

Varner J. Johns writes of an old truth that is not outdated in Show Me Your Company

> APRIL 29, 1958 Bible Lesson for May 10

The Need for Answers-5

The responsibility of finding answers that convince and satisfy, lies not alone on those to whom youth looks for guidance. To somewhat the same degree that the reasoning powers expand, the accountability grows to discover one's own answers. There is in effect a transition of responsibility. During the first years, the parent must answer for the child. Then comes the dawn of understanding, when the child begins to recognize for himself why some things are right, others wrong.

Because he lives in a world of controversy, it may be that the society of some youth tends more toward evil than good. He may thus be forced into a position of accepting either the judgment of social equals or of continuing in the direction in which godly parental training has started him.

You cannot escape personal responsibility for your acts when you have come to the age where your reasoning powers under the promptings of the Holy Spirit should have led to right decisions. Paul wrote, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." ¹ What mind was in Jesus? "I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." ²

Never did Jesus follow His own taste or inclination. Always He brought Himself into harmony with right. Even on Calvary He refused the vinegar that might have dulled His agony. Why? Because that which could dull His pain would also dull His conscience to His Father's will.

Do you want to know why the church has a standard that eliminates some kinds of entertainment? Do you want to know why the church holds to certain principles in dress and adornment? Do you want to know why the church condemns some forms of social conduct? Do you want to know why the modern exodus movement also has a health program that is plain to be understood?

It is your right and privilege to ask your counselors for authoritative and reasonable answers.

But you are also accountable to search out answers for yourself. You have an open Bible, and a shelf of books filled with inspired writings that come down to the minutiae of modern life.⁸ Decisions you make are, in the final account, the expression of your own will.

Others must answer for their influence over you. But the last answer you must defend will be your own.

Water Grandall

¹ Phil. 2:5. ² John 5:30. ⁸ The Ellen G. White publications.

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: "It's 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.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 106, No. 17 April 29, 1958

and the new address to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR before you move.

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Grace Motes

and letters to the editor

MAGNOLIAS H. Ruedi receives photographic credit for this week's cover from the Swiss National Travel Office. The Swiss miss of Lugano contemplates the beauty of flowering magnolias.

WEEKDAY August 6, and again September 24, 1957, we asked in this column for reader opinion on the occasional publication of an article labeled "An article for weekday reading." The response has been inconclusive, with hardly a handful of postals or letters coming to us. We still feel that matters of economy and safety should be the concern of Christians. But the kind of article we publish this week is definitely a weekday-reading article, and ought not to be read on the Sabbath.

WEEKDAY As members of a church that teaches the nearness of the end, as members of a church that believes it has a commission to carry the news of Jesus' soon coming to the world, we think economy is of more than passing importance. But we do not believe that economy and sacrifice are necessarily the same. We wonder whether there might be greater earnestness in sacrifice if there were more concern for economy.

WEEKDAY Our personal observations of the needs of financial support for gospel enterprises leads to the conclusion that many of us must contribute far more now and in the future than we have done in the past. Otherwise we shall not discharge our part of the duty to finish the work that it may be cut short in righteousness. For this reason we continue to stress economy in personal and family living habits. Maybe when we become economy-minded some of the extravagances will go, paving the way for the kind of sacrifice that can fit us for our part in finishing the work.

MAY 6 Next week's issue brings "Never Marry a Woman to Reform Her," a dramatic double-length story. A true story in every unhappy detail. For every prospective bride and groom who wants to avoid future heartache. MV's and others in churches across North America can help provide

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TIMOTHY IWAHASHI, ARTIST

Ammunition for the Sergeant

By COL. EVERETT N. DICK National Commander, M.C.C.

GT. A. J. BENTLEY of the U.S. Army is an active missionary, sharing his faith whenever there is an opportunity. I first met him in 1953 in Pusan, Korea, where he was mess sergeant for a large American hospital. I ate supper at his mess hall and afterward we went to the chapel where he and several other Adventists were attempting to give the good news of salvation to some Korean young people.

The Koreans were ambitious to learn English, and it was not difficult to persuade a number of them to assemble at the chapel regularly to study the Bible in English. The GI's had secured the services of a Korean who spoke English. About thirty Korean young people were sitting there working on Voice of Prophecy Correspondence School lessons. A soldier would read the question and ask someone what he would suggest as a good answer. The interpreter repeated the question in the Korean language. After a discussion of what would be the most appropriate response, each student wrote the answer in English on the correspondence school sheets before him. Then they moved on to the next question.

Thanks to the periodicals available to them through the servicemen's literature fund, the soldiers were able to supply Korean civilians with the gospel story in the English language. To page 19



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Two of the ancient Swiss ceremonies still observed are the election of the "Landsgemeinde," involving an honor guard (left) dressed in medieval costume and carrying battle horns, and the "Chalanda Marz," in which youngsters carry cowbells (right) in a house-to-house parade.

Spring Carnival in Switzerland

By SWISS NATIONAL TRAVEL OFFICE

S PRING is an adventure in Switzerland. Here in this land of mountains and snows and deep green valleys, mixed with the warm gratitude of a people who have lived for five hundred years in peace, the sober winter, yielding to the brilliant spring, brings forth a heartfelt outburst of joy and gaiety.

Spring is a miracle of beauty in the Alpine realms. But it is also an exciting scene in the lower areas. In the country's southland, camellias, mimosas, magnolias, wisterias, azaleas, and rhododendrons attain a magnificence that is scarcely equaled, while above Montreux on Lake Geneva the narcissus fields are an irresistible goal for beauty lovers.

Quaint pre-Christian customs and festivals are inseparable companions in springtime in Switzerland. One of the oldest originated in the Roman era and takes place on March first in the Engadine, when snow still covers the ground. It is the *Chalanda Marz* ("Ceremony of the Cowbells").

Boys garbed as herdsmen and carrying cowbells of various sizes make a morning house-to-house call for an offer of thanks that winter is about to depart. Cookies, fruit, and other delicacies are distributed with smiles. These are gathered and shared at a jolly supper for the young people in the evening.

At Einsiedeln there is the "Distribution of Bread." Participants call upon all the bakers in the town for donations of bread. Schoolboys volunteer as carriers of the well-filled bags, and special bell ringers-of cowbells, in this instance-march through the streets and lanes of Einsiedeln to invite the people to come to the open squares, where loaves of bread are to be tossed out from specially erected platforms. Each family receives several loaves, and the day ends with happy gatherings in the homes and inns.

At Sarnen, the capital village of the Swiss half-canton of Obwalden, near Lucerne, the annual advent of spring has a special significance; the last Sunday of April belongs both to politics and festivities. Sarnen is one of several Swiss state capitals where democracy in its purest and oldest form is still practiced. All citizens entitled to vote assemble for a Landsgemeinde, or open-air parliament session, in the main square to avail themselves of their right to elect or confirm government officials and pass new laws.

Spring has always been a joyous season in the Alps, the bright yellow coltsfoot and the marsh marigold leading the parade of blossoms. Presently armies of crocuses proclaim their occupation of the wide spaces. Then follow modestly the daisies, and by the end of March, the furry anemones. Later, the blue gentians and a variety of Alpine primulas make their bow.

There is perhaps nowhere on earth so colorful and exciting a spring season as there is in Switzerland. REAM DRAGON, a slightly built Korean youth, was an employee of the Seoul Sanitarium and Hospital laundry in 1950, the year that Korea made history.

Some time before hostilities broke out, the Bible correspondence school held a graduation service, on the campus of the nearby Korean Union Training School, for those who had completed the Bible course. Dream Dragon received his diploma that day. His parents, who had also accepted the Advent message, lived a few miles from the beautiful Diamond Mountains, north of the thirty-eighth parallel.

It was late in June, just before the rainy season set in, that missionaries and Korean friends were torn asunder. Late on Sabbath afternoon, the day before the invasion, dark and heavy clouds appeared over the mountaintops east of Seoul. Everyone hoped and prayed that the rain would fall in time to assure a good harvest of rice.

That night Dream Dragon, busy with his work in the hospital laundry, had no idea of the experiences that would be his, nor of the opportunities he would have to prove the Lord's promises during the next few weeks. After the first nightmare of invasion was over and he was back in Seoul, he wrote of his experiences.

"When the enemy forces invaded South Korea, all the young men were drafted into the so-called Volunteer Army. Having dedicated my life to the Master's service, I had no desire to take up arms. I wanted no part in this bloodshed.

"When the sanitarium and the school were occupied, it wasn't safe for the young men to stay around these institutions. But where could I go? What could I do? I couldn't go home, for my parents lived in North Korea.

Dream Dragon

By THEODORA WANGERIN

"I spent a sleepless night. In my extremity I turned to God, claimed His promises, and prayed for guidance. In the morning I was impressed to leave the sanitarium grounds and seek safety elsewhere. Like many of our young people, I decided to go out to the school and find a cave in those rugged mountains by the school and stay there until the war was over.

"By faith I clasped the hand of my Saviour and laid hold of God's promises as I started out on foot, with only my Bible in my pocket. After spending a day or two in a cave I was restless, and something seemed to tell me to go farther into the country.

"So I left that mountain cave and slowly walked along a narrow path until I reached Pachu. I spent two or three days in the beautiful Kam Pak mountains. One day, my dreams of tranquillity were rudely shattered when I saw seven jeeps, loaded with troops, coming up the steep mountainside! As they were coming closer a cold shiver ran up and down my spine.

"These men in uniform came straight

toward where I was standing. Where could I go? In my despair I called on the Lord to save me, as had Peter when he began to sink beneath the billowing waves. I jumped into the deep underbrush, not knowing where I would land. It was the only thing that I could do.

"While I was crouching on my hands and knees in the thick underbrush the men continued to come up the mountainside. As they came closer I became frightened. I was afraid that they would shoot, should they see me. My life seemed to be hanging by a thread.

"The men continued to climb up the steep path until they reached the very top of the mountain. They passed the place where I was hiding in the deep underbrush, but they did not see me.

"Just as I began to relax and breathe easier I saw another group of men coming up. Before I was aware of it they were standing so close that I could hear them drawing their breath.

"In answer to my feeble cry God had

Thousands of Koreans fled southward from their homes as hostilities broke out along the thirty-eighth parallel in 1950.



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sent His angels to cover me with their wings and to blind the eyes of the enemy forces, who were standing so close, from seeing me as I was on my hands and

knees in the deep underbrush. God was indeed a fortress and a strong tower in that critical moment.

"Later I crossed the mountain and

What's Happened to Gomez?

