

THE *Youth's*
INSTRUCTOR

An outstanding
preacher-counselor-teacher asks
Are You a Chameleon?

MARCH 18, 1958

Bible Lesson for March 29



Citadel of the Mind

The battle for men's minds goes on with continuing crescendo. When the Lord pleads, "My son, give me thine heart,"¹ He is asking for the return of that which man once yielded to Satan in a garden.

Every sin deadens a little more the sensitive powers of the mind. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," Paul wrote.² It must then be clear that our eating, our drinking, our doing, brings glory to God or casts reproach on His name. And if reproach, then it is sin.

"So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."³ Many things—too many things—bring a transitory pleasure to the flesh, but a conscience schooled in the ways of God will condemn even while the flesh enjoys.

Much we can enjoy in the flesh with clear conscience. But six thousand years of study and experiment have given Satan a terrible advantage that only God's power can break. Were it possible for us to reach out and stop every youth in our church, it would be to ask, "Do you know whether your conscience still has its keen edge to guide you in the narrow way?"

Religion is not only a matter of negatives; there are positives too. But it may be necessary to tell a lost traveler *not* to turn down many roads, whereas he needs to be told to follow but one.

Maybe some would like to have a church list of what can or cannot be done. No list ever compiled could include every exception the evil one could invent. God has given you a mind to guide—not a list of do's and don'ts. For this reason Satan has determined that every sin of the flesh will in some way blunt or dull the discerning powers of the mind whereby we may distinguish between good and evil.

Give your mind wholly to Jesus. Determine to live by principle, whether you feel like it or not.

Jesus did not feel like dying on a Roman cross. He begged His Father three times to be freed of the awful prospect. But each time He pleaded for release, He held steadfast to His Father's will. And because He did, He successfully preserved for every one of us the citadel of the mind.

Walter D. Crandall

¹ Prov. 23:26. ² 1 Cor. 10:31. ³ Rom. 7:25.

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 1958, our objectives continue to be the same.

Grace Notes

OBSERVER "Satan Is Always Listening," by Hulda Crooks, reminds us that not only does Satan listen but he also is a keen observer. He is present when we sit in church. *He seeks to prevent those from attending divine service who might be especially benefited by it.* He makes himself acquainted with the very subject to be presented. "He is in attendance when men assemble for the worship of God. Though hidden from sight, he is working with all diligence to control the minds of the worshippers. Like a skilful general, he lays his plans beforehand. As he sees the messenger of God searching the Scriptures, he takes note of the subject to be presented to the people. Then he employs all his cunning and shrewdness so to control circumstances that the message may not reach those whom he is deceiving on that very point. The one who most needs the warning will be urged into some business transaction that requires his presence, or will by some other means be prevented from hearing the words that might prove to him a savor of life unto life."

OBSERVER "Again, Satan sees the Lord's servants burdened because of the spiritual darkness that enshrouds the people. He hears their earnest prayers for divine grace and power to break the spell of indifference, carelessness, and indolence. Then with renewed zeal he plies his arts. He tempts men to the indulgence of appetite or to some other form of self-gratification, and thus benumbs their sensibilities, so that they fail to hear the very things which they most need to learn."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 518, 519.

SERIES A series of articles is now in preparation by a competent author surveying some of the areas and some of the methods by which Satan is seeking to destroy our spiritual perceptions. "There is nothing that the great deceiver fears so much as that we shall become acquainted with his devices."—*Ibid.*, p. 516. In the opinion of the editor this series is one of the most important to be scheduled for publication in this magazine. It will be timely for every reader.

COVER Photo by A. Devaney.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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CHAMPION of RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

PART TWO

WHEN I was seventeen I applied for my first teaching job. To become eligible for the position, I was required to take an examination given by the county superintendent of education. Since there were twenty applicants for this particular school, I scarcely dared hope that I would be the one chosen to teach.

Shortly after the results of the examination had been tabulated, the superintendent of education came to me and said, "Charles, you didn't make the best grades in the examination, but we are

*A seventeen-year-old gets a teaching job
because of his reputation as a fighter,
later studies law at night school, and
eventually finds himself in an Adventist tent meeting.*

By CHARLES S. LONGACRE

as told to NATHANIEL KRUM



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

This photo, taken in 1913 just after Elder Longacre was elected general secretary of the Religious Liberty Association and editor of "Liberty" magazine, shows Adventist religious liberty leaders of forty-five years ago. First row (left to right): W. A. Westworth, J. O. Corliss, W. A. Colcord, K. C. Russell, Allen Moon, L. A. Smith. Back row (left to right): C. S. Longacre, W. T. Bartlett, D. W. Reavis, S. B. Horton, A. J. S. Bordeau, S. B. Whitney, J. S. Washburn. The picture was taken at the Washington Sanitarium and Hospital.

going to give you the school because you are the best fighter in the county."

His statement fairly stunned me. Since when had the ability to fight well become more important than teaching ability for a job with the department of education?

There was a reason. This particular school was notorious. The students were incorrigible. They had mistreated two previous teachers, and succeeded in driving them out of the district. It was very evident that the teacher had to be a good fighter as well as a good instructor to run a school successfully in that rough-and-ready iron-mining district of Pennsylvania.

In those days many political meetings were held in barrooms, the politicians endeavoring to get the votes of the men by setting them up to pretzels and beer. One evening while I was attending one of these meetings, an acrobat from Barnum and Bailey's Circus dashed into the place, pulled out his revolver, and began shooting wildly into the floor and ceiling to break up the meeting. While politicians and patrons sprinted for the doors and ducked under tables and chairs, I grabbed the intruder, threw him down and pinned him to the floor, where I wrenched his revolver from his hand and threw it away. Then I picked him up by the neck and marched him out of town.

The story of that encounter had traveled over the countryside, and hence my

Poemette

By VIRGINIA VESS

"She is old-fashioned," I heard someone say,
As a girl dressed in blue walked by.
But one young man in a laughing crowd
Made a serious, firm reply.
"She looks to me like a Christian girl
Beautifully and simply dressed;
And if she's as sweet and nice as she looks,
Old-fashioned girls are best."

There was silence for a moment or two,
And some of the girls didn't smile,
For the modern look had been their aim,
With paint and the latest style.
But somehow now they felt impressed,
And they had no more to say,
For the girl in blue was right, they knew,
In a sweet old-fashioned way.

reputation as a fighter was established overnight. It was the knowledge of that incident that caused the superintendent of schools to award me my first teaching position.

On the first day after I took over the school, one of the parents came up to me and said:

"Look here, teacher. If my son does anything wrong in school this year, don't you punish him, but tell me about it, and I will punish him when he gets home."

"Look here, Mr. Schmidt," I replied bluntly, "I'm running this school now, and if your son deserves punishment, I'll give it to him myself."

I could tell by his expression that he didn't like my answer one bit.

About the middle of the school year the man's son misbehaved, and as punishment I had to keep him after school for one hour. On my way home that evening I had to pass his house. Since I rather anticipated that the father would be out front waiting for me, I kept my eyes open when approaching his place. I was just passing the house when the father dashed out the door, pulled off his coat, and rushed up to me with clenched fists.

I grabbed him and held him. Then, looking him straight in the eye, I said, "If you want to fight this out, we must settle on two conditions. First, you are to hit me first, for legal reasons. And second,

I want you to understand that I have been in many fights, but have never yet been licked. If you insist on fighting, you'll get the best licking you have ever had."

Suddenly he lost his nerve and tried to back away. But I gripped him tighter, and decided to impress the lesson a bit further. I twitched his nose and chin and chided him by saying, "All right, hit me now if you like!"

But he didn't.

After some minutes of this treatment he was almost frozen, for it was a miserably cold night and he had pulled off his coat to fight. He was more than ready, to give up the fight, intending to report the matter to the school board, in the hope that they would penalize me. I let him go.

At the next school board meeting I asked the members whether this man had reported any incident. "No, not yet," they replied. "Why do you ask?"

I told them the details of the incident, and how it turned out.

When the board members had heard the story the chairman said: "That man has been trying to run this school for years. We're glad you finally put him in his place. Keep up the good work."

I had no further trouble with the father or his erstwhile unruly son. Nor did the pupils of that school run me out of town. Determination to preserve law and order at all costs paid handsome dividends.

A knowledge of the doctrines of Seventh-day Adventists was brought to my family through the missionary work of Oliver Thompson, a literature evangelist from Norristown, Pennsylvania, who brought the *Signs of the Times* to our home each week. After leaving the *Signs* for some months he invited us to attend tent meetings in Norristown being conducted by Elders J. G. Matteson and Lee S. Wheeler.

My parents and sisters responded to the invitation and attended the meetings regularly. But since I was taking a law course at night school and was principal of the junior high school in Lansdale, I had only Sunday nights available for unscheduled events. I decided that I had no time for tent meetings.

As the meetings continued, my sisters became greatly interested in the sermons, and urged me to accompany them. I refused.

Later in the campaign, however, I decided to attend one Sunday night. That evening Elder R. A. Underwood, president of the Pennsylvania Conference, spoke on Daniel 8. He just happened to be there that weekend, and was the guest speaker on Sunday and Monday nights.

As I listened to his explanation of the prophecies of Daniel 8—the vision of the ram and the he goat, the 2300 days, and the cleansing of the sanctuary—I was thrilled. I had been a careful student of ancient history, and as I saw how closely history paralleled prophecy, I was con-

vinced that what Elder Underwood was preaching was true.

On Monday night I skipped my law-school classes and went to the tent to hear Elder Underwood speak on the subject of "Beasts—Symbols," which dealt largely with the judgment. Hearing this subject discussed, my interest grew.

Tuesday night I again skipped law school and went to the tent to hear Elder Matteson preach on Revelation 12 and 13. The beast of Revelation 13 intrigued me.

Wednesday I skipped classes for the third night and went to the tent to hear the lecture on "The United States in Prophecy." Here was an entirely new concept of the future of my beloved country. I was mildly shocked when I heard it.

On Thursday night the subject was "The Three Angels' Messages."

Friday night the subject was "The Seal of God and the Mark of the Beast." I was profoundly impressed. At the close of the service, when the preacher made an appeal for all to stand who wanted to register their determination to be on God's side and receive His seal, I was the first of thirty-five to respond.

That decision changed the whole course of my life. In the knowledge of God's last-day message, I had discovered something infinitely more important, interesting, and soul satisfying than law school.

About two weeks later, Elder Matteson had to go back to South Lancaster Academy where he was the Bible teacher. When he told me that he was planning to discontinue the special Sunday night meetings he had begun in the Penn Square High School auditorium four miles east of Norristown, I said, "You don't need to do that. I'll continue the meetings, and teach the people what I have heard from you and read in the Adventist books."

So with his consent I continued the Penn Square meetings every Sunday night all winter. I had debated regularly three times a week for some time in high school, so I was not afraid to speak in public. The Lord blessed this evangelistic effort, and at the close of the series eight converts were ready for baptism.

Then, in the Schuylkill River between Norristown and Bridgeport, the eight new converts and I were among the thirty-five who were baptized on that occasion, and who became charter members of the Norristown church.

Soon after, I was made Sabbath school superintendent of the Norristown church, and in 1896 I became first elder. That summer I sold religious books in and around Norristown, Valley Forge, and Phoenixville.

When fall came I packed my suitcase and headed for Battle Creek College in Michigan. I had set my heart resolutely upon getting a thorough education in Biblical subjects in preparation for the

To page 19

Satan Is Always Listening

MARIE, I am discouraged," a young mother named Dora complained to her friend. "It seems to me I have come to the place where even the hope of salvation seems futile."

