

THE *Youth's*  
INSTRUCTOR

30

Join Frank L. Remington  
in his survey this week of  
**Underground Enchantment**

JULY 29, 1958

*Bible Lesson for August 9*



## Youth and Laodicea—4

The seared conscience has much to do with Laodicea, but first an illustration. Last May newspapers in the nation's capital carried the pitiful story of two-and-a-half-year-old Julia Vogt and her four-year-old sister Judy, who had gone with their grandfather to visit the Washington Zoo.

Now, a zoo is a fascinating place, even for grownups. However, a zoo is not the new earth. Animals behind bars and barricades cannot be trusted. Even when they may be seen close up they are still creatures from the wild. But to a small girl, who may have heard in some Sunday school class of a little child leading the animals that dwelt peaceably together, they were not fearful.

Darting from her grandfather's side, she repeated something that she had always said before when he had asked to hold her hand. "I hold my own hand, Granddaddy," she said. As she spoke she crawled through the railing and went to the bars of a lion cage. One of the lions pulled her into the cage before she could be grabbed and pulled back to safety, and her life was snuffed out.

Too many Christians holding their own hands may be said to have brought about the Laodicean condition in the church. Thinking themselves competent in judgment, such persons base their decisions on short-term lure instead of long-time security.

One day Jesus told the parable of a farmer. Plentiful harvest had made his storage space inadequate. "I will pull down my barns, and build greater," the parable states. "And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."<sup>1</sup>

Isn't that a picture of the Laodicean? "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing."<sup>2</sup>

In the parable God called the farmer a fool. "This night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall these things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."<sup>3</sup> And of the Laodiceans who would not repent God said, "I will spue thee out of my mouth."<sup>4</sup>

Are you still ready to say without sincere investigation, "I don't see anything wrong with it"? Do you feel that you have need of nothing, when you may be spiritually destitute? Begin now to conform your life to the spotless life of Jesus. If you've been holding your own hand, take firm hold of His again, without delay.

*Walter T. Crandall*

<sup>1</sup> Luke 12:18, 19. <sup>2</sup> Rev. 3:17. <sup>3</sup> Luke 12:20, 21. <sup>4</sup> Rev. 3:16.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a nonfiction weekly designed to meet the spiritual, social, physical, and mental interests of Christian youth in their teens and twenties. It adheres to the fundamental concepts of Sacred Scripture. These concepts it holds essential in man's true relationship to his heavenly Father, to his Saviour, Jesus Christ, and to his fellow men. Beginning with volume one, number one, in August of 1852, this paragraph appeared under the name of publisher James White: "Its object is, to teach the young the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and thereby help them to a correct understanding of the Holy Scriptures." Whether 1852 or 1958, our objectives continue to be the same.

### THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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*Grace Notes*

and letters to the editor

**COVER** The cave picture that greets you first this week was supplied by the author of "Underground Enchantment," page 11. The civilized world has now entered the space age, but we believe there is one lure to a small boy's heart that will never change—the drawing power of a cave! Because caves are normally a bit more accessible, and far and away less expensive, we doubt that the lure of exploring them will completely fade in the age of the satellites.

**OVERLAPS** A few readers wrote to express their appreciation for our change in policy in the publication of serials. Eloise Johnson of Jacksonville, Florida, wrote to say: "Please! and thank you! Don't go back to overlapping continued stories and articles! I am a 'collector' and 'clipper' and I do appreciate the separating of the stories. I punch and bind or clip together, usually by months, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS for my living-room reading. Then they are loaned to relatives and friends in 'groups.' So thanks again. We have noted continued improvement in this fine paper. The covers are works of art. The short sermons have become my worship material for our home, equally suitable for our boys (aged 14 and 6) as well as for a cooperative (though non-SDA) husband."

**OVERLAPS** We trust our "adaptation" of the policy on overlapping serials will not inconvenience such loyal readers as Mrs. Johnson. In this issue, for instance, a two-part travel-mission article begins, while a five-part vocational series is in progress. But we shall do our best in such instances to have the shorter serials finish within the time the longer series or serial is running. We shall continue to avoid the overlap of a concluding serial with one just beginning.

**PURPOSE** "God never leads His children otherwise than they would choose to be led, if they could see the end from the beginning and discern the glory of the purpose which they are fulfilling as co-workers with Him."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 479; *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 224, 225.

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



By  
 Roberta  
 J.  
 Moore



*Equestrian statue of Paul Revere stands near Old North Church, from which lanterns were hung to report route of invading troops.*

GREATER BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

# THIS IS BOSTON

*A teacher on vacation has a fascinating time  
 getting acquainted with a city full of  
 historic landmarks and tradition-minded people,  
 a city where the past comes to life.*

**A** MAP circulated a few years ago supposedly presents the Bostonian's idea of the United States. Around Boston, on the map, towns are clustered thickly. One hundred and fifty miles north, in Vermont and New Hampshire, only the most important centers are noted. To the west is a great clear place marked "Western Prairies," with the explanation: "Dayton, Kansas City, Toledo, Helena, Tulsa, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and other such cities are located in this territory." There is not much else except a brief note in one corner, below the very fine print that names a half dozen cities fronting the Pacific: "Western cities are reputed to be modern and progressive. The Pacific Coast seaports have advanced rapidly, especially since the opening of the Panama Canal."



There are scores of stories about Boston and its people. Like the one about the Boston woman who said in astonishment, "Why should I travel when I'm already here?"

Another woman, well brought up in the Boston tradition, was transplanted to another part of the country. On her return she was asked how she liked being home again. "Like it?" she said. "Why, I never thought of it that way. Liking Boston is like saluting the flag."

Learning to know Boston is a rewarding experience. In the process you walk intimately with the great and near-great of American history and literature. Such an acquaintance as this does not come from a hurried day of sightseeing, guide-book in hand; it is a thing of time—better, like fruitcake, when ripened slowly.

One must begin, I think, by trying to understand the New England preoccupation with whatever is old. The rest of the country stares uncomprehendingly as the New Englander complacently adjusts a bronze plaque beside the bullet hole that has been in the outer wall of his home since the American Revolution of 1775. He obviously prefers the sacredness of timbers old enough to boast such a bullet hole to the conveniences of a suburban

ranch house with a sound roof and modern plumbing.

I have eaten many times down in the market section at one of Boston's best-known restaurants, which advertises proudly, "Your grandfather and perhaps your great-grandfather dined with us too." Two or three blocks away is another eating place, outwardly unimpressive (one must approach it through a fish market) but famous because, it is said, on the second floor of the building Louis Philippe, afterwards king of France, taught the French language to prominent Bostonians. The tables and benches have been in the same position since 1826, when the restaurant opened.

The time to see the oldest residential section in Boston, the part of Beacon Hill that lies behind the State House, is on Christmas Eve, when thousands of men, women, and children from all parts of the city converge on Louisburg Square to sing carols. By tradition—a familiar phrase in Boston—there shines a candle in every window, from attic to basement. The caroling is a lesson in the democratic way of life, for anybody whose voice can attract a group of carolers has only to stand on the steps below one of the famous doorways, designed by the eighteenth-century Charles Bulfinch, and be-

gin to sing. In the velvet hush of new snow one Christmas Eve I heard a thousand people at one end of the square sing "Silent Night." It was indescribably lovely.

It is said that here on Beacon Hill every worn brick in the pavement has a legend connected with it. Several years ago a gang of street workers appeared one morning with picks and shovels.irate ladies from the tall brick buildings crowding the street on both sides refused to see the rough old pavement torn up.

Visitors on the Hill wonder at the occasional pane of purple glass peeping through the gnarled wisteria vines on the fronts of the oldest houses. Years ago when the glass was imported, it was as clear as any other. However, it gradually turned purple as it aged, though nobody knew why. The owners of the houses, once angry, became covetous as the years went by. Attempts to duplicate its mellow color by processes other than age have never been successful.

I once took a friend from the West into the State House on Beacon Street. Over one of the legislative chambers hangs what is known as the Sacred Cod, symbol of Boston's early dependence on the fishing industry. It is of no great consequence, that cod—merely one of the curios that sightseers read about and want to see. There being no guides in evidence, we stopped at a downstairs office to ask where we would find the cod, which we had heard must be in its place or legislative business cannot proceed.

"The cod?" echoed the office worker to whom we addressed our question. Then, speaking to the office at large, he inquired, "Does anybody know about a cod that hangs in this building?"

No one did. We were sent from one office to another. And even though the cod was apparently less important than we had thought, we hated to give up. Finally, just as I was about to burst into the chambers where the legislature was in session and look for the fish myself, a man in the third office said, "Cod? Oh, you must mean the *Sacred Cod*!"

Insistence on the *Sacred Cod* seems typical of Boston's reverence for the objects associated with its early days.

If the time to see Beacon Hill is on a snowy Christmas Eve, the time to see any of Boston's burial grounds is a day when heat hangs like a pall over the city. On such a day I closed behind me the wrought-iron gate of the Park Street burial ground—the Old Granary burial ground, as it is called, "cemetery" being a word not in common usage in New England—and felt cool again. On three

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GREATER BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



Old State House was erected on site of earliest marketing place in Boston, later won fame as seat of colonial government.



# Why I Am a Minister

By CLARENCE R. MUNROE

**W**HEN I stood with my diploma in hand, although I had majored in theology, I might have taken any one of a number of roads that stretched out before me.

Not that I didn't think about these. I felt the lure of material prosperity—a beautiful home for that wonderful person who occupied most of my waking thoughts, a big car, the prestige that comes to the man who by his own efforts wrests wealth and influence from a grasping world.

