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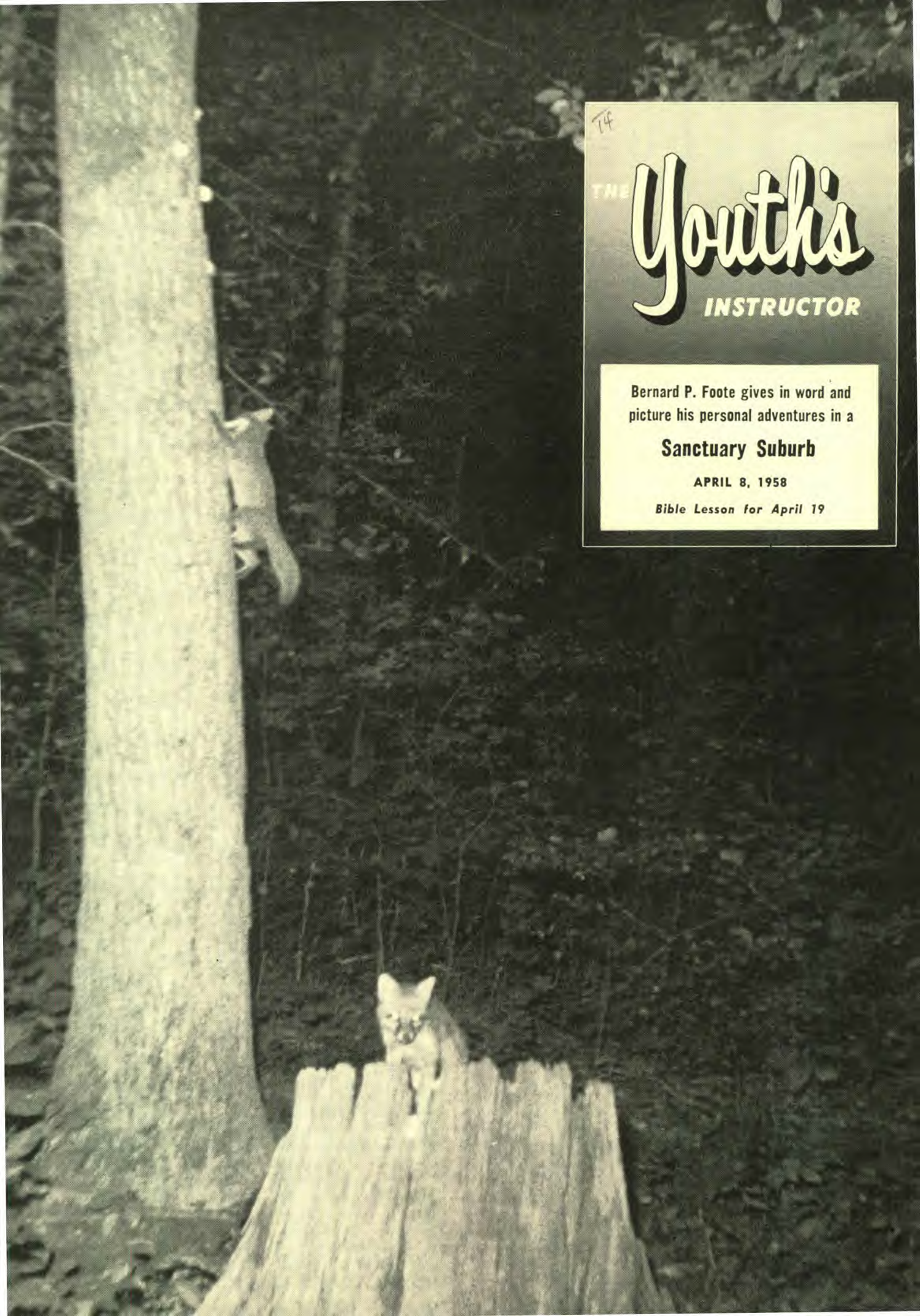
THE **Youth's**
INSTRUCTOR

Bernard P. Foote gives in word and picture his personal adventures in a

Sanctuary Suburb

APRIL 8, 1958

Bible Lesson for April 19



The Need for Answers—2

Once upon a time there was a promontory called Fool's Hill. Many young people I knew climbed it at sometime between the ages of twelve and twenty. (Probably I did too!)

Happily, a goodly number, through no device of their own planning, were guided around the base of the hill, and never climbed it at all. In each of these lives, however, there were times when parent or teacher or pastor held his breath. It appeared that in spite of his best efforts the son or daughter or student or church member would insist on spending an unnecessary year, or two or three, climbing the hill. But the fellowship, respect, and friendliness existing between youth and adult was ultimately strong enough to avoid most of the episodes that would color with shame and embarrassment and outright heartache the after years.

Even today, when the term Fool's Hill is unbearably outdated, young people are still going through the same growing-up phenomena. Many still insist on going over the hill. Some, though, respond to the wise and winsome influences emanating from parents, teachers, counselors, who understand the equation of authority plus explanation plus comradeship, which allows time for "come now, and let us reason together" periods.

We hold this truth: Most of the problems besetting our world in 1958 stem from a very simple cause—parents do not take time to be mothers and fathers; teachers (often through no fault of their own) have become better stockroom clerks, supervising the bins of educational tools, than friends of youth; preachers have become more concerned with avoiding hurt feelings than with the need to heal the wounds sin has made in their flocks.

It is usually easy to find a fitting generalization when youth presents some acute problem. It may not be so easy to find a specific remedy that will meet the need and even prevent a recurrence. And because we who preach and teach and father are often more willing to quote authority than to give reasons—quicker to say "You can't" or "No!" when we should take time to explain what makes some activities wrong—the apostasy column among Christian youth continues to mount.

Walter Crandall

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.

SANCTUARY Do foxes climb trees? Look at our cover and form your own conclusions. We personally believe they will when conditions are right. The conditions? When foxes are hungry, and when a friend of wild animals has developed their confidence to the point where they are unafraid. We have had the good fortune to see Author Foote's Sanctuary Suburb. While we didn't see the tree-climbing act, we did see foxes and raccoons partake of Mr. Foote's dainties. They ate near his cabin, just two and seven-tenths miles from the office of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. Our office is just inside the District of Columbia line. The cover is by Mr. Foote.

REPRINT Readers of the lead article reprinted in this issue might also read this paragraph, from page 707 of *Patriarchs and Prophets*: "David's dancing in reverent joy before God has been cited by pleasure-lovers in justification of the fashionable modern dance; but there is no ground for such an argument. In our day, dancing is associated with folly and midnight reveling. Health and morals are sacrificed to pleasure. By the frequenters of the ballroom, God is not an object of thought and reverence; prayer or the song of praise would be felt to be out of place in their assemblies. This test should be decisive. Amusements that have a tendency to weaken the love for sacred things and lessen our joy in the service of God, are not to be sought by Christians. The music and dancing in joyful praise to God at the removal of the ark had not the faintest resemblance to the dissipation of modern dancing. The one tended to the remembrance of God, and exalted His holy name. The other is a device of Satan to cause men to forget God and to dishonor Him."

REPRINT We did not secure reprint rights to use the *Youth for Christ* article because we believe that large numbers of our youth readers are tempted by the dance. But for any who are, we think Jim Smith talks sense.

WHEEL Readers will enjoy Myrle Tabler's double-length story, "The Wheel," next week.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 106, No. 14

April 8, 1958

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Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Assn., at Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C., U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D.C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1958, Review and Herald Publishing Assn., Washington 12, D.C.

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

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Well, What About Dancing?

A Youth for Christ director gives some solid, reasoned thinking on one of the problems facing many teen-agers today

FOR two years in high school I played in the school dance band. I often sat in on other dance bands.

As vice-president of the student body my job was to plan all school dances, including the prom.

I'm no "old fogey." I've just finished college and I'm not looking for an excuse to get out of dancing because of rheumatism or lumbago.

This I do know. Without doubt the number one problem in the "What's right and what's wrong?" categories facing teen-agers today is the modern dance.

The tremendous stress by educational leaders on it and its further sanction by many churches counteracted by the condemnation of it by others have left teenage kids in a spiritual turmoil.

I don't know how it is with other Youth for Christ rally directors, but again and again I am asked by kids and parents alike, "What about dancing?"

The very fact that intelligent teen-agers are asking the question gives strength to the fact that there is something basically wrong with the dance. Why else would it draw so much doubt and questioning to young hearts?

Advocates of dancing base their thinking around four or five major points. They claim that dancing is fun, recreational, relaxing, provides a means of social contact, teaches social graces and manners, etc.

Make sure the fun is "clean fun."

And that it's recreational, not "wreck-recreational."

As to "rock 'n' roll" being relaxing, there is room for argument.

If social contact breeds moral loose-

ness and spiritual and social depravity, it is anything but desirable.

And if you must learn social grace at the price of morality and decency, it's a mighty poor bargain. It takes more than the social graces to make a young lady and gentleman.

I'll never forget the day when, after having accepted Christ as my Saviour, I walked into my teacher's room and expressed my convictions about dancing.

It wasn't easy, for the tremendous social pressure and "prestige" attached to dancing makes it all the more of a problem for sharp young people.

Why did I stop dancing when I was 15?

For three major reasons. I have come to the conclusion not only Scripturally but logically that dancing is neither safe nor sane.

Let me say this first. There are plenty of reasons why kids dance. It has plenty of allure, the lights are dimmed, the music is soft (or fast and furious), the dancers are well dressed and the whole thing can be pretty hard to resist. Why did I quit?

First, because of its nature.

A leading dance teacher in the U.S.A. describes, in one of his best-known books, a good girl dancing partner as "she who will yield as much of her body to her partner as he desires."

If dancing was based on recreation more than upon freedom of contact which it allows, then you could have a successful "all boy dance." Ever try it?

Some girls have told me they can dance with a fellow all night without ever experiencing an unclean thought. This may or may not be true, but no fellow can hold a girl close for any

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By JIM SMITH

Director

Charleston, West Virginia, YFC



I LIVE in a wild-animal paradise within thirty minutes' drive of the White House, and less than three miles from the Review and Herald Publishing Association. Since mid-July of 1957, eighteen different animals have visited me. Some have come every night, and some nights eight or more have been present at the same time.

Scores of people from several different States have been amazed as they have seen these animals perform in my "wild animal circus" within a few yards of a subdivision containing hundreds of homes. Gray foxes have climbed trees as high as thirteen feet, and raccoons climb ladders and walk tight ropes, all in plain sight from my windows.

Both foxes and coons have learned to face flashlights—sometimes three at once—without flinching. In fact, the coons sometimes walk up and try to take the flashlights away from the people.

It is no wonder that these animals think they have found paradise. They find a new crop of bread, marshmallows, doughnuts, cinnamon rolls, butter gems, and peanuts on hickory and tulip trees almost every night.

During the past few months three families of coons—ten in all—and a family of five gray foxes have enjoyed the food. Occasionally there have also been present two or three other coons and at least one other gray fox—probably a young one from the preceding year.

Kindness tames wild animals. Though foxes are among the wildest of animals, the beautiful little gray creatures have been coming closer and closer for the past three years. From one person to a hundred people might walk through the forest where these coons and foxes live and never see one of them—might not even imagine they existed within many miles. But every night, from sundown on, they come—one, two, three, four, or five in a group—to the circus ground and perform their tricks.

One woman who came with her husband and two children said it was better than going to the movies or the zoo, because these animals can come and go as, if, and when they please. They are in their natural home.