By DELMER W. HOLBROOK

TUCKED away in the Andes is a pic-turesque little town with a handsome, whitewashed Adventist church. There, one Sabbath, I met a man who was literally fighting his way into a new faith. We can call him Señor Gomez. That's not his name, but it's as good as many of the different names he has used through the years.

If there ever lived a person whose life was deliberately wasted and thrown away, he is the one. Finally he was on the verge of ending it all. How his wife managed to live with him is hard to understand. but she was getting desperate.

One bright, cold day she picked up a basket and set off for the market, hoping to find a bit of food. As she walked along she noticed a woman coming toward her whose face looked oddly familiar. It stirred long-forgotten and pleasant memories. The two stopped, spoke, and then suddenly realized that they were old schoolmates. Señora Gomez was amazed to discover that her long-lost friend was now Señora Salazar, wife of a Protestant minister, an Adventista.

She was deeply impressed with the obvious fact that Señora Salazar was happy, very happy. A surging, gnawing ache helped spill out a flood of bitterness as she talked about her own miserable life.

"Could my husband talk to Señor Gomez?"

"Could he? Would he? Why yes, of course, anything."

That afternoon Pastor Salazar-a hardworking, fearless man of God in the lungsplitting heights of the Andes-strode into a little shack, a tumble-down excuse for a home.

A sick, partly drunk, and thoroughly angry Señor Gomez met him with fists waving. He was insulted that any preacher would dare to enter his house. He waved a trembling fist under Pastor Salazar's nose. The pastor smiled steadily and said, "Maybe no one else does, but God still loves you, friend. Why not try Him out?"



That apparently wasn't the right thing to say. Señor Gomez went completely incoherent with rage. The minister left as gracefully as possible. Sabbath came, and to his amazement Pastor Salazar saw the doors of the church open and an obviously angry Gomez stamp into the meeting. Gomez stayed and listened, and then after waving his fist in the pastor's face he left. That soon became a regular procedure.

Señora Gomez tried to explain to the thoroughly mystified pastor that her husband was better when he was angry. "When he's mad he doesn't drink so much."

The more he came to church the madder he got. The madder he became the less he drank. The less he drank the cleaner he kept himself and the more presentable he became for church attendance. It was an interesting cycle.

A year has passed now. Señor Gomez doesn't smoke any more and he doesn't drink. His marital problems seem to be straightening out. He doesn't work on Sabbath and he pays his tithe. He just has one problem left. He still gets mad.

When I met him he hadn't been baptized yet, but he was certainly one of the most popular topics of conversation among his fellow townsmen. "Look what the Adventists have done to that Gomez. What do they have in their church anyway?"

To that question Señor Gomez replies quickly, "Jesu Cristo, mi amigo."

turned toward Yangchu, the county seat. Upon reaching the top of another mountain peak I again heard the familiar shouts of the soldiers.

"But this time ten men came upon me and took me captive. With fingers on the triggers and their guns pointing at me, they said: 'Speak the truth! Tell us who you are, where you have come from, and what you are doing.'

"Slowly I proceeded to give them a detailed report of my activities during the past few months. By the time the report had been completed it was noon. The men who had taken me captive were called to lunch. Upon leaving they said: 'We are determined to kill every one who has left North Korea. It would be better for you to go off and commit suicide than to wait for us to return to kill you.'

"As I prayed and gained new strength and courage, I was conscious of a divine Presence. I was not alone. A voice seemed to say: 'Fear not, for I am with thee.

"With renewed faith in God I went to one of the officers and asked permission to leave. Upon further questioning he said: 'I'll give you a chance to repent and to change your attitude. We want you to cooperate with us. You may go. But don't say a word to anyone along the way. If any of my men should run into you they will surely kill you. Be on your way quickly!'

"I thanked the kind officer and lost no time in getting away.

"Several weeks later, as I took refuge in a small country village, the soldiers came to the village one morning and searched every house. They were looking for refugees, especially for those who had come down from the North.

"But this time I was unafraid. In 'quietness and confidence' I found strength. Leisurely I finished my breakfast and prayed earnestly that God would again send His angels to deliver me out of the hands of those who were seeking my life.

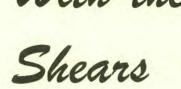
"The men who were searching the homes came to the place where I was staying. After searching the house next door, they opened the gate as though they would enter-and then left suddenly, without saying a word.

"Later in the day a neighbor came in and said excitedly: 'Do you know that the soldiers searched every house in our village today, and carried off all the refugees? I wonder what will become of these poor people. They are to be pitied.

"God was watching over me in answer to my humble prayer. No harm befell me, because God was with me. I was able to remain in this village until it was safe to return to the hospital. God was indeed a help in time of need."

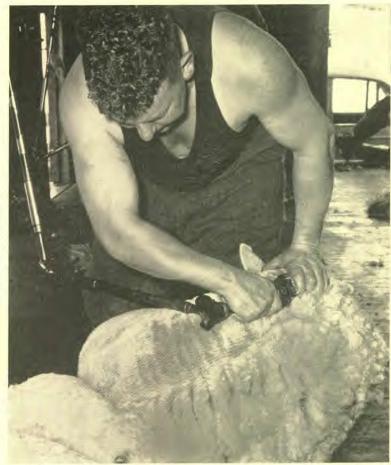
Dream Dragon is now back rendering faithful service in the laundry at the mission hospital.

Champ With the



By W. A. TOWNEND

Making every stroke count, the world-champion sheep shearer uses technique by which he has taken 4,000 pounds of wool from 456 sheep in a day.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

HEERY looking, short, and stocky, a 34-year-old New Zealander named Godfrey Bowen is the world's fastest sheep shearer. His world record for sheep shearing was established when on January 6, 1953, he sheared 456 full-sized sheep in one day, starting at 5 A.M. and finishing at 5 P.M. with three hours out for meal breaks. That day he took off more than 4,000 pounds of wool, which made twelve bales. He caught his own sheep from a holding pen and then lifted them across a ninefoot-wide floor or board. In doing this he lifted twenty-five tons of sheep, besides shearing them.

Often challenged, this officially registered world record has never been beaten.

A recent challenger died on the spot while attempting to improve on Bowen's tally, and an autopsy made on the body of the unfortunate victim revealed that he had taken an overdose of a stimulant. Bowen does not rely on such "aids" for his success. He is a real champion who neither smokes tobacco nor drinks intoxicating liquor. Such habits, he says, "do not help physical fitness."

Surprisingly, Mr. Bowen is not what is sometimes called a muscle man. True, he is a fine physical specimen, but his muscles do not stand out like iron bands as he goes about the job that has taken him to the top in his vocation. Part of the secret of his success is in the practical application of his own words: "Be relaxed." As I watched him in action I could barely detect flexed muscles in his arms. There was power there, but it was power scientifically controlled and cushioned.

On the job, Bowen uses just one tool-an electrically driven clipper that looks very much like an oversize barber's clipper. The sheep being shorn is held in position by the shearer's knees and legs and gently moved around by his left hand, while his right hand deftly uses the clipper, which is so powerful that a slight miscalculation could sever a finger in a split second. Bowen has shorn more than 500,000 sheep in the past eighteen years, but he still has four fingers and a thumb on each of his hands!

"Be relaxed," he advises.

This matter of being relaxed is no mere theory with Bowen. Even though the demonstration I saw was given at night on the stage of a large, crowded auditorium, each animal in turn was so obviously relaxed that one almost expected to see it chewing its cud. It was not hard to see in practice another bit of the champion's advice: "Keep your sheep happy."

A further tip from Bowen: "Make every blow [stroke] count." To see this man at work is to learn again the lesson that one interested in success must discover and apply the science of his task, whatever the job may be.

Bowen's approach to shearing a sheep is not what sheep men call orthodox, but it is a closely studied plan, and one that has caught the eye of the New Zealand Wool Board, which now uses the champion in its shearing instruction service, both in the field and in the agricultural university.

I saw him shear two sheep while he was blindfolded. It took him about three minutes. I could not detect the slightest flesh cut on the animals, nor was there a wisp of wool unshorn, so far as I could see from a seat very near to the stage. Every movement of the shearer's two hands tallied with the actions made when he could see what he was doing. Blindfolded or not, he made "every blow count."

It was not what Mr. Bowen did on the stage that impressed me most, however, but rather something he said. He was asked by the director of a youth rally at which he appeared, "What has been the greatest moment of your life?" Though he has shorn sheep before the Queen of England, he made no mention of such matters. "When Christ came into my life at the time I accepted Him as my personal Saviour-that was by far the greatest moment of my life. His abiding presence in my heart still is my life's greatest experience."

Ferdinand Magellan, Portuguese navigator who directed the first round-the-world expedition, 1519-1521. He died in a battle with unfriendly Filipinos on April 27, 1521.



Heroes of the Pacific

By M. E. LOEWEN



WENTY-ONE years after Columbus crossed the Atlantic the Pacific Ocean was first sighted by European eyes, and the report of Balboa's discovery stirred the spirit of adventure in the hearts of brave men in Europe.

Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese sailing under the colors of Spain, purposed to cross this unknown stretch of water. September 20, 1519, he set sail with a small armada of five ships on the greatest voyage ever attempted by man.

He had previously sailed around Africa to India and Malaya. He had studied the available charts and had a world globe with him. It is generally believed that he knew the great distances to be traversed.

By the time he came through what is now called the Strait of Magellan, at the tip of South America, one ship had deserted and another had been wrecked, but the three remaining ships started the 12,000-mile voyage across the newly discovered ocean. It is one of the strange quirks of history that the tiny armada, in crossing that vast expanse of water, missed all the major groups of islands in the Central and South Pacific.

Since they were already fourteen months on their voyage when they reached the Pacific, their supplies were low. Their captain counted on replenishing his supplies en route, but this was not to be. More than three months went by-long, dreary weeks and months of near starvation-before they sighted Guam.

Their reception at Guam was not friendly, so they turned southward and next stopped at one of the Philippine Islands. Magellan was a humane leader, and here rested his men for ten days. The fresh fruits and water quickly restored their health and spirits.

Some contacts were made with the local inhabitants, but it is said that the event of greatest significance occurred March 28, 1521, at a small island south of the island of Leyte. On board was a Malay slave named Enrique, who was asked by Magellan to hail some men in fishing boats. He did, and the men answered in Malay. Enrique had encircled the earth as a slave and had returned to his own people.

Magellan had previously visited the Spice Islands, so that in a broad sense, when longitude is considered, it can be said he was the first man to go around the world. But a Malay, called by some Malacca Henry, was the first to have proof that he had circumnavigated the globe.