Because there was born in me a love for constructive achievement, I toyed with the idea of going into engineering. I visualized great bridges spanning the mighty rivers that dissect a continent, with my name in polished letters on a bronze plaque. I saw towering structures of concrete and steel, lifting their heads into the clouds, giving shelter to the "cliff dwellers" of a great city—with my name, of course, over the massive doorway. Out over the rolling stretches of the seven seas my dream ships plowed a white furrow as they carried a thousand persons and a fabulous cargo to the ends of the earth. In the luxurious cabin, where the world might see it, would be placed the designer's name—mine.

I might have had a Government career. Having become versed in the fine art of diplomacy, I could see lying before me a glittering path. Though beset with intrigue and subtlety, such a course might have led me to become a man of destiny, to have my favor courted by kings and to sit down with dictators. To sway perhaps the course of history was a tempting prospect to one so young and ambitious.

But there came the words, "What shall it profit a man . . . ?" Something deep down in my heart, born of Christian training and fostered by consecrated teachers, made me pause and consider the cost.

I am a minister because of the world's

great need. With a backdrop of international instability, preparation for nuclear war, and spiritual retrogression, there is a mighty challenge being voiced from the housetops of the world. A momentous hour is here.

Volcanoes fling their molten rivers through peaceful valleys, rivers overflow and whole towns are engulfed. Ships go down, trains are derailed, and the monstrous birds of man's devising crash in a fiery heap of debris. Fireballs of colossal magnitude rise a thousand, ten thousand, feet into the vault of heaven. These disasters cost lives—precious lives for which Christ died. Famine sweeps into untimely graves its countless hordes. Pestilence waits but a favorable moment to lay its icy finger on the babe, the youth, and the adult. For such a time as this God has brought my generation into existence.

I am a minister because in the hearts of man there is apprehension of the future. With every ideal shattered, with every pillar of the world's stability about to crash, caught in sinking sands that they thought were solid foundations, many men and women are grasping at anything that promises a vestige of hope. With skepticism and materialism the only plank intellectualism has to offer them, they are about to be swept into the chaotic waters of atheism.

God has need of ministers, humble men who know Christ, stalwart men, men unafraid of the powers of evil, men who, rather than compromise with the world, the flesh, and the devil, will place themselves on the altar of sacrifice.

I am a minister because from my mother I learned that Jesus loves me and paid a price for my salvation that is beyond calculation. A voice, quiet and kind, whispered often as I grew into years of understanding, "Son," it said, "give me thine heart."

Around the family altar, in Sabbath school, from my consecrated teachers, I

learned the lessons of obedience, trust, and faith, and that only as a Christian could I find in life the rare treasures of contentment, peace, and ultimate success.

I caught a glimpse of the chaff and tinsel the world always offers youth. Enticing sounds and bright lights held for me a temporary fascination, but the message of truth, engraved on my mind from my earliest recollection kept me from yielding to the subtleties of the great deceiver.

I have chosen the ministry because it holds out to me a promise of deep satisfactions in the field of spiritual achievements. I have entered into partnership with the Infinite. I have at my command, within the framework of God's will, all the resources of heaven. If the Lord enriches my life with responsibilities, if leadership is thrust upon me, I have the Source of all wisdom standing by my side to help me solve my problems. If the byways and less important paths are God's plan for me I will also rejoice, for it is down the road of humility that the greatest achievements lie.

And there are also the opportunities to reach out into the night of despair that has settled on so many human hearts, to guide men and women to the Light of the world, to pray with the lost soul, to sympathize with the brokenhearted, to bring to those cringing in fear at the brink of eternity a ray of hope, to take the hand of a little child and instill in his receptive mind a love for Jesus, to guide the uncertain steps of youth into paths that lead, as God has led me, into a career of Christian service.

The reward? To see a man in the pit of sin and drunk with the miasma of vice and degradation lifted up out of the pit, roused to a sense of his need; to see his feet planted on the Solid Rock; to have a part in building into his character honesty, faith, and purity, is reward enough.

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# Converts of the Congo

By W. DUNCAN EVA



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Woman carries 150-pound load of cotton on her head near Bigobo Mission, Belgian Congo.

## FIRST OF TWO PARTS

**I**LAY on a camp cot in a little room attached to the humble Adventist chapel at Kamina, and listened to the throbbing of African drums and the singing and shouting of the revellers at a nearby dive.

I sensed that the "powers of darkness" have relaxed none of their hold on the people of the new African cities. I realized too the need of power to proclaim the everlasting gospel. I prayed that the spirit that took possession of the Christians of the first century—in pleasure-mad Ephesus, in corrupt Corinth, in Colossae with its strange and perverted doctrines—might grip Seventh-day Adventists in Kamina.

A few days earlier Ronald Marx of the Congo Union Conference office had met me at the Elisabethville airport. I had come 3,000 miles north from Cape Town, home of the Southern African Division headquarters, on the first leg of a five-week tour in the South Congo Mission.

My first appointments were with M. Koopmans, director of Songa Mission, and the Adventists in and around the growing African city of Kamina, twenty-four hours by train to the northwest. A dusty train journey it was, too! A good deal of the track has been electrified, and the sturdy little unit that drew the train for a long afternoon, driven by an African operator, was almost incongruous in the heart of Africa. But it is only one evidence of the tremendous changes that are taking place in this continent.

Another evidence of change was the city of Kamina with its orderly streets, its neat and attractive brick houses, its increasing number of cars, and its thousands of urbanized inhabitants. No longer is the old tribal discipline of such importance to these people, for the old order changes, yielding to the new. And the new is presenting missionaries and African Christians with a tremendous challenge.

Though few in number, the Seventh-day Adventists in Kamina intend to live

**THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR**





*Leper children show evidences of disease to Dr. M. H. Schaffner, medical director of Songa Mission Hospital and Leper Colony.*

began to minister to the needs of the lepers—defaced, maimed, and miserable—they came and “squatted” around the mission, building little shelters so that they could be near to treatment and care. And so the village grew. But despite its hapless planning it was clean and neat, showing that as hope and courage come back to the sufferers, interest in life quickens and they respond to what they are taught.

Under Dr. Marlowe Schaffner's\* care a new leper village is growing up. The houses stand in neat rows, and are built of brick. Each time a leper in the old village is discharged and returns to normal life, his hut is demolished, and in the space of a few years the new village will completely replace the old.

Across the road from the school and clinic buildings is the leper church, a red brick building with an imposing tower and a thatched roof. Its bricks were made by the lepers, and most of the work was done by them. The elder is a former leper.

As I stood with bowed head in surgery

\* Dr. Schaffner's wife is the author of frequent YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR articles and stories by-lined Dorothy Dye Schaffner. Her "Tarantula's Downfall" appeared last week.

up to light they have received and to share it with their fellow citizens. On Sunday evening we left for Songa Mission and Hospital fifty miles northeast of Kamina, where Mrs. Koopmans' tasty supper symbolized the warmth of the welcome all the missionaries extended.

Like that of every other mission director, Pastor Koopman has a full-time job that calls for a wide range of experience and skills. There is the shepherding of the flock, the constant guarding against errors and misunderstanding of truth that are common to simple people newly come from primitive heathenism. Then comes the responsibility of keeping the energies of workers and laity bent upon the supreme work of soul winning and maintaining the correct relation of other interests to this central objective. And there are many days spent on safari, visiting and fostering all interests of the work.

Attached to the mission hospital at Songa is a large leper colony where five hundred patients are accommodated. We walked through the old leper village. Its huts were scattered around without much regard for the elementary principles of town planning. When loving hands first

*Colporteur at Songa shows heathen charms surrendered by people he has visited and the mission literature he has to give them.*





# Today

I may meet someone on life's way  
That fain from me would borrow  
A little patience, kindness, cheer,  
To help forget his sorrow.  
So I must give while 'tis today;  
We may not meet tomorrow.

By AMY E. HARRIS

while Dr. Schaffner prayed before an operation, as I watched skilled hands do their best to help and heal, as I sensed something of the anxiety and strain that conscientious men and women feel, I thanked God for Christian doctors and nurses.

Some days there are five major operations. Many names are on the waiting list. The Songa medical program includes the outpatient clinic, the hospital with its inpatients, and the training of African orderlies—a big job for one doctor and two nurses.

From a distance mission service sometimes appears a glamorous adventure. But when you come to grips with the real facts—the complete entrenchment of evil in individual and community life, and the cumulative effect of centuries of that evil; the discouragement and disappointment when promising converts stumble and even fall; the awful tale of misery and suffering and the apparent insignificance of your endeavors to meet it—then the glamour fades, and only a firm determination backed by the love of Christ keeps you facing the challenge.

There are the hours of weariness accompanied perhaps by malaria with its devastating effects on the spirits, when like Elijah, you would sooner die than carry on. But heavenly angels still minister to tired hearts, and buoyed by divine strength, you endure and conquer for God. Such toil and faith, such endurance and courage, account, under God's blessing, for the progress of the Advent message in Africa.

After leaving Songa we—B. R. Bickley, president of the South Congo Mission, and I—stopped under a tree on the road to Luluabourg to eat the lunch Mrs. Schaffner had prepared for us. On a slip of paper we found written neatly the words of a Bible promise. Somehow the thoughtfulness of the act and the promise itself made the meal even more enjoyable.

Luluabourg, in the Kasai Province, is another of the Congo's vigorous and growing cities. It surprises many a visitor, even one who has lived all his life in Africa, to see this expanding modern city carved out of the bush, with its multi-storied buildings and pleasant bungalows, its tarred streets and busy traffic,

its green lawns and playing fountains. You feel the throb of its life and vitality and sense that as far as this world is concerned, it has a future.