Several years ago I caught a young coon and lent it to the science department of Washington Missionary College to be "educated." It learned so fast that it was soon able to outwit its student keeper. It not only escaped from the cage, but climbed a wall and got out of the building through a screened window. It apparently liked nearby Sligo Creek, for it and several others—probably its descendants—have been seen there by many people.

One night a mother coon—I call her Queenie because she seems to be the queen of the coon clan in the area—demonstrated a sense of humor. She was eating a slice of bread a few feet from

Sanctuary Suburb



By Bernard P. Foote

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR AND JOHN KELLER

my window, while a gray fox—I call him Cutie—was sitting a few yards away, by a big stump, coveting every mouthful she took. She stopped eating—something I had never seen any of them do before—and started down a path away from the fox.

A few moments later I saw her slipping stealthily around the stump and up behind Cutie. When she was within four or five feet of him, she stopped, with one paw raised, and looked intently at the back of his head for ten seconds or more. Cutie must have felt that intense gaze, for he turned his head, saw Queenie, and was gone. Then Queenie came back and finished her slice of bread contentedly.

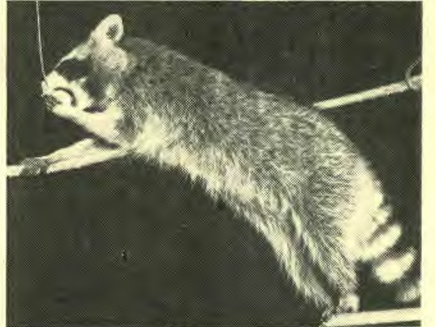
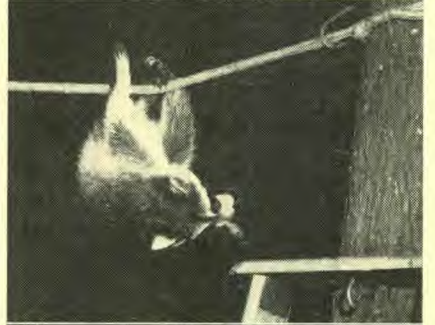
I never saw Cutie sit in just that spot again; and wherever he was, he seemed more nervous and watchful. He knew, and Queenie knew, that she could catch him and give him a sound thrashing if she wanted to.

The average adult coon weighs from

ten to fifteen pounds, though some get much heavier. Every ounce is made up of courage, curiosity, and power. They try to avoid fights with other animals but if necessary they can fight furiously. The average dog is no match for them. And coons are among the ten most intelligent animals.

The fox is a much better father than is the coon. In fact, a mother coon doesn't want the male anywhere in the neighborhood of the home after the young ones—generally quadruplets—are born. She insists on taking the entire responsibility of bringing up the children, and sometimes she fails to protect them properly. While she is fighting or chasing one enemy, another may come from another direction and grab one of the young. I have seen several mothers with only one baby left.

The gray fox is a good provider and protector. One night while a pair—Cutie and Beauty—were eating not far from





my window, one of their cubs gave a sharp cry back in the bushes, and Cutie rushed over.

For several weeks before the cubs—Jack, Jill, and Judy—were old enough to come and get their own food, Cutie or Beauty would pick up as much food as possible, trot off into the deep woods, and soon return for more. The time they were gone gradually lessened as the young ones came closer and closer to meet them.

Finally Jack appeared and began helping himself to the food. The first time he came, Cutie thought he was too bold and gave him a good scolding; but Jack caressed his father, ran along beside him for a moment, then grabbed a piece of bread and ran away. Soon Cutie began grabbing the food before Jack could get it, apparently in an effort to teach him aggressiveness and independence.

The mother coons follow a similar plan. The mothers will grab a piece of bread and whirl away, but finally let the most aggressive little one get part of it.

Don't tell me that wild creatures don't figure things out. One afternoon as I started up the hill to work in my garden, I heard a fox bark sharply several times behind me at the edge of the woods. That was unusual, so I turned and looked. In a small tree, as high as it could get, was a young fox, and waiting at the foot of the tree was a dog. I drove the dog away, and soon the little fox came down. Apparently father or mother had seen the situation and had barked to attract my attention before the young one fell from his precarious perch into the jaws of his enemy.

One mother coon proved herself a real heroine, giving her life to protect her three young ones. I was awakened at about five o'clock one morning by a furious fight just outside my window. Before I could get to the window, a dog went yelping away through the woods, and I have never seen him again. The young coons escaped, but I saw them only once or twice after that. Their mother had fought bravely, and then, after convincing the dog that he never wanted to see another coon, crawled under the cabin a few feet, where she died.

About the middle of July each year the mother coons begin bringing their babies to the paradise where so many kinds of food grow on trees, ropes, ladders, logs, stumps, and window sills. The night last summer when I first heard the little coons chirping and trilling, I went out and sat on the ground. They soon came up close and ate cottage cheese from a spoon. The mother coon was so pleased that she came and licked my ankle. That startled me, and I jerked my foot back. That startled her, and she said something that seemed to mean, "Come, children, we must go now!" Away they all went. It is interesting to see how quickly

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HAROLD M. LAMBERT

Thanks to the witnessing of Missionary Volunteers who are willing to give their time to help men and women behind bars, many a prisoner has been led to the Bible and to Christ.

A SMALL caravan of three cars drew up to the Brookfield jail. The occupants hurriedly stepped from them, held on to their hats and other belongings the wind might fling to the sky, and made a dash toward the entrance. Inside the small, solid structure they walked to a room where they could converse with the prisoners.

As they stepped along all were thinking similar thoughts. This faithful little group from the old white church had been making the twelve-mile trip to the jail each Sabbath for more than three years. Many times it seemed that their efforts to help the prisoners were feeble and in vain.

But now each was bursting with the joy of the reward for their efforts. Two of the most hardened prisoners were to be baptized.

"Oh! I'm so excited!" little freckle-faced Tim half shouted, trying very hard

to keep his high-pitched voice to a whisper.

"Yes," murmured the gray-haired pastor, "once again the Lord has rewarded His children for their efforts."

A burly but kind-faced guard ushered the group into the conference room and suggested they be seated while he called for the prisoners.

The two baptismal candidates came in. After a round of greetings they sat down near the pastor.

"Well, I suppose you two have looked forward to this event for quite some time now," the old man said.

"We really have, pastor," answered Carl. "Jack and I have looked forward to this for more than two months."

"It sure is nice to have peace of mind, and to be able to put my trust in Christ," said Jack, glancing around at the group. "I now know what real living is."

It had been only a few months since Jack and Carl had been brought to the jail. At first they had been disinterested, and every time the jail band had come to try to spread some cheer to all, these two would slink into the farthest corner and continue their card game. But slowly the cards began to lose their appeal. Eventually they were dropped on the table and the men began to listen. Now they were ready to take the final step in accepting Christ.

The pastor reviewed some of the high points of the faith they had accepted. Finally he said, "I think you two are now ready for baptism."

"Pastor," Jack blurted out, "before we go, we'll—a—you know that Carl and I have never told you much of our life history or why we are here. We never wanted to, but we notice that you have brought several young people with you today, and our story might be helpful to them."

Just in Time

By DAVID MINEAR

"I'm sure we'd be glad to hear your story," the pastor replied. The young people bent forward to catch every word.

"I guess we started out the same way a lot of other criminals get their start," Carl began. "I was just a kid then, just like little Tim over there. Both of my folks worked, but we never seemed to have very much money. I never got enough to eat, it seemed. When I would get really hungry, I would slip out at night and run down to some of those open fruit stands and grab an apple or an orange.

"That went on for quite a while, and then I became bolder. I didn't have a lot of toys or things other boys had, so I joined the neighborhood gang. That way I was able to obtain many things the way they did. That's where I met Jack. We both belonged to the same gang."

Carl paused a moment and glanced at Jack. "Remember what we used to call ourselves?"

Jack smiled. "We were known to the neighborhood as the 'plagues.' I guess we were too."

Carl continued his story. "Jack and I soon tired of having to share our spoils with the whole gang, so we broke away from it. From then on, we went on raiding parties of our own. Once we stole a car and——"

Jack looked up. Carl figured he had said enough.

"I'll go on from there," Jack said. "We kept this team of ours until one night we took one step too many. We had previously been caught occasionally, but

it was nothing very serious. Then we lost heavily in a card game and we needed some money, fast. We decided to hold up a filling station near the edge of town. It seemed the perfect setup. We would slip in quietly, make the proprietor hand over the money, rapidly make our getaway, and no one would know the difference.

"But it didn't work that way. The proprietor didn't want to part with his money so easily. As Carl turned around for some more loot, the proprietor quickly grabbed a bottle and started to bring it down on his head. That's when I shot. I shouldn't have, but I was nervous and jumpy and the gun just went off."

Jack put his head in his hands and looked at the floor. "The shot brought a squad car that was cruising nearby, and before we could take a second breath they had us hustled off to jail.

"Now we're waiting to be taken to the prison and the death house." He glanced up at the little group seated around him. Many had tears in their eyes—some because they knew what must come to these men as their punishment, and some for the joy that these two men had found Christ before it was too late.

"We'll do all we can to see if we can get you pardoned," half whispered Mrs. Arnet as she brushed tears from her eyes. "I have faith that God may save you."

The others agreed as they rose to leave.

Accompanied by two guards, the two men were taken to a small swimming

pool near the jail and baptized in the chilly water. The sad account the visitors had heard was temporarily forgotten, and the day's events drew to a close on a happy note.

Three weeks later Jack and Carl were transferred to the State prison in Springfield. As they left, almost the entire church membership of Brookfield was there to see them off.

After they arrived at the big gloomy prison, both men were kept busy writing letters to relatives, encouraging them to accept the faith in which they had found joy in spite of the conditions around them.

They also wrote to the members of the old white church, thanking them for sharing their faith.

Mrs. Arnet and the other members of the jail band didn't forget them. They traveled through all kinds of weather the two hundred miles to the Springfield prison. They brought the men cakes and other sweets, as well as books and magazines to read. They tried in every way possible to make the gray walls a little brighter for Jack and Carl.

But the future looked dark. Four months after Carl and Jack had been committed to the State prison they were sentenced to hang for their crime.

Now the jail band's efforts became doubly important as the church people tried desperately to see whether somehow they could get the sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

Finally, after all efforts seemed in vain, the pastor and elders of the church called a meeting. Addressing the group, the pastor stated that the only remaining hope was to send a delegation to the governor and seek a pardon for the two converted men. A group was organized.

But it failed. In spite of all efforts, it was unable even to secure a meeting with the governor.

On the night of March 17 the guards sadly came for Carl and Jack. As they left the dingy room they knew they would never see the gray walls again.

They stepped into the corridor. Here they met one of the elders of the church who was there to walk with them to the gallows. As the three slowly walked along between the guards, the elder spoke quietly.

"As a result of your accepting the faith and your shining example," he said, trying diligently to keep himself in control, "and the complete change in your lives, many of your relatives have been inspired to accept this truth."

"It makes it a lot easier to go this way, elder," Carl murmured softly.

Arriving at the place where they must separate, the men solemnly shook hands. Without saying more, they parted.

The two men strode to the platform. They had not lived in vain. They had shown many what real religion is, although they had found God just in time.

FAMILY FARE



Busy Here and There

JUST one short sentence spoken by a chubby three-year-old some twenty years ago formed words I can't forget. In fact, they are the only words I can remember spoken by a charming little miss during a three-and-a-half month stay in her home.

It was my task to do the cooking, baking, canning, washing, ironing, and house cleaning. I feel I was also a substitute mother, for that memorable sentence was, "I need to be loved!"