"Dora!" Marie exclaimed. "Don't ever talk that way. Salvation does not depend on your merits. Forget yourself and trust the merits and the matchless grace of our Saviour's love."

"I know, Marie. I know all that, but how could heaven be heaven with me there? I know the Lord will not fail, but I fail. I get so impatient with my children when really they are as good as children can be. I have determined again and again not to criticize anyone, and still I do it, especially mentally. I—"

She was conscious only of talking to her friend. She was unaware that little Janet and Dale were standing behind her chair, taking in every word. She did not see the intense concentration or the deepening perplexity on their young faces that Marie saw as they tried to fathom the meaning of their mother's unbelievable speech. Dora had forgotten that young ears were listening.

But more than that, she had forgotten that old ears are ever listening and crafty eyes are ever watching for some sign of encouragement to force the game of life to a disastrous finish. She had forgotten about the ears of Satan and his legions of darkness.

Imagination can almost see the evil one smile at Dora's discouraging words, and then scowl at her friend's reproof and counsel. It can almost hear him advise his agents, "Keep her talking her doubts so that she herself may be impressed with them. And see to it that many hear, especially the young."

The father of lies knows well that people can be "deceived by their own words, and come to believe that true which was spoken at Satan's instigation."¹

By HULDA CROOKS

To Marie's further caution Dora responded regretfully, "I guess I shouldn't talk that way. I must be more careful." This decision she is backing with practice.

Forgotten again were the ears of Satan and the need to hold words in check when Drew Baker exploded: "If Brown came crawling to my door and begged for a crust of bread because he was starving, I wouldn't give it to him!"

"Drew," a friend said, "I'd have given five hundred—even a thousand—dollars if I could have averted this unfortunate experience. But even if Brown were all in the wrong, remember that Christ, the faultless One, pitied the very men who took His life and prayed God to forgive them. There's no consolation in bitterness. It serves only to make bitter the life that harbors it. No matter what the injustice, it's better, even if only for your own sake, to forgive and forget."

"I'll never forgive, and I can never forget," Baker vowed. "A man who has wronged me, lied about me, and made me the talk of the community will never get mercy from me."

The atmosphere of the well-ordered living room grew oppressive as the enemy prepared to force upon the unhappy man an overwhelming sense of the unforgivableness of his injury, and to stir up his passions to make reconciliation almost impossible.

If human ears could listen in on the supernatural, they might have overheard Satan command: "Relay this speech, and make sure that Brown hears it with all its bitterness, and then talks his own feelings when his boys are lis-

tening. Baker can never love the Name we hate as long as he hates Brown, and Brown and his family will soon lose their Christian spirit if they stop showing love for Baker."

If human eyes could see the invisible, Baker and Brown might have seen Satan "exulting over them, and laughing at the folly of those who accept his suggestions and enter his snares."²

Forgotten once more were the ears of Satan and his host when Ada Rhoades vowed "I will never again set foot in a church! If the God we worship were a God of love He would not have snatched our darling from us."

"Nor will I," her husband said bitterly. "I can never reconcile my conception of God with the death of our baby."

Under the sudden shock of their great bereavement these young parents failed to follow the counsel: "Do not talk unbelief. We cannot afford to let Satan see that he has power to darken our countenances and sadden our lives."³

Hiram and Ada did not understand that it is the aching heart that draws Christ's ministry of consolation. They did not know that "the Lord has special grace for the mourner, and its power is to melt hearts, to win souls."⁴

The impulsive expression of unbelief spoken into the ears of Satan encouraged him to strengthen his forces of evil angels about them and to hold fast the unhappy decision he had so suddenly wrung from them. The years have followed one another in unrelenting grief over their loss, and they have been without the close fellowship of Christ.

To page 20



W. T. COLLINS

Congress high lights included the King's Heralds Quartet, shown here being introduced by David Baasch, Inter-American Division Missionary Volunteer secretary, and (right) colorfully clad young people from Mexico, typical of the eight hundred delegates from many nations.

Inter-American MV's Gather in Havana

By DORITA LESSARD

EIGHT hundred delegates and two thousand visitors from thirty-one countries and dependencies thronged Havana's largest theater December 17-21 for the Inter-American Division's Golden Anniversary Youth Congress.

The Antillian College Choir, under the direction of Dr. Walton Brown, president of the college, sounded a ringing challenge in song as the congress was officially opened by David Baasch, MV leader for Inter-America.

With the Havana Union Choir as color guard, the Cuban flag appeared, borne by one of the choir members in the garb of the republic, and was posted after the singing of the national anthem. Welcoming speeches were made by local youth and leaders and a representative of the mayor, and standard bearers in colorful national costumes entered with the flags of the eleven independent na-

tions of Inter-America, and of the United States and Puerto Rico, Great Britain, France, and Holland. These flags were posted to the right and the left of the stage, where they remained throughout the session.

Our General Conference MV secretary, Theodore Lucas, brought greetings from 400,000 MV's around the world. H. M. S. Richards, Braulio Perez-Marcio, the King's Heralds, Brad Braley, R. A. Underhill, and other featured delegates followed.

As the congress convened each day, leaders and youth met in prayer bands in the various hotels and lodging places, which included church-owned buildings, where mattresses were spread on the floor to accommodate students of Antillian College who attended en masse.

The final round of the division-wide temperance oratorical contest was held on Wednesday, the second day of the

congress. Winner of the English section was Nathan Moore of Caribbean Union College in Trinidad, and Dulce Gomez of Antillian College carried off the honors in Spanish. Both received from the International Temperance Association a one-year college scholarship. The other finalists received awards of \$25 each from THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, which was represented at the congress by Circulation Manager R. J. Christian.

An unexpected sequel to the oratorical contest came Thursday night when the delegations from the various conferences and missions were giving their reports. Moved by a casual statement by a representative of the French-speaking areas, where there is no college, Miss Gomez came forward and handed her scholarship to this fellow MV of another language and another race—an eloquent testimony of the brotherhood of Christian young people around the world.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



W. T. COLLINS

Dramatic moment came when Dulce Gomez, first-prize winner in the Spanish section of the temperance oratorical contest, handed her scholarship award to Raymond Lucile of French Guiana. The Voice of Youth workshop demonstration was given by speakers from Holguin, Cuba.

A pageant, "Faith of Our Fathers," presented by students from Antillian College, under the direction of Prof. Charles Taylor of the Bible department, showed the part Inter-America played in the early Advent Movement, and how Adventist youth are still witnessing. The presentation was climaxed by a scene in which 17-year-old Christopher Soler's slashed and bullet-riddled *ruana* (cape) indicated how he paid the supreme sacrifice for his faith in an Inter-American country on August 16, 1956. Other scenes portrayed a Chilean Jesuit, Manuel Lacunza, whose book, *The Coming of the Messiah in Glory and Majesty*, was circulated "from Havana to Cape Horn" in manuscript before his death in 1801 and was printed in various languages after his death; and J. N. Loughborough, with a donkey that was shown bearing his tent across the Isthmus of Panama, as that pioneer was on his way to begin preaching the Advent message in California five years after the organization of the Seventh-day Adventist Church; and the elderly Gutiérrez de Rozas, magistrate of the supreme court of Mexico and defense attorney for the victims of the Inquisition, who wrote a tract on the second coming of Christ which he published under a pen name in 1835.

Hundreds of hearts responded with a determined consecration to the task of finishing the work, as the vast audience stood for a moment of reverent silence before the honor-guarded replicas of the graves of Dr. John Eccles and Capt. Frank Hutchins, 33-year-old skipper of Inter-America's first missionary ship, *The Herald*, symbolizing all who have given their lives for the work of God in Inter-America.

Music was not lacking at the congress. In addition to the special choirs, a trilingual chorus sang three numbers during the Friday evening music hour. The English-speaking King's Heralds sang song after song in perfect Spanish. Other guest musicians included Dr. Harvey and Virginia Gene Rittenhouse and Mrs. G. E. Shankel. In addition, numerous solos and ensemble numbers were presented by delegates.

Honored guests at the congress were Elder and Mrs. Orley Ford, who have given forty years to mission service in South America and Inter-America. They have sacrificed three children who died in the mission field. The other two, now grown, are in active service in the Inter-American Division.

The aging but still active missionary said, "If I had another life to live, I'd consecrate it to the service to which God called me," and his wife added, "And I'd be right there beside you."

Keynote devotional studies and workshop hours during the morning sessions opened new vistas of service in personal witnessing and MV Outpost Evangelism. More effective means of service were pointed out in connection with Voice of Prophecy radio ministry. "Sing Your Faith," "Nature Nuggets," and "Make It Sparkle" items showed the way to more stimulating and purposeful Missionary Volunteer meetings.

Pathfinder activities for Junior Missionary Volunteers were highlighted by Cuban Pathfinders from Camagüey, in their royal blue uniforms, who joined with the drill team from Orlando, Florida, in their familiar khaki and green, in presenting typical activities of their organization.

Reports of Missionary Volunteer activities in Inter-America included the following items:

In Jamaica the Missionary Volunteers and Medical Cadet Corps received a government citation for service rendered at the time of the Kendal train disaster.*

A branch Sabbath school group in east Cuba described their program and presented a family of eight baptized as a result of their work.

In the Sabbath morning sermon Elder Lucas asserted that real service is but the evidence of individual experience in Bible study and prayer, in fellowship, in character building—an upper-room experience. The disciples, he maintained, were never quoted as saying, "If Jesus were here now," because they actually felt His presence.

Sabbath afternoon at the closing service the number 4,774 represented youth baptisms during the Golden Anniversary year, and 7,370, the goal the young people and their leaders set themselves for youth baptisms in 1958.

At the close of the service, Angel Gomez, representing the youth of Inter-America, received from Orley Ford, veteran missionary, the torch of truth, and after listening to the charge given by the division president, Arthur H. Roth, the representatives of the twenty-nine fields in the division went out through the symbolic door of service to lead the youth in their territories in soul winning in 1958. The audience stood to pledge its loyalty to the watchword of Missionary Volunteer outposts, "Stand, Speak, Share, Serve."

* See "Death Too Rode the Rails," in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, Dec. 17, 1957.



A New Highway Comes to Town

By PHYLLIS SOMERVILLE

FOR a year the talk of our town was the proposed new course of Route 63, which would avoid traffic congestion in Ottumwa, in the southeastern part of Iowa. All of us wondered how it would affect us—whether it would take our house or our neighbors'.

We studied maps published in the newspaper, but still it seemed a mystery how some of the impossible-looking hollows could become highway when thick growths of trees and bramble made even hiking impossible. Then when we gazed at the well-established city blocks that would have to "make room for progress" we felt sadness.

Tears were shed by those who had lived in a home long enough for baby feet and prattle to turn into wedding bells. To those where more sorrow had been known than joys, it was a relief to be away from the haunt of familiar places. It was mere bargaining in dollars and cents to the unsentimental. To most of us it meant expectancy of a better-planned thoroughfare, although we felt a bit of sadness as we thought of bidding old neighbors farewell and saw the familiar landmarks ruthlessly uprooted and destroyed.

Home owners were visited by appraisers. Then came the excitement of seeing

people pack up their belongings and day by day fill trucks with their goods. Some goods went in vans, some in rented trailers bit by bit each night after work, the owners being helped by friends and relatives. The highway was a leveler of the rich and the poor. Whoever was in the path had to go. Lumps filled many throats as housewives, like Lot's wife, looked back fondly on what had been home. We felt their sadness too as a block away we said good-by.

I hated to see the first bulldozers tearing down a wide swath in a forest of stately oaks, elms, and maples in a section we had often admired on hikes with the family. Next the deep gullies had to be filled in.

