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The
Youth's
Instructor

JUNE 28, 1966

[Sabbath School Lessons for July 2]



The Youth's Instructor

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction weekly. It is published for young adults who are capable of asking sincere questions, and who seek to know the counsels of Scripture. Its contents are chosen to serve readers who want to reach maturity—spiritually, socially, intellectually, and physically. Its staff holds that God is man's heavenly Father; that Jesus is man's Saviour; that genuine Christians will strive to love God supremely and their neighbors as themselves.

Its pages reflect an expanding objective from 1852 to 1966. First it was essentially a vehicle for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also provides many added services for a generation that should witness the literal return of Jesus and the restoration of a sinless world to the universe of God.

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Susie and Leonard Wahl. He had been waiting for the Lord to find him a true Christian companion.



The Reliable "All Things"

by ELIZABETH WAKEFIELD

LEONARD WAHL entered the room where his widowed mother was resting in her bed. He dropped into a comfortable chair and laid his two canes on the floor. He smiled affectionately at his mother and asked, "How do you feel today, Mom?" "No better," she sighed. "I know my days are numbered, and I am ready to go any time—all but for one thing." He reached over and stroked his mother's hand. "And what might that be?"

"It is my concern over you, Leonard—you."

"Me? Why, Mother!"

"Son—if only I could see you in a home of your own—I could then go in

peace. Why don't you and Lois Ann get married? She loves you. I know she is just waiting for you to ask her. Why don't you do it?"

He straightened up and a shadow crossed his face. "Mother," he said, "you and I talked this all over last week. I think I told you why I could not marry Lois Ann."

"True, you did. But all day long I have been entertaining a hope that you might have reconsidered by this time. Have you given the matter any more thought?"

"Yes, I have, but that has not changed my mind one bit."

A flush of red came to Sarah Wahl's cheeks. Speaking with a little difficulty,

she said, "Well, I have done some thinking also. I have concluded you are acting unreasonable and somewhat selfishly. I have told you from the first, Leonard, I did not mind your taking up this new religion, as it seems to mean a lot to you. But to try to enforce your belief upon someone else is anything but Christian."

Again he shifted his position, "I fail to follow you."

"You are denying a lovely girl what it is her privilege to expect—a home with someone she loves—and it is all because she is not a Seventh-day Adventist. Other people marry outside of their church circles. Why can't it be this way with you and Lois Ann? I would be so happy if I could see you settled in your own home."

Leonard picked up his canes, then stood. He looked at his mother tenderly, but spoke in a voice firm and final.

"For you, Mother, I am sorry; but as for me—your wish will never be realized until I can find a girl who believes in the same church I do. Now, please don't worry so—God has someone waiting for me. In His own good time He will lead me to her." He gave his mother's hand a lingering squeeze, looked at his watch, and said something about having to see Emerson about that time.

Leonard Wahl had grown up in the little town of Graniteville, about ninety miles southwest of St. Louis. There he had finished high school and decided on a life career. Standing six feet two inches tall he looked as though he would fit well into his chosen picture of being a pitcher in the League.

It was a former League pitcher, Brent Ward, at the time unable to play because of an operation, who had discovered that Leonard was a natural. He had said pitchers were born, not made.

Active in swimming, jumping, running, and baseball, Leonard felt a responsive chord in his heart. To help matters along, Mr. Ward began regulating Leonard's entire athletic program. From then on, the attaining of his goal became paramount in his mind. A League pitcher! He would work hard to reach his goal.

According to Ward, Leonard was making excellent progress in his training. Then something happened. Leonard was accidentally shot, the bullet striking the spine at the spot where the nerves center that control the action of the knees. The bullet then bounced up

to the right shoulder, and from there it was removed surgically by a physician.

It seemed inevitable that he would be paralyzed the rest of his life. He was soon removed from the local hospital to one in St. Louis. There the doctors tried to force the nerves of the knees into action by administering shots. In time the procedure brought results, and then his knees became uncontrollably active. This situation never changed. As months passed, however, the action grew less violent, and the situation became tolerable.

It was then that he learned he was to have a lifetime handicap. His problem would be that he never could tell what his wayward knees would cause his helpless feet to do. In this condition he began to make plans for his future years. After lying in bed for months, he learned to walk with crutches, and then returned to the home place in Graniteville. There a high school teacher offered to give him a home study course in bookkeeping, typing, and shorthand. He took the course, being an apt pupil.

On finishing the course, he returned to St. Louis and found work. He says this was a hard undertaking. His incorrigible knees frequently got him into trouble. At times they landed him flat on the floor, and someone would have to help him up. His living quarters were on the second floor, and he never knew when he started up or down whether he would make it or not. He tells of the time he boarded a streetcar. Just inside the door one knee caused his foot to give a violent kick. The conductor's toolbox was on the floor—right in the way of his foot—and he sent it flying into the street.

In spite of the problems he encountered he stayed by his job or jobs. In the meantime his father died. Leonard kept accurate account of his finances, and when his books showed a thousand-dollar savings account he thought it would be all right to return home, feeling sure he could pick up enough work around Graniteville to keep going. He returned and lived with his widowed mother.

Two years passed. The jobs he had hoped to get were not much in evidence. Living expenses often necessitated drawing on the bank account. The situation led his mother to excessive worry.

One Sunday morning (to get his mother's mind on something else) he turned on the radio—dialing an entirely new station. The reception was ex-

cellent. He caught the first words of a program, coming in sweet and clear: "Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring: Jesus is coming again!"

Leonard smiled his pleasure, with animation. His mother nodded back her approval. "Give Me Thine Heart" was the subject of H. M. S. Richards' sermon. At the close of the program an invitation was extended to all to write to Box 55, Los Angeles, California, for a free Bible course being offered by the Voice of Prophecy.

He sent in his name and the lessons began to come.

Shortly after starting the lessons, he saw an ad in the local paper wanting a salesman for the Ranauld Company, distributors of household commodities. It triggered some action. Leonard checked his finances. He had \$118. He answered the ad and asked for details of their business setup. The company replied with a catalog giving prices and commissions. He wrote up an order



Leonard's new house was built on the lot.

and sent a hundred-dollar check to pay for his first merchandise.

The firm returned the order and the check, saying they wanted a man of *business* acumen for a dealer. Later he learned that a prospective dealer had to place an order of \$400 or more. His smaller order had made him look incapable to them.

That week another company ran a similar ad. To this company—the McNoy—he sent a hundred-dollar order. Back came the order and the money! The president wrote to Leonard. He thought that a person who could only afford a hundred-dollar order wasn't of too high caliber. They would be uninterested in making him a district man.

This time he sent the order and check back by return mail. He wrote telling about himself, promising to relinquish the territory to another after he had had a reasonable length of time to prove himself. The order was shipped and Leonard took over. By having extra-wide pedals built in the car, he was able to drive, and he started out under favorable conditions. In five years' time he became the company's top salesman in the State of Missouri.

Meantime the Bible studies hadn't been neglected. He stopped working on Saturdays. He then heard that an Elder Loewen was holding meetings at Fredericktown, a place twenty-five miles from Graniteville. He resolved to attend, and drove over there every night. At the close of the series he was baptized. One of his customers, a Mr. Barlow, was an Adventist. On learning of Leonard's conversion, he invited him to attend a home Sabbath school at his place. He accepted and so became an active member.

He progressed in his work, building his clientele up to a thousand customers. While adding new ones he met Lois Ann Parker. At the time, she was staying at home helping her parents take care of the younger children in the family. It soon became apparent that the two had interests in common. About this time Leonard's mother became bedfast from a heart condition. Lois Ann drove over to see her frequently, doing little deeds that would make the sufferer more comfortable.

Between driving the route, keeping books, spending time with his mother, and studying his Sabbath school lessons Leonard kept busy. Even so, he found time to read his Bible. While reading the sixth chapter of Second Corinthians he grew aware that another interest had come into his life—Lois Ann! He was astonished at the words, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." It was then that he took a deeper look into his heart. There could be no dodging the issue—he had been entertaining some serious thoughts.

He sought counsel of his minister. After talking with him he decided he would want a home the Lord could bless. How could he expect this if he disobeyed God's Word?

From then on he managed to see less and less of Lois Ann. The situation was naturally observed by his mother, and it was this circumstance that led to the conversation opening this story. Shortly afterward his mother died and he moved in with a brother's family.

About then a new subdivision opened up near Iron Mountain Lake, not far from Graniteville. Leonard Wahl was the first to buy a lot. When the deal was closed he sat down to take account of himself. Why had he done this? There could be but one answer. It was because of that longing—longing for a home! Again he thought of Lois Ann. He remembered what his mother had said. And he recalled what God had said. He would go home and look up that verse again. Perhaps he had read it incorrectly!

Back in his room he took his Bible and turned to 2 Corinthians 6:14. There it was—God's admonition. There was only one thing for him to do. He bowed his head in humble submission and prayed to the Lord: "Consider the longing of my heart and lead me in the way, according to Thy will."

The following week he worked the southern end of his territory. There he learned that an Edwards family had moved into the neighborhood. He found them to be Adventists. Of course, he called on them and secured a new customer. Later, passing by the place, he stopped for a rest and chat. The Edwardses' new home became the subject of conversation. Leonard, in turn, told about his lot and the house he intended to build. "So you are a married man," said Mrs. Edwards.

"No, I am not," he smiled.

"Got a girl friend?" asked Mr. Edwards.

"Can't say that I have, but I'll find one some of these days."

The Edwardses expressed an interest in him, so he told them the story of his life. "And this accident happened when you were eighteen!" Mr. Edwards commented. "And now you are twenty-eight. During these ten years you have adjusted yourself to the circumstances—and you have been waiting for the Lord to find you a life companion!"

"That's right." Leonard spoke easily.

Mr. Edwards marveled at him.

Before leaving, he asked the family to join him in praying that the Lord would help in finding someone he could correspond with. "Of course, she would have to be a Seventh-day Adventist, and someone who is kindhearted—one who would not be inconsiderate because of my handicap. And she should be about my age."

It was a big order. But the Edwardses said they would help all they could.

Two weeks later the Edwardses visited friends near Poplar Bluff—a

Kemler family. These were Adventists also. Both families had formerly lived in St. Louis. While the two women were getting dinner they began talking about old-time acquaintances in the city. Mrs. Kemler led out in the conversation, as she had recently visited there.

"And did you know Susie Wells sold her beauty shop?" she asked.

"No," replied Mrs. Edwards. "What is she working at now?"

"Well, she has gone back to the shop where she first learned the trade. Think of it! It has been eleven years since she lost her husband. She has worked hard all this time."

"How time does fly!"

Mrs. Kemler drained the potatoes and began to mash them. "I don't know whether it has gone fast for Susie or not. You will recall that for two years she had her invalid mother to care for. I guess she had so much to do she couldn't even think of the passing of time."

"I presume not," Mrs. Edwards commented. "I believe it was shortly after Susie had put up such a brave fight to conquer her polio affliction that her mother was first taken ill. It was wonderful that she learned to get around as nicely as she does."

Mrs. Kemler continued the conversation. "You know, her mother used to urge Susie to get married because she did not want her to be left alone after she passed on. I have even talked about it with her. She said she would consider such a step, provided the man was an Adventist. She said the situation could go on as it is until the Lord opened up the way."

Something clicked in Mrs. Edwards' mind!

A month later, when the Ozarks were colorful with redbud and dogwood, and violets and wild verbenas made bright splotches along the roadways, the Edwardses entertained at a weekend house party. Among the guests were Leonard and Susie. Six months later they were married by the minister of the little church at Fredericktown, where Leonard had been baptized into the message.

By that time a new house had been built on "the lot." A white board fence of Leonard's making marked the frontage along the highway. Across the road stretched a meadow where cattle fed. And then, gently leaving the valley, Mount Oak rose higher and higher until it made a purpling green half-circle against the sky. There they live now—this couple whose courage and immovable faith brought rich rewards.

Garden Spots

It would be interesting to know how many new homes among Christians have been started this month, and where.

We wonder whether the newly married, just establishing their homes, shouldn't wherever possible be choosing homes outside the cities, even beyond the suburbs?

Young men should become familiar with the techniques of gardening. In time they should be able to supply their own tables with some of the products of the earth raised by their own hands. Young women should review their skill at baking against the time when a corner grocery or supermarket is no longer available to them.

In opening up this subject, we have no thought of being alarmists. But we cannot be derelict in our duty. The counsels of the Spirit of Prophecy on country living are of greater import now than when first written in the generation from 1880 to 1910.

