

THE ⁴⁸ *Youth's*
INSTRUCTOR

Donald B. Parkhurst started
something that hasn't ended
yet, when he wrote a

Letter to Boston

NOVEMBER 26, 1957

Bible Lesson for December 7



Thanksgiving Time*

Grace Notes

Dear Mom and Dad:

With the coming of another day of Thanksgiving I began to count all the things I have for which to be thankful. There are so many things—our little family of two lovely, healthy children, a fine husband, Christian friends—but tonight I'm thinking especially of those wonderful parents of mine. No, I surely wouldn't trade them for any price, and though separated by the vastness of an ocean, I cannot and will not forget all they've done to give me a Christian training, enabling me from babyhood, into childhood, through youth, and now in adulthood to enjoy the privilege, peace, and pleasure of living for Christ. The longer I live the more fully I realize that real pleasure and real peace comes only from a life that is in partnership with Christ, completely and entirely led by His will and guided by His Word.

It probably took a lot of uprooting and transplanting on your part, besides much hardship and untiring effort through the years, but I'll never cease to thank you for all the labor, time, and love it cost. Perhaps, unknowingly, it was in preparation for this great mission challenge that we've come to "such a time as this." Though at the time you may have wanted me to stay, as all parents would, perhaps you didn't realize it was your very training that led me to choose to accept this call to foreign service.

Yes, I shall always be thankful and deeply indebted to those wonderful parents of mine. And though in this life there seems to be no earthly reward, yet they shall have their reward in the earth made new. When the parents and the children gather in the last great reunion day, the question that Christ will ask the parents will not be, "How many churches did you raise or how many goals did you reach?" but, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?" And then these faithful parents with joy unutterable see the crown, the robe, the harp given to the children. The days of hope and fear are ended. The seed sown with tears and prayers may have seemed to be sown in vain, but their harvest is reaped with joy at last.

Their children have been redeemed. They may be men and women grown, but they have been blessed of God, till they stand as overcomers. Now you can say, "Here am I, Lord, and the children."

Will it be any wonder then that the children will be eternally grateful for Christian parents? How can they be otherwise?

And so dear Mom and Dad, accept this little letter as a token of deep appreciation to the most wonderful parents in the world.

Your loving daughter,

Dottie

* See Grace Notes.

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.

LETTER This week's editorial position is taken by a letter from a young mother in foreign mission service to her parents in the United States. The parents graciously share it with us, that our readers may know something of the spirit of true Missionary Volunteers.

BIBLE The American Bible Society supplied the photo on our cover and also the story of "Mary Jones and Her Bible" in this issue. For fourteen years the Society has sponsored a worldwide Bible-reading program from Thanksgiving to Christmas. In their poster they listed the 1,109 tongues in which all or a portion of the Scriptures are now available. The poster also carried this pointed challenge: "This list contains 1,109 languages. How many more are there to be done? No one knows, but surely more than a thousand. Hundreds which have only one or two Gospels should have the whole New Testament. Many should have the whole Bible."

BIBLE We particularly commend these five suggestions from one of the Society's Bible-reading bookmarks: 1. Set apart a definite time each day for serious reading of your Bible. 2. Read in company with someone else whenever you can. 3. Read thoughtfully, prayerfully, and slowly. "Not snapshots, but time exposures" should be the rule. 4. See a personal message, ready to respond to it. Your answer to God's message is vital. When He condemns, bow penitently. When He offers light, place your hope on it. When He guides, follow. When He commands, obey. 5. Reread verses which strike fire. Copy out a key verse which seems to speak directly to you. Carry it with you and refer to it throughout the day.

SERVICEMEN If the War Service Commission of the General Conference does not already have the names of servicemen you know who are Seventh-day Adventists, or whose immediate relatives are church members, here is what the serviceman is missing: The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, The Review and Herald, Listen, The Servicemen's Newsletter, and either These Times or the Signs of the Times. All they cost the serviceman is your time to supply his name and address to War Service Commission, General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, 6840 Eastern Avenue, NW, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 105, No. 48

November 26, 1957

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Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Assn., at Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C., U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D.C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, Review and Herald Publishing Assn., Washington 12, D.C.

Subscription rates: one year, \$5.75; two years, \$10.50; three years, \$14.25; six months, \$3.00; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$4.75; six months, \$2.50. Foreign countries where extra postage is required: one year, \$6.25; six months, \$3.25; in clubs of three or more, one year, each, \$5.25; six months, \$2.75. Monthly color edition, available overseas only, one year, \$1.75.

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No one could foresee the ever-widening circle of influence when I mailed a

Letter to Boston

By DONALD B. PARKHURST

THE letter I held in my hand said that Hazel, my sister, was about to get married, and wasn't there something I could do to talk her out of it? It was from Mother. She went on to explain that Hazel's fiancé was a pleasant young man, and all that, but he was a stanch member of a church that was almost certain to interfere in their domestic life if Hazel would not forsake her religion and join his. In short, this would mean another divided home, perhaps a broken one.

Although my parents and my sister are not Adventists, they are solidly Prot-

estant, and tend toward the Adventist Church perhaps more than to any other. They were glad when I told them a few years ago that I had been baptized. Since then I have been praying that they too will one day take their stand with the remnant church.

But if Hazel were to marry the man in question, she would be that much farther from our church, and perhaps beyond its reach altogether. In any case, I had seen too many broken homes to take the matter lightly. Hazel had practically nothing to guide her in making this decision. Perhaps I could tell her of the at-

titude of her fiancé's church toward mixed marriages, for she had no facts of this nature to go by.

That night I wrote Hazel a letter. After prayerful meditation I put the first of more than twenty pages in the typewriter and explained as well as I was able why she could not accept the religion of her fiancé and worship the things he worshiped, and remain true to the God of heaven at the same time. In doing this I had to set before her a sizable piece of Adventist philosophy, incorporating many ideas that were new to her.

I mailed the letter not knowing what effect, if any, it would have. Perhaps the whole letter was a blunder. If I should appear dogmatic or otherwise offensive, I could well drive her toward the tragedy I hoped to guard her against. But it was too late for a revision; the letter had dropped into the box. In a few days it would reach Boston. And then what?

Within a few weeks I received an answer. It was from Mother. Hazel had been very happy to hear from me. She appreciated the time and effort I had spent in explaining to her what such a marriage would mean. The twenty and more pages were a proof of my sincere interest in both her and her fiancé. And the marriage was off. Rather than cast a shadow over their future, she and her boy friend had come to the parting of the ways.

I admired Hazel for this decision. It was not an easy one. Sometimes a person would rather lose an arm than to separate from a lover. Jesus was aware of this when He promised a recompense: "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, . . . for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." God's blessing had attended my efforts, and had it been left with me I would have stopped here. I was satisfied with this measure of success.

But the Lord was not. The affair was not in my hands, but His, and He had other destinations in store for that letter and had prepared other hearts to receive its message.

When Hazel had finished with the letter, she laid it aside. My mother picked it up, wondering what on earth such a lengthy letter was about. She and my father read it together. She later remarked that they had never been so impressed with the truth of the Advent message. And since then they have been more receptive to the truth of Scripture, and this is no small thing.

Uncle George came to visit them that day. He drives a taxi in Boston, and often drops in to see my parents when business takes him that way. Mom wouldn't let him leave until she had read the letter aloud for his benefit. He listened patiently and without comment through the whole of it, which is not like

him at all. In all his years of churchgoing he had never heard anything like it. Could he borrow the letter for a while? Of course, if he wouldn't forget to return it. The taxi business could wait. He rode home and insisted that his family remain seated and attentive while he read the twenty-three single-spaced pages.

Uncle George then loaned the letter to a friend, who, in my uncle's opinion, was in need of it. For his friend, like my sister, was about to marry out of his religion and probably lose his own faith in the bargain. The friend took the letter home and read it. He changed his mind, also the course of his life.

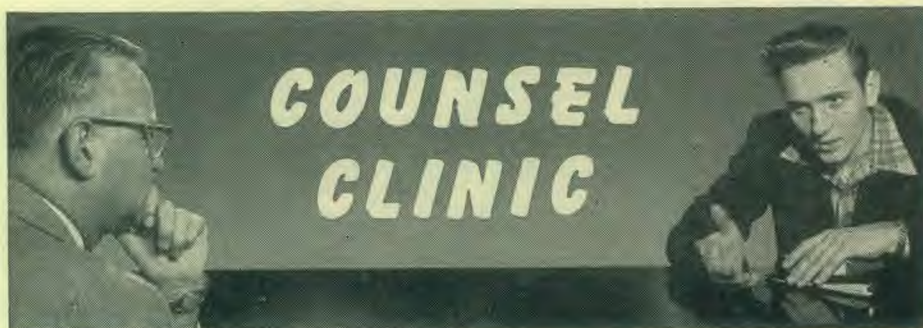
The words he had read he could not keep to himself. He had to share them. Besides, he had to find out how much of the letter was really true. Could he have it for a few days? Sure, if he wouldn't forget where he got it. Off he went with all twenty-three pages to his pastor's study.

Would the pastor have time to pass judgment on the contents of a letter? It expressed a strange point of view that seemed very reasonable. The pastor would be happy to examine it. My uncle's friend produced the letter. The pastor invited him to have a chair, for this would obviously take some time.

That did it, for he read it three times. Yes, he agreed thoughtfully, there was certainly something to it. On his third time through he took notes for sermon material and copied parts for further research. Something happened that day to his attitude toward Seventh-day Adventists. This was not just another off-brand religion; there was an unshakable logic there that demanded the respect of thinking men. The pastor returned the letter, thankful that he had been allowed to read it. Perhaps his congregation heard strange things from the pulpit the following Sunday.

So how can we measure the influence of our efforts for Christ? We can't, not in this life. A man may spend thirty years in intensive research to bring forth a masterly and monumental work on church history; another may have all he can do to raise his Ingathering goal, or distribute literature, or perhaps write a Christian letter. Who has done the greater service? What mortal man can be the judge of this? Great business foundations have piled millions upon millions in gifts to churches, but will any or all of this fortune equal the value of the widow's mite? A single stone can set in motion an avalanche. There is no such thing as a "small" act for God.

The letter? I never did hear what became of it. It's out of my hands, really. But the last I heard was that Uncle George finally got it back and was keeping it in the glove compartment of his cab. He reads portions of it to his passengers. So "my cup runneth over"—and the end is not yet.



J. BYRON LOGAN

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 I have a close friend who is a sophomore at a university. In his freshman year, one of his required courses was zoology. While he was taught zoology, he was also taught evolution. He just about believes in it. How can I explain that creation, not evolution, is true?

ANSWER Your university friend no doubt thinks he has evidences for his ideas about the origin of plants and animals, including man. But he ought to know that there are weighty evidences on the other side that he has probably never seen. I mean good solid, scientific evidences.

There is always a time lag of several years between the modern discoveries and their incorporation in textbooks. Also, textbooks propound only the most popular theories. Seldom does a student ever hear or see an unbiased presentation of the case. Yet surely a careful study of both sides would be the only wise thing. I would advise your friend to study such a book as *Life, Man, and Time*, by Frank Lewis Marsh.

He should also remember that neither he nor anybody else knows anything directly or at firsthand about the origin of

the world. All of us have to rely on evidences furnished by others. And these evidences for or against any idea about the beginning of things constitute only a minute fraction of the possible facts that might be available if we had firsthand knowledge. In the last analysis, any belief about origins must be a matter of faith.

I prefer to place my faith and confidence in the only Being who really knows, the One who actually created the world in the first place. He has left us an account of how He did it. And I prefer to trust this divine record, rather than to trust the guesses and devious reasonings of men.

