

Interpreting Events

Christian youth should be the best informed young people on the earth. Their knowledge of Scripture has given them a basis for understanding the unfolding pageant of current events.

Last June another two-page folder for inserting in our telephone directory came to our house, listing still wider horizons for direct distance dialing. From our home we can now dial direct to telephones in thirty States.

Daniel 12:4 receives additional fulfillment, not only when some new breakthrough of knowledge is achieved, but whenever there is an *increase* in knowledge.

According to Pan American Airlines advertisements, daily Jet Clipper passenger flights will begin this fall between New York and London. The travel time from the United States to Europe will be just 390 minutes.

The speed with which men now run to and fro, the ease with which we may communicate with others thousands of miles away, are among the increasing signs of our Lord's soon return. But there is danger in familiarity with the marvels of life in this closing age. Familiarity can lead to complacency, and that can lead to spiritual disaster.

You who long for His return are not waiting for some spectacular event to call you to examine yourselves to see whether or not you are in the faith. As balanced, reasoning human beings, you know that the final events will be rapid ones. In their rapidity you discern the calls to repentance and reformation of life.

The automatic telephone was patented in 1891. That same year Ellen G. White said: "You will not be able to say that He will come in one, two, or five years, neither are you to put off His coming by stating that it may not be for ten or twenty years. It is the duty of the people of God to have their lamps trimmed and burning, to be as men that wait for the Bridegroom, when He shall return from the wedding." *

You will be in one of three groups when He comes: those who accepted and followed Him all the way; those who accepted but thought to follow Him at a distance; those who never accepted Him at all. Daily self-examination will reveal in which group you are preparing to be included.

Waller Groudall

* Sermon at Lansing, Michigan, September 5, 1891, published in The Review and Herald, March 22, 1892.

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.



and letters to the editor

COVER Jan Doward's photo shows Max Thomas of the Harris Pine Mills at Pendleton, Oregon, on top of Tolmie Peak looking toward Mount Rainier. Lake Eunice below—a long way below!

TEXAS Charles E. Clarke writes: "I have been a 'youth' for about forty years, especially as an INSTRUCTOR reader, and find that it gets better as it ages—not grows up—for I believe it is still a youth's instructor."

OREGON Mr. and Mrs. E. A. C.: "Just a line to tell you that we enjoy the articles for weekday reading. Have saved some for future reference."

WASHINGTON "For some time I have wanted to write and give my opinion of weekday articles. I do not think it is wise to have secular matter in a religious paper for young people. I am afraid that some of them read the articles on the Sabbath, and others may be tempted. I believe we should have special things for Sabbath, and among them should be the periodicals for our children and youth. The useful articles for other days could be printed in pamphlet form and provide good secular reading," Mrs. Donna Banek.

NORTH DAKOTA Elvera Petersen writes: "We were pleased to have you call attention again to articles on safety and economy. We believe these are indeed meat in due season for all Christians, old and young, any and all the time. 'Safety is everybody's business.' We hope you will have a series of such articles on economy, thrift, budgeting. Christians should have an attitude of 'gather up the fragments' and knowledge of how wisely to use money. This involves budget and bookkeeping and makes for better steward-ship."

GEORGIA "Personally I feel it would be best not to have anything in the Instructor but what would be all right for Sabbath. The youth will read whatever is in it on Sabbath." O. D. WRIGHT.

MEN "Men of power are those who have been opposed, baffled, and thwarted."— The Ministry of Healing, p. 500.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Walter T. Crandall
Fritz Guy
T. K. Martin
Raymond F. Cottrell

Consulting Editors RAYMOND F. COTTRELL
RICHARD HAMMILL, THEODORE LUCAS
E. LENNARD MINCHIN

Circulation Manager R. J. CHRISTIAN
Editorial Secretary ALICE MAE SLICK

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The post office will not forward second-class matter even though you leave a forwarding address. Send both the old and the new address to The Youth's Instructor before you move.

Editor Assistant Editor

Art Editor

AS MOIRA hurried to the door, her heels thudded on the rug. Friday afternoon was short at best, since she worked at the office until one o'clock, and the sun set so early during the winter months. She had so many things to do, and she had already been delayed by the trip to the bank. But she had to cash her pay check.