Young men setting out on their lifework will find challenge and opportunity for Christian service and witness unlimited in some of the smaller communities of the world. Possibly scores of young physicians could establish what would become thriving practices in scores of small rural centers. Many could secure garden space within easy distance of their offices.

Enterprising tradesmen, mechanics, painters, carpenters, could undoubtedly establish a reputation for honest services in areas far distant from the grime of factory smoke or the noise of freeways.

When the children begin to arrive, what a heritage they can enjoy if their parents possessed the vision to provide an environment for growth akin to the Creator's original design. How many of the enticements to evil they might escape if they learned to love the less sophisticated, the simple, the natural.

As time continues, city living will become increasingly hazardous. Young families just beginning their homes can with the blessing of God search out locations where the problems associated with city living are at a minimum. Those already in the environment of cities should be judicious but determined in their efforts eventually to find homes where their children have the advantages the Creator meant all to enjoy.

The pamphlet on *Country Living* compiled from the writings of Ellen G. White supplies some of her counsels written on this topic. Her counsels were set forth with cautions, lest families make decisions without sufficient thought and planning.

The growing population centers of the world are bringing people into close proximity by the millions. Suburban areas extend away from these centers by miles in all directions. The gospel must be brought to these city dwellers. But more and more, God's messengers can still find the benefits of the country while commuting into the cities to carry on their daily tasks.

WTC

Banty Kathy Sue Hill is holding her patient little red banty rooster on this week's Photo Mart cover. The picture was taken by her mother, Mrs. Roger Hill, of Angwin, California.

Search This summer could be a fruitful time to help us locate some of the missing numbers of this magazine. Maybe in your visits to older members of your families you can discover some issues now missing in our files. To date, thoughtful readers have supplied us with four once-missing numbers. These are October 17 and November 28, 1888; June 19 and July 10, 1889. Still missing are the remainder of those years, and all of 1856 and 1857. Like seekers for hidden treasure, we're hopeful that loyal readers will in time "unearth" some more of these early issues. They will receive our heartfelt thanks when they do.

Practical Readers who have followed Elder Engelkemier's series on really living have found the installments coming to grips with real problems. His treatment of each subject we feel is just as practical as are the chapters in the author's book *Ready to Answer*. The book is a title in the 1966 senior MV Book Club.

Reading Earnest Christians, sincerely hoping to avoid the cheap and tawdry, are finding that they must be ever more cautious of their choices. Three times in the past few years we have found indecent language and dirty words in books we had little reason to suspect. Because of these experiences we think perhaps our publishing houses could increase their offerings. Those who enjoy reading, quickly exhaust the titles in the MV Book Clubs. If more acceptably written books came from our authors the book-club offerings might be expanded. We are always pleased for new titles in the advertising of our publishing houses.

Safeguard "Chaste simplicity in dress, when united with modesty of demeanor, will go far toward surrounding a young woman with that atmosphere of sacred reserve which will be to her a shield from a thousand perils." —MYP 344.

coming next week

- "TWENTY YEARS WITHOUT GOD"—When Lola and the children rushed to the hospital she learned that her husband was seriously injured. One week later he died. If only she had lived God's truths before her mate during the twenty lost years! By Vinnie Ruffo.
- "PROSPECTIVE NEIGHBORS"—"If I were planning the housing in heaven," wrote author Carolyn Stuyvesant, "I think I might have the pastor's house across the street from mine. . . . I'd like to have the thief that was crucified on the cross on one side of me and my thief on the other."



These aboriginal youth are enjoying life at Karalundi. They are seated in a pack-rack on an Australian-made "Holden" automobile.

A FIRST AMONG AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

by *WILBUR A. STEWART*

IT WAS midwinter, July, 1960. I was working at my desk at the Trans-Commonwealth Union office, Melbourne, Australia, when our union president T. C. Lawson, buzzed on the telephone.

"A special request has just reached my desk from Western Australia for your services," he said. "How would you like to represent the union at the first camp meeting ever to be held for Australian aborigines?"

With the thrill of adventure for God coursing through my veins, I quickly responded. That night, as I sat at the family dinner table with my wife, Mamie, and son Calvin, the decision was made to cross the trans-Australian wonderland by car. It is a distance of 3,000 miles from Melbourne, the Victorian capital, to Karalundi mission in Western Australia.

Sunday August 14, 1960 our household arose at 4:30 A.M. to begin the great adventure. It was with keen anticipation that my wife, who twenty-eight years before had been on the faculty of

the West Australian Missionary College, fourteen-year-old Calvin and I looked forward to crossing the great Australian desert for the first time by road.

Such a trip necessitates carrying certain equipment to cope with normal minor troubles that may occur as one crosses the largely uninhabited desert. Besides a complete set of tools and spares, it was vital that we include a minimum of two gallons of water per person and sufficient food to last for several days in case of breakdown on the desert. There travelers are few and means of communication nil, except for an occasional tourist or a road hauler. Because of distances between gasoline stations and the high cost of fuel in the outback, we carried with us two thirteen-gallon tanks of the precious fluid.

As we set off, we were reminded that the trip from Adelaide to Perth made by Lord John Forrest, early explorer and surveyor, took 151 days! Our program was to make the journey over-

land in four days. Up until recent years our only direct road link between Adelaide and Perth was mainly bush tracks across which only the most intrepid overlanders ventured. This highway was named after Edward John Eyre, whose party made the first crossing from Adelaide to Perth.

From the latter half of August to October, the desert, generally called the Nullarbor Plains, puts on a grand display of wildflowers. Some areas undergo transformation that is incredibly beautiful. For years this desert has been the hunting ground of naturalists, geologists, and other scientifically-minded people. The plains are unique in that there are no surface rivers or creeks for hundreds of miles. Yet the bush growth covers a wide variety, including mulga, mallee, quandong, blackbutt, native cork, and acacia. The main vegetation is bluebush, spinifex, saltbush (an excellent feed for stock), and an herb called parakilya.

At Kalgoorlie, which borders the desert, we broke our journey for a day. In this gold mining city, with a population of approximately 30,000, is to be found the richest square mile in the world. About 400 million dollars' worth of gold has been taken from these gold fields, and there is plenty more yet to come.

Another 380 miles on the mileometer, and we are fulfilling a further assignment, that of meeting first with our city youth in Perth, and later with the students at the West Australian Missionary College. The enrollment is just over the hundred mark. Pastor Len Minchin, a General Conference youth leader and evangelist, and many others now serving in the cause of God, graduated from this college.

For the last stage of our 650-mile journey from Perth to Karalundi the state's youth leader, Wal Hammond; Stan Louis, former director of Karalundi; and Jeannie Kyanga, an aboriginal student from our West College, increased our party to six.

At Geraldton, 300 miles north of Perth, we traveled inland for 350 miles to our mission station. It was on this, the last day of our trip, in particular, that the spectacular and profuse display of wildflowers captivated us. For hours the car sped through a gay natural garden. The West Australian bush was decorated with everlastings, bright

pink, buttercup yellow, and glazed snow-white. Also abounding were orchids, exotic in flower; fragile golden wattle; lovely yellow, red, and blue leschenaultia; the brilliant red-and-black desert Sturt pea, and the kangaroo paws, the national flower, with its vivid red and bright-green blossoms.

We saw many kangaroos. Incidentally, one of the large stations near the mission told us that as a result of placing cyanide in the animals' drinking water they had poisoned more than 4,000 in one night. This was necessary to conserve the very limited pastures for their stock. Wombats, rabbits, lizards, goannas, kookaburras, galahs, and birds of many varieties crossed our pathway.

But our desert trip had not been taken just for sight-seeing. We had crossed this vast continent to meet and fellowship with Australia's own sons and daughters, the original colored people of the great inland. Western Australia still has about twenty thousand of these aborigines. Many live in the "back country." A number of religious bodies have conducted work for these needy people, but with little success. About 2,000 of the West Australian aborigines are on mission stations operated by Roman Catholic and Protestant missionary societies.

It was while traveling through these isolated areas with a specially built Voice of Prophecy van that Pastor A. D. Vaughan, in his efforts to make contact with the people of the Inland, was brought in contact with an aborigine by the name of Leedham Cameron. Feeling deeply the lack of interest shown by most churches toward his people, Leedham Cameron threw out a challenge to Pastor Vaughan to show his Christianity by coming and working among his people. Thus it was that in 1953 our West Australian Confer-



Alloran Hill is known as the uncrowned king.

ence officers felt that God was leading them to accept this challenge and begin working in a more specific way for these neglected people. Just seven years had passed, and here we were to attend the first camp meeting ever to be held for the aboriginal people.

To the left of us were school buildings, while on our right were four neatly built teachers' homes, a dispensary, kitchen, and dining room block, and separate dormitories for the aboriginal children residing on the mission compound. A heavy crop of oats, as well as gardens and orchard, indicated that the land was very fertile. While water had been located by the previous owners of the land, they hadn't realized that the property was situated on an underground river from which could be drawn unlimited supplies of water at a depth of only twelve feet. Even a swimming pool had been made for the children.

That such an extensive building program could be completed in such a short time was to us a miracle. There were eighty aboriginal children resi-

dent on the mission. And what a royal welcome they gave us!

To provide the necessary accommodation for the expected visitors, the superintendent had brought by trailer from Perth a large two-pole canvas pavilion for the daily meetings and fifteen family tents for the visiting aborigines. These tents were erected by the boys on the mission under the direction of the mission staff.

Promptly at seven that evening youth leader Wal Hammond stepped into the big tent, and with his much-coveted "music box," a piano accordion, set the pattern of bright and meaningful singing. It was to play a vital part throughout the camp in attracting both old and young. Lured by the lusty singing of these happy mission boys and girls, it was a touching sight to see these long-neglected people leave their campfires and wend their way to the large pavilion.



The Sturt pea grows profusely on the desert.

From whence had they come? Who had told these nomads of the outback about the camp?

For months before this historic gathering, these fascinating aboriginal mission children began to write letters to their unschooled parents. Hundreds of letters like the following traveled in all directions. They wrote in their simple way:

"Dear Mummy and Daddy, We are going to have a camp. Will you come? There will be a tent for you, and a big tent for meetings and pictures, and you will hear about Jesus. We know about Jesus here at Karalundi. We want you to come and hear about Him.
"Your loving son."

An older girl wrote:

"Dear Mummy, We are having a camp meeting. Please, Mummy, try to



Standing on the left is Vern Heise, then Stan Louis, Dudley Vaughan, and Leedham Cameron.



The kookaburra, or the laughing jackass.

come. I do want you to know about Jesus. He's coming soon to take us to heaven if we are ready and love Him, but Mummy, if we are not ready we will be lost when the world and all sinners will be destroyed. If you could only come to camp you would get to know Him too and then you would love Him. Please try to come.

"Your loving daughter."

How did all these letters reach these desert wanderers? Which member of the family would be able to read? Only the angels would have the answer.

Someone remarked as they watched these people file in to the meetings, "Where did they get their clothes from?" The answer is worth sharing.

The day before the camp opened, cartons of clothing from our welfare societies, pressed full of the garments required for old and young alike, reached the mission. One could not help thanking God for those hearts of gold who in their home churches remembered the needs of these less fortunate people. Maybe some of them were washing and putting on new clothes for the first time.

Did we see some of the delegates

smiling as they observed a number of the men come into the large pavilion? They too had received clothing and were now wearing collarless shirts with ties just tied round their bare necks as neatly as they knew how.

"The challenge of presenting truth to such primitive minds in a language they could only partly understand," wrote Edna Heise, wife of the mission superintendent, "stimulated the visiting delegation to monumental effort." That we might reach them it became necessary to mingle often with them, and to sit by their campfires and pick up a little of their language and its meaning. Our hearts thrilled again and again as we observed the workings of the Spirit of God on the hearts of these people as they listened to the gospel story so simply told.

While speaking of heaven, superintendent Vern Heise aptly remarked, "We hope that everyone present at this Karalundi camp will be there, but best of all, that our colored brothers and sisters will be there and that you will be our next-door neighbors."

The closing meetings were marked by the deep movings of the Spirit of God, urging this primitive people to give up "Marmoo," the devil, and serve "the Big Boss," their loving heavenly Father. Eight of their number indicated their desire to prepare for baptism. We believe that others will follow shortly.

Radio, TV, and the press showed the keenest interest in our venture. They freely carried the camp story, which they highlighted as a "Christian Corroboree." An Adventist businessman from Perth, Percy Peet, flew up by plane to film the thrilling aspects of the program.