ANSWER The Spirit of prophecy emphasizes the actuality of creation and the literal nature of the seven days of creation week. From *Spiritual Gifts*, volume 3, come such clear statements as the following: ". . . the first week, in which God performed the work of creation in six days and rested on the seventh day, was just like every other week."—Page 90. "But when men leave the Word of God in regard to the history of creation, and seek to account for God's creative works upon natural principles, they are upon a boundless ocean of uncertainty."

My Life Is Wonderfully Different

By DIANE MCCLELLAND

MY FATHER was a carpenter who worked for A. R. Gungl, a Seventh-day Adventist in Redding, California. We knew that the Gungls were true Christians, but we thought their religion was peculiar. I couldn't understand why they didn't eat meat. If God made animals, why didn't He want us to eat them? I couldn't see that a little jewelry or lipstick made any difference.

One evening after we first became acquainted with the Gungl family, my father invited them to our home. He wanted us to hear their youngest son, Steve, play the piano. Many evenings Daddy would be an hour or more late from work. Each time he would say, "I was listening to Steve play the piano."

As my father ate his lunch with Mr. Gungl one afternoon, they talked about the story of Jesus and the withered fig tree. Mr. Gungl asked my father whether he would like to have Bible studies. Daddy said he would, and invited the Gungls to our home that evening.

When he came home and told us, Mother and I didn't know quite what to think at first. Then we thought that they would want us to join their church. Daddy said we didn't have to join their church, but it certainly would be safe to learn more about the Bible.

About seven o'clock the Gungls arrived. Our first Bible study was shown on a screen, Mr. Gungl explaining the films as he showed them.

A few weeks passed by, and we were still having studies. Later Mr. Gungl used recorded studies.

It was a new experience for me. Mother had sent me to Sunday school when I was little, but I had stopped going as I grew older. I had attended a Vacation Bible School. But we never belonged to a church.

Some of the Bible studies were hard for me to understand, especially the prophecies of the four beasts, the great image, Armageddon, and the twenty-three hundred years. But even before we started the Bible studies, my parents had believed that the Adventists were keeping the right day for Sabbath. I had heard them discuss it, and they had convinced me. And they agreed fully with the tithing plan.

Several times Mr. Gungl said, "If at any

time you decide you don't want to continue these studies, don't be afraid to tell us. We don't want to push these studies on you just because I am your boss."

The summer passed quickly, and I began my first year of high school. After a few months I began to dislike school. Many of the boys seemed coarse and rough, and there were only a few girls that I could associate with closely. I guess I was realizing more and more what was true religion.

By this time the Gungls had invited us to church. At first we went just to church and not to Sabbath school. The people were so friendly that we were encouraged to continue going. The very first Sabbath we were invited out for dinner.

One day after church we were invited to eat at the park with the Gungls. After lunch we walked down by the Sacramento River to watch the salmon jump. As we were coming back, Mrs. Gungl and her daughter-in-law invited us to go to Sabbath school. The very next week we accepted their invitation. I was a little timid to go into a strange room, for I only knew one person, Frances, whom I had met during the Bible studies. As Mr. Gungl took me to the Sabbath school room downstairs, I noticed how friendly the young people were. When he asked me where I would like to sit, several girls said, "Oh, let her sit here." It made me feel comfortable.

When I went to church on Sabbath, I didn't wear any lipstick, and during the week I gradually began to wear less at high school. But I loved jewelry, and was still wearing it.

When the Bible studies were finished, the Gungls said they would come and visit us sometimes and answer any questions that we might have about the Bible.

About that time Mother asked them about my attending the Four-H Club meetings on Friday night. Of course they knew it was not in harmony with Sabbath observance, but Mr. Gungl read me some texts from the Bible to help me decide for myself. One was Isaiah 58: 13, 14—"If thou turn away thy foot from



EWING GALLOWAY

Many a young person has experienced the "wonderful difference" that comes with a changed life.

the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord."

I knew then I would have to give up the Four-H Club work, even though I was striving for the pin with four green leaves. Mother, Daddy, and I went to my leader and told her of my decision. She was most understanding.

The first night the pastor came to visit us Mother asked him about her wedding ring. He said she did not have to give it up if she did not want to, but that Adventists thought it was the proper thing to do. I still remember that night because I was wearing a blue stone ring. But it quickly vanished during the conversation.

Before I hardly realized it, the date for our baptism was arranged. To this day I have never regretted the time when Mother, Daddy, and I stood for Christ in baptism. My life is wonderfully different now from what it was before, and I am very thankful—to the Gungl family for being so patient with us, and to God for guiding us to become Seventh-day Adventists.

A LITTLE more than a century and a half ago, a girl's craving for a Bible of her own opened a new field of Christian endeavor that has had no parallel in history.

Then—as now—millions were without the Word of God. But little Mary Jones, daughter of a Welsh weaver, did not think of the problems of millions. She knew only that she wanted a Bible and that it was her own personal problem.

* The story of how she got her Bible is one of the most heart-warming tales of faith. First she had to learn to read, then spend six years saving. When at last she had accumulated enough for her purchase, she trudged barefoot for twenty-five miles to learn that Bibles no longer were being published in her native Welsh, and that none was obtainable.

It was Thomas Charles, a minister in the village of Bala, in Wales, who gave the girl her Book in the year 1800. From that small incident in a remote hamlet, sprang a movement that has seen the publication and distribution of more than 1.2 billion copies of the Scriptures at least in part, in more than 1,100 languages and dialects.

To the minister it had been evident for years that the supply of Bibles for the Welsh people had been pitifully inadequate, and every effort to get more had fallen upon agencies already overburdened with other duties or had resulted



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR.

Eskimo children at a home maintained by the U.S. Department of the Interior in Wrangell, Alaska, display some of the copies of the New Testament provided for them by the American Bible Society.

Mary Jones and Her Bible

By THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

Left: Two Aymara Indians, natives of Bolivia, enjoy reading aloud from the Scriptures in their own language. Right: Boon Mark, a Christian colporteur in Thailand, captures the interest of a Buddhist priest, with the story of the gospel.

PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



in prices too high for the scanty means of the people.

In that same year 1800, an edition of 10,000 Bibles was exhausted in four months and whole districts failed to receive any. Two years later, Mr. Charles tentatively suggested to some friends on a committee of a religious tract society his idea for a new society. The society would supply Scriptures for the people of Wales.

The idea caught fire. The alert mind of Joseph Hughes saw its possibilities. "If for Wales, why not for the kingdom? Why not for the world?" Why not, indeed?

On March 7, 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was launched. There are now twenty-four national Bible societies, all joined in the United Bible Societies, and they are currently distributing 20 million volumes of Scriptures each year.

Other Christian organizations, in Britain and Germany, had undertaken some responsibility for Scripture supply prior to 1804, but they had only signaled the coming event. With rare foresight, the British committee realized it could not accomplish its task alone. Representatives were dispatched to other countries in Europe and America, and forty-eight Bible societies grew in the next twelve years.

In America, the first Bible society was formed in Philadelphia in 1808 and a hundred others followed quickly, until, in 1816, a national body, the American Bible Society was established. Today, the American society provides more than half of the total world distribution.

Although the 1954 jubilee year was observed with proper appreciation and thanksgiving for the accomplishments of the past, it was also an occasion for serious reflection on the work still to be done. Hundreds of millions of people are still without their copies of the Scriptures, and the number grows greater, rather than less, each year.

Despite the amazing record of some twenty million copies distributed annually, the total does not even keep up with the birth rate—much less keep up with the needs of replacements and the needs of the newly literate. Almost 30 millions are added to the earth's population each year.

The aim of the societies is to increase distribution to keep pace with the birth rate. By 1960, it is hoped that 50 million copies will be distributed annually.

To Mary Jones, sobbing before the Rev. Thomas Charles, it was small comfort that a copy of the Bible was available in English. She could read only Welsh. A century and a half later, as whole nations become suddenly literate and as the art of printing explores new horizons, the goal "To each in his own tongue" becomes a realizable accomplishment.

According to His Purpose

By GLADYS KING TAYLOR



PART THREE

GREETINGS over, Cordelia's new father and Uncle Arthur went together to stable the horse for the night, while Catherine and Aunt Suzanne set about preparing the supper.

"Where did you get such big, smooth love apples?" Aunt Suzanne admiringly asked Catherine, referring to some large ripe tomatoes on the mantel.

"Oh, Ab planted some out past the wood lot."

"You know, Catherine, I hear some people are eating them, and that they really aren't poisonous," continued Aunt Suzanne.

"Eating them!" repeated Catherine with consternation. "What will folks be doing next?"

"They call them tomatoes. They cut them open, sprinkle on a bit of sugar or even salt, and eat them raw. I haven't dared try one myself. I'm still afraid that some, at least, might be poisonous. Mushrooms are that way, you know—some poisonous, some not."

"Now, come to think," Catherine admitted, "just the other day Ab said he saw the chickens eating at the ripe ones, and some birds flew up from the vines as he went near one morning. And Ab

says that Jake, the old Indian that used to come to his father's place when he was a lad, said to him one day, 'Old Injun Jake watch 'em bird. Berry bird eat, berry Jake eat. Jake no see bird eat 'em pokeberry; Jake no eat 'em pokeberry. Jake see bird eat 'em elderberry and eat 'em mulberry; Old Jake eat 'em elderberry and eat 'em mulberry. Mind, lil Abslum, berry bird no eat, lil Abslum no eat.' And Ab says that if what Old Jake said is true, maybe love apples are all right to eat, because the chickens and the birds are eating them. But Ab hasn't trusted himself to eat one yet. I wonder what they taste like."

Cordelia had been shyly watching her younger sister Angeline, half remembering the blurred past, still much confused with the present realities. But conversation about Indians and poison "apples" penetrated her sensitive ears, and as the talk of the women changed to the new cloth called silk taffeta, and how Cousin Lizzie was wearing the first dress of it in all the countryside, Cordelia slipped silently outside to seek the protection she felt in being near her Uncle Arthur.

Men's voices came from the barn lot, so she sped in that direction as fast as little crutches can carry a little person, not slowing her pace until she saw the men. Momentarily halting his conversation with Absalom, Uncle Arthur lifted Cordelia to his shoulders, carrying her along with them to the house.

The evening passed with busy visiting over the supper table, and late bedtime. Finally Catherine took Angie, who had fallen asleep on Absalom's lap, and put her to bed.

Absalom then spoke to Cordelia. "You come see me a while now, Cory."

Cordelia left the low stool near Uncle Arthur and approached her new father

Apostrophe

By juliette sierra andré

If you have shaped a form in timeless stone
Or breathed a loveliness into transcendent song,
Mayhap brought the expressionless canvas
Into meaning with rich pulsating hues,
Or strung melodic, lambent words
On chains of lyric verse . . .
If you have placed the splendor of vibrant thought
Between the protecting covers of a book,
To endure and lead and teach
Beyond finale of diminished breath;
And at last go down to the dreamless dust . . .
Perhaps forgotten, or hungry and alone,
To the insensitive world you leave a legacy
Richer than cold wealth willed to worldly aims;
And though it realizes not, it is your debtor into infinity;
For you have made this world the kindlier
By your qualifying beauty, and more tenderly loving
By your ethereal craft.

for the first time. She had been sitting quietly, listening, thinking, until spoken to. Her mind had gone back to the picture of a pale man on a cot, who had placed his hand on her head, saying, "God bless my child."

"That was my daddy, my very own father," she thought. "They say this man is my new father. What shall I call him? 'Father'? 'New father'? Maybe I should call him 'Uncle.' Aunt Suzanne calls Uncle Arthur 'Arthur.' I call him 'Uncle Arthur.' Mother calls this man 'Ab.' Maybe I should call him 'Uncle Ab.' That's it—'Uncle Ab.' Uncle Arthur is the nicest man I know. 'Uncle' will be a nice name for this man too. I think I'm going to like him."

