

46
THE *Youth's*
INSTRUCTOR

Beginning in this issue:

According to His Purpose

By Gladys King Taylor

NOVEMBER 12, 1957

Bible Lesson for November 23



Recipes

Did you ever ask your mother for the recipe for some delicacy you had enjoyed at her table? Maybe she could give it to you, and maybe she couldn't. If she couldn't, more than likely she had become so familiar with the measurements, ingredients, and procedures that her mind had blueprinted the pattern and she no longer needed the formula. It had become second sense to her. Some might even say it had become instinctive.

When I tended on my Uncle George at his mason's trade, he always instructed me carefully how to mix the mortar, or plaster. But you know how boys are! Sometimes, careful though I meant to be, the "mud" was too thick, or too thin, or too weak. Uncle George always knew. As he filled his mortarboard with his trowel, he could feel whether I had done an accurate job in mixing the batch. And back I sometimes had to go, to add more water, or cement, or sand.

As you mature in your Christian habits of life, the differences between right and wrong became more and more clear. What first appears to bear no distinction between good and evil eventually displays unmistakable marks of its kind. More than once you'll discover that what you earlier considered wholesome and good have identified themselves as evil.

When these new signs of God's will begin to be noticeable in your life, you can know that the Holy Spirit is doing His work of sanctification. Day by day as you attack those habits of doing and being that marked your walk before you accepted Jesus as your Saviour, you will experience the happiness of the overcomer.

One of the greatest joys you can possess on this earth is experienced when your will becomes so intimate with the Lord's way that in following Him you are but carrying out your own desires.

"If we consent, He will so identify Himself with our thoughts and aims, so blend our hearts and minds into conformity to His will, that when obeying Him we shall be but carrying out our own impulses." * That, we suggest, is really knowing the recipe for Heaven's delicacies.

Walter T. Crandall

* *The Desire of Ages*, p. 668.

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

Beginning with volume one, number one, in August of 1852, this paragraph appeared under the name of publisher James White: "Its object is, to teach the young the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and thereby help them to a correct understanding of the Holy Scriptures."

Whether 1852 or 1957, our objectives continue to be the same.

Grace Notes

COVER The Cities Service Company photo by Nelson Morris shows a loop antenna of a radio direction finder, used atop a mast on a tanker. This is an older device that takes bearings from ordinary radio transmitters. Atmospheric quirks often distort a radio signal's path, but for the newer electronic "lookouts" of the sea, turn to page 6.

CORDELIA Teen-agers who think nothing exciting ever happened before they came on the scene fifteen or sixteen or seventeen years ago can be mistaken! In the days when girls were being named Angeline and Cordelia, the Swamp Fox and the Civil War and men in blue and gray were producing a brand of excitement that still captures imaginations. From such a period came Cordelia, a girl who was to leave the marks of her influence on many who would serve God through the channel of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. The first of Gladys King Taylor's nine-part serial begins in the center spread of this issue.

SERVICEMEN From G. W. Chambers, secretary of the General Conference War Service Commission, comes this announcement: All men in military service who are members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, or whose immediate relatives are members, may receive the following periodicals free of charge:

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR
The Review and Herald
These Times or Signs of the Times
Listen
"The Servicemen's Newsletter"

If the War Service Commission does not already have the names and addresses of all such servicemen, send them in at once. Address your letter to War Service Commission, General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, 6840 Eastern Avenue, NW., Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

NOVEMBER 19 Authors with such names as Fedak, Barstad, Johns, Ketcham, and Saxon will have their by-lines in the INSTRUCTOR next week, with article titles that read like this: Song of Home; That Good Sabbath Feeling; You're Not a "Softie" Are You? Smiles Did It; Watch That Mole. But these just preview the good reading in store seven days from now.

STORIES What is the story of your copies of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR? Have you a share-the-INSTRUCTOR plan? We'd like to hear.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Could contentment be made of such little things?

Filled and Overflowing

By GLORIA MAE TRICK

NOVEMBER tapped roguishly at my window one golden afternoon. Startled by her audacity, I stirred drowsily and opened one eye, then snuggled into the depths of my armchair in an attempt to ignore her. Unoffended by my rudeness, she continued to moan reproaches and blandishments underneath the eaves, to whistle and cajole through the birches outside.

Finally I gave in. I could not relinquish my bliss without nursing a grudge, but the staccato appeal she tapped so persistently had shattered the spell of luxurious indolence beyond recall. I indulged in a yawn of resignation, uncurling and stretching like a cat reluctant to leave the fireside, and rose from my chair.

Action fanned my curiosity into enthusiasm; before long I was scouring the hall closet for scarf and gloves. I dressed hurriedly, remembering that the remaining hours of daylight were waning.

As I left the sheltered town behind, the breeze that swept up the fallen leaves into a frenzy of temperamental skirmishes appeared to lose interest in such childplay and turned her attention to me. The wind is an accomplished intruder. With the strategy of a field marshal she whipped between my collar and my scarf, already loosened by her surreptitious but persistent tugging.

I steeled myself against an involuntary shiver as I felt her cold breath on my neck. Encouraged by this conquest, the wind sent her icy fingers creeping up my sleeves, shackling with frigid handcuffs my unprotected wrists. I stooped to pull my ankle socks closer to the hem of my skirt, which she molded against me, and realized that my bare legs had become insensible to my touch as well as to hers.

But by then I would not be intimidated. Some reckless, stubborn streak in me rose to meet the challenge that the wind roared so self-confidently. I raced her until the breath rasped through my lungs in short, stinging rhythm, then slowed to a walk as the path steepened.

When sheer exhaustion forced me to a halt, I found that I had reached the open



FRITZ HENLE, FROM MONKMEYER

I dressed hurriedly, remembering that the remaining hours of daylight were waning. Later as I left the town behind, the breeze that had swept up the fallen leaves turned her attention to me.

The author, whose by-line has appeared before in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, wrote this contribution while enrolled in advanced composition at Atlantic Union College.

summit of a hill. Though the elevation was not great, the spot was unsheltered and windswept. The shrubs and evergreens near at hand had fared no better than I in their battle with the wind. Every twig and branch had been bullied into submission. One pathetic oak, once majestic and shapely, had survived her buffeting. I felt strangely akin to its ragged, yet unbowed, skeleton for the feat of endurance we shared.

Then I turned my attention to the landscape below. With explosive brilliance, a riot of gold, saffron, scarlet, rust, and amber leaped like flames before my gaze. I licked the fringes of scattered pastures, still green and unsinged. A sudden burst of sunlight chased the shadows from the surrounding hills and kindled even the evergreens with a living warmth. In the distance, the ash-lavender of barren trees formed a smoke haze to compete with the scarcely visible wisps that rose from farmhouse chimneys.

The wind whistled menacingly, but I defied her ferocity for a moment longer, warming myself before the hearth of autumnal splendor. The eloquence of that panorama of color kindled within me a warm glow of gratitude and transcending delight that I was a part of a world so alive and beautiful. I longed to make that moment a part of myself, but ecstasy is a transient.

I offered little resistance as the wind pushed me down the path with the irritating condescendence of an overzealous big sister. I was pondering how I might impress that landscape upon the topography of my own experience. There had to be some way to safeguard its image against the ravages of the sixty-second minute and the twenty-four-hour day. In what form could I retain the inspiration of a moment?

A wave of contentment swept over me as though in answer to my doubtful questioning. In an instant I knew that al-

though the emotion must fade as the routine of everyday life crowded it into the background, the contentment that it had created would live as long as memory remained. But the solution was too simple to be plausible. Could contentment be made of such little things?

I thought how men through the ages had sought for it, endangering their fortunes, their reputations, and even their very lives for an illusive crown of self-satisfaction. Alexander the Great conquered the world, yet his triumph brought despair. Michelangelo sought contentment in the reproduction of sacred scenes of inspiration, Sir Galahad in a relentless search for the Holy Grail, Handel in the embodiment of scripture in majestic oratorio, Columbus in the proof of his conviction that the earth is a sphere, Sir Thomas More in the creation of a blueprint for Utopia.

The poets, philosophers, and sages have acknowledged the influence of contentment on a man's spiritual well-being and hence on the service he renders to society. I recalled the words of Robert Greene, a lyricist of the sixteenth century: "Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content; The quiet mind is richer than a crown."

Ben Franklin expressed his observation characteristically in an epigram, "He that's contented hath enough."

These had learned through years of bitter experience that contentment is not the fascination of momentary triumph, but the inspiration of a flame perpetually glowing. The melody of content arises from a harmonious blend of principle and practice.

Solomon, the richest, the most influential, and the wisest man of his age, paid dearly for his experimentation in sin. Neither his court of singers and musicians, his coffers of gold and silver, his collection of peculiar treasures, nor his wives and concubines could satisfy the

monarch for long. As he grew old and discouraged, he wrote a lamentation of his folly—an admonition to the youth of his day and ours: "And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them. I withheld not my heart from any joy. . . . Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought . . . and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

David, with his wide range of interest and capabilities—warrior, lawmaker, musician, king, architect, and poet—reveals in his psalms that his triumphs and accomplishments in themselves could not bring him the happiness he wanted. Only when he placed his life in the hands of the Good Shepherd, who had called him from tending sheep to lead the flock of Israel, was he able to say with deepest meaning, "My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Paul, of brilliant mind, superior education, and pure ancestry, was not immune to the stab of conscience. Complete surrender on the Damascus road brought contentment into his life. His service for the Master led him on perilous journeys demanding the rigors of self-discipline, physical discomfort, and persecution, yet he assured his brethren, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." His resignation was founded on an unwavering trust in God, as practical as it was soul satisfying.

Today men are still seeking contentment, each in his own manner—some in poverty, some in power, in work or relaxation, in hilarity or solitude, in self-denial or gratification. So many people are satisfied with the counterfeits for contentment, but often not for long. The intoxication of triumph dies as the dust settles from the battlefield. Infatuation with the pleasures of the moment wears away as quickly as the syncopated stimulus of the jazz band fades. The thrill of the bizarre and the forbidden disappears with its novelty, leaving the frustrated seeker with boredom, disillusion, and despair.

These men and women, jilted by the world, covet the inestimable rewards of contentment. But they search for them in vain among the clouds encircling some castle of their own erection, not realizing that true contentment is a glorious part of reality. They had searched too far away.

But I had found it. It was mine, a priceless heritage.

The sun had melted into the steel-gray hills, leaving behind golden tinted clouds that floated above the horizon then faded into the darkening twilight. Its departure left the world cold, bleak, and forsaken. But it could not dispel the comforting glow within me. I walked homeward suffused with the warmth and light of peace that surpasses understanding—contentment.

Down and Up Seven Times

By W. A. TOWNEND

MORE than one person here in our South New Zealand Conference office was impressed by a certain Morning Watch Text—sufficiently impressed to mention it to their fellow workers.

The verse said, "For a just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again."

Saints sin sometimes. It seems to me that the chief difference between a saint and a sinner is not so much sin—for all have sinned, all do sin—but what is done about the sin.

