would die, as happened to others who died here."

"How many persons have died in this place?" I asked him.

"My grandparents told me that no

less than twenty persons have lost their lives here, by just cutting small twigs and wild bananas near this tree," he said. "I am sure you and your companions will die today or tomorrow for cutting down this tree."

"My God will not permit such a thing to happen to us," I explained.

At exactly 5:00 P.M. the tree fell toward the canyon, but it did not cover the spring at the base. I asked my companions to gather around for a short worship. This time I thanked God for His help and guidance.

After this we started to hike back home, with the crowd following closely. Some were shouting at us telling us to prepare our coffins. They were all skeptical about our chances for living. A few minutes later when we reached the home of the hacendado the crowd had increased to nearly four hundred. After supper I preached Christ and His power before these skeptical people. At 8:00 P.M. my companions and I were back home, tired from the day's work.

A week later I visited the hacendado and the place where the balet tree had fallen. The spring was as clear as before. Having faith in God's power, I told the hacendado to lead his carabaos along the path near the tree and to fetch water for drinking from that spring. He did, and nothing happened to anyone.

Because of God's manifestation of power in that place, many persons became interested in the Seventh-day Adventist doctrine. Through the effort of the few church members in Dos Hermanos, sixty persons were baptized four months later.

Birthday by JANE MERCHANT

"If only Phyllis sends a card
To mark the special day,
One tiny, warm, remembering word—"
Gran thought. "I must not pray
For such a trivial, useless thing.
I know her love is true.
To want a sign is almost wrong—
She has so much to do."

The mail arrived with cards and notes
From many loving friends
Expressing warmly cordial thoughts
That almost made amends
For lack of one. Her smile of loss
Held tenderness and rue.
"Oh, bless her, Lord, in all she does—
She has so much to do."

Journey by Foot

Picnic Maybe a picnic at any time can be fun, but we'll take ours in the sunny summer. Anyway, Bill Dasher has proved that you can picnic in any season, as his winter Photo Mart picture shows. Mrs. Dasher and young Billy confirm the fact.

Texas "The burden of my writing is that I just finished reading the INSTRUCTOR cover to cover and noted your answer to some sincere young person's problem of whether there was caffeine in Dr. Pepper or 7-Up. . . . On all Dr. Pepper bottles I have gone to the effort to look at, I read that caffeine is one of the ingredients. . . . I hope you don't get the idea that I am writing this with a holier-than-thou attitude, because that is certainly not the case." GARNETT R. NELSON, Texline.

Oklahoma "In the October 30, 1962, issue, the statement was made in the Counsel Clinic that as far as was known Dr. Pepper drinks did not contain caffeine. Please read the enclosed label." RUSSELL H. FISHER, Bristow.

Washington, D.C. "I am taking the liberty of sending this paper. It seems to be in direct conflict with the answer in the Counsel Corner [on caffeine in Dr. Pepper]." Mrs. E. PESTER, Takoma Park.

• A statement from the Medical Department of the General Conference appears in this week's Counsel Clinic, giving more recent information on the amount of caffeine in the Dr. Pepper soft drink.

Controversy Discussion on reading rates is not one-sided. "Speaking Out" in the June 9 *Saturday Evening Post*, Eugene Ehrlich said, "Speed Reading Is the Bunk." It is unimportant which side of the issue you take. Important is the ability to recognize that some things can be read faster than we read them; other things ought to be thoroughly digested even when read slowly. And some things ought not to be read at all!

Health "A walk, even in winter, would be more beneficial to the health than all the medicine the doctors may prescribe."—2T 529.

If 1962 found your Christian fire gone out, rekindle it in 1963! The new year will come to all of us just a day at a time. Our need is to decide now that we will dedicate each day as it dawns to a walk with Jesus.

Cleopas and his companion were walking toward Emmaus the day they found their fires extinguished. Their discovery was quite in contrast to ours, however. They had watched the unfolding of a plan whereby man could be redeemed from the wages of sin. They had not grown weary in well-doing. Their enthusiasm for Christ was real.

They had every opportunity to understand that Christ must die. But their own concepts of His mission were short-circuited. So intent were they on their own interpretation of how it was to be, that at the very time when they could have been jubilant they were disheartened.

We have lost our first enthusiasm for the Master. The very fact that the days follow in ordered procession dulls our keen anticipation of His return. Looking about us, we see that others are beginning to enjoy more of the good things of this life. Our conversations tend more to things material than spiritual. Except for an occasional fright over some political or religious movement in the world, we manage to maintain our pattern of complacency.

Check yourself the next time you meet a church member. What is the conversation about? The fulfilling signs of the end of the world? Plans for doubling or tripling missions giving next year? Praise for some new evidence that God hasn't forsaken us?

It wouldn't be nearly the chore on Sabbath days to keep the conversation on spiritual themes if we practiced the theme in more of our weekday talking. It isn't necessary to go about "talking religion" all the time. But it might encourage us if we heard such talk even once in a while, and on days other than the Sabbath.

For too many of us, the fire has gone out. Our chief concerns have to do altogether too much with life here instead of hereafter. William Wordsworth must have possessed prophetic insight when he wrote, "The world is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers." Even Cleopas gave voice to this preoccupation with the present: "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel."

When we begin studying our Bibles more than the daily newspapers; when we begin spending more time on our knees and less time sitting before a television screen; when we start talking about finishing the gospel work and stop talking inanities that crowd our conversations, the fires will flame again. For then the Lord Jesus can reveal Himself to us and cause our hearts to burn for the lost of the world.

Walter C. Crandall

coming next week

- "TREBLED GLADNESS"—Three times the Voice pleaded for decisions that were not in harmony with human nature. By Catherine Mohr.
- "FRIENDSHIP FOR NO ADVANTAGE"—The dolphin is the only creature that associates with man or shows him affection solely for his own sake. By Leslie Knight.

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If you feel Rejected

by ARTHUR L. BIETZ

I'M NOTHING, I'm nobody, and I might as well be dead." These statements, in variant forms and in varying degrees of intensity, are the heart cry of millions living today. Perhaps you have expressed them at some time and understand their painful meaning.

On one occasion Christ told a story with a special message for those who felt rejected and unnecessary. He said, "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field; it is the smallest of all seeds, but when it has grown it is the greatest of shrubs and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and make nests in its branches."¹

This story speaks of the magnificent possibilities in one lone person when he places himself under the influence of God. The burst of growth possible in the most insignificant human being is miraculous. Despair of our possibilities? Never! When God is allowed to take the lead, even the least of us is capable of making an indispensable contribution. The speck of mustard seed grows rapidly into a beautiful tree. Birds come and nest in its branches. Weary travelers rest in its shade. Artists admire its beauty. The seed was little enough, but the tree is of immense worth.

Every human being is a mustard seed sown by God's creative power. He is destined to grow as a tree planted by the waters, rich in resources, luxuriant in growth, rooting deeply into firm territory.

The growth, of course, is dependent on the nourishment. We are faced with an either/or decision. Either we remain a dwarfed juniper, eking nourishment from the parched, rocky places of a self-reliant heart, or we choose the fullness of a green, leafy tree, planted by water, reaching up, up to God who alone supplies the nourishment for true greatness.

Americans have been accused of worshipping at the shrine of bigness. We like big cars, big crowds, big explosions, big discoveries, big sales. In contrast, our parable tells of mighty growth from a small beginning. The adoration of external size is reproved.

From the Babe born in a manger, to the Teacher on a hillside, to the Man on a cross, to an empty grave and redemption for the human race—see what a great thing has come from a humble beginning. Jesus says, "Follow me"—two small words; but when they are taken seriously, a gigantic change of life takes place.

Jesus also said that whosoever shall give to drink a cup of cold water to the least person, the same shall reap a

large reward. He taught the principle that whoever is faithful in small matters will be faithful also in the larger things. The little boy with only two fishes and five loaves of bread had little to contribute, yet Christ fed a crowd of five thousand because the boy was willing to give what little he had.

Mary Magdalene owned one item of luxury—a box of perfume. She gave it to Christ, and its fragrance has spread down through the centuries of Christianity. It was a little gesture, but it was exceedingly beautiful.

People who feel rejected need a cheering word concerning their possibilities. They need the assurance that though small, they can accomplish much. I believe that Christ has given much encouragement along this line.

Few of us will have the opportunity to become part of the obviously large affairs of life. The chances are we shall not be a United States President, or a Senator, or a union conference president, or a hospital administrator. We can, however, be like the mustard seed, spreading our influence noiselessly until a transformation for good takes place in the lives of those who have felt our influence. The whole earth could be touched by the quiet revolution of God's men and women working quietly but wholeheartedly for Him.

One point must be emphasized: we cannot be quitters. Self-pity and withdrawing from others is out. The seed must be planted; it dare not remain in a bag or stacked in a silo or it will eventually rot. That is what happens to people who allow their feelings of inferiority to inhibit them from acting. They rot in their own self-pity.

If they were absorbed in the task at hand, regardless of how small, they would not have time to worry about their own little problems, and they would receive a feeling of worth from helping others. Instead of worrying about their loneliness, their being neglected by others, or their sorrows, they would discover the joy of growth in helping others.