The door clicked behind her. Then she stopped. Really she ought to put that money in a safe place. It was not wise to carry that much cash with her. But a glance at her watch, and she hurried down the walk to the car. After all, it was getting late. She would be extra careful.

After an unsuccessful trip into a department store, she entered a small dress shop, selected several gowns from the rack, and went to the fitting room to try them on. The first one did not fit. Too tight, she decided. And wasn't that neckline a bit low? In her struggle to get it off, her elbow struck her purse, knocking it to the floor. Freeing herself from the snug dress, she picked up the big leather bag. The catch was open, so she checked hastily on the floor to see that nothing had fallen out. Everything seemed to be in order.

The other dresses were equally unsatisfactory, so she replaced them on the rack and went on. Several shops later she gave up. Evidently this was not her day to buy a dress. However, in a little store around the corner she found just the buttons she needed for the blouse she was making—pretty bronze triangles that would be a perfect finishing touch against the rough brown silk. "Dollar twenty-five," said the clerk.

Moira fished in her purse for the billfold. And then the walls of the store seemed to whirl around her. It was gone.



Her billfold! Two whole weeks' salary and more! Every cent of it! Her driver's license, AAA card, credit card, charge-aplate, and all the other valuables that are usually carried in a billfold. All gone.

Stammering an explanation to the

clerk, Moira paid her with a hastily written check. "Please let me know if you find it," the clerk called after her. "I'll keep on worrying until I know for sure."

"So will I," muttered Moira. Where could she have dropped it? Why, she hadn't even opened her purse since she left the house, except—yes, she had dropped her keys into it at the parking lot. That was it! She had dropped the billfold there. Or perhaps she had had it in her lap when she had gotten out of the car. She frequently let her gloves fall that way.

She almost ran back to the car. All around it she went, even bending down to peer under it. Only then did she look inside. On the floor, under the seat, back of the cushion. Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Now what? Numbly she perched on the edge of the seat, trying to remember what she had done and where she had gone. Then she thought of the episode in the dress shop. But she had checked after the purse dropped. Still, something had to be done.

The girls in the dress shop shook their heads. No, they hadn't seen it. And just to make sure, they went with her to check the fitting room. It just wasn't there.

Probably everyone sooner or later experiences the frustrations Moira had in this

Friday Afternoon Episode

Moira retraced her steps to the other stores, trying to follow her moves exactly from counter to counter. No use. In the last place, while she waited for the busy girl in the Lost and Found Department, she leaned her hot forehead against the wall and prayed, "Lord, please help me find that billfold. You know we can't afford to lose a hundred dollars. But if it is Thy will that it not be found, help me to learn the lesson there is for me in this experience." A measure of quietness and calm came back to her, even though again the clerk gave a negative answer.

Back at the car she mentally reviewed every move she had made. She had followed up every clue and had checked in every place she had been. Not another thing could be done. Then she bowed her head over the steering wheel and again asked for guidance. The weight seemed to be lifted from her heart and she drove on.

Parking the car at the home curb, Moira reached for her keys as she went up the walk. Then she almost flew, for the telephone was jingling. It must be word about the lost billfold.

Quickly she unlocked the door and snatched the telephone from its cradle.

"Moira? This is Verna," came the voice. Moira's heart sank. This couldn't be about the billfold, for no one she knew had been told of her loss. She had not even seen Verna or any of the other girls from the office.

"Yes," she answered, her voice mirroring her disappointment.

"Are you all right?" came the anxious question.

"Mustn't let my feelings show like that," Moira advised herself. "I'm fine," she replied.

"Look," came the abrupt query, "have

you lost anything?"

"Why y-y-yes, m-m-m-my billfold," Moira stammered. "How did you know?"

"Well, Mother and I were in a dress shop this afternoon and found a billfold lying back of the legs of the partition in the fitting room. We looked in it for identification before turning it over to the Lost and Found Department. When I found that it was yours, I kept it and hurried home. I've been trying to get you ever since."

Moira suddenly sat limply on a chair. Tears of relief tickled her nose and made her sniff, while she thanked her friend over and over and promised to come immediately to get her lost property.

But she did not go immediately. No, indeed. First she slid to her still shaky knees beside the telephone and offered fervent thanks to a heavenly Father who was so interested in her that He even watched over a lost billfold.