Winter came to Iowa and work ceased, but not the shaking of heads and wagging of tongues. "How'll they ever do it?" "It sure will take a lot of fill-in!"

Warm days of spring brought the sound of road equipment like the hum of gigantic bees. Yes, work was starting, the children reported. All summer long many trips were made to the nearby project by those who enjoyed jumping like mountain goats from one lump of dirt to the other, or kicking up thick dust between their toes.

Huge culverts were poured and covered by the earth-gulping machinery. To hear the echo through the two-hundred-foot tunnels and to think that even a whisper could be heard was a new experience for our four- and five-year-olds. What fun to scuttle up one steep embankment with Daddy and then come down the other side to holler to Mamma. It left us all in awe to see how deep expanses could so soon become level roadbeds as another machine tamped dirt into place. The scene began to look familiar the more we hiked up and down.

Then came the excitement of the overpass almost within ringside view of our home. We watched as supports were made, until finally an expanse came into being. To watch the carrying of cement by a crane was a never-ending delight to our boy. He was thrilled when the night man who oiled and repaired the machinery allowed him to climb up into the cab. It seemed the sadness was gone in the prospects of what was soon to be reality as cars sailed along, leaving clouds of dust to trail them. This was the only way to get out by car for some, but I suspect most were curiosity seekers who chose to drive rather than to hike, as our family did.

On one of our Sabbath hikes I recalled that Isaiah refers to the "way of holiness." How true, I thought as I looked at this clean-cut strip, avoiding much of the town's traffic. "The highway of the upright is to depart from evil." Everything detrimental to the Christian life must go. The road to heaven is straight through—no detours, no compromise, no lesser roads of endeavor.

*Having traveled far to find it for himself,
Alfred Nahman is now searching out others who will be willing to*

Follow the Gleam

By V. E. ROBINSON

I DON'T like it, Mamma. I don't like it at all."

Papa Nahman sat in the kitchen of his small cottage on the island of Rhodes, where he lived with his wife and five children. His attention was concentrated on the columns of the local newspaper spread out before him. Mamma Nahman passed back and forth from stove to cupboard and table, preparing the evening meal.

"What is it, Papa? What is troubling you?"

"It is this latest ordinance. I must report again to the police and give full information about our family. This is the third time I've been called during the last six months. It's not only that I must close my business for several hours while answering all those questions, but my patrons are beginning to wonder whether I'm in trouble with the police. Some of my old customers no longer come since I had to hang that Star of David in the window of my shop. It isn't like *Il Duce's* government to trouble us in this way. I don't like it. I'm beginning to fear for our future."

It was 1936. For many years Nahman had operated a small barbershop on the island of Rhodes. Little by little the long shadow of Hitler had been falling across the lands of Europe, influencing Mussolini, his partner in the Rome-Berlin Axis, to pass laws discriminating against the Jews living under the Italian flag. Nahman felt apprehensive.

He thought more and more about the possibility of going to some other country. But where? The tide of anti-Semitism had already scattered thousands of Jews into all parts of the world. But there seemed to be a limit to the number of Jews that these nations were prepared to absorb. By 1936 it had become difficult to find countries that would accept them.

After pondering his problem for many weeks, Nahman made up his mind to leave Rhodes. His applications went out

to country after country. The replies were disappointing. Some answered that their lists were closed. Others expressed willingness to enter his name, but held out little hope of being able to accept the Nahman family for a long time. Then came a gleam of hope.

"Here it is! Here it is!" he exclaimed one day, looking up from the day's mail.

"Cousin Benjamin has written that he has work for me in his soap factory in Elisabethville. I shall go first, and if I find that the work is suitable and that the place is a good one for the family, I will send for you."

"But where is Elisabethville?" Mrs. Nahman asked.

"It is in the Belgian Congo, out in Africa."

"To the Congo! That is a land of cannibals, isn't it? You wouldn't be safe."

"I will be perfectly safe. Elisabethville is a large town. In fact, it is really a city."

The decision was made. Relatives in the city heard about it. Some expressed astonishment, some dismay. If he wanted to go to a French-speaking country, why not North Africa—Tunis, Algiers, Morocco?

"I can't go there. I have no employment there. They will not give me an entry permit unless I have work," he explained.

Things moved swiftly. The entire family and many relatives gathered at the pier to bid farewell as Papa Nahman sailed for Central Africa. Before he left they all went to the cabin where he commended the family to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Soon letters began coming from Africa. He had found his work satisfactory. He sent money, all that he could, so that when permission came, they could join him.

Meanwhile, war came closer to Europe. The Continent trembled to the tramp of marching armies, and the skies were darkened by squadrons of planes.

But early in 1939, after months of ne-



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Alfred Nahman—student, literature evangelist, Missionary Volunteer—continues actively sharing his faith in South Africa.

gotiating, the Italian authorities gave permission for the family to leave Rhodes. Mamma Nahman and the five children were to sail for Cape Town from where they would proceed by train through the Rhodesias to Elisabethville. Once more friends and relatives gathered on the wharf. There were many tears.

"We'll never see you again," they said.

Mother and children stood on deck and watched the shores of their beloved Rhodes disappear slowly into the distance. That island had been their home, as it had been of their ancestors for four centuries, ever since their forefathers had been exiled from Spain at the instigation of Torquemada, head of the Inquisition.

Passing through the Strait of Gibraltar, their ship gradually crept down the west coast of Africa until one cold winter morning it cast anchor in Table Bay, the gateway to South Africa. A representative of the Belgian consulate met them, helped them through customs, and put them on their train.

It took them five days to reach their destination—over the barren Karroo, past the fabulous diamond city of Kimberley,

Dear Son,

Say, send us a raft—or something! If this rain keeps up, we'll need it. Are you about to float away?

Remember that town we went through once where the people kept boats tied to their back doors? Some in this town are going to need something like that, I think.

Yes, I am halfway to eighty! Old, I'd say, but I don't feel that way a bit. It really pays to follow the rules of health, and to try to live so one's conscience is clear. I've made mistakes. Plenty of them. But I can truly say that none were deliberate. I hope you remember even now that there is always a pay-off for everything we do. It may be delayed, but it will come—sooner or later.

Sparky grows weaker and weaker. We bought special food and drops for his water, but I fear it is of no avail. Death seems to manage to await one and all.

How did you ever manage to get on the super honor roll? We were entirely too proud to be mentioning it. We won't complain over a "B" or a "C" now and then, but we shall certainly shout over the "A's." And we've told all the relatives too!

We waxed the floors. What a skidding good time! The girls got rags and pulled each other violently around the corners to end up in a heap against the nearest wall.

Remember Elder Barnes? He's been staying with us instead of at the hotel. We left for a few days, and while I was gone he had to answer the telephone. With that slick floor and the distance to cover he said the first few times he went one way while the furniture flew the other!

All those poems you write—why don't you send some to the INSTRUCTOR? Talent improves when put to use.

Love,
Mother

working as a miner. Since there was a great demand for copper during war-time, his request for a permit to enter the mines was immediately granted, and the family moved to the mining town of Mufulira.

Then one rather dark day Nahman was told not to report for work at the mine again. After a brief search he obtained employment in another mine a Nkana, a few miles away, and moved there with his family.

In 1945 one of the Nahman boys, Alfred, contracted typhoid fever and spent many wearisome weeks in the Nkana hospital. One day during his convalescence, a woman came through the hospital, distributing literature. Her last book was given to a man in the bed next to Alfred's, with whom he had enjoyed many a friendly discussion. Since the man did not particularly care for the book, he passed it on to Alfred.

The title was *Faith of Our Fathers*, and Alfred found it absorbingly interesting. It dealt with the prophecies, and contained no trace of anti-Semitism. But it constantly referred to the Bible, a book which Alfred had never seen. He felt that he must secure a copy, and shortly after leaving the hospital he found an Anglican clergyman who sold him one.

While reading a local newspaper soon afterward, he noticed a question in an advertisement. "Would you like to know more about the Bible? Write to the Voice of Prophecy, Cape Town, for a free course of lessons." It was what he had been looking for, and his application form was soon on its way.

Alfred was working as an apprentice to an electrician in Nkana, and night after night upon returning from work he sat up poring over the lessons, writing out answers as he found them in the Bible. Before he had half finished the course, he decided that he must accept Jesus as his Messiah.

He wrote to tell his parents that he had discovered the Messiah to be Jesus. His father came immediately to see him, and persuaded him to get a ten-day leave of absence to return to his home. Here both parents went to work to try to persuade their son to change his opinions.

"You're a fool! You are still too young. Don't be foolish. You had better go and see a rabbi who can explain things to you. You don't know what you're doing."

They argued into the early hours of the morning. When they found that argument made no impression, they brought in the elders of the Jewish synagogue, who did their best to win him back to the Hebrew religion. But he would not give up his Saviour.

"All right, son, you will have to go. Either you change your ideas and remain our son, or you can have your Christ and get out of here."

"I am sorry, Father, but I cannot give up Jesus as my Saviour," Alfred replied.

along the edge of the Kalahari Desert. At Bulawayo they changed trains. Next morning they crossed the bridge just below Victoria Falls and caught a glimpse of the Zambezi River as it plunges into that tremendous four-hundred-foot gorge. They passed countless African villages where little children stood waving at the train.

Finally they crossed the frontier into the Congo. The next morning they would reach Elisabethville—and Papa. It was hard to sleep that night, and early the next day they were leaning out of the windows of their compartment. Soon in the distance they saw the skyline of the city.

The train drew into the station past the throngs of people on the platform. Eagerly their eyes roved over the crowds. "There he is! There's Papa," one of the children shouted.

"How the children have grown!" he

exclaimed as he took them one by one in his arms.

Two African boys assisted with the bundles and bags. A short ride in a taxi brought them to a neat little cottage near the soap factory. Papa's cook had breakfast ready. It was three years since they had had a meal together.

Soon the children were enrolled in the primary school in Elisabethville. At first they were ridiculed by the other children, but in time were accepted. Separated from relatives, the family gradually allowed their religion to fade into the background.

Papa Nahman eventually began to think he could secure higher wages across the border in Northern Rhodesia. Leaving his family for a few days, he traveled to the famous copper belt and discovered that if he could get a permit to enter the country, he could increase his income by

The lessons that taught Alfred that Jesus was his personal Saviour also taught that it was his duty to obey all the commandments of God and keep the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath. After praying for guidance, he went to his employer.

"Sir, I have now become a Seventh-day Adventist. I would like it if you could let me have Saturdays off, free from work."

"Well," the man replied, "you know I am a Christian myself, but I have to work on Sundays. There is nothing I can do to help you. If you won't work on Saturday, you can't work here."

So Alfred went out to find another job. He searched through the entire community, but he couldn't find an opening. Everywhere places of business were running seven days a week.

He left Nkana and went on to other towns, only to find the same situation everywhere. His funds were dwindling. In order to stretch them as far as possible, he lived for many days on Weet-Bix and water.

Attending Helderberg College near Cape Town there was a young Jewish student named Jacobsen. The Voice of Prophecy office sent him Alfred's name and address, suggesting that he write and urge him to come to college. Jacobsen was not informed of Alfred's financial circumstances, but feeling impressed to do so, he sent him five pounds.

Alfred was greatly encouraged to receive the money and the letter, which read, "I have heard that you are a Jewish brother of mine, and am happy that you have accepted Jesus as your Messiah and Christ. Now let me tell you what to do. Go to Rusangu Mission near Monze, where you will find other Gentiles who keep the Sabbath the same as we Jews do, and yet believe in Jesus. They will help you."

Alfred followed the suggestion and traveled the three hundred miles to Rusangu. He spent two weeks thinking of his future. Inasmuch as a book had been instrumental in his conversion, he felt that there could be no better way for him to share what he had learned than by distributing literature.