In William M. Thomson's *The Land and the Book* we find an account of a merchant in Sidon who bought quantities of salt from the marshes of Cyprus

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Red Roses

by RUTH KENWARD

IT SEEMED rather a farce to William to be going out to enjoy himself, but as Mr. Weiss began to rattle his hurricane lantern and the smell of kerosene drifted in from the back porch, as the children came out smelling of soap and wet hair, and Mrs. Weiss rustled about in her best crinoline skirt (on ordinary days she wore an unstiffened one, like all the country wives round about) he felt a lift of spirit in spite of himself.

It was only a short walk for them, so Mr. Weiss did not harness up and take their buggy. All along the road lanterns were bobbing; the men would call to one another and hold their lights up so that their faces showed and their friends could tell who they were. By the patter of feet all around them, you knew that their families were with them, and there would follow an exchange of greetings among the wives, and an interchange of remarks (not always polite) among the small fry.

"There's Bob Willis' gig; I know the sound of his horse's trot. I wonder which of the girls he has asked to come with him tonight." But Bob passed with an empty gig, and a chorus of good advice rang out all along the road telling who should be with him when he came home tonight.

Dogcarts and buggies came at a more decorous speed, and in the rear could be heard the rumble of the big fruit wagons, with one or two families aboard.

Inside, the church was decorated with six-foot-long tree-fern fronds and flowers, the lamps were blazing, and choir members from Leighton were

peeping from the door of the rear room trying to count the audience, which grew every minute.

The Weiss family, with William, found good seats near the middle of the hall, and smiled and nodded to acquaintances across the aisle. The seats around them were filled with strangers who had come with the visitors.

Mrs. Weiss had been to previous concerts and knew some of the performers. As the choir filed in to their places, she whispered their names to William.

"Elizabeth Carter is the leading soprano; she really carries the rest of the choir. She has a lovely voice. You will enjoy hearing her."

But poor Elizabeth herself was not so sure that folks would enjoy hearing her. In fact, she was not sure that they would hear her at all. And it happened, just as she had feared—as she was singing a solo part, right in the middle of the cantata, she gave a horrified look at the conductor, clutched at her throat, and her voice faded into a despairing croak.

With hardly a pause in the beat, a soft little voice picked up the note, and the conductor turned in astonishment toward one of the other sopranos, and then signaled her to carry on.

"It's Alice Carlisle," whispered an excited voice behind William. "Fancy her carrying them on like that! She will never sing on her own; but she has been taking over the organ sometimes during practice, and she must have known the solo soprano's part from that."

Right through to the end of the cantata, it was Alice Carlisle's voice that

led the choir. As the concert finished, the women in the rear began once again to speak of her.

"Alice's father—my dear—you don't know what that family suffers!"

"But they should have quite a nice position. He is a captain in the militia, isn't he?"

"Yes, but," the words were whispered very softly, "temper, heavy drinker, awful man! They aren't even allowed to have anyone in for a cup of tea."

Another woman joined in, "Anyway they are so ashamed of their crockery that they wouldn't."

"But why?"

"Well, they never say anything—they are very loyal—but we live near them and you can't help seeing and hearing things. He smashes all their dishes."

"The two oldest girls bought their mother a whole new dinner set when they started work. It took them months to save up for it. We could see them setting the table with it one evening, and then the captain came home and began to shout because the food was not on the table. And how could it have been? They never know when he will come home. Anyhow, before the girls could run out of the kitchen with the dinner, he had lifted his cane and swished it right down the table and smashed every dish!"

"Not everything!"

"Everything! That is what he does. Or drags off the tablecloth with everything on it. He beats the little boy unmercifully too. We really hate living near him. But we are sorry for the girls. How they will ever get on in life, I don't know. It is a most unnatural home."

As the Weisses left the place, Mr. Weiss was amazed to find that William had left his side and had headed for one of the groups of people from Leighton.

"I was very interested to see how that young girl took the other singer's place. It must have been quite difficult for her."

"Oh, Alice. Yes, she did save the day, didn't she?"

"Could you give me her address, please? I think she would be a most interesting person to know."

Of course, Alice knew nothing whatever of this. She had been glad to help out. But she knew that if the hall had been large she could not have done even that much, as her voice was not strong. She was grateful that the circumstances had allowed her to give the needed assistance.

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*Pages blur to the eye of
the camera, but not to the eye
of the dynamic reader
as he paces himself at one
second a page.*

by **CAROLYN ROTH**

Deft Fingers Devouring Eyes Dynamic Results

BETTY JO SENSEMAN, a junior in one of our Seventh-day Adventist academies, sat under a hair drier one afternoon in a local beauty salon. Another patron eyed her curiously as she rhythmically ran her hand down the fast-turning pages of her book. Finally, the woman could contain her curiosity no longer. Cautiously approaching Betty, she asked breathlessly, "Please tell me, what are you doing?"

"I'm reading dynamically, using my hand as a pacer," answered Betty.

"Oh," and the lady relaxed. "I thought you were blind!"

Betty Jo certainly was reading dynamically. "Reading Dynamics," says Evelyn Wood, the one who developed this reading method, "is a revolutionary new process of reading rapidly down the page, allowing the eyes to trigger the mind directly. This

eliminates the common habit of saying, hearing, or thinking the sound of words."

Mrs. Wood's lifelong goal to see this method benefit the students of America was realized in a national experiment conducted in elementary schools, junior and senior high schools, and colleges during the 1961-62 school year. Reading classes were taught during the summer of 1961 by teachers trained in the Evelyn Wood method at the University of Delaware. One such school is Newbury Park Academy in the Southern California Conference. Thirty students, from sophomores to seniors, acted as pioneers by being among the first students to take this course taught by Mrs. L. W. Roth.

LaDean Grenberg (left) and Cynthia Cookson study Dynamic Reading methods at NPA.



Just as reading dynamically is making possible the realization of many dreams for those who learn this new technique, the offering of the methods class for schoolteachers during the summer of 1961 was a fulfillment of Evelyn Wood's dearest dream throughout the years. Mrs. Wood, a former reading teacher from Utah, stumbled upon ultrafast reading while she was working on her Master's degree in speech a few years ago. When she turned in her completed thesis to her major professor she was surprised to see him read the pages almost as fast as he could turn them. It irritated her that in a few minutes he could read the results of so many months' work. She was even more surprised, when questioning him about the contents of the thesis, to find that he actually had read it.

Mrs. Wood knew that Teddy Roosevelt was able to read two or three books a day even when he was serving as President. Surely, she decided, there must be other people living today who read that fast. With the help of a few university students, she began a search for extremely fast readers. What did she find? She found fifty people who read from 1,500 to 6,000 words a minute. None of these had been taught to read fast. The group varied greatly in educational and cultural backgrounds. For example, one was a twelve-year-old boy who herded sheep in the Utah hills during the summer. He said he read fast so he could read many books and not feel so lonesome.

After carefully studying the reading habits of both the fifty fast readers and 600 average readers, she began the painstaking task of learning to read down the page at high speeds as did these fast readers. Since none of them had been taught to read at these high rates, they were unable to explain their technique. After years spent in earnest experimentation, Mrs. Wood has perfected the methods for teaching this skill to others. Among those benefiting from her research are the students of Newbury Park Academy and their instructor, Mrs. L. W. Roth.

Mrs. Roth's introduction to the Wood method was a news item in an August, 1960, *Time* magazine, in which mention was made of the success U.S. Senators were having in learning this reading technique. Immediately she wrote to Evelyn Wood about the course, but was disappointed to learn that the technique was being taught only on the East Coast. Mrs. Roth clipped and saved other articles about Dynamic Reading that were published

in national magazines as the months went by. Each one she shared wistfully and enthusiastically with the students in her reading classes.

Eight months after the first contact, Mrs. Roth's aspiration to teach this method to Seventh-day Adventist students was rekindled by a letter telling that a class in Evelyn Wood's Reading Dynamics was being taught for a group of Seventh-day Adventists in Takoma Park. After making further inquiry, she was notified that a methods course for teachers was to be offered during the summer at the University of Delaware. There she received the training that has enabled her students to develop this beneficial skill before going to college.

In answer to requests from conference leaders, Mrs. Roth taught a class in this reading for ministers and teachers. After five weeks' instruction some of her adult "students" had the following to say for Dynamic Reading:

Laboratory Technician: "This course has been a great help to me so far—so much so, in fact, that I plan to take one and a half college years in one year."

Businessman: "Although I need more time to practice reading this way, my reading rate has increased tremendously."

Minister: "I'm not in orbit yet, but I am in outer space. Subconsciously I pick up more than I realize when I read at such high rates."

Minister: "Reading this way has already become a habit with me. Now when I start to read the old way, it seems strange."



Hidden Bible Rivers

by LORAIN BURDICK

Hidden within these sentences, the letters in exact order, are some of the rivers found in Bible lands. Can you find them?

1. The juvenile court will now convene.
2. She held up harp, arm, and music.
3. Are you studying India mission work at Miraj of Danahl?
4. Give Joab a name that is more modern.
5. Saul came from Kish on his way to find the lost animals.
6. I hid Deke longer than he intended.
7. Frangi, honey, you are as pretty as the flower for which you are named.
8. Philip is on the phone, Barbara.

Key on page 17

Union Conference President: "My speed hasn't gone up too much yet, but my comprehension rate surely has!"

Since the technique is so relatively new, many questions remain unanswered. One of the most often asked is, "What do your eyes do when you read so rapidly down the page?"