His invitation startled her out of her sleepy reverie. As he drew her to his knee, she looked earnestly into his face, and said, "Can I call you 'Uncle Ab.'?"

"Call me anything you like, child. A dozen children call me that. That's a fine name for a fellow like me. Want a story 'fore you go to sleep?"

She nodded. "A story of when you were a little boy and saw an Indian."

Cordelia was just past eight when the first Christmas in her new home was approaching. Like other children her age, she had heard and read a few Christmas stories.

"Let's hang up our stockings," she whispered to little sister Angeline, "and if we are good, maybe they'll be filled."

The two of them decided to hang their stockings by the fireplace. What fun to see if they would really be full in the morning! Cordelia believed almost anything *could* happen here, where after many months of pain she had suddenly come into the happiness her new home afforded.

The stockings hung unnoticed until her mother arose to prepare breakfast. "What silly notions has that child got into her head now? Well, we'll stop that!" An apple and some nuts went into the toe of Angeline's woolly stocking, but Cordelia's was filled to the top with corn cobs.

"For shame, Catherine! Quick! Empty it before the child awakens!" It was her conscience that spoke. But she did not heed.

She had seen little of Cordelia for three years. The girl had been in the home of others during her illness, and for this reason Catherine hadn't fully known her suffering, nor did she realize how sensitive the long illness and the permanent physical handicap had made her. She meant only to disillusion Cordelia by a practical joke, unaware that Cordelia would not be able to understand.

Eager anticipation of a new adventure caused Cordelia and Angeline to awaken early, with the sound of the crackling fire, and of the breakfast things being moved about on the table.

Springing out of bed, the children ran to their stockings. Angeline danced around

with an apple in one hand, shaking the nuts in her stocking with the other.

Cordelia, conquering her first disappointment, emptied her stocking to the toe. She sat on the floor a sad little statue. Catherine broke the spell by laughing aloud, never dreaming how Cordelia was hurt.

Uncle Ab entered from his early chores. After shaking the snow from his cap and jacket and stomping his boots by the door, he approached the fireplace rubbing his hands to get them warm.

Cordelia lifted reproachful eyes as if to ask, "Did you do this to me?" Uncle Ab stood a moment viewing the cobs and the empty stocking. Then with a whisk the cobs were in the fire. He went across the room to where his greatcoat hung, and drew from its pocket a paper bag. From the bag he put into Cordelia's reticent hand a stick of red and white peppermint candy.

Christmas breakfast was eaten in silence. But the cobs still glowing in the fireplace and the peppermint in Cordelia's hand fixed forever in her heart a fondness for Uncle Ab.

The attachment between Cordelia and Uncle Ab became more firmly cemented during their weekly walks to the country Sunday school.

The first day Cordelia went to Sunday school her teacher gave her a little paper pansy. "'Pansy' means 'thought,'" the teacher said, "and this little pansy stands for a little thought that you will take home with you and keep in your heart all week. And if you learn the verse, I'll give you one of these little verse cards to keep."

Those words were her first conscious challenge. The verse for the next Sunday was short: "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down." But Cordelia learned it with such earnestness that it became an inner light that shone upon the road her heart traveled. And at the end of a quarter of Sundays the teacher chose for her a special card with white doves and forget-me-nots.

Moreover, the director of the Sunday school was a man who encouraged the children to use the Bible. He had a custom of quoting a Bible text or relating a Bible incident, and then asking the children to tell him the next Sunday where in the Bible the text or story could be found.

One Sunday he said, "Now, children, your next week's lesson is about the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. Here is a picture of it. You see Jesus is riding on a donkey, because the Bible story says that's the way He went into the city. But there was a man who lived a long, long time before Jesus did who knew that there was going to be a man like Jesus and that He was going to ride into Jerusalem like a king. Now this is what that wise man said: 'He is just, and

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What's on Your Mind?

By GEOFFREY E. GARNE



LEVINE, FROM MONKMEYER

Your mind is a factory. Its products are thoughts. The nature of the thoughts produced is determined by the manager in charge and the quality of raw materials used.

IF YOUR thoughts for one week could be put down on paper, what kind of reading would they make?

Would the product be a ten-cent trash magazine filled with the sordid and the mundane? Would it be simply a digest reflecting the opinions and ideas of other people? A fashion book on adornment, dress, and styles? Or a motor magazine with space for only latest-model cars?

Might we have opened before us as your thoughts for a week a comic strip? Or might the publication be a Sunday newspaper with so much room for everything that its columns are full of nothing really worth while? Could it be, on the other hand, that we would have in our possession a journal containing a wealth of knowledge and information that would enrich the lives of men?

Would we be able, maybe, to open the cover of a songbook, ringing with songs of salvation and the music of heaven? Would we be turning the pages of a twentieth-century version of "The Gospel According to You," which would compel us to exclaim, "The story of Jesus *must* be true. See what He is doing for modern youth"?

What title would we have to find for the volume if your thoughts for one week were to be published as a book? Here is a suggestive list:

"The Great Book of Complaints and Grievances"
"The Cruelty of Life"

"The Nonsense Book"
"The Book of Imaginary Hurts and Ills"
"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"
"Wine, Women, and Song"
"Castles in the Air"
"Heaven Can Wait"
"Earthbound"

I hope that in selecting your title we would be able to hurry past the names above and make a selection here:

"Alone With God"
"Faith for Today"
"The Life of Victory"
"One Thousand Beautiful Things"
"Songs of Salvation"
"Adventures in Christian Living"
"Life Through the Eyes of an Optimist"
"Friends I Am Proud to Know"
"The Glories of Nature"
"How to Help My Fellow Men"
"Behold the Lamb of God"

How can I develop a mind that produces noble thoughts? Is it possible to cultivate worth-while thoughts, or must I sit back and accept for the rest of my life the thought-patterns that have grown up with me?

Thought-habits can be changed. There is something that can be done about these minds of ours. Two important facts have to be taken into account, on which the whole matter of our thinking hinges: 1. Who is in control of your mind? 2. What goes into your mind?

Your mind is a factory. Its products are thoughts. The nature of the thoughts that your factory produces will be determined by the manager in charge.

Say, for instance, that you had a factory filled with sugar, wheat, rye, and yeast, and you had to appoint one of two men as a manager of the factory. If you were to appoint a baker as your manager, what do you suppose he would be likely to make out of the sugar, the wheat, the yeast, and the rye? Bread, of course. But suppose you appointed a brewer. What then would be the product? Almost certainly, beer.

Yet the same ingredients would be used to manufacture in the one case food and in the other case poison. One would produce a blessing, and the other a curse.

No matter how good the material with which you fill your mind, that is not in

itself sufficient. First of all, you must decide who is going to take control, and then you must decide what you are going to put into your mind. Who is going to be the manager of your thought-factory? Jesus Christ, or His archenemy, Satan? It

must be one or the other. Settle it in your mind once and for all that it cannot be both. Christ or Satan must move out. It's up to you which it is going to be.

The second point: What goes in? Let us suppose that we were on a tour

through a factory town. But we decided to walk around the back street, where there are no signs telling us just what each factory makes. As we stand by one of the big buildings, we see a lot of milk, sugar, cocoa, nuts, cherries, and raisins being taken in. What shall we decide is made here? Candy, of course.

We go farther and see a factory where steel and metal of all kinds are taken in, as well as screws and bolts, pistons and crankshafts, and other interesting mechanical objects. What do they make here? Machinery. We come then to a factory where we see pigs being driven in by the hundreds. You can smell what is going to come out here—Bologna, bacon, Vienna sausages, ham.

Would you expect to see automobiles coming from the factory where you saw pigs going in? Would you expect to see chocolates coming from the factory where you saw metal going in? Or sausage from the factory where the cherries, nuts, and cream went in?

It's the same with the mind. The mind can only be expected to manufacture the type of thoughts for which raw material is supplied. A girl who provides her mind with love stories, movies, novels, and dance halls cannot be expected to think thoughts that are pure and holy. A boy whose mind is fed on Wild Westerns, comics, and off-color jokes cannot be expected to think thoughts that are elevated or inspiring.

On the other hand, what kind of thoughts will be the product of the mind that is filled with the Bible and prayer, a mind fed with stories that thrill and inspire and challenge to vigorous service for Christ?

How important then that only the best should be allowed an entrance to our minds! This matter of our thinking is not something that can be trifled with. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

Whatever you think in weal or in woe, Think nothing you would not want Jesus to know.

Whenever you speak in a whisper, or clear, Speak nothing you would not want Jesus to hear.

Whatever you read, though the page may allure, Read nothing, unless you are perfectly sure Consternation would not be seen in your look If Jesus said solemnly, "Show me that book."

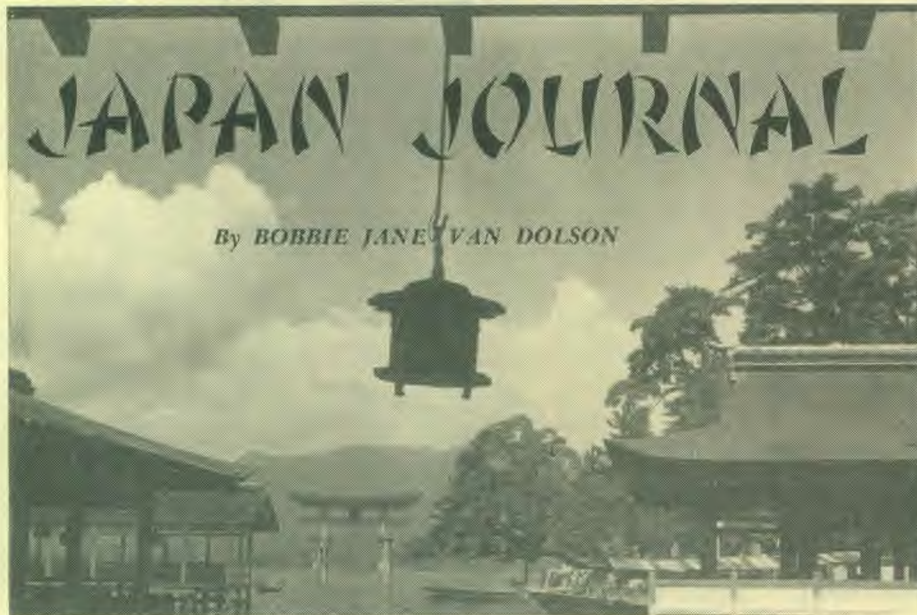
Whatever you sing in the midst of your glees, Sing nothing Christ's listening ear would displease.

Whatever you write in haste or in heed, Write nothing you would not want Jesus to read.

Whatever you do in work or in play, Do nothing you'll think of in sorrow some day.

Wherever you go, never go where you fear To have Jesus ask you, "What doest thou here?"

—Anonymous



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE EMBASSY OF JAPAN

MANY of the Far Eastern countries are tropical—and depressingly hot most of the time. This is not true, however, of Japan. We have distinct seasons here, and the change is pleasant, although the island humidity is very noticeable.

Folks here from the Midwestern section of America smile when they hear that the temperature seldom gets above 100 degrees. But after they have sweltered through the August heat and shivered through the piercing cold of January, they understand better what we mean when we claim to have very cold winters and very hot summers.

When spring comes after the long winter, its effect on the Japanese people is seen almost immediately. It is as if new life has come to them. Children, free of the cumbersome quilted garments of winter, flock into the streets to jump rope or spin tops. Their eyes sparkle and their cheeks are rosy from the still-sharp touch of the spring winds.

A shadow darts by, swooping low and nearly touching the tile roofs, and someone calls, "There's a swallow!" Sure enough. The swallows, heralds of the Japanese spring, have returned, and each happy pair hurries to the mud nest that was left in the fall and begins spring housecleaning. The swallows love people and always build in some well-inhabited spot—a station, a shop, or someone's front porch.