Immediately after the movie film was processed it was rushed to the TV studios in Perth, the state capital, then

flown by jet airliner to the Eastern states of Australia for their TV outlets. Thus viewers across the nation saw some of the aboriginal girls making a trip into the surrounding bush in search of native foods, digging *kulya* (which resembles the sweet potato), and gathering berries and nuts. Also featured were the delegates' simply illustrated talks on health.

You would have enjoyed watching with us those dark-skinned sons of Australia throwing their boomerangs into the air, causing them to circle and come right back to their feet. By many aborigines this rare skill has been lost, but a number of those attending our first camp delighted the visiting delegates with this uncanny ability.

What a thrill it would have given our youth the world around to have had the privilege of meeting such characters as Limpy Billy, the stately old man Jack Bing'hi, Paddy Anderson, Andy Gamble, Jacky Jackson, and Alloran Hill, and more than two hundred other Australian aborigines. Not the least of the above-mentioned persons was Alloran Hill. He is widely known as the "uncrowned king of the north." He was very proud to have his daughter attend our Karalundi mission and spoke most appreciatively of our endeavors on behalf of his people.

The four men standing by the Karalundi mission signpost in the accompanying picture are Leedham Cameron, the man who first challenged us to help his people and whose son Clarrie is now attending our West College to fit himself to work for his own people; Dudley Vaughan, who pioneered this work and who now directs our Wiluna native mission, 130 miles from Karalundi; Stan Louis, the first mission superintendent; and Vern Heise, the present director, who is carrying forward a very aggressive work in that isolated but fascinating outpost of Western Australia—Karalundi.

Yes, it was really worth while to travel 3,000 miles across the trans-Australian wonderland to attend the first Seventh-day Adventist camp meeting conducted entirely for Australia's original sons and daughters.

The testimony of the Karalundi children was that it should have been longer than five days! Their parents agreed that if we would hold another "Christian Corroboree" in twelve months' time they would endeavor to increase the attendance and make the next get-together an even greater success.

This group of aboriginal youth are skilled in the handling of the boomerang.





by JOE ENGELKEMIER

What Would You Have Done?



A COLLEGE student, downtown on an errand, finds himself standing before a magazine rack. Several lurid magazine covers attract his eye. As if hypnotized, he picks up a periodical whose pages suggest thoughts that ought not to be suggested. Fascinated, he scans it, and then another, and another. Choosing a couple of them, he pays the clerk, and returns to the dorm. During room check the magazines are kept concealed. At other times, when he wants to impress visiting friends with his tastes, he leaves them in plain sight. As the school year progresses, he makes such magazines a regular part of his reading diet.

Would you?

A young housewife interrupts doing the breakfast dishes to look through the morning mail. As she leafs through a popular magazine, an attractively illustrated romantic tale catches her attention. Again, a hypnotic spell descends. The baby is asleep, and dishes can wait. She enters another world. She has found her own marriage somewhat disappointing, but all her disillusionments are forgotten as she pursues the exciting plot. Brought back to reality by the crying of the baby for his bottle, she is more discontented than ever with her dull lot of housekeeping and baby tending. It's still too early for her favorite TV show, and as soon as the baby is fed, she again loses herself in a story.

Would you?

An English student is doing some research at the public library. On her way to the study table she passes the fiction section. She pauses. Upon her also a hypnotic influence falls. An exciting title catches her eye, and she checks it out. Assignments are forgotten as she follows the hero through scene after seductive scene.

Would you?

Let's look in upon still another moment of temptation. It is nine-thirty at night, and before retiring a seventeen-

year-old girl is looking through a popular woman's magazine. Relating her experience in a paper which she wrote for a senior Bible class, she describes it thus: "It is a good magazine. The pictures of different foods give me the urge to try these new recipes. Those dresses make me wish I had more time to sew and work on my wardrobe. . . . I look on through the magazine. . . . Here is a short story. We learned about short stories in English. The picture by the title gave me an idea of what the story was about. It was very appealing to a seventeen-year-old girl, but I remembered a principle that I have determined to follow: no cheap magazine stories for me."

She concluded her paper, "I continued through the magazine. An instructive article caught my eye. I did not have time to finish it, because I looked at the clock and it said ten-thirty. . . . I got out my Sabbath school lesson."

What would *you* have done?

She had determined, "No cheap magazine stories for me." What are the advantages of such a decision?

First, a keener mind. The reading of fiction "tends to destroy the power of connected and vigorous thought."¹ Wrote Ellen White to one reader of fiction, "The memory is greatly injured by ill-chosen reading, which has a tendency to unbalance the reasoning powers."²

Second, a person has a healthier and more wholesome outlook on life. Fictitious reading "creates an unhealthy excitement, fevers the imagination, unfits the mind for usefulness, weans the soul from prayer, and disqualifies it for any spiritual exercise."³

The girl who related the above experience has a vivacious enthusiasm for life that is contagious. I have noticed, through the years, that the Bible means a lot to her. When she was a sophomore in the academy, taking behind-the-wheel driver training, one day as she

was driving along she told how a few evenings before she had been feeling a bit discouraged about her heavy scholastic load. Then she had turned on her radio just as a devotional based upon the first chapter of James was being presented. The speaker quoted the verses on wisdom.

That's just what I need, she thought to herself. Getting her Bible she opened it and read, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."⁴

No work of fiction could ever have given her that kind of encouragement.

And then, third, the person who avoids sensational literature will be far more efficient in meeting life's duties and responsibilities. "The reading of fiction creates a distaste for life's practical duties. . . . Many a miserable, neglected home, many a lifelong invalid, many an inmate of the insane asylum, has become such through the habit of novel reading."⁵

The young woman of our illustration, though taking a full class load, also worked at a hospital, had varied leadership responsibilities, and has even found time to become an excellent cook!

Did she, in your judgment, make a wise decision? Suppose that January evening she had read the tempting story, and then, in the days following, another, and another?

She would have gained a convenient way of escape, and when things did not go right, she could simply escape into the exciting, unreal world of a novel. Not that it would make life any happier—for a return to reality would more and more be a return to boredom. This is not real living. "Boredom, or a sense of futility," writes Paul K. Freiwirth, "is the first tormentor to greet the traveler on the road leading away from life and its divine Author. It is a foretaste of hell's hopelessness."⁶

She could also through such reading gain a greater familiarity with the play and counterplay of human emotion. A book advertisement recently sent through the mails declared that "human passions are timeless." As an example the "sensational introductory offer" included stories such as the one "of a woman who sets out on her second honeymoon with the corpse of her first husband."

Be the portrayal this kind of raw criminality, or be it ever so refined, sensuality always masquerades under the name love. And be her reading ever so casual, her own ideas of love would be modified. She would receive a certain exhilaration from such reading, but she would not be a better girl for it. And she would be robbing of its beauty and keenness her own future experience in love and marriage.

She would not find it difficult to lose her present interest in God's Word. "Light reading fascinates the mind and makes the reading of God's word uninteresting."⁷ With it could also depart her sincerity. "What havoc has this love for light reading wrought upon the mind! How it has destroyed the principles of sincerity and true godliness, which lie at the foundation of a symmetrical character!"⁸

She could exchange her delightful enthusiasm for life for a kind of leaden dullness—a depression that with each advancing year would require more and more escapes and unnatural thrills. If with greater maturity she wanted to try that which is more intellectual, she might try Shakespeare's "way to dusty death," until, finding it impossible to even "escape from the escapes," she would be ready to exclaim, "Out, out, brief candle!"

Just before an internationally known statesman committed suicide, he copied from Sophocles' "Chorus From Ajax" these lines:

"Comfortless, nameless, hopeless—save
In the dark aspects of the yawning
grave."⁹

The course he pursued is hardly any recommendation for his choice of reading materials.

Return your thoughts to that winter evening when the young woman of our illustration rejected the temptation to read a short story. Would you recommend that she revoke her decision?

Young daughter of heaven's King, you kindly granted permission for me to relate your experience. You have proved by your life the truthfulness of the words, "Let the mind grasp the

stupendous truths of revelation, and it will never be content to employ its powers upon frivolous themes; it will turn with disgust from the trashy literature and idle amusements that are demoralizing the youth of today."¹⁰ You have found real living.

Don't ever, ever change!

And you who have not found real living, is it because wrong reading habits have gripped you?

A young man whose unwise reading choices had strengthened a bad habit into what seemed like chains of steel despairingly exclaimed, "This thing's got me!" But then, with the help of the Saviour he changed his reading habits, and found victory far easier to attain. Though it has been a struggle, he has fought his way back to real living.

So can you.

And your adventuresome spirit will, though choosing only the best, still have a world of literature ten thousand times greater than you can ever read.

Last week we spoke of always putting your Bible at the top of your list. Next to it we would suggest the writings of Ellen White.

Have you ever stopped to consider the incredible value of being able to know the course of coming events, as outlined in the Bible and the Ellen White books? To millions the future is shrouded in mystery. Through neglect even your knowledge of coming events may be hazy. But it can be sharp, clear, and distinct. The books are there, just waiting to be read. Others not so favored would be overwhelmed and delighted if they had your opportunities.

Interest in coming events will spark an alert desire to keep up on world affairs. Let your reading also include a study of God's providences of the past. While "time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away," and while destiny seemingly is being shaped by the caprice of men, above, behind, and through it all can be seen "the agencies of the All-merciful One, silently, patiently working out the counsels of His own will."¹¹ How interesting in one's study of history to discover evidences thereof!

If you happen to have a historical interest in the Civil War, turn to the writings of Mrs. White and read the account of how God intervened in the Battle of Manassas.¹² I have often wished that some history major, searching out God's providences in the affairs of nations, would prepare a series of articles for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

Science and nature provide another area of fascinating reading. In this area the student should always remember not to test the Scriptures by the theories of men, but rather always to test the theories of science by the Scriptures. "To such a student, scientific research will open vast fields of thought and information."¹³

Biographies, wisely chosen, can also provide hours upon hours of interesting reading. Books upon travel have always been a favorite with many young people, and with more and more colleges sponsoring foreign study and tours abroad there is added reason to read widely in this area. My daughter, just entering her teens, is fascinated by books about India. And, incidentally, books on mission life are not dull reading. In fact, a visit to your Book and Bible House will open your eyes to a realization that your church has published hundreds of interesting books upon many varied subjects.

Did you know that your body must produce an estimated 12 million red blood cells every second?¹⁴ Or that if your blood count is normal, you have about 5 million red blood cells in a tiny drop of blood not much larger than the head of a pin?¹⁵ Or that your nervous system uses "relay stations" to ensure that electrical impulses sent from the brain to a distant part of the body will arrive full strength, and that these impulses are transmitted through your nerves at more than 200 m.p.h.?¹⁶ All of which illustrates that here is another world of fascinating literature.

So also on the subject of the home and on hobbies, and about occupations. Then there are essays, and good poetry, and speeches. One of the most gripping and inspiring stories I ever came across was a speech entitled "Mingled Blood," in which a high school senior who was a hemophiliac described his struggle with illness.

The world of literature is infinitely vast. To read wisely and well adds immensely to the joys of "real living."

Next Week: Things About You That You Don't Know . . . and That You Do.

¹ *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 446.

² *Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 497.

³ *Messages to Young People*, p. 272.

⁴ James 1:5.

⁵ *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 446.

⁶ Paul K. Freiwerth, "Running Away From Life," *Signs of the Times*, April 22, 1952, p. 5.

⁷ *Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 498.

⁸ *Ibid.*, vol. 5, p. 545.

⁹ Quoted in *Our Times*, editorial entitled "Men's Hearts Failing," in October, 1949, issue.

¹⁰ *Messages to Young People*, pp. 255, 256.

¹¹ *Prophecy and Kings*, p. 500.

¹² *Testimonies*, vol. 1, pp. 266-268.

¹³ *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 462.

¹⁴ Clifford R. Anderson, M.D., "The Miracle of Human Blood," *Signs of the Times*, April 24, 1956, p. 9.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ J. D. Ratcliff, "How Your Nervous System Works," *Today's Health*, May, 1956.

WHEN 1 + 1 = 1

by CLARK B. MC CALL

DEAR Father in heaven, as I begin my fourth summer as a student colporteur I ask You for a special blessing. You have given scholarships, and seed has been sown. But please lead me this summer to someone whom I can bring to Christ and actually see baptized into Thy remnant church."

As the young colporteur knelt for prayer that June evening he did not realize that in another part of the city of Merced a different prayer was ascending. There were no audible words. There wasn't even the mental formation of sentences. There was only a heart's confused longing for purpose, a deep hunger for an inner security that human resources had failed to provide.