In trying to answer this question for herself years ago, Mrs. Wood observed people's eyes as they were used in ways other than reading printed copy. With permission, she sat during a rehearsal at the feet of the conductor of a large philharmonic orchestra and watched his eyes as he directed from his conductor's score, since conductors must "read" in large blocks or segments.

On another occasion she secured permission to watch the pilot of a jet liner in action. This is what a pilot's eyes have to do:

"The professional pilot 'reads' his instruments as other people read a book—for the over-all meaning. No one instrument tells the pilot all he needs to know about his flight. Each instrument refers to another and the pilot interprets the points of information into a language which tells him, without looking out the window, what his plane is doing. In reading his panel board, the average pilot observes 120 instruments per minute, or two instruments every second.

"Cameras hidden behind instrument panels to study pilots' eye movements in test flights have shown that the eyes pause only when something is amiss."*

Evelyn Wood's conclusion after making these observations was that the eyes see large segments as whole scenes when used in other activities, so they don't need to be limited to just a word or a phrase when reading.

As everyone knows, many fine reading improvement courses are being conducted across the nation. Evelyn Wood, however, is credited by a number of reading authorities as being the one who really has made the reading world speed conscious and who has opened whole new areas for research, such as research on eye movements, areas of perception, and speed of comprehension.

Newbury Park Academy students who have become Dynamic Readers feel that Evelyn Wood's reading method should also be credited with being a partial fulfillment of the prophecy that in the last days knowledge shall be increased.

* Alvin Moscow, *Tiger on a Leash*, p. 107. For a dissenting point of view, see Eugene Ehrlich's "Speed Reading Is the Bunk," *The Saturday Evening Post*, June 9, 1962. Mr. Ehrlich is in charge of reading improvement at Columbia University.

► The library of the British Museum contains more than 6 million printed books and manuscripts. There are, on the average, 23,000 new books published each year. **BIS**

► The Canada goose is famous for its wisdom and wariness. The naturalist Audubon noted that the Canada goose can distinguish the cracking of a twig by a harmless deer from the similar noise caused by man. **NGS**

► Of the 1 million students who began college in the fall of 1962, 50 per cent or more will never finish. Nearly one third of this year's freshman class will leave because of academic failure or academic frustration. Another 20 per cent will drop out before graduation for economic and personal reasons. **UCHI**

► A sponge-rubber wet suit, face masks, flippers, and underwater breathing apparatus are part of the equipment issued to many firemen in Los Angeles, California, who serve the city's 28 miles of waterfront. With these frogmen working under the pier while shore firemen set up water curtains, potentially major fires are effectively brought under control. **Friends**

► In the last decade the King of Saudi Arabia has poured millions of dollars from oil revenues into improvements for the holy places under his official protection. The 45-mile road to Mecca from the Red Sea port of Jidda has been paved. Trees are being planted to shade travelers from the sun's rays. A public light and power system was installed at Mecca some ten years ago, and the Great Mosque has been vastly improved. Hundreds of thousands of worshipers can stand together in its open court before the holy of holies, the cube-shaped basalt Kaaba that Moslems believe was built by Abraham at the bidding of God. **NGS**

► Foreign students, faculty members, and scholars in the United States totaled 72,113 in the 1961-1962 academic year. This was an increase of 8.15 per cent over the previous year. Of the 58,085 foreign students—a 10 per cent increase over the previous year—11 per cent were from Canada. Although only 7 per cent of the total number of foreign students, African students increased by 39 per cent, totaling 3,930. Twenty-two per cent of the foreign students enrolled in engineering, 19 per cent in humanities, 16 per cent in the natural and physical sciences, and 14 per cent in the social sciences. Other major fields were business administration, medicine, education, and agriculture. **Science**

► To meet the need of United States astronomers for a location to view important astronomical objects not visible in the northern hemisphere, the National Science Foundation has been making a survey of possible sites for an optical observatory in Chile. The observatory is to be an international research installation, available to both Chilean and United States astronomers, who need to study the southern half of the Milky Way and the two nearest external galaxies (the Magellanic clouds). The major observing instrument will be a 60-inch telescope, funded by the U.S. Air Force. The Association of Universities for Research in Astronomy, which also operates the Kitt Peak National Observatory in Arizona, will direct the Chilean observatory on contract for the NSF. **NSF**

► To produce warm, Algerian-style clothing for needy persons before winter begins in Algeria, the American Red Cross has set aside \$50,000 for the purchase of cloth, and has selected five large Eastern area chapters to do the work. The clothing project is part of the longest relief job in the history of the League of Red Cross Societies, which has worked closely with the United States Commissioner for Refugees on Algerian relief for three years. **ANRC**

► Trade in tulip bulbs went wild in Europe in the 1630's. At the height of "tulipomania," rare bulbs were selling for as much as \$10,000 apiece. A single bulb was traded for a load of grain, four fat oxen, a dozen sheep, five pigs, two barrels of butter, 1,000 pounds of cheese, four barrels of beer, two hogheads of wine, a bedstead with its furnishings, a suit of clothes, and a silver cup. **NGS**

► A biological fuel cell utilizes bacteria plus organic matter and water to produce significant amounts of electric power, 10 to 20 watts at as much as 144 volts. **Chemical Digest**

► The hot lava and smoke of Iceland's Mount Hekla, a periodically active volcano, were regarded as proof in medieval times of the existence of hell. **NGS**

► The largest living coral reef in the Western Hemisphere lies in Pennekamp Coral Reef Park, 75 square miles of Atlantic Ocean floor, south of Miami, Florida, between Key Largo and the Gulf Stream. The park contains enormous growths of more than 40 varieties of rare coral. **Ford Times**

► Ideally it takes 500 pounds of water circulating through the wheat plant from the soil to the air to bring one pound (dry weight) of wheat plant to maturity. It takes 1,000 pounds of water to make one pound of milling wheat, or 1,000 pounds of water to make one pound of bread. Therefore, it takes 2,500 pounds of water, or approximately 300 gallons, to make 2½ pounds of bread. **Science**

► When red predominates in a room, it increases blood pressure, quickens muscular reactions, excites emotions, tends to produce restlessness, and makes time appear to pass much more slowly. Green has been shown to have a calming effect, and time tends to slip by faster for a person in a blue room. Persons in dull gray rooms experience monotony, fatigue, headache, discontent, irritability, and hostility, while those in a colorfully decorated room have feelings of comfort and well-being. **AMA**

► The massive ombú tree of the Argentine pampas is one of the most enigmatic living things. Its wood will not burn; cyclones cannot blow it down; it isn't bothered in the least by droughts; all birds and insects abhor it; and it seems deliberately inclined to prevent its own reproduction. No one has ever seen an ombú dead of natural causes, diseased, decayed, or dried with old age. Furthermore, instead of growing one annual ring for each year of its life, the ombú may grow none at all or it may grow up to ten. Only rarely is an ombú ever cut down, but when this does occur it presents an unusual phenomenon. The inside of the massive trunk is lifeless, including the root portion going far underground. The surface is strong and fresh. It is believed the dead portion is used as a reservoir for water storage. From a distance, the ombú looks like a monstrous, gnarled oak tree, and like the oak tree in North America, the ombú is a popular and well-loved tree in Argentina. **IWLA**



radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 2, 1962.

IF BOMBS begin to fall, how could we escape?"

"I couldn't go far on the gas stamps I have left for this month."

"Me either. Besides, where would we go?"

It was wartime, U.S.A. The group of Adventist young married couples, aware of the possibility of the bombing of their central California valley area, discussed the situation.

"When the war ends, and we can get gasoline again, I'm looking for a place up in the hills," someone declared.

"That's what we're going to do too," vowed another.

"If the war ends, you mean," someone else said. "And if you can get gas."

"Gas is no problem to me on the ranch, but remember," one of their number reminded them, "gas or no gas, we're all frozen to our jobs."

"You're right, Waldo," one of the men agreed. "If we walked out on the jobs we have, we'd be in the Army right now."

They talked of Armageddon, days of persecution, and the admonition to watch and plan for opportunity to move to a rural area. A ranch in the mountains became the dream of each couple, and was the theme of their conversation whenever they were together.

"We have no real reason for staying here, except to make a living," they agreed. "We're all caught up in the rat race to see who can be the richest man in the cemetery."

"With money or not, Waldo's going to be there soon, if he doesn't take it easier," Jessie Jones thought as she watched her husband talking with the others.

She had been concerned about his losing so much weight and the doctor's warning that he had a heart condition—that he must slow down. There didn't seem to be much possibility of that with all the work there was to do on a dairy ranch. And now that he had bought the horses and Shetland ponies



Racing the ponies is great fun. The ranch is home for many animals, and the children are taught to care for them. Each eighth-grade graduate chooses his own horse for graduation.

there would be even more to do. Maybe raising ponies was a good idea, but it added that much more work—and worry. Jessie sighed. There must be a better way. Perhaps a ranch in the mountains was the answer.

At last the war ended in Europe. Then V-J Day came. You could quit your job whenever you wanted and seek another. And there was gas again. All you wanted of it. Waldo and Jessie Jones studied the real estate ads in the newspapers. They drove up into the Sierra Mountains. They made trips up into the neighboring State of Oregon. Each time they were disappointed. None of the ranches they saw proved to be what they were looking for. Several years went by, but they did not give up. They were still young—both under thirty. Then they saw *the* ad in the *California Farmer*.

"Here's the place we've been looking for!" Excitement showed in Waldo's voice. He handed the paper to Jessie. She read the ad and agreed that it sounded exactly like what they wanted.