Then she reached for the telephone and called the clerk who would "worry until she knew" that it had been found. There was a smile on her messy, tear-stained face; there was peace in her heart.

though the road rough

ORD, show me what to do. If I'm wrong, I want to know. If I'm right about keeping the Sabbath, strike these folks dumb," Howard Boyd silently prayed. Mean-while, earnest relatives were imploring God to turn him from what they called the error of Sabbathkeeping.

It had been only a few weeks since Mrs. Jud Stout, a member of the small Seventh-day Adventist church at Idaho Springs, Colorado, had walked the half mile up Chicago Creek to tell her neighbors about a special meeting that would be held that evening at the home of her father, Mr. Hayes. Pastor S. F. Svensson had come up from Denver to visit with the Adventists in the little mining town.

Many times Mrs. Stout had walked this way, bearing other similar invitations for the Perrys and the Boyd brothers, Howard and Wheeler. Until now, these invitations had been spurned; they were too busy, or they had other appointments. At first Mrs. Stout had thought it would be of no use to go again, but then had decided, "I'll go just this once more. This will be my last time. If they don't come tonight, I'll not bother them again."

She came first to the log cabin where the Boyd brothers lived.

"Good morning, Mrs. Stout," Howard greeted his neighbor. "How are you and

your family?"

"Just fine, Howard, just fine. What I came for was to invite you and Wheeler to a meeting at my father's house this evening at seven-thirty. Pastor Svensson is here from Denver, and I'm sure you'd enjoy his good Bible message. You and Wheeler be sure to come."

"We'll see about it," Howard said, making sure that he did not commit himself. "Good-by, and thanks for the invita-tion."

Mrs. Stout turned and went to the other house across the grassy flat where she spoke to Mrs. Perry. Watching her, Howard thought to himself, "Yes, I'll go to that meeting tonight. I'll go down, and I'll straighten those Advents out once and

A man in his mid-twenties, Howard was used to hard work in the gold mines of the community. His father had died while he was a boy, and his mother died while he and Wheeler, who was two years

younger, were still in their teens. The boys had been "making their way" for a number of years.

They had found time for religion, and both Howard and Wheeler had joined the local Protestant church. Howard was active in the church program, and was licensed as a lay preacher. On Sundays he often spoke in the mining towns of Dumont, Lawson, and Freeland. He felt confident that he would have no trouble straightening out the Adventists, including this preacher from Denver.

At seven-thirty that evening, Howard knocked at the Hayes home. He was alone, for his brother had declined to go with him, saying that sleep would be just as profitable to him as attending the meeting. The young miner noted that Mrs. Perry also had come to the service. He was introduced to Pastor Svensson and then shook hands with others who

had gathered in the home.

Elder Svensson had chosen to present a study on the "Two Laws-the Law of God and the Law of Moses." As text after text was read, and comparisons were made, Howard found himself listening intently. He was surprised that Adventists could be so logical and find so much Bible basis for their beliefs. As the pastor concluded by showing that the Ten Commandments, including the fourth, were still binding on Christians, Howard could only give consent to what he had heard.

He carried home with him the notes from which Elder Svensson had spoken that night. He also carried home with him a conviction that he had been wrong. He was determined to follow the Bible message he had listened to that evening. As a result of that meeting, Mrs. Perry also decided to keep the Sabbath.

Such good news could not be kept till morning. Howard wakened his brother to tell him all that he had heard that evening. Wheeler listened. The seed was planted, but it would be many months before he would follow Howard's lead.

Word of Howard's decision to join the Seventh-day Adventist Church soon reached an older brother and sister living in Denver. Alarmed for the future of their brother, Bernard, with his wife and his sister, Cora, soon arrived at the cabin on Chicago Creek to do what he could

to save Howard from a doctrine he felt was error.

That evening, Bernard, with those who had come with him from Denver, asked Howard and Wheeler to join them in worship. The gathering turned out to be aimed at destroying the new Sabbath be-

"We are sure," Bernard began, "that you do not know what you are getting into. You've always been sensible, and we're sure you don't really want to get mixed up with the Adventists."

"Yes, I think I've always been sensible, and I think I'm sensible right now in deciding to keep the Sabbath," countered Howard. "If anything makes sense out of the Bible, it is that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and I plan to keep it."