While the desires in Mrs. Bunning's meditation did not follow the usual prayer procedure, God read it as the request of a troubled soul searching for Him. If the prayer had been phrased it might have been offered something like this: "Dear God, I need Your help. Years ago I looked for You but could not find You among the religious 'isms.' They left me intellectually wiser but spiritually impoverished. I then left the only church I had known. Now as a counselor in our public school system I often ask, "Who will counsel the counselor? I need a power outside myself to aid in helping these troubled children. I need a religious faith to give my own life a meaning I haven't found."

Warm June days passed. One morning a schoolteacher on vacation began to paint her living room while a young colporteur began canvassing.

It was 2:00 P.M. when Madeline Bunning heard her doorbell ring. Why

must someone come by in the middle of my painting? she thought. Carefully placing her brush on the lid of a paint can and stepping over a rolled-up rug she opened the door.

In the doorway was a young man with a brief case. I'll get rid of this salesman in a hurry, she told herself. She began to make some excuse when something in the young man's introduction awakened her curiosity. She found herself saying, "Well, step in."

"But can books like this really help two lively little boys?" she inquired after the demonstration. The young man assured her the books would help her with their character development. A few minutes later the colporteur left with a check for the Bible stories.

The following day the student colporteur returned with the picture *What Happened to Your Hand?*

"After you left yesterday I thought of some questions I'd like to have answered," Mrs. Bunning said.

After a short visit the colporteur gave her a copy of *The Great Controversy*.

"This will help to answer some of your questions, and when you have finished it I'd like to know what you think of it," he said.

Two weeks passed, and then Mrs. Bunning telephoned the colporteur, explaining that she had finished the book and wished to talk with him about it. An appointment was arranged.

"What do you think of the book?" he asked.

"I appreciated it very much."

"Do you believe its message?"

"Yes, I do."

"What about the Sabbath?"

"Oh, I've accepted that."

"Then what is there that would keep you from becoming a Seventh-day Adventist?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought about that." Mrs. Bunning paused reflectively. Then, "Is there something else I should know if I were to become a Seventh-day Adventist?"

He sensed she had grasped and accepted the Bible doctrines she had discovered in *The Great Controversy*. However, as he looked at her make-up he pondered whether he might not be rushing the issue to mention lipstick at this time.

"Is there something else I should know?" she asked again, a trace of urgency in her tone.

"Well," he replied hesitatingly, "we believe that beauty is something that should shine out from within rather than something painted on the outside." He didn't press the point and the conversation engaged another subject.

The following morning the colporteur met Mrs. Bunning in the post office. She seemed a bit self-conscious, but the lipstick was gone.

She later told how she had opened *The Great Controversy* one morning with her daily two packs of cigarettes and a pot of coffee by her side. After reading page 474 she realized that any habit harmful to the body would keep her out of heaven. She threw away her cigarettes and coffee without the rationalizations that some listen to in order to prolong pernicious habits.

The colporteur thought of Adventists he knew who had struggled for years with injurious habits that lead to physical breakdown. What a contrast to Mrs. Bunning's determination to obey truth from the moment it dawned upon her consciousness.

The student's greatest joy came just ten weeks after the first contact. He watched Mrs. Bunning give her testimony that she had found her long-sought faith, by stepping into the waters of spiritual victory.

Often two prayers ascend to God as separate appeals. The suppliants are unknown to each other. Each has a distinct personal request. Yet in the heavenly center, where all prayer messages are channeled, there is One who sees a relationship. A Mind far superior to all human computers sees that often one prayer plus one prayer will equal one more soul born into God's kingdom.

Could there be a Mrs. Bunning waiting for you to complete the equation? As the student colporteur in the story, I know the formula works.



Not With

by ANN CLAYTON

IT WASN'T EASY. I know what Ellen G. White meant when she said there is a cross to bear when one accepts dress reform.

My heart was being strangely and wonderfully stirred as the Bible instructor came week after week to study with me the truths in the Book—the Book that was becoming ever more alive and precious.

Never had I hungered for anything as I now hungered for holiness and a closer walk with the Saviour. One by one came lessons on the Sabbath, the prophecies, the judgment, unclean foods, worldly amusements. Eagerly I listened, read, believed, and accepted.

Then on a never-to-be-forgotten day we studied God's ideal for the Christian's dress. When we came to 1 Tim-

othy 2:9 she asked me to read. And I began, "... that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array."

I stared at the words a long time. I hadn't known that was in the Bible.

Modesty? I had always dressed modestly, shunning extremes in feminine fashions.

Costly array? I didn't have any! Couldn't have afforded it had I wanted some.

Putting on of apparel? Well—frequently when I was dressing, I remembered a story my mother used to tell. A certain young woman possessed only one good dress. But wanting to impress her suitor, who was waiting in the parlor, she called out loudly to her mother,

"Which dress shall I wear this evening, Mother, the new one or the blue one or the one I wore last?" I wasn't quite that bad off, but certainly I could not be classed with the richly appareled.

Pearls? I had enjoyed my small pearl earrings that matched a necklace of graduated pearls. They had always added just the right touch to a simple dark dress that hung in my closet. But I could see the principle involved in ornamentation—the glorification of self—that self that had been redeemed at such infinite cost. It was *I* who was gratified and pleased with the result when the pearls were worn. Mentally I relinquished the pearls—and along with them an assortment of beads and bracelets.

But the gold! Ah, there was the cross!

Gold

Upon the third finger of my left hand were two rings of gold. One was my engagement ring, daintily set with three small chipped diamonds. The other was the simple matching wedding band that my husband had placed on my finger during our marriage ceremony five years before. It had not been off since that night. We had married young and, being very much in love, had promised each other that the ring would never be removed.

Other rings lay in a little jewel case in my dresser drawer. The delicate heirloom ring set with a cluster of emeralds surrounding a lovely moonstone. It had been in the family for years and had been passed along to me by mother's aunt, whose namesake I am. An opal birthstone ring that mother had given me as a birthday gift when I was fifteen. My high school class ring. A moss agate "dinner" ring. There would be no sacrifice in giving them up—I wore them so seldom.

To part with my engagement ring would break my heart. It had been a beloved gift because of the cherished plans and promises that had accompanied its acceptance. Yet I could see it was quite ornamental.

But my wedding ring? How could I bear to take it off? After all, you couldn't really consider a wedding ring jewelry. And I was the mother of two small children—why people might think I was not married. Then, too, my husband was not a believer. He would never understand.

Already he was perturbed because I had stopped attending movies or playing cards with him. I now ate my breakfast eggs without the accompanying bacon, and he thought this was car-

rying religion just too far. He was becoming increasingly embarrassed at my attendance at church on what he considered a common working day. This ring business would be the last straw.

We talked about it for a long time—that godly little Bible instructor and I. Had she possessed less courage—As I searched her kindly, honest blue eyes, had they reflected the slightest inclination toward compromise I might have missed the joy of surrender and my first stumbling lesson in walking by faith.

"God's biddings are enablings, my dear," she smiled. "Let's ask Him for help. He will show you the way."

My heart leaned heavily upon her strong, trusting spirit as she pleaded in my behalf for God's guidance and His grace. Then with an understanding smile and a confident pat on my shoulder, she was gone, and I was alone with another decision to make—the most difficult one yet.

Months before, she had given me a copy of the little booklet *Steps to Christ*. I had been greatly blessed by reading it. Now I picked it up from the table beside me and thumbed the pages grimly, embroiled in a sharp conflict.

Surely God would accept my dedication to Him if I gave up everything else and just wore my wedding ring. For wedding rings were not worn for ornamentation—they had a deep and significant meaning. They represented one's never-ending devotion, the sealing of a vow, a token or sign that one belonged to one's mate. Lovingly I looked at mine, and turned it round and round with my fingers, reveling in the good comfortable feeling of security and belonging that it always gave me.

Perhaps I could have rationalized myself into stretching out the anguish for weeks, had I not had that booklet *Steps to Christ*. I know now that it was not by chance that my eyes alighted on the words on page 45 (pocket edition), "Those who feel the constraining love of God, do not ask how little may be given to meet the requirements of God. . . . With earnest desire they yield all."

"They yield all." "They yield *all*." The words stayed with me as I prepared supper and welcomed my husband home. They echoed as I washed up the dishes. They repeated themselves incessantly as I undressed the children and put them to bed.

My husband sprawled out comfortably in his favorite chair with the eve-

ning paper, all unconscious of the battle raging within me. I could not tell him—I must decide for myself. It was between God and me.

Putting on robe and slippers, I took up *Steps to Christ* again and stretched out on the bed to read. At the bottom of page 58 I found my answer: "The vain customs and fashions of the world are laid aside. Christians will seek not the 'outward adorning,' but 'the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.'"

"Vain customs." "Fashions of the world." Suddenly it was all plain. It was the world's custom to put on a ring for a symbol. There wasn't a thing in the Bible about exchanging wedding rings—Mrs. Price had said so. It had come from paganism, been adopted into the church, and now was accepted everywhere. And though it was a pretty sentiment never to remove a wedding ring from one's finger, certainly a ring possessed no power to make one a good wife or a strong dependable "houseband," or to hold a man and wife faithful to wedding vows.

Divorce courts grind incessantly away at dissolving marriages that started out with an exchange of rings. But the meek and quiet spirit spoken of, that incorruptible character Christians must possess—that would weld a man and wife together in a union that would never be broken except by death.

Much as it would hurt—much as I wanted to wear it—much as I hated to cause further distress to my husband—I knew that the ring would have to go. Being me—doing everything with all my heart, or not at all—this step of becoming a Seventh-day Adventist must mean everything, or nothing. I had put my "hand to the plow." I must not look back, but must just take the next step, trust God to see me through, and have the deep unchanging security of belonging wholly to Him.

It was several weeks before my baptism. I spent them by trying in every way to please my husband, cooking his favorite foods, spending all possible time with him to show my love was unchanged by my new beliefs. As the day neared, I knew I must talk it over with him before removing my ring. He would be sure to notice if it was missing from my finger.

Carefully choosing my words, I explained slowly and tenderly the Biblical teaching, and confided my desire to become like my Saviour in every way and to please Him in everything. He

listened respectfully until I had finished, but the stern set of his jaw warned me that he was not going to be sympathetic.

"Ann, I cannot go along with all this! It's just one thing after another until our companionship is ruined. That church seems to mean more to you than I do. If you take off your ring I'll know you no longer care about our marriage." Firmly he pronounced the words, then strode from the room.

As I stepped from the baptismal waters a few days later, it was with thankfulness for sins forgiven, God's blessed peace filling my heart, and no rings upon my fingers. I had decided for the present to wear my wedding ring around home to pacify my husband. Meanwhile I pleaded with God to help me. I did not want to be a hypocrite. And I felt confident that somehow God would make it possible for me to be completely obedient to His Word.

A few days later I was awakened in the night by a throbbing pain in my left hand. Rising and turning on the

light I discovered a badly swollen finger—the third. Angry red puffs of flesh stood out on each side of the wedding band that was constricting the circulation.

Now what had caused this? But even as I wondered I noticed on the left side the spot where the infection seemed to center. And then I remembered.

Two days before, while mending at the sewing machine, I had bumped my hand against the tension control, and nicked a tiny piece of flesh from my finger. It wasn't even worth notice. But here was the next development—a swollen and painful hand.

With great concern my husband helped me prepare a bath of hot Epsom salts and a pan of ice water, and I began soaking the hand to relieve the stabbing fiery thrusts that were becoming increasingly severe.

Then appearing at my side in a few minutes with his little tool kit, he selected his smallest file. Gently and cautiously he filed my wedding band in

two, explaining as he worked that I must not feel bad about it. He would take it to the jewelers tomorrow and get it repaired.

I didn't feel bad. How can you feel bad while holding out your hand to accept the answer to a prayer? Silently I thanked my heavenly Father for His care, and quietly put the severed ring away.

Today, many years later, I came across the pieces as I was searching through a box of keepsakes. I took them out and held them in my palm—two half circles of gold, treasured little reminders of a victory gained. Silent witnesses to the reality of answered prayer. For the infected finger healed up completely in a few more days of continuing hot and cold treatment. The ring? My husband never mentioned it again. Thankfully I tucked those two little golden circlets back into their faded blue satin bed. I want to keep them, as proof beyond a doubt that "them that honour me, I will honour."

You Can't Sit Down

by NATELKKA E. BURRELL

WHILE teaching in New York City I lived in Club Caroline, a businesswomen's residence house. It was a place to become acquainted with people of various cultures and interests.

During the time I lived there, England's King George paid our country a visit. Many club residents were eager to see him, especially those who had been or still were British subjects. Among these latter ones was a transient mother I'll call Mrs. Bates, and her young son from one of the Caribbean Islands.