The explorer was offered gold, but he had greater interests. He was zealous to advance the power of the church. In his anxiety for the souls of these pagans he considered his work their conversion to his church.

On Sunday, April 14, he baptized the king and queen of Cebu, and changed the name of the king to Charles, in honor of the king of Spain. Several hundred accepted baptism after the royal conversion.

Tradition has it that the brother of the king was stricken with a strange malady, and his life was despaired of. Magellan staked his life that this prince would be healed if all the idols were burned. The people complied, the prince and his family accepted baptism, and immediately the prince was healed. The news of this miraculous healing greatly increased interest in the new religion.

King Charles of Cebu was bothered by a chieftain, Lapu-Lapu, on the nearby island of Mactan. As the story is told, while the chief's son was a prisoner on Cebu he had observed closely the armor of the Spaniards. He then escaped and told his father's warriors to concentrate their blows on the hinges of the armor, particularly the elbows and knees.

Wanting to leave the Cebuan king in full possession of his kingdom, Magellan offered to quell the rebellion on Mactan. With sixty of his men and a thousand of King Charles's men he reached the northern end of Mactan island early one morning. The Spanish asked the Cebuans to remain behind on the ship, and waded toward shore through the shallow water.

Magellan fought bravely, but his men became frightened. He was cut down about "a full bow-shot away" from the shore in knee-deep water. His body was taken by Lapu-Lapu's men and given an honorable burial in recognition of his bravery.

A memorial near the site of the battle reads:

"This spot marks the scene of battle fought on April 27, 1521, between the Filipinos led by Lapu-Lapu and the Spaniards led by Magellan. In that battle, which ended a complete victory for the Filipinos, Magellan was killed. Since then Lapu-Lapu has been considered the first Filipino to have repelled European aggression."

One of the ships, the Concepcion, became unseaworthy and was beached at Bohol. The flagship, the Trinidada, headed back to Panama. But the tiny Vittoria, under the captaincy of Sebastian del Cano, finally reached Spain after an absence of three years. She carried a cargo of spices that fully paid the entire cost of the expedition.

A curious footnote to the voyage is that the men of the Vittoria, upon reaching the Atlantic, discovered their reckoning was off one day. Francisco Albo had

Today there are more than 50,000 Seventh-day Adventists in the Philippine Islands. Many of these have stepped out in living faith to join the remnant church, frequently in the face of persecution. Their willingness to venture all for God and His truth has been proved repeatedly. Especially during the war years, while the islands were occupied by enemy troops, their faithfulness was tested. The 699 churches scattered throughout

kept exceptionally accurate records, and

the islands are actively engaged in successful soul-winning work. Each year more than 5,000 are added to the church by baptism and profession of faith.

The large presses of the well-equipped publishing house near Manila are busily humming away to turn out literature in the numerous languages of the islands and to supply approximately four hun-dred colporteurs with books and magazines. More literature is sold in the Philippines than in several of the union conferences of North America.

The beautiful Manila Sanitarium has trained a large army of nurses who are working in various parts of the islands. The health work has proved an important part of preaching the gospel.

Dear Son,

Three weeks to go. Just where has this school year gone?

We have the cat. It has the bluest eyes you ever saw. It is feeling very insecure and yowls every minute, and at this rate we'll soon be in the market to sell a cat. Last night I went out and sat with it on the back porch for a whole hour. It shook and cried, but finally settled down. It dropped to sleep, and I slipped away quietly so as not to disturb it. It is sitting on my lap now, rolling its eyes, twitching its whiskers, and slapping at my pen!

Do you remember that cat we had that would climb thirty or forty feet into a pine tree and then jump down? If this cat develops any such mania I simply will not keep it. I used to hold my breath, cover my eyes, and stand petrified. I can't go through such shenanigans again.

So much for cats. About coming home-do get yourself put together properly and leave in good order. Some fellows leave their room looking like chaos bewitched. From what I've seen a time or two down there, I'm afraid you might fall in this class. (Is that an understatement or overstatement?) Getting you over being messy is one thing the Army will do for you. If you would just put things away at the time you are finished with them, then things would stay cleaned up.

Dad is really looking forward to your return. I hope you can go on some of his trips with him and help with the driving. These long hours on the road are getting him down.

I don't know what to say about work plans. We'll see when you get home. We've prayed about it, and I know God will help us plan the thing that is best.

I feel, after your winter of study and mental effort. that physical labor will do more to freshen you up again for another year. Remember how good you felt after that summer digging ditches for that new youth camp? And you were able to expand your nature hobby at the same time too. Since you can't colporteur, that would be a good setup I think. But Dad and I both feel that we should move in such a way that God can guide us in the matter.

Love.

Mother

But it is in the youth of the Philippines that the true spirit of heroism can best be seen. The beautiful Philippine Islands, once at the ends of the earth, have become a strong base for God's cause. The Filipino young people are an especially important unit in the worldwide army of Missionary Volunteers. Nearly 8,000 are enrolled in Seventh-day Adventist schools at elementary, academy, and college levels, preparing for active service for God.

These modern Christian warriors have not feared the unknown. As the call has come for missionaries they have responded. Filipino young men and women have labored in Siam, Borneo, the Malay States, Guam, Hawaii, and other important fields of service. They are twentieth-century heroes and heroines of the Pacific.

Listen to the Songbirds

By BESSIE PINE



BIRD'S song seems like a small thing in itself. But it can sometimes exert a mighty influence.

To a man who had lost his wife, his two children, and a little later his home and position, life seemed almost intolerable. Embittered and burdened, he lived on from day to day. Weeks and months passed. Then—for the first time in his life—he really *heard* a robin sing. To him the song seemed incomparably lovely. It made him realize how foolish he had been, and he determined to start all over again and regain his lost faith in God and man. He would go smiling through life now instead of cursing, and he gave that humble robin's carefree song the credit for it all.

Songbirds can still thrill and inspire. As the time of the singing of the birds returns for 1958, it is time to leave cares and burdens behind and go out and listen. The music can help slow you down in a generation of speed and hurry, and help you keep calm in a world of tension and anxiety. But you have to seek the songsters where they are—and go quietly, cautiously, if you want to enjoy the benefits of their melody and companionship.

Shortly after sunrise, when I have finished my devotions, I enjoy walking into the woods behind our Oregon home to visit my bird friends. But even before I am out of bed a beautiful bubbling melody comes from the cherry tree near the window. I know the singer is a house finch; his song is so full and mellow it can't be mistaken. It is one of the most expressive bird songs I have ever heard, and I hear it many times during the day. Many times it has drifted in through the open window as a sort of benediction as I go to sleep at night. The little redhead, as he is often called, has taught me a valuable lesson. Shouldn't I, too, begin the day with a song, keep cheerful all day long, then close each day with a heart full of praise for my Creator?

As I walk along the path to the woods, I see dozens of chipping sparrows and juncos flitting about in their search for insects and seeds. Robins sing as I pass, and a pair of noisy towhees announce my presence to all other birds as I near the scrub-oak thicket behind the barn.

I wish they wouldn't be so boisterous in their welcome, because often I have a special friend who greets me by the pasture gate, a black and white warbler, hopping from limb to limb and venturing nearer as I "freeze" and watch. Soon I can see him plainly in his immaculate black-and-white striped suit. I never see him except I marvel at his clean look. I want to apply the lesson he teaches. I long for cleanliness within.

There's a patch of volunteer oats not far from where I stand. Very frequently I see several pairs of lazuli buntings swinging back and forth on the grain stocks as they get their morning meal. They are beautiful blue birds and quite plentiful in Oregon in the spring and summer. The male is adorned in an especially pretty shade of blue, with silvery reflections. His song, rendered from the highest treetop, is a lilting melody of complete happiness, an expression of undaunted courage. I thoroughly enjoy his song, and certainly miss him when he returns to the southland. I always look forward to the warm day in May when a flash of silvery blue and a happy, well-known song will assure me that the lazulis are back again.

Flocks of chickadees gather in the oaks as I pass, and scores of tiny black-eyed bush tits come to see who is invading their domain. They fly so close I can almost touch them as they scrutinize me from head to toe. Though neither chickadees nor bush tits have very pretty songs, I like to have them gather around me, for often other birds will join them to see what the excitement is all about. Sometimes I have seen lutescent, yellow, or black-throated gray warblers among them. When any of those three reward me with a song, I feel that the excursion has been doubly successful. I have often seen ruby-crowned kinglets with the chickadees too. Sometimes they scold me furiously, but occasionally they thrill me with a clear, musical warble, surprisingly loud for such tiny birds.

As I hurry past some low bushes I hear a new bird song. The singer sounds as if he were bubbling over. I can't quite see him at first, but I step nearer and wait quietly. As I peer into the bushes I see a small brown bird with a cream-colored stripe over each eye. Soon he hops out on a dry limb, and I know by his perky upturned tail that he is some kind of wren, but I have never seen this particular species before-the Seattle wren, which sometimes comes as far south as Oregon. What beautiful music to come from such a drab little bird! In life I have seen his little sermon exemplified over and over again. Some of the most lovely personalities I have known are people with no outward beauty, yet in their presence I have felt the radiant atmosphere of heaven.

The excursion isn't complete without a brief visit with some bright-hued friends across the road. As I wait a minute beneath the towering fir trees, it is not long until I hear the characteristic call of the western tanager, a metallic plit, plit. I see several of the beautiful yellow-black-and-red males with their olive-green-and-yellow mates. You don't often expect to find such brilliantly plumed birds out in the Northwest. They seem to belong to the tropics. Yet here they are. With the living green of the firs as their background and the azure sky above them they are a memorable picture. Later in the day I'll probably hear their song-similar to the robin's, but higher pitched and somewhat harsher. Like the western tanager I wonder sometimes if I am in just the place where I should be. To all appearances it seems that I should be elsewhere, and I need to learn to be content just where the Master has put me, and to serve Him faithfully there.

It's high time for most people to take time out to look for and listen to the happiness of bird songs. The experience is eminently rewarding.



By ELAINE THELMA HERMANSON



THE enveloping blackness is faintly pricked by a tiny light. Another. Then another. Still another.

A blast of light and a piercing cry flare through my dawdling senses, splitting the veil of

darkness, and propelling me off the veranda onto the path across the mission compound.

The frantic cry comes again, nearer now. "Come! Come! A man has been mauled by a leopard!"

The voice is Zeke's.

His legs are propelling him swiftly down the dirt path to the mission dispensary, and mine follow at their top speed. I am vaguely aware that Mother is coming, too, then all thoughts but one are obliterated by the sight before me.