In late March the tight buds of the cherries open, and for a few brief days

the famed Japanese cherry blossoms hold sway over the land. There is nothing more startlingly beautiful than a giant, gnarled tree in full bloom, dripping its pale blossoms over an ancient wall. It is lovely—until some capricious spring storm sweeps by and washes the fragile petals into soggy piles in the street.

By the end of June we know that summer has come. A hot mist settles down on the green hills behind the house. The grass grows faster than we can mow it, and all green things, everywhere, are luxuriant. We hurry to pack the winter clothes away in camphor and make quick checks to be sure that all the walnuts are cracked and the whole-wheat flour kept free of weevils. When we get up in the morning we are still weary and so hot and sticky that getting dressed is a problem.

In summer the children's friends come to play, and our yard becomes a little United Nations. Their playmates come from many countries—India, Turkey, Japan, China, England, America, and Australia. They answer to such names as Suresh, Adib, Murad, Chiyaki, Liang, and Robin. They alternately lie in the shade of the umbrella trees and play lively games that make the rest of us pant to watch, and—if I'm kind enough to make it—drink glasses and glasses of cool punch.

The nights stay hot into September, and the upstairs bedrooms are almost unbearable. "Do you realize," we say to each other, "that in four months we'll be blue with cold?" It hardly seems possible in summer.



MARIJUANA

By ZELLA JOHNSON HOLBERT

more of the "new kind" of cigarettes. The price may be two for a quarter. As the habit is formed the price goes to fifty cents or even a dollar apiece. Then as soon as possible the peddler switches his customer to morphine or heroin, which nets him a much larger profit and makes the victim his permanent customer.

As you drive along the highway in almost any State you may see marijuana growing wild. It is a beautiful plant of rich dark green, and grows to twelve feet, reaching maturity in three months. It was introduced into the United States from Mexico and swept across the continent with incredible speed.

Marijuana is sometimes mixed with tobacco and smoked in a pipe, but more commonly, it is made into cigarettes. If the cigarette is made of pure marijuana the ends are closed to keep the seeds from falling out. Peddlers often disguise them by placing tobacco in each end of the cigarette.

Because marijuana is so abundant it is a comparatively cheap drug, but, because of its rapidly increasing use in cigarettes a pound brings \$200 to \$300.

"After I had been smoking awhile," stated a university professor, "I found myself sitting in an ink bottle. I peeped over the edge of the bottle. I wrote a book. I was in the bottle two hundred years. Then I flew around the world several times." This is the report given by a professor of psychology after he had performed an experiment on himself by smoking marijuana.

Marijuana reacts differently upon different people, but a common feeling is one of exaltation and good will; the world seems wonderful and everybody is happy. The user feels light and free, the life of the party, able to step over a house if necessary. Space stretches out indefinitely: a small room may become a ballroom. Time is like rubber as minutes lengthen into hours. The drop of a pin may sound like a clap of thunder and driving at eighty miles an hour seems like going twenty.

Suddenly the emotions may change and the smoker becomes sullen and quiet, or he may burst into tears or shout with laughter at a mere trifle. He may

imagine himself to be some famous person—president of the United States, a four-star general, a big league champion. If he continues to smoke marijuana his body will probably be filled with unendurable pain, excruciating cramps, and loss of memory, only to be followed, without warning, by insanity.

Victor, nineteen, sat sobbing in a Tampa, Florida, jail. He wondered why his parents didn't come to help him. He didn't know that his father and mother were dead, that his two brothers and his sister were also dead, and that he was the one who had killed them.

His father had made marijuana cigarettes and Victor had peddled them to the students at the high school he attended. He had smoked several during the afternoon. After going to bed he was suddenly obsessed with the feeling that his father and mother were plotting to cut off his arms and legs. In the middle of the night he arose, took an ax, and hacked the family to pieces while they slept.

That's marijuana!

Young people in many places are acquiring the marijuana habit in alarming numbers. The results are unfailingly tragic. Not to inform them of this deadly enemy is to leave them defenseless before the vicious peddler. Every parent owes it to his children to tell them of the terrible effects of this weed—to state the facts clearly, to do it before the narcotic peddler arrives.

A campaign of education should be started in every school so that students will never be deceived by the recommendations of the peddlers, but will know of the insanity, the disgrace, the horror that marijuana can bring to its victim. Homes and schools need to stress the major objectives of education—good health habits, good citizenship.

A return to fundamental Christianity will do much to stamp out this deadly enemy. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost . . . and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price." When young people believe this, they will be safeguarded not only against marijuana but against other habits that destroy also.

ANYTIME he takes a notion he can walk across the ocean," are words from a popular song referring to "that funny reefer man." "Funny," if you can think of him that way as he stands in front of a high school disguised as a fruit peddler selling marijuana cigarettes to students who, as a result of using them, may be led to lie, steal, and kill.

Dope in its various forms—morphine, cocaine, marijuana, and the like—is one of the serious menaces we face today.

In 1917 the shrewd tobacco companies started a propaganda drive to give cigarettes to the soldiers. The drive was successful. Now nearly everybody smokes.

Cigarette sales have grown to more than 20 billion packs a year. Every unwary cigarette smoker is a marijuana prospect. It is so easy for a peddler to approach a boy or girl with an unlighted cigarette and say, "Can you spare a light?" He gives a few puffs then as an act of courtesy says, "Try one of my cigarettes. They are a new special kind with a real kick. You'll like them—take two or three."

After two or three have been smoked the peddler is usually sought out for



A. DEVANEY

Wheel chair and crutches—symbols of the unexpected challenge Don faced when he heard the stunning sentence: "You cannot walk." However, he gritted his teeth and squared his T-shirt-clad shoulders.



THE girls' dormitory swam giddily in the distance as I struggled to focus my eyes on it. I returned from my Sabbath afternoon walk with a sick headache, and I could hardly bear to look down at the hazy gravel that

would lead me eventually to the swirling brick building many long paces away.

I clamped my teeth together in defiance of the pains that beat tenaciously against my forehead. As I forced my legs

to move, every muscle and nerve in my body tightened.

"I can't walk that far," I said weakly. The dormitory seemed to recede rapidly as helplessness hit me in the stomach.

Finally—I don't remember how long it took me—I neared a long row of houses which marked the outskirts of the campus and felt I could go no farther.

"Hi!" A childish voice broke through the dull fog in my mind.

"Hello," I muttered, almost angry at having to turn my throbbing head in the direction of the voice. I squinted as I made out the form of a swing hanging from a tree bough and a small boy darting back and forth, back and forth.

"What are you doing?" he asked cheerfully. I steadied myself on the fence in front of me.

"Walking," I replied halfheartedly,

Real swings go up and down.

can exist in a person's heart to

S W

dismayed to see that the dormitory was still several blocks ahead of me.

"I'm swinging! See how high? Yesterday I couldn't swing this high." Then he added brightly, "Isn't that funny? One day you can't do something and the next day you can."

He jumped out of the swing and ran on his way. I leaned my head against the fence railing.

As I began to walk, I heard his words at every step. "Isn't it funny? One day you can't do something, and the next day you can." After a few minutes I could see the sidewalks of the campus, then the dormitory steps, then the door. . . .

For the next few days I was only semi-conscious. When I awoke—every once in a while—I tried to remember what had happened. Then those cheerful little words came echoing back. "You can . . . you can . . . you can . . ."

That little child could swing higher, and I could walk farther by saying "I can." Even though at the time I was sure I could never get myself up those dormitory steps unaided, the next minute I had, with sheer determination.

Some swings, however, are broken and useless. That was the plight of Don, a college classmate who had been a serviceman during a peacetime operation in Japan. Overseas he developed arthritis in his knees and feet and was returned to the States.

After being admitted to a hospital he was stunned by a ruthless sentence: "You cannot walk." Heretofore life had been brimming with activity—hikes, games, racing, sports. It was a staggering blow. However, as was his habit, he squared his T-shirt-clad shoulders and gritted his teeth.

Months came and went, patiently and impatiently.

As he lay on his bed one morning with his eyes closed, he heard a familiar voice.

"Hello there, Don. How are the legs this morning?" the doctor asked briskly as he began his rounds.

"Same as ever," replied Don. Then the

While a freshman English student at Southwestern Junior College the author wrote this article as an encouragement to others. To earn about half of her expenses for studies as a religion major she has worked as a secretary to the business manager of the college, and as secretary to a district attorney.

WALKING HIGHER

By LINDA LOUISE MCCULLOUGH

shadow on his face disappeared and he grinned. "No kidding, Doc. I'm O.K."

"Well, you're looking fine. Coming along just fine."

"Yeah," Don muttered. "Oh say, I almost forgot. It's—uh—it's all right if I go to the library this afternoon, isn't it?" he asked, dropping his eyes so the physician wouldn't see the mischief written in them.

"Sure thing." The doctor walked on through the ward, stopping to chat here and there. Don watched him as he opened the end door and went out into the hallway.

"Hey, Cleve!" Don motioned to one of his Ward 3 comrades hobbling past on crutches.

"Huh?" answered Cleve, as he turned toward him.

"Cleve, would you like to make a business deal?"

"What kind of business deal?" Cleve balanced on his "sticks."

"Well," hesitated Don, "it's more of a favor, really. Oh, don't leave yet. I just want to borrow your crutches a few minutes this afternoon." He saw his listener's eyes condemning him. "Look, Cleve. I *know* I can walk if they'll just give me a chance. Come on."

Cleve tried to look very stern, and finally a grin wreathed his face and he laughed. "It's a deal!"

A few minutes after lunch Don was in a wheel chair rolling toward the hospital library, with his accomplice walking beside him on the prized crutches.

As they neared the library, Don was seized by a frightening feeling of dread. He broke out in a cold sweat. Doubt began to break through all his determination. "Was I just kidding myself? Did I really think that I could walk? Am I so dumb as to think all those doctors don't

know their business when they say I can't walk?"

He came back to reality as he found himself surrounded by aisles of books and heard Cleve talking to him.

"O.K., kid. The show's all yours."

Don hesitated, then grasped the offered crutches and pointed to the wheel chair.

"Hold it for me?" he asked.

After a few minutes of tedious concentration and physical maneuvering, Don was standing, leaning all his weight on the crutches.

"I'm afraid to put any weight on my feet." He laughed nervously. Then he became dead serious, a beady line of perspiration appearing on his forehead. He allowed a little pressure on one foot. Slowly—very slowly—he eased a bit of weight on his other foot. Suddenly, his legs gave way, and he fell back to the safety of the wheel chair.

Time after time he tried—and failed to take even one step. He kept muttering through his teeth: "I've got to walk. I must . . . If only I don't fall this time . . . I can . . ."

A few minutes later, as Cleve pushed his wheel chair underneath him, Don sat down with a great sigh. He had taken a step. Just one, but it was enough. He had known he could, and he grinned to himself as he wheeled the chair triumphantly back to his bed.

As weeks came and went, one step became two, two became four, and in a month Don had graduated to walking canes. Finally the day came when he could walk by himself and no longer had to keep his walking a secret.

As Don told me this story, I looked at his tall, well-built frame stretched out on the grass beside me and thought about the odds he had overcome.

Swinging was hard for Don, but he won the battle by persistently saying, "I know I can walk if they'll just give me a chance." Now height holds no limits for Don. With "I can" he repaired the irreparable swing and flew right over the treetops. One day he couldn't walk, the "next" he could.

Sometimes the heights to be attained are not tangible goals that can be achieved by crutches or canes grasped in one's hand. They can be within a person. Not only do real swings go up and down, but ups and downs exist in a person's heart too.

Keith knew very well what ups and downs were, even though he was a popular campus figure, an excellent sportsman with a spark in his personality that made him liked by almost everyone.