The vast majority of the city's inhabitants are Africans of the progressive Kasai tribe. They are merchants and clerks, carpenters, plumbers, and bricklayers, civil servants and railway employees. You cannot but admire the colonial policy of the Belgians, which is wisely guiding this large part of Africa out of the primitive past into the bustling civilization of the twentieth century. The emphasis of their policy seems to be on teaching the African to work, to be self-reliant, to earn money and learn its value. By law he is obliged to grow certain crops, such as cotton and coffee, which he markets with government aid. This is not only of benefit to him individually but also of growing importance to the economy of the country.

No steps are taken as yet to develop his political consciousness, and there is not as much emphasis on formal theoretical education as in some other parts of Africa. It appears that there is greater contentment in the Belgian Congo, and that when a share in the government is finally granted him the Congolese African will be mature and well prepared for such responsibility.

It is among people such as these that E. I. Edstrom, director of the Lulengele Mission Station about fifty miles from Luluabourg, does his work. Most of the people are literate, and therefore, schools are not the evangelistic agency that they are in other parts of Africa; instead, Bible truth is proclaimed by the preaching of the Word, Bible studies, and literature evangelism.

The Adventists we met were an enthusiastic group. Our meetings were not sermons for the edification of church members, but rather in the nature of workers' meetings for active, eager laymen, whose belief that they are called to share their faith is as firm as their conviction regarding its validity.

It would be wrong to give the impression that progress is rapid and easy in this area. It is not. Through misunderstanding, some have been jailed for their faith. The missions that have been

at work for half a century and more are opposed to the comparatively new Adventist activities. But the work moves forward steadily. From far and near, requests come for literature in the vernacular and in French. The books are avidly read and studied and around each book the circle of light often spreads until a call comes for fuller instruction in Seventh-day Adventist doctrines. Since there are not enough paid workers to answer these calls, laymen, sacrificing their time and earnings, do as much as they can.

As we said good-by to some of these laymen we received new courage. One of them said, "I've been in prison. I am not ashamed. I love my Lord. Next week I will leave my work and go over to Tshikapa to tell the message there. I care not what happens, so long as I can take the light to my people."

It is the same with the African ministers. Since the work is new around Luluabourg they are for the most part missionaries brought in from Ruanda-Urundi, about eight hundred miles away. With their families they have moved from cool fertile highlands down to these hot sandy plains. Their children learn to talk a strange tongue; their wives long for home and friends. They are foreign missionaries indeed. Typical was the African pastor who, learning of a truck going to a distant place he was anxious to visit, hurriedly packed his effects and left his family to foster a growing interest.

It took us two days from Lulengele to reach Bigobo Mission. It is unwise, we learned, to try unknown short cuts in the Congo. Our experiment cost Elder Bickley and me a night in the car, for there was no hotel at Tshofa. We washed our faces at a river while we waited for the *bac* (usually pronounced approximately like "bark" with the *r* submerged) to take us across. A bath would have made us feel even better, but we did not intend to be food for crocodiles and so we stayed dirty all day.

Bigobo is hot. It is at the heart of a great cotton-producing area. It was cotton season when we arrived, and the people were either carrying their cotton in huge bales—on the heads of the women, of course—to the centers from which it was sold and hauled away in the trucks that played havoc with the dirt roads, or they were preparing it for sale. But it was also camp meeting time, and there was a large congregation under mango trees at the mission. A high light of the Sabbath was the ordination of two African pastors.

The mission work is hard around Bigobo—we visited other nearby areas—but there is progress, and there are many who will be ready to meet Christ when He comes.

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





By LESLIE A. WILDES

# WHERE ADAM FAILED

**I** HAVE succeeded where Adam failed. I am stronger than he was, because I stood the test."

Al was a new Adventist. He had left his home and come to Pine Tree Academy, where he found real treasures in the inspired writings on the library shelves. New thoughts were constantly going through his mind, for he was experiencing the thrill of a new life. He sat on the side of his cot looking over the Sabbath school lesson that he was soon to be teaching to his first Sabbath school class.

Al had grown up in a neighborhood on the Maine coast where all the churchgoers were Sundaykeepers. As a child he had attended a little Sunday school near his home. After two years of high school he had worked at various jobs instead of continuing his education. When the class with whom he had started high school graduated, he attended the commencement exercises and was touched with nostalgia. On the spot he determined to re-enter high school.

One night the next fall, when he was back in high school as a junior, he had gone to the library in town. A woman

he knew casually came over to the table and spoke to him, eventually inviting him over to her house. "The girls will be glad to have you come and make candy and play games. They get lonesome at times."

The two sisters were in the library, and he went home with them and their mother that night. He found them pleasant company and, although there were not enough ingredients in the house for the making of candy and the hour was too late to play games, he accepted an invitation to come back again another time.

Beth, the older girl, was very attractive. He thought later, as he got better acquainted, that she was like an angel sent just for him.

A copy of *Bible Readings* was brought out on several occasions, and an effort was made to study different topics, but it did not seem too interesting to the girls and the mother, so they put it away. Al was interested in subjects like the Sabbath of the Bible and he hoped they would be too, but to no avail. They laughed it off. The mother said she had a newspaper clipping that would prove that Sunday was the true Bible

Sabbath, but she could never find it.

In Sunday school one day Al asked the minister, who taught the class, "What about these Seventh-day Adventists? They keep Saturday for the Sabbath and the Bible says that the seventh day is the Sabbath."

"We consider the resurrection of more importance than the creation and Christ rose on the first day of the week. That's why we keep Sunday," the minister replied. He turned to the lesson again and the discussion of the Sabbath question was dropped.

The pastor later asked Al when he was going to join the church. Al said nothing. He was thinking that he hadn't found the right church yet. He would wait.

One Sunday night brought the climax.

Al and Beth attended the church where community services were held. A very popular minister, Al's favorite, spoke that night on a political subject. Al decided right then that he would probably never find the text supporting Sunday as the Sabbath.

For some distance, on the way home, there was not much talk. Al was thinking hard, making his decision. Finally he reached the point where he knew that he must tell Beth.

"You know, Beth, the minister tonight was a little out of place bringing in politics. The church is the place for religion and not for politics, don't you think?"

"Why, Al, he's your favorite speaker. Why do you talk like that? He was just working for the best interests of the town as he saw it. I don't think that there was anything wrong with that."

"Well—you know, I feel that I must keep the Sabbath from now on. I can't do it at home, so in the morning I'm going to go out and get a job where I can really keep the seventh-day Sabbath of the Bible. I don't feel I can put it off any longer."

"People would call you crazy if you did anything like that. Why, it's only



two weeks before the close of the school year. You should wait until school is out so you can get your grades for this year."

"No, I don't think so. You see, Beth, the keeping of the commandments is of far greater importance than getting grades at school and I have put this off long enough. I must keep the true Sabbath."

"You could stay at home and keep the Sabbath and graduate from high school here next year. That would be the sensible thing to do. Why don't you do that? Then we could graduate together."

His mind was made up and Beth's pleas were in vain, as were those of his mother.

Al had really wanted to become a

Seventh-day Baptist, because he liked the name Baptist and had had many good times in the Baptist church at home, but he could not find their address. He had found in his encyclopedia that the Seventh-day Adventists had headquarters in Washington, D.C. His letter to that address had been forwarded to the conference office in Portland, Maine, and the conference treasurer had mailed him a large number of tracts.

So he planned, that Sunday night as he walked home from the church service, that he would visit the conference office the next day and try to get a job with some Adventist farmer who would let him keep the Bible Sabbath as it should be kept.

On Monday morning the treasurer took him to Pine Tree Academy, near Auburn. The farm manager was looking for a helper, and Al started to work on the farm.

Two weeks later, the day before examinations were to be given at his high school, he decided that he should go home and take the tests and get his grades, if possible. With the principal's permission he started for home after supper. Walking three miles to Auburn, he caught the interurban car to Portland, where he took a train that carried him within ten miles of his home.

He arrived at twelve-thirty. No street cars were running till seven the next morning and he had to be home before that. He started to walk. His new shoes were too narrow, and blisters came. He took off his shoes and continued to walk. He arrived home in plenty of time for a bath, a nap, a bite for breakfast, and a ride to school on the school bus.

It was really providential, Al thought, that the teachers so kindly gave him his tests and he received full credit for his junior year.

The conference president himself questioned Al on his knowledge of Bible truth and he was baptized in a lake near the school on June 24, not quite a full month after his arrival at the school.

Through the summer—a lonely summer—in the country environment of the academy, he often thought of Beth and the good times they had had together. He longed for her to accept the truths of the Bible that meant so much to him. All summer he wrote to her, sending literature and trying to persuade her to see the light. Finally he mailed her an *Ingathering* magazine because of the mission stories that it contained. He was sure she would be thrilled with them as he had been.

Instead she wrote that she did not want any more Adventist literature. She would not read it and didn't want him to write any more at all.

He had read that "unless you would have a home where the shadows are never lifted, do not unite yourself with one who is an enemy of God." There was nothing to do but to sever his friendship with her.

So he sat musing that the victory he had gained through faith in Christ was greater than the experience of Adam when he ate that forbidden fruit in Eden to please Eve. He thought, "God will help me to be stronger than Adam was at his temptation in Eden. God expects me to keep humble, keep yielded to Him, and to use the strength that angels will give me in times of temptation. When I'm tempted to think that the cost has been too great I will think, instead, that God expects me to be stronger than Adam."