With the encouragement of the mission workers at Rusangu he secured copies of *Daniel and the Revelation*, *The Bible Speaks*, and other books, and went out to sell them to people living in communities scattered along the railway line. He found traveling by bicycle extremely tiring because of the heavy sand found for many miles along Rhodesian roads. Often he went on freight trains.

Then he traveled to his home, hoping that time might have softened his parents' hearts. But once more he was ordered away.

From the government of Southern Rhodesia he secured a three-month entry

permit. His work there was successful, and he was sorry when his time expired and he had to return to Northern Rhodesia.

All the time his friend Jacobsen was writing, urging him to come to Helderberg and offering to help him in every way possible. Finally Alfred sent his enrollment application. He was accepted, and early 1947 found him on the campus.

Though in school, he decided to spend whatever spare time he had in spreading Bible truth. This would prove an outlet for his restless energies. Not being able to subscribe to the magazines he wanted to distribute, he wrote to an Adventist paper in the United States and asked for a small notice to be inserted, stating that he would be happy to receive used copies of missionary periodicals for use in South Africa.

The response astonished him. The parcels began to arrive by scores, then by hundreds. The post office in the town three miles from the college was filled with packages. The car that brought the mail to the campus was unable to cope with the avalanche.

One day the telephone rang in the college principal's office. He lifted the receiver.

"Is that you, Mr. McClure?"

"Yes."



Servicemen's Retreat Huge Success in Texas

By Bill Ingram

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—Activity began at dawn at the SDA Service Center on the Sabbath morning of October 19, 1957, the day of a special servicemen's retreat.

At eight o'clock we met at the center, picked up the prepared meal, and left promptly. Every mile of the trip into the country turned our minds to God and the things He had made. In an hour and a half we arrived at our destination, where music was floating over the crisp, cool air. Down by the edge of a river, among spruce trees, a little amphitheater had been constructed and a small organ was being played.

To begin Sabbath school, Captain Johnson led us in a song service, during which the attendance reached one hundred. The Sabbath school lesson study, conducted by Captain Aaby, emphasized the need and results of a complete surrender to God. Superintendent of the Sab-

"Will you please do something to help us. Our office is filled with these paper parcels. We have no place to put any more. Send a truck and haul them away."

So the college truck went down and got the papers. A special room was set aside to store them. Eventually the shipments began to subside, but it took Alfred many months, going out every Sunday, to give the papers away. But it thrilled his heart to be doing it.

Going to school, however, was a new life for him, and he found it difficult after so many years of independence to orient himself to the rigid regularity of a school program. He thrilled to the Bible classes, but other subjects seemed of little interest, and he frequently missed them, which brought him into conflict with the registrar. He had not been able to bring a large amount of money to school, and financial problems helped to make him discouraged.

At the end of 1948 he dropped out of school and spent a year in hospital work in Johannesburg.

But he was impressed anew of the need for further training. He re-entered Helderberg and spent the first half of 1950 at the college. His year in Johannesburg, however, hadn't made it any

To page 19

bath school session was Sp/3 Al Hilde.

The church service, which was under the direction of Pvt. Pete Jensen, included a sermon by Douglas Wacker, who spoke on the idea of a whole personality through the righteousness of Christ.

After lunch some of the servicemen hiked up to the cliffs for a view of the river and the valley beyond, which gave a feeling of the vastness of God. Others hiked along the river, some found a secluded place for meditation, and still others just rested, taking in the beauty of the out-of-doors.

At three o'clock, as the organ was quietly played, we met in ten groups at designated spots along the river, and there we prayed together. Returning to the amphitheater, we had a forum, "How May We Be Better Christians and Help Others?" The Holy Spirit was with us. Primary in every heart was a deep desire to know Christ better and to fulfill His purpose in our lives.

As the retreat came to a close, we felt that we had made an initial step in overcoming spiritual inertia in our lives.

*The question may
but it's a subject
The pastor of the*

AM



H. ARMSTRONG ROBB

sound very complimentary,
body needs to think about.
te Memorial church puts it this way:

ARE YOU A CHAMELEON?

By ARTHUR L. BIETZ

WHY gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"—Jeremiah 2:36.

Over in Scotland they love to tell this little fable: A very vain chameleon was having a busy time in a yardage shop outdoing himself in changing the color of his body. He wriggled onto a bolt of brilliant red velvet and immediately turned bright red, then he crawled to a shimmering piece of green silk and turned green. How he admired himself!

Everything was going fine, and the chameleon was luxuriating in this marvelous magical talent he possessed, when presently he happened onto a section of beautiful Scotch plaid material. That was the end. The poor chameleon killed himself in an effort to be green, yellow, red, and blue all at the same time.

The curse of our age is the lack of constancy. There are so few who are willing to stand out and be individuals. Everyone wants to weep with the crowd and laugh with the crowd. But the one who remains on his own feet and sticks by his convictions though all about him desert the cause—he is an exception.

Many Christians are like the chameleon. They attach themselves to an environment and do the things that are typical of their environment.

But the Bible indicates that there is endless trouble ahead for the person who does not know where he stands: "Meddle not with them that are given to change."¹

Indeed, in the beginning it may seem profitable to do in Rome as the Romans do. It is easy to be popular that way. But it is not possible to be loyal to every segment with which you come in contact. Sooner or later, while trying to please everyone, you will run into the same problem as did the chameleon when he came face to face with a piece of plaid material—you will kill yourself in an ef-

fort to identify with all beliefs and all standards.

When a person seeks a friend, doesn't he choose those whose word is sure? It is far better to live in the company of friends who may not speak with the oratory of a Demosthenes and have the physical appearance of a Jupiter, but who will remain on your side through the ups and downs of life—friends who cannot be bribed, and who will not smile into your face while they knife your back.

On a farm somewhere in the central part of the United States there stood an old apple tree. Half of the tree was on one side of the fence and half of it was on the other side. And there always existed a bitter contention as to whether the tree belonged to the farmer whose property lay on one side or to the public who passed by the other side. An unwritten law said that it belonged to the first one who clubbed down the apples. So, as soon as those apples were anywhere near ripe, that poor tree received more clubbing than the whole remaining orchard.

It is just so with Christians who try to live on both sides of the spiritual fence. They cannot exist in peace, because they receive comments, calls, criticisms, and propositions from all sides.

What kind of Christian are you? Are you one kind of person in church, another at work, and another with your friends?

Do you know the principles of your church and do you honor them? Or do you refrain from doing certain things when those who are extremely conservative observe you, only to change right around and be liberal when you are with your own "gang"? Are the colors of your church flying, or do they just hang limply—waiting to change as soon as the environment does?

We cannot afford to be chameleons or fence straddlers. To be a Christian and

to imitate the life of Christ is to stand up for patience, love, kindness, faithfulness, stewardship, prayer, honesty, loyalty, and hope without moving one inch toward the side of meanness, hate, avarice, cowardliness, and all the other sins that debase character.

God expects of His children that they not only know their business but that they *mean* business. He wants them to be responsible and to stand unflinchingly against hypocrisy.

Have you ever heard the expression: "Doesn't he have any salt in his veins?" Of course, this is only a figurative question; but it contains much meaning, because salt has always represented something pungent and strong in poetry and philosophy. "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."²

That is it—we are to be like salt—strong and adding zest to any environment. There is nothing more disgusting than an anemic believer—one who vacillates, avoids decisions, and tries to keep his faith well hidden, so that he can mix with every sort of society. Too many Christians have lost their saltiness. They have no snap, no taste. They are spiritual chameleons.

May our religion be a passion and not a weak profession, for the very essence of sin is to choose an immediate comfort as against an ultimate right.

We have the example of the prophet Jeremiah who said, "I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name. But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."³ His religion was a compulsion. He could not keep it hidden. It would not allow him to straddle a fence or change his colors to suit the environment.

It will not do just to have a Christianity of the word. True Christianity must also involve action.

You probably remember the story of the young man who was in love and wrote his sweetheart a flamboyant letter that nearly exhausted his supply of adjectives:

"I could swim the ocean to be with you; I could endure the Arctic cold, or cross the burning sands of the Sahara, or climb the steepest mountains, if only I could be in your presence!

Kent Looks for an Answer

By J. O. IVERSEN

GUESS I'll go over and see how Frank and Betty are getting along. Want to go?"

The speaker was Kent Baker, paratrooper, recently admitted to the bar, and husband of June, a hazel-eyed blonde, his bride of less than a year.

"No, I think I'll stay home and write Mom. I'm sure she thinks I have forgotten I have a mother since I got married," June said. "But run along, darling, and tell them both Hello for me."

Frank was a cousin of Kent's. The two had been boyhood chums, and it was nice that they could still live in the same small city. The early friendship had not died down. They were still friends and companions, and in spite of the fact that both were married, they found time to see each other often.

It was unusual for Kent and June not to go everywhere together. They were still very much in love and almost inseparable. Perhaps it was predestined that on this particular night June's conscience should bother her about not writing to her mother. It was easy for her to drift along absorbed in her newly acquired role of housewife, catering to every wish of her handsome husband, and forget her old home ties.

Kent kissed her tenderly and drove away. He intended being gone only an hour at the most. In fifteen minutes he pulled up in front of Frank's house. . . .

Pardon the interruption, but this is just our way of introducing a brand new story entitled "The Bright Horizon," a story that we believe will become well known throughout America. "The Bright Horizon" is a thrilling story of twenty-two lively installments that will further

"P.S. I will be over on Wednesday evening if it doesn't rain."

Could it be that some of us shower this kind of love on our God? Do we indulge in idle promises and insidious flattery? Do we tell God how much we love Him without adding actions to our words?

If your love for Christ isn't worth any service, it is not true love. If it isn't worth helping people, then it isn't love.

Channing Pollock, who gave many interesting radio talks several years ago,

introduce the participants in our story—Kent Baker, a struggling young attorney; his wife June, with her stormy, tempestuous disposition; laughable, lovable Frank and his wife Betty. You will also become acquainted with Pam, queen of the local campus; and Jack Cranford, a man from "outer space" who shatters their little world and turns it inside out.

"The Bright Horizon" is a new Bible correspondence course for campus-age young people and is sponsored by the Voice of Prophecy. It is a guide to truth for modern youth. Throughout the twenty-two chapters, the fundamental teachings of the Adventist faith are presented in a unique, interesting, clear, and logical style. These teachings ride on the vehicle of the continued story to which you have been given a brief introduction—a story of pathos, smiles, and perhaps a tear.

"The Bright Horizon" is the answer to the question that so many have asked, "What can we do to reach campus-age youth with the teachings of our church?" As the reader completes the chapter he fills in the summary sheet at the end and sends it to the Voice of Prophecy Bible School for grading, additional chapters are sent until the reader has completed the entire story. Then he will have gained a knowledge of Bible truth, and will be awarded an attractive diploma.

"The Bright Horizon" course for youth will be free to young people everywhere. It will provide for you a great deal of interesting reading and a motive for reviewing the great teachings of your church. More than that, it will provide for you an opportunity to acquaint your friends with the Bible and its teachings. It's a brand new way to Share Your Faith.

had this to say: "The trouble with America is not soil erosion, but soul erosion."

It is so easy to feel safe and secure in a close nucleus of Christian friends. But this is also dangerous, because unless we breathe God's love to others anew every day, we can so easily become fence straddlers and chameleons. And these never helped anyone, least of all themselves. In order to bring others and ourselves to God, we must live a godly life.

An infidel who had been converted gave credit for this change in his life to an old man who lived near him. The old man was puzzled about it, and one day he asked the convert what he had done to help him believe in God.