They wrote to Redding, to the real estate dealer who had placed the ad. The answer came back, "Sorry, that one is sold; but I have other ranches listed in which you might be interested."

Waldo and Jessie had been sure the ranch advertised was *their* ranch. They had no heart to look at others in the same vicinity. Waldo was so impressed that it was the right place for them that he dreamed about it that night. He saw it as a mountain haven for Adventist families. Jessie had an almost identical dream.

"Let's go and see what we missed," Jessie suggested. "Maybe it really isn't what we want. We'll feel better if we go."

"Perhaps we should do that," Waldo agreed. "Maybe we won't forget it any other way."

It was only a few hours' drive to Redding and a couple more to the ranch. They didn't stop at the real estate office. They bypassed the business section of Redding altogether, and



by SHARON BOUCHER

TRINITY MEADOWS

turned left and drove up the winding mountain road to Douglas City, then made another turn to the left.

The ad said that the ranch was two miles west of a town with the improbable name of Hayfork. They found the town to be a small village with most of its claimed population scattered over a wide farming area. They drove two miles west of town—and there was the ranch!

The house needed painting. So did the barn. Both were large, especially the house. Jessie liked that. With four children ranging in age from eight years down to three, she could use a lot of space. But still, the buildings didn't look exactly the way she had pictured them.

"It doesn't look like much, does it?" she commented.

"No, it doesn't."

Waldo got out of the car and walked across a field. Every once in a while he bent and scooped dirt into his hands and sifted it through his fingers.

"It's better than it looks," he told

Jessie when he came back to the car. "It's good land."

They drove on up the lane to the house, and the owners showed them through all ten rooms. The more she saw of it, the more Jessie wished they had found the place before someone else had.

It was getting late in the day, so they drove back down the mountain to Redding and stayed in a motel that night. The next morning they started toward home. They had driven about thirty miles—almost to Red Bluff—when Jessie could stand it no longer.

"After praying about it and dreaming about it, do you think we are showing much faith to go home without even talking to the real estate man?"

Conceding that she might have a point, Waldo turned the car around and headed back north.

"That ranch is sold," the real estate dealer told them. "I'm just waiting for the buyers to come in Monday with the down payment. They'll sign the papers then, and it'll be theirs. But I have

other ranches; let me show you some of them."

"We're not interested in anything else," Waldo declared. "But if the people back out of the deal, let us know."

The real estate dealer, seeing how really disappointed they were, made one or two telephone calls. At last he turned back to them. "Well, I guess the ranch is yours," he said.

Jessie's face glowed with relief and delight. Waldo was excited too, and made sure of the agreement with a one-thousand-dollar check. That was Friday. It was hard to think of anything except the ranch. But the first of the week brought another disappointment.

A few days before making the trip to Hayfork, Waldo had sold a thousand dollars' worth of cattle, and had deposited the check he received for them in the bank. Now, he discovered, the check was no good, and the one he had given the real estate dealer would be worthless too. He didn't want to be guilty of writing a bad check, even in-

nocently, but his bank, one of a large chain, would not cover the deficit for him.

There was one other immediate hope; he had done some tractor work for a man who, together with his wife, owned half interest in another bank. They had liked his work and personable manner, and so they agreed to extend a thousand-dollar credit. That took care of the problem for the time being. Later Waldo collected all but thirty dollars of the money for the cattle.

It was May when Waldo and Jessie bought the ranch. The former owners promised to move by fall. The woman, although not regretting the sale, seemed loath to move. Fall came, and she and her husband were still there. Winter came and went, and it was spring again. The Joneses continued to live in the valley and the former owners were still on the Hayfork ranch. In one way this was to Waldo's advantage. It gave him more time to sell the dairy and the equipment.

Because the person who owned property adjoining their new ranch was considered to be peculiar and even potentially dangerous, Waldo and Jessie decided they should have a dog that would protect them at all times. They especially wanted the dog to stay with the children when they had to be out in the hayfields or rounding up ponies. So they prayed that they would find just the right protector.

When the people on the Hayfork ranch showed definite signs of moving, the Joneses had an auction sale in the valley. They needed nine thousand dollars to take care of obligations—two thousand dollars for a payment they had promised to make before moving

onto the ranch, besides an additional regular payment that was then due. Figuring what each item should bring, Waldo decided that he would have to get three thousand dollars for the big tractor.

"Equipment that big is hard to sell," the auctioneer told him.

"But I've got to have that much for it," Waldo insisted. "If it doesn't go for that, don't sell it. We'll leave it here and maybe someone will buy it later."

Jessie and Waldo prayed about the sale of the tractor. Prayer was their habit in everything touching their lives. The tractor sold for exactly three thousand dollars!

"I don't know what I bought it for. It won't hurt me though, and I can use it, I guess," the man said who bought it.

"Of all the people here, that man was the only one who could afford it," the auctioneer told Waldo as they

stood talking after the sale was over.

Everyone else had gone, and the yard looked bare and deserted. Jessie was busy in the house. Only the children were in the yard with the men—the children and a big yellow dog that was following them everywhere.

"That's a nice dog you've got there," Waldo told the auctioneer.

"That's not my dog. I thought it was yours."

"Never saw it before," Waldo said. "Probably belongs to someone who was at the sale."

"Probably," the auctioneer agreed. "Whoever owns it will be back. It's a good dog. Seems to like children."

But no one ever came to claim the dog, and no one the Joneses spoke to about it had ever seen it before. It was a big dog, built something like a chow, only larger. Because its tail had been bobbed, they called it Bobby. He took to



the children immediately; they could play as rough as they wished with him. And he took it upon himself to be their protector. No stranger, not even another child, would he allow in the yard unless Waldo or Jessie convinced him that the newcomer was a friend and meant no harm.

When they moved to the ranch in April, 1951—eleven months and one day after they bought it—they took Bobby with them. The unusual neighbor took one look at him, showed extreme fright and never set foot on their place again. So Waldo and Jessie felt safe in leaving the children alone in

the house for short periods of time, whenever necessary. One time when the children were alone, a doctor friend from the valley came to visit. Bobby would not let him near the door. "We'll hold him while you come in," the children told the doctor. But before he could take the few steps to the door, the dog broke loose and sprang in front of him. Bobby never harmed anyone, but there was no doubt in anyone's mind but that he would if it was necessary to protect the children.

About a year after they moved to the ranch their disturbed neighbor moved from the community. And within a

few days, Bobby disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. One morning he was there and before evening he was gone. No one saw him go; no one knew where he went. And no one ever saw him again.

Some time before this, a close relative of Jessie's had become discouraged spiritually, and she and her husband both withdrew from the church. Later she saw her mistake and came back, but her husband did not. After they heard about Bobby's disappearance the relative wrote to tell them that her husband was going to be rebaptized.

"He knew that you had prayed for protection for a specific purpose, and he knew how Bobby appeared, seemingly out of nowhere. When he heard about his mysterious disappearance he was sure the Lord had sent him and had directed his going when he was no longer needed. He said if God cared about small details like that, surely He cared about him too."

Waldo brought twelve head of Shetland ponies and four heifer calves from the valley when they moved to Hayfork. Two cows came with the property. The animals, the farm equipment, their equity in the ranch, and seven dollars in cash was the sum total of their resources the day they moved in. Most of the established residents of Hayfork thought that the old ranch with the new name—Trinity Meadows Pony Ranch—would come to a sad end. They were charitable enough to hope that it wouldn't, but they watched with interest.

The Joneses had brought canned fruit and some staple groceries with them. This helped stretch the seven dollars cash, but their supplies did not last long. Their new neighbors suspected their financial difficulties.

"You don't have to go hungry," one man told them. "I've got a big freezer full of venison and fish. You can have some any time you want."

Waldo thanked him for his kindness. He appreciated the thought behind the offer, but he and Jessie and the children didn't eat meat.

"If God doesn't want us to eat flesh food, He'll provide other things," Jessie reminded her family confidently.

Even in hard times Waldo and Jessie planned that their ranch should be a refuge for others any time the need arose.

"But we must practice hospitality now and teach the children to be generous and friendly," they told each other. "If anyone comes to the ranch near mealtime we will invite him to

(1) A hand-hewed trough in the Jones's barnyard serves to water the thirsty ponies. (2) This picture of the house was taken soon after the Joneses moved to the ranch. The pond is directly in front of the house. (3) Waldo and Jessie Jones with some of the ribbons and trophies won at the fair, and two of the ponies who helped win them. (4) Ponies graze in the pasture above the ranch house. (5) The Joneses cared for two Indian children, a brother and sister. This picture shows Arvin and Georgia being baptized in the pond.



stay and eat, no matter how skimpy the meal."

Many times the guests shared nothing but corn bread and gravy, but the friendly atmosphere more than made up for lack of variety on the table. And the children—Carol, Billy, Leonard, and Linda—were learning the important lesson that food divided tastes better than that which is not shared.

When the summer's hay was ready to cut there was no twine with which to bale it. Waldo bought some on credit.

talking about the strict rules that were enforced in the county where she had lived before.

"We don't want to wait that long," the welfare supervisor told her. "We're more interested in the *kind* of parents you are. You can do the remodeling later."

So the six Joneses became eight. Two Indian children, Arvin, nine, and his sister Georgia, seven, came to stay with them, and have been there ever since. The day Arvin was eighteen

first fall after they moved onto the Hayfork ranch, Waldo and Jessie discussed the situation with them.