## Nature Had It First

Man developed air conditioning in the twentieth century, but nature's engineers thought of cooling systems and other modern conveniences many years ago.

The industrious honeybee, associated with people for more than forty centuries, closely regulates the hive's temperature. In summer well-organized fanner bees flutter tirelessly. The air circulation maintains a pleasant atmosphere for brooding bees and removes excess moisture that would ferment the nectar. In winter the colony devises its own central heating. All the bees cluster around the queen. Those on the periphery press together to form an insulation shield; bees inside mill around to generate heat. The lower the temperature, the harder they must work. But the insulators and heaters change places frequently.

### *Efficiency Apartments*

Bees construct elaborate homes that suggest modern apartment hotels. The hive is honeycombed with thousands of nursery cells, each a sort of efficiency apartment where a single egg hatches and the larva grows to maturity. When a full-grown worker emerges, the worker bee "staff" thoroughly cleans the cell to prepare for the next tenant.

Like bees, ants and termites are master builders. African termites erect many-storied, skyscraper nests. Leaf-carrying ants of tropical America dig underground apartments, some 30 feet wide and 8 feet deep. Worker ants venture out each day to cut pieces of leaves that are borne home like umbrellas. Masticated, the leaves serve not as food but as beds for fungus the ants grow to eat.

The short, chubby mountain beaver, or sewellel, tunnels an intricate sub-way system with numerous exits. Its motive: swift, safe travel beneath dangerous traffic on the earth's surface.

### *Dehydrated Food*

The sewellel, a single species of the American Northwest, dehydrates food. During the summer it gathers plants and ferns, dries them in the sun, then stores them underground for winter meals.

Man hailed the construction of the Suez and Panama canals as great engineering feats. The little beaver excavates remarkable canals, some hundreds of feet long, for the same reason: speedy passage for itself and transportation of freight too heavy to tow overland.

Self-locking doors are the special accomplishment of the California trap-door spider. The female bevels the edge of her burrow and constructs a tight-fitting, earth-and-silk cover with a web hinge. She locks the vault by hooking her fangs in two holes bored on the door's underside.

One creature, the hairy armadillo, or *pichiciago*, of South America, wears a built-in safety door. A plated shell rests above its furry coat. A vertical armored disk, body width and strongly resembling a jar lid, protects its rear end. Wherever the *pichiciago* burrows, the ready-made, closed back door protects it from sneak attack.—*National Geographic Society*.



# Underground Enchantment

By FRANK L. REMINGTON

**I** CAN'T believe my eyes!" "It's the most gorgeous sight I've ever seen."

You'll be uttering such exclamations of delight when you behold the breath-taking beauty of America's underground wonderlands—her caves and caverns. If you've never visited one of these enchanting labyrinths of corridors and chambers you've a rare treat ahead; if you have you'll agree that it was truly a worth-while experience.

There are many thousands of caves. "The crust of the earth is as full of holes as a sponge," Hendrik Van Loon once said—and he was right. Beneath our country there's a largely unexplored land vast enough to hold all our people, plus their belongings and cattle. Experts estimate America has some 50,000 caves, but only about 5,000 of them have been discovered or explored. Large caves exist in almost every State. Kentucky alone has about 100,000 miles of caverns.

Of the 150 or so caves that have been developed for tourists, Mammoth Cave in Kentucky and Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico are, perhaps, the best known and largest. Many caves have been designated as national monuments by the United States Government.

Deep within a cave not so much as a ray of sunlight penetrates the weird beauty and colossal grandeur. Except for the artificial lights, which cast eerie shadows, everything is shrouded in blackness. It's a world apart, where only the visitors themselves and the drip-drop of water break the vast silences. Here you'll see some of nature's most astonishing curiosities—grotesque shapes sculptured out of stone, stone icicles hanging from the roof, massive pillars that rise from the floor, and perhaps a "lost" river containing fish and crabs that have neither eyes nor ears.

Little wonder that caves have held the interest of man for centuries, or that they're enveloped in an air of mystery. They're even a little frightening. Last summer a young woman on a conducted tour through a cave lingered behind the others for a few moments. Suddenly, the under-

ground halls resounded with a piercing shriek. Rushing back, the guide discovered the woman in a dead faint on the cavern's floor. "My lamp went out," she explained when she revived. "I couldn't see an inch in front of me and was so scared that I guess I fainted."

Each of America's thousands of caves has its own story. In the Pacific States, the Oregon Caves National Monument offers beauty of a distinctive type deep

within the Siskiyou Mountains of southern Oregon. The caves are said to have been discovered by Elijah Davidson in 1874, while hunting. A bear, wounded by one of his shots, sought refuge in an opening in the rocks. Davidson hastily followed and made his remarkable discovery.

Today, guides lead parties through the underground wonderland. "Here is

To page 19



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

*Typical of the subterranean beauty found in caverns across North America is this formation, called the Stage Curtain, in Missouri's Meramec Caverns.*



*Because an unknown Seventh-day Adventist somewhere had witnessed for Christ,  
a ship's officer could be confident that there was*

# No Receipt Needed

By BOBBIE JANE VAN DOLSON





"Say, I'm in a predicament," the officer said, "and I wonder if you would help me out." He fingered his billfold and pulled out several twenty-dollar bills.

HARRY BAERG, ARTIST



**I**T MIGHT be easier if you keep quiet on that crowded bus. Your seatmate may be sighing in perplexity as he reads the front page of his evening paper, and wondering audibly "what the world is coming to," but it would be a little awkward for you to speak of the hope that fills your heart.

And that new family next door—seem like nice folks, don't they? Why give them the impression that you're different by telling them about your Sabbath activities? You can just be friendly and pleasant, and maybe they'll never notice that your family is gone every Saturday morning.

You don't *have* to share your faith. But Selma Schafer and an unknown Adventist family didn't figure that way.

Selma was aboard the *Canadian Mail* when it sailed out into the choppy Pacific. She was going to Korea to teach the missionaries' children. It was an important job, for in her hands would be the scholastic training of a group of children who were growing up in an overseas and war-torn land. She must help them pre-

pare to fit into the society of Seventh-day Adventist young people in their homeland. She must teach them in such a way that the transition from an Oriental land would not be too difficult on that future day when they would return, some alone, to take up advanced studies among youth who had never known life anywhere else than in America.

By the time the *Canadian Mail* anchored in Yokohama, Selma was eager to get ashore, to get her feet on solid earth again after two weeks of being tossed about by the ocean. So it was with disappointment that she learned that the ship would not dock, but remain anchored just inside the breakwater. With longing eyes she gazed at the shore line, which might as well have been a hundred miles away as far as being accessible.

"Hi, up there!" a man's voice startled her from her blue reverie. "Are you Miss Schafer?"

"Why, yes, I am." There was a question in her tone as she watched the small launch nuzzle against the hull of the ship below her.

"Just a minute and we'll be up." Two men scrambled rapidly up the steep gangplank, and in a few moments were standing breathlessly beside her on deck. "Whew! Some climb! Say, I'm Jerry Bruce, treasurer of the mission here in Japan, and this is Vin Adams.\* You'll see

more of Vin. He's just over on a business trip from Korea."

"Well, it was certainly kind of you folks to brave the ocean in that little launch to come out here." Selma was frankly appreciative. "I'm so eager to get ashore and look around Japan a little, but I guess it's impossible." Her face mirrored her disappointment.

"Say, why not come back with us in the launch?" Jerry urged. "My home is just a little way out of town. We can pick up my wife, Esther, and look around a bit if you'd like."

"Would I!" Selma flew to her stateroom for her coat and a moment later joined the men near the gangplank.

"Selma, my dear," said one of the motherly women passengers on board

\* Author of "What's Your Price" in the May 27 YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.



who had taken an interest in the girl, "ought you to go ashore with those strange men?"

Selma patted her affectionately and whispered her answer. "Now, don't you worry, Mrs. Johnson. These men are Christians and so am I. We'll be back before too late."

It was fun. By the time Jerry and Esther Bruce had shown Selma the sights of Yokohama and helped her choose a few souvenirs, she felt that the Orient was a pleasant place indeed.

It was quite late when once again the launch made its irregular way toward the anchored *Canadian Mail*. Esther followed Selma into the stateroom to help her with the packages. Jerry walked slowly around the deck and then paused near the rail, where the moon cut a

silver path across the water below him. The sounds of the city were muted out here. A fishing junk glided silently across the moon path and his eyes followed it lazily until it slipped beyond the breakwater.

"Nice evening, isn't it?"

"What? Oh, yes, beautiful evening."

The tall man had approached the rail so silently that Jerry was unaware of his presence until he spoke. The stranger's face was silhouetted against the backdrop of lighted portholes, and Jerry recognized him as one of the ship's officers he had seen in the passenger's quarters earlier in the evening.

The man flicked a red ash from his cigarette and turned to face Jerry. "Say, I'm in a predicament, and I wonder whether you would help me out." He

fingered a worn billfold and drew out several bills. "You see, I can't go ashore here, and I'm anxious to send a hundred dollars to my family. If you'll send them a check, I'll give you the cash."

Jerry felt relieved that the request was such a simple one. "That won't be any problem. I can get it off airmail first thing in the morning."

"I'll certainly appreciate it." The officer handed over the money along with a small piece of paper bearing a scribbled address and turned away from the rail.

Jerry flipped through the crisp notes in that businesslike way peculiar to treasurers. "Just a moment, sir! There're six twenty-dollar bills here. Did you want me to send more than a hundred?"

The man paused. "No, that extra twenty is for you to use in your work in whatever way you see fit. Just send my family the one hundred dollars and put what's left into your work."