A saint is a sinner who has had his sin

forgiven, following his confession of it. In that truth there is much encouragement, and much that ought to keep us from criticizing and thinking harshly of those who fall. For fall we all do.

Rising again is what counts in successful Christian living. Then let us "rise again and take the hill," as the song says. Let us rise again, no matter how often we may fall.

Faith That WORKED

By DONNA LEE HILL



"IT'S hard to break up a family," sighed the Lincoln County welfare worker as she walked up to the Kennedy home. "But it's impossible for him to take care of five children, work full time to support them, and really do

justice to their training."

She stepped up to the door and knocked. From inside she heard a young voice call, "Come in."

She turned the big brass knob, pushed open the heavy door, and closed it behind her.

"Have a chair, please," came the voice again. "I'll be in as soon as I take care of my bread."

"Maybe I am mistaken," thought the welfare worker. "I was sure they didn't have a housekeeper." She hurried toward the kitchen.

An old clock on the cupboard ticked efficiently. The heat from the opened oven door warmed the entire room. On a rug in the corner a tabby cat lay contentedly washing his whiskers. Scrutinizing the windows and curtains, she noticed they had been recently washed.

A thin little girl with long dark pig-tails bent over the oven. Her flour-sack apron hung to the floor. Four loaves were already on the table.

"Did you make those loaves of bread, child?"

"I'll talk to you in a minute, ma'am, just as soon as I take care of my bread." The girl took six more loaves from the oven. She quickly brushed hot butter over the bread.

"My, your bread certainly looks tempting. Tell me, did you make it?"

"No, my daddy made it before he went to work this morning. He just told me how to bake it."

"Oh, I see." She paused.

"Dear, I am from the Elmwood Orphanage. Would you mind if I look through your house?"

The child's dark-brown eyes grew big and started to fill with tears. "You—you aren't going to take us away from our daddy! He won't let you! Daddy lived in an orphanage for six whole years when he was a little boy. You can't take us away from him!" She backed up against the kitchen door.

"There, there, dear," soothed the woman. "I am just going to look around a bit." She walked into the bedrooms. Each dresser drawer was filled with neatly folded clothes.

Finding everything to her satisfaction, she left.

A few days later a letter arrived from the Elmwood Welfare Agency. Albert Kennedy tore open the envelope. The lines in his face grew tense as he started to read, but they soon disappeared and he smiled with relief.

"Your children are provided for much better than many of the families in this city who have *both* mother and father. We are happy that our agent could give us such a good report."

"Thank You, O Lord," he prayed. "Help me to be able to carry on the task of providing for and educating these children You have given me. May they be able to take a place of responsibility in Thy work, that Thy coming may be hastened. Thy will be done. Amen."

To give his children a chance for the education he had not been able to obtain became the goal of Albert Kennedy.

He learned that Hinsdale Sanitarium was looking for a new laundry manager and went to Illinois to be interviewed by the business manager.

"The laundry has been operating at a loss, Mr. Kennedy, and we will expect you to show a gain of at least \$250 at the end of the year." The business manager was emphatic.

"I'll do my best, sir."

The Kennedys moved to Hinsdale as soon as their home was sold.

The laundry was a small building, and after the purchase of more ironing boards, the work space was even more



Whether making bread at home or managing the Hinsdale Sanitarium laundry, Albert Kennedy knew he had to work hard to keep the family together and to provide Christian education for his children.

crowded. Mr. Kennedy heard of a soap company that was going out of business and put in a bid and received a carload of soap. It was a good buy, but the added expense didn't help the financial condition of the little laundry. At the end of the first month the laundry ledger showed a loss.

"Just give me some more time, sir," he told the business manager.

Nevertheless, things did not improve. The second month—loss. The third month—loss.

"Mr. Kennedy, when we agreed to let you have this job, it was with the understanding that the business show a gain. So far, the monthly accounts don't even show a balance!"

"Please give me a little more time."

"All right, Kennedy, but remember, you aren't to take on any business except that of the sanitarium."

That night Mr. Kennedy took his problem to the Lord. "Dear Father in heaven, I thank Thee for keeping my family and me together since Mary's death. I need Thy special help now, Lord. Please be my business Partner and guide me in all my efforts. May the business prosper so that my children may have the opportunity for a Christian education. Thy will be done. Amen."

The student nurses at the sanitarium had been sending their uniforms to a laundry in town, and they came back folded instead of placed on hangers. Mr. Kennedy asked some of the girls if they wouldn't like to have their uniforms without the creases from being folded. They would indeed. Soon all the nursing students were bringing their uniforms to the sanitarium laundry. The monthly accounts began to balance, then showed a gain. At the end of the year the profit had reached \$2,500. And there was still some soap left over. Once more the Lord had rewarded faith and hard work.

"Music is my life!" writes the author of this story. Being accompanist for a voice teacher for three years confirmed her ambition to become a voice teacher for a lifework. Writing is a major hobby with Miss Hill. She was a senior at Emmanuel Missionary College Academy when this was written.

Science Goes to Sea

By ERIK H. ARCTANDER

EVEN the mightiest ocean liners, only decades ago, negotiated the Atlantic with not much more equipment than Columbus used in 1492. A lookout scanned the horizon, the helmsman steered by a sometimes uncertain magnetic compass, soundings were made with a lead-weighted line, and the navigator fixed the ship's position with sextant and chronometer.

Today the bridge of a modern ship is likely to be crammed with electronic gear, some of it scarcely thought of before World War II. Radar sweeps the horizon, "seeing" objects through pitch blackness or fog. The helmsman steers a true course electrically, while watching the dial of a gyro compass repeater. A depth sounder bounces high-frequency sound waves off the ocean floor, times their split-second trips, and converts this information into fathoms electronically. And loran (LONG RANGE Navigation) fixes the ship's position in minutes by radio.

The newer electronic device called loran (from "long range navigation") is accurate, being unaffected by weather changes.

How do these devices work? Radar is now a familiar device, developed during World War II to spot night-flying aircraft. A whirling antenna shoots pencil-thin beams of radio waves completely around the horizon many times a minute. When any of the pulses strike a solid object they rebound and are picked up back at the antenna. Electronic circuits time the rebounding pulses and record the position of the object on a circular screen much like a TV screen.

What a navigator sees on the radar screen is a miniature view of what he would see by eye, in perfect weather, from the bridge of his ship. In both cases it is as though he were standing at the exact center of a saucer, whose rounded

edges are the horizon. A bright spot marks the ship's position at the center of the radar screen, and reaching out from it is a thin, luminous line representing the radar beam. As the antenna rotates, this line sweeps around the screen in unison with it, like the second hand of a clock. The luminous line leaves a dot in its wake for each object sighted; the dots quickly fade and are restored in their new positions with every antenna revolution. Markers built into the radar set make it simple to measure the bearing and distance away of any object revealed on the screen.

The navigator must remember, of course, that his ship is moving—even though the spot representing it on the



PHOTO, COURTESY OF CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Left: Atop the mast of a supertanker, nearly eighty feet above the water line, a radar antenna scans a wide area with unflinching vigilance. Right: What radar sees is shown instantly on a TV-like screen in a picture easily read by a trained operator. The hood eliminates excess daylight.

PHOTOS, COURTESY OF CITIES SERVICE COMPANY



radar screen apparently remains fixed in the center.

A new radar system called true motion will show both the movement of the radar ship and the movements of objects, independently of one another. Recently developed, it allows the navigator to watch his own ship threading its way among others as though he were looking down from an airplane overhead. Potential dangers are thus quickly recognized well in advance, without involved calculations.

The gyro compass, a topline mechanical device that uses the earth's rotation to find direction, has been greatly improved since Elmer Sperry introduced his just before World War I. Suspended inside a case the size and shape of an oil drum, the compass transmits the ship's heading electronically to "repeaters" built into navigating instruments on the bridge. A helmsman steers by the compass card of one repeater—or lets the automatic pilot hooked up to it take over. A course recorder uses another repeater to trace the ship's course on moving graph paper. Other repeaters are in the radar set and on the bridge wings for taking bearings of distant objects.

A familiar friend for many years, the depth sounder measures the depth of water under a ship continuously. With careful navigation there is seldom danger of running aground. But the depth sounder is a priceless ally when rough weather catches a ship close inshore. Where charts are detailed and accurate it can even help the navigator pick his way cautiously over the submarine landmarks disclosed by the electronic instrument. This kind of pathfinding is made easier by an attachment that records the soundings on moving graph paper.

Sextant and chronometer are still the navigator's key instruments, but loran fixes the ship's position faster and more accurately by radio. Unlike the older radio direction finder, which gives the bearing of a radio transmitter, loran measures the ship's distance from two pairs of transmitters. Easier to use than explain, loran requires special charts marked off with numbered lines. The numbers correspond to time differences between receipt of a signal from one transmitter and receipt of a synchronized signal from a companion transmitter. The amazing contribution of electronics is the loran receiver's ability to time radio waves traveling 186,000 miles per second. To do this it must split a second into a million parts.

Each of these remarkable electronic devices adds a longer reach to the modern navigator's senses. At a time when ships, especially tankers, are growing ever bigger and faster, they help him probe instantly from horizon to horizon, shore to shore, and surface to ocean bottom. They cannot, of course, make decisions, but when skillfully interpreted they impart a feeling of security Columbus never knew.

What THIRUMALAYANDI Did...

By JUANITA JESSEN

LIFE was dull and monotonous in the little village of Kadyanallur except on those special *pooja* (worship) days when the whole village went out in procession to the Hindu temple. There would be hired musicians and dancers and much feasting. But one man and his family never took part on those festive occasions. He was Alayam, the village carpenter.

It was always a mystery to fourteen-year-old Thirumalayandi, who also lived in this South India village, why Alayam was different. Because he was an orphan, Thiru lived with and worked for his married brother, who owned half an acre of land and a few goats. He spent his days helping his brother grow yams and vegetables and bananas on his plot of land and taking the goats out into any green spot he could find where they could graze. He looked forward to the festivals.

One day when some of the farm imple-

ments needed repairs, his brother told him to go down to Alayam's place and get them attended to. It was a hot summer day. The sun shone fiercely upon the dusty roads, and walking was far from pleasant. But Thiru was happy to go, for he could find out why Alayam didn't take part in any of the village festivals.

Soon Alayam and the Hindu lad were seated in the cool shade of a large mango tree. While he repaired the tools, Alayam, a Seventh-day Adventist carpenter-evangelist, told Thiru the story of the Carpenter of Nazareth. He told of a loving Father in heaven, and of a Saviour who left His glorious home above and came down to live and die for sinners. He explained how Jesus ascended into heaven and was soon to come again to take those who loved Him to the beautiful home above.

Thiru was an eager listener. This message was entirely different from his Hindu creed, and a longing to be among that company who would be ready to meet Jesus surged up in his heart. He told Alayam that he would like to be a Christian, but he dared not disclose his secret to anyone else.

Later Thiru visited Alayam again a few times and learned more of the gospel. On one of these occasions Alayam slipped a copy of the New Testament into Thiru's eager hands.