On the day the king and his entourage were to pass through upper Manhattan, a group of our tenants walked to 116th Street to wait for a glimpse of him. He was scheduled to drive through the center of Columbia University's campus. This educational center originally had held a charter from England's ruler and had been known as King's College.

The high steps of Lowe Hall, the old library building, were being used as a grandstand for the university's dignitaries. The building faced 116th Street, and a place along this partic-

ular block was about the best point from which to see the king when he passed.

Mrs. Bates and her son had already found a favorable spot along the curb, and I edged in beside them. The expectant crowd jostled good-naturedly as they waited. Mrs. Bates spent the time scanning the street and telling her boy how privileged he was to be able to see the king. Sonny was about four or five years old and seemingly not impressed.

The king and his party were late. A light drizzle fell intermittently, but still the crowd waited. Sonny twisted and turned as little boys will. Finally he became tired and started to sit down on the curb. Quickly his mother pulled him erect and said, "No, no, Sonny, you can't sit down. You'll get your pants dirty."

He was wearing an immaculate sailor suit and hat that would have passed the most rigid naval inspection—tie and all.

The king still delayed his coming, and again Sonny tried to sit down. But Mrs. Bates admonished sternly, "No, no, you can't sit down!"

Still the king tarried. Again the boy essayed to rest his feet by sitting down on the curb.

His mother pulled him upright and repeated, "No, no! You can't sit down!" Then almost in awe she added, "Aye, aye, you don't want the king to see you in dirty pants!"

Finally the king's car came, but it rolled by so rapidly that we hardly saw him. To the king, Sonny must have been a mere blur and the spotless white suit only a hazy dot among a kaleidoscope of summer colors. But for that fleeting glance the suit had to be immaculate.

Like Mrs. Bates and Sonny, we wait for the coming of the King of kings. Have we grown weary? Are we sitting on life's curb, heedless of the soiling that can come to our spiritual dress that God gave us at conversion?

When our King comes He will not rush by, eager to get out of the rain or to meet other appointments. We are His only appointment. How tragic it would be should He fail to find us "not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

by **FREDERICK C. PETTY**

SNAP. Tom Barker turned the volume knob left. The junk they passed off as music these days! A somewhat less than melodious babble changed to the relative quiet of wind whistling in vent windows, as the canary-yellow Volkswagen strained to keep up with the flow of freeway traffic.

The crowded concrete ribbon crested a small hill; ahead, half hazy in the smoke it constantly oozed, lay the city. A green-and-white mileage sign flashed by. Twelve more miles.

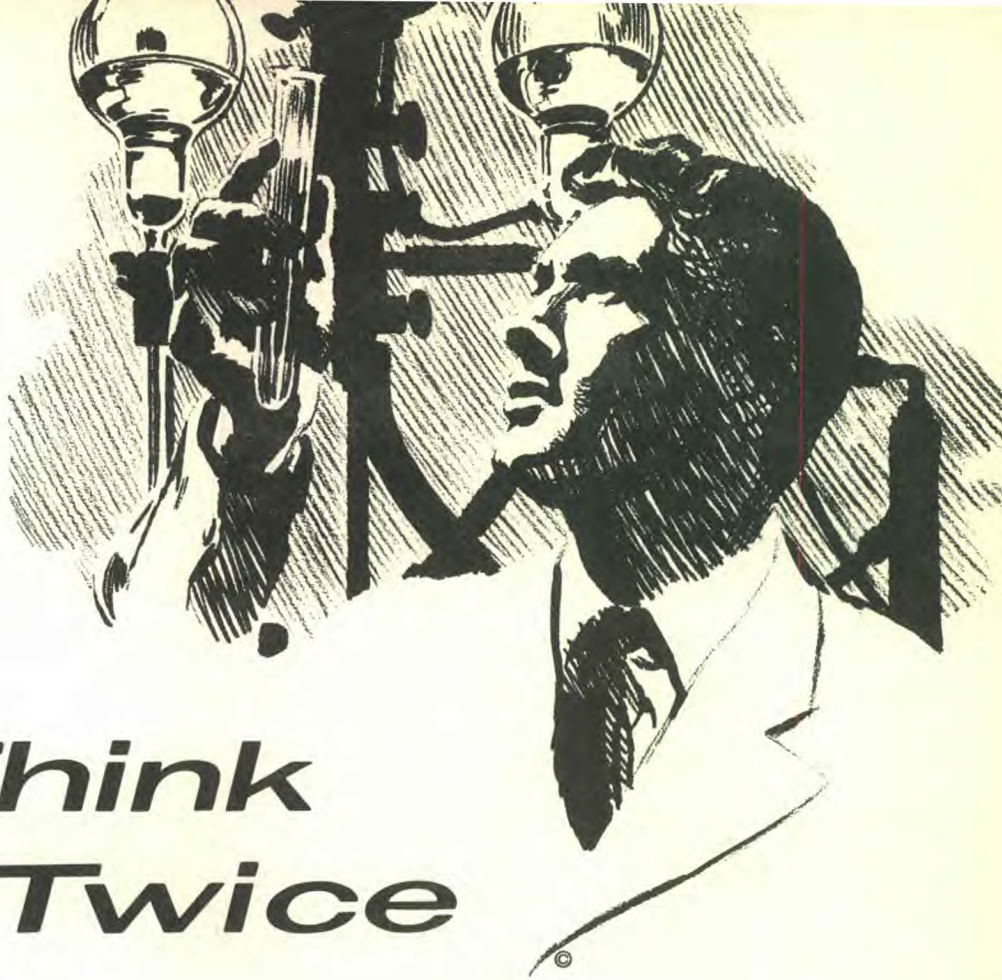
Twelve more miles, and then thirty minutes' talking with five or six professors, and two months of nail-biting after that, waiting for the results. But the thirty minutes would be crucial; they would be decisive. He glanced down at his freshly pressed new green suit and adjusted his tie knot. He had tied it six times that morning before it was perfect. Thirty minutes to convince six men that he deserved a university fellowship. He would convince them.

He remembered the bright October day, two months before, when he had stayed after biochemistry class and told Dr. Henderson he was applying to Georgia Tech's graduate school and requesting a fellowship. His major professor had said, in his slow, methodical way, "Well, Tom, I know we have a small school here at BFC, but we've managed to get some of our other graduates into Tech. I'll do my best for you in the way of recommendations." Coming from Dr. Henderson, this was undiluted praise.

And then, two weeks ago, came the letter of acceptance to Tech, and the request to appear for a personal interview with a committee that would decide on his application for a fellowship.

So today, the interview. This would decide it—whether he was really graduate school material. And if he won the fellowship! Think of it!

The honor of a university fellowship! Why, he would have no trouble getting assistantships for the rest of his graduate program. Just four short years. Then it would be *Dr. Thomas Lee Barker*. And then? Who *wouldn't* hire



Think Twice

him? There would probably be offers from at least a dozen chemical corporations. He could name his terms—especially when they knew he had won a university fellowship. What was it he had read about the starting wage for a Ph.D. in chemistry? Was it an average of seven thousand a year? And if you got into a good company, that salary would quickly be doubled and tripled.

His reverie was rudely interrupted by a sign: "Georgia Tech. Exit, 1/4 mile." He left the freeway and asked for directions at the nearest service station. Five minutes later he was driving slowly between ivy-encrusted Thacker Hall, with its air of quiet, unhurried scholarship, and the aluminum and glass cube of the chemistry building. He found a parking place, straightened his tie again, ran a comb through his hair, and got out.

Now don't get excited, he thought. Don't get nervous. Remember, those professors are people, just like you, and they were in exactly the same spot you're in when they were just out of college.

Take a deep breath.

Relax.

That's better.

In the building he stopped a bespeckled girl with a worried look. He glanced at the letter he had extracted

from his coat pocket. "Could you tell me where room number 146 is, please?" "Sure. Down the hall, third door to your right." She hurried on.

Tom walked down the hall. The third door to the right. "146. Department of Chemistry. Office."

He took a deep breath and walked in.

The March sun seemed to realize it would soon wrench the earth from winter's frigid control. It shone more insistently, peering between the half-drawn venetian blinds of the laboratory cluttered with flasks and beakers and glass tubing. Now it was highlighting the shelves full of chemicals lining one wall in a splendid confusion of color, reflecting down on Tom's open lab notebook.

The height of injustice, he muttered, scratching his bushy brown hair. Having to be cooped up in this cell on the first day of spring! He stood up and stretched and yawned and walked over to the window. Pulling up the blind and opening the window, he sniffed appreciatively. No doubt about it, spring was coming—something indefinable in the air gave it away.

Tom sighed and walked back to the lab bench. Glancing at the notebook

again, he measured out "50 ml. NH_4OH and stirred it into the beakerful of colorless liquid. He added "2 grams KMnO_4 , slowly." He put the solution, now a dark purple, over the bunsen burner and lit the flame.

"Well, and what is the mad scientist up to now?"

Tom started and turned to the door. Harold Williams tiptoed gingerly into the room, grimacing at the fumes now seething from the solution.

"You again." It was more a statement than a question.

"Just checking to make sure you aren't surreptitiously constructing an atom bomb behind my back." Harold was holding his nose now. "What's the stench and how do you stand it?" His voice was flat.

"Ammonia. After a while something called olfactory fatigue sets in, you know."

Harold took a tentative deep breath. "Ugh. Why don't you ever clean this pig sty?" A major in accounting, he was obsessed with order and neatness.

"Too busy advancing the frontiers of science." Tom stirred the solution grimly and lowered the flame a bit.

"Candy told me about your winning the fellowship. Congratulations." The caller climbed up on a high lab stool. "How did you do it, Tommy boy?" Knowing Tom hated the diminutive nickname, Harold had used it as often as possible in the five years they had known each other.

"I guess they just recognize quality when they see it." It was an attempt at a joke, but Tom seemed to be trying a bit too hard.

"Ha! What kind of quality?" Then Harold sobered. "Tom, what's gotten into you?"

Tom said nothing, but stared glumly at the solution, which was turning brown.

"Well, shall I tell you what I came here to tell you, or do you want to sulk in solemn silence?—while you advance the frontiers of science, of course!"

"Okay. I'm sorry. Go ahead."

Harold picked up the bunsen burner lighter lying on the bench, struck it idly, watching the sparks fly up to become small whiffs of smoke. "Guess who I overheard talking in the hall this morning and guess what they said?"

"I give up, of course."

"Dr. Anderson and Dr. Sellers. I think maybe you know these men?"

"Cut it out. I've probably had more courses from them than from everyone else put together. What did they say?"

"Seems they're a bit perturbed about the recent behavior of one Thomas Barker." Harold was swinging the lighter around his finger now. "Say, you'd better turn that off or something before it blows up." The neglected solution was frothing menacingly.

Tom cut the flame from under the solution. "Well, what is it they're worried about anyway?"

"Henderson said you've been skipping a lot lately, Tommy boy. He said you're supposed to be working on some research or something three afternoons a week and that for the past month you've been doing good to be around once a week. Sellers replied that you've already taken twice the number of allowed skips in some class you take from him."

"Physical Chem," Tom supplied.

"Anyway, it seems they don't know what to do with you."

"Is that all they said?"

"Well, just about that time they became aware that I had been scrutinizing the bulletin board behind them rather intently for the past ten minutes, so they walked on down the hall. End of report." Harold spread his arms, palms up, the bunsen burner lighter dangling from his little finger, and shrugged.

"H'mmm, that's bad." Tom studied his fingernails, then gnawed one thoughtfully.

"That goes without saying. Is it true? By the way, that's a sharp-looking shirt. Where'd you get it?"

Tom glanced down with pride he made little attempt to hide. "Oh, I picked it up downtown at the Stag Shop."

Harold whistled appreciatively, mentally comparing the quality with that of his own product. "And since when has the Stag Shop, clothier to men of distinction, been clothing you, Tommy boy?"

"All right, all right. So I splurged. I couldn't help it, Harold. I had to have something to remind me of what all this is for." He waved his arm about the cluttered room.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, to keep my mind on how good it's going to be after I'm through with this and with grad school. Just think, no more scrimping, no more worrying about price tags. All the money I want."

"Oh," Harold muttered thoughtfully.

Tom poured the solution, now cool and dark brown, into an Erlenmeyer flask; he swirled the stuff meditatively,

as if it could offer quick and ready answers to very perplexing questions.

Harold looked up and frowned. "But why are you so depressed and lackadaisical, then? After all, if you have your goal so well in mind . . . Are you sick? Maybe you have mononucleosis or something."