"Why, thank you." Jerry was a little startled by the unusual situation. "But let me at least give you a receipt." He fumbled through his pockets for a piece of paper. "I don't have anything very official here, but I can at least jot down that you gave me this amount."

The officer moved back to the rail. "No receipt needed, mister. A long time ago we had some Seventh-day Adventist neighbors. Finest people I ever knew. I don't need a receipt as long as an Adventist has my money." He turned and disappeared in the darkness of the opposite deck.

"Well, I declare!" Jerry folded the six crisp notes into a neat square and put them in his wallet. He remembered suddenly that in the few minutes he had been aboard the *Canadian Mail* there had been no opportunity to tell anyone of his religion. Selma Schafer, a young woman traveling alone across the vast Pacific had shared her faith so well that even the crew were aware that she was a Seventh-day Adventist.

A few months later the telephone rang in Jerry's office at the Japan Union Mission. "Hello?" He listened to the unfamiliar voice on the other end.

"Just wanted to thank you again for the check you mailed my family. Another thing that you might be interested in knowing is that I've joined Alcoholics Anonymous, and am off liquor for good. No, we don't have much time in port this trip, but next time I want to get out there to your mission for a visit."

Jerry slipped the telephone into its cradle and leaned far back in his chair. You could just never tell how far influence would go!

As I was saying, it might be easier if you just kept quiet about your religion and its principles. But Selma Schafer and some unknown Adventists, who were good neighbors to the family of a seagoing man, just didn't see it that way.

All YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers are invited to submit entries for

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# A Moment With Greatness



KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

*F. A. Stahl, pioneer  
missionary to South  
American Indians.*

By

**RICHARD H. UTT**

**W**HEN I served as counselor at Redwood Creek Junior Camp, held on the Cookson ranch in California, my unit was a group of underaged boys that my fellow counselors referred to as "Utt's Kindergarten."

The little fellows were as likable as cantaloupe with ice cream, but there were problems. In the dining hall they finished eating last. On hikes they couldn't keep up with the older campers, and I had to carry the smallest one picka-back. They had trouble dewrinkling their beds and tidying their tents. In marching they couldn't remember which was their right or left foot. At campfire they would go to sleep.

The morning it was our turn to cut

wood for the campfire we secured an ax and dragged a few dry branches out of the woods to the stony riverside used as a campfire site. I gave detailed instructions, followed by a demonstration, then, with misgivings, handed the weapon to one of the youngsters. As he started to whale away at the wood, wounding more often the stones, the others crowded in close to watch him. Each one wanted to be next. There was danger of breaking the ax, and worse, the danger of personal injury.

I demonstrated again, emphasized some safety precautions, and gave the ax to another boy. His talent, too, was stone-cutting. I could have cut the wood myself, but since they were campers eager to

practice all kinds of campcraft, it was hard to say No to their pleas to use the ax.

There was no spot close by, off the rocks, where we could chop, so I finally requested the ax, sent the boys back to camp, and chopped wood a few minutes alone. Arranging the wood by the campfire circle, I was starting for camp when I noticed a portly, white-haired man standing at the edge of the woods looking my direction. I knew very well who he was: the great apostle to the Indians of South America, Pastor F. A. Stahl, who was spending the week at the camp and telling stories each evening to the accompaniment of crackling pine logs.

As I passed near him he spoke. "You did a good job," he said.

"Just how do you mean?" I asked, surprised.

"You did a good job," he repeated. "You saved the ax. An ax is valuable in a camp, and you didn't let the children ruin it on the rocks."

"I am glad you approve," I replied. "I was wondering whether I had done the right thing."

"What is your name?" he queried, changing the subject.

I told him. He took a small booklet from his pocket, removed a rubber band, and started to write. Then he explained, "I believe you are starting out in the ministry, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I just thought I'd put your name here in my prayer list, and pray that you may do a great work for God."

From the time I was a tot F. A. Stahl had been a household name. We had read his book and prayed for him and other missionary heroes in family worship. I had heard him speak at camp meeting. I knew he had worked for thirty years in South America and won hundreds of Indians to Christ. But I didn't know he had time for, or interest in, a nonentity of an intern who had been nowhere and done next to nothing.

But he did. I shall never forget that moment with Pastor Stahl, which for me was a moment in the presence of greatness. It is with gratitude and awe that I remember that F. A. Stahl prayed for me.





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Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

## The Conscience

LESSON FOR AUGUST 9

Daily Study Record: 

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OUTSIDE READING: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 47-56; *Steps to Christ*, pp. 89-96 (Pocket ed., pp. 87-91); *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 458-461.

MEMORY GEM: "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" (Heb. 9:14).

### 1 Two Types of Conscience

1. How does the Bible describe the activity of the conscience?

"David's heart smote him, because he had cut off Saul's skirt" (1 Sam. 24:5).

"Their own consciences endorse the existence of such a law, for there is something which condemns or commends their actions" (Rom. 2:15, Phillips).

NOTE—"Conscience is the voice of God, heard amid the conflict of human passions; when it is resisted, the Spirit of God is grieved."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 120.

2. Consciences come in two types. What are they?

"A pure heart . . . a good conscience" (1 Tim. 1:5).

"Evil conscience" (Heb. 10:22).

NOTE—"Your conscience is not infallible, you see. It is no better, in fact, than you are, for it is a part of you. Your conscience needs to be trained in the ways of God in order to be a safe guide for you. A saying worth remembering is, 'When you have a fight with your conscience, and get licked, you win.'"

"At times reason and conscience remonstrate, and you feel rebuked because of your course; your soul longs after holiness and the surety of heaven; the din of the world looks repulsive to you, and you put it aside and cherish the Spirit of God. Then, again, your worldly propensity comes in, and overrules everything. You will surely have to meet the assaults of Satan, and you should prepare for them by firmly resisting your inclination."—*Ibid.*, vol. 4, pp. 351, 352.

3. What must take place in the conscience to enable it to distinguish between right and wrong?

Memory Gem.

NOTE—"We can no more repent without the Spirit of Christ to awaken the conscience than we can be pardoned without Christ. . . ."

"Whenever they [men] make an effort to reform, from a sincere desire to do right, it is the power of Christ that is drawing them. An influence of which they are unconscious works upon the soul, and the conscience is quickened, and the outward life is amended. And as Christ draws them to look upon His cross, to behold Him whom their sins have pierced, the commandment comes home to the conscience."—*Steps to Christ* (Pocket ed.), pp. 26, 27.

4. How does an enlightened conscience help the young Christian decide his course of action?

"My conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 9:1).

"And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it" (Isa. 30:21).

### 2 Guidance of the Holy Spirit

5. Who is the regenerating and renewing Agent?

"By the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost" (Titus 3:5).

NOTE—"Through this simple act of believing God, the Holy Spirit has begotten a new life in your heart."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 52.

6. Who teaches us what to pray for?

"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession . . . for the saints according to the will of God" (Rom. 8:26, 27).

NOTE—"If men are willing to be moulded, there will be brought about a sanctification of the whole being. The Spirit will take the things of God and stamp them on the soul. By His power the way of life will be made so plain that none need err therein."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 53.

"God has provided divine assistance for all emergencies to which our human resources are unequal. He gives the Holy Spirit to help in every strait, to strengthen our hope and assurance, to illuminate our minds and purify our hearts."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 415.

7. What subject matter is covered by the instruction of the Holy Spirit?

"The things which God hath prepared for them that love him"

"All things, yea, the deep things of God"

"The things of God"

"The things that are freely given to us of God" (1 Cor. 2:9-12).

"All truth"

"Whatsoever he shall hear"

"Things to come" (John 16:13).

8. In what striking symbolism does Inspiration picture the operation of the Holy Spirit through the conscience?

"I will guide thee with mine eye" (Ps. 32:8).

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good" (Prov. 15:3).

NOTE—"You mean the Lord sees me?" Yes, the Lord sees *you*. Remember the desolate Hagar? "The angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness" (Gen. 16:7). "And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me" (verse 13). God saw Hagar in the wilderness and sent an angel to comfort her. He sees *you*, too, right there. He stands ready to do anything necessary to help *you*. Don't ever forget that He sees *you*!

"You cannot hide from God,  
You cannot hide from God,  
Wherever you go,  
Whatever you do,  
You cannot hide from God,  
His eye is fixed on you,  
You cannot hide from God."

—A. H. ACKLEY

### 3 Moral Attainment

9. Who are sons of God?

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God" (Rom. 8:14).

"As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name, which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John 1:12, 13).

10. What was the objective of Paul's spiritual exercise?

"And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men" (Acts 24:16).

11. What kind of conscience does the lying hypocrite have?

"Men who are lying hypocrites, whose consciences are as dead as seared flesh" (1 Tim. 4:2, Phillips).

NOTE—"Here is an example of what happens when one is constantly 'licking' his conscience. Like anything else, with constant pounding and abuse, it becomes numb.

"When a person once neglects to heed the invitations, reproofs, and warnings of the Spirit of God, his conscience becomes seared, and the next time he is admonished, it will be more difficult to yield



obedience than before. And thus with every repetition."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 120.

"The appetites and passions should be restricted and under the control of enlightened conscience, that the intellect may be unimpaired, the perceptive powers clear, so that the workings of Satan and his snares may not be interpreted to be the providence of God."—*Ibid.*, vol. 3, p. 491.

"When intoxicants are used, the same effects will follow as in the case of those priests of Israel. The conscience will lose its sensibility to sin, and a process of hardening to iniquity will most certainly take place, till the common and the sacred will lose all difference of significance. How can we then meet the standard of the divine requirements?"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 362.