Shortly Alayam decided to go with his family farther south into Travancore. He came to the Seventh-day Adventist headquarters at Kottarakara, and lived in a small house just outside the mission campus. He was a faithful carpenter and a still more faithful church member, attending the Wednesday evening prayer meetings, the Friday evening services, and Sabbath services, and helping in all the missionary activities of the church.

Meanwhile, Thiru heard of an estate in the hill country of Travancore that needed more laborers, so he said good-by

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On the special *pooja* (worship) days the whole village went in procession to the Hindu temple.



FRED COLLINS, ARTIST

Young people must take up Elijah's mantle and use it as did the first man on whom it fell.

Remember What I Have Done Unto Thee

By PAUL K. FREIWIRTH

PERHAPS no other Old Testament prophet led as interesting a life as Elisha. Certainly no one of that noble fellowship so well typifies the work and experience of Adventist youth in these last days.

It was to a busy Elisha that the divine call first came, for he was "plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth." God's call does not come to an idle person. "When you want some help, go to a busy person" is a well-known saying, and the Scriptures indicate that God does not pass by the industrious if their energy is balanced and stabilized by consecration. David was called from caring for sheep, Amos from gathering sycomore fruit and following his flock, and Peter and Andrew from fishing.

Not only was Elisha busy at his work, he was also successful in it. The twelve yoke of oxen were a testimony of his wealth. Although God does not choose "many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble," He has no aversion to the successful and energetic kind. For a work of the type and magnitude of Elisha's, one who had proved his worth and integrity in his secular calling would be especially well fitted.

In these days, so similar to those in which Elisha lived, it is "not from the floating element in society, not from among men and women who are good for nothing else and have made a success of nothing, but from among those who have good address, tact, keen foresight, and ability" that workers are to be enlisted in the ranks of Prince Immanuel.

While Elisha was busy plowing in his field a traveler could be seen approaching. This was nothing unusual in itself, and possibly the busy farmer didn't even notice him. Or, if he did, he did not wish to be interrupted. The stern figure walked straight up to the toiling man, and, without a word, placed his mantle upon the broad shoulders of a very startled Elisha. This accomplished, Elijah continued on his way.

It is inconsequential to speculate whether Elisha had recognized the approaching figure before this happened. He certainly knew what this mysterious ceremony implied. Many thoughts may have raced through his mind: "Am I,

the son of Shaphat of Abel-meholah, to fill the shoes of this dauntless man of God? How should I dispose of my belongings? What of my parents? What if they should persecute me? Wouldn't it be easier to bury the mantle and forget all about it? None of my friends would find out. Elijah certainly would never know; for he's already far down the road." But could Elisha do it? Would he have peace?

Hastily leaving his plow, with hardly enough time to consider seriously the far-reaching consequences of his choice, Elisha "left the oxen, and ran after Elijah, and said, Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee."

There is a similarity between this request and the one made of Christ by a young man confronted by the same challenge. Having heard the call from the lips of Jesus Himself, he said, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." Was Elisha's request comparable to that of this would-be disciple? The difference

between their requests is greater than appears on the surface. It was customary in those days for children to mourn their deceased parents seven days, so this man was asking the Master to give him at least a week's time.

Elisha's request was no excuse like that; he merely wanted to say good-by. It constituted a part of his duty to his parents to inform them of his decision. Neglecting to do so would have left them worried. Noting that Elisha did not ask to seek parental counsel whether he should accept the call, but that it was his purpose to inform them of a settled decision, Elijah did not object. He may even have been glad to see this evidence of filial affection.

Elijah also recognized that it would give his disciple-to-be a good opportunity to reconsider seriously all that was involved in the step he seemed so eager to take. It is a wise thing to let youth, filled with a love for change and adventure, take time to consider their ways unhurriedly. Maybe Elisha merely wanted to get away from the plow, Elijah might have mused as he saw him running after him. The hero of Mount Carmel knew that it would do the young man good to take a second look at the good things of life he was forsaking as well as the burdensome plow.

A man of few words as he was, Elijah did not say much as his newly chosen successor prepared to bid his parents farewell. "Go back again: for what have I done to thee?" Yet even these few words were really unnecessary. No man upon whom a prophet's mantle has fallen or to whom some other call of God has come, has ever been able to erase that experience from his mind, whether he accepted or not. Such a call changes the rest of a man's life, for better or for worse. The Elisha who took leave of his parents was no longer the same man that had left for his work in the fields earlier that day.

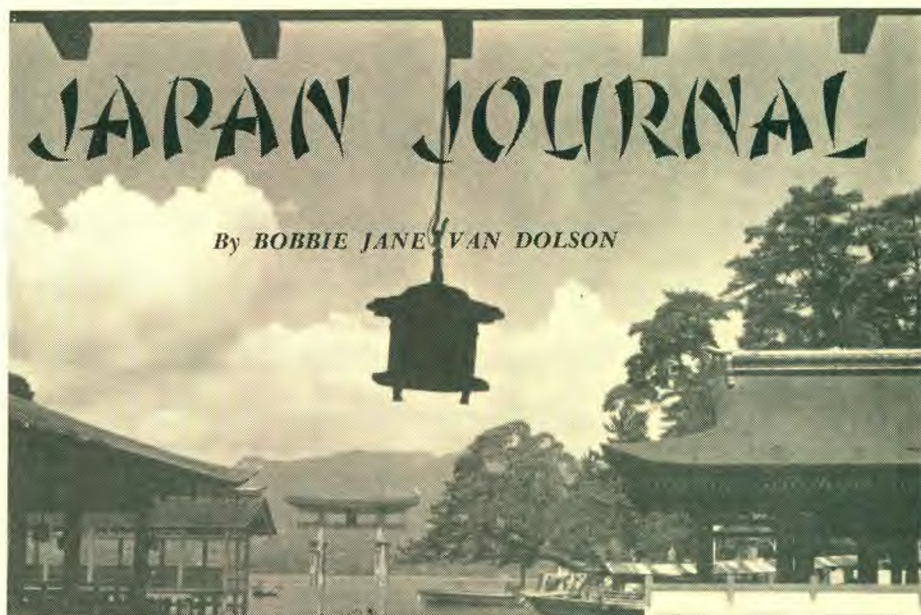
When Moses, five hundred years before, had besought the Lord to show him His glory, he was told, "Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live." In the light of Elisha's experience, and that of countless others, this great truth can be widened in its application. "No man shall catch a vision of My glory, and live the way he lived before." The impressions of the Eternal are as enduring as His eternal power and Godhead.

Sad to say, some upon whom Elijah's mantle has fallen have tried to cast it off. Their excuses have been different, but their lives thereafter have had one thing in common: restlessness. After their decision to refuse a call to service, and their withdrawal from God's people altogether, they become spiritual square pegs in round holes. From one occupation to another, from one denomination to another, from the grinding of one ax to the grinding of another, from one aim in life

to another they shift, nowhere making a success, remaining spiritual vagabonds. "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!" cried Paul, speaking of a woe no whit smaller in anguish than the woes of the Apocalypse.

After having accepted his call, Elisha "arose, and went after Elijah, and ministered unto him." From the general de-

scription of Elisha found in the Bible one gathers that he was the energetic, adventuresome type, possibly hoping to witness a repetition of the Mount Carmel experience in the course of his work with the Tishbite. During all the time Elisha spent with him, nothing unusual happened. Elisha's work was as unpretentious as Elijah's had been spectacular.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE EMBASSY OF JAPAN

IN Japan, where mastering the language takes many years, the native interpreter plays an important part. Without a good translator public meetings are virtually impossible.

Japanese Adventists may be willing to listen to their language rolling off the tongue of their foreign pastor in a somewhat less-than-perfect style, but not so the general public. The Japanese are intelligent and educated, and they resent hearing broken Japanese from a public speaker just as we resent hearing our language publicly abused by a foreigner.

W. S. Ogura of Tokyo has come down to serve as interpreter for the Osaka effort. He is a real gentleman, with a refinement and polish about him that is appealing to the Japanese audience. He was the wartime president of our mission here in Japan, and has served in other capacities as well. He was educated in England and has an excellent grasp of the English language.

It is a pleasant experience to watch him in action, keeping his whole being in tune with the speaker, mimicking his every gesture and facial expression. The precise second the minister has finished his sentence, Elder Ogura has begun translating, and in a very few moments the entire thought has been repeated in beautiful Japanese.

This sounds simple enough, but when you realize that the word order of a

Japanese sentence is completely different from English, you begin to appreciate the mental gymnastics that an interpreter must perform in order to put the thought across. For instance, take the English sentence: "The young woman sitting at the right of the mother is the elder sister." Here is what it sounds like in the Japanese order: "Mother of right on hips-hanging being honorable girl elder sister Miss is!"

Another aspect of Japanese that keeps the translator on his toes is that of the different forms of speech. There is a direct, commanding language used in talking to subordinates, an everyday type that equals use when speaking to one another, and an ultrapolite, honorific way of speech used when speaking to superiors. It is this latter form that is most widely used in public speaking, so the translator must be certain to add the honorific prefixes and endings that distinguish proper public speech.

The idioms and figures of speech so dear to the heart of the American speakers are monumental problems for an interpreter. One speaker, thinking to impress a truth indelibly on the minds of his audience made this statement: "Stable thinking begins with horse sense." Probably the only impression he made was on the mind of the distraught translator, who had to devise some immediate means of getting this purely American thought-
gem into understandable Japanese.

Fogged Lenses

By LOIS C. CEDERBERG

I SQUINTED as I attempted to peer at the road ahead. It was raining, but my windshield wipers were working satisfactorily, the headlights were bright, and my view seemed unobstructed. Still, a peculiar haze hung over the scenery.

Even seeing stop signs called for an effort almost too demanding of my tortured eyes. It became necessary for me to stop often and ask directions; so oppressive had this haze become that it was impossible to read street signs. When at last I reached my destination, I sat exhausted by the strain, unable for a time to summon the energy needed to remove my glasses and rub my burning eyes.

After the necessary effort had been

made, however, the cause of the difficulty became all too clear. In some way my glasses had become coated with a thin layer of grease, and this film had been the cause of my discomfort. All I had to do to find relief was to wipe off the oily film.

How often on the highway of life we strain to see the waymarks on our journey to our heavenly home through glasses smeared with worldly ambitions, self-seeking, and envy. Exhausted, discouraged, we blame the rain, the headlights, the darkness, the windshield wipers, for our difficulty, not sensing that the trouble lies, literally, just before our very eyes.

Are your glasses clean? Or are your lenses fogged?

Elisha was spoken of, not as the successor of the great Elijah, but as "Elisha the son of Shaphat, which poured water on the hands of Elijah."

This must have been a trial for Elisha. Men of zeal and energy often find it hard to engage in work where only a limited amount of their ability is put to use. Elisha must have been like a kettle of steam with the lid about to blow off. The creative quest implanted in men by the Holy Spirit, if restrained from within or without, has been to many Christians the source of their greatest spiritual struggle. "Did I have to leave my prosperous work and nice home for such insignificant work?" may well have been the thought plaguing Elisha's frustrated mind.