Small Dorothy had a father, a mother, and an eleven-year-old brother but her little heart found not the love she craved. Her father, who was employed in a bank, was wrapped up in the "cares of this world." I don't recall ever seeing him

By **BERTHA WAY KING**

love Dorothy. Her mother, discontent with being a mother and homemaker, had decided to train for a medical career. Her schooling was in another State, and how long it took I do not know. But she probably began soon after her daughter was born. It seemed the only attention she paid the child was to tell her what foods she could not eat, though she did spend some of her spare time sewing pretty dresses for her. But no time for the needed love!

Of all the children in the world today, how many could say from the heart, "I need to be loved!"



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Elder Longacre and his ministerial training class at South Lancaster Academy. The group included (left to right) Ray Spencer, Harold Mayer, Fred Furnival, and Dudley Newbold, seated in the front row; Samuel Laviscount, John Redding, Elder Longacre, Fred Greiner, and Adrian Clark, in the middle row; and J. Henry Tiney, Ray Brisbane, Clifford Wilkinson, Sydney Norton, Clinton J. Coon, Miles Coon, Norman Clapp, and William Butler, back.

cision on a statement written by Ellen G. White.

"Too often the work is left in an unfinished state, and in many such cases it amounts to nothing. Sometimes, after a company of people has accepted the truth, the minister thinks that he must immediately go to a new field; and sometimes, without proper investigation, he is authorized to go. This is wrong; he should finish the work begun; for in leaving it incomplete, more harm than good is done."—*Gospel Workers*, pp. 367, 368.

When Professor Machlan realized that I was determined to stay by the effort in Erie until I had properly bound off the work there, he arranged for others to teach Bible and history for the first semester, and I joined the faculty on January 1, 1908.

After I had been teaching at South Lancaster for about eighteen months, Professor Machlan was called to Australia, and I was asked to take the principalship of the school. This office I held until January 1, 1913, when Professor Machlan returned and again took over the principalship.

Life was arduous at South Lancaster. Besides being principal, business manager, and treasurer of the academy, I taught four classes daily, and was pastor of the local church. I also made trips

CHAMPION of RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

By CHARLES S. LONGACRE as told to NATHANIEL KRUM

PART FIVE

WHILE I was in the midst of a large evangelistic effort in Erie, Pennsylvania, I had a call to teach Bible and history at South Lancaster Academy, the fourteen-grade Adventist school in Massachusetts. I was to replace Elder Roy F. Cottrell who had been called to China for mission service, and was asked by Prof. B. F. Machlan, the principal, to be

at the academy by early September to begin teaching.

But the interest in the evangelistic meetings was so great that I felt that I could not leave at such a critical moment. The eternal destiny of many people was at stake. I wrote Professor Machlan that I could not come at that time. He replied that he could not take No for an answer, and personally came to Erie twice, to induce me to leave the evangelistic meetings and come to South Lancaster at once. But I declined. I based my de-

throughout the school territory campaigning for students.

It is doubtful whether I could have withstood the physical strain of the heavy work schedule at South Lancaster Academy had it not been for my lifelong participation in games and regular physical exercise.

My interest began years earlier while I was attending State Teachers College in Kutztown, Pennsylvania. For two years I was the catcher for the local baseball

Brilliant Delusion

By juliette sierra andré

Be warned, the world is colored flame,
like a meteor on the wing.
Remember, there's no certainty
in such a blinding thing!

team there. At first I did not wear a mask, but after I had been knocked unconscious twice, I took the warning and put one on.

When I obtained my first teaching job, I made it a rule to play ball with the pupils at recess time and during the noon hour. That particular school had been noted for its unruly student body, but it was not many days before the boys learned to love me sincerely, simply because I engaged in recreational activities with them.

When I was principal of South Lancaster Academy, I initiated twice-a-week ball games for the boys. The school did not have enough work for them, and the games helped the boys to play off their surplus energy. Many of the boys told me later that they learned more about discipline from those ball games than they did in the classrooms.

I am a sincere believer in proper exercise. Physical labor and games have helped me to keep physical and mental balance. I have exercised freely all my life. For years I have had a large garden, and have spaded it each year. Besides this, I have a two-lot yard to keep clean and mowed.

In more recent years I have played volleyball twice a week at the Takoma Park Volunteer Fire Department building. Only during the past two years have I had to substitute shuffleboard on the Washington Sanitarium and Hospital lawn, because volleyball was becoming a bit too strenuous for my eighty-plus years.

Those who are doing largely desk work should make it their business to work in a garden or play games in order to get regular physical exercise. Only thus can they hope to maintain that delicate balance of physical and mental health. I fear that some Adventist ministers have become nervous wrecks because they failed to get the physical exercise that was required to give them a properly balanced program. Ellen G. White specifically warned about this, when she said:

"Ministers, teachers, students, and other brain workers often suffer from illness as the result of severe mental tax-

ation, unrelieved by physical exercise. What these persons need is a more active life. Strictly temperate habits, combined with proper exercise, would ensure both mental and physical vigor, and would give power of endurance to all brain workers."
—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 238.

In 1913 I went to Washington, D.C., to take up work with the Religious Liberty Department of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists. This opened for me an opportunity in which I feel I have given my most significant years of service.

In 1888, immediately after the first Sunday bill was introduced into the Congress of the United States, the International Religious Liberty Association came into being in the Seventh-day Adventist Church. In those days there was some scattered persecution of Sabbath-keepers, particularly in Tennessee and other Southern States. The association endeavored to defend those whose liberties were imperiled, and to educate the public regarding the dangers of a union of church and state. This education was carried on through public lectures and the columns of *The American Sentinel*, the association's official organ.

Outstanding among those who promoted the religious liberty work during the early days were A. T. Jones, J. O. Corliss, A. F. Ballenger, A. O. Tait, and Allen Moon. In 1902 the Religious Liberty Department was formed, with Allen Moon as chairman. From 1905 to 1912 K. C. Russell headed the department, while W. A. Colcord acted as secretary during most of that period. In 1913 I was appointed secretary of the department. I held this office for twenty-eight years, until 1941. I edited *Liberty* for twenty-nine years, and am still on the editorial staff. Heber H. Votaw joined the department in 1926, was elected secretary in 1941, and edited *Liberty* till the end of 1954. Alvin W. Johnson is currently secretary of the department, and Frank H. Yost is the present editor of *Liberty*.

In the providence of God the Religious Liberty Department was organized to play its part in preparing God's peo-

ple to stand firmly in the great crisis just before them. Ellen G. White had early sounded a warning to Seventh-day Adventists to prepare for the time when liberty of conscience would be restricted, and the whole world forced to bow to the despotism of human councils that had assumed the prerogatives of Deity.

For forty years prior to the introduction into Congress of the first proposed Sunday law, Seventh-day Adventist ministers predicted from the prophecies of the Bible that the day would come soon when legislators would endeavor to force upon the whole world the observance of a spurious sabbath. History faithfully fulfilled prophecy.

The first organization that attempted to bring about this very condition, and promote the enactment of Sunday laws in America, was the National Reform Association. In 1888 it introduced into Congress "A Christian amendment" to the Constitution. Had this amendment been adopted, it would have resulted in a curtailment of human rights and religious freedom, the enactment of a national Sunday law, and a virtual union of church and state in America.

God's holy angels are still holding the winds of strife that will blow in full fury when church and state finally unite to destroy the citadel of religious freedom erected in America through years of struggle by God-fearing, liberty-loving patriots.

Flinging out a challenge for the present hour, Ellen G. White sets before Seventh-day Adventists what they should do to preserve their precious heritage of liberty:

"We are not ready for the issue to which the enforcement of the Sunday law will bring us. It is our duty, as we see the signs of approaching peril, to arouse to action. Let none sit in calm expectation of the evil, comforting themselves with the belief that this work must go on because prophecy has foretold it, and that the Lord will shelter His people. We are not doing the will of God if we sit in quietude, doing nothing to preserve liberty of conscience." "Let us show the people where we are in prophetic history and seek to arouse the spirit of true Protestantism, awaking the world to a sense of the value of the privileges of religious liberty so long enjoyed."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 713, 714, 716.

More youth should dedicate their lives to the cause of religious freedom today, so that through a knowledge of proper legal procedure, a thorough understanding of God's Word, and the indwelling Spirit of the Almighty, they might uphold before men the sacred principles of religious liberty, and point out safe paths for legislators to follow.

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

I Like SHADOWS

By MARY ELLEN HARTLEY

I wish for you
Shadows across your pathway,
Such as shaped the miracle of this morn-
ing.

For in flawless sparkling splendor,
Framed by diamond-studded grass,
Lay lovely shadow patterns of fir and
flower—

White shadows—
Silhouettes of December magic.
Each lacy branch, each dainty flower
In perfect frosty replica.
Fleeting fantasy—a quiet thought,
And I could wish that my life
Might cast shadows as pure and white.

SHADOWS are fascinating things. It doesn't seem right to associate them always with trouble, hardship, or death, and the poet or writer who dwells on the theme of "after the shadows will be sunshine" strikes no responding chord in my heart, for I find shadows most beautiful. If he would say, "After the fog will be sunlight," I could feel a kinship with him.

What a variety of shadows there are: the pale-blue ones cast by pines on snow; the long purple shadows streaking toward the east, cast by mountains backed by the gold of a setting sun; the dancing shadows of leaves in the wind; cloud shadows skittering across the earth—to me it is no slight thrill to see the dark shapes racing over fields, to plunge me into deep shade for a few instants, then whisking away, to leave me full struck by the sunshine.

Perhaps my love for shadows is partly a carry-over from childhood. Many a baby spends happy hours cooing and laughing as he tries to catch with his chubby fingers the wiggly leaf shadows on his crib blanket. A little child plays

with his shadow, intrigued with its changes in size and position—sometimes very tall and ahead of him, sometimes fat and dumpy and behind him, lost when he runs into the house but found again at bedtime when the lamp casts fantastic shapes on the staircase. His questions as to the why, how, and where tax an adult's answering abilities.

I remember how astonished I was the first time I saw shadow animals scampering across the wall. It didn't seem possible that a light and two hands could produce such an assorted array of animals—a rabbit with floppy ears, a goat complete with beard, a duck with a jaunty hat. And these were only a start.

Or perhaps I'm prejudiced in favor of shadows because I have lived in central California where in summertime on the wide hot plains of the San Joaquin Valley, shade shares a respect excelled only by that for water. We plant trees to cool our homes and trees to shade our driveways and streets. We vie for a parking place in the shade of a tree, even if it means walking an extra block or two, for we do not relish the "fiery furnace of the plains of Dura" feeling of our cars after we have left them in the summer sunshine. We have learned that flowers loving a cooler, damper climate will prosper with us if we plant them in the shade and our gardens are graced with azaleas, rhododendrons, and begonias.

There are degrees of coolness in shade that are acutely apparent to the bare-footed youngster. Scampering across burning hot sand from shadow to shadow on the way to the vineyard, I discovered that fig trees with their jade-green leaves, and trunks and limbs all "knobby knees and elbows," cast the coolest shade,

while the graceful silvery olive trees provide the least coolness. My dog was aware of the difference in shade, and made his daytime den under a large grapevine whose branches formed a refreshing green canopy.

Not until I spent several months in the Sierras on a fire lookout* did I appreciate the fact that night does not fall; it rises. First, the deep valleys fill with soft blues and lavenders, and then the dusk seems to spill over the edges onto the mountains until finally all blend together, reaching upward in dark shafts toward the still gold and blue heavens.

It requires the color consciousness of an artist to observe the many hues that are a part of each shadow. There may be a bit of blue, purple, or brown, but never during daylight hours is a shadow really black. Often the amateur, painting with black oil, wonders why his shadows are lifeless and dull, until he discovers the secret of shadow painting.