"We won't ask any favors because of our religion," they said. "But we will all live up to every principle we know to be right."

They have held to this at all times, and many favors have been granted without the asking. One such instance concerned hot lunches. At the school cafeteria hot lunches were served at a most reasonable price. Meals were ten cents a plate, or if there were three from one family, all three could eat for twenty cents. No one could do up lunches for less, but the Jones children carried cold lunches. When the principal suggested that they eat in the cafeteria, Waldo told him they might if they could have vegetable plates. The principal knew about canned vegetarian proteins, and without mention of them from Waldo, he spoke to the cook about them and she agreed to prepare complete vegetarian lunches for the Adventist children. Although Waldo offered to pay extra for this service, the school would not accept it.

When it came time for eighth-grade graduation, the date was set for Thursday evening. Always before it had been on Friday.

"You know why we're having it on Thursday this year, don't you?" the principal asked Carol. Without waiting for her to speak he answered his own question. "If it were on Friday evening, *you* wouldn't be here."

Both Carol and Arvin received a horse for graduation. And it has become a tradition that each eighth-grade graduate in the family is allowed to choose his own horse and receive a bill of sale for it. In this, as in everything else, there is no distinction between their own and the foster children.

When the children first enrolled in the public school Jessie and Waldo told them never to start an argument about religion, but if the subject came up, they should always speak up for their faith. They had many opportunities to do this.

When Carol was in the sixth grade she gave some copies of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* and *Signs of the Times* to her teacher. After reading them, the teacher put the *Signs* in the office for other teachers to read. She placed the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS* on a table in the schoolroom and told her students that she had found them interesting and that she was putting them there for them to read if they wished.

our fellowship

by GENA MELIN

How can they say we're worlds apart
from the people who live in other lands,
when we have so many things to share?
The radiant sun,
the clouds,
the sky,
the triumph of a babe's first cry,
a dream of peace and world accord,
a Saviour
who is Christ, our Lord!

And the day they began to cut, people began to buy. Usually the purchases were small, but all summer, when the last of the flour or other staples had been used, someone came to buy. Later, Jessie and Waldo found out that people sometimes bought, not because they needed the hay so much but because they thought the Joneses needed the money. Because his was the only hay baler in the Hayfork area, Waldo sometimes felt obligated to let his own work go while he cut and baled for neighboring ranchers. This also helped the financial situation.

Jessie had always wanted to care for children who needed a home. Now that they had a large house there was no excuse not to. So she drove over the mountain to Weaverville, the county seat, and applied for a license to operate a foster home. The head of the welfare department was delighted.

"You're the first person to apply for a license in Trinity County," she told Jessie. "And we have two children that we are paying someone in another county to care for. We'll bring them to you right away."

"But we have to remodel the house before we can meet the requirements," Jessie objected. She had heard others

he was no longer a legal ward of the county, and they stopped payment for his room and board. That made no difference in his status as one of the family; he was still one of Waldo and Jessie's "children."

He had one more year of high school to complete, and when he started back to school that fall the county officials saw that the Joneses were determined that he should have an education, and they resumed monthly payments for his care and kept them up until the end of the school year. After graduating from high school he was offered the privilege of attending a Christian college, but his choice was to stay at home on the ranch and learn more about farming.

Several years after Arvin and Georgia joined the family group, another brother and sister, Loren and Jeanie, now ten and seven years of age, came to Trinity Meadows Pony Ranch. Everyone refers to them as the Jones children, for all eight receive their full measure of affection, and no one can tell by Waldo and Jessie's attitude and actions which are their own and which are the foster children.

When the children who were old enough enrolled in grammar school that

Hot Irons and Cold Wars

by CORIENNE MONTGOMERY

"And if you want to know anything about the Bible, ask Carol," she told them. On occasion, Carol had opportunity to present other Adventist literature to her teachers.

All of the Jones children took classes in agriculture—for a purpose. In this way they were not required to take science courses that would teach erroneous evolution. But there were other issues to meet. Sports, for instance.

"It's a shame you're an Adventist," the principal told Billy. "You could be one of our star athletes."

But the big games were on Friday nights, and Billy knew that Sabbath-keeping Christians had been warned against the evils of competitive sports.

During vacations and on Sundays the boys work with Waldo at the barn and in the fields. The girls help Jessie and one another. All of them ride well. Jessie often helps Waldo round up the ponies or search for a strayed horse. At such times the girls take over the responsibilities at the house. The ranch brings a togetherness to the family.

"Whenever I meet anybody whose children get into trouble, I tell them about yours," a neighboring rancher told Waldo and Jessie. "I've even told people in Hawaii about them."

Working in the hayfields and caring for the animals have helped keep the children's minds occupied with worthwhile things. There are now 120 horses, 60 Shetland ponies, seven donkeys, and 20 cows. The horses are sold for riding, the ponies for pets or for commercial pony rides, and the donkeys for pack animals.

The older children each have their own animals to care for, and all of them have won ribbons and trophies at the annual three-day county fair. In recent competition Billy's steer won first prize. Arvin's cow was the Grand Champion. Carol won first prize for her thoroughbred yearling.

The fair parade, regularly held on Saturday before the Joneses moved to Hayfork, is now held on Sunday so that the Trinity Meadows Pony Ranch can be represented. The director of the fair would like to make it possible for them also to enter the horse show but,

HE HAD been one of my closest friends. We had shared fun and happiness and secrets. Then there had been a misunderstanding. My friend was soon heard saying some rather unkind and quite untrue things about me. Naturally, I was upset, and hurt, and indignant. But I held my tongue. I admirably refrained from returning evil for evil.

I would not overcome my pride by going to the girl for a heart to heart talk—after all, I was the one who had been wronged—but I did make it a point to mention to a mutual friend that if she came to me, I would be willing to forgive and forget. Yet the weeks dragged by and my stoicism and generosity got no results.

In utter dejection, I poured out my heart to mother one day as she did the family ironing. I simply could

not understand why my friend was not shamed by my forbearance and reconciled by my willingness to forgive.

Mother said not a word, but ironed on while I poured out my rancor. When I finally ran down, she only asked if I thought I could finish the ironing while she fixed supper.

"I suppose so," I answered sullenly, disappointed that she had not commiserated with me and lauded me for not answering in kind.

As I took the iron from her, mother asked quietly, "Do you mind if I unplug it?" I stared at her in astonishment, but she smiled gently. "You can't smooth out wrinkles with a cold iron, dear, but I thought maybe you wanted to try." And with that, she left me to the ironing and my thoughts.

as he says, "We have to have something on Saturdays."

There were 320 acres in the original purchase. This has been increased until there are 972. One hundred fifty acres of this is in farmland and pasture. There are forty acres of hill pasture. The rest is wooded.

The house has a background of woods. In front of the house is a large reservoir pond where geese delight to swim. In this pond Arvin and Georgia and two or three others were baptized a few years ago. Looking out across the pond, one sees a beautiful view of a small fertile valley with mountains beyond.

"You feel closer to God in a setting like this," Waldo says. "We work hard, especially in haymaking time when we sometimes work night and day, but there's still more relaxed time for thinking of spiritual things."

"And materially we have as much here as we had in the valley," he admits. "We don't drive a new car every year of course, but here we don't feel any need of that."

"Waldo has gained more than twenty pounds," Jessie says. "And he looks and feels much better. You wouldn't recognize pictures of him taken before."

For a few years Waldo and Jessie and the children did not have the companionship of others of the same belief. Alone, they upheld the principles of

the Adventist faith, and God rewarded them. When they moved to Hayfork there was only one other Adventist there, and she soon moved to another part of California.

There is now a church company of twenty members, and a church school was begun in the fall of 1960. One of the first Adventist families to move into the area was a young barber and his wife and children who came in answer to an advertisement in the *Pacific Union Recorder*. Waldo had seen the town's need of a barber and placed the ad. The Adventist population now includes timber and lumber-mill workers, a doctor, his office nurse, and her husband, who is the church school teacher, and other teachers.

Waldo and Jessie Jones knew what type of ranch they wanted and how they planned to make a living before they made their move, as those moving to the country are counseled to do. They have worked hard to make the venture a success, but they both recognize that all their blessings have come from a Power greater than themselves.

During the struggle for existence that first summer someone asked Waldo, "How do you make a living here?" And Waldo told him, "Oh, I just trust the Lord from day to day."

"And He has always given us more than we asked," Jessie acknowledges gratefully.

key wit sharpeners

1. Nile (not mentioned by actual name), 2. Pharpar (2 Kings 5:12), 3. Jordan (Numbers 22:1), 4. Abana (2 Kings 5:12), 5. Kishon (Judges 4:7), 6. Hiddekel (Genesis 2:14), 7. Gihon (Genesis 2:13), 8. Pison (Genesis 2:11).

From page 8

So a few days later she was entirely unprepared when her father came into the room where she and her sisters were sewing. He seemed to be in an astonishingly good temper.

"There is a young man here inquiring for you. It seems that he heard you sing the other night and was very taken with the way you stood up to the crisis in the choir. He has asked my permission to pay his addresses to you. Do you wish to see him?"

"Who is he?"

"I don't know him; perhaps you will recognize him when you see him."

Blushing furiously, angry with this interloper, yet too curious to let him go unseen, also angry with her sisters who were taking up positions where they could get a peep at the visitor and perhaps listen in to some of the conversation, Alice swept into the other room.