Frequently has it happened that Christian young people have volunteered for mission service while partly under the delusion that it would afford them a certain kind of adventure. They would see world-renowned sights, meet important people, and live in comfortable homes staffed by inexpensive native servants. The respect of the community would be theirs, and their work would receive the admiration of many. The grass on the other side of the fence definitely appeared to be greener, and the fruit found there more inviting. What a disappointment was theirs when the work turned out to consist to a large extent of pouring "water on the hands of Elijah."

Not only when there is open conflict

with the powers of darkness, but also when one's sphere of usefulness is greatly limited, is the soul in peril. Under both circumstances only a complete love for Jesus will keep the soul from drawing back.

The discerning eye of Elijah noticed the inward struggle of his servant, whether his behavior revealed it or not. Should he comfort and console? Elijah did the very opposite, by indirectly making the young man's struggle even harder. Three times, and in no uncertain tones, he gave Elisha the chance to return home. Each time the stalwart aspirant to the prophetic office replied, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee."

Had Elisha entertained any doubt about the divine origin of his call, here was his chance to reveal it. Elijah addressed his servant as though his services were no longer needed, thus purposely increasing any doubts that might have assailed his soul. This noble son of Shaphat recognized, however, that "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance" no matter what men may say. Elisha saw more in his pouring water on the hands of Elijah than mere drudgery. He recognized this duty as his training for the day when he would offer Israel, in his master's stead, the water of everlasting life. God may permit some of His workers in these last days to be tried through just as definite hints to forsake their God-

appointed labors, but, as in the case of Elisha, it may be merely a prelude to the adding of new responsibilities.

The reward for Elisha's devotion was not long in coming. Elijah said to him, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me. And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing."

For Elijah it would have been a hard thing to bestow, but not for the Lord, "for God giveth not the Spirit by measure." One condition Elisha had to fulfill, though, before the heavenly gift could be his: "If thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so." We can well imagine how closely Elijah's steps were being followed by the one the prophet was about to leave behind. With the same earnestness with which Elisha watched for the prophet's ascent into heaven, God's people today are to watch for the revelation of the Son of man from heaven.

While Elisha lingered near his beloved master, fifty sons of the prophets were watching from afar off. They knew of the impending event; they had been told that Elijah would be taken to heaven. They too could have been near the venerable servant of God, listening to his last instructions, but something must have held them "afar off." Might it have been the same thing that kept Peter "afar off" after having denied his Lord? Were these students in the ancient school of the prophets losing out in spiritual experience while busy filling their heads with knowledge? Surely this sad situation must not be repeated today.

Can one really lose Christ, the Source of all wisdom, while pursuing the study of His Word? And will there be some from the modern schools of the prophets watching from "afar off" when God's people cross the border of the heavenly Canaan, even as fifty watched Elijah and Elisha cross the Jordan? Will there be some, at that great day, who have made A's studying the prophecies in their Bible classes, but when He is revealed of whom the men of God wrote, they "shall behold him, but not nigh"? Will the walls of the New Jerusalem separate some who have lived in the same dormitories, perhaps the same rooms? Are there any in the classrooms of the twentieth-century schools of the prophets who have never told their Master, "As the Lord liveth, . . . I will not leave thee"?

Young people who have the privilege of attending Christian schools must take up Elijah's mantle, and carry it as did the first man on whom it fell. The times demand men and women who are filled with energy, intellect, courage, and a double portion of God's Spirit, yet humble enough to be content when called upon merely to pour water on the hands of a man of God.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

I Shot a Buck

By HARVEY HANSEN

BLENDING well with the woodland background, a big buck walked toward me, the sunlight slanting through the tree limbs multiplying visual impact by casting a carpet of light and shadow in his path.

A few years ago I would have quickly destroyed this moment of north woods magic. Had it been hunting season, I would have tried to kill the buck, for I used to kill deer, partridge, ducks, and other outdoor life. But there came no sharp *pow* from rifle or loud *bloom* from shotgun to shatter the inspiration of the scene.

The antlered animal came slowly closer. Partially hidden behind branches I adjusted my stance for better aim, hoping the slow, slight movement would not frighten him away. He came on

and stopped, lowering his head to polish his horns on some brush. My index finger squeezed. But there came no *whup* of bullet smashing into the body of that deer. There was just a click and more motion on my part, and the deer moved away.

I had given up ordinary hunting. I had thought: There won't be any death, any killing in the earth made new where I want to live someday soon. Why should I carry on such activity now? That was why my "shot" did not drop the buck.

But I have that deer—in my heart and on film.

With a camera I may "shoot" game any time of the year, night or day, and almost anywhere—even in wildlife refuges and sanctuaries. Especially in the sanctuaries, where killing is never permitted, the ani-

mals become less afraid, even friendly, and it is possible to have the thrills of seeing natural activity close-up and trying for pictures too. What I do not get successfully on film I can usually describe later with pen or typewriter.

Some of the pictures help to illustrate articles in church publications. This gives me a part in the best kind of hunting and fishing of all—"hunting" and "fishing" for people for Jesus.

Few are the situations in which there is even a practical need to kill wildlife nowadays. And I cannot think that a Christian experiences any real recreation while looking down a gun barrel to kill some creature of the wild. It is a "pleasure" that stimulates the passion to kill, to dominate, to lord it over some innocent and often defenseless creature. It is one of the things of this perishing world that, indulged in, turns heart, thought, and action away from the eternal things above.

But it is certainly easy, refreshing, and constructive to think on the saving things of the Spirit when seeking to record the beauties and activities of creation on film and paper. Hunting with pen and camera, I have adventurous challenge stalking wary game, have greater appreciation of the outdoors, and accomplish something spiritually.

Maybe you would too.

GAUNT, hollowed-eyed, heavily bearded, in a dusty, faded-blue uniform, William Beck hesitated at his own gate. Here, seven woeful months before, he had kissed his wife good-by. She had stood waving to him until he turned at Abercromby's corner and was hidden by the hazelnut bushes of the schoolyard.

Now, again at the gate, with one hand on a narrow picket and the other on the latch, he faltered. Things could have happened—the home sacked, Catherine gone. The mail was irregular and uncertain during the war, so that letters often failed to catch up with the moving regiments, and William had marched with Sherman through the South to the sea. For an instant his face turned pallid as he remembered that Morgan and his "terrible men" had raided these parts during a previous absence.

Uncertain moments of hesitation were brief, however, for he caught the sound of children's chatter and of his wife's voice humming the strain of "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord."

This was the reassurance his heart hoped for. His spirit quickened with the thought of being home once more.

A similar thrill four years earlier would have carried him in a clean full leap over the fence. He might have wished to do so now, but his strength was not sufficient for the inspiration of his soul. The rusty latch gave slowly, the sagging gate dragged on the gravel, and with short, weary steps he entered his yard. The children's play and Catherine's humming had made inaudible the click of the gate latch, so that William stood smiling at her in the doorway before she was aware of his approach.

"William!" she cried with both joy and trembling in her voice.

"Kit," he murmured, while his eyes and his smile were shouting his happiness at being home again.

Then they were in each other's arms, speechless. Catherine said nothing for the anxiety that was in her heart as to the reason for his being home. William was silent for pure joy of being there.

She took her husband's army cap, hung it on a nail near the door, and placed a comfortable chair not too far from the fireplace, where over a low fire porridge was cooking for the evening meal.

Baby Angeline, nearing two, was playing with empty spools on a small home-woven rug that covered part of the otherwise bare floor. She quickly made friends with her stranger daddy.

Cordelia, past four, who had been watching Angeline and laughing gleefully as she ran back and forth to tell her mother the clever things the baby was doing, suddenly became very quiet,

clinging constantly to her mother's long full skirt, half hiding herself in its folds.

"She is afraid of your uniform, William," Catherine explained. "She hears so much talk of the war. You can't blame her. We all had good reason to be frightened while Morgan and his men were in this neighborhood. Unusual noises still startle me."

"Morgan!" William's face paled again as he thought of his wife and four little girls all alone, with Morgan and his raiders in the vicinity.

"With that Swamp Fox terrifying every

Her daddy was home from the war. Morgan and his raiders, around



ARLO GREER, ARTIST

Cordelia, a small girl as the story opens, had a difficult but interesting life growing up into satisfying adulthood.

village along the pike, and headed this way from Salem and Seymour, who wouldn't run for the woods! That was a July no southern Indiana Federal will ever forget," Catherine said. She shuddered as she recalled the fear of those days, when, as Morgan and his twenty-five hundred raiders rode toward Vernon, word had gone from neighbor to neighbor warning of the approaching "eye of lightning, and heart of steel," that had sworn—

That, while will and spirit
Hold one spark of life,
Blood shall stain his broadsword,
Blood shall wet his knife.*

Morgan had demanded that the Federal post in Vernon surrender, but the officer in charge of the post refused. With the refusal he sent a request that Morgan allow the post two hours to evacuate the women and children before making an

* Paul H. Hayne, "The Kentucky Partisan."

his uniform, and memories of
war-year-old's fears.

According to His Purpose

By GLADYS KING TAYLOR

attack. Morgan consented, but during those two hours he sent skirmishers to burn the bridges crossing the Muscatuck, the river that almost encircled the village, leaving only the high "narrows" north of town as an escape.

The rest of Morgan's men pillaged and plundered the countryside. Their tired horses were left wherever a fresh mount was found. Food they appropriated from abandoned homes. Each man carried away whatever pleased his fancy.

Fortunately, Morgan had not cared to attack the post in Vernon, but left the citizens frightened and occupied in removing those who could not fight. He gathered his men on the road to Dupont, eastward and a bit south, tarrying only three hours in the middle of the night to sleep. About ten miles from the place where Catherine had fled with her girls the raiders were passing the night under the open sky.

"We slept little that night too," Catherine said, remembering how she had huddled the girls together in the woods, listening for the least noise, and watching for the light of some burning home.

The next day a neighbor had come to her hiding place to tell her the raiders had gone on to the southeast, had raided Dupont at dawn, every man carrying from the packing plant there a ham on his saddle, and that now they were riding rapidly eastward. But the terror remained until weeks later, when news came that Morgan and many of his cavalry were prisoners and under guard at Columbus.

The hours of fear were frequently recalled whenever neighbors met at the store, at church, or at schoolhouse gatherings. They were relived, too, by women who, like Catherine, were left for months to carry on alone.

It was with an expression of relief now that Catherine said, as she drew up a low cane-seated stool and sat beside William, "But Morgan is dead now, and the bushwhackers are quiet too."

This movement of her mother brought Cordelia also in closer proximity to the forbidding blue uniform. As Angeline amused herself with the brass buttons on her daddy's coat, Cordelia ventured nearer. Finally, abandoning caution, she climbed up on his knee.

In the meantime, Lydia, nearing nine, was at the task of gathering the eggs. She fastened the chickens safely inside the shelter as she had been taught, so that foxes and weasels could not rob the family of this source of food.

Isabel, just past twelve, had pitched hay from the barn loft for the two cows, and was now finishing her milking chore.