One evening after supper, he was running across the campus toward the gym when his roommate called to him.

"Hey, Keith! Let's go to Colporteur Club!"

"Can't do it, Deane! Got a hot game of basketball to play!" Deane just shrugged his shoulders and nodded as Keith continued across the lawn.

A few hours later that same night, as the two boys were in their room preparing for bed, Deane said casually, "I—ah—I surely could have used you at the club tonight."

Keith shifted his feet. "Oh? Sorry I couldn't be there. We had a great game too."

After the lights had gone out, Keith lay looking at the darkness, and thinking about Deane's remark. Ever so slightly his conscience began to prick. As the minutes went by, it became more and more intense.

CONSCIENCE: I guess you know that you should have gone to the club and helped Deane, don't you?

KEITH: Now, listen, you know I had to play that game, and don't go telling me that there is anything wrong with that.

CONSCIENCE: Nothing. Nothing at all when it doesn't run into selfishness.

KEITH: Me? Selfish? Why, that's absurd. I do things for people all the time. Why only the other day—

CONSCIENCE: That is not the issue. What I'm trying—

KEITH: Oh, be quiet, will you?

Tossing and turning occupied about thirty minutes. Then he sat up in bed and whispered softly:

"Deane? Are you asleep?" Since Deane replied in the negative, Keith drew in a deep breath and carefully inquired: "Deane, why is it I never see you playing any kind of basketball, or anything?"

"I'd like to study with you about that sometime," his roommate replied carefully. "Let's see what the Spirit of prophecy says about sports."

"I *know* what Mrs. White says. That's why I never look." Keith lay back down and turned his back to silence the con-

Ambassadors Unawares

By TOMMY TUCKER

WHEN the bus was rerouted in September there was probably no one more concerned than the Roberts. They live on a corner, and the new route provided a bus stop directly before their house.

Each morning, at about seven-forty-five, the large bus came roaring to a stop to let a single man get on, and then roared away. Invariably this was just during morning worship.

But as is often the case, the Roberts family was soon adjusted to the morning interruption, and it was almost forgotten.

Mr. Roberts believed that right after breakfast the family should not only study the lesson for the day from the Sabbath school *Quarterly* but should also discuss other aspects of the Seventh-day Adventist's beliefs. He wanted each of his children to grow up with a full understanding of their religion. So each morning there was a discussion. Doubts were aired, confusion cleared, as various beliefs were brought out into the light, examined, studied, and then dropped only when there were no more questions.

One morning Paul, the oldest son, wondered why it is so important that Saturday

be kept instead of Sunday. "Perhaps the same day that we call Saturday was not always Saturday. Maybe some place along the line it got mixed up. Maybe the original Saturday is now a Sunday or Monday," he said.

Sue brought up another point. "It says the seventh day in the Bible. Well, I was talking to a woman down the street, and she said that Sunday was the seventh day too. The Bible, she said, means that you keep just one day in every seven as your Sabbath. So Sunday, being one day in seven, was her seventh-day."

Mr. Roberts talked at length on this, and paused as the bus neared and the roar of the engine grew louder. But, surprisingly enough, the bus didn't stop, but went on by. Mr. Roberts looked up. "I wonder—" he glanced out of the open window. "Why, look, the man is still standing there. I wonder why he didn't take the bus this morning."

The family stopped to glance out of the window, and then returned to the discussion.

To their surprise, in the weeks that followed, every once in a while the man would be there but would not take the bus. Most of the time, however, he did

take the bus. And there seemed no explanation why some days he would let the bus go by.

Then one morning they were surprised to hear a knock on their door after worship.

Mr. Roberts recognized the man immediately, and asked him in.

"I'm John Henshaw," the man said, smiling. "I—uh—stand out in front of your house and wait about five minutes or ten each morning for the bus."

"Yes, we've noticed you," Mr. Roberts nodded.

"Well," Mr. Henshaw continued, "I don't know if you've ever noticed it, but someone standing out there can—uh—hear what you say. You have the window open, and—"

Mr. Roberts listened carefully.

"Well," Mr. Henshaw smiled, "I guess I've been eavesdropping for about a month now on your worship periods each morning. One day I heard you talking about your religion and since then, frankly, I became so interested that several times I skipped my bus just to hear the rest of your discussion."

"I didn't exactly know that everything we said was being overheard," Mr. Roberts smiled.

Mr. Henshaw apologized profusely, and then continued. "I couldn't help but be impressed by what I heard. I would like to know more about the Seventh-day Adventists."

Mr. Roberts supplied Mr. Henshaw with many tracts and lent several books from his personal library. The days slipped by, and soon Mr. Henshaw was attending church regularly.

Since then the Roberts have always thought with some amusement and some thankfulness about their missionary adventure.

"I wonder," Mr. Roberts said the other morning, "how many times we are ambassadors unawares."

versation. Deane offered a silent petition that his roommate would find the solution to his problem.

A few days later, studying in the library, Keith read, "Jehovah, the eternal, self-existent, uncreated One, Himself the source and sustainer of all, is alone entitled to supreme reverence and worship. Man is forbidden to give to any other object the first place in his affections or his service. Whatever we cherish that tends to lesson our love for God or to interfere with the service due Him, of that do we make a god."*

The word "god" lashed out like a whip. He admitted it. He knew his would not be a simple task, for everyone

on the campus knew that he not only played basketball but was almost a professional on the court. What his classmates did not know was that basketball had become his life. It was his present, his future. And it left almost no room for a hereafter.

He was faced with the problem of changing his whole existence. Huge, unanswerable questions hurled themselves at him. He groped for something to hold to.

"What will the team think? What will I tell them? Am I strong enough to withstand their invitations to play?"

A feeling of despair almost took his breath away. "Why, it's impossible. I can't play all my life and just stop the next day!"

But he could. He did. Through many hours in prayer and study, he received strength.

One day his swing had been almost at a dead standstill. The next day he was given a tiny push. Then, he went higher and higher. In fact, this young ministerial student is going higher still. One day he couldn't, but the next day he discovered he could.

With some, the height to be attained is school lessons. With others it's appetite. Or liking people. Or apologizing.

Many swings are badly in need of repair. Others just need a gentle push. In any case, "I can" is the swing on which to soar. When you pray and say "I can" the task is almost done—the same task that yesterday you *couldn't* do.

* *Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 305.

On the BURMA ROAD

By WINIFRED DITTO GERLING

WE'D better check again to see if we have everything," I said to my husband.

"If we don't, we'll just have to leave it," he replied. "No more room, not even for a postage stamp."

"Oh, Mamma, the charcoal stove is back here. It's got to go. And did you take that small bag of charcoal in case we can't get any when we get to Lashio?" Ma Tin Tin was worried.

"Here's my monkey, Daddy," piped up three-year-old Billy.

"Mine dolly tum too." Patty's two-year-old vocabulary was improving.

"Well, well, the postage stamp is getting bigger and bigger," moaned my husband as he looked for more space. "Here, we'll strap the charcoal on the fender, and the stove—I'll just have to tie it under the back rack. These jeeps hold more than you would think. If this one could talk, what a lot she could probably tell us of the war here in Burma."

We both laughed at memories of the funny-looking deluxe coach that underneath was only a jeep. The tremors she used to experience when we accelerated over thirty miles an hour were really terrifying at first. This was one palsy patient that my years of physical therapy experience could never benefit. Fortunately the tremor had long since disappeared at the advent of a pair of new front tires. The motor was better than most, and that was the important thing. Now she sported bright red paint and new leather seat covers.

At last the packing was finished with a place for the little ones to nap found in the back, on top of all the suitcases and bedding. *Present Truths* and other papers were under the front seat ready for distribution. A two-gallon thermos of freshly boiled water was under my knees, the medical kit was strapped to the hood (so we could get it at a minute's notice), odds and ends of last-minute things here and there, and there was room for us all. We were ready to go.

"One more thing, children. We'll ask

Jesus to go with us and protect us on the way and make our trip successful in the advancement of His work in Burma." My husband prayed earnestly as we stood in a circle all ready to leave. Then, with last-minute instructions to the *durwan* ("night watchman") and the *mohli* ("gardener"), and with a hiss of tires, we were off.

Everyone was in a gay mood as we drove out of Maymyo past the small village where we had held meetings until the army said it was no longer safe there at nights. We waved at the soldiers guarding the gates of the village.

The scenery was beautiful with terraced patches for vegetables and rice. Near the Gurkha village that supplies most of the milk for our town, several women hurried across in front of us. They looked like gypsies in their full, bright-colored skirts and blouses, and numerous beads, bracelets, and nose rings.

Ma Tin Tin had come along as cook, translator, and clinic helper. And well she filled her part of all three.

It was monsoon season, but as the rains were not as yet at their prime we felt safe in taking the trip. My husband had made it a number of times before and felt I could help him with the medical work.

"Oh, what's that? A shot?" We exchanged frightened looks, but then we moaned as we realized that a back tire had blown out. It was in a bad area and we would not have been too surprised at anything.

"Well, that settles it. We'll have to buy a tire in Kyaukme if we can get one." My husband's voice had a note of finality in it. "Couldn't get one in Maymyo, but I hear they have them up there. I have a government permit to purchase one. Those tea-planter friends of mine up there can tell me where to get one. They

gave us five hundred rupees last year for Ingathering. I'd like you to meet them. You might be able to give the wife some medical advice."

Spare tire on and lunch eaten, we were again on our way, now into Gokteik Gorge which reminded us of places in the Rocky Mountains. Down, down we went, until it seemed we were in the center of the earth, but still we descended until we came to a lovely little stream peacefully rolling its way to the drier areas down south. It would change to a monster after the rains really got started!

We would have enjoyed a few minutes to take in the beauty of this spot, but we had to speed on up the other side on the road toward Kyaukme. There was that



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Top: The jeep, the vehicle that provided transportation on the Burma Road, overloaded as usual. Center: Some of the Kachin people at Burma's second largest bazaar, at Namhkam, near the Chinese border. Bottom: Lisaw Hill people at the bazaar.

Dear Son,

You should have been here. I was standing out in the back yard hanging up clothes when I saw a bird fly across the light of the late afternoon sun. It really stopped me in my tracks. I had never seen anything quite like it. It was about to disappear from view when it wheeled and came back directly over me.

Then I did think I had lost my mind for sure. It was a beautiful gray with a fanlike tail done in cherry red! I dropped everything, let out a yell for the girls, and gave chase.

It stopped across the alley on that high roof, and by climbing to the top of the fence I could see it. It was a parrot of the most beautiful color.

Reaching as far as I could, I coaxed and coaxed. It came to my hand but wouldn't get on my finger. I didn't quite dare to grab it.

I sent one of the girls to call the zoo for help. Just after she went in it flew to another roof. We jumped down and rushed into the street. Yes, there it was; we could still clearly see it. I decided we'd do well just to keep it in view until the help arrived from the zoo.

By this time about twenty neighborhood children were following in breathless excitement. Distracted a moment by one of them, I suddenly discovered we were blocking traffic. Cars were stopped on all sides and people were leaning out to ask what had happened.

The parrot flew again and off up the middle of the street we went, your middle-aged mother in the lead with twenty screaming children rushing along behind. We climbed fences, and some crossed a garage and a small housetop and shinned down a tree. A little boy brought out a dish pan and at one moment I nearly captured the parrot under it.

People yelled at us, old men demanded we leave their yards, and one man told me he was going to call the police. But we rushed on, full steam ahead.

A zoo helper arrived with a net. I climbed into a low tree and shooed the bird within his reach and the keeper held up the net and polly stepped daintily over onto the rim. He brought it down, turned it over slowly so that polly came up on the inside. The deathlike hush gave way to the wildest cheer.