The mangled victim is being carried on a litter made of branches lashed together with bark. He is groaning. He is a heathen -for I notice the spirit charm around his neck. Blood drips from the branches and makes little damp splotches in the soft dirt.

As he is gently lifted from the litter onto the rickety cot in the dispensary, I see his back—a gory, clawed mass. I grope at the wall for support. Already a crowd is gathering—a curious, terrified group. Closer press the horror-stricken faces, stamped with the tracings of ignorance, superstition, and fear—some deeply etched by unbridled vice and excess.

A dense wall of humanity sways in rhythm to the inflecting groans of the patient. I must plunge through and do something to deaden his intolerable pain. But with what? The shelves of the small thatch-roofed dispensary are practically bare. No sedative, no pain-killing drug, nothing. With every labored breath of the injured man there is a slow, hissing sound of escaping air. Even I know what a punctured lung means. The wounds must be sewed up. But with what? We have no shiny, curved surgeon's needle, nor any sutures. My mother and a Christian African are giving their best skill with so few tools. But if only *I* could do something!

I stand by, sick with my own helplessness, while the oppressive, reeling darkness sweeps me away to a blacker memory -yet no blacker than that tiny baby face I see again. His strange name eluded me long ago, but I'll always remember what it meant: "He was left." Miles from the mission holding a council for African workers, we had first seen the tiny waif. Distressed, I had pieced his story together, and though it chilled my heart, I knew it was not unusual.

Poor homeless one-twice left. His mother had died, and shortly afterward his father disappeared from the village of Salioma never to return. The superstitious villagers would not touch him; but one old woman, a distant relative, poked some half-cooked mush down his tiny throat several times a day. There we had found him-almost ten months old -yet not able to sit up; his elfin arms and legs were about the size of a man's thumb.

He whimpered almost constantly-the cry of a baby slowly starving to death. During our brief stay in Salioma, by loving strategy I gained the joy of feeding him from a bottle, watching how eagerly he drank, and then he slept soundly for the first time in many months. In a few days we had to leave, but no persuasive logic could penetrate the gross heathenism that held the baby captive. The old woman dared not trust the frail one to strange *chindellie* ("white people")-not even though she knew he would die.

And there, little "left one," I left you again-in darkness so dense, so vast, it overwhelms me too.

The enveloping blackness is pierced again by a tiny light—a slender white taper held in my own hand. As the darkness recedes I discern many lighted candles like my own, grasped by other hands.

I am not in Africa-except in heart and loving thought of years long past in my mission home. In a ceremony of dedication to the nursing profession I stand holding the flaming symbol of service,



Through the darkness came a terrified cry, "A man has been mauled by a leopard!"

and around me, in a crescent, are the illuminated faces of my classmates.

By the flame in my heart I know that I will return to the Dark Continent—to my beloved Africa. And this time I will not be empty-handed, helpless. But more than that, I will not return alone. Others dedicating their lives will carry the Light with me into the darkness.

A daughter of missionaries, Elaine Hermanson was born in Portugal. Last year, enrolled at SWJC, she wrote this story in her freshman composition class. Now in nurses' training at CME, she is happy to be nearer her goal of returning to a mission field.

N THE early autumn of 1919 sports-minded Americans thrilled to the games of baseball's World Series. A third baseman on one of the teams did all that a player could ever be asked to do—he batted .324 and handled twenty-seven fielding chances perfectly. He was called one of the two greatest third basemen of the twentieth century.

Just the same, he became an outcast. That was his last World Series, his last games of professional baseball. For almost forty years, forlorn and forsaken, he dragged along an ever-lengthening chain of discouragement until, at the age of sixty-four, death claimed a disheartened, disillusioned, disappointed man.

It was part of the story of the "Black Sox" of 1919. Seven star players of the Chicago White Sox sold themselves and their teammates and the youth of America "down the river." The third baseman was not involved in the sellout, but he was banned forever from organized baseball along with his seven teammates.

George (Buck) Weaver had played his best. There was no evidence that he was involved in throwing the series. Yet the gate to organized baseball was closed to him for all time. Judge Kennesaw M. Landis, the high commissioner of baseball, in answering one of Weaver's repeated appeals for reinstatement, said, "You have not been barred for conspiracy like the others. Your crime was that you knew what the others were doing, but failed to report the bribes."

"You knew."

Buck's supposed loyalty to his "friends" was disloyalty to every lover of clean sports. It would have taken great moral courage for him to expose the sellout by his teammates. They, too, were stars among stars. One of them was

"Show Me



By VARNER J. JOHNS

Your Company . . ."

Helpful advice from an experienced friend and counselor of youth

called the second most valuable player in the league. Another was the greatest catcher. Three of the players constituted the game's greatest pitching staff. This made their crime the greater, the blow they dealt to organized baseball the more severe.

As for Buck Weaver, his silence gave consent. Had he taken a resolute stand for the right and against the wrong, he might have saved them from disgrace.



He lost his honor in protecting his crooked companions.

Companionship means much. The old adage, "Show me the company you keep and I'll tell you what you are," is accepted as a measure of character. Buck Weaver didn't choose his teammates, but their wickedness contributed to his weakness. He was in bad company and didn't have the courage to stand up and be counted on the side of right. As a result of his indecision or weakness or cowardice—whatever you want to call it—he was numbered with the "transgressors" and was given the same punishment.

In life you can't always choose your team. You may be called into the Army. You may find yourself in a factory. Wherever you are, there are always the good and the bad, the not-so-good and the not-so-bad. It is not always easy to choose, but you have to do it.

From a person's earliest years there are decisions that must be made. Often the course of a life is altered by some forgotten triviality, some apparently inconsequential decision. For every drunkard there is always the first drink; for every tobacco addict there is always the first smoke. In most instances the "first" is taken at the suggestion of or because of the taunt of friends.

I have never forgotten the words of an uncle, spoken to me in the presence of a group of teen-agers, "Be a man and smoke." Whether my refusal was due to my own moral courage or to my fear of what my parents would say if they found me out, I cannot say. However, I have thanked the Lord a thousand times for my decision. My uncle died without Christ and without hope. I no longer remember any of the group who echoed the words of my uncle. I soon found other and better friends. But if I had yielded to the temptation and the taunt, my name would have gone out in darkness along with the others.

Not long ago I met a young man who had recently "graduated" from an institution where he had been given free board and room for about five years. He belonged to a gang, but was not with them at the time a robbery was committed. His "friends" threatened his life if he didn't plead guilty. By a strange quirk of fate or justice, he was sent up and they were set free. Perhaps the Lord permitted it, for he learned, the hard way, the folly of keeping bad company. And he found Christ, the Friend who never fails, and the joy and satisfaction of Christian living.

Many young people who once loved the Lord drift into the world. If I were asked the number-one reason for their defection, I would answer, "Bad company." They may not have been bad in the sense of being profligate or inebriate. Perhaps they were cynical or out-andout irreligious. Perhaps their thinking was in the channel of worldliness. They may have been light and trifling. They may have thrown out words of skepticism or even of doubt.

The choice of companionship is not always as clear-cut as the choice between the church or the club, the sanctuary or the saloon, the intellectuals or the inebriates. The intellectuals may be cynical or crafty or craven. The devoted may be bigoted or boastful. A narrow-minded fanatic is not necessarily walking along the "narrow way." At times the devil dresses up and goes to church. Church membership does not always indicate good character. It may be merely a cloak to cover hypocrisy. Our companions must be chosen with care, even within the church and its schools.

Must a person be a snob, a high-brow, self-centered, or bigoted because he chooses his companions with care? The very opposite. Our *friendship* circle should be as wide as the arch of heaven, but our circle of *companionship* should be confined to the world's noblemen. The man who lives in his house by the side of the road to be a friend to all is *To page 23*

CHAMPION of RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

By CHARLES S. LONGACRE as told to NATHANIEL KRUM

PART EIGHT

N 1949 an evangelist held a religious crusade in Goldsborough, North Carolina. During the campaign he appeared before the mayor of the city, accompanied by representatives of the local ministerial association, and urged that Sunday-closing laws be enforced.

The mayor, who had been a captain in the United States Army, and who had been a careful reader of *Liberty* magazine, wrote asking that I come down and hold a mass meeting on the principles of religious liberty. I gladly consented, and went to Goldsborough a few days before the meetings were to be held, to arrange for the hall, the advertising, and other details.

When the chairman of the local ministerial association saw the ads in the newspaper announcing the mass meeting, he wrote me a letter demanding that I go home. He said that I had no business coming down there to tear down the laws of that community. He threatened that if I persisted, and went on with my proposed lecture, a mob might take over and liquidate me.

This letter did not scare me. Through the years I had met many similar threats. But I took it to the mayor and told him that it might be better for me to go home. For, should I continue with the meeting, it might only bring reproach to the cause of God, and I did not wish this to happen. That was my sole reason for suggesting the cancellation of the meeting.

When the mayor heard my suggestion, he looked me straight in the eye and said, "What kind of a soldier are you? I am going to be the chairman of that meeting. I'll take care of things." With this assurance of the mayor's support, I decided to stay. As I entered the auditorium the night of the mass meeting, a local Adventist handed me a note that read, "You'd better go out the back door after the meeting. A large mob is waiting out front to egg you."

Just as soon as I had the opportunity, I sent word to the ushers at the back of the auditorium to urge the members of the mob to come in. I told the ushers to tell them that they could be the judges, and if I said anything un-American or unchristian during my meeting, they could egg me as I left. But on the other hand, if I did not, they were to refrain from egging me and hold their peace. Upon hearing this, about half of the mob came marching in and found seats in the room.

Before I got up to speak, the mayor introduced me as the editor of Liberty magazine, and secretary of the Religious Liberty Association, of Washington, D.C. He praised the magazine for its forthright stand on religious liberty and its championship of true Americanism. "We have heard only one side of the question here. Dr. Longacre will give us the other side, He's a Seventh-day Adventist. Adventists will not fight in time of war. I know this from personal experience. I was a captain in the war, and I saw Seventh-day Adventist soldiers go over the top and bring back the injured, when the bullets were flying thick and fast. I think that Seventh-day Adventists are fine people. They are loyal to their country and to their God."

I stood up and began speaking. In the audience I saw the leaders of the ministerial association who had opposed me. They were sitting in a group near the front. I also saw judges and many other officials and prominent people.