With a promise of early supper, Catherine left William with their two youngest, while she supervised the care of the eggs and milk. She found Isabel at the springhouse, straining the fresh milk into stone crocks as she and her mother had done many times together.

By her mother's demeanor, Isabel knew that something unusual was afoot. Reading the questioning expression on her daughter's face, Catherine said quietly, "Your father is home."

"Oh, goody! To stay?" exclaimed Isabel. But she saw anxiety in her mother's eyes, and added quickly, "Sick again?"

"I haven't asked him yet, but he's looking very thin and none too strong."

Other evening chores were finished quickly and silently. Supper was of porridge and milk, a simple supper that was a bounteous banquet because no chair was empty, no one was missing.

Two little heads were almost nodding before bowls were empty. The trundle bed was drawn out, and Angeline and Cordelia were soon asleep.

Lydia and Isabel were permitted to sit at their father's knee for some time while he told briefly of the last few months of the war.

Finally, assured that the conflict was really over and that Father was home to stay, Isabel lighted a tallow candle from the embers in the fireplace, and after good nights were said, she and Lydia climbed the ladder to the half-loft, where they were accustomed to sleep.

Catherine was as full of questions as the girls, but she kept them in her heart. She stirred up the soft inner corn husks of the under bedtick, fluffed up the upper feather one, and tightened the ropes on

the bed. After rearranging the quilts she returned to sit for a moment on the broad arm of her husband's chair.

"You're tired, William," she whispered as she caressed his hair. "Tomorrow we'll talk."

He reached for her hand. They sat in silence.

"He has fever," thought Catherine apprehensively.

When William awoke the next morning he had rested well. He felt such joy at the reality of being home that his own fears seemed but fancy, and he renewed his resolve that his wife shouldn't know how sick he was.

"After a bit of rest and Kitty's cooking, I'll be fit as ever," he said half aloud. A breath of fresh morning air sent him into a fit of coughing.

Catherine, with Isabel and Lydia, was working in the little garden, while Cordelia and Angeline entertained themselves with three half-grown kittens.

Not until early afternoon, when Angeline was napping in the cradle, which Catherine had been quietly rocking with her foot, were William and his wife ready for earnest conversation.

William knew she would ask him in detail the circumstances of his coming home, so he put the questions off by reaching into his pocket as he had done on three occasions before and drawing out a folded paper, which he handed to her.

As she unfolded the paper she thought of the others she had opened and read since the beginning of the war. William had enlisted three times. The first time was in September, 1861, to serve for three years. But before the first year was ended he had come home with a folded paper in his pocket that granted him a furlough from May 15 to June 4.

The furlough was then extended with instructions that he should report at the army hospital for examination on July 7. Shortly thereafter another folded

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MV Share Your Faith FRONTIERS

Eastern Canada Congress Held on College Campus

By Nellie Deane Sowers

OSHAWA, ONTARIO.—Youth of eastern Canada met on the campus of Oshawa Missionary College for a Golden Anniversary Youth Congress whose every meeting demonstrated that these youth were in practice "Sharing the Faith of Our Fathers."

Guest speakers and visiting young people from western Canada and the United States also formed a part of the group that heard Elder W. A. Nelson, Canadian Union president, open the congress session. Appointments were scheduled from Thursday night, August 28, through Sunday, September 1.

Referring to Helen Keller, Elder Nelson emphasized that if she with her limitation could find and fill so well her niche in the world, surely Adventist youth could do no less. Gospel choruses and official welcomes from both Elder E. M. Peterson and Mayor Naylor of Oshawa, set the tone for Christian fellowship.

"Man puts up his weakness; God puts up His strength. Man puts up his nothingness; God puts up His all." Summarizing man's relationship to God with these and similar cryptic comparisons, Elder G. Eric Jones, president of the Ontario-Quebec Conference, initiated Friday's activities at the Morning Watch hour.

Three workshops were scheduled: Colporteur Evangelism, directed by Elder W. A. Higgins; Youth Evangelism, by Elder L. M. Nelson; and Love, Courtship, and Marriage, directed by Elder O. J. Ritz.

Elder Nelson, who under God's blessing has helped to organize a number of successful Voice of Youth meetings in the Florida Conference, urged that young people can be trusted with evangelism, even to preaching the message. Canadian leaders have set as their objective twenty-three such Voice of Youth evangelistic series.

During the Love, Courtship, and Marriage workshop, discussion periods led by Elder Ritz were supplemented by displays of various helpful books.

Assisting Elder Higgins, Elder Garland Hoag counseled those in the Colporteur Evangelism workshop, sharing the knowledge of Christian salesmanship that many years of successful colporturing have given him.

Elder W. A. Fagal and the Faith for Today Quartet conducted the Friday night service. As Elder Fagal spoke of the wonderful sacrifice of the Saviour, he emphasized that "whether in the slums of our great cities or in a concert hall in London, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'"

"The Sabbath school is a mission field," said Elder John Hnatyshyn, superintendent, as he introduced young people representing North America, Europe, Australia, South Africa, South America, India, Japan, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Scandinavia, Mexico, Arabia, and China. The youth were wearing a variety of costumes, from the dainty silk gowns of China to the great bucket hats of Mexico. A quartet composed of a doctor, a nurse, an evangelist, and a teacher sang "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go," as the pageant ended.

Fifteen Oshawa Missionary College

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PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Left: Canadian Union MV secretary Edmund M. Peterson, at pulpit, with local conference MV secretaries at Oshawa youth congress. Right, top: Five MV's portraying pioneers of Adventist youth program. Center: Elder Peterson interviewing teen-ager John Hackett. Bottom: Dr. Winton H. Beaven interviewing Myrtle Thiessen of Toronto.





NE of the world's most fertile garden spots is the volcano-built island of Java. The seasons of this island, which lies but a few miles south of the equator, insofar as it has seasons, are those of the Southern Hemisphere. Fruits that ripen in June in the Northern Hemisphere, ripen in December in Java. In Singapore, only a few miles north of the equator, the mangoes ripen as in the Northern Hemisphere. Just how the same type of tree in Java knows it is in the Southern Hemisphere and not a few miles north of the equator in Singapore is most mysterious.

Although Java is in a tropical area, the climate is remarkably pleasant even along the coastal plain. No wonder 60 million people are happy to call this home.

The people subsist mostly on the country's most abundant crop, rice. With the world's highest population per square mile—about one thousand—it is important that every foot of ground possible be tilled to the limit of its capacity. And what rich soil! The volcanic ash of which the island's soil is composed is extremely fertile, and with the constantly warm climate the entire island produces not less than two crops of its principal grains and legumes each year, and this with little regard for any need to build up the soil.

Java has an attractive assortment of volcanoes, some active most of the time, others merely stately, mute witnesses to their vigorous and violent past. The rugged and shapely mountains of this island are heavily forested or cultivated right to their tops. The higher mountains and adjacent areas are cultivated for coffee growing, and the temperate-climate produce includes good-quality potatoes, carrots, cabbage, and tomatoes.

Lower down, the tropical fruits of these parts—bananas, mangoes, oranges, pomelos, durians, jacks, breadfruit, and perhaps best of all, papayas—are seen growing in the yards of most of the thousands of little homes in the valleys and foothills.

Cultivation is in small plots, from the tiny terraces on the steeper mountain-sides, perhaps only a few square feet, to the larger fields of the lowlands of at most an acre or two. For the most part tilling is by hand on these terraces, while in the larger plots buffalo, pulling iron-tipped crooked sticks, plow the fields.

The abundant and regular rainfall sends little streams down every little valley and ravine. The centers of such ravines, or valleys, are always flattened and leveled into terraces, and the stream is brought down along one side, easily available for its greatest use, irrigation.

To preserve a little of its more primitive natural conditions, the government has set aside a small forest preserve at the west end of the island, by the straits



The Garden Spot That Is Java

By T. R. FLAIZ, M.D.

facing Sumatra, in which the wildlife is protected and preserved. Wild boar, deer, leopard, and even rhinoceros, along with the abundant bird life, make this preserve of great interest. Because the Moslem Javanese do not eat pork, the wild boar in places have become so numerous as to call for special control measures to protect the crops.

In the straits between Java and Sumatra there formerly rose a volcanic mountain named Krakatau. Its lower slopes and the more level area toward the breakers provided homes and cultivation for a considerable population. The people were quite accustomed to the frequent severe rumblings of the unstable earth beneath their feet. But generations had come and gone and all had come to regard the ominous shaking of their island foundations as a part of life. In 1883 these convulsions took a sudden turn toward greater violence; some people left the island, but returned when no serious changes developed.

From the log of an interisland freighter we have one of the few recorded descriptions of what followed. This ship was approaching Sunda Strait when suddenly there burst from all sides of Mount Krakatau undreamed-of masses of flame,

as the upper portion of the mountain was hurled ten thousand feet above the open fire pit of its base now belching forth flame and lava. As this upper portion of the mountain fell back, the impact crushed the remaining rim and base, submerging the entire site under the surging, boiling ocean, which rushed in from the sides.

The reaction to this was that waves were produced that spread destruction and death to nearly forty thousand people on the nearby Java mainland while other waves reached such distant points as the coast of India, two thousand miles away, and the coast of Africa, more than three thousand miles west.

The superheated lava pent up within the volcano, bursting out into gaseous and fine dust form, was carried to great heights and spread throughout the atmosphere of the world. The energy released at the time of this eruption is still estimated to have been the greatest single manifestation of destructive power in historic times. The fate of the residents on this volcanic island can only be imagined.

The sea over the place where the mountain had been remained comparatively quiet till about 1911, when earth-

quakes and violent turbulence under the sea indicated revival of activity. This activity continued periodically till the cone again was pushed above the water. It now rises well out of the sea and continues to be a point of very evident activity.

Flying over it, one can see the rough, ragged form of the new volcano, building again by occasional eruptions. Java is rated as possessing the world's greatest

single exhibit of volcanoes, not excepting Central America or Central Africa.

The primitive civilization of these parts was at an early time replaced by Hindu culture and religion from India. This culture still persists in Bali, the much-publicized little island to the east of Java. Four hundred years ago the Moslems pushed their conquests to include the Malay Peninsula and much of this island territory. The country was then

ruled by a number of local sultans with little over-all control and with constant conflict among their petty kingdoms. Taking advantage of this weakened and divided condition, the Dutch subdued the islands (about the same time Peter Stuyvesant with his Dutch colonists settled the site of New York City under the name of New Amsterdam).

Dutch rule gave stability and general security politically and economically. It did not, however, develop a contented relationship between the nationals and the ruling power. Following World War II, pressure for home rule had built up to the point that, after a stormy period of resistance, the Dutch withdrew, leaving the embryonic Indonesian Republic, which includes Java, Sumatra, Celebes, Timor, Bali, Southern Borneo, and the smaller islands of the East Indies.

Since the establishment of the new regime there has been a liberal attitude toward the Christian missionary program. Medical and educational institutions are allowed complete freedom in their service to the country. Religious freedom is guaranteed to all citizens of this predominantly Moslem land, much as it is in Pakistan. Adventists should be decidedly grateful for these favorable circumstances in which to carry forward missionary work.