"I never said much about your becoming a Christian," he said.

"No," replied the former infidel, "you didn't have much to say about it, but you lived it. I could stand all arguments, but I couldn't stand the way you lived. Your life made me change my mind."

Charles Kingsley always maintained, "If you wish your neighbors to see what God's truth is like, let them see what God can make you like."

Those who stand out in relief on Christianity's scroll of heroes are not chameleons and neither do they straddle fences. They are bold warriors who charge forth to herald truth.

John Huss was pronounced a heretic by the Church of Rome; but even in the face of death he did not change his course. Instead he said, "What errors should I renounce, when I know myself guilty of none—wherefore with a cheerful mind and courage, I am here ready to suffer death." He was no chameleon!

John James, pastor of a church in London, was hanged in 1661 because he preached and kept the true Seventh-day Sabbath. Even though he was cruelly persecuted, he did not waver from the path which he felt was right. He was no chameleon!

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, the three Hebrew lads who were thrown into a fiery furnace because they regarded their lives as of less value than holding high the standard of truth by not kneeling down before a false God, were not chameleons either. They were true blue. They were the salt of the earth, and the blood of real valiance coursed through their veins. Their colors were constant. Their loyalty made it possible for God to demonstrate His power.

Are we willing to do likewise and retain our identity as soldiers of God? Are we ready to be spiritual dynamos instead of spiritual hitchhikers?

The Lord holds out wonderful power, and He shows us a view of certain victory ahead. But we can never achieve it by being an appeaser or a chameleon.

"Who is on the Lord's side?"⁴

¹ Prov. 24:21. ² Matt. 5:13. ³ Jer. 20:9. ⁴ Ex. 32:26.

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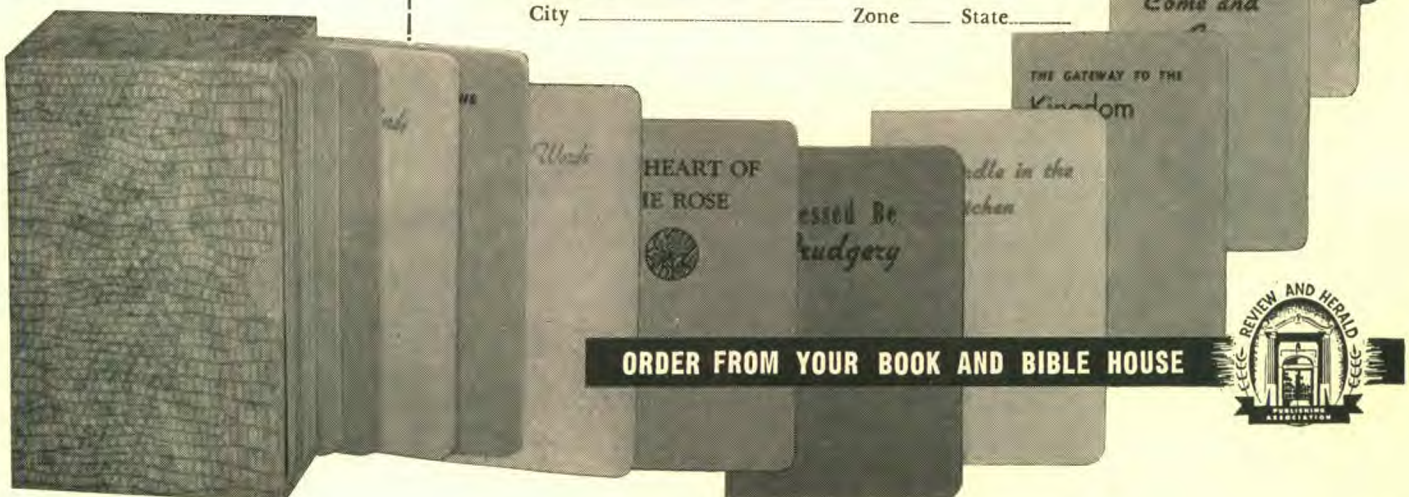
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TWA

Rugged Finland

By T. R. FLAIZ, M.D.

PERHAPS no people in the world have better established their right to be regarded as rugged than the people of Finland. No one but a hardy race would attempt to live here. People must be hardy to survive.

From the little Adventist sanitarium in rural Finland I looked out over banks of snow gradually merging into seas of mud. Although it was near the end of April, the lake in front of the sanitarium was still solidly frozen over with up to four feet of ice. I noticed that cars and teams use those frozen lakes for highways in the winter.

Flying over Finland you can see that only a very small portion of the country is cleared for cultivation. There are two reasons. First, much of the forested land is so rocky and rough it would be no agricultural asset anyway. Second, this is essentially a frontier, pioneering country, and land clearing is proceeding as rapidly as tillable land becomes available to the farmer, or as fast as the supply of labor and equipment permit.

The Finnish people are apparently not related to the other Scandinavian groups, but, as nearly as can be determined, originated among the peoples of Central Southern European Russia, and are possibly related to the people of Hungary. At

what time they came to present Finland is a secret lost in the traditions of the pre-Christian era.

Finland recently celebrated its eighth centennial of the arrival of Christianity. One half of this Christian history was in the Roman Catholic Church and the other half stanchly in the fold of the Friar of Wittenberg, where 95 per cent of the Finns hold their loyalty today. Catholics have made but a slight comeback with a few thousand followers. Pentecostal people are reported to have nearly fifty thousand adherents, while Adventists, Methodists, Baptists, and perhaps other bodies have each five or six thousand or less.

Until the middle of the last century the Finns were under the rule of a strong Sweden. Taken from Sweden by Czarist Russia, the Finns enjoyed complete internal autonomy, and in the revolutions of 1917-18 they broke away from the Russian connections. Attacked by Communist Russia in November, 1939, the Finns spent one hundred thousand lives to maintain their freedom.

Finland's greatest natural resource is her vast forests. Lumber, plywood, and paper, and some dairy products, are exported to allow for the importation of cereals, machinery, cloth, motorcars, and foods. Because of the requirements of her

economy, the little country has found it necessary to direct much of her trade to the east. With some exceptions, the goods on the shelves of her shops are likely to bear labels from Czechoslovakia or Poland. There are cars from Czechoslovakia and the little Moskvich cars from Russia, though most of the cars are from Germany or England.

Staple foods of Finland are bread, potatoes, meat, and dairy products. The large consumption of dairy products and fat meats is doubtless responsible for her having Europe's highest incidence of cardiovascular disease, heart attacks, and strokes.

The Finns are a great out-of-door people and take to outdoor recreation and sports. Even in cold freezing weather you can see groups of warmly dressed boys with packs on their backs cycling out to some forest campsite. The outdoor life is reflected in the rosy cheeks of the children and young people.

Near Finland's second largest city, Turku, in the southwest, Adventists are developing the Finnish training school. The original property is an old nobleman's estate, with a commodious mansion overlooking one of Finland's ten thousand lakes. More recently it has been possible to add a fine modern administration building adequate for classrooms and other requirements of 250 students, twice the present enrollment.

At the close of school in the month of May a week of very strenuous work by staff and some students converts this school plant into a summer sanitarium, complete with hydrotherapy and the famous Finnish bath.

This latter institution is strictly characteristic of the country, and no community—or, in fact, home—is quite complete without it. A modest-sized unit consists of a small room with benches one above and back of the other ranging up in miniature amphitheater form. The heating unit is a round brick or metal container perhaps two feet in diameter and three feet deep. Under this is a firebox. The container is filled with stones three to six inches in diameter. A fire in the grate below heats these stones to nearly red heat.

When the bathers have all taken their positions on the benches the door is closed and the operator starts pouring water down over these hot rocks. The bathers enjoy—or perhaps more accurately, endure—the increasing steam heat until they can take it no more. The door is opened and all rush out into cool air and plunge into the nearby river or lake. In winter it means breaking away the ice to permit them to get into the water. The bathers are quickly back in the steam room and the process is repeated as many times as desired.

So much is this healthful practice a part of Finnish life that Finns leaving

To page 22



Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

The Ten Virgins

LESSON FOR MARCH 29

Daily Study Record:

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LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 25:1-13.

OUTSIDE READING: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 405-421.

MEMORY GEM: "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh" (Matt. 24:44).

1 Two Classes of Watchers

1. What is said of the ten virgins who were waiting for the bridegroom?

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish" (Matt. 25:1, 2).

NOTE.—"The two classes of watchers represent the two classes who profess to be waiting for their Lord. They are called virgins because they profess a pure faith. By the lamps is represented the word of God. The psalmist says, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' Ps. 119:105. The oil is a symbol of the Holy Spirit."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 406, 407.

2. What was the basic difference between these two classes of virgins?

"The foolish ones took the lamps but took no oil along with them; while the prudent ones took oil in the containers with their lamps" (Matt. 25:3, 4, The Berkeley Version of the New Testament).

NOTE.—"In the parable, all the ten virgins went out to meet the bridegroom. All had lamps, and vessels for oil. For a time there was seen no difference between them. So with the church that lives just before Christ's second coming. All have a knowledge of the Scriptures. All have heard the message of Christ's near approach, and confidently expect His appearing. But as in the parable, so it is now. A time of waiting intervenes, faith is tried; and when the cry is heard, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him,' many are unready. They have no oil in their vessels with their lamps. They are destitute of the Holy Spirit."—*Ibid.*, p. 408.

3. What did all ten virgins do when the bridegroom tarried?

"And as the bridegroom delayed, they all grew drowsy and fell asleep" (Matt. 25:5, Berkeley).

2 What Happens in a Crisis

4. What call was heard at midnight?

"But at midnight there came a shout, 'Here is the bridegroom; go out to meet him'" (Matt. 25:6, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"It is in a crisis that character is revealed. When the earnest voice proclaimed at midnight, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him,' and the sleeping virgins were roused from their slumbers, it was seen who had made preparation for the event. Both parties were taken unawares; but one was prepared for the emergency, and the other was found without preparation. . . . The great final test comes at the close of human

probation, when it will be too late for the soul's need to be supplied."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 412.

5. What did all the virgins then do?

"Then all those virgins got up and trimmed their lamps" (Matt. 25:7, Berkeley).

6. How did the foolish virgins try to remedy their embarrassing plight?

"And the foolish said to the prudent, 'Give us from your oil, for our lamps are going out'" (Matt. 25:8, Berkeley).

7. What reply did the five wise virgins make?

"'No, indeed, there would not be enough for you and us; you better go to the dealers and buy for yourselves'" (Matt. 25:9, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"When startled from their lethargy, they [the foolish virgins] discern their destitution, and entreat others to supply their lack; but in spiritual things no man can make up another's deficiency. The grace of God has been freely offered to every soul. . . . But character is not transferable. No man can believe for another. No man can receive the Spirit for another. No man can impart to another the character which is the fruit of the Spirit's working."—*Ibid.*, pp. 411, 412.

3 Too Late to Prepare

8. What happened while the five foolish virgins were searching for oil?

"Now while they were away buying, the bridegroom came, and those ready entered the banquet-hall with him. And the door was shut" (Matt. 25:10, Berkeley).

9. What was their plea?

"Master, master, open up for us!" (Matt. 25:11, Berkeley).

10. What did the bridegroom answer?

"I tell you truly, I do not know you" (Matt. 25:12, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"Saddest of all words that ever fell on mortal ear are those words of doom, 'I know you not.' The fellowship of the Spirit, which you have slighted, could alone make you one with the joyous throng at the marriage feast. In that scene you cannot participate. Its light would fall on blinded eyes, its melody upon deaf ears. Its love and joy could awake no chord of gladness in the world-benumbed heart. You are shut out from heaven by your own unfitness for its companionship."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 413.