Try as I might, I was not able to warm up the crowd and get them on my side, as I had on many similar occasions in other cities. They were as cold as an iceberg. Then I happened to recall a point in history that might be an entering wedge into their hearts and minds—the historical fact that North Carolina as a State had declared its independence of England in 1775, in a declaration signed at Mecklingburg one year before the Union declaration was signed. I related in detail the story of this declaration, and began quoting its signatories. As soon as I did this, many in the audience began to applaud. I knew I had the majority on my side.

At the close of the lecture I presented a resolution that I had previously drawn up, requesting the legislature to repeal all Sunday laws. I had just begun reading this resolution when the minister who had written me the threatening letter stood up and demanded that he be permitted to speak.

"These are my people," he insisted, "and I want to talk to them."

"This is my meeting," I replied rather firmly, "and I can't give you that privilege now, but after we have voted on this question, you can talk all night, if the people want to listen to you that long." The mayor confirmed my statement.

Then I finished reading the resolution. The vote was taken, and almost the entire audience voted for repeal of the Sunday laws.

When the meeting was over, I said, "I have to go now to catch a train for Washington." So I picked up my brief case and started to walk out. As I did this, the entire audience arose, and left the opposing minister to speak to empty seats.

That portion of the mob that had come in, and had heard my lecture, met me just inside the front door, and said, "Mr. Longacre, you are a Christian, and a patriot. Come back real soon and give us some more of that stuff!" They formed a bodyguard around me, and led me through the mob waiting outside the



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door, and insisted that they accompany me all the way to the station. As I rode homeward that night I realized once again that the wrath of men had resulted in nothing but praise and honor to God.

Some years ago, Sunday-closing legislation flared in Charleston, West Virginia. So severe were the restrictions that all Sunday newspapers, streetcars, and auto driving were prohibited. The late Elder James E. Shultz, prominent evangelist and author, and pastor of the Charleston Seventh-day Adventist church at that time, wrote an urgent request that I come to Charleston and hold a mass meeting opposing the Sunday legislation.

When I arrived at the theater that had been hired for the meeting, there was such a crowd around the building that I could not get in. There were three or four times as many people on the outside as on the inside. Seeing my predicament, the police came and cleared a path for me to get to the rostrum.

That night I spoke on religious liberty as it is based on love. The audience responded heartily. After the lecture they begged me to come back to Charleston, an invitation I accepted.

A woman who was a millionaire was so interested in the subject that she paid all the expenses of the series of meetings. The cause of liberty was strengthened. At the conclusion of the series Elder Shultz baptized 110 persons. Thus again the religious liberty work was an entering wedge into the hearts of men and women, bringing them into a complete knowledge of God's special truths for this time.

For many years I was closely connected with the development of the temperance work of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, promoting it through regular columns in *Liberty* magazine. Later I headed the denomination's Temperance Committee, and represented the temperance activities of the Adventist Church at the annual conventions of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

On three occasions I was made chairman of these national conventions, and it was thus that I had the privilege of introducing Gov. Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, as the leading speaker.

In addition to my work in connection with these conventions, I was called upon during the preprohibition years to address numerous mass meetings in many States, on the subject of temperance, with intensive campaigning for prohibition in Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio, Maine, Kansas, and Virginia.

For some time I was a member of the "Flying Squadron," an organization composed of seven men who went from place to place lecturing on temperance and prohibition. Each night for seven nights one of the group of seven would lecture. Meanwhile the other six lecturers were speaking elsewhere. In this way the seven men followed one another in an intensive seven-night chain-reaction series of lectures that helped to educate the masses in populous centers on the value of temperance and prohibition. William Jennings Bryan, the governors of Indiana and Tennessee, and other leaders of national importance comprised the group.

In 1931, Seventh-day Adventists organized their own temperance unit, naming it The American Temperance Society. I was appointed its first secretary and served for eight years. Recently, under the vigorous leadership of W. A. Scharffenberg, the society's work has spread until its influence has been felt in nearly every country. Its well-illustrated quarterly, *Listen*, has wide circulation and is doing much to promote the cause of temperance.

While I was holding a temperance mass meeting in St. Charles, Michigan, a city that boasted one saloon for each 200 inhabitants, my subject was "The Greatest Menace in the Present Emergency." Near the close I used an illustration that brought a tremendous response from the audience, and greatly strengthened the cause of prohibition in that part of Michigan. I explained:

"I am going to ask four American industries some questions as to the results obtained in transforming their raw materials into finished products. I shall use these four chairs to illustrate those four industries. Listen to the questions and answers in this quiz.

"What is your name?"

"I am a sawmill."

"What is your raw material?"

"Logs."

"What is your finished product?"

"Lumber."

"Is your finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes, much more.'

"Are you a blessing or a curse to society?"

"I am a great blessing to society. I give comfort, shelter, and homes to needy humanity."

"Then you are an honorable industry, and we will enact laws to protect your business."

Using the second chair, I said, "What is your name?"

"I am a gristmill."

"What is your raw material?"

"Wheat and corn."

"What is your finished product?"

"Flour and meal."

"Is your finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes, worth much more."

"Are you a benefit to society or a curse?"

"I am a great benefit to society. I give health, vigor, strength, and comfort to society."

"Then you are a respectable industry, and we shall enact laws to protect your business." Third chair: "What is your name?"

"I am a paper mill."

"What is your raw material?"

"Old paper, wood pulp, and rags."

"What is your finished product?

"Fine paper."

"Is your finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes, worth much more."

"Are you a blessing or a curse to society?"

"I am a great asset and benefit to society. Out of my finished product they make books, newspapers, magazines, diplomas, certificates, paper money, et cetera. I convey information and knowledge to all the world."

"Then you are an honorable and respectable industry, and we shall make laws to protect your business."

Fourth chair: "What is your name?"

"I do not like to tell you my name."

"Well, I do not like your smell. Tell me your name!"

"I am the gin mill, and I represent the distillery, the brewery, the saloon, and all the places where liquor is sold."

"What is your raw material?"

"Bright American boys and girls."

"What is your finished product?"

"I am ashamed of it. I do not like to tell. If you must know, it is the bum and the drunkard."

"Is your finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"No; it is worth far less, I am sorry to admit."

"Are you a blessing or a curse to society?"

"To be candid, I am a burden, a disgrace, and a curse to society."

"Then you are the only American industry whose finished product is worth less than the raw material."

I turned to the audience. "Shall we make a law to protect and preserve an industry that is a curse instead of a blessing to society?"

The answer was a tremendous "No!"

"Now, let me use another illustration. We will add another chair to these four, making five links in a chain. The top link represents the churchman; the second link, a wet legislator; the third link, a wet law; the fourth link, the saloon or liquor trade; and the fifth link, the drunkard, as the finished product. We shall ask the drunkard and this Christian voter some questions.

"Drunkard, of what were you made?"

"Out of a bright American boy, capable of earning wages and being a credit to my home and country."

"What are you worth now?"

"Nothing. I am a burden and a disgrace to my home, my State, and my country."

"Drunkard, what made you what you are?"

"The saloon over there made me."

"Saloon, what made you?"

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Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

The Church Victorious

LESSON FOR MAY 10

		S	S	M	T	W	Т	F
Daily Study Recor	d:							

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 12.

OUTSIDE READING: The Acts of the Apostles, pp. 577-602. MEMORY GEM: "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death" (Rev. 12:11).

The Dragon Attacks the Woman

1. What symbol is used to represent the church?

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. And she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered" (Rev. 12:1, 2).

"I have likened the daughter of Zion to a comely and delicate woman" (Jer. 6:2).

2. What symbol is used to represent the apostate or false church?

"I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy" (Rev. 17:3). See also verses 4-6, 15, 18.

3. What symbol is used to represent Satan?

"And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon." "And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan" (Rev. 12:3, 9).

4. What does the dragon attempt to do?

"The dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born" (Rev. 12:4, last part)

Note.—"The dragon is said to be Satan; he it was that moved upon Herod to put the Saviour to death. But the chief agent of Satan in making war upon Christ and His people during the first centuries of the Christian era, was the Roman empire, in which paganism was the prevailing religion. Thus while the dragon, primarily, represents Satan, it is, in a secondary sense, a symbol of pagan Rome."—The Great Controversy, p. 438.

5. Where had this controversy started?

"And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels" (Rev. 12:7).

6. Who won?

"And [the dragon and his angels] prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out . . . into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him" (Rev. 12:8, 9). See also Isa. 14:12-17.

7. How was this victory celebrated in heaven?

"And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night" (Rev. 12:10).

8. Who won when the dragon sought to devour the man child?

"Her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne" (Rev. 12:5).

9. How did God take care of the woman?

"And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thou-sand two hundred and threescore days" (Rev. 12:6). See also Rev. 11:2, 3; and Eze. 4:6.

Note.—"The periods . . . — 'forty and two months,' and 'a thousand two hundred and threescore days'—are the same, alike representing the time in which the church of Christ was to suffer oppression from Rome. The 1260 years of papal supremacy began in A.D. 538, and would therefore terminate in 1798."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 266.

2 Satan's Persecution Continues

10. How does the individual overcome Satan?

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death" (Rev. 12:11).

unto the death" (Rev. 12:11). Note.—Here is a supremely important sequence for every teen-ager, who has his heart set on seeing Jesus, to fix firmly in his mind and affections. First, be very clear on this. Satan may be overcome. The fact is —repeat, the FACT is—Jesus has already overcome him. This is what took place at Calvary. Second, he has already been overcome by "our brethren" (v. 10). We may have the same priceless victory. How? By declaring ourselves to be under the blood of Jesus, by our testimony, and by refusing to love our lives unto death. What is testimony? It is speech and action, proclamation and practice. It is the gospel given out by voice, pen, and hand, the proclamation and practice of the truth of God's Word. It is precisely at this point that the standards of the Christian faith, such as, temperance, honesty, etc., must match the profession of the young Christian, as a matter of second importance. The time of first importance in this matter is at baptism when the candidate says to God, angels, and men that from henceforth he will by God's grace walk, live, talk, act, and look like a Christian. It is not so much a question of whether it is right to smoke or chance as it is "CAN a follower of Christ smoke or dance?" How can a young Christian overcome Satan by the word of his testimony when his testimony is the testimony of those who are going Satan's way? The third part of the sequence is the love of life. This has some-

Can a young connectant offer the sequence is the love of life. This has some-thing to do with enjoying life. But not everything to do with it. It is all right to enjoy being alive, to make every day a thrilling ad-venture, to insist on getting the most out of life. The question is, How much are you willing to buy with your life?
Daniel chose the lion's den rather than change his prayer pattern. Narrow, you say? Yes, narrow all right. Very narrow.
His three friends would rather have died in the furnace than break the first and second commandments. Narrow? Yes, narrow again. Very narrow.
But their chief concern seems to have been making their program narrow enough to fit into the confines of the "narrow way." They did not seem to seriously care about anything else. They loved not their lives unto death.
What would you be willing to buy with your life? Don't take that awful chance of loving it unto death. Don't let it be for you, "Fun at any price," but rather, "Jesus only, at every price."