Dr. Donald Holm and Dr. Jess Holm (no relation) are the physicians in charge of the Adventist hospital in the beautiful and healthful foothill city of Bandung. Wilma Leazer has led in developing a school of nursing that promises soon to supply much-needed nursing personnel to this institution.

A few miles out of town on the lower slopes of a sluggishly active volcano is a training school for Indonesians, who will become church workers in this widespread field.

Frequent rains and a rich volcanic soil make this area exceedingly productive. Mountains are green right to their tops. Botanical gardens of this area exhibit fantastically large and beautiful palm ferns. One of outstanding interest is the giant pond lily-leaf plant. The leaves, which may be up to three feet across, appear to be perhaps an inch thick and turn up at the edges to produce a kind of boat that floats on the warm placid pools. Birds, turtles, frogs, and reptiles use these leaves as natural floating islands for their private use.

To be seen almost everywhere are flowers of wide variety, both cultivated and wild, ranging in size from the tiny grass flowers of a delicate blue to the very large red, gold, orange, purple, and pink flowers growing in the hedges and in the jungle.

Except for the disease and poverty of man, in some of these lush garden spots of the world we might see just a bit of what the world will be when restored to its original productivity and beauty.

Dear Son,

How we laughed over your last letter. We could just see you there with gooey soup all over you. I hope you had the courage to laugh at yourself.

Did someone run into you, or what? Something like that happened to me once, and I got mortified and ran off and refused to be seen for days. By that time I had an exaggerated idea of it all, and everyone else had already forgotten it. I decided that the next time I'd laugh and forget it too.

Poise is something we all want. It hinges on two things: first, good grooming; and second, the ability to be unhurried.

There isn't anything more distracting than wondering if your trousers fit properly, or if your coat is O.K., or if your hair is lying flat in the back. Take a good look at yourself before going out, and be so sure that all is well that even deliberate stares won't fluster you.

Then, without hurry, look every situation over before you enter it. I saw a boy one time rush into the school dining room and start to take a seat. One of the girls informed him that the seat was reserved. He hopped up, went to the next table, and without inquiring took the last remaining seat. They tried to hide the fact that he had cut in on a three-couple table but by the time he looked around a bit he realized it himself. Blushing, he jumped up and went off alone to a table in a corner and ate with downcast eyes. He was the victim of his own hurry and ineptness.

What kind of wax do you use in polishing the halls? Someone should be able to tell you why it doesn't spread evenly. If you put new wax on top of dirty old wax it will streak. If the floor is wet, it won't do well. Why don't you ask the head janitor at the auditorium? He surely ought to know. It is discouraging to wax a floor and then have it look so unkept in spite of your efforts.

Dad came home with a high fever. When I saw what his temperature was I just went to the phone to call the doctor. Before I could even dial a number he said, "Now, I won't see the doctor. I'm not sick. I won't have a shot!"

The girls heard it and put their hands over their mouths and ran into the other room to giggle. Hearing Daddy act like they do over the doctor was just too funny. I'll call you if it gets serious.

Love,

Mother

Sabbath School LESSON

Prepared for Publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Elijah, God's Champion --Part Two

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 23

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 19.

OUTSIDE READING: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 155-176.

MEMORY GEM: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse" (Mal. 4:5, 6).

1 Faith Turned to Fear

1. When Ahab told Jezebel about the slaying of the false prophets, what did Jezebel determine to do?

"And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time" (1 Kings 19:1, 2).

2. How did Elijah reveal that he was "a man subject to like passions as we are"?

"And when he saw that, he arose, and went for his life, and came to Beer-sheba, which belongeth to Judah, and left his servant there. But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers" (1 Kings 19:3, 4).

NOTE.—In last week's lesson we saw how God sent Elijah on first one errand after another, and how Elijah always responded immediately and went on God's errands. But who sent Elijah to the juniper tree? Was it a part of God's plan for this stalwart, intrepid champion to pine his heart out under a juniper tree and wish that he might die? (Read Ps. 120:1-4 and Job 30:1-4, and notice that the juniper had come to be a symbol of distress, dejection, and desolation.) No, it was not God's plan for Elijah to be discouraged. Going to the juniper tree was Elijah's own idea.

When he was going for God, nothing—kings, priests, crowds, nothing—could stop him. When he goes for himself his own fear, set off by the threat of a base woman, stops him. The champion cowers beneath the juniper tree and wants to die. Is this the same Elijah who had stood forth so boldly on Carmel? Yes, it is the same Elijah, only this is Elijah standing in his own strength. And he finds that he has no strength of his own. He needs God, but what he wants is to die.

2 The Touch of an Angel

3. How did God again demonstrate His tender care for Elijah?

"And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked, and, behold, there was a cake baked on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again" (1 Kings 19:5, 6).

NOTE.—Did the angel really come to him, or did he dream that he saw an angel? It says, "An angel touched him." Think of the wonder of it—eating cake baked by an angel!

Even though for a time Elijah had lost the champion's grip under the juniper tree, God's eye was on him, and He sent His angel.

And that is something to remember, young friend. If you should ever find yourself under a juniper tree, so to speak, you can be sure that all is not really lost. God will be loving you still and planning a way for you to come out from under the juniper tree, to stand forth for Him, a champion.

4. Why did the angel come the second time?

"And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee" (1 Kings 19:7).

5. With strength renewed, where did Elijah go?

"He arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God" (1 Kings 19:8).

NOTE.—Elijah had sunk pretty far down into the depths of discouragement. And the angel knew it. So he held on until Elijah got all the help he needed. Notice how effective the ministry of the angel was.

3 The Champion Hides in a Cave

6. Where does the Lord next find the fleeing champion, and what question does He ask him there?

"And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there: and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah?" (1 Kings 19:9).

NOTE.—"What doest thou here?" That is a good question for each one of us to put to ourself. What are you doing where you are?

Are you:

- getting an education for God's work or for your own interests?
- getting ready to go somewhere? Where?
- sharing your faith with other young people?
- taking an active part in MV and other church activities?
- following the counsel of your parents in your social life?
- doing your bit to spread cheer at home, at school, at work?

Are you where God wants you to be and doing what He wants you to do? If so, you may be sure that He will lead you on from there, and into larger fields of service when you are ready.

7. What reason did Elijah give for his despondency?

"And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away" (1 Kings 19:10).

NOTE.—Elijah may well be called God's jealous champion, for he epitomizes jealousy at its best. He was concerned with God's good name. He was ashamed of his nation for bringing reproach on that name. He was thinking about the reputation of God's truth in the world around him. He cared what his neighbors thought about God.

How would this kind of jealousy work today?

An Adventist college quartet was invited to sing at a neighborhood non-Adventist church supper. The waitress asked the second tenor if the boys would have coffee. He replied that they did not drink coffee, and asked if they might have water or milk instead. Then the baritone spoke up and said he wanted coffee. The second tenor was jealous for the good name of God's truth and cause in that social gathering, but the baritone didn't care about the good name of his church or his school, or about what their non-Adventist friends thought of them.

4 God's Reassurance

8. How did God reveal Himself to Elijah?

"And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, . . . but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave" (1 Kings 19:11-13).

NOTE.—"Not in mighty manifestations of divine power, but by a still small voice," did God choose to reveal Himself to His servant. He desired to teach Elijah that it is not always the work that makes the greatest demonstration that is most successful in accomplishing His purpose.

"Not by eloquence or logic are men's hearts reached, but by the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit, which operate quietly yet surely in transforming and developing character. It is the still small voice of the Spirit of God that has power to change the heart."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 168, 169.

9. What message of the Lord brought fresh courage to Elijah?

"Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him" (1 Kings 19:18).

NOTE.—If you are a young person attending a public high school or isolated from other Adventist youth, do you sometimes feel that you are standing all alone? Do you sometimes wonder whether it is important for you to stand for the truth, and are you sometimes tempted to join your worldly companions in their amusements? To all such, God's message to Elijah should bring fresh courage. Denominational statistics show that there are close to 450,000 young people enrolled in Missionary Volunteer Societies throughout the world. And besides these, there are thousands of Christian youth of other denominations who are on God's side. So, dear young friend, take courage; don't crawl under a juniper tree or hide in a cave, but let your light shine where you are, and before you know it you will not be alone.

5 Elijah's Successor

10. What was one of the errands on which God next sent Elijah?

"Elisha the son of Shaphat of Abelmeholah shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room" (1 Kings 19:16).

11. How did Elisha respond to the invitation extended by Elijah?

"He arose, and went after Elijah, and ministered unto him" (1 Kings 19:21).

NOTE.—"The call to place all on the altar of service comes to each one. We are not all asked to serve as Elisha served, nor are we all bidden to sell everything we have; but God asks us to give His service the first place in our lives, to allow no day to pass without doing something to advance His work in the earth. . . . It is the consecration of the life and all its interests, that is necessary."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 221.

Quizangles

1. Can you explain how a man who has displayed such courage as Elijah showed on Carmel can turn and flee from an angry woman? (1)
2. What is God's attitude toward us even when we are in utter discouragement? (2)
3. Can you prove from this lesson that God is interested in our physical well being? How? (2)
4. Applying God's question to Elijah to your own experience, can you satisfactorily answer it in the three following forms: What *doest* thou here? What *doest thou* here? What *doest thou here?* (3)
5. What does it mean to be jealous for God? (3)
6. Have you trained yourself to listen for God's "still small voice"? (4)
7. What is the significance to Christians today of God's reassuring message to Elijah? (4)
8. Who was Elijah commissioned to appoint as his successor? (5)
9. What is the thing of primary importance in our responding to God's call? (5)

NEXT WEEK, November 30, 1957, lesson title: "Elisha, Worthy Successor—Part One." Scripture References: 2 Kings 2; 4; Matt. 5:13; Luke 1:17. Memory Gem: Matt. 5:13. Outside Reading: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 226-241.

FAMILY



FARE

CHILDREN should learn to respect Friday as the preparation day. It is a perfect day for Sabbath-day indoctrination, so make it different from every other day.

Mothers, have a special treat for the evening meal and require the children to refrain from playing with the neighborhood children until everything is ready for Sabbath. Games with non-Adventists could even be omitted altogether on this day. Thus the child is kept near at hand to help with work suitable for him and he gets the feel of the preparation day.

You may even assign special Friday jobs—a little girl could get her purse ready for Sabbath, select a special handkerchief, collect her coloring pencils, and receive her offering money on Friday morning. (A shoulder bag is a real blessing to a small girl.) Another specific Friday job could be to clean the toy cupboard, and every child should have one of his own, though it may be only fruit cases

piled one on top of the other and papered inside with a pretty wallpaper. Let each child take a pride in keeping his toys neat and orderly in arrangement.

Do the Friday cleaning with the child for best effect. You can help your little girls put the arms and legs back on dolls and dress them all in their Sabbath best. Make it your business to know what is in the child's room and cupboard, and then they will never become hiding places for borrowed or stolen property.