It is a rare and treasured event when the tremendous shadow cast by the earth strikes the full moon. At first the circle of the earth's shade darkens a small crescent on one side of the silver ball, but soon the entire sphere is in shadow and glows with a dull and unfamiliar ruby cast. A man may live his lifetime and never see the phenomenon known as a total eclipse of the sun—the few moments when the shadow of the moon streaks across continent and ocean.

Scanning through a Bible concordance, I noted that shadows are mentioned by the inspired writers more than two dozen times. The first is in Genesis and the last in the epistle of James. Job emphasizes the ephemeral, valueless quality of a shadow, but Psalm 91 presents another picture—the pricelessness and safety of dwelling under the shadow of the Almighty.

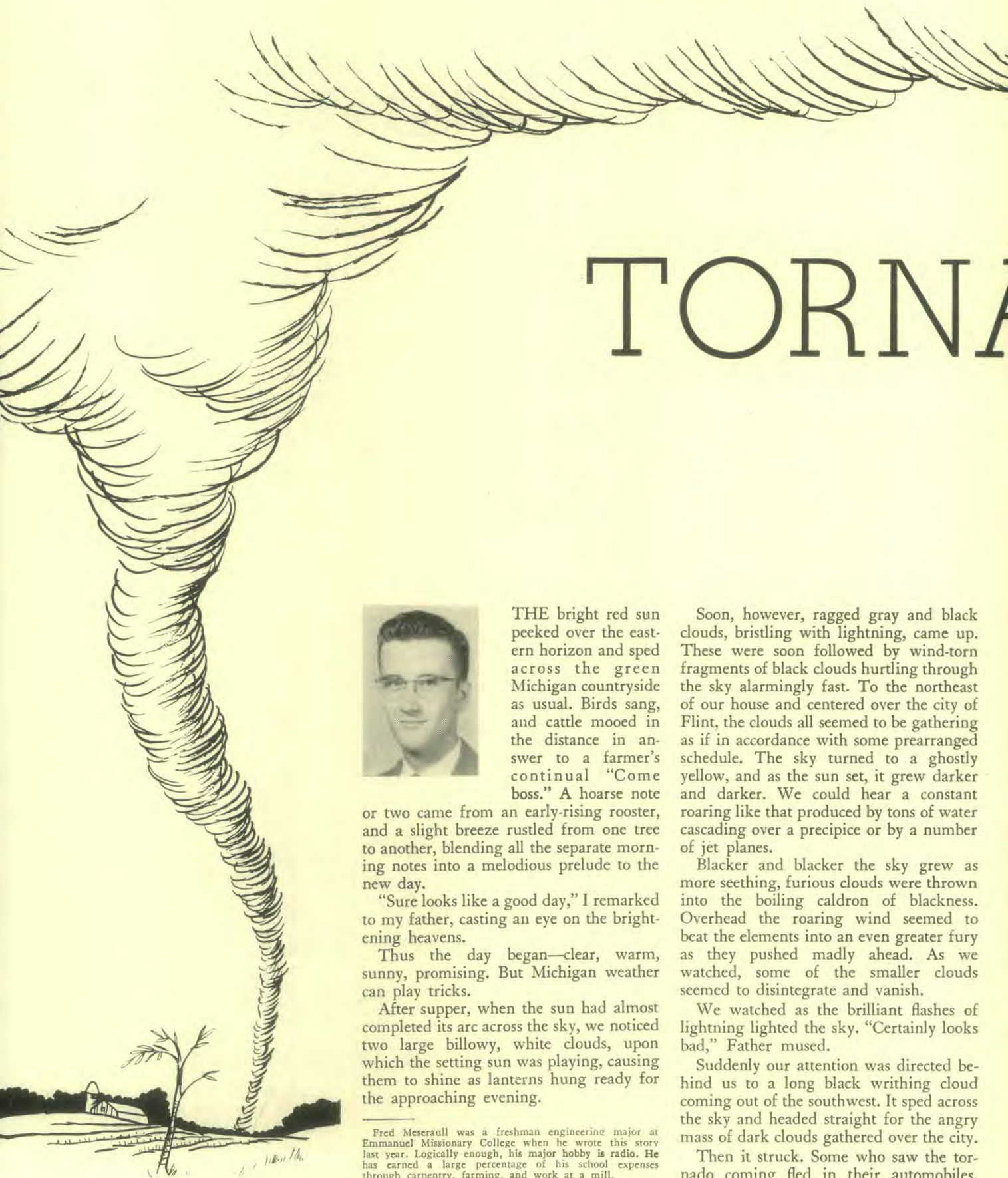
In Bible times the shadows on the earth once ceased their forward movement, and time stood still. After that strikingly dramatic command by Joshua, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon," each shadow remained stationary, perhaps for as long as another ordinary day. Amazement swelling into terror must have beat at the hearts of the inhabitants of the earth as they experienced that longest of all days.

Even more astonishing and horrifying must have been the day when the shadow on the "sun dial of Ahaz" was brought back ten degrees. What more spectacular evidence of His power could God have given His servant King Hezekiah?

Worthless or priceless, distorted or graceful, depending on one's viewpoint, but withal, intriguing—shadows: intangible images of tangible objects. And I would wish that my life might cast beautiful shadows always.

* See "Sierra Nevada Lookout" in the December 3, 1957, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

The storms within can be as destructive as those without, when you draw your parallels in terms of a



TORNADO



THE bright red sun peeked over the eastern horizon and sped across the green Michigan countryside as usual. Birds sang, and cattle mooed in the distance in answer to a farmer's continual "Come boss." A hoarse note

or two came from an early-rising rooster, and a slight breeze rustled from one tree to another, blending all the separate morning notes into a melodious prelude to the new day.

"Sure looks like a good day," I remarked to my father, casting an eye on the brightening heavens.

Thus the day began—clear, warm, sunny, promising. But Michigan weather can play tricks.

After supper, when the sun had almost completed its arc across the sky, we noticed two large billowy, white clouds, upon which the setting sun was playing, causing them to shine as lanterns hung ready for the approaching evening.

Fred Meseraull was a freshman engineering major at Emmanuel Missionary College when he wrote this story last year. Logically enough, his major hobby is radio. He has earned a large percentage of his school expenses through carpentry, farming, and work at a mill.

Soon, however, ragged gray and black clouds, bristling with lightning, came up. These were soon followed by wind-torn fragments of black clouds hurtling through the sky alarmingly fast. To the northeast of our house and centered over the city of Flint, the clouds all seemed to be gathering as if in accordance with some prearranged schedule. The sky turned to a ghostly yellow, and as the sun set, it grew darker and darker. We could hear a constant roaring like that produced by tons of water cascading over a precipice or by a number of jet planes.

Blacker and blacker the sky grew as more seething, furious clouds were thrown into the boiling caldron of blackness. Overhead the roaring wind seemed to beat the elements into an even greater fury as they pushed madly ahead. As we watched, some of the smaller clouds seemed to disintegrate and vanish.

We watched as the brilliant flashes of lightning lighted the sky. "Certainly looks bad," Father mused.

Suddenly our attention was directed behind us to a long black writhing cloud coming out of the southwest. It sped across the sky and headed straight for the angry mass of dark clouds gathered over the city.

Then it struck. Some who saw the tornado coming fled in their automobiles.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

DO

By FRED MESERAULL

Others hovered in their basements. On it came, leaving a path of utter destruction. Frame houses scattered in all directions and split into thousands of pieces. Even cement-block buildings disintegrated to piles of rubble. Nothing seemed able to withstand the fury. As if a giant cleaver had been brought forcefully down upon it, a large portion of brick wall was torn from the high school. Like leaves in a wind, automobiles were blown about, lumber was thrown with pile-driving force in all directions, and people were seen hurtling through the air. Electric power and telephone lines were twisted and tangled like a kitten's ball of yarn.

On and on it raged, and after cutting a path through a woods, blew itself out in the nearby countryside.

The next morning as the sun looked down through the broken clouds it beheld utter destruction. The raging elements were quiet now, but during their few minutes of madness many people had been killed, debris had been scattered in all directions, and stores, houses, and other buildings were completely demolished.

BARRY EDWARDS, FLINT "JOURNAL"

The morning after, the sun shone through broken clouds on a scene of destruction.

In one stripped and battered tree I saw the blade of a shovel that had been driven into the trunk up to the handle. In some places boards and trees bristled with straw

that had been driven into them by the ruthless winds.

But soon work was started, as people who had lost everything moved in to clean up and start anew.

The sight of that destruction made a deep impression on me. I thought, "Isn't the destruction of human lives by sin much the same? It may begin with white clouds, just like the tornado."

These clouds of sin appear. While we note them, we think little of them. We tell ourselves that they are nothing. We may cheat a little on an examination paper. But we console ourselves by thinking, "It was only an answer or two. It won't make much difference."

Or the dime-store clerk may give us too much change. This we note, but make no correction. Again we are consoled by saying to ourselves, "Oh, so what? Their prices are high and a few cents won't make much difference. No one is going to drag me off to jail or report me to the store manager."

It is not the money or getting caught, however, that makes the difference. It is the cherishing of petty thievery and deceit.

There was Bill—he and I were close friends, spent many happy hours together as small boys, roamed about the fields and



woods near our homes. He was a likable fellow, easy to get along with, and had many good traits of character. He began to come to school occasionally with a little more money than usual, however. It wasn't much, only enough to buy some candy or gum.

"Where'd you get it?" I would ask.

"I found it."

Later I learned that he had stolen it from his mother by sneaking into her bedroom and taking it from her purse. This and other little deceptions continued. But Bill was clever enough to keep from being found out. If necessary, he lied to keep from being detected and punished.

Gradually the wayward tendencies grew, and by the time Bill was in high school, darker clouds were gathered over him. Before long he was stealing more. Finally he was arrested for breaking into a gas station.

The white clouds of petty crimes had made a difference in Bill's life. His life might have been different if he had viewed with alarm the first ones that came to blot out the sun of happiness in his life.

The tornado that struck Flint certainly caused havoc. From the first shattered home to the path it cut through the woods and city, everything was a shambles. While this was but temporal damage, the destruction wrought by the tornado of sin can be eternal.

The destruction brought upon the peaceful Michigan city and countryside in one turbulent evening was accomplished in minutes. But the havoc brought by Lucifer's envy and boastfulness has continued for six thousand years. Lucifer, the shining one, became Satan, the adversary, and since he and his following of evil angels came to this earth, they have never been at rest.

From the Fall in Eden, the storm has continued to rage, leaving in its wake the ruin of countless lives.

Many times I have been awakened in the middle of the night by a million-volt storm in full force. The lightning rips the air and strikes a resounding boom that seems to rock earth's very foundations. Large, solid oaks are shattered from a bolt of lightning, and fires are often started by a single flash. Then we begin to think of our need of God's protection.

When floods threaten, hurricanes strike, or bombs are hurled at us from the heavens, we fear for our lives and seek God's protecting arm. But are we as concerned with the bombs of temptation that Satan hurls at us, or the floods of sin and corruption that threaten to destroy us? The devil has had more than six thousand years' experience at this; he is a clever enemy.

Because we don't see the gates of heaven being closed to us or hear Christ say, "Depart from Me, ye workers of iniquity, for I know you not," we are inclined not to be as concerned with our destiny or as fearful of the storms of sin as we should be. In this state of complacency we most surely will be taken unawares by a storm of temptation.