3 Satan Wars on "The Remnant of Her Seed"

11. What are the two identification marks of the remnant church?

"And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ" (Rev. 12:17).

Note.—The word *remnant* may be quickly and easily understood. The remnant of a bolt of cloth is the last plece, the end plece. It is also a plece of the same. Same color, fabric, texture, feel, width, thickness, et cetera. The remnant church is part of the church through all time since the first church. It is like that first church in faith, practice, et cetera. Here are two marks of Christ's remnant church (there will be more next week). They will help you and your friends answer with convincing finality the question, How can I be sure which church measures up to the specifications of Bible prophecy? They are very simple marks. First, the commandments of God. Second, the testi-

mony of Jesus. Revelation 19:10 defines the testimony of Jesus as "the spirit of prophecy." It is right to use these two specifications like a yardstick. This is no light and trifling matter. One must be

A young inquirer steps up to a Methodist or Baptist minister and says, "Sir, I am looking for the remnant church of Revelation 12:17. Will you kindly answer a few questions for me?" "Certainly," comes the friendly reply. "Please, sir, does your church keep the commandments of God?" "Most assuredly we do," answers the clergyman, "I can show it to you in the 'discipline,' or 'manual.' The Ten Commandments are binding upon all men for all time." "Then, if you please, sir, how about the fourth commandment, the one about the seventh day being the Sabbath?" "Well, you see, the church has changed that. We worship now on Sunday in honor of the resurrection. Almost the entire Christian world goes to church on the first day of the week. We call it by its Christian name, the Lord's day. And it really doesn't make any difference anyway, you know." "Thank you."

Coming quickly, and surely, and rightly to the conclusion that this is *not* the remnant church, the young inquirer moves on and puts the question to another spokesman, and then another, and on and on.

One after the other assures him first that the Ten Commandments are a most important part of that church's belief, but that the fourth commandment has been changed.

When he does come to one which can demonstrate that the Ten Commandments are accepted and honored and taught in their en-tirety he has one more test, and that is the test of the gift of proph-ecy, one of the five gifts with which Jesus endowed His church when He ascended up on high (Eph. 4:8, 11).

Quizangles

1. Where does the story of this week's lesson begin? (1) 2. What is the word that indicates that Satan is no mean

COUNSEL CLINIC

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

QUESTION Is it wrong to read THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR during the church service?

ANSWER Doubtless your question refers to Sabbath church services, which usually follow a Sabbath school program in Seventh-day Adventist churches. Your letter gives your age as sixteen; therefore my answer is addressed to one who has reached an age when he is accountable to know why he is present in a service of worship.

I believe it is wrong to read THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR during the Sabbath church service. I believe it would be equally wrong to read any other of our church papers during the service. I believe it would be wrong to read the Bible, except as such reading is a part of the service.

First, it is the hour on God's holy day when He speaks directly to you through the lips of His appointed minister. That hour is sacred to the accomplishment of that purpose. As a responsible human being, you must answer to God for the way in which you cooperate with Him in accomplishing His purpose for you. Interest in the subject of the sermon and interest in the method of its delivery have nothing to do with your accountability to God for doing your part to keep the hour true to its appointed purpose. I have found that concentration on the minister's words always brings a blessing quite apart from any blessings that come when the message has been directed to my particular needs.

Second, it is the appointed place for worship. I see nothing wrong in reading your Bible, or a church paper, during any intermission between services. But when the moment arrives for the church service, then you must participate as a true worshiper. When the congregation sings, it is an act of worship. You should sing too, for you are in the place where

foe, that is, a foe whose attacks are not to be underestimated? (1)

3. What is the characteristic color of the apostasy contrasting with the brilliant light of the sun with which the woman representing the church is clothed? (1)

4. After Satan's unsuccessful attempt to conquer heaven, what becomes the scene of his operations? (1)

5. What is the basis for the fourfold ascription of praise to God following Christ's victory over Satan at the end of the heavenly phase of the war? (1)

6. Who took care of the woman in the wilderness? (1)

7. For how long? (1)

8. In addition to Michael and His angels, who overcame Satan? (2)

9. What are the three weapons in the armory of the brethren? (2)

10. What is the testimony of Jesus? (3)

NEXT WEEK, May 17, 1958-Lesson title: "The Three Angels' Messages." Lesson scripture: Revelation 13 and 14. Outside reading: Prophets and Kings, pp. 703-733. Memory gem: Revelation 14:12.

> worship is being given. If you have a cold, or if you cannot carry a tune, read the words as others are singing. That will be worship.

> When prayer is offered, clear your mind of other thoughts. Listen to the words of the prayer. Make them your prayer too. Presenting your tithe and offering is also a part of worship, an act of allegiance to the faith you represent. You may not have a tithe to present each week, but provide for an offering. I have given as little as a penny, even as an adult. But it was given because it was all I had, and it was given worshipfully.

"What about the announcements?" you might justifiably ask. I don't think there should be any during the church service. There is no worship in an announcement. They should be in the published bulletin. But if announcements are made? Then remember that it is still God's hour, still His house, and you can gain much by developing a respectful attitude.

Third, the one behind the pulpit stands in God's stead. In giving him your thoughtful attention you are giving attention to God. Ninety-nine per cent of the sermon may not touch you at all. But the one per cent that does can change the course of your life. It is comparable to the water from a spring overflowing. In a given hour you could not possibly drink all that might come forth. But to miss the cupful that might quench your immediate thirst could bring untold loss later on.

You also have an influence on others your age, on others younger, on others older. They may feel that what you do they can too. For your own sake, for the sake of others, worship "in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.'



From page 3

I next saw Sergeant Bentley at Stuttgart, Germany. He and his wife were living in Pattonville, one of the large housing projects that the United States Government has constructed for its married soldiers. He told me the story of a young man and his wife who had recently accepted the Adventist message.

One Friday evening in February, 1957, the sergeant and his wife were sitting in their living room listening to Sabbath music from their record player, when there was a knock at their door. A neatappearing civilian was ushered in, and after a few words of greeting, opened his brief case and began a canvass for *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Among other things, he said that the encyclopedia would last and be up to date for fifty years, since the company would furnish supplements on the latest developments.

The sergeant had been hesitant to hurt the man's feelings, but was looking for an opening to halt the canvass. He broke in, "We doubt if we would be interested in a set like that since we are Seventhday Adventists. We believe Christ is coming soon and we won't need reference books fifty years from now. In any case, Seventh-day Adventists observe the seventh-day Sabbath. This is the beginning of our Sabbath and we don't do any business on the Sabbath."

The visitor was interested at once and began to ask questions. The sergeant was well supplied with ammunition furnished by the church in America, and he opened a copy of *Bible Readings* and showed his guest the story of the dark day in 1780 and the falling of the stars in 1833, and told him that the next great event in history would be the coming of Christ.

Bentley saw that the man was inter-



Bible Weapons

By SHIRLEY L. McDERMOTT

Name the people associated with the following Bible weapons.

Key on page 23

- 1. Jawbone
- 2. Slingshot
- 3. Sword and bow
- 4. Javelin
- 5. Bow and arrows
- 6. Swords and staves

ested and tried to steer him away from the Sabbath, thinking it would be best to lead him along lines that would not be so upsetting to one who had not come in contact with it before. But that was impossible. When he tried to guide the salesman into a study of the world empires, he would turn the pages of *Bible Readings* back to the Sabbath.

The salesman, who had introduced himself as E. G. Blackburn, was an ex-GI who had married a German girl. When discharged from the Army he had decided to stay in Germany. He was a zealous Protestant. Only recently he and his bride had read the Bible through in their search for a deeper Christian experience.

He told the Bentleys that a number of questions had been on his mind, and that he had been praying about them all week. He now declared that they had been answered that night.

The two men talked religion until the early hours of the next morning. When Blackburn finally decided to go, he told Bentley he hated to return to the little family hotel where he was boarding, because he was reluctant to wake up the head of the house to let him in at that hour of the night.

Sergeant Bentley suggested, "Lie down on our davenport and sleep the rest of the night and have breakfast with us in the morning."

The invitation was accepted, and next morning when Blackburn left for his rooming place, the sergeant and his wife loaded him up with a bundle of *These Times*, several YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS, and other literature, including a 20th Century Bible Correspondence Course.

Although the Bentleys continued to pray that the seed they had sown would bear fruit, they heard no more from Blackburn and began to think that perhaps they never would. One evening, however, when the sergeant and his wife returned home after having been away all day, they noticed a note labeled "Important" held down by a small stone on the window sill. The note inside read:

"I came back today to return the magazines I borrowed on the fifteenth of February and to obtain more information, but your car was gone and so were you. I wish you would send me your military address [postal address] as soon as possible, as I have good news for you and lots of questions.

"E. G. BLACKBURN."

Much was left unsaid in the letter. Blackburn had gone back to the hotel that February morning and kept his first Sabbath. He read the series of articles in *These Times* by Charles McWilliams, entitled "Ye Visited Me," and was con-

CAMP DOSS-

what parents say about it

When our eldest son was nearing the age to register for military service and faced the reality of what was ahead of him, he was very apprehensive.

When it came time for Camp Doss training program, he was ready to attend. He thoroughly enjoyed it and gained an experience that brought about a wonderful change in him. The next year he continued his training in the academy MCC and became a noncommissioned officer. The following year he went to Camp Doss as a noncommissioned officer on the camp staff. Later he was promoted to first sergeant.

His qualms concerning military service were completely overcome, and I feel confident that this can be attributed to his experience at Camp Doss. We could just see him grow and develop in leadership and self-assurance as a result of his Medical Cadet Corps experience.

Our second son attended Camp Doss and had a similar experience. We have a third son, and I fully intend that he shall have the same privilege.