At that moment Daddy drove up and gazed at the crowd in the most amazed astonishment. He is not too surprised at what I do most of the time, but this was a little too much even for him. All the children yelled at him at once and danced and pointed and I was yelling and the zoo man talked and the parrot screamed and the onlookers were driving away and all in all it was a little confusing.

It turned out to be a red-tailed African specimen, and the zoo is sending us a reward. Must close now and try to calm down and catch up with myself.

Love,

Mother

while I buy a tire," said my husband.

The women spoke Chinese and some Burmese, so with Ma Tin as translator we went over some medical problems. We suggested the Adventist hospital in Rangoon as a good place to have surgery.

With the tire bought, we were on our way again.

The isolated members of the church had to be visited and encouraged. It was hard for them all alone in their community. Accepting the gospel teachings only a few years before, they had had little contact with other believers or chance to attend church or Sabbath school.

Our first stop was to see a woman who lived in a mining town some forty miles off the main road. The pastor of the church to which she had formerly belonged visited her with the hope of bringing her back into his fold. He gave her three months to make her decision and had talked rather threateningly to her. Many were the letters exchanged between us those months, and many were the prayers offered to God to keep her true to what she knew was right. A victory was gained and the pastor was told that she would remain with a church that took the Bible as its guide.

Turning into an area of small villages, many bamboo trees, and dusty roads, we came to a river where we had to ferry across. The trees were more dense and linked with flowering creepers. The road was bad and came to an abrupt end at the river's edge.

"What's that across the river?" we chorused. A truck was on the ferry, but there was trouble.

Only one who has seen those trucks, usually of ancient vintage, trying to maneuver the hills and turns in the mountains of the Northern Shan States can appreciate how hazardous an undertaking it was to ferry such an over-loaded, top-heavy vehicle. When you pass one of these trucks on a straight level road, you wonder whether it will tip over, and as it goes around a sharp curve and up or down mountains it seems certain something tragic will happen. However, accidents seldom occur. Like all good missionaries who must adapt to the philosophy of their adopted land, we get used to it.

That particular truck was having trouble. One hour we waited for the ferry to come and get us. Then, when we had been transported to the other side of the river, we had to stay on the ferry an extra half hour watching the truck driver try his best to get the heavy vehicle up the hill and around the turn. Eventually the motor stopped altogether and for a few minutes we thought the whole thing would come crashing down on us, but the quick-thinking men put huge rocks behind the wheels to stop its descent

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wonderful piece of engineering in the distance—the Gokteik bridge, which carries the Mandalay-Lashio railway line over the gorge. Some years before, so we were told, it was built under the supervision of Herbert Hoover. Part of it had to be

rebuilt following World War II because the British blew it up on their retreat from Burma.

"Here's the tea planter's business place. So we'll all get out and you go see what you can do for the women folks

Sabbath School LESSON

Prepared for Publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Elisha, Worthy Successor --Part Two

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 7

LESSON SCRIPTURES: 2 Kings 5; 6:8-17; 13:14.

OUTSIDE READING: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 244-264.

MEMORY VERSE: "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them" (2 Kings 6:16).

1 Sure Cure for Leprosy

1. What part did a young girl play in starting a "great man" on the road to recovery from leprosy?

"Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man, . . . but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy" (2 Kings 5:1-3).

NOTE.—"A slave, far from her home, this little maid was nevertheless one of God's witnesses, unconsciously fulfilling the purpose for which God had chosen Israel as His people. As she ministered in that heathen home, her sympathies were aroused in behalf of her master; and, remembering the wonderful miracles of healing wrought through Elisha, she said to her mistress, 'Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! . . .' She knew that the power of Heaven was with Elisha, and she believed that by this power Naaman could be healed."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 244, 245.

2. When Naaman came to Elisha's house, what word did Elisha send to him by messenger?

"Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean" (2 Kings 5:10).

3. What happened when Naaman finally followed Elisha's instructions?

"Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean" (2 Kings 5:14).

NOTE.—"The proud spirit of Naaman rebelled against following the course outlined by Elisha. The rivers mentioned by the Syrian captain were beautified by surrounding groves, and many flocked to the banks of these pleasant streams to worship their idol gods. It would have cost Naaman no great humiliation of soul to descend into one of those streams. But it was only through following the specific directions of the prophet, that he could find healing. Willing obedience alone would bring the desired result."—*Ibid.*, p. 249.

2 Payment for Blessings

4. What did Naaman acknowledge and what did he want to do to show his gratitude for the blessing he had received?

"And he returned to the man of God, . . . and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant" (2 Kings 5:15).

5. How did Elisha respond to Naaman's generous offer?

"But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I

will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused" (2 Kings 5:16).

6. How did the servant Gehazi go against his master's wishes in this matter of receiving payment for blessings bestowed?

"Gehazi followed after Naaman. . . . And he said, . . . My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments. And Naaman said, Be content, take two talents. And he . . . bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house" (2 Kings 5:21-24).

7. What rebuke did Elisha give his dishonest servant and what curse did he pronounce upon him?

"Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maidservants? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow" (2 Kings 5:26, 27).

NOTE.—"Solemn are the lessons taught by this experience of one to whom had been given high and holy privileges. . . .

"Truth is of God; deception in all its myriad forms is of Satan; and whoever in any way departs from the straight line of truth, is betraying himself into the power of the wicked one. Those who have learned of Christ will 'have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.' In speech, as in life, they will be simple, straightforward, and true; for they are preparing for the fellowship of those holy ones in whose mouth is found no guile."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 252.

3 Better Than Radar

8. When the king of Syria made war against Israel, why did he think he had a spy in the camp?

"The man of God sent unto the king of Israel, saying, Beware that thou pass not such a place; for thither the Syrians are come down."

"Therefore the heart of the king of Syria was sore troubled for this thing; and he called his servants, and said unto them, Will ye not shew me which of us is for the king of Israel?" (2 Kings 6:9, 11).

9. What explanation was given for this leak of top secret information?

"And one of his servants said, None, my lord, O king; but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber" (2 Kings 6:12).

10. How did the king of Syria propose to stop the work of this secret intelligence agent?

"And he said, Go and spy where he is, that I may send and fetch him. And it was told him, saying, Behold, he is in Dothan. Therefore sent he thither horses, and chariots, and a great host; and they came by night, and compassed the city about" (2 Kings 6:13, 14).

4 An Encampment of Angels

11. When Elisha's servant (Gehazi's successor) saw the Syrian host in the morning, what did he exclaim?

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do?" (2 Kings 6:15).

12. How did Elisha quiet his servant's fears?

"And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And

the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha" (2 Kings 6:16, 17).

NOTE.—Read Ps. 34:7; 91:11, 12; Heb. 1:14.
 "Between the servant of God and the hosts of armed foemen was an encircling band of heavenly angels. They had come down in mighty power, not to destroy, not to exact homage, but to encamp round about and minister to the Lord's weak and helpless ones. "When the people of God are brought into strait places, and apparently there is no escape for them, the Lord alone must be their dependence."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 257.

5 Elisha at the End of His Course

13. When Elisha lay sick unto death, how did the young king Joash express his sorrow and his regard for the prophet?

"Now Elisha was fallen sick of his sickness whereof he died. And Joash the king of Israel came down unto him, and wept over his face, and said, O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof" (2 Kings 13:14).

NOTE.—"So effectual had been his ministry and so widespread his influence, that as he lay upon his deathbed, even the youthful King Joash, an idolater with but little respect for God, recognized in the prophet a father in Israel, and acknowledged that his presence among them was of more value in time of trouble than the possession of an army of horses and chariots."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 261.

Quizangles

1. Do you speak out boldly for God, even among your elders, when you see an opportunity to be helpful? (1)

2. Do you think people are inclined to feel that there is more spiritual virtue in religious exercise if it is something difficult rather than something simple? (1)

3. Leprosy is often used as a symbol for sin in the Bible. Can you draw an analogy between Naaman's cleansing from leprosy and the sinner's cleansing from sin? (1)

4. Turn in your Bible and read Isaiah 55:1. How did Elisha set forth the principle of this text in his dealing with Naaman? (2)

5. When covetousness is seen in the lives of God's servants, how does it make God appear in the eyes of unbelievers? (2)

6. What did the king of Israel have in his war with the Syrians that was better than a modern radar system? (3)

7. If we continually walk in the path of God's blessing, why do we never need be afraid of what men can do to us? (4)

8. Thinking back over the life of Elisha, what are some of the ways in which a prophet can be a tower of strength to the people of God? (5)

NEXT WEEK, December 14, 1957, lesson title: "Jonah, Mighty Evangelist." Scripture Reference: The Book of Jonah. Memory Gem: Jonah 2:2. Outside Reading: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 265-278.

"So Shall Ye Prosper"

By GEORGE M. BAROYA

SHE lay in a coma, and the weeks wore wearily away. When an angry school-mate's stone hit her hard, she was only nine. Since then she had been very ill. And now her life hung in the balance.

The moments were the darkest; the hopes, the dimmest; the hearts, the heaviest.

Through it all, her mother kept her vigil. In the whole world she alone hoped and believed, for reasons unknown, that her daughter would live. And what mother wouldn't?

The doctors, however, decreed otherwise.

Nevertheless, the child lived. Who could tell that Ellen Gould Harmon, born to Robert and Eunice Harmon, at Gorham, Maine, on November 26, 1827, would be such a blessing to the Seventh-day Adventists, who know her to be a prophet of God?

During the next three quarters of a century she was on the stage of action—a thoughtful mother, a careful housewife, a genial hostess, a helpful neighbor, an eloquent speaker, and a prolific author.

As the messenger of God to the remnant

church she was used of God to counsel and guide His people. Through her messages and counsels, the church receives guidance from God. And with what results?

More than a million Seventh-day Adventists are hopefully perfecting Christian characters. A chain of educational, medical, and welfare institutions girdles the globe. In an endeavor to prepare a people to meet their God, publishing institutions spread the good tidings through

Ellen G. White, messenger of God—also thoughtful mother, careful housewife, genial hostess.

the printed pages of pamphlets, periodicals, and books.

The instruction is "believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper."*

We must be established. We must prosper in the Lord.

* 2 Chronicles 20:20.



ARLO GREER, ARTIST

According to His Purpose

From page 8

having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.' See if you can find out who said that, and tell me where to find it."

On the way home from church that day, as she swung along on her crutches keeping pace with the stride of her step-father beside her, Cordelia said, "Uncle Ab, I'd like to do what the leader says, but I don't know how. How old do I have to be to know how to find those things he says, Uncle Ab?"

Uncle Ab thought a little. "Hmmm. Let's see. You know how to read a little bit, Cory. You can begin today, if you want to. I'll show you this afternoon how to start."

"Really truly, Uncle Ab, do you think I can?"

That afternoon Uncle Ab and Cordelia sat together reading the story of Jesus' triumphal entry. Near the beginning of the story was a small letter *d*. "See that little *d*?" said Uncle Ab. "That's your clue. We'll look for that same letter in this column right here between these two long black lines. These words here are called 'marginal references.' When we find here the letter that we want, it will tell us where to look to find another text having a similar thought."

"Oh, here's the letter, Uncle Ab. And it says 'I-s sixty-two-eleven,' and 'Z-e-c-h nine-nine.' What do 'I-s' and 'Z-e-c-h' mean?"

"'I-s' is a short way to say Isaiah and 'Z-e-c-h' is a short way to say Zechariah. They both were prophets who lived a long time before Jesus, and they each wrote one of the books of the Bible." Uncle Ab turned to the front of his Bible and showed Cordelia the names of all the books written before Jesus' time, and then all those written after Jesus lived on earth.

"All you have to do to find one of these books," he said, "is to look here in this list, find the name you want and see what page to turn to. But if a person reads the Bible often, it saves a great deal of time if he knows this list of the books by heart."