4 The Lesson for Now

11. What lesson did Jesus draw from the parable of the ten virgins?

"So you keep watch, for you know neither the day nor the hour (when the Son of Man will come)" (Matt. 25:13, Berkeley).

NOTE.—All the virgins wanted to participate in the festivities of the wedding supper. All of them went forth to meet the bridegroom. They all took their lamps. They all took oil containers. They all grew drowsy and slept. They were all awakened at the midnight cry.

There were only two differences between the two groups. The five wise virgins had extra oil in their containers. They were able to trim their lamps and go in to the supper.

The five foolish virgins had no extra oil in their containers. Their lights went out. They were denied admission to the supper.

The essential difference was in the matter of preparation. When the time came to be ready, the foolish virgins were still preparing. The preparations of the wise virgins were complete. When the time came to act, they were ready to act.

12. On another occasion what did Christ say to the disciples regarding His second coming?

"You therefore be ready; for the Son of Man comes at an hour when you are not expectant" (Matt. 24:44, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"The crisis is stealing gradually upon us. The sun shines in the heavens, passing over its usual round, and the heavens still declare the glory of God. Men are still eating and drinking, planting and building, marrying, and giving in marriage. Merchants are still buying and selling. Men are jostling one against another, contending for the highest place. Pleasure lovers are still crowding to theaters, horse races, gambling hells. The highest excitement prevails, yet probation's hour is fast closing, and every case is about to be eternally decided. Satan sees that his time is short. He has set all his agencies at work that men may be deceived, deluded, occupied and entranced, until the day of probation shall be ended, and the door of mercy be forever shut."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 636.

13. By what standard will those live who hope for Christ's soon return?

"Loved ones, we are God's children now, and what we shall be has not yet been shown; but we know that when He has been revealed we shall resemble Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And everyone who has this hope resting on Him, purifies himself as He is pure" (1 John 3:2, 3, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"It is the privilege of every soul to be a living channel through which God can communicate to the world the treasures of His grace, the unsearchable riches of Christ. . . . All heaven is waiting for channels through which can be poured the holy oil to be a joy and blessing to human hearts.

"Christ has made every provision that His church shall be a transformed body, illumined with the Light of the world, possessing the glory of Immanuel. It is His purpose that every Christian shall be surrounded with a spiritual atmosphere of light and peace. He desires that we shall reveal His own joy in our lives."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 419.

Quizangles

1. Why did the wise virgins fall asleep along with the foolish virgins? (1)

2. What indicates that there was some oil in the lamps of the foolish virgins? (2)

3. What did the foolish virgins ask of the bridegroom? (3)

4. Why were they not permitted to enter? (3)

5. What is meant by the bridegroom's statement, "I do not know you"? (3)

6. Why is it more important to be ready than to be getting ready? (4)

7. What place does the return of Jesus hold in your affections?

8. Are your preparations to meet Him advancing with due haste?

9. Do you want Him to return soon?

NEXT WEEK, April 5, 1958—Lesson title: "The Beginning of the Revelation." Lesson scripture: Revelation 1 to 3. Outside reading: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 578-587; *The Great Controversy*, pp. 49-60. Memory gem: Revelation 1:3.

"Sorry, No Business Today"

By THOMAS A. DAVIS

A SHINY new car came to a stop in front of the service station, and John Hnatyshyn, young people's secretary of the Southern African Division, home in North America on furlough, said, "Fill'er up, will you please?"

It was shortly after the war, in 1947, and new cars were next to impossible to get. But Elder Hnatyshyn was on his way back to the mission field, and needing a car to take back with him, he was able to get priority.

Before the gas had gurgled to a stop, a second car, giving obvious evidence of old age, pulled up on the other side of the tank. The two men occupying the front seat looked appraisingly at the fresh-from-the-showroom sedan. Then the driver climbed from his seat and came around to Elder Hnatyshyn.

"Man, where did you find the pull to get that car?" he asked smilingly.

"Well, you see, I am a missionary on my way back to Africa, and so I was able to get this car to take along."

"Oh, so you're a missionary. What church do you represent?"

"I'm a Seventh-day Adventist."

The stranger reached over and took Elder Hnatyshyn's hand. "God bless Seventh-day Adventists."

Elder Hnatyshyn, surprised, looked at

the man questioningly, so he explained.

"My friend over there and I are Baptist ministers. We are now on our way back to the seminary to take some post-graduate work. But during the war, before I graduated, I was in the Army and I met several Adventist boys at that time."

The Baptist minister then went on to tell the reason for his high praise. "You know, a lot of fellows, when they get in the Army, become weaned from the influences of home and church. They cast off all but military restraints, and just live for a wild time."

The attendant had finished with Elder Hnatyshyn's car, so after saying to him, "You can fill mine too," the minister continued his story.

"I found that Seventh-day Adventist boys were just not that type. They stuck by their religion. They were conscientious. They were helpful and cheerful. They were a stabilizing influence in our outfit. Because of their influence more than one boy became ashamed of himself and straightened up. And some found God."

He paused a moment.

"I was in the South Pacific for a while. There I ran into some Adventist natives. There was one experience we had at Guadalcanal that greatly impressed us."

His outfit, he related, had arrived at one particular place on a Thursday, expecting to pull out the next day. Some of his unit found natives to do their laundry for them, giving them to understand that they would be calling for it the next day, Friday. Later in the day they learned that their orders had been changed and they would be there for three or four days. They didn't bother to pick up their washing on Friday.

Saturday morning they called for their laundry and found the natives all dressed up, about to leave their homes. Under their arms they carried Bibles.

"Where are you fellows going, all dressed up?" the GI's demanded.

"We are going to church."

"Going to church? Who ever heard of people going to church on Saturday? Sunday is the day for churchgoing."

"No, no! Today is the Sabbath. We are going to church today."

"Well, we want our laundry."

"We are sorry. No business today. If you must have your laundry, you can take it and pay us tomorrow."

No amount of cajolery could change their minds. The GI's went without their clean shirts that day.

"Discussing the incident afterward," the preacher went on, "the boys said, 'We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. We came over here, supposedly to show civilization and Christianity to these natives, but instead they were the ones to teach us how to be Christians.'"

By then his car was ready, and the minister turned to go. "You can tell your people that I have told you I think Seventh-day Adventists are wonderful."

Elder Hnatyshyn sat behind his steering wheel and watched the two men drive off. "How wonderful it would be," he mused, "if we could always deserve those words of praise."

Champion of Religious Liberty

From page 4

gospel ministry. I arrived in Battle Creek when the 1896-1897 term began.

Prof. E. A. Sutherland, who became president at the beginning of the second semester, was noted for his uncommon ideas on education. Especially was this seen in his advocacy of the one-study plan, whereby the student would devote all his efforts to one study at a time. When the students heard that this new plan was to be instituted in Battle Creek College, they rebelled. They declared that they would leave Battle Creek and go to Union College, in Nebraska, rather than subject themselves to Professor Sutherland's radical experimentations. And they meant it.

The students were also irked by the fact that the college kept no records of their grades, nor did it grant degrees.

Why? Well, in those days granting degrees was considered pagan. Leading educators of the denomination said it would be copying after the ways of the world. It could be that in their endeavor to avoid the detrimental practices and procedures of some non-Adventist colleges they overstepped the bounds of better judgment.

But the one-class idea was not put into practice at Battle Creek College, and I stayed the second year to complete my ministerial course even though my grades were not recorded and I was not granted a degree.

Prof. A. T. Jones was one of my teachers during my first year at Battle Creek College. Somehow, unknown to

me, Professor Jones had discovered a copy of Baldwin's *Psychology* in a bookcase in my room. I had used the book in State Teachers College classes in Pennsylvania, and considered it worth keeping as a work of reference.

One day Professor Jones took this book to a college board meeting, and holding it high above his head, declared, "This is what they teach here at Battle Creek College." In those days Adventist educational institutions did not teach psychology, because many of the textbooks on the subject advocated the use of hypnotism, which Ellen G. White condemned. Jones, of course, knew this, and was trying to uphold the standards of the denomination. But his "heresy hunt" came to an abrupt end when the facts in the case proved that he had jumped at conclusions that were entirely unwarranted. The teachers at Battle Creek College were definitely not teaching psychology.

When I came to Washington, D.C., in 1913 to take up work with the Religious Liberty Department of the General Conference, I wanted to take some advanced work at the George Washington University Law School. I felt that I needed this special training to fit me for my new work. But I had received no degree from Battle Creek College and could not produce a transcript of my grades.

After lengthy discussion, the dean of George Washington University Graduate School asked: "Are any of your teachers still living?"

"Yes, they are," I replied hopefully.

"Then you write to each one and get him to send us your grades for the subjects you took under him."

I immediately wrote each teacher and received my grades. Although I had taken the subjects about sixteen years earlier, the university accepted the grades, and I was permitted to take postgraduate work.

In 1914 Emmanuel Missionary College at Berrien Springs, Michigan, the successor to Battle Creek College, granted me a Bachelor of Arts degree. I was asked to give the commencement address to my own class! Thus I received my degree sixteen years after I had completed the requirements for it.

In 1916 George Washington University granted me an M.A. degree in philosophy, with a major in international diplomacy and law, a course which I understand is currently a must for ambassadors and others who represent the United States Government overseas.

Then I took a three-year law course by correspondence from the La Salle Extension University of Chicago. I felt this a necessity, since the Religious Liberty Department had to handle so many cases of Sunday law prosecutions of Seventh-day Adventists, as well as cases pertaining to parochial schools whose teachers were paid out of public school funds and general taxes, contrary to State constitutions. This legal knowledge became a valuable asset both in preventing Congress and State legislatures from enacting religious measures and in successfully winning court cases.

This is the second installment of a ten-part serial. Part three will appear next week.

Follow the Gleam

From page 11

easier to get used to school discipline, and after one semester he again packed his suitcase.

Thoroughly discouraged in his efforts to gain a Christian education, he went to the Congo and there secured work in the same soap factory where his father began work in 1936. All during 1951 he continued, although constantly under conviction that he should return to college. At the end of the year he applied to be readmitted to Helderberg as a student in 1952. But when his acceptance slip arrived, he had changed his mind, and dropped it into the wastepaper basket.

One morning the following June, while he was on his way to Mfulira, the car in which he was riding went out of control and struck a high bank on the side of the road. Alfred was thrown violently against the roof of the car.

He was rushed to the Mfulira hospital where he spent three weeks lying on

his back, recuperating from a partially dislocated spine and pondering once more what the future might hold for him. His neck was in a plaster cast, which he had to wear for seven weeks. It was a miracle that he was still alive, the doctor declared.

Leaving the hospital, but still wearing the cast, he once more sought out his family. He found their attitude unchanged.

"Well, here you are," his mother began. "Just look at what has happened to you. It would never have happened if you hadn't changed your religion. Look at the driver of the car—he is a Jew, but one who has never forsaken his religion for the impostor. He was not even hurt, and you were nearly killed."

"Well, Mother," Alfred replied gently, "some things happen for the best although we may not always see them that way at the time."

Finding that he would not relinquish

his faith, they again drove him from his home.

While in the hospital Alfred had made the important decision that he would return to college the following year. With what savings he had, he once more enrolled at the beginning of 1953. This time he stayed.

The year passed successfully, and at the end he remained and worked on the college farm during the summer months. Another successful year brought him the conviction that he should enter the colporteur work the following summer. So he attended all the meetings of the literature evangelism institute held on the campus. During the meetings, the publishing department secretary invited each prospective colporteur to name the town or location where he wanted to work.

"Alfred, where do you wish to go?"

"Please send me to Nkana, up on the Congo border. That's where I first learned of Jesus, and I would like to work there."