Plan for your child to spend some time each day playing or reading alone in his own room. He will be a much happier adult for having learned the value of his own company.

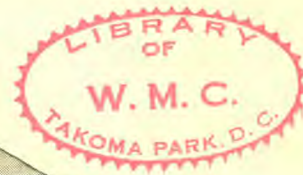
Have your time well organized, so that you have some to spend with the children, to make them feel that they are a part, an

important part, of the family concern. With the little ones who are down somewhere on the "ankle to knee level," make sure that you frequently get down to their level, or else hold them up in your arms, for they must get very tired of seeing only the hem of your skirt. Let the babies feel that they belong to the family concern too.

Be conscious of yourself and how you look. A little girl likes to see her mother in a pretty frock almost as much as she likes to wear one herself. Boys too, in their reserved way, are proud of a carefully dressed mother.

Do set aims for yourself and your household. Do have your home well organized, but above all have happy family times together—these are the memories your children will treasure.

Excerpts of a talk on a Mother's Day program at Australasian Missionary College. Submitted by Doreen Fox.



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J. BYRON LOGAN

COUNSEL CLINIC

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

QUESTION A problem has been bothering me ever since I was appointed as the Investment secretary for the local Sabbath school. Among the projects I try to promote are the selling of Scripture text greeting cards, Christmas cards, *Life and Health* magazine, and Dolly Duzit scouring pads.

Since the majority of our members, including myself, live out of town, the only time we see one another is at church on the Sabbath. Because this seems to be the only possible way, I have brought the cards and other items which I order and receive at my home to the members who are interested in selling them as an Investment project.

Every time I do it I feel guilty, for it does seem to be so commercial.

ANSWER The General Conference Sabbath School Department does not favor or promote carrying on the type of program you have outlined in your letter.

Some may say that because the funds raised from the sale of Dolly Duzits is to be used for missions, it is all right to talk about the project on the Sabbath. But does the end justify the means? Not necessarily. A person might carry it further and rationalize that in order to swell the funds of the church, members should go to work on the Sabbath and turn their wages in for the furtherance of God's work. That conclusion, of course, would be in direct and unquestionable opposition to God's Word.

We must stand with the Word of God and beware of rationalization. The Scriptures declare, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 14:12).

If the present manner in which the Investment program is being carried on in your Sabbath school is displeasing to God, it would be better to have a smaller Investment return than to bring reproach on the cause of God through desecration of the Sabbath and the house of worship.

It would seem that you have a choice of one of three things:

1. You might drop the selling projects entirely.

2. You might continue your selling projects, but work out some other arrangement for promotion and distribution of the items. Would the Sabbath school pay the postage so that you might mail them during the week? Or would it be possible to distribute some of them by car? Perhaps the Sabbath school would reimburse you somewhat on your expenses. Or perhaps many of the Sabbath school members trade at the same store in your city, and you could arrange to meet them there to give them their material.

3. Perhaps you might replace your present projects with some others that you could engage in with freedom of conscience. Are there not some good projects which would be carried on by folks living in the country?

May God grant you continuing discernment and the courage of your convictions.

QUESTION If intoxicating drinks and beverages are harmful to the body and also morally wrong, why did Jesus turn water to wine? Also, would it be harmful to take a small drink of wine, about one ounce, for example, occasionally?

ANSWER One gathers from your question that you are assuming wine is necessarily an alcoholic drink. This is not so. According to Webster's Dictionary and the International Encyclopedia, wine may be the fermented juice of the grape or it may be the unfermented juice of any fruit, used as a beverage.

All through the Old Testament we find admonitions against the use of intoxicating drink. For example, in Leviticus 10:9, 10 Aaron and his sons were warned against drinking in connection with the tabernacle services. In Proverbs 23:20, 21, 29 to 31 is strong counsel against the use of fermented wines. And in Habbakuk 2:15 a woe is pronounced on the one who "giveth his neighbour drink."

It would be contrary to the character of Christ, the Living Word, to pronounce a woe against the use of something in one place in the Scriptures and provide that very thing for use later on. He came into this world to be a living example of perfect obedience to the written word, which at that time was the Old Testament.

In His first recorded miracle, Christ used His creative power in making the wine. In Genesis we are told that all the created works of God were very good (see Gen. 1:31). It was not until sin entered that plant and animal life suffered death and decay. Fermentation and putrefaction are the result of bacterial action on animal and vegetable matter, which is the beginning of disintegration. We cannot believe that Christ would employ agents of destruction in the creation of a drink for the wedding feast. Hence, we can come to only one conclusion: the wine He provided was the pure, sweet, unfermented juice of the grape.

As to the use of wine occasionally, one can only say that alcohol is a poison; taking any beverage that contains alcohol, even in small amounts, would be an act of defilement to the body temple and would therefore invite destruction (see 1 Cor. 3:16, 17). Drinking occasionally could not be approved, nor could approval be given for smoking occasionally or taking poison in any other form occasionally, or frequently. Nowhere in the Scriptures do we find approval for wrongdoing, even on an occasional basis.

What Thirumalayandi Did

From page 7

to his home and kindred and set out. He decided that he would take up his work on that estate as a Christian, and he forthwith changed his name to Joseph.

Joseph had caught a missionary spirit from Alayam, and as he worked among the laborers he began to sow seeds of Bible truth. He took every opportunity

to tell of the love of Jesus, of His sacrifice on behalf of sinners, and of His soon return. His earnestness impressed his hearers, and they wanted to know more.

But he had told them all he knew. He decided to go to Kottarakara to visit Alayam.

One Sabbath morning Joseph and a

friend came to our headquarters church. We wondered who the visitors were, and as soon as the services were over, we asked Alayam about them. Then Joseph told us a little of his own experiences, and also of a remarkable interest among six Hindu families on the estate. We suggested that Alayam go back with him and visit those interested.

Since then Alayam has gone there every weekend. He has organized a Sabbath school and taught the truths of the Bible. The Tamil people gladly accepted all the light that shone on their pathway.

The women were decked with jewels in their ears, noses, and hair, and on their necks, arms, and ankles. But after the Bible standard of dress and adornment was presented, they came to church the next Sabbath without any ornaments.

The rest day on the estate was Sunday. The owner was an old Englishman, a stanch member of his church, but with faith and courage our new believers approached him and told him of their desire to rest on Saturday. He consented, and even promised to find them some special work to do on Sundays so that they would not suffer financially.

Then one day came the ceremony of changing their Hindu names to Christian names. They desired Alayam to make a list of Bible names, so that they could choose a name for each one. Now the women go by such names as Esther, Sarah, and Martha and the men as Daniel, Paul, Thomas, John. The names are strange to them, and sometimes they forget and have to ask one another, "What's my name?"

Two months after Joseph's visit to Kotarakara, together with some of our schoolteachers who know the Tamil language, my husband and I spent a Sabbath day on the estate. It gave us real joy to see the pleasure these persons take in the study of God's Word. Nearly all of them had memorized the Ten Commandments and the memory verses, though only Joseph and two others can read. They learn by repetition. Those who can read, read aloud and the others repeat the words till they memorize them. In singing a hymn, each line is sung twice; the leader sings the first line and the others join in on the repetition. During his spare time Joseph has started to teach those who desire to learn to read and write.

After the services were over that day, we called on the owner of the estate, Mr. Ellis. We asked him whether he would object to our erecting a shed on the estate and holding some meetings. He assured us that he had no objection and that he would do all he could to help us make Christians of all his laborers. He told us that political agitators came to the estate from time to time and stirred up a great deal of trouble and unrest. He felt that if the laborers were converted Christians, he would not have such labor

troubles. He donated Rs. 150 toward the expense of putting up the building.

The shed was built in an open area, and the meetings began. Alayam was the preacher and a young church school teacher, a Mr. Varghese, was his helper. Services were held three times a week, with pictures on the screen to illustrate the lectures.

The laborers drank in the message. Sixteen joined the baptismal class when the series closed, and Alayam instructed them carefully in all the phases of Adventist beliefs. Each week tithe came in as both the men and the women, all workers on the estate, gave the Lord's portion cheerfully and gladly.

After some time a baptismal service was held in the river bordering the estate. A small company of friends came along with the candidates for baptism, and they listened to the sermon, and were impressed by the love of Jesus. They watched in wonder as, one after the other, nine of their friends went into the river and were baptized. Now there are seven more in the baptismal class and the interest is spreading.

Joseph is enthusiastically supporting Alayam in his soul-winning endeavors, and as the new believers witness for the Lord and tell their friends what they have learned, the good news of salvation is spreading.

According to His Purpose

From page 13

paper, signed on July 21, 1862, at Battle Creek, Tennessee, had meant his discharge for physical disability.

The war continued. William's health seemed better, so he offered himself for another year, enlisting October 18, 1862. Late in December of 1863 he returned again with two folded papers in his pocket. One of these was his discharge for having served his term of enlistment. Of the other he was very proud. He had been keeping it as a surprise for Catherine. It read:

The Commanding Officer of the 54th
Regiment of Indiana Volunteers

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities of William Beck I do hereby appoint him Sergeant in Company A of the 54th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers in the service of the UNITED STATES to rank as such from the 29th day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

F. Mansfield
Col. 54th IndVols.
Commanding the Regiment

That time Catherine had had a happy surprise for William also. She had taken baby Angeline from her cradle in the



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BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but a Camp Gordon soldier bet his buddies that he could drink a fifth of a gallon of liquor in thirty minutes.

He won his bet. He consumed the liquor in ten minutes. But the soldier did not live to enjoy his winnings. He died of acute alcoholism.

Liquor is a killer—it kills the living and preserves the dead.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

corner and had placed her in William's arms saying, "Isn't she precious, William? Seven months old today."

William had been happy with his little family, and his help during the hard winter months of January and February had been a great relief to Catherine. He had been able to do the spring plowing and planting and to see another summer's harvest laid by for the winter.

But the continuation of the war was ever a burden on his heart, for he felt it his duty to help see the Union through. A man of fifty-three, a neighbor living a mile north and east toward Zoar, had been recently drafted. This man was not young, though perhaps as strong and rugged as any weathered farmer in the community, but he had a large family to care for. He had published a plea for a substitute, offering to pay well the man who would take his place. William, feeling it was his duty, accepted the offer and became his substitute.

That had been in October of 1864. Now, in May, 1865, he was home again, with another paper. When Catherine opened it, she read:

To all whom it may concern:

Know ye, That William Beck a Private Sub(stitute) for John H. McCamman 53 Regiment of Indiana Infantry Volunteers who was enrolled on the fifth of October one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four to serve one year or during the war, is hereby Discharged from the service of the United States this 8th day of May, 1865, at Indianapolis, Indiana by reason of Circular No. 54 Office AAPMG for Indiana (No objection to his being reenlisted is known to exist.) Said William Beck was born in Galio in the State of Ohio, is thirty three years of age, Five feet Eight inches high, Light complexion, Blue eyes, Auburn hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a Farmer. Given at Indianapolis this eighth day of May, 1865. T. Ten Eyck Capt. 18th U. S. Infantry, Mustering Officer. Paid in full May 9th 1865. O. M. Torrell, PMUSA

Catherine hesitated on the word "discharged." He answered the questions in her lifted eyes by reminding her, "The war is over."