"I'll do it," Cordelia said to herself. "I'll do it when he's chopping wood or raking hay, and I'll surprise him next Sunday, I will."

He put the Bible into her hand, and let her find Zechariah 9:9 by herself. She read: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass."

"Is that all? Is it that easy? Oh, Uncle Ab, next Sunday I can give the text!"

They turned back to Matthew 21 and finished reading the story of Jesus' entry

into Jerusalem. "Uncle Ab," she said, "if I had been there, I couldn't have waved a palm branch like the other children did, for I couldn't keep up with the donkey and be waving a palm branch at the same time. But I would have shouted, and maybe Jesus would have looked at me. Do you think He would, Uncle Ab?"

"He would have seen you all right, Cory, and He would have smiled." And after a pause he added, "And you would have waved a palm branch, too, my dear, for no child used crutches long where Jesus was. He made people strong and well."

"No child used crutches long where Jesus was." The words repeated themselves in Cordelia's thoughts the rest of

the day, and in her imagination she ran along with the other children, shouting "Hosanna" and waving a palm branch. The coveted place for her would have been to skip beside Lazarus, perhaps holding onto his hand as he led the ass upon which Jesus rode.

Cordelia could not climb trees any more, but she had found something that was just as much fun. Searching for the text each week was as fascinating as working a puzzle. She would spend some time searching every day until she found it. If Friday or Saturday came before she had found it, Uncle Ab would give her clues by telling a story, asking a question, or leaving a marker in his Bible. She never went to Sunday school without being able to give the source of the text.

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

On the Burma Road

From page 16

and thus prevent any disaster. Finally repairs were made and it started again. In minutes it disappeared around a bend.

As we at last drove off the ferry we looked at the fast-sinking sun and breathed a prayer for God's protecting hand to go with us.

"It's a krait. I know it's a krait!" My husband was excited as he tried to run over the fast moving, deadly serpent in our pathway. "I hope we got him. It's too dark to take a chance on stopping. They say this is a bad area along here."

I had only seen a krait in a zoo, and the idea of death in the night haunted me as I thought of what it would be to walk along there unaware of the danger underfoot.

The lights of the little mining town, nestled in the valley, were now beckoning us. We hoped the guard at the gate would let us in. Yes, he assured us, but we must see the police in the morning. We agreed, and a few minutes later we were greeted excitedly by our friend and sister in the church.

"My! I was so worried. You folks don't know how dangerous it is out there. We have had a lot of trouble lately. Just three days ago we had a robbery and a murder on that very road. Some other people were waylaid at dusk not more than ten miles from here. Oh, I'm so glad you brought your wife and darling babies."

She and her daughter were all out of breath. We unloaded and put the jeep out of sight—hidden from those who might be tempted to steal. There was not much time to talk before the meeting. The projector was set up, the screen put in place. The subject of the meeting: "Christ's Blessed Return."

"See, that's what I've tried to tell you," our church member said to her friend. She hadn't been putting her light under a bushel, but trying her best to let it shine there in her corner.

The next day was a busy one. First a report to the police. Then a visit to another isolated member, where we left papers and encouraged and assured her we were praying for her.

We also wanted to see a family living way up on the side of the hill. They had drifted from the church, but we hoped to help them. The *Little Friends* were received with joy by the children who could remember when they went to Sabbath school. A little talk, a prayer—and we had to hurry on to visit the Voice of Prophecy students and encourage them to study further into Bible truth.

After dinner we loaded up again. Another road with a history of frequent robberies was before us, and we had to give ourselves plenty of time before dark.

Never had I seen so many bamboo trees or so many kinds as there were on this road. Big leaf, little leaf—all gave a lacy trim to the scenery. Jungle fowl busy among the leaves would fly up and across the road when our approach frightened them. The bronze neck and blue thighs of the roosters shone in the afternoon sun. Hornbills and parakeets called back and forth, but few ventured out in sight.

Monkeys ran across in front of us. Daddies, mammas, grandpas, brothers, sisters, and babies—all wrinkled their noses with disgust at our intrusion. The bullock carts hurried to one side at the sound of our horn. My husband slipped some Burmese *Present Truths* to the riders as we passed.



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On and on we went, over hills and around curves, through very fertile vegetation. Leaving the dust of the road trailing behind us, we dropped into Lashio, another town in a valley. It is a much larger place and we were able to find accommodations in a dak bungalow. It was just a room with a few chairs, a table, and a single bed, but we had everything necessary with us. When suppertime came we had a tasty meal on the table and were ready to sit down when a brisk knock came at our door. In stepped a police inspector who spoke only Burmese. My meager knowledge of Burmese did not help much, but Ma Tin Tin came to the rescue. How long were we going to stay? Where did we come from? And where were we going?

Ma Tin Tin was explaining in a courteous manner when my husband walked in with Sam Gaw, a Shan Adventist, who had come to meet us and go with us up north to his town. There were hearty handshakes and disarming smiles from the men and soon all were chatting amicably. A permit was given for us to proceed two days later to the north; however, we were to report on leaving town.

A meeting was held in the home of a friend, but the house turned out to be much too small, and people were obliged to stand outside looking in the window. The Bible study finished, my husband called me over to discuss medical problems with a number gathered nearby while he discussed further the Bible truths. Sam did well as interpreter for both the Shan and Burmese languages.

The next day was rainy, so with umbrellas over our heads Ma Tin Tin and I, with the children, visited the bazaar while the head of the family talked with the Voice of Prophecy students and interested friends.

This bazaar was different from others I had seen. The hill tribe people with their colorful dress were shyly buying from one stall and then another. There were the Kachin women dressed in black smocks decorated with silver links and coinlike objects. Their bright-colored wool skirts, held on by many metal bands, slid back and forth at the hipline. The leggings were the same color as the skirt and the predominating color of both was red with a smattering of green, yellow, black, and white.

A few Palaung women were there. They did not have nearly the color in their dress as did the Kachin people. Cane hoops were typical on the women of this tribe. Some wear as many as thirty or forty of them around the hips. These people were located in only one small area of Burma.

Another common sight in the bazaar was the Shan women with their large hats and with their merchandise in baskets suspended from a pole and hanging on each side of them.

The sun was out now and it was hot.

One old woman sat cross-legged leisurely smoking her large cheroot. Immense umbrellas shaded the Chinese women and their products of miscellaneous household articles.

In the afternoon a Chinese doctor who called himself a Buddhist-Catholic insisted we visit the new Chinese Buddhist pagoda. It was not bell-shaped, but more like a temple. The monks wanted us to stay for tea, but we excused ourselves because there was much to do.

With his promise that he would read *The Great Controversy*, we left our jovial host and proceeded to the home of one of our Voice of Prophecy students. There we held a clinic. The worst case of hookworm I have ever seen was brought to us for treatment.

The night meeting was held on the dak bungalow porch. Sam and Ma Tin Tin acted as Shan and Burmese translators.

The next day Sam appeared bright and early to help us load the jeep. Ma Tin Tin and I had crawled out from under our mosquito nets long before it was light to get the rice and curry hurriedly prepared and safely packed in a tiffin carrier along with carrot strips, cookies, and peanuts. Powdered milk was mixed for the children and the thermos was filled to the brim with boiled water.

"We'll take the children for a walk to the petrol filling point, and wait for you," I told my husband. I felt the little legs would not get so restless if allowed a good exercising before we left. So while the men tried to find room for one more passenger in the overcrowded jeep the rest of us raced down the highway toward the government-owned equivalent of a filling station.

Soon we were on our way. A good many miles had passed when we began to notice people emerging from the surrounding hills. Sam said it was bazaar day and we would have a good chance to take pictures of the different hill people if we stopped a little while.

When we found some likely subjects on the highway we stopped while Sam explained in Kachin language that we wanted to take a picture. The girls only reluctantly gave their consent; however, the toothless auntie who was with them was eager to be in the picture. They each carried a basket of produce strapped to their forehead and supported by the shoulders and arms. We bought some mushrooms from them, which made a fine curry the next day.

We saw fewer and fewer pagodas along the way. The people in that area are mostly animists and spirit worshippers. The spirits are believed to be like human beings in that they can be threatened, appeased, and deceived. In some areas, however, quite a few of the people have accepted Christianity in some form. Our hearts longed to bring them God's last message.

The next village was a beehive of ac-

tivity. Every fifth day is bazaar day, and the surrounding farmers swarm into town. I needn't have worried about a chance to see and photograph all of the different hill people. We were encompassed by them. We must have stood gawking at them as much as they did at us. White people were scarce there. Our children may have been the subject of much discussion for many a day in those hills. The people wanted to feel their hair to see if it was real.

Past the village we found a good place to eat while watching the various birds and insects of the jungles. Faint calls of wild parrots could be heard. Little red bugs of varied sizes ran in and out under the fallen leaves. We decided that we needed a more extensive course in biology to fully appreciate the scenery around us.

Several buses of different makes passed us. One marked "mail" had a difficult time making the next hill. All were painted in a variety of colors, making them stand out from the greenish background.

The fresh, fragrant pineapple we had bought in the market was delicious, and we could see pineapple groves along the road as we traveled farther north.

Sam's home town was a welcome sight. Tea shops were everywhere. The Chinese merchants displayed their products in front of their stores, and large signboards announced where a person could get an aching tooth extracted.

Meetings were to be held at nights, and a Sabbath school was to be organized. The friends and relatives gathered at Sam's house to learn of things they had never heard before.

An old Shan mother in her black smock and trousers exclaimed, "Oh, isn't it wonderful! Why didn't anyone ever tell us before?" She had belonged to a Protestant church for many years, but her hungry soul longed for Jesus to come and take away the trouble and sorrow she had experienced.

After a real Shan-Chinese dinner on Sabbath, we had another chance to view God's handiwork. Down the hill from our bungalow and across many paddy fields was a river. From Sam's front porch we had a wonderful panoramic view. The hills on the other side looked blue through the haze. It was China over there.

The next day we decided to visit Namhkam. Loaded with friends and relatives of our host, our jeep took off in a cloud of dust over a very rough road. I wanted to see the hospital of the "Burma surgeon," Dr. Seagraves, that I had heard so much about. It was built up on a hill and made of cobblestones brought from the riverbed, and the courageous medical man had improvised much of his equipment. We had to take our hats off to Dr. Seagraves for his ingenuity and spirit of service.

The town is noted for its beautiful

Shan and Kachin bags of many colors. The most beautiful are made of wool and are woven on a hand loom. The broad straps are worn over the shoulder, leaving the hands free. So useful are these bags that most Burmans have several, even though they are only a poor replica of the nice woolen ones made at Namhkam.

We had a few Bible correspondence students to visit, and then we had to hurry home for dinner.

It was raining on the way back, and we could see many of the farmers working their fields, wading knee deep in the rich mire so essential for good rice crops. No wonder pneumonia was the chief reason for hospitalization that time of the year.

A black snake crossed our path as we drove along the washboard road. Feathery, pale green bamboo clumps separated one man's property from another. Some lived in single-room shacks with palm-thatched roofs, and others, perhaps more prosperous, had wooden homes with tin roofs supported by teak pillars.

It was time that we must return home. With thanks to our host and his family, we asked God to bless the isolated members who were trying to advance His work.

The trip back was comparatively uneventful. Now and then a Shan, bared to the waist, would be walking along at the side of the road, his mouth red with betel nut, his body covered with tattoos from neck to elbows and knees. Serpents, birds, and other fancy designs in black gave the body a grotesque appearance.

Many large teak trees were scattered here and there with their huge leaves shed from last year's cold spell. The new leaves were bright green and much smaller in comparison to the old ones. A barking deer hurried to avoid the oncoming steel monster that loomed up in its way.