"Don't be silly."

"No, really, Tom. Stop kidding yourself, because you're sure not kidding anyone else. Why have you been skipping lab? What's bothering you?"

Tom slammed the flask down on the desk viciously, almost breaking it. "I don't want to talk about it."

"No, I think you need to. I'm your best friend. At least I've known you about as long as anyone else has." Harold walked over to the door and closed it. "Spill it." It was more a command than a request.

Tom washed his hands and dried them on a paper towel. "Okay. Maybe it will clarify things. Frankly, I don't know what the matter is. I've been doing some serious thinking—maybe for the first time in my life. It's not easy." He grinned wryly. "Or even very pleasant, for that matter. I began asking myself a few questions. Like—What do I want out of life? What am I trying to accomplish? Why all this hard work? I tried not to think about it, but I couldn't help it. And I started coming up with disturbing answers." Tom was standing in front of the window now, looking out. "For example, I really don't like chemistry."

Harold's head snapped up. "It's taken you this long to find that out? A month before you graduate you decide you don't like your major? Seems that would have occurred to you three years ago."

"I guess it should have, Harold, but it didn't. Why? Oh, I was really too young when I started college; I didn't know what I wanted. I took general chem and got the highest grade in the class, which was flattering, of course. Then I guess I became rather blinded by the glittering future I saw for myself. I told myself, With good grades in college chemistry you can get into a grad school, get your Ph.D. on a fellowship, and really begin making the money. I've never had a cent to spare, and the idea of having all I wanted was very appealing."

Harold interrupted. "Tom, have you thought of this: Maybe you're just tired of the place. After all, four years in one spot and anyone might feel like a change in scenery. Maybe you'll get

into grad school and find you really like it."

"Nope. Not a chance. If I don't like it now, I never will. Graduate work is harder and more concentrated, but it's still chemistry. And if I don't really feel enthusiastic about it, I'm afraid I wouldn't get through grad school. Remember Jim Samuels? Graduated from here last year. I talked to him last week when he was passing through on his way home for the weekend. He's getting his M.S. in chemistry from Michigan State now. He loves it. He's crazy about it. He's so enthusiastic over it that it's hard to get him to talk about anything besides his research.

"But, here's the thing that struck me: he's not at all concerned about where he's going to work after he gets his degree. He doesn't care how much he makes. He's even thinking about teaching, and you know how poorly paid teachers are in any field. I couldn't help comparing him with me. And it wasn't such a good comparison." Tom walked back over to the stool by the bench and sat down.

"So you're taking chemistry just because it pays well? Really, Tom, you know what a crying need there is for teachers. Maybe you could teach chemistry."

"How could I make anyone else interested in something I really don't care that much about? Take Jim again. He'll make a terrific chemistry teacher, because he's so enthusiastic about it himself. Or Dr. Henderson, for an even better example. He really enjoys his field, and you can tell it. No, I thought of that, but it just wouldn't work."

"Well, I don't want you to think I'm moralizing or preaching, but this much I am certain of, Tom—if you enter a career, not because you like it, not because you think you can be of real service, but only because there's a lot of easy money in it for you, you'll end up a very miserable person. I know. I don't think I've ever told you this, but it happened to father. He didn't want to go into business, but there was a good opening for him when he got out of college if he would major in business administration. So he did. He enjoyed the material benefits for about the first five years. Ever since then he's been regretting that he didn't go into the ministry. Believe me, Tom, I don't care how much you make, you won't be happy unless you're doing something you really like, and unless you're doing something to help others."

There was silence for a moment.

Then, "Tom, if you could do whatever you wanted to, what would it be?"

Tom needed little time to decide. "Read and write."

"Read what?"

"Do you know what I've been doing during these afternoons I skipped lab? I've read *Walden*, half of *Paradise Lost*, and most of Hawthorne's short stories." He looked down ruefully. "I guess I should feel guilty about it, but I enjoyed reading those books more than all the chemistry I've ever had. But what can I do now, Harold? Change majors to English two months before graduation? You know what that will mean? At least another year of college, and throwing away the fellowship."

In Faith

by George L. Ehrman

Each day each life is fading,
And yet in truth we see,
Unless the midnight moment comes,
Tomorrow cannot be.

Let us in faith be striving
To build the Christian way,
For all of our tomorrows hinge
On what we do today.

"Well, Tom, it's up to you. No one can decide for you. Why don't you talk to some teacher you like and respect?"

"Maybe I'm too stubborn for my own good, but this is my problem and I'm going to have to work it out for myself and by myself. But Harold, you have no idea how much it's helped just to talk about it. And I think I'm beginning to agree with what you said about not being happy unless one likes his work and is helping others."

Harold looked at his watch and jumped up. "I've got to run, Tom. Mr. Dixon doesn't particularly appreciate students' being late to his lectures, and I have exactly ninety seconds to make it to the ad building. I'll drop by your room tonight."

Before Tom could say, "See you," Harold was gone.

For five minutes Tom looked out the window but saw nothing. Then he stood up and walked over to the desk where the flask stood, dark-brown and mysterious. He picked it up and began to pour it into a clean beaker, then changed his mind and opened a locker. He found a cork.

As he pushed the cork into the mouth of the flask, the flask slipped from his hand and smashed on the desk top, splashing solution across the front of his shirt. He resisted a strong temptation to kick the desk; already he could see the solution dissolving away at the imported cotton.

Tom mopped up the results of three weeks' work with a wet sponge, picking up the larger pieces of glass and throwing them in the trash can. He closed his locker and spun the dial of its combination lock and walked out.

No doubt about it, he thought as he walked across the dead lawn to his dorm, spring is on its way. He walked in the side door and checked his mailbox. It was empty. He walked up the stairs and into his room. Flinging himself down on his bed, he kicked off his shoes and pulled the pillow down over his eyes. He lay still for five minutes, then sat up suddenly and pulled the drapes back. Picking up a paper-bound copy of *Paradise Lost*, he opened it to the dog-eared page and folded his pillow under his head.

Five lines later he snapped the book shut and threw it back on his desk. Why, oh why, had that flask dropped? Three weeks' work lost, to say nothing of the ruined shirt. This just was not his day.

But then, had yesterday been any better? He had not even gone to lab yesterday. Maybe he should get out of chemistry. But now? To get this far and quit? Harold was right, though; he wouldn't be happy with just money. It would take more than that. Did he want to spend the rest of his life in a lab? Some people certainly enjoyed it. But would he?

And if he quit chemistry, what then? Throw away the fellowship? Say he did change majors. What to? English? And what assurance did he have that he would do as well in English as he had in chemistry? Why did he feel so confused?

A knock interrupted his thoughts.

"Come in," Tom shouted. "It's unlocked."

Fred Harris, the freshman living across the hall, opened the door apologetically. "I hate to bother you, Tom. Say, I didn't wake you, did I?"

"No, no. I was just reading."

"I'm having a hard time with this general chem assignment and I wondered if you could maybe explain something to me."

Tom sat up and smiled. "I can try, but I don't guarantee results."

"It's really sort of simple, but I can't quite make these reactions come out right. See, we're supposed to be balancing these by the oxidation-reduction method."

"Let's see what you have."

Drawing up a chair to the side of the bed, the freshman sat down with a sigh of relief and handed a sheet of paper to Tom, who looked at the cryptic jumble of numbers and formulas and winced inwardly. "I see. Now you have the general idea right, but let me show you another method that illustrates the principle more clearly. Here." Tom took a clean sheet of paper and copied the first reaction from Fred's paper. "Instead of writing the whole equation, first express it as two half reactions, separating the oxidation from . . ."

Fred looked up five minutes later. "I can't believe it! The prof lectured on this stuff for an hour, and I've been trying to make sense out of my notes for the past two hours, and now in ten minutes you make it all as clear as day. Man, you ought to be a teacher!"

"Sure. Do you know how much teachers make?" There was a sardonic note in his voice.

"Well, I guess it's not much, but think of the good you'd do."

Tom shrugged.

Fred shifted nervously. "Say, Tom, there was something else I'd like some help on. That is, if you're not busy," he added apologetically.

"No, no. What is it?"

"You did pretty good in freshman English, didn't you?"

"I enjoyed it and studied hard, if that's what you mean." He had averaged 96 per cent.

"Well, I have this theme we have to do on some turning point in our life, and it just doesn't sound right, somehow. I'd surely appreciate it if you'd look it over and see what you think of it and maybe give me a few pointers on it."

"I'd be glad to." Tom felt a strange relief, as if he were afraid to be alone with only thoughts for company.

Fred had disappeared, but was back at once. "Here it is. See, I'm trying to tell about the time I decided to come to college instead of taking a good job with my uncle's company."

Tom took the five typewritten pages, leaned against the wall, and read through the theme rapidly. Then he put the pages back in order. "On the whole, it's a good story, but it seems to me you could clarify your narrative con-

siderably by cutting it down to two scenes. Describe your uncle's offer during a tour of the company. Then handle your consideration of all the factors involved by telling about your thoughts at the time you decided." Tom looked up.

"Say, that never even occurred to me. It really would bring the story together a lot better." Fred was getting excited. "Man, how did you think of that?"

Tom shrugged again. "Oh, writing's always been my hobby. I started a newspaper—an unsuccessful one, I might add—when I was nine years old. The class I enjoyed most my first year in college was freshman English. Then last year, reporting for the school paper taught me to write quickly and accurately."

Fred glanced over his theme again. "Yeah. That really would make it a lot better." He walked to the door. "Thanks a million, Tom. You ought to be an English teacher."

Tom flopped back on the bed as soon as Fred left. Teach English indeed! Not that good English teachers weren't needed. He remembered academy English classes. Most of the teachers had degrees in something else and were only teaching English because there was no one else available.

What he wouldn't do if he were an academy English teacher! He would make the students write, for one thing, so they could construct an intelligible paragraph before getting F's on freshman English assignments. He would make them read and read and read. All the great literature. No, not all. He would select so the students would find the world of books as interesting and enjoyable as he had.

But that was ridiculous. He was a chemistry major, and would soon graduate and go to Tech in the fall. It would be hard work, but well worth it—a beautiful apartment, a fast sports car, and for once, all the money he wanted.



BOX 55, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90053

Voice of Prophecy Topics for July

July 3	Christ's Victory Over Death
July 10	Christ's Ascension to Heaven
July 17	Christ Exalted
July 24	The Apostle to the Nations
July 31	What's Wrong?*

* Written and delivered by H. M. S. Richards, Jr.

But would he be happy? Of course he'd be happy. Or was he just kidding himself? Would he end up like Harold's father? Would he go through life regretting an unwise choice of work?

"There has to be a logical answer to all this," he muttered. He had been in college four years, and being in college was supposed to teach one to think. He would make a graph or a chart or something. That would help.

He sat up suddenly, then walked over to his desk and snapped on the study lamp. He suddenly realized the enormity of the decision facing him. This would affect his whole life. "O God, help me to make a decision I won't regret twenty years from now," he whispered fervently.

Well, he would begin by stating the problem clearly. He wrote across the top of the page, "Proposition: To change majors to English and eventually to teach same." He didn't need to decide right now; it would probably help to sleep on it, but writing down the alternatives would help clarify the possibilities.

He drew a vertical line down the middle of the page and labeled the left column "pros" and labeled the right column "cons."

Tom rolled over on his side, dropping the magazine he had been reading in bed. Home for one more week and then off to school.

A low murmur of conversation reached him through the closed door. Mother would have one of her ladies' club parties tonight! Well, as long as he stayed in his room he would be safe.

"Tom, oh, Tom. Do come into the living room for a minute. Mrs. Richards hasn't seen you all summer."

Tom grimaced as he walked down the hall, but changed to a smile before entering the living room. Mrs. Richards was really a pleasant person, even if it was virtually impossible to extract oneself from a conversation with her.

"Hello, Mrs. Richards."

"Why hello, Tom. My how you've grown! And that tan! Your mother told me about your working as a lifeguard at junior camp this summer. School starts pretty soon, doesn't it?"

"Yes, just one more week."

"Didn't you graduate last year, Tom?" This was from Mrs. Anderson, across the room.

"I would have, but I decided to teach English instead of being a chemist. By the way, Mrs. Richards, how is that famous garden of yours progressing?"

Sabbath School Lessons

JULY 2, 1966

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

SENIOR

The people of promise are, by definition, those in whom Christ has become the center of life, the foundation of doctrine, and the motive of action. Throughout all time God has sought out such a people, and to these—His truehearted servants—He has given the promises of abundant and everlasting life. Repeatedly God has named Israel as His people; and it is His purpose that they should share the wonders of His love and goodness. This He made possible through Jesus Christ. Through the divine Son of God, those "who sometimes were far off" are restored to unity and fellowship with God.