> Mrs. Harold Yoder Mount Vernon, Ohio

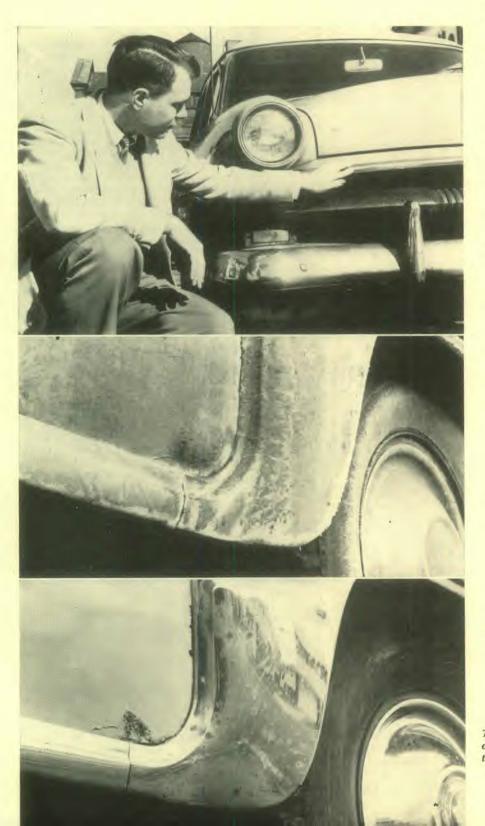


vinced that he had found the truth for which he had been searching. He never worked another Sabbath, but returned to his home in a distant section of Germany to share the news with his bride.

Upon receipt of the sergeant's letter with his address, Blackburn sent him twenty marks tithe and ten marks for church expense. A little later he was able to visit the Pattonville area, and the sergeant and his wife gave him Bible studies and more literature. About the first of May, Elder Harold Kurtz, the Adventist civilian chaplain in Frankfurt, baptized Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn, and the encyclopedia salesman took up colporteur work among the tens of thousands of American soldiers in Germany. He is sharing the good news for which he himself had been looking and which Sergeant Bentley was able to supply. An article for weekday reading:

Repair Winter Car Damage

By JOHN CODELLA



OUR car is liable to suffer as much wear and deterioration in three months of winter weather as in all the remaining months of the year. In fact, winter might be considered as conducive to "mechanical pneumonia" for a car. And the symptoms are similar: a wheezing in the engine, stiffness in the joints, high fever in the radiator, and poor complexion complete with circles under the headlights.

Considering your car solely from the standpoint of an investment, it's a good idea to restore it to top shape after winter, to protect that investment. A reliable service station is the answer to many of the problems created by winter weather, but there are many things that you can do yourself in a few short hours.

Restoring a car's appearance can be a pleasant weekend job for the family, and the results are very rewarding. Doing a complete job at one time can restore your car's showroom appearance and make it easier to keep it cleaner from then on.

Start with a thorough washing, using car soap or a mild household soap. Strong detergents can be very harmful to certain car finishes and to some soft trim metals as well.

The interior should be thoroughly cleaned, and the dashboard, door handles, window moldings, and steering wheel wiped down with a solvent cleaner to remove dirt and perspiration.

Now examine the exterior carefully for nicks and scratches that have exposed the undercoating or metal. Using a pocketknife or small file, clean all these areas of rust and touch them up with matching paint. This paint can be obtained at many service stations and all auto-supply stores. It will match your car's color so closely that the touch-up areas will not be distinguishable from a few feet. This is a very important part of car care. Small scratches can lead to corrosion beneath the surface of the paint, which eventually requires major repairs.

Brightwork is the next major item to

PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Top: Deterioration from improper care of plated trim. Center and bottom: Pitting and corrosion revealed by washing.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

DIGGING -- EXCAVATING -- UNEARTHING Truths from the dust of ages

The Spade Bonfilmos The Book

By Siegfried H. Horn

A prize volume which will affirm and reassure the faith of every thoughtful reader.

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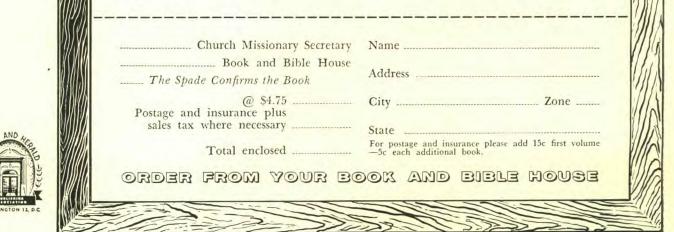
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EBOOK

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this fascinating volume is found a collection of impressions gained at the historic places where Bible history was made, and of studies undertaken at these sites that illustrate Biblical statements and show how prophetic utterances have been fulfilled.

941.715



APRIL 29, 1958

attend to. However, because different metals are used for trim, some understanding of each is required. All bumpers, for example, are made of chromiumplated steel, but most of the body moldings and window moldings are made of stainless steel. If your car is several years old, you have probably noticed that some bright parts are pitted or corroded while others have retained their original brightness. The latter are stainless steel and will not require attention other than occasional washing. Even strong detergents can be used on these parts, because of the much higher corrosion resistance of the stainless steel.

Anodized metals are also being used to a limited extent, and these should be given special care. They are very susceptible to attack by detergents, and their protective surface coating, like chromium plating, can be scratched away. For this reason they are normally found in protected spots, often between stainless steel moldings.

Chromium-plated parts that have started to deteriorate can be cleaned by using commercial "chrome cleaners," steel wool, or household cleanser with a sponge or damp cloth. Commercial cleaners are also available for anodized metals. After cleaning these parts, spray them with one of the plastic or lacquer pressure sprays available at most service stations. This will help to prevent further corrosion. The stainless-steel brightwork, which includes most body, window, and windshield moldings, wheel covers, windshield wipers, roof, hood, and rear fender moldings, will not require anything other than washing and should not be sprayed or waxed, since they don't need it.

The final step is to apply a good wax coat to the paint and the trim you have sprayed. You can choose one of the very durable hard waxes or those that are easier to apply, though perhaps not as long lasting. Don't wash or wax your car in the hot sunlight, since it can result in water marking or make it difficult to obtain a good wax gloss.

If it needs them, new slip covers and floor pads in your car will bring back the showroom sparkle. By following this complete cleaning routine each year, you can increase the trade-in value of your car by several hundred dollars, since, more often than not, used cars are sold largely on the basis of appearance.

To assure safe driving during the coming months, put your car in top operating condition now. Here are the major items to be checked:

Cooling System.—Drain the radiator of antifreeze; flush and refill it with fresh water and antirust compound. All hose connections should be checked for leaks and replaced if necessary.

Lubrication.—If you used a lighterweight oil during the winter, have it changed to a summer or year-round grade and install a new oil filter if the old one has been in use for 5,000 miles. Your car will need a complete chassis lubrication as well.

Exhaust System.—During the winter months, road salt may have caused considerable damage to your car's exhaust system. Muffler and tail pipe should be checked for leaks and replaced if necessary. Don't attempt to repair any leaks; it is almost impossible to apply air-tight patches.

Electrical System.—If the battery has held up through the winter, chances are it will give good service through the summer. Have the voltage regulator, generator, and starting motor checked. Through the months ahead keep the battery filled to the proper level. Make sure all lights are in good working order, particularly stop and turn signals.

Brakes and Tires.—Have all four wheels checked to be certain of even braking and uniform tire wear. Wheel bearings should be repacked if necessary, and wheels realigned and balanced. Unbalanced or poorly aligned wheels cause rapid tire wear and make a car difficult to control, particularly at today's high speeds.

Motor Tuning.—You can save a sizable amount of money annually by keeping your car's engine tuned to best operation. Spark plugs should be checked regularly and cleaned or replaced. Distributor points should also be cleaned and set to the proper gap. Have the carburetor adjusted properly, since a wrong setting wastes gas. A new coil is a worth-while investment if the present spark is weak. It's not unusual to increase gas mileage up to three miles per gallon through proper tune-up.

Following these steps will help you to get greater enjoyment from your driving, and may even save your life.

Champion of Religious Liberty

From page 16

"The wet law over there made me."

"Law, who made you?"

"The wet legislator over there made me."

"Wet legislator, who made you?"

"The ballot in the hands of the churchman over there made me."

"Churchman, did you knowingly and consciously cast your ballot for the wet legislator and for the wet law that made the saloon and the drunkard?"

"Well, I always stick to my party."

"That is not the question I asked you, sir. Did you vote for the wet legislator and the wet law that made the saloon and the drunkard?"

"Yes. He represented my party, and I never scratch the ticket."

"Then your politics prevent you from scratching the ticket no matter who runs for office?"

"Yes."

"Now," I said to the audience, "look at this chain of five links-the churchman, the wet legislator, the wet law, the saloon, and the drunkard. Let me ask this last link in this chain a few questions.

"Poor drunkard, where are you going?"

"Certainly not to heaven."

"How do you know?"

"Because the Good Book says, 'No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Poor fellow, would to God I might save you."

"Let me go to the top of this chain," I said. "Churchman, where are you going?"

"I am going to heaven."

"How do you know?"

"About 40 years ago the Lord took my feet out of the mire and clay and placed them on the solid Rock, and put a new song in my mouth."

"Shut your mouth, you miserable hypocrite! I have contempt for such twaddle!"

I turned again to the audience. "Fellow citizens, listen to this statement, even if you forget all the rest I have said: If that poor drunkard is shut out of heaven in the judgment day as the Good Book says he will be, and if the unrepentant churchman—who was an aider and abettor by knowingly and consciously voting for the wet legislator and the wet law that made the saloon and the drunkard goes to heaven, then that poor drunkard can stand up in the judgment day and look straight up into the face of God and cry; 'Unjust! Unjust! Unjust!' until the pillars of justice tremble in heaven.

"But just as sure as there is a God of justice sitting on the throne in the final judgment, He is going to hold every voter responsible for the proper exercise of his franchise. No one can escape that responsibility when the liquor traffic is slowly but surely transforming millions of bright American boys and girls into sordid drunkards."

It was my practice when giving this lecture to look up some local Adventist and have him act the part of the drunkard. I would have him dress and act like a real bum to emphasize my remarks.

However, when I came to St. Charles, Michigan, I didn't know any Adventist who could act the part of a drunkard. So I went to the city authorities and asked them to supply a man.

"We have just the man you need," they said. "He's the most notorious drunk in the whole city. Everybody in town knows him as a hopeless boozer. If you offer to pay him a small amount for helping you, I'm sure he'll play the part to perfection."

I found the man and offered to pay him for acting the part of a drunk in my lecture. He gladly consented, and did a good job of it.

Show Me Your Company

From page 13

the man who more readily finds the few for his close companions. The warmhearted, the truehearted, the purehearted, enlarge their sympathetic interests to include all men everywhere.

For the Christian who is fortified with faith, there is the ever-present opportunity of finding friends from among the bad and influencing them for the good. Jesus found Mary Magdalene, Simon, Matthew, Zacchaeus. He found James and John, the "sons of thunder." On the Damascus road He found Saul, the fanatical zealot, the cruel persecutor.