How it came about that William was not utterly subdued no one was ever quite sure, afterward; but William did eventually depart with an invitation to come again, and what was more, the invitation was endorsed by the captain himself.

And so it came to pass that eventually they were married, and Alice planted sweet William and sweet Alice in fragrant beds at the doorway to their home.

The red roses also there were not uprooted. They still bloomed in their

appointed season. And Alice made no attempt to uproot her husband's attachment to the Mountford family, nor to discourage him from visiting them. She did feel that her presence might embarrass them somewhat, so she herself used to sit in the gig outside when he visited them.

One very hot summer morning, she had been sitting out there for such a long time that Hester Mountford got anxious.

"Won't you bring the baby in and sit on the veranda? I could give you a drink too. It is too hot to stay out there in the sun with no shade over your heads."

But Alice had made up her mind not to interfere between William and his relatives by his former marriage, and, right or wrong, she refused both shade and drink.

"William should remember both me and the baby," she said. "It is his duty."

Miss Hester shook her head dubiously.

"Father has some new book that he has been keeping to discuss with William, and I am afraid that they are absorbed in that."

She went away with a worried look on her face and spoke to the men in the sitting room.

William looked up with a frown. "Let her come in onto the veranda.

She is just being foolish. I want to talk this out properly."

Still Alice refused to budge.

It was a couple of hours before William made his appearance. Not noticing Alice's cold glances, he began to talk about the book that he had been studying with Mr. Mountford and his sons.

"We are all interested in Bible prophecy, and were surprised that there is so little literature about it available in England. A fellow bookseller of Mr. Mountford's migrated to California recently—business is good there because of the gold rush—and he sent him this little book, knowing his interest. It is one of the best commentaries on Daniel that any of us has ever seen. He has sent other religious papers, which put forth some unusual views but we did not have time to go into them today. We have planned to meet once a week to study these things."

"Well, you can go on your own," Alice retorted. "I refuse to be left, looking so silly, out there in the sun with a little baby to look after. How can you call yourself a good father when you leave us to suffer for hours?" Alice was angry; but what William did not realize was that she was beginning to suffer with sunstroke. By the time she reached home she was very ill, and so was the baby. For five days she muttered in delirium. Neighbors had to come in to care for her and the boy.

It is understandable, then, that she was not at all ready to listen reasonably to any of William's queer ideas. He went to study with the Mountfords as planned; but when Alice did go with him, she stayed with some friends who lived a little distance away, and William would pick her up when he was finished. It annoyed her intensely that he would neglect his family and his affairs for a whole morning each week, studying what she felt were most useless Bible points.

William was still enthusiastic. Every now and then he would try to tell her something of what he was learning; but she refused to listen.

The Mountfords were getting papers and books regularly from America, but they received a surprise one day when one of the same papers was given to them by a stranger on their street, and with it was extended an invitation to hear a minister preach on these subjects in their own suburb.

Alice was still more incensed when she found that William planned to spend Sunday evenings at those meetings. She was very busy on Sundays as

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BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but Sweden's unique system of liquor rationing, the Bratt System, adopted about 40 years previously, was abolished in 1955 in the hope that the people would voluntarily control their drinking habits instead of the state's having to do it for them. The result? Drunkenness increased to an alarming figure.

With rationing of alcoholic beverages removed, drunkenness has gone up as much as 200 per cent. Alcoholism among women is up 80 per cent. Now the government, which has the monopoly on the sale of liquor, is raising the price 25 per cent to see if that will slow things down. The number of arrests for drunkenness has more than doubled as compared to the period of rationing and has jumped to an all-time high.

This experience confirms the fact that the easier alcoholic beverages are to get, the more will be consumed, and the more consumed, the more arrests there will be for drunkenness.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

she was helping with the Cronin Hill Sunday school. Long before the time of visual aids, she seemed instinctively to know how to interest children in Bible lessons. Give Alice some turf on a paper-covered table, a mirror for a pool, and a few balls of cotton wool, stuck with half matches for legs, and she had all the necessary background for a study on the Good Shepherd and His sheep.

When she had given of her best, led out in the singing, quelled the unruly, and provided her own growing family with meals, she felt that it was the least William could do to care for his own boys while she had a rest afterward. But living so far from town, he had to leave in the afternoon if he wished to be present at the meetings.

And then there came the day when William told her that he would be keeping Saturday as the Sabbath.

"William, you must be mad! What will my sisters say? What will the neighbors think of you? How can I face my Sunday school class if you do this?"

But William went to the meeting next Sabbath. He had grown into a silent man these days; for he too had

principles which he meant to stick to.

Alice got used to his being away every Saturday, after it had gone on for almost a year. The meetings at the Mountfords had stopped, for the Mountford family thought that their own church would have told them if it were needful to disrupt their lives by taking on a "new" day of worship. Also, William was not leaving his boys every Sunday afternoon now. She could

IF YOU FEEL REJECTED

From page 7

and hid it in houses on a remote mountain to avoid tax payments. But the floors of the houses were common earth, and soon the salt by that contact lost its flavor. It was then useful only to make a hard surface on the road.

The Christian either bursts out of his shell to give himself to redeeming the world, or the shell robs him of his Christianity. Dwight L. Moody once inscribed a man's Bible with these words: "This book will keep you from your sins, or your sins will keep you from this book."

Each of us must come to terms with the impulse to draw away from others, fighting it until we have conquered it as an unworthy strain in the Christian life. Here again Christ is our example. He shared Himself without reservation to meet men's needs.

Ellen G. White describes Him in these words: "Christ was not exclusive, and He had given special offense to the Pharisees by departing in this respect from their rigid rules. He found the domain of religion fenced in by high walls of seclusion, as too sacred a matter for everyday life. These walls of partition He overthrew. In His contact with men He did not ask, What is your creed? To what church do you belong? He exercised His helping power in behalf of all who needed help. Instead of secluding Himself in a hermit's cell in order to show His heavenly character, He labored earnestly for humanity. He inculcated the principle that Bible religion does not consist in the mortification of the body. He taught that pure and undefiled religion is not meant only for set times and special occasions. At all times and in all places He manifested a loving interest in men, and shed about Him the light of a cheerful piety. All this was a rebuke to the Pharisees. It showed that religion does not consist in selfishness, and that their

get her rest again, after the heavy day at the Sunday school.

It was then that the heaviest blow fell.

"Alice, I feel that I am doing wrong. I cannot let things go on as they are. I believe that Saturday is the Sabbath, the day on which God has commanded us and our families to appear before Him. I do not wish to influence you or demand that you come with me; but

morbid devotion to personal interest was far from being true godliness. This had roused their enmity against Jesus, so that they tried to enforce His conformity to their regulations."²

Leo Tolstoy complained that the "Christians" of his day in Russia left him unmoved and unconvinced, because only action proving their conception of life could have destroyed the fear of poverty, illness, and death so strong in him.

Origen, on the other hand, testified that the lives lived by early Christians were an invincible witness to the reality of the Christian way. Words, ideas, creeds, can be argued against, but the individual life of faith, hope, and love cannot be talked away.

Does the majority really rule? I do not believe so. Even the least of us must hold his own when a principle is involved. "Everybody is doing it" only leads to excusing oneself for refusing to be God's child. If "everyone is doing it" and "it" is making the world worse rather than better, then that is precisely the reason why genuine Christians should help to make a change!

According to a mere democratic concept, we would indeed have cause to feel rejected; but we are the seed. Our area of activity is the whole world. If we, little though we be in size, will let our light shine, we will have great moral impact on the populous centers of the world.

As long as we sit about weeping for ourselves and feeling rejected, we shall face mental and moral decay. What the world needs is a shot of moral and spiritual influence. We can supply this by participating in God's kingdom and using all our talents and energies in His work. We can thus brighten the whole earth with God's glory.

¹ Matt. 13:31, 32, R.S.V.

² *The Desire of Ages*, p. 86.

Contrast

by MILDRED E. MEYER

ONE CRISP autumn morning I walked down the woody path into the clearing that is our garden. The trees that framed the spot wore their gayest crimson, gold, purple, and russet.

"We planted the fall beets too late," my husband had said during breakfast. "They won't be large enough to use, but the tops are beautiful. Maybe you could pick some for greens if the frost hasn't gotten them."

The frost—there it lay, covering the ground like a sheer white blanket. Snug in my warm bed, I had not realized how far the thermometer had dipped during the night. The prized

tomatoes looked sick. Almost everything was wilted.

But in the far corner, like soldiers in double file, two rows of beets stood at attention. In vivid contrast to the ruin all around were their leaves, erect and untouched by frost.

As I snipped the tender sturdy leaves I thought that a similar scene will soon appear for angel spectators. Will we be among those who stand unscathed, while thousands about us wilt into submission from Satan's blasts? Will our hearts prove tender with love yet sturdy with courage? In that test so soon to come, will we stand like the beets? Or will we be beaten?

the children are my responsibility. I believe that they should be with me at the services. I want you to have the two boys ready to go with me next Sabbath, and I will expect the baby to come when he is old enough to leave you."

Her mind just about blacked out. She really did feel that he had gone quite queer, but she had never dreamed that her children would become involved. She felt that all her faithfulness to God and His work was of no avail whatever.

As she worked about the house her thoughts ran races in her head. Uppermost always, however, was her reluctance to disgrace God by seeing her children learn to despise His worship and His day.