12. What effect does the personal presence of God have on a guilty conscience?

"And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground. And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, . . . and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst" (John 8:8, 9).

13. What experience have those whose conscience is "void of offence"?

"And Paul, earnestly beholding the council, said, Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day" (Acts 23:1).

"Now it is a matter of pride to us—endorsed by our conscience—that our activities in this world, particularly our dealings with you, have been absolutely above-board and sincere and have not been marked by any 'cleverness'" (2 Cor. 1:12, Phillips).

NOTE.—"The greatest want of the world is the want of men—men who will not be bought or sold, men who in their inmost souls are

true and honest, men who do not fear to call sin by its right name, men whose conscience is as true to duty as the needle to the pole, men who will stand for the right though the heavens fall."—*Education*, p. 57.

Your conscience is probably a lot like the consciences of your best friends. What kinds of consciences do you associate with? What do you do when your conscience whispers No? What do you do when it shouts Don't? Who wins when you have a fight with your conscience?

### Quizzes

1. Define conscience. (1)
2. How can you make sure your conscience is the kind you can rely upon at all times? (1)
3. Who will lead you, if you will, to repentance? (1)
4. What is the guide of the Holy Spirit's intercession for the saints? (2)
5. By what name did Hagar call God? (2)
6. Are you a son or daughter of God? (3)
7. What kind of conscience was Paul's goal? (3)
8. What kind of conscience has the lying hypocrite? (3)
9. What kind of pride is "in bounds" or "on campus" for the young Christian? (3)

NEXT WEEK, August 16, 1958—Lesson title: "The Education That Really Educates." Outside reading: *Education*, pp. 13-19, 28-30, 225-229. Memory gem: James 3:17.



J. BYRON LOGAN

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

**QUESTION** Would it be wrong to take pictures of family gatherings or nature objects on Sabbath?

**ANSWER** The principle of Sabbath observance is found in Isaiah 58:13, 14. Here the Lord tells us not to seek merely our own pleasure on the Sabbath. To take pictures on the Sabbath for personal pleasure violates the principle of this text.

Personally, I never take any pictures on the Sabbath. I would not condemn one, however, who felt that he wished to take a picture of some baptism or great conference meeting and use it later in one of our periodicals. These pictures are taken not for personal pleasure, but for the

blessing or advancement of the church.

**ANSWER** Your question shows that you have a conscience not yet seared in regard to the temptation of picture-taking on the Sabbath.

I have taken hundreds—yes, thousands—of pictures, black and white and in color. I wish I could say that I had never taken a picture during sacred time. But I can say that except for the first two or three years, before I knew better, I haven't violated the Sabbath by rationalizing myself into thinking that God would condone my picture-taking.

I've been in some pretty wonderful places, too, at home and overseas. I've seen events on the Sabbath I would never see

again. I've been in beauty spots on the Sabbath that may never again be duplicated in my journeyings. But since the first two or three years of my hobby, I have just been happy for the privilege of seeing what I could not conscientiously preserve on film.

Why did I stop Sabbath picture-taking? Because I discovered that I couldn't find a logical stopping place.

It isn't sinful to eat on the Sabbath day. But does the legitimacy of caring for our body needs justify taking a picture of a Sabbath mealtime, in a park, or by a stream, or at some mountain retreat? To me it doesn't.

I saw a fine Christian at Mount Vernon last year when the MV Golden Anniversary was celebrated. He had a camera slung over a shoulder, ready for the Sabbath unveiling of the memorial stone. "I was here fifty years ago when the MV program was decided upon," he told me.

"I guess you didn't have a camera for taking pictures on the Sabbath then, did you?" I had the temerity to observe.

"No, I guess you're right," he replied. "I guess we've changed."

If some church event happens on the Sabbath, and those in charge feel it should be shared in picture as well as in words through our publications, I will leave that to them. But for just anyone to be popping flash bulbs around—well, I think someday some of us will wish we had taken more time to learn what distinguishes the Sabbath from the weekdays.

Have a good time with your camera, on any day, Sunday through Friday, but not during holy time.



## Underground Enchantment

From page 11

where Elijah's bear was killed," they tell you, pointing into the shallow pit where the luckless bruin sought refuge. You'll follow a path to the River Styx, gurgling and rippling in a crevice narrow and deep. A Bridge of Sighs crosses the doleful stream. In enormous chambers wavering shadows of stalactites and stalagmites greet you and cast a mystic spell.

Farther along you'll see a marble garden of vegetables and fruit. Almost as realistic as if they had been growing in a native environment, hang bunches of bananas, grapes, and apples in company with their more common cousins—potatoes, carrots, and such. Of rare beauty, and inaccessible if it were not for a long series of steel ladder steps, Paradise Lost is a room almost sixty feet high, its walls adorned by flowerlike pendants that transform it into a chamber of marble enchantment.

Dozens of formations come into view and are left behind as the guide leads you onward. Finally, with what seems like a lifetime of underground experience crowded into two short hours, you'll leave the caverns by way of a 500-foot tunnel going back to the aroma of the deep woods and into the bright sunshine.

How can you keep the difference between stalactites and stalagmites straight in your mind? They are, of course, the "stone icicles" that hang from the ceiling and rise from the floor of a cavern. The *c* in the middle of the word helps us to remember that a stalactite hangs from the ceiling, and the *g* in the middle reminds us that a stalagmite rises from the ground.

Texas boasts the third largest cave in the world, and it's also one of the most interesting. Situated almost in the geographical center of the State, Longhorn Cavern has been explored for eight miles without an end being reached. Some experts believe it might stretch for hundreds of miles.

In the two-hour stroll of Longhorn, you'll see rock formations containing all colors of the rainbow, immense underground auditoriums, and walls sparkling as if encrusted with millions of diamonds. One of the outstanding sights is the Chandelier Room, so called because of the elaborate stalactites.

Usually considered the largest cave in the world, Mammoth has been attracting visitors for nearly a century and a half. Since 1941 the cave and its environs has been a National Park. It has more than 150 miles of explored corridors literally filled with spectacular features. There are two main entrances, one natural and the other man made.

If you choose the all-day, eight-mile exploring trip, you start walking at 10:00 A.M. at the Old, or Historic Entrance.

Almost eight hours later, fascinated but benumbed by the display of geologic splendor, you emerge at the Frozen Niagara Entrance, having eaten lunch in an underground dining room. On this trip you tramp through endless limestone avenues, grand, dismal, and peculiar.

"Spelunkers," as they call themselves, carry on much of the present cave exploration. They are adventurers, both amateur and professional, with a hankering to chart and explore the silence and darkness of the fabulous underground domain. In 1939, the growing numbers of spelunkers organized the Speleological Society with headquarters in Washington, D.C. Today, some four thousand spelunkers the country over belong to the society through local chapters.

When you enjoy the wonders of a cavern in complete safety, remember that a group of spelunkers probably preceded you, charting dark passageways, often squeezing through narrow apertures, and exposing themselves to danger far beneath the ground. They are constantly finding new caves and probing the vastness of those already discovered.

Awhile back, for instance, the Speleological Society sponsored the most elaborate cave expedition ever attempted on the American continent. Fifty-five men and women spent a week exploring the hazardous and uncharted limestone passages that honeycomb the lower level of Crystal Cave, Kentucky, two hundred feet underground.

This is the cave discovered by Floyd Collins and near which he met death in 1925, in a rock fall, while digging a new entrance. Trapped under tons of rocks, he remained alive during frantic efforts to save him. Unfortunately, he succumbed to pneumonia just as rescuers were about to reach him. His body is now in a bronze casket in Crystal Cave.

Because of the rugged conditions in Crystal Cave, members of the recent expedition submitted to intensive physical and mental examination and training. Even in the previously explored portions, the explorers had to wriggle through openings in the rocks only 14 inches in diameter and skirt dangerous pits and crevices. And always there was danger from falling rocks.

In caves open to tourists, of course, you're fully as safe as in your own backyard. No one can enter without a guide, and passages and chambers that don't meet rigid safety requirements are closed to the public. Even if you're the nervous type, you have nothing to fear from a conducted tour.

It was Jim White, a cowboy, who discovered Carlsbad Caverns. Riding in the rugged foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains in New Mexico, he noticed a thick

stream of black smoke in the distance and spurred his horse to investigate. Instead of smoke, he discovered thick clouds composed of millions of bats winging out of a cave, on their pre-dark flight for food.

Taking his courage in hand, White slipped through the dark entrance. Impressed by the wonders he saw, he took every opportunity to visit the caverns and encouraged others to visit them. Later Jim White became an unofficial guide for the caverns, and when Carlsbad was included within the National Park System he was made a park ranger and subsequently, chief ranger.

Carlsbad Caverns are unique among the world's caves because of the vast size of the underground chambers and their high ceilings. Many of the formations, in all forms and positions, are delicately colored, generally in shades of tan, but other tints are sometimes seen. While many miles of passages and chambers have been explored, the size of the cavern is still not known.

The bat spectacle is one of the great attractions of Carlsbad. Each evening about sundown a great number of bats come forth from the Bat Cave. Flying out through the entrance arch in a spiral, they stream off over the rim in a southerly



### Bible Trees

By ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

From the column on the right, choose the tree that matches each description on the left.