Followers of Jesus in 1958 must also share their faith. But the soul winner must be a leader, not a follower; a converter, not a conformer; a man of courage, not a coward. You can't "stoop to conquer," as far as right and wrong are concerned. You dare not compromise with sin, whatever the motive. The Christian must be positive in his approach, neither negative nor neutral.

Those who are easily led, easily influenced, must be especially careful, even with their casual friendships. Some have sought to win others to the good, only to be themselves won over to the bad. Weakness in decision may lead to wickedness in action. "O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by every foe," might well be written, "O for a faith that will not fail Under subtle suggestions from supposed friends."

There is an inner circle of friendship where only the cultured, the courteous, and, above all, the Christian should be admitted. "Every man," wrote Euripedes, "is like the company he is wont to keep." There are influences that are operating continuously in either fortifying or destroying character. You are a part of all you meet, and this includes the books you read, the things you see and hear, the company you keep. All these influences are molding your mind for good or for bad.

You can keep bad company with books as well as with people. The popular sellers these days are more and more daring in their adventures into the realm of impurity. Evil is glorified. Sin is When I came to the end of the illustration, and started to lead this drunkard from the platform, I said, "You are headed for damnation."

"Do you mean it?" he replied earnestly.

"Yes," I continued. "The Good Book says that there will be no drunkards in heaven."

"Well," he retorted, "I don't want to go to hell. I want to repent, and go to heaven."

dressed in gaudy colors. The writers of popular plays go as far in the portrayal of indecency as the public will permit and the public has few qualms of conscience. Much that is written, much that is pictured, is bad company for a Christian to keep if he wishes to remain a Christian. The most difficult thing in the world is to erase from the mind some evil that has once found entrance. Evil that is cherished soon becomes a chain of evil character.

If the word *caution* is appropriate at all times in choosing companions, it is doubly so in your choice of companions of the opposite sex. Here the chains of affection are quickly forged and seldom broken. Many tragic stories of broken hearts and broken homes would never have been written if someone had watched the signals on the road to happiness. Intellectually, culturally, and in Christian character, is your date your equal? If not-don't! If you step down once, you may go twice, thrice, and all the time, until divorce do you part. Moreover, someone may measure you by the company you once kept. If you have gone with the best, you will be sought after by the best. If you step down, even once, you may have to remain on that lower level.

The wise man had this to say about company: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but the companion of fools shall be destroyed."

The greater fool is the man who chooses fools for his companions. The fool of whom the Bible speaks contemptuously is not the man who is intellectually subnormal. He is the man who—

ally subnormal. He is the man who— Says in his heart, "There is no God." Hides hatred with lying lips in slandering his neighbor.

Despises his father's instruction.

- Trusts in his own heart instead of in the Lord.
- Adds treasure to treasure, forgetting the eternal riches.

Builds his house of character upon the sands.

Fails to have the oil of the Holy Spirit in his life.

Companionship is a must for every

"Excellent," I replied. "Then won't you come right back to the front of the stage and tell the audience that you are going to repent and give up drink forever?"

His broken testimony electrified that great audience. He was truly converted that night, and became a loyal member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. He has remained true to his pledge.

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

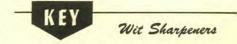
normal person. We find companions all along life's way. If wise, they brighten our lives with the sunshine of friendship as they walk with us along the upward way. If foolish, they darken our lives, casting over our pathway shadows that are never removed. The companion of a fool shares with him the wages of wickedness. The companions of the wise absorb their wisdom and share their riches.

But to walk with the wise you must first find them. The fools come in crowds; the wise must be sought out.

Jesus would say, "Choose wisely, choose well, the company you keep." You may be different in disposition, but you should hold the same ideals and aspire to the same heavenly goal. There are differences in opinion. A true friend will never seek to dominate or even to direct, except in the path of righteousness. One man's personality should never be merged in another's. Independence of judgment, of thought, of decision, should always be maintained. But there will be unity in the diversity, and multiplied strength in united action all along the line.

How can two walk together in the Christian way unless they are agreed? If your companions are narrowed with selfishness, if their mental concepts are limited, if they studiously avoid religious themes and Christian activities, you will soon be like them, walking and talking on their level. If they are numbered with the wise, if they are kind and considerate, cheerful and cordial, truthful and trustworthy, then you, as their companion, will be called wise.

God has given us the power of choice. It is for us to choose and for Heaven to smile when we make wise choices.



- 1. Samson and the Philistines (Judges 15:15-19)
- 2. David and Goliath (1 Sam. 17:48-51)
- 3. Jonathan and David (1 Sam. 18:1-4)
- 4. Saul and David (1 Sam. 19:10)
- 5. Jonathan and David (1 Sam. 20)
- 6. Christ and the soldiers (Matt. 26:55, 56)

THE caterpillar has five eyes, but its vision is so poor that it has to find food by its sense of smell.
BVI

Most lobsters are a dark color when caught and turn scarlet only when cooked, but occasionally an all-red specimen is taken alive from the sea.

AMERICA's ten favorite dogs, in order of their popularity, include the beagle, Chihuahua, dachshund, boxer, poodle, German shepherd, cocker spaniel, collie, Pekingese, and Boston terrier. Gaines

A SURVEY of more than 5,000 boys and girls between the ages of 15 and 17 in 90 communities across the nation shows that 56 per cent of the teen-agers are obtaining alcoholic drinks at home. Only 33 per cent of them obtain them at parties.

VOCALIZATION results from the action of the brain on the nerves of the larynx, which in turn produce vibrations of the vocal cords, according to a new and highly controversial report from French research. This idea is in opposition to the long-accepted theory that movement of air in the larynx causes the vocal cords to vibrate and produce sound. AMA

INDIANS in the United States number about 472,000. Only 280,000 of them live in Federal reservations. The Indian population has increased steadily since the end of the nineteenth century, its high death rate offset by a still higher birth rate. The death rate of Indian children under 5 years of age is more than double the national average, mainly because of tuberculosis and accidents, the Indian's biggest health problems. WHO

- TARGET -

We certainly wish that the kind of Christianity that inspires the anonymous masonry contractor in Oklahoma to hire ex-convicts were a lot more common. He's doing genuine missionary work.

The report doesn't say how many —if any—of the 400 parolees he has employed may have let him down, betrayed his trust in them. But it doesn't really matter. The important thing is that he is willing to show confidence in them in spite of their past mistakes. And he has probably been amply rewarded.

The same principle works with those young people whose misdeeds may have been less flagrant—involving shades of lipstick, movies, rock 'n' roll, and so on. As we remember, Christ has always been more concerned about young people's potentialities than about their past mistakes, and it seems to us that His disciples in 1958 should put the emphasis in the same place. FG DESPITE a popular tendency to equate the two areas, the Arctic differs from the Antarctic in two major aspects. Much of the Arctic is simply frozen ice at sea level while the mountainous South Pole is about 9,200 feet above sea level. Because Antarctica is a land mass and because in the Arctic the relatively warm sea water transmits heat through the thin ice, Arctic temperatures tend to be considerably warmer (winter average: about 30° below zero) than those at the other end of the earth's axis. MLPFS

A NEW grass paint has been developed to glamorize brown, unsightly grass scorched by heat or killed by frost. After a drying period of one or two hours, the color of the newly sprayed grass becomes tightly sealed to each blade, giving it an appearance of natural green. Grass paints so far tested are nontoxic to animals and plants and will not rub off.

Esso Farm News

THE origin of the modern hospital can be traced back to the fifth century B.C. in Ceylon. Even as late as the eighteenth century "hospitals" were used primarily to house human derelicts; but today they are so vital to our society that one out of eight Americans will spend some time in one during the coming year. Blue Cross

A DINOSAUR EGG has been presented to the Harvard University Museum of Comparative Zoology by the city of Aix-en-Provence, France. The 20-pound egg is one of a new find of whole eggs of one of the large dinosaurs. Until this discovery, only whole eggs of one small dinosaur had been available for study. Science

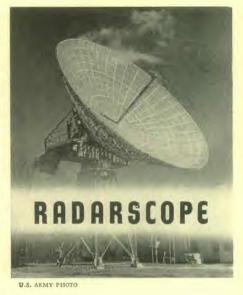
TRIBAL custom among the Araucanian Indians of southern Chile and Argentina requires that a dying person be dressed in his or her best clothes, together with certain other articles of attire considered proper for passing out of this world. Smithsonian

ALTHOUGH still working in the experimental stage, scientists have developed a mixture of asphalt and insecticide to spray beneath houses. The thin layer bars termites and protects the flooring from moisture rising out of the ground.

CHILD marriages are an old custom in India. In a village of central India a onemonth-old boy is reported to have been married to a two-week-old girl. The bride and bridegroom were held on their mothers' laps during the ceremony. NGS

BIOCHEMISTS are now studying, and even duplicating, the intricate processes by which a living cell manufactures new materials, a feat thought impossible a decade ago. UCHI

Porson rvy's clusters of waxy white fruit, resembling bayberry, provide food for more than 50 species of birds. NGS



PEOPLE are marrying earlier than was the case 15 years ago. Today's typical bride is about 20 years old, and her groom, 23. Institute of Life Insurance

NEWEST wrinkle in patient comfort is the musical pillow being used in England. Patients can hear recorded or live music and can also summon a nurse by speaking into it.

ONE of the oceanography stations studying mean sea level during the IGY is located on Pitcairn Island. Its supervisor is a descendant of one of the mutineers aboard H.M.S. Bounty. Scope

A NUCLEAR-PHOTOCELL-POWERED battery the size of a shirt button is capable of delivering electric power in tiny amounts continuously more than five years and will be used to power electric watches. Chemical Digest

• A BEHEMOTH among freight cars is being tried out in Germany. The carrier is 135 feet long and has 20 axles. It has a dead weight of 110 tons and can carry 220 tons of freight. Two years in the making, the new car was first put on public view at Nürnberg. Tracks

SUNSPOTS are "islands of intense calm floating in the otherwise turbulent sea of the sun's atmosphere," according to one scientist whose thesis is quite the opposite from the concept widely held in the past. It has been thought that these small, dark regions on the sun's face indicated solar storms or the vertexes of solar cyclones.

THE following advertisement appeared recently in an Oklahoma newspaper: "Man or boy 18 to 23 years old. Must have court record. Prefer man who is on parole. Apply in person." It was placed by a masonry contractor who spent much of his own youth in a reformatory and who had promised God, on his release, to help other ex-prisoners. So far, he has given jobs to 400 parolees. NAM