"All right, Alfred. That's where you shall go."

Arriving in Nkana, he sought out a family whom he had known before. They offered to let him stay with them, but their attitude was not encouraging.

"Well, things are hard here now. We are expecting a strike to break out among the African workers any day. The mine may shut down and all the Europeans be sent away."

With rather gloomy forebodings Alfred made his way next morning to see the magistrate and get a license to sell books. The magistrate sent him to the town clerk.

"May I see your books, please?"

The clerk examined them.

"These are fine books, but I am sorry to tell you that this is a closed township. Business firms are carefully regulated. We already have two bookshops, and we cannot allow booksellers to go from door to door. If we allow you to sell books, we may find the stores objecting. But we are having a town council meeting this afternoon, and I will bring up the matter. Come again tomorrow, and I will tell you the decision."

The next day Alfred returned.

"Yes, you may have a license to sell books. The council so decided yesterday. But first we must have the permission of the mine manager."

The clerk called the manager, who promptly replied that under no circumstances would he give permission for anyone to sell books to his employees.

There were few people in Nkana who did not work in the mine. After praying earnestly about the matter, Alfred was impressed to go and see the manager personally.

"I would like to be allowed to sell books to your people in Nkana."

"You know the rule is not to allow anyone to sell literature in the township."

"But you see, sir, I am a student work-

ing my way through college, and I have come more than two thousand miles for that purpose."

The man's face softened. "Well, then go ahead, but don't let me know what you are doing."

That was Tuesday afternoon. With a prayer in his heart he went to work, and before the sun set on Friday evening he had earned a complete scholarship. Before he left Nkana he had earned six scholarships, with sales totaling fourteen hundred pounds (about \$3,920).

Back at Helderberg, he didn't forget his missionary work of giving away papers. Cape Town was thirty miles away, but every Sunday, with his pack full, he cycled to the nearest railway station and took the train for the city, where he visited the docks and gave papers to the seamen. On one trip he boarded the new *South African Merchantman*, on her maiden voyage, and placed in her library a copy of *The Great Controversy*, and one of the daily meditation books. When talking with sailors he often left a copy of *Steps to Christ* in their hands. Every third Sabbath he visited the large Groote Schuur Hospital, leaving many papers with the patients.

In 1955 he made the rounds of sixty barbershops and beauty parlors in Cape Town, asking the proprietors for permission to leave copies of *Signs of the Times*, *Life and Health*, *Our Times*, and similar papers regularly. Fifty-two accepted his offer.

After he graduated from Helderberg College, Alfred accepted a job teaching public school in Durban, another of South Africa's major ports. There he decided to devote his Sundays to visiting with seamen as he had done in Cape Town. Thus he continued to share his faith by the same method that had first brought him

RADIO LOG

for
Seventh-day Adventist
Amateurs

will appear in the June 10 YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. Only listings received since publication of the June, 1957, Log will be printed. No previous listings will be held over. Be sure to supply both call letters and address.

Example:

W5FWK—Jim Galloway, 1005 Guero St., Garland, Tex.—75, 40, 20, 10. Both, Mobile and fixed stations.

DEADLINE: Listings must be in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR office by May 1.

MAIL TO:

Radio Log, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

to know Jesus Christ as his Messiah and Saviour.

Readers who may have missionary papers available for this personal project of literature evangelism may correspond with Alfred Nahman, 32 Surrey Mansions, 323 Currie Road, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

Satan Is Always Listening

From page 5

Hiram and Ada are now old. Soon their lives will close. How rich might have been their service if they had accepted the challenge to become channels of consolation to others! How colorful might have been their sunset if they had, like Job, worshiped at the stroke of tragedy.

Though many forget that Satan is always listening for words, and watching for expressions and actions that give him encouragement and guidance in pressing defeat upon the human soul, Mrs. Sage did not forget.

"Is he still alive?" she asked anxiously of the nurse escorting her to the room of the son who was her stay and comfort.

"Yes, Mrs. Sage, he is still alive, but he is very sick."

The pallor of death on Ben's face told his mother that it would not be long before the breath of life would cease. Emotions known only to those who have stood in the shadows at the bedside of a loved one, surged through her heart. But her faith was securely anchored. She prayed, "Thou knowest best; Thy will be done."

Alone at home after the funeral, she pondered the purpose of the heavy shadows through which the path of life sometimes leads. But knowing that the Father gave His Son that both she and Ben might live eternally, she was consoled, and peace filled her heart—strange as it

seemed in the face of her great bereavement.

Hearts were stirred with feeling for her. A young neighbor, wanting somehow to show her sympathy, called and tried to find words of comfort to speak.

In response to her faltering efforts, Mrs. Sage's face lighted up. "It seems to me that God has taken away everything to which my heart clung, that He Himself might be all and in all to me."

Does it take imagination to see the listening prince of demons speechless? His failure was complete, even though he had carried out his cruel design and made his fatal attack with suddenness. All he had accomplished was to put Ben forever beyond his reach and force Mrs. Sage into a fortress of faith he could never hope to conquer.

The mind that is enlightened by the pen picture of inspiration sees Satan

viewing such simple faith and trust in the love and wisdom of God as an incomprehensible mystery. It sees him defeated, amazed, baffled.

It sees also the angels of God, likewise listening, rejoicing that fallen human beings can be so drawn into oneness with God that they trust Him, as a faithful soldier trusts a capable general, whether the battle goes easy or hard.

"It is a law of nature that our thoughts and feelings are encouraged and strengthened as we give them utterance. While words express thoughts, it is also true that thoughts follow words. If we would give more expression to our faith, rejoice more in the blessings that we know we have,—the great mercy and love of God,—we should have more faith and greater joy. No tongue can ex-

press, no finite mind can conceive, the blessing that results from appreciating the goodness and love of God. Even on earth we may have joy as a wellspring, never failing, because fed by the streams that flow from the throne of God."⁶

¹ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 323.

² *Early Writings*, p. 268.

³ *Testimonies*, vol. 7, p. 273.

⁴ *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing* (1956), p. 13.

⁶ *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 251-253.



A TEEN-AGER GETS A HOBBY: By Anthony E. Nagy

Every boy seems to have a natural interest in flying objects. I was no exception. Since I lived near the Alameda Naval Air Station, airplanes were continually passing overhead, and this tended to increase my interest in airplanes. In grade school it was almost a fad to see who could make the best paper airplane. Many of these simple airplanes flew quite well, but they lacked the streamlined body and motor of a real airplane.

My first contact with model airplanes came through my friend Jeff Bush. He had the money and contacts that enabled him to get most of the materials that he needed, and although I had only the interest—no money—yet because I was willing to work hard with him on the models that he bought, he accepted me in a partnership.

Our first model was in the "1½A" class. It was a small stick-and-paper stunt model. Since we had never built a plane before, we made many mistakes and learned what not to do on the models that were to follow. We eliminated many of our problems by changing to solid balsa models. These went together neater, cleaner, and took much less time to build.

It was about this time that I received an "X-acto" carving set, consisting of handles of three different types and many types of blades and miniature saws. The only trouble with those razor-sharp knives was the clumsy character holding the handle! I carry two large scars today from digging the blade of one of my knives into my leg.

When Jeff and I were freshmen the smaller models no longer held our interest.

We became acquainted with other modelers around the neighborhood, and they convinced us that we should change to larger planes. They also gave us tips on what to expect.

Up to this time, we had only flown our airplanes around in a circle without trying to stunt them. We thought that we knew everything, but we had only scratched the surface. The switchover required many adjustments of our methods and equipment in the building, flying, and repairing of our models. We practically had to learn how to fly all over again. We now used "19" and "29" size motors, which we obtained by trading, or else bought very cheaply. All of our small models were

traded, sold, or wrecked, but the motors we saved in case we wanted to use them later.

The first large model we built was a "Circus King." It took us twenty-four full working hours to complete the construction, and an additional seven hours to paint it. When we had finished, it was beautiful in every detail. The body work was smooth and tapered, with not one slight irregularity, and the paint job and design looked professional in contrasting royal blue and fire-engine red.

We took our masterpiece out for the trial flight. I filled up the tank, primed the engine, and hooked the battery clips to the glow-plug and the exhaust port. Everything was ready. Jeff slowly turned the prop and then quickly flipped it over. Nothing happened. Not even a sputter. We tried over and over again. And we were both disgusted.

It was a brand-new engine, a Forester "29," but we shouldn't have expected a new engine to respond quickly. It soon began to sputter and pop, however, and after that we had no trouble at all. It started screaming so loud that we had to yell at each other to be heard. Since it was Jeff's money that had bought the plane and most of the materials, he flew it, and I acted as the service crew.

We were really proud of our plane. It flew beautifully, with not a strain or a



A Noah's Ark Puzzle

By VIRGINIA B. WEDDLE

Below are Bible quotations from which the names of animals are missing. Can you fill in the names?

1. "The _____ are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks."
2. "A living dog is better than a dead _____."
3. "The high hills are a refuge for the wild _____."

4. "The _____ shall lie down with the kid."

5. "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening _____."

6. "A _____ which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away for any."

7. "Some trust in chariots, and some in _____: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

8. "He that killeth an _____ is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a _____, as if he cut off a _____'s neck."

9. "And the booty, being the rest of the prey which the men of war had caught, was . . . [675,000] _____."

10. "Let a _____ robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly."

Key on page 22

flaw anywhere. Later on, however, as we were flying on the school playground near my house, one of the braided-steel lines snapped under the strain, and the plane hit the ground and skidded about fifty feet, and the remains came to rest at the feet of a little boy who had been gleefully watching the plane circle in graceful arcs.

That was the end of painstaking and exact construction methods for Jeff and me. From then on we built the planes for flying ability, not for looks.

Then came exciting news: a national contest, to be held right in Alameda, at Encinal High School.

The day before the contests we went to Encinal, which was only a few blocks from our homes, and looked around. Officials were running back and forth, making preparations for the big day. Since Jeff and I were short on both fuel and money, we decided to help if we could, hoping this might merit us a reward of money, or better yet, flying supplies.

We approached two men, both of whom looked very busy, and seemed either unable or unwilling to have any "help" around to get in their way. A third man, a Mr. McFadden, seemed exceptionally busy, but in a very good mood.

"Sure, I can use some help," he said.

Jeff and I soon had our hands full. We chalked off flight circles, put up a barrier to keep onlookers off the immediate flight areas, built a concession stand, hung banners, and hauled about two hundred cases of soft drinks down into a basement storeroom for safekeeping overnight. That night we went home tired, but happy and excited, expecting a wonderful day to come.

I arrived at the field early the next morning as instructed. Mr. McFadden had me run a few errands, but there wasn't much that really needed to be done, and so most of the day I toured the various contest areas along with hundreds of other people.

First on my list was the stunt circle, where it seemed that anything with a motor that could be put through the pre-arranged stunt pattern with reasonable ease was entered. Second was the relay contest, whose entries were similar to those in the stunt division. Third came the scale models in the carrier take-off and landing division, where most of the models were masterpieces of fine craftsmanship, perfect in every detail. Then there was the endurance and capacity load contest, with planes that were boxlike and not built for speed.

The speed contest was next. These

planes were small, sleek, and rocket shaped, with tiny, thin wings. They were almost all motor, and seemed to resemble some of the modern guided missiles.

The last contest of the day was the "Dogfights." All of the banged-up and damaged stunt planes were saved for this division, which put a thrilling climax to a hard day of competition. A fifteen-foot crepe-paper streamer was attached to the tail of each plane; then two planes were sent aloft simultaneously in the same circle. The object was to sever as much footage as possible from the opponent's streamer, catching the paper with the blade of the prop. There were many mid-air collisions and other mishaps.