The Biblical account witnesses that God's purpose always anticipates man's needs. It also records the calling of the patriarchs through whom God sought to work out His purposes. Sacred history indicates, too, the establishment of the Jewish theocracy. Prophecy and the divine Word faithfully outline the story of the kingdom of Israel, and what they might have been fills many pages of the Old Testament. That they failed to meet God's pattern is also recorded.

It is our aim in this series of lessons to show God's fundamental purpose for His people, both the literal and the spiritual Israel. Through the Word of God we shall see that, though the nation of ancient Israel failed, God's purposes for those who belong to Him have not failed. They are meeting their fulfillment now in the lives of those who make up the remnant church.

I—God's Purpose for This Earth

MEMORY VERSE: "Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture" (Ps. 100:3).

STUDY HELPS: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 44-51, 63-70 (chapters 2 and 4); *The SDA Bible Commentary*; *SDA Bible Dictionary*.

STUDY AIM: To discover God's purpose in creating the earth.

Introduction

"God created the earth to be the abode of holy, happy beings. The Lord 'formed the earth and made it; He hath established it, He created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited.' Isaiah 45:18. That purpose will be fulfilled, when, renewed by the power of God, and freed from sin and sorrow, it shall become the eternal abode of the redeemed."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 67.

God's Purpose in Creation

1. What affirmation does the prophet make concerning God's purpose for this earth? Isa. 45:18. Compare Isa. 11:9.

2. In the original plan for this earth, what relation was man to have toward God's creation? Ps. 8:6-8; 115:16.

NOTE: "While they remained true to God, Adam and his companion were to bear rule over the earth. Unlimited control was given them over every living thing. The lion and the lamb sported peacefully around them or lay down together at their feet. The happy birds flitted about them without fear; and as their glad songs ascended to the praise of their Creator, Adam and Eve united with them in thanksgiving to the Father and the Son."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 50.

3. What two purposes has God in mind for His created beings? Isa. 43:7; Acts 17:24-27.

NOTE.—"The holy pair were not only children under the fatherly care of God but students receiving instruction from the all-wise Creator. They were visited by angels, and were granted communion with their Maker, with no obscuring veil between."—*Ibid.*

"So long as they remained loyal to the divine law, their capacity to know, to enjoy, and to love would continually increase. They would be constantly gaining new treasures of knowledge, discovering fresh springs of happiness, and obtaining clearer and yet clearer conceptions of the immeasurable, unfailing love of God."—*Ibid.*, p. 51.

God's Purpose Delayed by Sin

4. How complete is man's enslavement to sin? Rom. 3:9-12, 23.

NOTE.—"Under the curse of sin all nature was to witness to man of the character and results of rebellion against God. When God made man He made him ruler over the earth and all living creatures. So long as Adam remained loyal to Heaven, all nature was in subjection to him. But when he rebelled against the divine law, the inferior creatures were in rebellion against his rule. Thus the Lord, in His great mercy, would show men the sacredness of His law, and lead them, by their own experience, to see the danger of setting it aside, even in the slightest degree."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 59, 60.

5. What provision had been made for the restoration of man? John 3:16; Col. 1:27.

NOTE.—"And the counsel of peace shall be between them both.' The love of the Father, no less than of the Son, is the fountain of salvation for the lost race. Said Jesus to His disciples before He went away: 'I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you: for the Father Himself loveth you.' John 16:26, 27. God was 'in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.' 2 Corinthians 5:19."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 416, 417.

6. Through whom will "all things" be reconciled? Col. 1:19, 20.

God Seeks a People

7. What gracious invitation does God extend to all mankind? Rev. 22:17. Compare Isa. 55:1, 2.

NOTE.—"The God of heaven is pleading with His erring children to return to Him, that they may again cooperate with Him in carrying forward His work in the earth. The Lord holds out His hand to take the hand of Israel and to help them to the narrow path of self-denial and self-sacrifice, to share with Him the heirship as sons of God. Will they be entreated? Will they discern their only hope?"—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 706, 707.

8. What is the purpose of Christ's death on the cross, and of His life? Rom. 5:8-10, 21.

9. How does God regard those who have been redeemed through His plan? 1 Peter 2:9, 10; Titus 2:14.

NOTE.—"The church is God's appointed agency for the salvation of men. It was organized for service, and its mission is to carry the gospel to the world. From the beginning it has been God's plan

that through His church shall be reflected to the world His fullness and His sufficiency. The members of the church, those whom He has called out of darkness into His marvelous light, are to show forth His glory. The church is the repository of the riches of the grace of Christ; and through the church will eventually be made manifest, even to 'the principalities and powers in heavenly places,' the final and full display of the love of God."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 9.

God's Purpose Realized

10. How does the prophet describe the fulfillment of God's search for a faithful remnant? Rev. 7:4, 9, 10. Compare Rom. 9:25, 26.

NOTE.—"Nearest the throne are those who were once zealous in the cause of Satan, but who, plucked as brands from the burning, have followed their Saviour with deep, intense devotion. Next are those who perfected Christian characters in the midst of falsehood and infidelity, those who honored the law of God when the Christian world declared it void, and the millions, of all ages, who were martyred for their faith. And beyond is the 'great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, . . . before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands,' Revelation 7:9. Their warfare is ended, their victory won. They have run the race and reached the prize. The palm branch in their hands is a symbol of their triumph, the white robe an emblem of the spotless righteousness of Christ which now is theirs."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 665.

11. What relationship will finally be established between God and the redeemed? Rev. 21:3; 22:3, 4.

NOTE.—"Restored to His presence, man will again, as at the beginning, be taught of God: 'My people shall know My name: . . . they shall know in that day that I am He that doth speak; behold, it is I.'"—*Education*, p. 302.

God's Mercy for Sinners

12. How are God's long-suffering and mercy displayed in His search for a faithful people? Eze. 33:11; 2 Peter 3:9.

NOTE.—"God does not desire the destruction of any. 'As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?' Eze. 33:11. Throughout the period of probationary time His Spirit is entreating men to accept the gift of life. It is only those who reject His pleading that will be left to perish. God has declared that sin must be destroyed as an evil ruinous to the universe. Those who cling to sin will perish in its destruction."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 123.

13. Under what figure does the psalmist describe God's relationship to His people? Ps. 100:3; 79:13; 95:7.

NOTE.—"The shepherd's life of diligence and care-taking, and his tender compassion for the helpless creatures entrusted to his charge, have been employed by the inspired writers to illustrate some of the most precious truths of the gospel. Christ, in His relation to His people, is compared to a shepherd. After the Fall, He saw His sheep doomed to perish in the dark ways of sin. To save these wandering ones He left the honors and glories of His Father's house."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 190.

14. How have the true followers of God been described in the Bible? Isa. 60:21; Gal. 3:29; Rev. 21:7.

NOTE.—"The central theme of the Bible, the theme about which every other in the whole book clusters, is the redemption plan, the restoration in the human soul of the image of God. From the first intimation of hope in the sentence pronounced in Eden to that last glorious promise of the Revelation, 'They shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads' (Revelation 22:4), the burden of every book and every passage of the Bible is the unfolding of this wondrous theme,—man's uplifting,—the power of God, 'which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"—*Education*, pp. 125, 126.

YOUTH

I—What Is Popularity?

MEMORY GEM: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man" (Luke 2:52).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *The Desire of Ages*, chapter 7; *The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 325-335.

TARGET: To understand the principles of character that make for true popularity, and to put those principles into practice in my life.

Introduction

Popularity is manifest approval and acceptance by the people who live in our world, and is the response that comes to a person's personality. Every youth has a heart hunger to be liked and accepted, and the quest for the things that will give him a pleasing personality and make him popular is one of the greatest adventures in his life. During this quarter we will discover the factors, the habits, the attitudes, and the skills that combine to produce a pleasing personality and make a young person popular.

1—In Favor With Man

1. What words in Luke 2:52 indicate that Jesus was a popular young man?

"As a child, Jesus manifested a peculiar loveliness of disposition. His willing hands were ever ready to serve others. He manifested a patience that nothing could disturb, and a truthfulness that would never sacrifice integrity. In principle firm as a rock, His life revealed the grace of unselfish courtesy."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 68, 69.

2. What words in Esther 2:15 indicate that Esther was a popular young lady?

3. What words in Proverbs 31:30 indicate that favor and beauty are more than outward appearance?

"If you mix together your physical build, your appearance, the way you dress, the way you walk and talk, all your feelings, all of your thinking, your interests, your emotions, the way other people affect you and the way you affect them, you will begin to get a picture of your personality. A good many other factors have to be considered, but the ones mentioned are some of the major ones. In other words your personality is something more than a sparkle that makes people gasp and say, 'Hasn't he (or she) a wonderful personality?'"—T. H. JEMISON, *Facing Life*, p. 275.

2—Body, Mind, and Soul

4. What three fields of development are mentioned in the life of Jesus? Luke 2:52.

"Wonderful in its significance is the brief record of His early life: 'The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon Him.' In the sunlight of His Father's countenance, Jesus 'increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.' Luke 2:52. His mind was active and penetrating, with a thoughtfulness and wisdom beyond His years. Yet His character was beautiful in its symmetry. The powers of mind and body developed gradually, in keeping with the laws of childhood."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 68.

5. When the lawyer answered Jesus and told how he thought man must love God, what three parts of man did he mention? Luke 10:27.

6. What parts of man are frequently mentioned by Paul? Rom. 10:10; 12:1; Phil. 4:7; 1 Cor. 6:20.

"Using large groups of college students as subjects, I have tried to discover what the significant factors of attractiveness really are, and the relative importance of each. Each student was asked to list his ten best friends, and then to state what characteristic he admired most in each of them. An analysis of these results indicates that four factors are the most important ones in attractiveness. They are physical attractiveness, intelligence, temperament, and character. . . . The results are quite interesting. Physical attractiveness was mentioned least frequently of all. For each mention of physical attractiveness, intelligence occurred twice, temperament five times, and character eight times. In most popular thinking the emphasis has been placed on physical attractiveness. Here, however, is evidence that it is relatively unimportant."—DR. ERNEST M. LIGON, *The Psychology of Christian Personality*, quoted in *Facing Life*, p. 276.

3—Keeping the Body Healthy

7. What was one of the factors in the popularity of Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego? Dan. 1:3, 4, 12, 15, 20.

"Those who, like Daniel, refuse to defile themselves will reap the reward of temperate habits. . . ."

"Daniel's clearness of mind and firmness of purpose, his power in acquiring knowledge and in resisting temptation, were due in a great degree to the plainness of his diet, in connection with his life of prayer."—ELLEN G. WHITE, *My Life Today*, p. 147.

8. What principle in eating did Solomon say brought a blessing to the land? Eccl. 10:17.

"Regularity in eating is very important for health of body and serenity of mind. . . ."

"Nothing should be eaten between meals, no confectionery, nuts, fruits, or food of any kind. Irregularities in eating destroy the healthful tone of the digestive organs, to the detriment of health and cheerfulness.

"Another pernicious habit is that of eating just before bedtime. . . . The sleep is often disturbed with unpleasant dreams, and in the morning the persons awake unrefreshed and with little relish for breakfast. When we lie down to rest, the stomach should have its work all done, that it, as well as the other organs of the body, may enjoy rest."—*Ibid.*, p. 146.

9. Name some other essentials for a good healthy body.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but the world's most famous hostess, Elsa Maxwell, was a total abstainer and hated cocktail parties.

It was not alcohol in her opinion that made a party lively, but rather the entertainment, and when she entertained, it was national and frequently international news. She has without doubt entertained more kings, presidents, and other famous personalities than any other person in her day, and she came from a poor family.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

"Pure air, sunlight, abstemiousness, rest, exercise, proper diet, the use of water, trust in divine power—these are the true remedies."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 127.

"Morning exercise, in walking in the free invigorating air of heaven, . . . is the surest safeguard against colds, coughs, congestions of the brain and lungs, . . . and a hundred other diseases."—*Healthful Living*, p. 210.

10. Name some things that are positively harmful to good health.

"The use of spirituous liquors has the effect to weaken the body, confuse the mind, and debase the morals. It prevents men from realizing the sacredness of holy things or the binding force of God's requirements."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 362.