As the end of the week came nearer, she began to think that death was preferable to disobeying God in this manner. During a sleepless night there came the determination to take her little ones and walk with them into a big irrigation dam which neighbors had made to water their orchard.

Stealthily, she lifted the baby in her arms, slid her feet out onto the floor and moved toward the open door.

Then, startled, she realized that the next room was shining with a light as bright as day. She glanced back to see if the glare had awakened William; but he was still sound asleep. She stepped through the doorway to see what was causing the brightness, and stood astounded.

An enormous table of the law was

angry and resented everything he said.

"And Thou hast had to send Thy angel to keep me from great sin. O God, forgive me! I will be different. I will listen now, and not do wrong any longer."

I went in to Mrs. Kramer's to ask her for some rose petals for my potpourri.

"I used to grow sweet William and sweet Alice by the door here," she remarked reflectively. "I thought it was a pretty play on my husband's name and mine, but," she sighed, "I am not strong enough to keep up the garden these days. It is strange how those red roses have outlasted all the other things. They were planted by Mr. Kramer's first wife, you know."

"Yes, my father did tell me."

"He would have learned it from the Weisses, and from other old folks in the district who knew her."

We were back in the little sitting room, when she glanced at me strangely. "You are standing just where the commandments stood that night—" and then she told me of the vision that had changed all her life. The sweet William and the sweet Alice are gone, but the tough, deeply rooted red roses still bloom on.

And, somehow, roses are still inextricably interwoven with the lives of William and Alice's family to the second and third generation. Even today, their grandchildren and great-grandchildren are in the four corners of Australia, New Guinea, and the islands of the South Seas, and they are all busily planting rose roots—roots of that sweetest of all roses, the Rose of Sharon.

On the Mountain

by ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

Dawn I have seen in a valley,
And dawn from a city door;
Dawn on a far-flung desert,
And dawn on a wave-swept shore.

But the dawn that I most remember,
The one that retains its glow,
Was the dawn on the top of a mountain
With the whole world white with snow.

For, with the thin wind keening,
The sky standing wide and tall,
I came to know God on the mountain,
Came to be part of His all.

Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Youth

XIII—Victory in Christ

(December 29)

MEMORY GEM: "Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place" (2 Cor. 2:14).

OUTSIDE READING: *Education*, pp. 13-19; *Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 212-216; *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 309-319; *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 141-144.

Introduction

Heaven waits on the will of the sinner, his will to be free from sin and its penalty, free to enter into eternal life. Heaven waits? Yes, Heaven waits! Heaven will not command us in this matter. We can have it any way we want it.

"Everything depends on the right action of the will. The power of choice God has given to men; it is theirs to exercise. You can not change your heart, you can not of yourself give to God its affections; but you can *choose* to serve Him. You can give Him your will; He will then work in you to will and to do according to His good pleasure. . . . Desires for goodness and holiness are right as far as they go; but if you stop here, they will avail nothing. Many will be lost while hoping and desiring to be Christians. They do not come to the point of yielding the will to God. They do not now *choose* to be Christians."—*Steps to Christ*, pp. 47, 48.

1—Heaven's Standard

Scriptures: 1 Peter 1:15, 16; Heb. 12:14; James 1:4; 1 John 2:6; 3:13; Eph. 5:25-27.

"Pursue that consecration and holiness, without which no one will [ever] see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14, *The Amplified New Testament*).

"See what [an incredible] quality of love the Father has given (shown, bestowed on) us, that we should [be permitted to] be named and called and counted the children of God! And so we are! The reason that the world does not know (recognize, acknowledge) us, is that it does not know (recognize, acknowledge) Him. Beloved, we are [even here and] now God's children; it is not yet disclosed

(made clear) what we shall be [hereafter], but we know that when He comes and is manifested we shall [as God's children] resemble and be like Him, for we shall see Him just as He [really] is" (1 John 3:1, 2, *The Amplified New Testament*).

Notes:

"Higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for His children. Godliness—godlikeness—is the goal to be reached. Before the student there is opened a path of continual progress. He has an object to achieve, a standard to attain, that includes everything good, and pure, and noble."—*Education*, p. 18.

"He humbled Himself and took our nature that we might be able to learn of Him and, imitating His life of benevolence and self-denial, follow Him step by step to heaven. You cannot equal the copy; but you can resemble it and, according to your ability, do likewise."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 170.

"Pursue . . . consecration and holiness." There is the word we need, *pursue*. This is the business of our young Christian lives. This is our chief business. We cannot idle or drift into the kingdom of God, not that we will get in on our own power, not at all. But there is power involved, God's power, which is available in abundance for us to appropriate. Every provision has been made. We have been named and called and counted the children of God. And He helps us do the pursuing.

Questions:

1. When and where are we to be holy?
2. How holy?
3. Whose perfection is involved in our final acceptance?

2—Victory for the Sinner

Scriptures: Rom. 8:6, 7; 1 John 3:8; John 8:44; Gal. 5:19-21; James 4:4.

"Being the world's friend is being God's enemy" (James 4:4, *The Amplified New Testament*).

Notes:

"For the pardon of sin, for the Holy Spirit, for a Christlike temper, for wisdom and strength to do His work, for any gift He has promised, we may ask; then we are to believe that we receive, and return thanks to God that we have received.

"We need look for no outward evidence of the blessing. The gift is in the promise, and we may go about our work assured that what God has promised He is able to perform, and that the gift, which we already possess, will be realized when we need it most."—*Education*, p. 258.

You cannot have it both ways—friend of God and friend of the world—but you will surely have it one way or the other. It is altogether up to you.

Questions:

4. What is God's will for you?
5. What will you do with God's will?

3—Christ and Victory

Scriptures: Matt. 1:21; Luke 19:10; Isa. 53:5, 6; Rom. 8:3, 4; 1 Cor. 15:57; 2 Cor. 2:14; 1 John 3:9; 5:4, 5; Rom. 6:14; Jude 24.

Notes:

"The Christian life is a battle and a march. But the victory to be gained is not won by human power. The field of conflict is the domain of the heart. The battle which we have to fight—the greatest battle that was ever fought by man—is the surrender of self to the will of God, the yielding of the heart to the sovereignty of love."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 141.

"Through faith in Christ, every deficiency of character may be supplied, every defilement cleansed, every fault corrected, every excellence developed. 'Ye are complete in Him.' Colossians 2:10."—*Education*, p. 257.

"All who profess godliness are under the most sacred obligation to guard the spirit, and to exercise self-control under the greatest provocation. The burdens placed upon Moses were very great; few men will ever be so severely tried as he was; yet this was not allowed to excuse his sin. God has made ample provision for His people; and if they rely upon His strength, they will never become the sport of circumstances. The strongest temptation cannot excuse sin. However great the pressure brought to bear upon the soul, transgression is our own act. It is not in the power of earth or hell to compel any one to do evil. Satan attacks us at our weak points, but we need not be overcome. However severe or unexpected the assault, God has provided help for us, and in His strength we may conquer."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 421.

Do we get from this, then, that salvation is only for good folks? We do not. At least, we should not. Because it is not there. We should get, rather, that salvation is in a very special sense for sinners.

Jesus said, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Matt. 9:13). But when we realize that no man is righteous in and of himself, we understand that Jesus came to call all men. Yes, Jesus came for the unfaithful, the unlovely, the unwilling, the ungrateful. In other words, He came for you and me, for this is the kind of folks we are.

Now, will we respond to His call, or will we look the other way and pretend we do not hear His "still small voice"?

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Jesus will not dwell with an idol in your heart, or anywhere else. He will be Lord of your all, or He will not be your Lord at all.

As you turn away from these lessons to new vistas of Sabbath School study and a new year, will you make Him your Lord of all?

Scriptures quoted from *The Amplified New Testament* are used by permission of the Lockman Foundation, La Habra, California.

"As you read the promises, remember they are the expression of unutterable love and pity. The great heart of Infinite Love is drawn toward the sinner with boundless compassion. 'We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins.' Yes, only believe that God is your helper. He wants to restore His moral image in man. As you draw near to Him with confession and repentance, He will draw near to you with mercy and forgiveness."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 55.

XIII—Complete Victory in Christ

(December 29)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Corinthians 15:57).

AIM: To show us that we can expect to have victory only as we follow our Saviour.

1. The Standard Is High

READ: 1 Peter 1:15, 16; Hebrews 12:14; 13:12; James 1:4.

"Higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for His children. Godliness—godlikeness—is the goal to be reached. Before the student there is opened a path of continual progress. He has an object to achieve, a standard to attain, that includes everything good, and pure, and noble."—*Education*, p. 18.

READ: *Steps to Christ*, pp. 47, 48.

Fill in the blanks.

"As is holy, so be holy . . . because it is written, Be holy; for am holy."

"But let patience have her work, that may be and entire, wanting nothing."

"Wherefore also, that he might sanctify the with his own blood, suffered without the gate."

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

The standard is high. The choice is ours. What within us makes us choose high or low standards? Do you keep your home and school rules because you want to, or because you have to?

2. Christ Makes Holiness Possible

READ: 1 John 3:1-3; Ephesians 5:25-27.

"He humbled Himself and took our na-

ture that we might be able to learn of Him and, imitating His life of benevolence and self-denial, follow Him step by step to heaven. You cannot equal the copy; but you can resemble it and, according to your ability, do likewise."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 170.

READ: *Steps to Christ*, p. 118.