Rugged Finland

From page 16

the home country often introduce the plan into their new home.

Dr. O. J. Rouhe, for many years in charge of Songa Mission Hospital in the Southern Congo, provided one of these on the banks of a clear stream, which I can attest operated very satisfactorily in that subtropical environment.

The summer sanitarium is filled to capacity almost immediately, continuing till into September. The plan provides work for many students, and the profits from the summer work makes the functioning of the institution financially possible.

THE MEDICAL CADET CORPS

announces its 1958

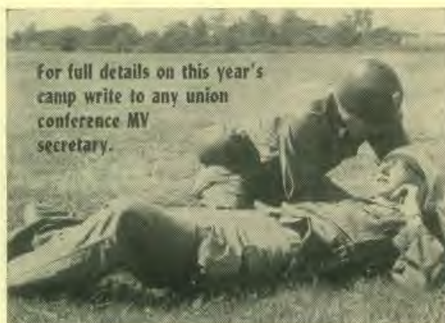
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After this contest was over, the awards were presented to the winners of the separate divisions and the grand winner, the contestant with the most total points.

Then came the cleanup. Jeff and I worked until 8 o'clock that night, taking down booths, barriers, and banners, and picking up the refuse. After we had finished, Mr. McFadden called us over to his car and gave us two quarts of gas and fourteen props, which we split fifty-fifty. Later on he brought over to Jeff's house a collection of airplane parts, a small case of hot-fuel-proof dope, and two large tubes of fuel-proof glue.

With these supplies, modeling became a major occupation.

Midway between Helsinki and Turku is the little Finnish sanitarium. Begun under very humble circumstances in another of these lakeside rural mansions, this institution has just added a modern unit, substantially increasing capacity and improving quality of service.

Of special interest to any health-conscious visitor to this land is the excellent quality and variety of bread. Hard breads, from both wheat and rye, are rolled out in sheets perhaps an eighth to a quarter of an inch thick and are of rich flavor. This kind of bread, they tell me, is not too respectfully referred to in the army as "plywood." The conventional loaf breads, also of whole-grain freshly ground flour, might at first seem heavy to the visitor. A little acquaintance, however, with this fine variety of bread brings one to anticipate mealtime in the assurance that whatever else may be wanting, there will be some of the world's best bread.

The small steamship plying between Turku and Stockholm is not a professional icebreaker, but it is built to take some rough treatment from the ice constantly present in these Baltic Sea waters in winter. The four-hour trip among the islands en route to the open sea was extremely interesting as the boat made its way through ice floes. The ice in the channel was broken into pieces sometimes as large as a city lot. They at times crunched menacingly against the boat with sounds and tremors suggesting that they might be coming right through the hull. Thus, the impressions of ruggedness of the Finnish environment continued until we entered the fogbound open sea en route to Stockholm.

My strongest impressions of Finland, however, are of the people. Their sturdiness is one of their outstanding national virtues. Their thoroughness and high standards of achievement were evident in all I saw, in their homes and in their institutions.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

1. Conies (Prov. 30:26), 2. Lion (Eccl. 9:4), 3. Goats (Ps. 104:18), 4. Leopard (Isa. 11:6), 5. Wolves (Matt. 7:15), 6. Lion (Prov. 30:30), 7. Horses (Ps. 20:7), 8. Ox, lamb, dog (Isa. 66:3), 9. Sheep (Num. 31:32), 10. Bear (Prov. 17:12).



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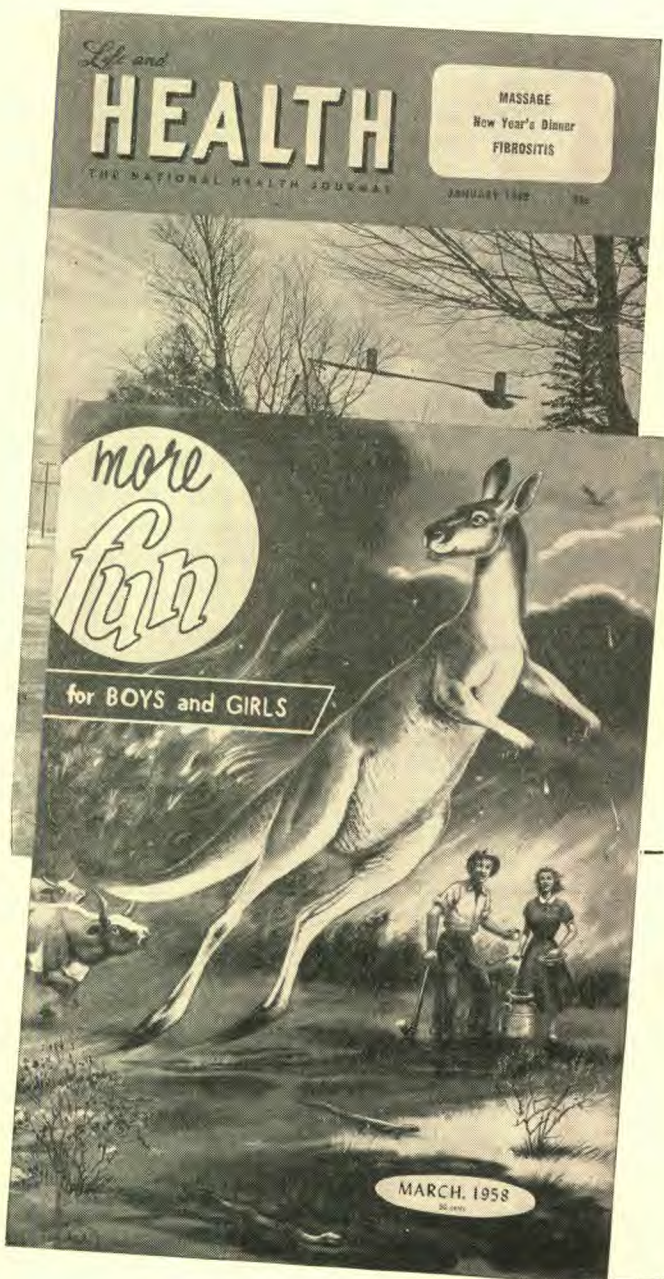
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U.S. ARMY PHOTO

► NEW car dealers lent 10,694 cars to high schools for use in driver education during the 1956-57 school year. **IIHSC**

► IN 1956 more than \$30 million was spent in gathering and disposing of refuse found along the nation's highways.

Highway Highlights

► AN inch of topsoil takes three or more centuries to build, but it can wash away in a single storm. Vegetation breaks the force of rains, prevents splash erosion, and retards runoff. **NGS**

► WILLIAM BANTING'S "Letter of Copulency," written in 1864, included the first recorded reducing diet. Banting, ironically, at the age of 60 was so fat that he had to go down stairs backward and couldn't tie his own shoes. **Chopletter**

► CORAL is the aggregation of limy skeletons of untold numbers of tiny sea animals. It takes on all the colors of the spectrum, and a wide variety of shapes, including those of the cauliflower, asparagus, cabbage, dainty fans, lace, stag antlers, and the human brain. **NGS**

► MEDICAL units in Antarctica testing human endurance in bitter cold and isolation have concluded that relatively older men can better endure hard work under the stress of extreme cold than younger men. They are also better able to maintain the peace in a small, closely confined group lacking normal outlets.

Scope

► AT Tower Hill State Park in Wisconsin visitors can inspect a "shot tower" that in the first half of the nineteenth century produced millions of pounds of pellets for the nation's shotguns. The principle of a shot tower is the elevation of molten lead to such a height that, when it is poured through a sievelike apparatus, it forms uniform spherical pellets before falling into water at the tower's base. **Ford Times**

► THE use of highly toxic modern insecticides on a large scale may carry with it a much higher potential of harm to wildlife than is generally recognized. Said to be specifically objectionable is a 20-million-acre program aimed at the imported fire ant in nine Southern States in which a commercial insecticide will be applied at a rate of two to four pounds per acre. It has been reported that only 1½ pounds to an acre has caused the death of pheasants, quail, rabbits, dogs, chickens, geese, and turkeys. **National Audubon Society**

► DATA on star observations are provided to the world's timekeepers, surveyors, and map makers by five observatories of the International Latitude Service. Each of the five observatories is near the 40th parallel, and two are in the United States—one at Ukiah, California, and one at Gaithersburg, Maryland. The other three are in Sardinia, Japan, and Soviet Turkistan. **NGS**

► RETAIL cigarette sales in the United States passed the \$5 billion mark for the first time in history in 1957. Cigarette production probably topped 440 billion for a 5 per cent gain over 1956. Factors involved are the widening ranks of smokers and a 4 per cent increase in "disposable income." **MLPFB**

► SNORING, an activity engaged in by 21 million Americans, is generated, while breathing in or out during sleep, by several structures in the nose and throat. Snoring is often repressible, even curable, when a definite cause-and-effect relationship is discovered. **AMA**

► MALARIA, infecting some 250 million people each year, is still the most prevalent and most costly disease in many countries, in its toll of human lives and suffering, and in its social and economic effects. **WHO**

► APPROXIMATELY 24,000 individuals were helped by Adventist medical missionary launch workers in South America during the first half of 1957. **GC**

► FROZEN orange juice was developed in the late 1940's. Now a major part of United States orange production goes into it. **NGS**

► HAWAII's garment industry now ranks third in exports, just after sugar and pineapple. **Hawaii Visitors Bureau**

► AN intercontinental ballistic missile built by one U.S. aircraft manufacturer is made up of 300,000 separate precision-made parts. **Planes**

► AN "average" passenger car traveling on an expressway will average 19.4 miles per gallon compared with 14.4 miles per gallon on a regular surfaced city street.

Highway Highlights

► KITE FLYING is the favorite sport on the Maldives Islands. In this British-protected sultanate of the Indian Ocean, men as well as boys delight in sailing the big toys in monsoon winds. Noisemakers attached to the kite frames roar like jets and whine like sawmills. **NGS**

► ONE of the few Mongolian horses in existence was born recently at Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo. Although it is only a half-breed, it is worth many thousands of pounds. The Mongolian horse, thought to be the original species from which all breeds of horses stem, is considered in zoological circles to be the most valuable animal in the world. **ANB**

► UNTIL recently there was no means of escaping the vision of a radar beam, since it cannot be jammed or deflected, but a new material fabricated from foam rubber, sheet rubber bonded to brass, and ceramics, when applied to an object, renders that object invisible to the radar beam. It is conceivable that missiles and war planes, properly treated with the material, would pass the most extensive radar screens undetected.

Scope

► INERT dusts that knock out termites more rapidly than any insecticide now in use have been found recently. When dry-wood termites crawl over wood to which the dusts have been applied, they get much of the material all over their bodies. The dusts, which are highly absorptive clays, soak up the oils and waxes that are the only protection the insects have against drying out, and cause them to die from rapid desiccation, in from one to three hours. **UCAL**

TARGET

It's too bad that well-meant endeavors (like trying to get rid of the imported fire ant) sometimes have unfortunate side-effects (in the case of the ants, the killing of wildlife). But it happens. It happens even in the plans of the church.

Example: the current tendency in some Sabbath schools to eliminate the traditional multiple-class arrangement on the theory that one big class—comprising the entire division—creates less confusion and therefore promotes reverence. While no one could argue about the desirability of a more reverent atmosphere at Sabbath morning services, the elimination of the many, smaller classes seems to eliminate also (1) much of the incentive for daily study of the Sabbath school lesson and (2) much of the value of the whole Sabbath school program.

Participation by individual members is vital to the life of the Sabbath school, and the more there is of it, the better it is for everybody. **FG**