But we are not left helpless. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

In the Flint tornado many people took refuge in the basements of their homes. Some escaped injury this way, but others were less fortunate. If we accept Christ as our refuge, however, we need have no fear. We are not taking a chance when we seek shelter in Him.

It was with sad thoughts and heavy hearts that people in Flint gazed at the wreckage that had once been their homes. But it is much sadder to see the wreckage of human lives—men and women who do not care; men and women who lie, cheat, steal; men and women who drink themselves into a stupor; men and women who seek pleasures of the most degrading, demoralizing variety. This is the wreckage left by the tornado of sin. This storm we should fear to a far greater degree than any storm the elements of nature can bring upon us.

With courage and determination the tornado victims returned to rebuild their homes. In a matter of days many new homes were nearing completion where so shortly before all had looked like a hopeless, utter ruin. Sinners, too, can take courage, and, with the talents and capabilities that God has given them, begin rebuilding.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday." Whether the pestilence or terror be the powers of nature or the powers of darkness, we can claim this promise, and prayerfully guard against these clouds of destruction.

Dear Son,

Yes, according to one of her personal secretaries, Mrs. White was vaccinated for smallpox. He wrote that she felt we should accept these protections as they are developed. Using a vaccine as a preventative is different from the misuse of drugs.

Believe it or not, we have no weeds in our garden! None have ever come up. We had enough lettuce to feed the entire neighborhood, and onions, and tomatoes, and potatoes—but no weeds. As you know, it has rained so much that we didn't need to water, and I came to the conclusion that when the vegetables had enough water they just crowded out the weeds. Maybe that works in other things too!

I fear we are about to get a cat. The girls have wanted one for three years, but I don't want a pet unless we take the time to train it properly. Untrained pets are as troublesome as untrained children, or at least almost as troublesome.

Six more weeks. I hope you end with a flourish. So many have the idea that the closer they get to the end the more careless they can afford to be.

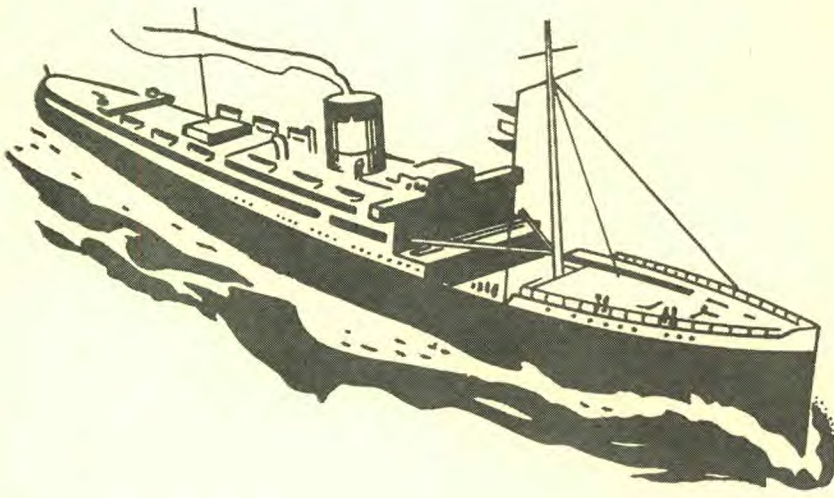
A man once told a college class, "Anyone can start, and most can continue, but the fellow who has what it takes is one who has the self-control to finish."

What is all this about "skip day"? What is skip day anyway? And why do you say you want two days instead of one? Do inform me. You seem to be having an uproar over it all.

You should have seen the sunset tonight. It looked like a lake of golden fire set in mauve and dark blue. As it faded the stars came out—one here, then one there—and finally a huge moon rose to claim its dominion over the night. I had sort of a lonely, mystic feeling and wished I could be way off alone somewhere. I don't have that feeling often any more, but I used to a great deal when I was in my teens. Part of growing up, I guess.

Love,

Mother



All Set to Go

By J. ERNEST EDWARDS

PASSENGERS on a steamer cruising down the St. Lawrence River became greatly alarmed as the fog rolled in, masking everything in grayness. They worried about the dangers to navigation, for it was impossible to see but a few feet ahead. Excitedly they decided, "Why, the only thing to do is to anchor until the fog is lifted!"

They rushed a message to the captain, insisting that the ship be stopped until the weather cleared. The captain on the bridge above the fog could see the river some distance ahead. He wrote on the note, "Where your captain is, there is no fog."

We may be in the fog, with the future obscured by uncertainty. We cannot discover any reason for thwarted ambitions, trying disappointments, and sore heartaches that have come. But no fog obscures the view of Christ. Knowing the channels, He will guide us through the rapids to true happiness, satisfying success, and never-ending heaven.

Paul couldn't always see his way out. He was frequently in a tight spot. He could easily have questioned the Captain's navigation of his life. Convicted of a crime he had not committed—facing certain execution in Rome—imprisoned in an underground dungeon with no prospects of escape—deserted by friends—suffering in solitary confinement. On

top of all this—reports of persecution against the churches he had raised up in the West—apostasy of members in the East—his lifework apparently going to wrack and ruin.

Yet no regret for years of hazardous service, no criticism for dark days of suffering, loneliness, desertion, approaching death, no hint of doubt of God's leading, no question of ultimate victory entered his thoughts. Hear his noble expression of triumph and faith, his thrilling proclamation of God's gifts for the youth All Set to Go: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

Ahead of us are tests, trials, trouble. But no fear. We face the future with faith. In Christ we can courageously grapple the present and fearlessly tackle the future, for He has promised, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." His presence is real. His promises are certain. His help is assured. As seven-day Christians we can with surety claim the promise: "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

As one stands on the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, overlooking the city, he is conscious of the boulevards that converge at the base of the monument. It reminds one of the spokes of a wheel centering in the hub. The prophecies of times' end focus on this very time in which we live.

The many lines of prophecy, to be fulfilled before the close of probation, center on our age. Knowing Jesus as a personal Saviour, understanding the times in which we live, comprehending the imminence of Jesus' return, we need not be troubled. We believe in God's Word, the power of His Son to save, and comprehend that in His Father's house are many mansions being prepared for us. In clarion words He has proclaimed, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

The world fears insecurity of pacts, loss of freedom, the use of the hydrogen bomb, a coming depression; but as followers of Bible truth we may look up

and lift up our heads, for our redemption draws nigh. The return of Jesus is the *spur* to all our efforts, the *strength* to all our enterprise, and the *stay* to all our endurance.

God has not given us the spirit of fear, but faith to face the future. He is willing to "get us all set" for the coming crisis in this end time of fulfilling prophecy. The three main pieces in life's equipment are presented by Paul:

Stamina is power.

Service springs from love to God and man.

Scholarship develops a sound mind.

Stamina depends on clean living and high resolve. We recognize our imperative responsibility to care properly for our bodies and to keep physically fit. Stamina involves not alone needful exercise and regular health habits but the stanch shunning of injurious practices, such as smoking and secret sins that corrupt mind and debase body.

Remember the lads away from home, in the world's capital, who refused to accept the king's menu because it was contrary to God's principles of healthful living? They could easily have reasoned, "When in Babylon we must do as the Babylonians do." They could have thought, "We are only small-town boys. We must not be so abnormal and narrow. Why shouldn't we go through the forms?"

But these Hebrew captives, at the royal court of Babylon, purposed not to defile themselves with the king's food or wine, and they requested "pulse" or grains, legumes, fruits, nuts, and vegetables. They would have nothing to do with the food and drink that was first offered in sacrifice to idols or that God had declared unclean. They would play the game according to the rules of God, even though they had been threatened. No social glass for them. No unclean food even though considered by the king the richest and the best. They understood that their bodies were the temple of God. They would stand true, live clean, represent God aright. They would obey God's instruction and live up to their convictions. They were in training for heaven's race, and they played the game according to the rules of clean living.

You will need help in your battle against intemperance and corrupting habits. Believe in Christ and receive His power to live pure and clean. Claim as yours the promise, "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."

Then unfurl your flag, come out in the open and let everyone know you belong on Christ's side. Follow the instruction of your new Captain. Daily consult the Guidebook of health, happiness, and heaven. Talk your problems over with God in prayer. Tell Him all that is on your mind and in your heart. Live like a child of God. Fly your colors everywhere. Choose Christian friends, because you will be known by the company you keep. Introduce Christ to your school-mates. Tell them of your experience in living for Christ. Jesus gave His life for you, promises His life to you. You will want to live your life for Him. Ask Him for power to resist evil thinking and immoral practices. He will help you to achieve nobility of soul and life.

For the sake of God who made your body to be His temple, in loyalty to Christ who died for you, in the interest of those you love and who love you most, and out of respect for your future life's companion, develop stamina as a true Christian young man and young woman by clean living—living by the rules of heaven, playing the game of life to win. You can't brush aside these rules. You can't argue them away. You can't talk them down. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Success and heaven depend on playing the game of life according to God's rules. There will be no jolt of conscience, no self-remorse or reproach when we live clean. The sacred interests of life, purity, and truth demand clean living. "The path of obedience to God is the path of safety and happiness, while that of transgression leads only to disaster and defeat."

Though stamina has a physical basis, it is more than measurement and weight. It is a life power that depends upon right purposes and high resolves. The youth of stamina will form habits of concentration, of study, and work early in life. He who focuses his energies and centers his efforts on primary things will achieve. The Christian youth who says, "This one thing I do," will succeed in doing worthwhile things well. Find the youth who says, "This one thing I know," and you will find a young man or young woman who talks with authority. Find the youth who says, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after," and you will find a youth who is sure to succeed.

What is your life's purpose?

Are you planning to achieve so that men may praise your life? The chief rulers in Jesus' time lived to receive praise of men, but their lives were failures.

Is it your purpose to achieve in order that you may have pleasure? Belshazzar made pleasure the consuming passion of his life. He went down in ruin.

Are you aspiring to succeed in order that you may be rich? Judas is marked as the world's most infamous traitor because of his selfish aspirations.

Are the desires and purposes of your life those that would honor Christ? Do not misplace your resolves; do not choose ambitions that will be unsatisfying. We should take from the lips of our Saviour the controlling purpose of His life and appropriate it as our own. Then we will live strongly and well and forever. "I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me."

Some time ago in Boston, Massachusetts, I read the inscription on the monument erected to the great American educator, Horace Mann. "Pleasure is only momentary, popularity is transitory, fame is like vapor, wealth soon vanishes. Only one thing remains—your character."

In doing the will of God we shall develop true character with the stamina of such heroes as Moses, Esther, Daniel, and Paul.

Right purposes must take form in service. Whatever the worthy ambition—to become a missionary doctor, nurse, gospel minister, denominational teacher or secretary, literature evangelist or singing evangelist, Christian farmer, mechanic, or businessman—its dominating purpose should ever remain service to God and others. In fulfilling God's blueprint of service we will find real satisfaction and true happiness.

It is purity of heart and singleness of purpose that constitutes the true value of the human being. Live clean and with clear-cut purpose dominated by the motive, "I will do God's will," and you will be a youth of power and stamina. As Paul, you will write your influence on this end-time generation.

Some years ago, while serving as Bible teacher, I asked the students to write a short definition of what the Bible meant to them personally. That Sabbath I was invited to dinner by an Armenian family. In the kitchen, around the table, the large family bowed their heads in gratitude to God for providing their physical needs. The platters of vegetables were passed. Then the plate with an unsliced loaf of homemade bread over two feet long was passed. Uncertain as to what I should do, I passed it down the table, observing the actions of the family. Each member broke off a chunk from the long loaf. Then I broke off my chunk, and how delicious it was!