"Why that's ridiculous, Howard,"

Cora said.

Howard stood his ground. "Maybe so,

but that is my plan."

The visitors from Denver persisted in their attempt to dissuade Howard from becoming an Adventist. While they couldn't present any Bible doctrine against the Sabbath, they used ridicule, pointing out the smallness of the Seventhday Adventist Church and claiming that its members were fanatics. They told Howard that if he should become an Adventist it would disgrace not only himself but also his family and friends.

But Howard had fully surrendered himself to the Lord, and it seemed to him that the Word of God was plainer

now to him than ever before.

Realizing the futility of argument, Bernard suggested, "Let's all kneel and

pray about it.

The five of them knelt, and the three from Denver all began to pray aloud at the same time. They prayed that God would open Howard's eyes, and save him from the delusion of the devil. As they continued, Howard began to wonder whether he could be mistaken. Finally he prayed silently, "O Lord, show me what to do. If I'm wrong, I want to know; if I'm right about keeping the Sabbath, strike these folks dumb."

The room became silent. Howard opened his eyes and saw his brother, sister-in-law, and sister all lying still on the floor. Then he prayed audibly, "O

Lord, I thank Thee for this evidence of Thy power, and for the witness to the truth. Help me to be faithful. In Jesus' name. Amen."

As he rose, he spoke to those still ly-ing on the floor, "You are fighting against God and the Bible. You had better stop fighting the truth and the Spirit of God. With Wheeler he went to a small house on the back of the lot to spend the night.

The next morning before returning to Denver, Bernard let Howard know that the strange experience of the previous night had not altered his position. He stated that he never before had met such a power of the devil, but he and the others were determined "to hold on to Heaven" until their prayers were answered.

Howard went ahead with plans for baptism, and about two months after attending the meeting in the Hayes home, he was baptized in a deep pool of Chicago Creek, just below the ravine known as Devil's Canyon.

The little Adventist church building was situated on Chicago Creek, about a third of a mile from Idaho Springs. But if it took courage to be baptized, it also took courage to attend the Adventist church. At the time of Howard's baptism, the church membership consisted of a few women and two men, one of them a deacon. Although the community held the tiny congregation in low esteem, Howard had taken his stand for God's truth, and was soon an active participant in the services.

Up to the time of his baptism, Howard had been working a mining lease for himself. To finance the operation, he had borrowed \$500 from his uncle, John Hull. Because the lease did not produce, he stopped mining it, and tried to get a job working for someone else. He soon found that practically no one was interested in a miner who would not work Saturdays. Finally, he obtained work unloading ore cars for the Jackson Mill, which was a short distance from the church.

Each car held twenty tons of ore, and had to be unloaded by hand. The ore was pushed by wheelbarrow about fifty feet and then dumped into the chute of the mill. With hard work, Howard was able to unload two ore cars a week, for which he was paid \$3.00 per car. This was barely enough to purchase the necessary groceries.

Months passed, but there was no other work available. Howard often met his Uncle John, and at each meeting, the uncle asked for payment of the loan, and heaped abuse on Howard for his silly ideas on religion, stating that if he would work on Saturday, he'd have

money to pay his bills.

After about a year of such meager living, Howard's faith was tempted. He came to reason that it might harm the church more to have a member who wasn't paying his honest bills than it would for him to work on the Sabbath.

One day he walked into town to tell his uncle that he would work for him long enough to pay off the loan, and then go back to keeping Sabbath. There were other bills that he owed too-the hardwareman wanted the \$50 Howard owed him; and the grocer was pressing for the payment of his bill.

As he walked into town, Howard was accosted by a stranger. "Where are you

going?" he questioned.

"I'm going into town and get a job, so

I can pay my debts.'

"That's the right thing to do," said the stranger, smiling broadly. Howard looked at that smile. It seemed to him to be a fiendish one, a smile one might have while waiting to close a trap on his victim. The thought came to Howard that if this man wasn't Satan, he surely looked

like one of his agents.
"They can sue me," Howard exclaimed determinedly. "They can put me in jail. I may starve. But I'm going to be true to

God, and not work on the Sabbath." Howard turned and walked rapidly into town and to his uncle's house.

Again his uncle asked Howard to work for him as a blacksmith.