"You don't have to go to a hospital?"

"No, Kitty. It's all over, you see."

"But—but, William, you look so thin. Your cheek is flushed and hollow. You look worse than you did two years ago when you were given a furlough."

"Yes, yes, I know, dear. But we've been through fire, I tell you. Give me a few days at home, and some more of your corn bread and buttermilk, and my cheeks will cool off in a hurry. I'm all right. Just you mind—a few days—two weeks, maybe—and I'll be putting in that field of corn back of the barn."

Catherine half caught his enthusiasm, smiled at the thought of William, tanned, in his blue shirt and homespuns, clucking behind old Cherry— But old Cherry was gone!

"Old Cherry's gone," Catherine said aloud. "I sold him so's we'd be sure to have enough for the cows through the winter. But I was able to save some of the money. Maybe we can buy him back."

And Catherine went on, saying that

she had not planned to plant more than she and the girls could tend, and that Mr. McCamman, the man William had substituted for in the infantry, had come in the early spring and plowed for them all the ground she had thought she could care for. The girls had gone to school as weather permitted during the winter months, but they had been out for several weeks now to help her with the gardening.

William listened in silence. But he was wishfully thinking and planning. The next day he would take the sag from the gate and oil the latch. Then he would put the barn door back on its hinges. And he would check and mend the fences. Somewhere he had seen a barrel-stave hammock. While getting back his strength he would make one for Catherine and hang it between the apple trees in the corner of the yard.

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

Eastern Canada Congress

From page 14

students assisted Elder Paul Grove in presenting the lesson study.

At the close of the morning worship hour, Elder L. A. Skinner invited the youth to consecrate themselves anew to the faith of their fathers and to its sharing. The response was excellent, but some of the tears indicated not joy but genuine sorrow. Perhaps the decision meant the surrender of a cherished dream, or perhaps, as in at least one instance, it meant standing alone while a loved companion refused to yield to God's Spirit.

At the afternoon session interviews with Oshawa Missionary College students demonstrated the role of Christian education. There were Gunter, recently come from Europe; Carol, who accepted Christ amid parental opposition; John, whose Adventist playmate had taken him several years before to junior camp.

Another who had been influenced by a friend to study Bible truth was Rudy Klime. Saturday evening he and his wife, Anne, related how Rudy, born in Czechoslovakia, came to North America in 1948 and worked in Montreal. There he met a McGill University medical student who shared his Adventist faith. Now Rudy and Anne were under mission appointment to Singapore and left the States the end of September.

Dr. M. B. Diamond, minister of the Reform Institute of the Province of Ontario, and Dr. Johnson, general secretary of the Ontario Temperance Federation, spoke at the Saturday night program, which Dr. W. H. Beaven directed. A high light was the telegram from Ted Kennedy, Canada's famous hockey

player: "I can't give you the results of smoking and drinking because I do not smoke or drink. I never touch the stuff."

On Sunday afternoon it was Dr. Beaven who directed another lively program, this time the Career Clinic. To illustrate that Christians may witness on the job, Dr. Beaven interviewed a church school teacher, a physician, a colporteur, a nurse, a salesman, a public school teacher, a receptionist, and a conference president.

Sunday night a series of pantomimes depicting the history of the Seventh-day Adventist young people's society of Missionary Volunteers dramatically initiated the final program of the congress.

Tableaux against the gold background curtains showed Ellen White at her desk; pioneer leaders naming the new youth organization; the initiation of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and Morning Watch Calendar; the planning of reading courses and Bible years; the establishment of the Pathfinder Clubs; and finally the beginnings of the educational work in Canada. A colorful mission pageant closed with Elder Skinner's appeal "Who will respond to our call?"

Elder Peterson and Elder Nelson spoke for the youth of Canada from Newfoundland to British Columbia as they answered, "We will respond." Addressing the congregation then, Elder Skinner again asked, "Whoever you are, wherever you may be, who will respond?" And the great army of Canadian young people gathered on the campus of Oshawa Missionary College stood in a pledge to God for service till Christ shall come.

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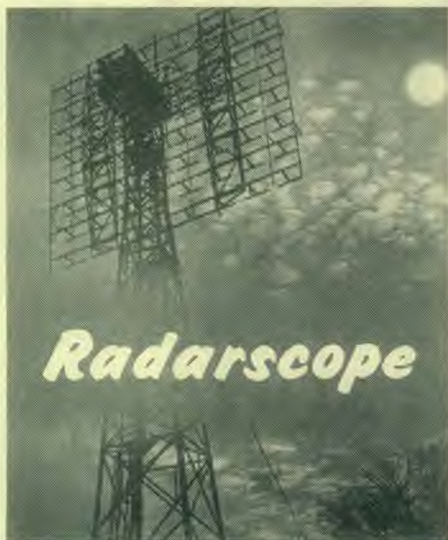
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► A NEW Navy plane now in production flies 140 miles per hour faster than the muzzle velocity of a .45 caliber bullet. *Planes*

► TWENTY-SEVEN States have iron or steel-making plants. About one fourth of the nation's population lives in a steelmaking community. *AISI*



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► NEARLY 2,000 species of shrimp exist. The young pass through 10 larval stages. Most adults apparently spawn only once and have a life span of one year. *NGS*

► A NEW oxygen device that has been developed for use in veterinary clinics automatically adjusts itself to the lung capacity of a tiny kitten or a large Saint Bernard dog. *Scope*

► AN exceptionally large and venomous tarantula on Barro Colorado Island in the Canal Zone has been observed to devour a mouse considerably larger than itself in about 18 hours. At the end of this time only a small ball of skin, hair, and bones remained. *Smithsonian*

► THE U.S. Office of Education reports that for the 13th consecutive year the nation's total school and college enrollment will increase, reaching a new all-time peak of approximately 43,135,000 in 1957-58. Thus, one out of every four persons in the United States will be attending school somewhere. *Science*

► SLEEPLESSNESS, according to one psychologist, is frequently caused by anxiety that keeps a person so "vigilant" he can't go to sleep. The insecurity apparently involved does not deal with robbers breaking in, the house burning down, or finances. It is, he says, an emotional insecurity that deals with the affections of others, and the feeling of not being accepted by them. *AMA*

► THE original painting of *Washington Crossing the Delaware* by Emanuel Leutze was destroyed in a 1942 air raid on Bremen, Germany. German-born Leutze painted the picture in 1851 for the United States Congress. When fire marred the canvas, he sold it to the German government. He did a copy for the Congress, but it was refused. The copy is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. *NGS*

► LIGHTNING bolts can be triggered by snow falling through electrically charged sections of clouds, it has been reported by scientists who say that snow in the upper part of a cloud has a positive charge, while the moist lower cloud is negatively charged. As the snow falls through it, the negative field is boosted to where it can release a giant spark that often shoots past the snow to the positively charged earth below. This, they say, is why lightning often accompanies a heavy downpour. The snow, falling in a large mass, melts at lower altitudes, takes on more water from the cloud, and reaches the ground as heavy rain. The data for the scientists' report were obtained on flights of B-17 bombers that flew 1,000 passes through the hearts of cumulus clouds. Induction voltmeters, instruments that measured the clouds' electric fields, were mounted on the wingtips. *University of Chicago*

► SOME airports are so large that tower operators cannot see across them in bad weather. Occasionally, airplanes are "lost" on such airports, causing severe disruption of traffic control. The Civil Aeronautics Administration is planning to use radar and/or television in control towers to spot these "missing" aircraft, and direct them to loading ramps. *Planes*

► THE discovery of a Byzantine castle thought to have been captured by King Richard the Lion-Hearted in 1191 has been announced by the Cyprus Antiquities Department in Nicosia, Cyprus. The fortress was discovered by archeologists excavating some ruins overlooking Paphos Harbor. *Science*

► EXTENDING many miles seaward from the shores of the continents are gradually sloping plains called continental shelves. At varying distances from the shores these shelves end abruptly in steep slopes that descend about 12,000 feet to the floor of the oceans. *Research Reviews*

► YOUNG patients who have to swallow colloidal barium preliminary to X-rays find the potion not so bad if taken through flavored straws—either strawberry or chocolate. Another inducement that has been used experimentally is to mix the barium with grape juice. *Scope*

► FIRST organized in 1844, members of New York City's original police force were nicknamed "leatherheads" because of the heavy leather helmets they wore. The force now numbers 23,000 men and operates on land, water, and also in the air with five helicopters. *N.Y. Visitors Bureau*

► ELEPHANTS make a dreadful din while feeding in the forest. Branches crack like pistol shots, and trees crash to earth. Yet, on scenting danger, the herd can move away almost in silence, hardly disturbing the foliage. *NGS*

► THE use of man-made fibers in the United States has multiplied by more than 18 times in per capita consumption since 1925, when rayon was the only synthetic fiber on the market. *Du Pont*

► A NEW automatic missile tracker can locate and photograph a supersonic object the size of a pop bottle from a distance of four miles. *Planes*

► CRETE, a 3,235-square-mile island in the Mediterranean, had the finest roads in the world 3,500 years ago. *NGS*

► BENEFICIAL changes in germ cells that create vigorous new lines of tomatoes and other plants are reported to result from atomic radiation. *Scope*

► A STUDY to determine to what extent antibiotic drugs are losing their effectiveness against certain infections has been announced by the Veterans Administration. *Science*

► THE number of people having investments in the American Steel Industry at the end of 1956 totaled 885,861—about 65,000 more than the number of employees in the industry. *AISI*

► OFFSPRING of the common opossum, the only marsupial living in the United States, are hardly bigger than a honeybee. Babies scramble into their mother's pouch and remain there until they are big and strong enough to thrive in the outside world. *NGS*

► ANOTHER role as predictor has been found for the electronic computer known as UNIVAC—this time in calculating the time and location of flood crests in tests that have been in progress since 1945. In one instance UNIVAC erred no more than a few inches over a three-week period. *Scope*

► THE people of San Francisco regard their cable cars not merely as transportation but as a traditional part of their city. They hold them in such deep affection that the city charter prevents any major alteration to the cable-car system without the people's consent. *Ford Times*

► IN Africa each year hundreds of rings used to mark migrant birds find their way into native women's jewel boxes. A Rhodesian ornithologist recently said that although he had broadcast in four dialects asking Africans to return rings found, not one had been handed in to the authorities. *Science*

► WITH 27 per cent of English words derived from Latin and Greek, persons with even a primary knowledge of these languages are able to use English more intelligently and appreciatively, according to a Los Angeles professor. He contends that the more familiar people are with the origin and meaning of words the less likely they are to misuse them. *University of California*



► WITH a one-place inflatable airplane already developed, work is now progressing on a two-place Inflatoplane like the accompanying artist's concept, which features side-by-side seating, a one-piece wing, and a cigar-shaped fuselage. Main material in the plane is a rubberized fabric. *Goodyear*