Having visited at their table I could better understand, the following Monday afternoon, the definition written by my Armenian student: "The Bible is a loaf, every chapter is a chunk, and every verse a big bite."

Chunks of bread from Heaven! Are we following the Bible Year? Do we start the day the Morning Watch way? Do we feed on the Character Classics? This new devotional reading plan correlates daily reading of the Bible with the five priceless books of the Conflict of the Ages Series. A day-by-day reading plan is yours for the asking from your local Missionary Volunteer Department. In four years' time you will have completed reading your Bible through and also the five books of the Conflict series—*Patriarchs and Prophets, Prophets and Kings, The Desire of Ages, The Acts of the Apostles, and The Great Controversy*. If you are following the Morning Watch and reading the Character Classics, you are entitled to a beautiful Loughborough League bookmark at the end of each of the four years. You are also entitled to this bookmark if you follow the Morning Watch and read your Bible through in one year's time.

Are the principles of the Bible being inculcated into our lives? A sound mind is the outcome of real scholarship, the basis of which is Bible knowledge. To live fully, serve successfully, achieve finally, the Bible must be consulted daily. It becomes the rule of our lives. Do we love the Lord with all our minds? Are our thoughts God directed and heaven bound? Jesus made the duty of thinking straight a part of the command. Let us learn the joy of intellectual fellowship with our Maker by thinking thoughts after Him, by keeping step with Him in His wise purposes. In this confused world how grateful we should be for a Guidebook of surety, giving meaning to the present and understanding to the future.

In making arrangements to leave Brazil on my return trip to the United States, I visited the consul's office to secure an exit permit. In the waiting room of the consulate I noticed a young man

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Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

The Seven Seals

LESSON FOR APRIL 19

Daily Study Record: S S M T W T F

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 6; 8:1.

OUTSIDE READING: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 635-652.

MEMORY GEM: "And they sung a song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (Rev. 5:9).

1 The First Century, A.D.

1. What symbols are brought to light in the opening of the first seal?

"Behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer" (Rev. 6:2).

NOTE.—"This is a symbol of the triumphs of the Christian church during the first century of the Christian era, during the days of the apostles of Christ. The color of the horse represents the purity of the church in that period. It was pure, both in life and doctrine. What it believed was the truth, and this truth was manifested in the outward lives of those who believed.

"With the truth of the gospel in its purity, and with pure lives, the first Christians went forth 'conquering, and to conquer.' They advanced against the very strongholds of the pagan religions of their time, and because of the purity of their faith and life they achieved remarkable victories, such great victories indeed that it could be said of them they preached the gospel to the entire world. (Col. 1:5, 23.)

"When the church returns to that purity of faith and life that was manifested in the days of the apostles, the same victories for the truth of God will be seen at this time. The message of God for today will be taken to all the world in one generation."—C. B. HAYNES, *Our Times and Their Meaning*, pp. 234, 235.

2 Apostasy and Persecution

2. What evil trends are disclosed by the opening of the second seal?

"There went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword" (Rev. 6:4).

NOTE.—"After the days of the apostles divisions crept into the church. The things that Paul had foretold began to come to pass. Paul had said to the elders of the church at Ephesus: 'For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them.' Acts 20:29, 30.

"He spoke also of the falling away in his Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, and declared that even in his time 'the mystery of iniquity doth already work.' (2 Thess. 2:7.)

"Shortly after the death of the last of the apostles these things began to be rapidly fulfilled. Men arose speaking perverse things. False doctrines began to be taught. The truth of God was perverted, changed into a lie. By these false doctrines the faith of Christians was corrupted, and a corresponding change came into their lives. Satan instilled unholy ambitions into the minds of the leaders of the church. They began to seek for positions of power and influence.

The glory of the pure principles of the gospel became dimmed. Falsehood took the place of truth. False shepherds assumed command of the church, and the light of the gospel was well-nigh obscured."—C. B. HAYNES, *Our Times and Their Meaning*, pp. 235, 236.

"The time of this seal is from A.D. 100 to about A.D. 323, at the professed conversion of Constantine, the emperor of Rome."—*Ibid.*, p. 238.

3. What further deterioration in the life of the church is indicated at the opening of the third seal?

"Lo a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine" (Rev. 6:5, 6).

NOTE.—"A black horse! Just the opposite of the first horse! During the period covered by the third seal there was a complete perversion of the truth of the gospel. This is God's photograph of Roman Catholicism. It is just the opposite of the gospel. The church was completely corrupted."—*Ibid.*, pp. 238, 239.

"The time covered by this seal is from A.D. 323 to A.D. 538, at the establishment of papal supremacy."—*Ibid.*, p. 241.

4. Is there a color still more dark than black?

"Behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell [grave] followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth" (Rev. 6:8).

NOTE.—"The color pale does not indicate that the church is now returning to its first condition, or color, of white. This color is that sickly, deathly, blighted color of a sickly and dying plant. It is worse than death."—*Ibid.*

Berkeley calls it "ash-colored."

"Under this seal the people of God were persecuted and put to death. When the Papacy became fully established, it began to persecute those who had remained faithful to the truth of the gospel. They were driven out from among men to find a home in the rocks and caves of the mountains. They were hunted like wild beasts and were put to death wherever they were found. For more than a thousand years the apostate church did its utmost to blot out true Christianity from the earth. Tens of millions of the people of God through these long, weary ages suffered martyrdom for their faith. Their blood flowed like water."—*Ibid.*, pp. 241, 242.

"The time of this seal is from A.D. 538 to the beginning of the sixteenth century, the opening of the Protestant Reformation."—*Ibid.*, p. 242.

And so the church has passed from a position that might be represented by 100 per cent to 000 per cent, from that of an agency for God to that of apostasy against God, from life to death, from white to pale.

3 Slain Souls Crying

5. Can a dead soul speak?

"I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellowservants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled" (Rev. 6:9-11).

NOTE.—"It must not be understood that John saw the disembodied spirits of the dead. What John saw was that the death of the martyrs under the preceding seal demanded retribution. Just as Abel's blood is said to have cried from the ground, so the death of the martyrs demanded vengeance. They were seen under the altar, that is under the place where they were sacrificed, the earth, in their graves. Their deaths were not to go unpunished."—C. B. HAYNES, *Our Times and Their Meaning*, p. 242.

"The fifth seal covers the time from the beginning of the sixteenth century to about the middle of the eighteenth century, the time of the Protestant Reformation."—*Ibid.*, p. 243.

4 Signs of Christ's Imminent Return

6. What tumultuous events characterize the sixth seal?

"Lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great

day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. 6:12-17).

NOTE.—"In fulfillment of this prophecy there occurred, in the year 1755, the most terrible earthquake that has ever been recorded. Though commonly known as the earthquake of Lisbon, it extended to the greater part of Europe, Africa, and America. It was felt in Greenland, in the West Indies, in the island of Madetra, in Norway and Sweden, Great Britain and Ireland. It pervaded an extent of not less than four million square miles. In Africa the shock was almost as severe as in Europe. A great part of Algiers was destroyed; and a short distance from Morocco, a village containing eight or ten thousand inhabitants was swallowed up. A vast wave swept over the coast of Spain and Africa engulfing cities and causing great destruction. . . .

"Almost, if not altogether alone, as the most mysterious and as yet unexplained phenomenon of its kind, . . . stands the dark day of May 19, 1780,—a most unaccountable darkening of the whole visible heavens and atmosphere in New England. . . .

"Nor was the darkness of the [following] night less uncommon and terrifying than that of the day; notwithstanding there was almost a full moon, no object was discernible but by the help of some artificial light. . . . After midnight the darkness disappeared, and the moon, when first visible, had the appearance of blood."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 304-308.

"In 1833, two years after Miller began to present in public the evidences of Christ's soon coming, the last of the signs appeared. . . . This prophecy received a striking and impressive fulfillment in the great meteoric shower of November 13, 1833."—*Ibid.*, p. 333.

5 The Second Coming

7. What strange condition prevails in heaven at the opening of the seventh seal?

"There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour" (Rev. 8:1).

NOTE.—"As this is prophetic time, in which a day represents a year [Eze. 4:6], and as half an hour is a forty-eighth part of a year, the actual time represented here would be a forty-eighth part of a 360-day year, or seven and a half days.

"Silence in heaven for seven and a half days! What is the fulfillment of this? Consider this: About the only way silence could be secured in heaven would be to empty heaven of its inhabitants. Is there ever a time when the angels of heaven leave there?"—C. B. HAYNES, *Our Times and Their Meaning*, pp. 245, 246.

8. When Jesus returns how many of the angels come with Him?

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory" (Matt. 25:31).

NOTE.—"They will come with Christ to gather together His people (Matt. 24:31), and then they all return to heaven together to spend the thousand years of the millennium. Evidently from the time that Christ leaves heaven with His angels to come the second time to the earth, to the time when He returns with His people, a period of seven and a half days elapses."—*Ibid.*, p. 246.

Quizangles

1. Match the four stages of the church's fall as represented by the first four seals with two words in the following list of one-word characterizations:

First Stage or First Seal	_____	_____
Second Stage or Second Seal	_____	_____
Third Stage or Third Seal	_____	_____
Fourth Stage or Fourth Seal	_____	_____
Persecution		Penny
Putrefaction		Power
Peace		Pale
Purveyors		Purity

- How do dead souls speak? (3)
- What four signs are presented under the sixth seal? (4)
- When Jesus comes with all His angels who is left in heaven? (5)
- When He returns to heaven will you be with Him?

NEXT WEEK, April 26, 1958—Lesson title: "God Seals His People." Lesson scripture: Revelation 7. Outside reading: *Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 209-216. Memory gem: Revelation 7:17.

"Look at the Roots"

By GEORGIA STOUT

WE HAD not been in the Adventist Church very long before we heard about the program called Investment. It all seemed wonderful to us, but what could we do about it?

One day my husband brought home the usual sack of spring seed for me to plant. As I put the seed into the hotbed, the thought came to me, "Why not set out a few tomato plants for the Lord?" I could have an Investment program too, and it wouldn't put me out much time or money—both of which were at a premium. I had to water my own plants anyway.

The plants seemed to spring up at us from the ground as we watched them. They were stronger and sturdier than any we had had before, and we soon had many promises of customers.

Every morning we uncovered the hotbed and watered the plants, then put the cover back on again. Sometimes this had

to be done several times a day. When the plants became strong enough, we left the cover off during the day in order to harden the plants for transplanting to the cold frames where they would receive no heat to protect them. This was in preparation for setting them out in the field.

It was hard always to remember to cover them up before we went to bed, for we were sometimes unusually tired. Once in a while we would forget, especially if it had been warm during the day.

After a warm spell of several days, we were somewhat off our guard about the temperature, and nobody remembered to cover the plants. That was the morning we awoke to a white frost.