- |  |                |
|--|----------------|
| 1. Zacchaeus climbed into it to see Jesus  | a. Willow      |
| 2. Cursed by Jesus   | b. Pomegranate |
| 3. Wicked likened to its spread  | c. Oak         |
| 4. Sheltered Elijah  | d. Sycamore    |
| 5. Israelite captives hung their harps on it                                       | e. Olive       |
| 6. Wood used for the most holy place in Solomon's temple                           | f. Bay         |
| 7. The angel of the Lord sat under it in Ophrah                                    | g. Palm        |
| 8. Where the Israelites under Moses camped at Elim there were three score and ten  | h. Juniper     |
| 9. Two cherubim carved of this tree's wood stood in the oracle of Solomon's temple | i. Fig         |
| 10. Saul tarried under this one in Gibeah  | j. Cedar       |

Key on page 20



direction, later to separate into flocks, which disappear in the distance for a night's foraging.

The exodus continues for some time, depending on the intensity of the flight and the number of bats present. The population of bats depends upon the availability of their insect food supply. In a good season when insects are plentiful, five to eight million bats are not uncommon. As the insect food supply wanes, so does the number of bats. During the winter months most of them migrate to warmer regions.

The bats return from their nocturnal insect feeding just before dawn. They dive into the cave's entrance at amazingly high speed and fly unerringly to their favorite resting places, where they spend the daylight hours at rest. At roost, they hang by their hind legs, head downward, in dense clusters, from the ceiling of the cave.

Usually regarded as natural wonders where tourists come to marvel, caverns, nonetheless, have a practical value too. Today, speleologists are examining the great underground spaces as possible storage and factory sites for the production and laying away of vital supplies in case of a national emergency.

Though exploration has been carried on in most caves for years, the ends of many have not yet been found. Spelunkers have probed Diamond Cave near Jasper, Arkansas, for twenty-one miles, yet the underground kingdom extends on and on indefinitely. Endless Caverns in Virginia are aptly named. Although exploration has been carried on for a number of years, no end has yet been found to the labyrinth of winding channels and vast rooms.

Wind Cave National Park in South Dakota acquired its name from the strong currents of wind that blow alter-

nately in and out of its mouth. This strange phenomenon is believed to be caused by changes in the atmospheric pressure outside. When the barometer is falling, the wind usually blows outward; when it rises, the wind blows in.

Missouri's Marvel Cave is the fourth largest in America. The Capitol in Washington could stand comfortably in one of its rooms. In the high desert country of eastern Nevada, you can follow the winding trails of the intricate Lehman Caves. Strange stone faces, animals, and figurines line the path. Some of the formations are delicate shades of buff or chocolate, while others are a creamy white.

Actually, you can visit an interesting cave in almost any section of the country. Most of them are open every day of the year. No matter which one you visit, however, you may agree with the enthusiast who declared, "The biggest show on earth is under it."

## This Is Boston

From page 4

sides towered dingy brick buildings; on the fourth side were the throngs on Tremont Street, from which I had just come. But here were tall trees and green grass.

And here were the dead. To wander down the paths reading the names on the tombstones was like taking a step backward through a century or two or three. Here are Benjamin Franklin's parents, resting under a massive stone bearing lines written by Franklin himself. Here is Samuel Sewall, the chief justice condemned in history for his part in the witchcraft trials of the seventeenth century, though he later stood up in meeting of his own accord to shoulder the blame and shame of it. Here are some of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. And here is Paul Revere, who, thanks to Longfellow, is perhaps as famous as anyone in the Revolution.

Certain holidays help to keep Boston history conscious.

On the nineteenth of April each year the Commonwealth of Massachusetts celebrates Patriots' Day, which actually begins the night before with a watchnight service in the Old North Church, where—according to Longfellow's poem—the signal lanterns were hung before Revere's historic ride to warn the sleeping townspeople of the approach of the British troops. Half of Boston masses onto the green in the center of Lexington, a few miles out of the city, to cheer the descendant of Paul Revere, who, garbed in Revolutionary breeches and three-cornered hat, gallops into the town at the climax of the celebration.

I went one Sunday morning to that Old North Church, getting there early

to hear the peal of the same bells that Paul Revere and seven other bell ringers used to ring by hand. On one of the bells, which were made in Gloucester, England, is the inscription: "We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America. A.D. 1744." Revere, a man whose talents were not limited to ringing bells, made the silver chalice from which communion is served in the Old North. King George II was himself the donor of the communion plate.

To my dismay, for I knew nothing of the Episcopalian order of service, the old sexton ushered me to the very front pew and closed the door of the pew after me. As the church gradually filled, I leaned back and listened to the bells, incomparably sweet. When the service began, I turned sideways, watching from the tail of my eye two well-dressed ladies who seemed to know what they were doing. When they appeared ready to rise, I rose; when they sat, I sat; when they knelt, I knelt.

After the service the rector invited all strangers to the parish house next door; and to give the usual crowd of tourists time to get down out of the belfry, which I wanted to climb alone, I followed him. In a corner of the room where we gathered, I met the two ladies whose example had guided me through the service. They greeted me warmly.

"Do you know," said one, "we were so glad you were sitting in front of us. We had never been in a church like this before, but you seemed to know what you were doing, and we just followed you."

When there was no longer the sound of voices and laughter in the belfry I started

up the rough stairs. The wind tore gleefully at my hat. I grabbed it frantically. Then I realized that I had only two hands and I needed three—one for my hat, one for my purse, and a third for the railing beside the steep stairs. I went back and laid my hat in a pew. Up and up I climbed, past the bells, motionless and silent now, into the narrow part of the belfry where the stairs wound so steeply that my heart pounded. Looking about me at the cobwebs, I wondered what it would be like to climb at night.

At the top I felt the sway of the steeple in the wind. I looked across the river, speculating as to where Paul Revere had waited for the signal. I turned toward the harbor, seeing streets and tall buildings where irate colonists once dumped chests of British tea into the water rather than pay the tax levied on it. Then I went slowly back down the stairs, past the cobwebs, past the bells. It was very still in the church. I put on my hat and walked out into the sunshine, feeling that I had been in the very world of Paul Revere.

Visitors who like the Old North Church are almost sure to like the Old State House down on Washington Street. It is called the Old State House, of course, to distinguish it from the sprawling edi-

## KEY

### Wit Sharpeners

1. d (Luke 19:4)
2. i. (Matt. 21:19)
3. f (Ps. 37:35)
4. h (1 Kings 19:4-5)
5. a (Ps. 137:2)
6. j (1 Kings 6:16)
7. c. (Judges 6:11)
8. g (Ex. 15:27)
9. e (1 Kings 6:23)
10. b (1 Sam. 14:2)



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fice with the Bulfinch front, up on Beacon Hill.

A lot happened down here, when the old building was in its heyday. From one of the stone balconies, for example, the Declaration of Independence was read to the people gathered in the square below. The stocks, a whipping post, and a pillory were erected in the square. A man was fastened in the pillory by his head and hands, so that he could not move. Offenders who were sent to the stocks sat down, their legs held tightly between blocks of wood. Mothers might be thus publicly rebuked for caressing their children, or husbands for kissing their wives on Sunday. Now, of course, nothing but the legends remain of these stern Puritan ideas of justice.

But much of the Old State House is the same as it has been for years. Time and time again I have climbed the circular stairway, so spidery and graceful that I have wondered how it withstands the traffic of thousands of feet that go up and down it each year. There are many things tourists like to see in the Old State House. My sightseeing is always a little aimless; I like to wander around here, looking at Revere's handiwork, the prints and models of old ships, John and Dorothy Hancock's inaugural finery.

Only a short walk along Washington Street is the Old South Church. It seems highly incongruous that subway trains grind to a stop in the station beneath it. Though most people are accustomed to the subway trains, nobody likes to remember that the king's troops used the building as a stable for their horses at one time.

I went there one Patriots' Day when I was studying in Boston. I had to work hard that year for tuition, bus fare, board, and room, and when my sister threw away the hat she had worn for several years, I rescued it from the trash can and put it upon my own head. It was black felt, with a stiff little crown and straight, narrow brim. Around the crown was a wide black band, which I pulled down and tied under my chin. At the Old South Church I was reminded of the Boston lady who said, "Buy our hats? We don't buy them, we *have* them," for when the usher had closed the door of my pew, he hesitated a moment, then turned back

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but alcohol is no longer listed as a medicine. A medicine is used to cure disease, and "There is not a single disease in the world" according to Dr. Howard Kelly of John Hopkins University, "of which alcohol is the cure. This fact is well known to science."

"The purpose of medicine," said Dr. Kelly, "is to cure disease. Since alcohol cures no disease, it is not a medicine." "It has," emphasized Dr. Kelly, "no place in medical practice."

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

to say, "Do you mind if I tell you that your hat looks as though it belongs here?"

At the Friday afternoon symphony I saw hats that had doubtless been serving their owners well over a decade. The Friday symphony is a real Boston institution, like the baked beans and brown bread that are still served on Saturday night in many homes and most restaurants. Those who do not hold season tickets must stand in line before the concert and wait until the regular symphony patrons have turned in tickets from absent members of their families. The woman whose extra ticket I bought that day had been occupying the same place on Friday afternoons for years. I felt like an imposter. She belonged there; I didn't.

When the regular concert season ends in the spring, the rows of seats in Symphony Hall are taken up to make room for tables at which music lovers sit for refreshments during concerts of the world famous Boston Pops Orchestra, made up largely of members of the equally famous symphony. In July the concerts move out to the bank of the Charles River. Six nights a week for three weeks the orchestra plays to an audience of several thousand people sitting on blankets or on

canvas chairs, which can be rented from vendors on the fringes of the crowd. Unless one rents a chair, these Esplanade concerts cost nothing, although listeners are urged to leave a contribution.