Jesus makes it possible for us to become sons of God and to be like Him. True False

Jesus loved the church and gave Himself for it. True False

Jesus has promised to sanctify and cleanse the church, that He might present it to Himself without spot or wrinkle. True False

We can look upon Jesus, and try to live as He did, according to our ability. True False

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

The standard is high. When we do all we can to be like Christ according to our ability, what happens? Who can judge whether we are doing according to our ability or not?

3. We Can Have Victory Over Sin

READ: 1 John 3:8; John 8:44; Galatians 5:19-21.

"The desire for excitement and pleasing entertainment is a temptation and a snare to God's people, and especially to the young. Satan is constantly preparing inducements to attract minds from the solemn work of preparation for scenes just in the future. Through the agency of worldings he keeps up a continual excitement to induce the unwary to join in worldly pleasures. There are shows,

and an endless variety of entertainments that are calculated to lead to a love of the world; and through this union with the world faith is weakened."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 373.

READ: *Messages to Young People*, p. 373, 376.

The devil is the father of all sin. From the list of sins in Galatians 5:19-21 fill in the letters to the sins which we easily commit.

Unc.....ness, hat.....d, var.....ce, emul.....ns, wr.....h, st.....e, en.....s, rev.....s.

Fill in these letters to find who was manifested to destroy the works of the devil. S.....o.....G.....

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

What would a sheep do if it fell into a mud puddle?

What would a pig do if it fell into a mud puddle?

Do you love sin or do you hate it and try to get out of it as soon as possible?

4. Victory Through Jesus Christ

READ: Matthew 1:21; Luke 19:10; Isaiah 53:5, 6; Romans 8:3, 4; 1 Corinthians 15:57.

"Christ always separates the contrite soul from sin. He came to destroy the works of the devil, and He has made provision that the Holy Spirit shall be imparted to every repentant soul, to keep him from sinning. . . .

"Satan is jubilant when he hears the professed followers of Christ making excuses for their deformity of character. It is these excuses that lead to sin. There is no excuse for sinning. A holy temper, a Christlike life, is accessible to every repenting, believing child of God."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 311.

"God is love. He has shown that love in the gift of Christ. When 'He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' He withheld nothing from His purchased possession. (John 3:16.) He gave all heaven, from which we may draw strength and efficiency, that we be not repulsed or overcome by our great adversary. But the love of God does not lead Him to excuse sin. He did not excuse it in Satan; He did not excuse it in Adam or in Cain; nor will He excuse it in any other of the children of men. He will not connive at our sins or overlook our defects of character. He expects us to overcome in His name."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 316.

"When sin struggles for the mastery in your soul, and burdens the conscience, when unbelief clouds the mind, go to the Saviour. His grace is sufficient to subdue sin. He will pardon us, making us joyful in God."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 108.

Who said?

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."

"He was wounded for our transgressions, . . . with his stripes we are healed."

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

How does Christ give us the victory? Have you in a moment of temptation ever breathed the prayer "Lord, help me not to give in," and found that you had the victory over that temptation?

5. Victory Through Faith

READ: 1 John 5:4, 5; Romans 1:17; Matthew 8:5-12.

"Faith is trusting God—believing that He loves us and knows best what is for our good. Thus, instead of our own, it leads us to choose His way. In place of our ignorance, it accepts His wisdom; in place of our weakness, His strength; in place of our sinfulness, His righteousness. Our lives, ourselves, are already His; faith acknowledges His ownership and accepts its blessing. Truth, upright-

My Prayer, His Answer

by INEZ BRASIER

I prayed that God would lead,
But hedged and dark the dawn.
"My child, these billowed clouds will lift
When best to travel on."

I prayed for happiness,
Not for grief or sorrow.
"My child, you need not know at once
My plan for tomorrow."

I prayed that He would give
Strength for every task.
"My child, this weakness honors Me;
Courage is all I ask."

ness, purity, have been pointed out as secrets of life's success. It is faith that puts us in possession of these principles. Every good impulse or aspiration is the gift of God; faith receives from God the life that alone can produce true growth and efficiency.

"How to exercise faith should be made very plain. To every promise of God there are conditions. If we are willing to do His will, all His strength is ours. Whatever gift He promises, is in the promise itself. 'The seed is the word of God.' Luke 8:11. As surely as the oak is in the acorn, so surely is the gift of God in His promise. If we receive the promise, we have the gift.

"Faith that enables us to receive God's gifts is itself a gift, of which some measure is imparted to every human being. It grows as exercised in appropriating the word of God. In order to strengthen faith, we must often bring it in contact with the word."—*Education*, pp. 253, 254.

What is the victory that overcomes the world? (a) Christ, (b) faith, (c) prayer.

What is faith? (a) Believing that Christ is our Saviour, (b) belief that comes from reading the Bible, (c) belief that Christ hears our prayers for help.

Who had greater faith than that which

Christ had seen in Israel? (a) The Roman centurion, (b) the woman of Tyre and Sidon whose daughter was sick.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

What is the difference between victory through Christ and victory through faith? Do you have to have faith when you breathe a prayer to Christ for help to overcome a temptation?

6. Victory Through New Birth

READ: 1 John 3:9; John 3:1-8.

"Doth not commit sin. That is, he does not continue to sin, or he does not habitually sin. . . . The apostle thus characterized those who have been born of God. They have experienced the new birth, their natures are changed, and they resemble their heavenly Father. . . . They hate the sin they used to love, and love the virtue they used to despise. . . . Such people do not continue slaves to their old sins, they do not habitually commit their old mistakes. Divine power has given them the victory over those weaknesses, and is ready to aid them in overcoming other faults of which they may not previously have been aware."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on 1 John 3:9.

READ: *Messages to Young People*, p. 158.

The key to victorious living is found in these words: "In Christ" or "Christ in you." Do you invite Him now and every hour to take His rightful place in your heart?

Jesus will not dwell with an idol. He must be Lord of all or not at all. Can we say, "Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way"?

Victory in Christ

V ast is the love of our Father for us;

I n Him all our needs we confide.

C ould you, but for Him, the good promise believe—
T hat love in your heart can abide?

O accept Him, and give Him your life, I implore;

R est assured that His promise He'll keep.

Y ou need never falter, my dear Christian friends,

For you know, as we sow, we shall reap.

—JEWELL SPRAGUE



Question *I am concerned whether or not Dr. Pepper drinks have caffeine in them. Also, do 7-Up drinks have any harmful effect on the body?*

Counsel J. O. Gibson of the General Conference Temperance Department has called my attention to the question raised by someone relative to the item in a current number [October 30, 1962] of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* dealing with soft drinks.

It is unfortunate that the quotation from the *Journal of the American Medical Association* regarding the caffeine content of the Dr. Pepper beverage is either incomplete or inaccurate. From information in hand it appears that this particular beverage has one of the lowest contents of caffeine, with 0.3 grains per six-ounce bottle. Obviously, the fruit drinks that do not contain the added caffeine are preferable to those which have even this small amount of caffeine.

Speaking strictly from the health standpoint, it should be borne in mind that these soft drinks, as an article of regular consumption, are undesirable, more particularly because of the high sugar content. Such drinks whether taken at mealtime or in between meals cut the appetite and provide empty calories in the place of more wholesome foods which would contain for the same

number of calories the very important proteins, minerals, and vitamins essential to normal growth.

The person who is given to the use of these drinks, particularly in any quantity, is likely to be overweight, to have a pasty-appearing skin, and probably is more subject to colds and other illnesses than the person who does not drink such beverages, but eats a normal, wholesome diet. There is, of course, the occasional instance or situation in which a soft drink may serve a purpose, but as a practice we would urge strongly against any frequent use of these beverages.

It is better that we educate ourselves away from the use of this type of beverage just the same as we would from other unwholesome foods.

Question *I am attending an Adventist academy and on Sabbath the boys are required to do the breakfast and dinner dishes. Sometimes we spend the major portion of the afternoon in the kitchen and there is very little time, if any, to read the Bible or the Spirit of Prophecy books. I have spoken to various ones of the faculty about it and their answers are that Jesus went about doing good and healing the sick and we are to do likewise. I do not think that washing dishes is proper work to do on the Sabbath. Could you please give me your*

opinion of the type of work that is proper to do on the Sabbath?

Counsel Any work that is essential to life, health, and reasonable comfort is proper to be done on the Sabbath; for mankind and animals alike. The Lord Himself taught this. See Matt. 12:10-12. On the other hand any manual labor that can be left undone without endangering life, health, and essential comfort should be left undone.

When I was a boy and guests were in our home over weekends, we children often had to do the breakfast dishes in order to have clean dishes and silver to use for the after-church meal. That principle made sense to us unwilling dishwashers even then.

In this day of excessive costs, it is not difficult to understand that most Seventh-day Adventist institutions would not have a sufficient supply of dining ware and silver to avoid all dish washing on Sabbaths. Thus it is that for the sake of good sanitation and good health, which are essential parts of our religion, most of our institutions must require this very necessary dish washing on Sabbaths. The practice still makes sense, doesn't it?

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

The answer will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but is not to be taken as either an official church pronouncement or, necessarily, the opinion of the editors. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of general interest will be selected for publication, and will appear without identification of either questioner or counselor.

(1) Submit only one question at a time. (2) Confine your question to one hundred words or less. (3) Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope for the reply. (4) Send your question to: *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, Counsel Clinic, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

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