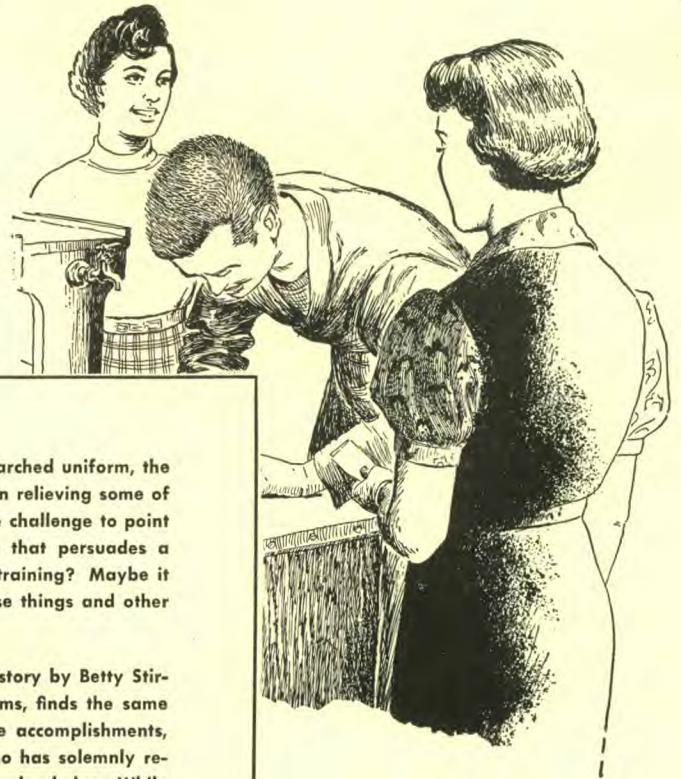
We went out to see what the damage had been. I had transplanted several hundred healthy tomato plants into the cold frame a few days before and had been mentally calculating that we would have

quite a tidy sum for the Lord's treasury.

As I headed out to take a look at the damage I guess I expected that because they were the Lord's tomato plants they would somehow survive a little frost. Well, they were withered right to the ground. As I stood looking at them, I felt small and worthless. The Lord couldn't even depend on me to be faithful in little things, and I was expecting to receive the big gift of eternal life.

Then I seemed to hear a small voice. "You are like those plants. Look at the roots." I pulled out a handful of the blackened plants. The root system was perfect. It had formed in a symmetrical manner and was much like the pictures you see in government bulletins showing how roots should look.

"Those plants are like many Christians," the voice seemed to continue. "You have a good foundation in truth. You know the way. You have God's law. But the frost of just one loss of temper, or just one giving in to a lust can kill that plant which is your Christian life, and what good are you then? Can God use a withered Christian? Could He use a fallen angel? Can you use those frozen plants? Neither can He use a Christian who does not grow in the Christian graces. Can you grow in grace without following the rules? Neither can the plants grow without someone following all the rules."



Is it the rustle of a stiffly starched uniform, the feeling of accomplishment in relieving some of the world's suffering, or the challenge to point out the better way of life that persuades a young girl to take nurse's training? Maybe it is a combination of all these things and other things, too.

Julie Otis, in this well-told story by Betty Stirling, faces the same problems, finds the same joys and thrills to the same accomplishments, as does every other girl who has solemnly repeated the Florence Nightingale pledge. While this story is written in such a way that it will inspire many with the possibilities of this profession, yet the many little humorous incidents related make for a most interesting story.

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intently reading the Bible. Apparently he was reading it verse by verse. Finally I inquired, "Are you reading the Bible from beginning to end?"

He smiled and nodded assent. Then I ventured, "Are you an Adventista?"

Immediately he enthusiastically jumped to his feet exclaiming, "You one, too?"

What a thrill to grasp the hand of the first person I had met in more than ten thousand miles of mission travel who was found reading the Bible in a public place. As a student colporteur he had earned his way through college and was, at the same time, building a sound mind through Bible scholarship. Unconsciously, as he read the chapters in the Bible, he had witnessed for God to the many who were waiting in that consulate. He was hiding God's Word (the best thing) in his heart (the best place) that he might avoid sinning against the

Lord (the best purpose). He was reading the Bible not for quantity, but for its message; not for acclaim, but for his own edification; not for achievement, but to know Jesus better.

Some years ago, during World War II, a Canadian soldier was granted a leave, to recruit volunteers for the army. When he returned to camp some days later he brought with him three other men. This young man from Hamilton told his pals about army life and urged them to "come on and join up now. Volunteer for your country!"

We are recruiters for the country of heaven. Youth in the army of Christ should sound this call, "Come to Christ. Join His forces today! Volunteer for battle service on the side of right. Do exploits for your Commander. Then you will be in line for crowning as a victor when Jesus returns."

The final battle is being fought. We must find our special place in the last struggle.

"There is only one thing should concern us,

To find just the work that is ours
And then, having found it, to do it
With all our God-given powers."

Remember the Spirit of prophecy statement, "Not more surely is the place prepared for us in the heavenly mansions than is the special place designated on earth where we are to work for God."

"But," we ask, "how can we be sure that we find that special place, that particular niche, that definite post?" As we listen to God, as He speaks to us through His Word, as we earnestly and sincerely pray for His Spirit's guidance, and as we willingly enter the providential openings that come, God will reveal to us just what we should do.

Your exploits for Christ and His cause, as a seven-day Christian, will amaze the world. It takes a lot to astonish the world, but it will occur. The Spirit of prophecy predicts, "In the closing scenes of this earth's history, many of these children and youth will astonish people by their witness to the truth, which will be borne in simplicity, yet with spirit and power."

The best time in the world's history lies before the youth of this day. Unparalleled opportunities are ahead. We have come to a thrilling hour when Bible truth will be given world prominence, when the pace of evangelism will be accelerated, when the latter rain will be poured out in full measure, when three thousand will be converted in a day, when God will finish His work in a blaze of glory.

Recall the forecast, "Many a lad [or lassie] of today, growing up as did Dan-

iel in his Judean home, studying God's Word and His works, and learning the lessons of faithful service, will yet stand in legislative assemblies, in halls of justice, or in royal courts, as a witness for the King of kings." What a high honor and great privilege lies before each one to testify before the country's legislators, to witness in the highest courts for Bible truth, and to stand before the ruler of our nation. This is the time for daring exploits for youth, for outstanding acts by young people equipped with stamina, sound minds, and consecrated hearts of love.

Frances Ridley Havergal visited family friends in Germany. She noticed on the wall this unusual motto, "I gave My life for thee, what hast thou given for Me?" She inquired concerning the meaning of this motto. The minister-friend in whose home she was staying explained that some time before, an army colonel by the name of James Gardiner had planned on a night of revelry and pleasure. He had switched off the light in his home and was making his way to the front door when suddenly the darkened room was illuminated by the presence of Jesus Christ. The Master looked deep into the soul of the army colonel and stretched out His nail-scarred hands and said, "All this I did for thee, what hast thou done for Me? I gave My life for thee, what hast thou given for Me?"

After making this appeal Jesus disap-

WIT

Sharpeners

Ark Arithmetic

By MARION ULLMARK

Add the following figures:

1. The number of sons Noah had _____
2. The number of days between the dove's trip from the ark _____
3. The number of people in the ark _____
4. The number of days it rained _____
5. The number of days the Flood was on the earth _____

Total _____

Multiply the total by:

6. The number of stories in the ark _____

Divide this answer by:

7. The number of women in the ark _____

Subtract:

8. Noah's age when the Flood came _____
9. The number of the month when the rains began _____

Divide by:

10. The day of the month the rains began _____

Subtract:

11. The day of the month when the mountaintops were seen _____
12. The number of the month when the mountaintops were seen _____
13. Your answer is the number of cubits upward the waters rose _____

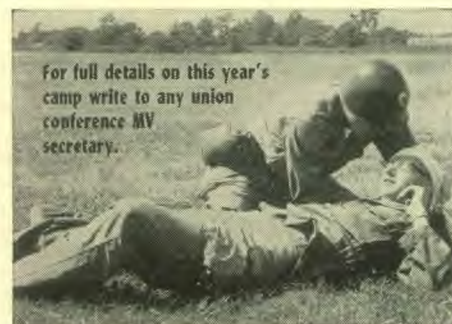
Key on page 22

CAMP DOSS—

what the boys say about it

I was a little hesitant about going to Camp Doss when I thought of going all the way from California to Michigan to attend, but I enjoyed it much more than I can ever express in words. I just can't say enough to show my thanks to the staff and all the officers for the help and guidance they gave me. I gained a rich Christian experience and want to keep that experience.

Leon Stringer
Arlington, California



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peared. So overcome with the love and sacrifice of Jesus for him, the colonel dropped on his knees and surrendered his life to the Master. In prayer he promised Him the rest of his life in service. He related this remarkable revelation to his friends. The story of the unusual conversion of this colonel was told everywhere. Mottoes began to be made with the inscription, "I gave My life for thee, what hast thou given for Me?"

Some days later, meditating on this experience, Frances Ridley Havergal was impressed to write on a scrap of paper the lines of the now well-known appeal hymn, "I Gave My Life for Thee."

On returning home to England she was unpacking her suitcase while chatting with her father. Going through her dresses she found in one pocket this paper with the scribbled lines. Thinking little of it, she crumpled the paper and tossed it toward the burning fire in the fireplace. It fell short of the flame. Picking it up, her father noticed the poetic form and asked, "What is this, Frances?"

"Oh, it's something I wrote while I was in Germany."

Reading it carefully, he turned to his daughter and said, "May I have it?"

"Surely, if you wish it."

Her father asked a friend to compose the music for this poem.

That same year Frances was sent to a girl's boarding school. To her dismay she found that she was one of the few Christians among the students in the school. Fervently she prayed, "Oh, God, I can't witness here. There're so few Christians." The Spirit impressed her with the thought that God was counting on her to demonstrate, in that school, the Christian life. Daily she sought God for power to live for Him and to show His graces. At the close of that school year a large number of these young ladies had found Christ as a personal Saviour through the appeal of her surrendered life.

Are we determined to follow Jesus in doing good? Love to Christ is the spring to action. We do not ask how little we may give to meet God's requirements,

Sanctuary Suburb

From page 6

the creatures of the forest obey their parents. They all soon came back and were as tame as before.

Nearly all the coons that have been coming to my place for several years have accepted food from my hand. Unless there are two or three reaching for food at the same time, they are always very gentle and careful not to scratch or bite. Very few have been "snatchers." Once a little fellow, while trying to get ahead of his brother, mistook my finger

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but the actions of a father have more influence over the actions of his son than any other single factor.

A pastor recently related the story of a thirteen-year-old boy who sat at the same restaurant table with his father. The waiter came along and asked the boy what he would like.

"What do you want?" asked the waiter.

"I'll take what Daddy takes."

The father had a bottle of wine in his hand and was just about to pour it into his glass when he suddenly put it down as though he had burned his fingers.

"Waiter," he said, "I want water."

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

but with earnest desire yield all. Let us consecrate our lives to Christ now. Let us make Christ first in our lives. God "requires of us an entire surrender of the faculties. The mind and heart, the whole being, must be given to Him, or we fall short of becoming true Christians."

Surrender all to Him. Then resolve never to say Good-by to your Saviour. Is this the solemn vote of our soul?

With Christ within, you cannot be defeated. God has not given you the spirit of fear; but stands ready to equip you with *power*—stamina by doing God's will in clean living; *sound mind*—scholarship from daily feasting on chunks of Heaven's bread; *love*—service as recruiters for Heaven's country.

Then, you are All Set to Go!

for a piece of bread and took such a firm hold of it that before he could let go I had jerked him through the window. He scrambled back out and was a little more timid for a while. So was I, although his teeth did not even break the skin on my finger.

Often the adult coons have touched my hand with their noses or claws, but always gently.

Right now I hear a blue jay, not far away, screaming at the top of his voice,

"Fox! Fox! Fox!" Often I can tell the progress of a fox toward the cabin by the noise the birds make, especially the blue jays and wood thrushes.

My experience with the coons and foxes has disproved some popular fallacies about their eating habits. For instance, people sometimes think that foxes are entirely carnivorous and that coons are strict vegetarians. But my little friends seem to like anything people like. The first time I threw out candy-coated peanuts, both coons and foxes ate them as if they had been eating them for years. One night when someone dropped a piece of Popsicle on the floor, I threw it out of the window, and a fox promptly ate it with relish.