My husband almost hoped we'd see a tiger, but none was so accommodating in broad daylight. Perhaps there was one taking his daily siesta in the jungle on the side of the road, and if night had been coming on, he might have been curious enough to appear, for many are seen on this road. We were not interested in night travel, however, because our former experience had made us very careful to start earlier than ordinarily necessary, in order to arrive at our destination before nightfall.

After one final packing and the good-bys in Lashio, we were glad to think of home once again.

It had been a busy, hard journey, yet enjoyable. We hoped we had brought a little light to some darkened minds. Many had enrolled in the Bible correspondence course, many papers had been distributed, and we hoped the medical work had created a spirit of good will. Surely some seeds had been sown that would yield a harvest when the gates of opportunity were open to these people.



COINS: By Douglas Smith



How would you like to make an investment that would bring you a 2,500 per cent increase in six years? Sounds fantastic? Consider coin collecting.

Some people collect coins because of their beauty, but others

collect them from a value-and-investment point of view. Still others collect them just for pleasure.

Coins are an exceptionally good investment, but their value depends on a variety of things.

COINS

Most people think if they have a coin that is old and worn, it is valuable, but the age of the coin is not a reliable gauge. One of the most beautiful pieces ever coined was that with the portrait of Alexander the Great on it, coined in Thrace. Even in "very fine" condition it brings only about \$37 on the current market, while a half dollar as recent as 1919, from the San Francisco mint, brings around \$120 if in "very fine" condition.

A poor condition decreases the value considerably. The better the condition, the better the value. A worn coin may be worth only one fourth or one fifth as much as a coin in "uncirculated" condition.

The thing that determines the value of a coin is the demand for it, not the age. Usually, the number of coins minted is a reliable guide to the value of a coin, but not necessarily. There were 4,812,000 1927D dimes minted, but only 1,520,000 1926S dimes. However, in "extremely fine" condition the 1927 dime is worth \$65, compared to \$17.50 for the 1926 dime.

The letter following the date on a U.S. coin refers to the mint at which the coin was minted, and is called the mint mark. The letter D means that the coin was minted in Denver, and the letter S means it was minted in San Francisco. If the coin has no mint mark, it was minted in

Philadelphia. Philadelphia has never put a mint mark on its coins, with the exception of the wartime nickles, on which the mint mark naturally was P.

Besides these three mints, the United States Government has had four others, which have been shut down for a number of years. There was a mint in Carson City, Nevada, from 1870-1893; in Charlotte, North Carolina, 1838-1861; Dahlonega, Georgia, 1838-1861; and in New Orleans, Louisiana, 1838-1909. The San Francisco mint, which opened in 1854, was permanently closed at the end of its 1955 production.

Coins are divided into nine classifications according to condition: "proof"—a coin that has a mirrorlike surface, struck on a special die, and usually sold at a premium at the mint (only Philadelphia); "uncirculated"—not necessarily brilliant, but perfect in condition and without any signs of wear; "extremely fine"—the surface not quite as desirable as the uncirculated coin, but still without definite signs of wear; "very fine"—slight signs of wearing; "fine"—noticeable signs of wear, but still a desirable piece; "very good"—definite signs of wear, but not undesirable; "good"—worn, but with the lettering and the figure still clear; "fair"—badly worn and scratched; and "poor"—hardly worth having.

Stamp Exchange

R. G. Christiansen, 1A Viviani Road, Richard's Town, Bangalore 5, India, wishes to trade Indian, Ceylon, and Canadian stamps for British Commonwealth, particularly, but will accept other.

Benjamin Barredo, West Visayan Academy, Box 502, Iloilo City, Philippines.

William N. Hunt, R.N., 22 Roseneath Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Cash, Casilla 1140, Guayaquil, Ecuador, South America, have South American stamps in exchange for worldwide (especially interested in stamps of small countries and British Commonwealth; also complete or nearly complete sets). Request 30-40 undamaged stamps in each exchange, and promise to answer promptly.

Numismatist Smith was a junior at Newbury Park Academy when he wrote this article and one that will appear later. Aiming for a career in medicine, he has participated in such extracurricular activities as the students' association, boys' club, band, and student seminar.

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► It is said to be easier to recognize a familiar song by its rhythm without melody, than by its melody without rhythm.

AMC

► A UNITED STATES population of 178½ million by the time of the 1960 census is predicted by the statisticians of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Science

► WHEN a king penguin is swimming, its striking "formal dress" becomes camouflage. Seen from above, the dark back blends with the sea. From below, the light breast seems to merge with the sky.

NGS

► FROM Cortland, New York, comes a report that aluminum foil dropped from Air Force planes to jam radar beams has turned out to be "for the birds." Narrow strips of aluminum were used by one bird as an outside covering for its nest.

ALCOA

► THERE has been a 90 per cent drop in the death rate from communicable diseases in the United States since 1900, when pneumonia, influenza, tuberculosis, diarrhea, and enteritis caused one third of all deaths. By last year they caused less than one twentieth.

Scope

► APPLES apparently originated between the Black and Caspian seas. Peaches and oranges came not from Georgia, Florida, or California, but from China, where they were cultivated 4,000 years ago. The Near and Middle East gave us lettuce, carrots, peas, and spinach. The Andes produced the "Irish" potato.

NGS

► Most big-city subways are just below ground level, but not in Russia. Average depth of subways in Leningrad and Moscow is 150 to 175 feet. The subways are reached by a single escalator span. Because of the distance, loud speakers are installed at intervals along the escalator for transmitting announcements to passengers.

Tracks

► A BRONZE bust of George Westinghouse, inventor, engineer, and manufacturer, is slated to be installed in the open-air colonnade of the Hall of Fame for Great Americans on the Bronx campus of New York University late this fall. Originated in 1900, the Hall of Fame for Great Americans is located on high ground overlooking the Harlem and Hudson River valleys and the New Jersey Palisades. Thus far 86 Americans have been elected for enshrinement and 83 bronzes have been installed. The next Hall of Fame elections will be held in 1960. Only United States citizens who have been dead 25 years or more are eligible.

NYU

► THE painstaking task of perfecting a mirror for the giant 120-inch telescope at Lick Observatory is now in the final stages. The huge telescope, second largest in the world, is expected to join the 200-inch Palomar instrument in searching distant space some time around the first of the year. It has been about 10 years in the making and has cost about 2½ million dollars. About 900 pounds of glass have been removed from the mirror, a four-ton pyrex disk, in an operation that has given the mirror a perfect parabolic curve with optical properties that will enable it to gather light from stellar objects a billion or more light years in space. The final optical surface will be accurate to two one-millionths of an inch.

University of California

► FINAL tallies of funds, research grants, and gifts received by the College of Medical Evangelists during the fiscal year 1956-57 indicate that almost four million dollars was invested by alumni, industry, Government, and the Seventh-day Adventist Church. A \$1,600,000 grant from the Ford Foundation to the School of Medicine and more than a million dollars appropriated by the church account for the major share of the total received. Alumni support amounted to approximately \$250,000 and almost \$650,000 came in the form of funds received for research grants and contracts.

CME

► A SILVERY shape gliding across the desert sands of Saudi Arabia in the near future may turn out to be the mobile residence of King Saud Ibn Abdul-Aziz, one of the few remaining absolute monarchs. King Saud's newest portable palace, his fourth, was ordered during his recent visit to the United States. In addition to a king-sized throne room, it will feature such things as air conditioning, extra large water storage tanks, and special axles for fitting sand tires on the outside.

ALCOA

► HOSIERY manufacturers, of which there are about 500 in the nation, use only about 12 cents worth of raw nylon in a pair of women's stockings. In one pair of typical 51 gauge, 15 denier stockings there are 5,437 yards of yarn knitted into more than 2 million loops. The rest of the price is for the knitting, dyeing, distribution, and other costs in the manufacture and sale of hosiery.

Dupont

► SCOTSMEN, whose ancestors were knocking feather balls about heather-clad dunes as early as 1457, organized the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews in 1754. The thousands of courses the world over today follow the 13 basic principles of "gowff" laid down by the "22 noblemen and gentlemen" who founded St. Andrews.

NGS

► A NEW fluorescent lamp has been developed that produces two and one-half times as much light as standard fluorescent lamps. The new development was made possible by the use of a mixture of rare gases in the lamp to obtain long cathode life and to maintain high brightness.

Westinghouse

► KING KAMEHAMEHA I, conqueror of the Hawaiian Islands, owned a cloak made of an estimated 450,000 golden feathers of the now extinct mamo bird. The cloak now belongs to Honolulu's Bishop Museum.

Hawaii's Visitors Bureau

► BEFORE papyrus became commercially available—way back in 1700 B.C.—the ancients wrote on clay, ceramics, flat stones, skins, palm stalks, the bark of trees, and flat bones.

University of California

► MORE than 7 million pounds of concrete were required by a United States engine manufacturer in construction of a single rocket engine test stand.

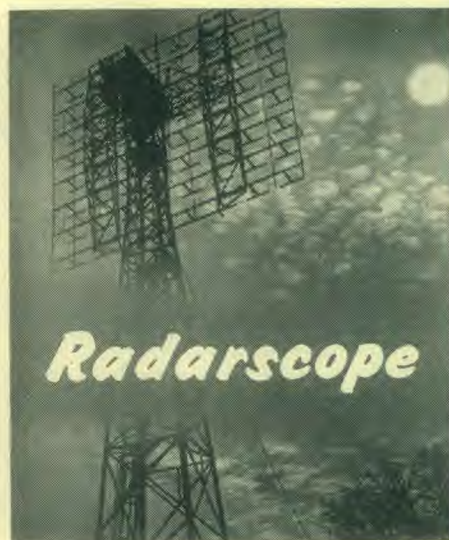
Planes

► MORE than a million people a year go to the top of the world's tallest building, the Empire State Building of New York.

NY Visitors Bureau

► To keep up with fashions, some Sudanese women wear cartridge shells stuck in their lower lips.

NGS



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Radarscope

► THE English physicist, Sir John Herschel, first suggested contact lenses in 1847. The first serious attempt to correct vision by their use came in 1888.

BVI

► SWIFT'S achieve the most rapid flight known among birds. By means of a stop watch, two species in India have been clocked at 170 to 200 miles an hour.

NGS

► THE arctic tern probably sees more daylight than any other creature. The world's greatest traveler, it nests each summer in the North Polar regions, then flies some 11,000 miles to Antarctica for another nightless summer.

NGS

► RELIGIOUS affiliations among the members of Congress in 1957 have been reported as follows. Out of 96 members of the Senate: Protestant 80, Roman Catholic 11, Jewish 2, and No Denomination 3. Out of 435 members of the House of Representatives: Protestant 307, Roman Catholic 75, Jewish 8, Hindu 1, and No Denomination 44.

NAM

► TECHNICALLY, vanilla comes not from a bean but from a fruit, the fruit of an orchid plant known as *Vanilla planifolia*. It grows on trees, encircling them with long tendrils. The flowers resemble the better-known orchids. From each blossom grows a little pod six to ten inches in length. When picked, the "beans" are watery and tasteless. It is through curing and aging that color and flavor are developed.

McCormick

► AN historic advertising barrier was crossed last summer when the *Saturday Evening Post* which has traditionally refused to accept alcoholic beverage ads ran at least two ads featuring beer. Sponsored by friends of the brewing industry, one ad was a two-page, full-color spread featuring beer for outdoor parties, and incidentally advertising Owens-Illinois, makers of "no-deposit, no-return" bottles. The other ad, paid for by Fromalt, was an attempt to associate in the public mind, the healthful potentialities of malt with beer. Not only do brewers hope the campaign will increase sales, but says *American Brewer*, "it marks an industry milestone and may encourage the industry itself to challenge the restraints which now prevent it from asserting certain basic truths about its product."

MBT