"Tobacco is a slow, insidious, but most malignant [damaging; tending to produce death] poison. In whatever form it is used, it tells upon the constitution; it is all the more dangerous because its effects are slow and at first hardly perceptible. It excites and then paralyzes the nerves. It weakens and clouds the brain. Often it affects the nerves in a more powerful manner than does intoxicating drink. It is more subtle, and its effects are difficult to eradicate from the system. Its use excites a thirst for strong drink and in many cases lays the foundation for the liquor habit."—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 327, 328.

4—Keeping the Body Clean

11. Give some specific instances in the Bible where people were instructed to wash their bodies. Ex. 29:4; Num. 19:19; 2 Cor. 7:1; Heb. 10:22.

"Scrupulous cleanliness is essential to both physical and mental health. Impurities are constantly thrown off from the body through the skin. Its millions of pores are quickly clogged unless kept clean by frequent bathing, and the impurities which should pass off through the skin become an additional burden to the other eliminating organs."—*Child Guidance*, p. 108.

12. Recall some specific instances in the Bible where people were instructed to wash their clothes. Ex. 19:10; Gen. 35:2; Num. 14:9.

"It is important also that the clothing be kept clean. The garments worn absorb the waste matter that passes off through the pores; if they are not frequently changed and washed, the impurities will be reabsorbed."—*Ibid.*, p. 109.

"The young should be encouraged to form correct habits in dress, that their appearance may be neat and attractive; they should be taught to keep their garments clean and neatly mended. . . ."

"Let the attire be appropriate and becoming."—*Ibid.*, p. 419.

"In their dress they [Christians] avoid superfluity and display; but their clothing will be neat, not gaudy, modest, and arranged upon the person with order and taste."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 349.

13. Repeat some verses in Scripture that indicate there is a connection between a clean body and a clean heart. Isa. 1:16; Jer. 4:14; Ps. 51:7; 24:4.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness" is a proverb so old that its origin is obscure. But it has been quoted by many writers. In a commentary on 1 Peter 3:3, 4, John Wesley says: "Slovenliness is no part of religion; neither this, nor any text of Scripture, condemns neatness of apparel. Certainly this is a duty, not a sin; 'cleanliness is indeed next to Godliness.'"—*Sermons on Dress*, No. 88, quoted in *Home Books of Proverbs*, BURTON STEVENSON, ed.

"If health of mind—a balanced spiritual outlook—is combined with this physical vigor the attractiveness of the personality will be multiplied."—*Facing Life*, p. 283.

"The beauty of mind, the purity of the soul, revealed in the countenance, will have more power to attract and exert an influence upon hearts than any outward adorning."—*My Life Today*, p. 123.

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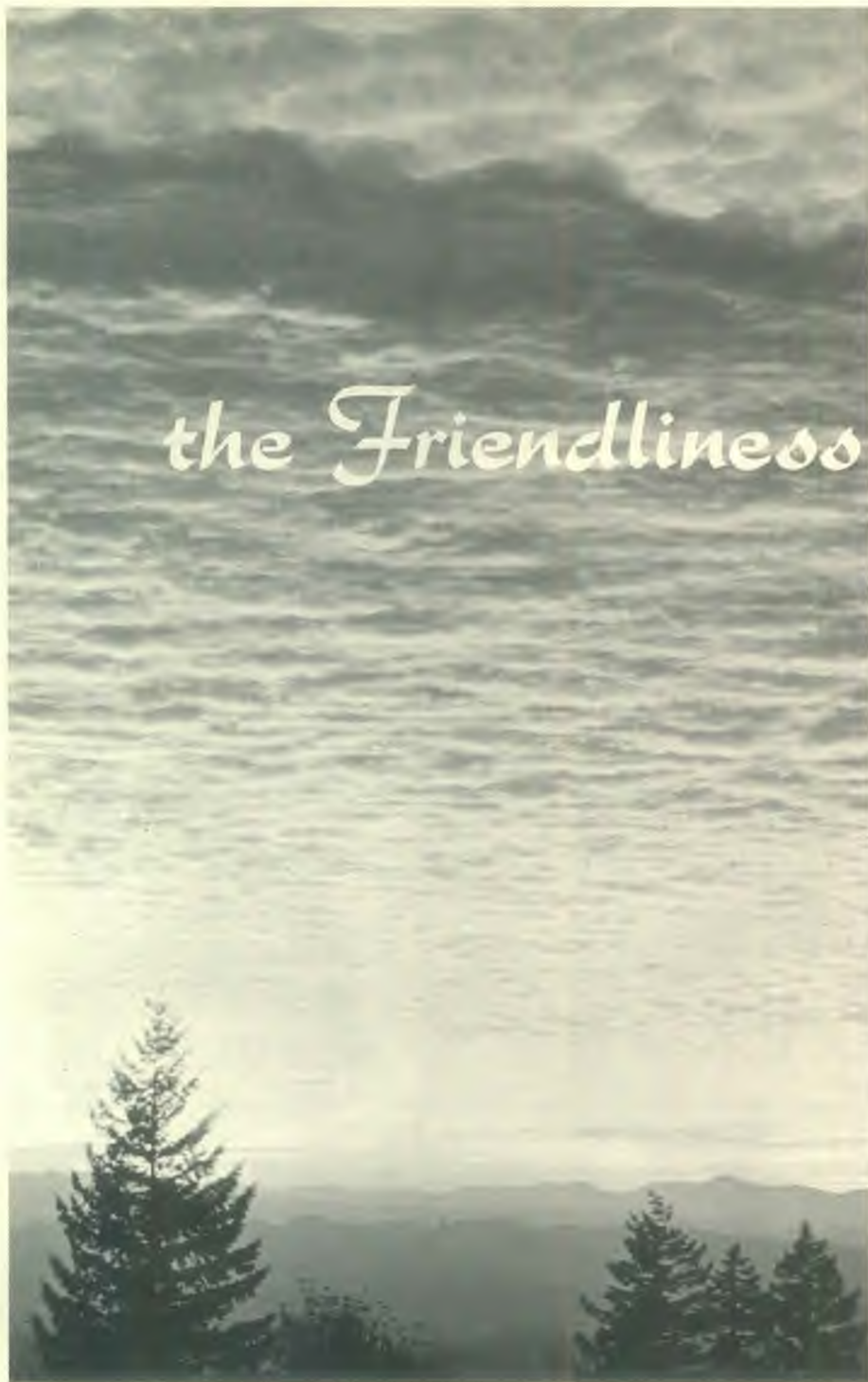
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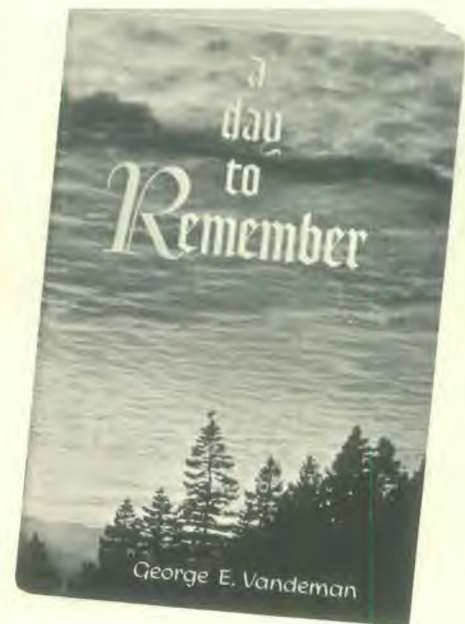


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► Taste for Creole and Cajun dishes has boosted yearly rice consumption in Louisiana to 30 pounds a person, five times the national average.

National Geographic Society

► In its annual report to the nation, the United States Coast Guard calls 1965 "one of the biggest life-saving years of its 175-year history." The service saved or rescued from peril more than 15,000 persons, and saved nearly \$1.9 billion in property.

Sealift

► Ranchers themselves or hired pilots are using planes to check herds, drive cattle, and ride fences in only a fraction of the time of the traditional cowboy and his horse. Putting aviation to work in cattle herding has cut time and wages to about 25 per cent of their former costs.

FAA

► 3-D photos taken by means of laser light are invisible on the photo plate until illuminated by laser light. A slight movement of the plate or the viewer's head reveals the 3-D effect. Known as holograms, these plates have the peculiar property of still showing the original image in each piece if the plate is broken into fragments.

BBC

► About 800,000 boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 19 are looking for work today and cannot find it. This is a fourth of the total unemployment in the United States, although this group is only 9 per cent of the work force. It is probable that another 150,000 young people have given up looking for work and are therefore not counted in the unemployment figures.

USDL

► When the tiny British protectorate of Basutoland becomes independent this year it will be known as the Kingdom of Lesotho. The small enclave in eastern South Africa covers 11,716 square miles with 745,000 population. Half the male working population, an estimated 200,000 tribesmen, cross the border to work in South Africa's gold, diamond, and coal mines and on farms there.

National Geographic Society

► In 1830, the Netherlands had an area of 12,600 square miles and a population of 2.6 million inhabitants. In 1900, the country covered 12,800 square miles with a population of 5.1 million inhabitants; and in 1964, 13,400 square miles and 12 million inhabitants. Of this area about one fifth lies below mean sea level and more than half below high-water level. The increase in area is due solely to the reclamation of land from the water.

NIS



Radarscope

► To provide an adequate and reliable supply of pure water, the kingdom of Burundi is undertaking an expansive water project. Bujumbura, the capital, with about 67,000 inhabitants, has direct water service for only about a third of its people. The remainder rely for their water supplies on street fountains and public taps. Lake Tanganyika, on which Bujumbura is located, is said to be a practically unlimited source of pure water, and the facility will be constructed there.

IDA

► Mobile, Alabama's, Mardi Gras goes back a full century before New Orleans' better-known celebration. The city's big builder, the Chevalier de Bienville, sponsored a masked festival on New Year's Eve, 1711, named *Boeuf Gras*, or Fat Beef. Later the celebration was moved to Shrove Tuesday, and Mobile annually marks the day.

Ford Times

► For 2,000 years hill tribes in India depended on a certain plant, *Rauwolfia serpentina*, to treat illnesses ranging from insomnia to insanity. Brought to Western laboratories, the drug is used now in tranquilizers and treatment of high-blood pressure.

National Geographic Society

► In Asian countries where Scripture distribution is often impossible due to inaccessible mountains, jungles, political restrictions, or other reasons, people are laboriously writing down God's Word by hand as it is heard over the airwaves, reports the American Bible Society.

ABS

► The oldest oak in England is near Wetherby in Yorkshire. It is about 1,600 years old, and as it is hollow, it was possible in 1887 for a hundred school children to get inside and sing the national anthem.

EAW

► Moscow is a fast-growing industrial metropolis of 6,388,000 people. This Russian city includes the Moscow University with its 30,000 undergraduates.

National Geographic Society

► Half of the women who took jobs in 1963 and were still working in February, 1964, went to work because of economic necessity.

USDL

► Today the Scriptures are Japan's non-fiction best seller and the Christian church there is approaching the million mark in membership.

ABS

► When the temperature of a Hindu fire-walker's bed of glowing coals was measured, it was found to be 1,328°, hot enough to melt aluminum.

National Geographic Society

► With help from the United States Navy and Agency for International Development, Chile has prepared a medical-dental ship, the *Cirujana Videla*, to operate along the 500-mile coast of its three most southern provinces.

AMA

► Midget submarines are expected to be useful in ship salvage. More valuable than all the gold that went down in ill-fated Spanish galleons are the cargoes of thousands of ships sunk off the Atlantic coast in two world wars. The tin in a single drowned cargo is reportedly worth \$26 million.

National Geographic Society

► From the United States Department of Agriculture's Outlook Conference it has been reported that the amount of fraud and bad debt losses occurring in department stores and apparel, furniture, and appliance stores last year rose almost 33 per cent. The 1965 figure amounts to about 0.5 per cent of total sales and nearly 1 per cent of the credit sales.

AMA

► There are specific restrictions on the use of United States currency in television advertising. The U.S. Secret Service, Treasury Department, advises that paper money cannot be used in filmed television commercials, with one exception: philatelic advertising. The prohibition does not apply to live or video tape commercials. Coins may be used in filmed as well as live and video tape commercials.

NAB

► A nuclear-powered model of the NOMAD weather buoy, developed by the National Bureau of Standards for the Bureau of Naval Weapons, is now broadcasting weather information at regular intervals from the Gulf of Mexico to monitoring stations ashore. While operating completely unattended, the floating station transmits both general weather data and advanced warnings of hurricanes. NOMAD (Navy Oceanographic Meteorological Automatic Device) is powered by batteries charged by a nuclear generator. Additional NOMADS will soon be placed out of Norway, Virginia, and San Diego, California.

Naval Research Reviews

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