One of the mother coons, before she began bringing in her babies, became so tame that she would climb the side of the cabin up to the window sill, from there down onto a chair, and then to the floor. She would investigate the place carefully. Several times she even went out into another room. One night I left a package

of four cinnamon-pecan rolls on the typewriter table while I went to the living room. She walked over, reached up, grabbed the whole package, and skipped out through the window! She did not take the rolls to the babies, however. I have never known coons to carry food away more than a few yards, and then only for greater convenience or privacy.

A young opossum that I named Pokey used to come to the paradise quite often. I had arranged some old boards to make it easy for the animals to come up to my bedroom window and announce their arrival. One night I heard Pokey growling as fiercely as he could, and found him, backed up against the windowpane. A young coon walked unhesitatingly up the ramp, touched Pokey's nose with his, turned, and went down and away into the woods. What the young coon told Pokey I couldn't understand for sure, but evidently it was something like this: "I'm going to tell my mom about you, and you'd better not be here when she comes back with me." He wasn't. As soon as

the young coon had gone, Pokey hustled down and away into the woods in a different direction. He didn't return for several nights, and then usually only after the coons had gone.

There is a homely old saying that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." The same principle applies to wild animals. I have sometimes called the coons and foxes my bread-and-butter friends. But it has been interesting to discover how tame and trustful they have become. Many people who have come to see them have thought they would be afraid of strangers, but the little creatures seem to think that my friends are their friends too. They trust others almost as much as they do me. In fact, the coons have accepted food from the hands of any of my friends who had the courage to pass it out to them.

Of course the people were greatly thrilled, but how much greater will be the thrill of having perfectly safe and tame lions, tigers, leopards, and wolves for friends in the new earth.

Well, What About Dancing?

From page 3

length of time and remain pure in his thinking.

In talking to kids about this problem in churches I have often thrown out the challenge for any young lady to come up before the group and allow me to take her in my arms as I would on a dance floor. In four and a half years I have never had a girl, either a Christian or not one, take me up on it.

Now, if it isn't right in a church or in public, does sticking it on a dimly lighted floor take away the social stigma?

The textbook of social dancing by Agnes and Lucille Marsh of Columbia University says, "The social dance then can be designated as love-dancing. It is the expression of the sex philosophy of a given period."

Colliers Encyclopedia declares, "The social dance has usually been the result of joint physical exuberance and sex stimulation."

The Medical Review of Reviews states, "There can scarcely be any doubt that dancing came about as an adjunct of sexual stimulation."

Finally on this point, Professor W. C. Wilkinson of the University of Chicago analyzed the modern dance as "a system of means, contrived with more than human ingenuity, to excite the instinct of sex into action."

Secondly, dancing is wrong because of its associations.

Dancing and drinking go hand in hand. One of the major social problems of the high school today is to curb juvenile drunkenness, much of which gets its

impetus at the dance. Dr. Emory Bogardus, Professor of Social Psychology at the University of Southern California, says,

"The combination of sexually vulgar dancing, of drinking liquor and of highly stimulating jazz is one which the ordinary participant cannot stand."

Another associate of dancing is moral looseness. No teen-ager with his or her eyes open will deny the sex looseness that often follows the dance. Roman Catholic Archbishop Spaulding of New York said, "The Confessional reveals the fact that nearly every known lapse of female virtue is traceable to the dance."

Thirdly, look at the fruits of the dance in Christian teen-agers.

In my experience as a youth leader I have never met a young person who danced who was a consistent soul winner over a long period of time. There is something about the dance that dulls a teen-ager's contact with God and zeal for Christ.

I once knew a campus queen who thought she could witness for Christ on the dance floor. She tried it, with the result that the fellow she was dancing with backed away from her and said in a voice that practically everyone could hear, "What in the world are you doing at a dance?"

An unconverted fellow had higher Christian standards than a Christian girl.

You may still have doubt in your mind about the modern dance. All right, here are five questions. Answer them hon-

estly and I think you'll know what is wrong with the dance.

If the dance is on the up and up, then . . .

- (1) Why dance in half-lighted halls?
- (2) Why the jungle music?
- (3) Why do most parents insist on careful chaperoning of the dance?
- (4) Why don't most school officials, in many cases, allow you to leave the dance, then return the same evening?
- (5) Why do most dance halls build outside of the city limits?

I hear someone say, "So what?"

Well, God's Word says in Colossians 3:17, "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." . . .

The Gospel is not a negative thing.

God can completely remove any desire that you might have and give you new means of recreation, fun and entertainment.

Remember: a really "good time" can be remembered in thought as well as in moment.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

1. 3 (Gen. 6:10)
2. 7 (Gen. 8:10)
3. 8 (Gen. 7:7)
4. 40 (Gen. 7:12)
5. 150 (Gen. 7:24)
6. 3 (Gen. 6:16)
7. 4 (Gen. 7:7)
8. 600 (Gen. 7:6)
9. 2 (Gen. 7:11)
10. 17 (Gen. 7:11)
11. 1 (Gen. 8:5)
12. 10 (Gen. 8:5)
13. 15 (Gen. 7:20)

**"Look up, and lift up your heads;
for your redemption draweth nigh."**

Luke 21:28

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Review and Herald Publishing Assn., Washington 12, D.C.



► A TEMPLE at El Karnak, Egypt, is the largest columnar structure ever erected by man. It took 2,000 years to complete. NGS

► INCREDIBLE as it seems, neither the precise shape nor composition of the earth is known. Some islands in the Pacific may be as much as a mile from where they are thought to be. MLPFB

► BRITAIN and France have agreed to link their electric power systems by means of a cross-channel cable system. The project is expected to be completed by the winter of 1960-61. The total annual saving for the two countries is estimated at \$840,000. Science

► THOUGH the first group insurance policy was written in 1911, most of the growth of group insurance has taken place since the end of World War II. Last year the number of persons covered by group life insurance was over 35 million, more than half the nation's non-agricultural work force. Minutes

► LIKE the burying beetle and the vulture, the California condor works at preserving our country's fragrance, while utilizing the dead in the cycle of life. Condors became scarce around 1900 and now are confined to Sespe Wildlife Reserve near Los Angeles, where about 60 of them are carefully protected from civilization. Ford Times

► IN 1957 continental Antarctica became the world's major laboratory for the study of man's adaptation to cold. Teams of physicians and scientists are evaluating on the spot the physiologic stresses of various arctic environmental situations, such as work at altitudes of 10,000 feet on the polar plateau. Accidents have proved to be the major medical problem—even occurring more often than frostbite, despite temperatures of -70° . Scope

TARGET

There is always plenty of room in the work of God—though not always in the eyes of men—for people who have both vision and courage, people like Cyrus Holliday, who was so convinced he had a good idea that he could afford to ignore the jeers of his friends and fellow citizens and spend his time making his idea work.

It is not hard to fit into the routine, become a part of the machinery, and go along with the *status quo*—within the church as in any other program. And that is better than doing nothing. But the best contribution is made by the person who is willing to be original, to develop more effective methods, to discover new ways of solving old problems. FG

► SINCE the motion-picture screen in a theater is only about one tenth as bright as a television screen, a theater must be as dark as possible to make the picture clear on the screen. However, with television at night the problem is the opposite. Without proper lighting there is too much contrast between the bright screen and the surrounding room, which results in a loss of visual efficiency and comfort. Blue Cross

► FROM his vantage point as a trustee of the American Medical Association, Dr. Julian P. Price makes this prediction: "Medical practice will change. The trend toward specialization will continue, with an increase in group practices in clinics. These clinics will be staffed and equipped to furnish complete care for the ambulatory patient, and a large segment of the population will patronize their services. AMA

► WITH no engineering experience, Ferdinand de Lesseps planned, promoted, and built the Suez Canal. He talked Turkey's viceroy of Egypt into giving right of way in 1854, but four years passed before he raised the capital. Successful in building Suez, he failed when he tackled the mountain-blocked, fever-ridden Isthmus of Panama. NGS

► At the age of 20, a person with normal vision can see an object four inches away sharply. At 42, 10 inches is the closest distance at which he can see anything sharply, and, at 52, the accommodation muscles are so sluggish that 20 inches is the normal minimum for distinct vision. BVI

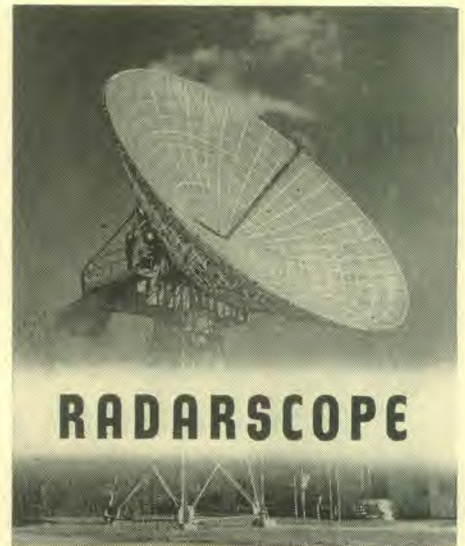
► EVERY year, in the United States, about 1,500,000,000 people get into cabs and pay between a half dollar and a dollar for a ride of about three miles. There are now about as many taxicabs in operation in the nation as there are city buses, streetcars, trolley coaches, and rapid transit units combined. Highway Highlights

► THE per capita consumption of beer in America was 15.4 gallons for 1957, compared with 15.9 for the previous year. This is in keeping with a report from the Licensed Beverage Industry that consumption of all distilled spirits dropped in 1957. American Issue

► By 1970 the highways of the United States will occupy 17 million acres of land (nearly 1/10 acre per capita), including about 1½ million acres for the 41,000 miles of the new interstate highway system. NAS

► THE Lord's-Prayer Rock stands near Bristol, Vermont. It was inscribed in 1891 to admonish profane teamsters urging their horses up a steep grade. NGS

► IT is estimated that at least 200,000 teen-agers contract venereal disease each year. ITA



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

► SEVENTY per cent of the gross sales of the ethical drug industry during 1957 were for products newly developed within ten years. Chemical Digest

► ONLY 20 inches of rain fall each year on Waimea, Hawaii, a coastal town just 15 miles away from the world's rainiest spot, Mount Waialeale, where in a recent year, 624 inches poured down. NGS

► IN an unprecedented action, the U.S. Army authorized use of fifteen helicopters in California's Central Valley to whirl over hundreds of acres of cherry orchards and blow rain, which would have ruined most of the big crop, off the fruit. Planes

► "Now it looks as if the Sputniks are bringing back into the limelight what was once regarded as the foundation of all learning," a well-known language professor says of mathematics. The demand for college mathematics by students is at its highest peak. UCAL

► "AIR CURTAINS," which are walls of air used to replace conventional doors in buildings that have heavy traffic during business hours, have been designed and put into use. The air curtain eliminates entrance traffic jams and accidents, forms a barrier to dust, dirt, rain, sleet, snow, fumes, and animals. Yet a person passing through the curtain of air feels only a gentle breeze. Kaiser

► THE 20 citizens of Topeka, Kansas, who came out to see the ground-breaking ceremonies for a new railroad track in 1868, giggled when the owner, Cyrus Holliday, mounted the pile of earth and predicted the line would reach Santa Fe, New Mexico. Later another crowd boomed and howled when Holliday predicted that "the dinky little streak of rusty steel" would go even beyond Santa Fe. But within Holliday's lifetime his track went across the desert to Santa Fe, over mountain passes to Denver, down to the Gulf of Mexico, east to Chicago, and west to the Pacific. Tracks