Boston weather, always unpredictable, is sometimes inconsiderate of the crowds facing the big shell in which the orchestra sits. One night, when the rain began, those of us who had newspapers shared with those who did not. With papers on our heads we applauded even more briskly than usual to tell the orchestra we had no intention of leaving—a language that has become common on the Esplanade.

Through the sprinkle of rain that night I heard the measured tones of a clock. When Longfellow

stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour

one of the nearest of the clocks was that above the old Charles Street Church, to whose mellow tones I listened a century later.

But if a person sometimes finds the air in Boston oppressive with the consciousness of the past, he can stroll in the sun on the Common, which has changed so much that scarcely anyone has a thought of its past. I have gone back there again and again with pleasure. I have fed the corpulent pigeons who crowded greedily about my feet on the Long Walk across the Common to Beacon Street—that walk on which the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table asked the schoolmistress to take the long walk through life with him. I have followed the hurdy-gurdy man along the Tremont Street side of the Common.

Once, though I had no children to entertain, I took a ride on one of the swan boats that float decorously along the shore of what used to be the Frog Pond. Another time I borrowed a small boy, who sat up very straight in my lap and asked excited questions about the ducks who paddled beside us, watching for popcorn.

But one cannot escape for long—I would not wish to, even if I could—the sense that history was made in this city. Realizing this, I think I have some inkling of what the woman meant when she said, "Liking Boston is like saluting the flag."

## Why I Am a Minister

From page 5

To see him in turn bring others to the foot of the cross is an adventure in spiritual achievement—that is joy beyond telling.

Buildings, though their foundations be built on the very bedrock of earth, will in time deteriorate. Every bridge, though it

is buttressed with a massive structure of concrete and steel, must eventually carry its last vehicle and then be consigned to the scrap heap. Every great ship must plow its last mile through turbulent seas and then follow the way of all ships to a last resting place. But the influence of a

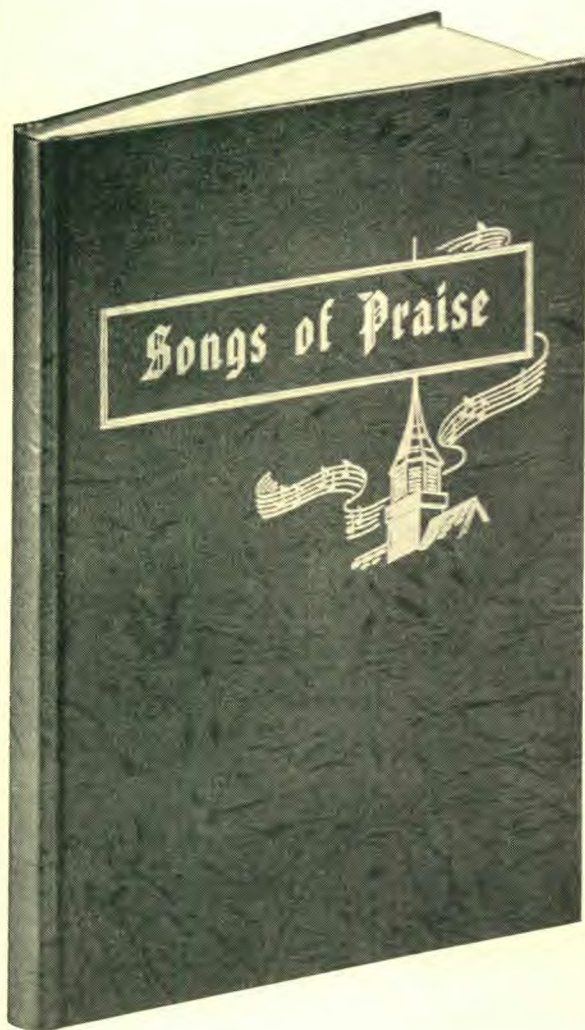
godly life, built on eternal certainties, is everlasting and indestructible.

Present experience provides nothing by which we can really measure the reward of those who in humbleness of heart bring others to Christ, but God has seen to it that in this life there is a preview of the happiness that will be theirs in heaven.

Next Week: "Why I Am a Teacher."

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U.S. ARMY PHOTO

► PLANS are being completed to transmit electric power at voltages higher than ever. A full-scale prototype transmission is to be built that is scheduled to carry power at a maximum of three quarters of a million volts and later may be altered to send million-volt power. The 750,000 voltage is higher than that of any existing power line in the world and more than twice the highest operating transmission voltage in the United States.

GE

► FOSSIL remains of giant fish have been found through most of the Great Plains area, chiefly in Kansas but also in Texas. One of the largest was about 16 feet long, a member of the herring tribe. Within the rib case was found the skeleton of a smaller fish that had been swallowed but whose bones had not been digested when the monster itself met its end. Smithsonian

► A NEW transatlantic telephone cable is to be laid between the west coast of Scotland and Newfoundland, at a cost of about \$25 million. A special new lightweight type of deep-sea submarine telephone cable will be used to connect the United Kingdom and Canada, the first one sponsored by Commonwealth countries alone.

British Information Services

► THE world's annual production of diamonds, most of which are mined in South Africa, would fill about 75 bushel baskets. The yield amounts to some 23 million carats. To attain one carat even the most modern mine must process about three tons of worthless rock.

NGS

► THERE are an estimated 1.5 million parking meters installed throughout the United States, each taking in an average of \$70 per year. Thus motorists spend about \$100 million a year in meter fees.

Highway Highlights

► THE Step Pyramid of Djoser, built about 2740 B.C. at Memphis, Egypt, is the oldest free-standing stone structure in the world.

NGS

► THE clinic at Rockefeller Center in New York City has a daily average patient load of 125. The accident curve rises in summer and at holiday times with the large influx of visitors.

Scope

► A THREE-YEAR STUDY of juvenile delinquency concludes that "it has been a collapse of adult discipline and authority, of inspiration and example," that has been the major fault in this tragic situation.

Union Oil

► Yaws has been called "the nightmare of the tropics" because its empire lies between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. About 50 million people are thought to be infected. However, a single shot of penicillin will cure the disease.

WHO

► COSMOPOLITAN is the word for Mauritius, a tiny island in the Indian Ocean. A majority of the inhabitants are Indian Hindus and Moslems. But their home is a British crown colony; it bears the name of a Dutch prince; its laws derive from French codes; and most islanders speak more French than English.

NGS

► RESEARCH with the goby, a tiny dull-gray fish, shows it to be practically tone deaf. Both males and females respond to any reasonably fair imitation of the male's grunt. However the females are not quite so gullible as the males and will hang back if there is no goby visible when they swim toward the source of the sound.

Research Reviews

► CONTRARY to common belief, most common skin disorders are not significantly connected with dietary or nutritional allergies or deficiencies, according to a prominent dermatologist. He also stated that malnutrition in the form of overeating, which leads to obesity, is by far the most frequently encountered nutritional disturbance that causes or aggravates skin diseases.

AMA

## TARGET

It seems that everybody who takes a good look at the antisocial actions of some teen-agers comes up with the conclusion that it is not the young people themselves but adults who are mostly to blame. And that may be quite true.

But it is also true that the religion of Jesus Christ makes it possible for a teen-ager to grow into full maturity in spite of less-than-ideal guidance and inspiration from adults. This fact is our hope that the church will fulfill its commission. The job will be done by those who progress—spiritually and intellectually—beyond the present accomplishments of their elders. To maintain *status quo* is not enough.

FG

► TASMANIA, an island 130 miles south of Australia, is about half the size of Florida. It supports some 315,000 persons on its coastal plains. The rugged central plateau is largely unsettled. Although far from Britain, Tasmania's elms, oaks, hawthorn hedgerows, and golden daffodils remind Englishmen of home. Hop fields and white-stone farm cottages add to the illusion.

NGS

► THE world's longest fence has been built in Australia around half of Queensland's 670,500 square miles, to keep out the marauding native dog, the dingo. The 6-foot-high wire-mesh fence cost the government nearly \$1,125,000, but it is a sound investment, for dingo packs have been slaying sheep and cattle at a rate of about 500,000 a year for decades.

ANB

► TODAY people applaud performances they like by clapping, but the early Spaniards used to clap all through singing and dancing. The hand-clap was considered an essential part of every performance, and led to adoption of the invading Moors' "timekeeper," nutshells that clicked together, as the first castanets. "Castanet" means "chestnut."

AMC

► FATHERS waiting impatiently for their first look at the new baby are getting speedy closed-circuit television service at a Florida hospital. Dad watches regular TV programs until delivery room nurse announces on intercom system that he should switch to a certain channel. Then he sees the baby.

Scope

► THERE is a new "wild east," which eventually may provide subsistence for millions coming from presently over-crowded areas. It is the hot, wet, partly unexplored region of Colombia east of the Andean foothills—a 2,000-mile stretch of fertile valleys and plateaus that is still sparsely populated.

Smithsonian

► MEXICAN road builders have laid out a superb new route from the United States border seven hundred miles to Mexico City that cuts off a half day's driving time and eliminates miles of tedious mountain curves. It is the first U.S.-style superhighway to the Mexican capital.

Ford Times

► EARLY French loggers were originally called "chanters" (pronounced "shawn-tay"). The term was Americanized as "shanty-boys" and was applied to men in logging camps from Michigan to Maine.

AMC

► SERIOUS tooth decay could be controlled and prevented in 92 per cent of the cases where a special high-protein, low-sugar diet is applied, according to a professor of dental medicine.

UCAL

► ANCIENT Romans fed garlic to their laborers to make them strong and to their soldiers to make them courageous. Europeans have used the aromatic plant for 2,000 years or more.

NGS