"I'll be glad to work for you, and pay my bill to you if I won't have to work on Saturday," Howard responded.
"Why you lazy good-for-nothing!"
John Hull exploded. "You don't want to

work! You're just lazy-a no-good who

won't pay his bills!"

During the tongue-lashing, George Dory, another relative, came into the house. Seeing Howard, George said, "You are just the one I want, Howard. I need someone to work for me at my

"He won't work for you," John Hull broke in. "He won't work for anybody. He's just plain lazy and uses religion as an excuse not to work."

When his uncle's outburst had finally subsided, Howard was able to explain his keeping the Sabbath and assure George he would be glad for a job if it could be worked out.

Early the next morning, Howard heard a knock on his cabin door and, opening

it, found George Dory.

"Howard, I've been thinking about your working for me. If you could work Sundays instead of Saturday, I can use you. I need somebody to help put timbers in the mine on Sunday, and if you can do it, then one of the other men can have that day off."

From that time on, Howard never lacked work, and never had any trouble arranging to keep the Sabbath, although it took him more than a year to earn enough to pay the debt he owed his uncle.

Soon Wheeler told his brother that he was going to church with him. "If I don't give my heart fully to God, I feel that I will be lost." At church Wheeler stood and gave the same testimony before the members, telling them that he was going to keep the Sabbath with them. He also added that Howard's steadfastness during the past months was a big factor in his decision.

It was in 1899 that Mrs. Jud Stout walked up Chicago Creek to invite the Boyd brothers and Mrs. Perry to the meeting in her father's house. Her decision to give them one last invitation has had an ever-widening effect during the

intervening half century.

Howard later married, and seven chil-dren, grown and married, and six grandchildren are Seventh-day Adventists. Wheeler's three daughters are active in church work, and his three sons are ministers-Larry and Elwood in Nebraska, and John in British Columbia. And three grandchildren of Mrs. Perry are members of the remnant church—Jeanne and Edward, students at La Sierra College, and Kenneth, chaplain of Paradise Valley Sanitarium,

Cure for Monotony

By W. A. TOWNEND

HE hardest of life's experiences to many people is the doing of the same thing day after day. A majority of its readers told a newspaper this when that paper sought to discover what was life's heaviest burden. Monotony-that was it.

A cure for monotony? Yes. And the prescription was written by a particularly wise man. Said he: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." A

suitable one-word commentary on those words of Solomon could be "enthusiasm." Coming from two Greek words meaning "in" and "god," we find in enthusiasm the idea that an enthusiastic person speaks and acts as though he had a god in him.

Is monotony putting its deadly tentacles around your young life? Try the cure: enthusiasm!



PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

OMEWHERE beyond the blue there's a mansion for me. Somewhere beyond the blue I am longing to be." The distant "somewhere" seemed nearer and more realistic as Christian voices blended with accordion music within the shadow of snow-capped Mount St. Helens in western Washington.

It had been the usual story. I was the new teacher in the little church of Oakville. The MV leader had moved, and I was the logical replacement. Grasping at the last hopes of fair weather in the high country before winter set in, I had rounded up three carloads of young people and their parents. A little more than an hour brought us to the timber line.

We crowded close to the little campfire as a brisk wind sent shivers down our spines, but a warmth of genial friendship glowed as we continued with "Into my heart, into my heart, come into my heart, Lord Jesus."

Sabbath ended. Motors roared. Cars jogged down the rutted, twisting road. Then came silence—the intense silence of mountain vastness as the sun sinks into a nearly cloudless west. We were alone,

Somewhere Beyond the Blue

By HORACE GATES

eight young fellows and myself. We had made preparations during the week to spend this night beneath the stars.

"Listen, fellows, find places for your sleeping bags—and fast. It'll be dark in a burry."

Bag under one arm, I plowed into a

clump of blueberry brush. Every branch swatted my legs with cold, clammy dew. I forged ahead through the thicket and squarely into a slushy marsh. It reluctantly released my shoes with resounding slur-up's. Plans for a mattress of meadow plants or springy blueberry brush faded.

I retreated while dangling strings from the bedroll caught at the most inopportune moments. Long fingers of night were preparing to close their grasp on a fellow who was fast losing confidence in his camperaft ability.
"Guess this'll do," I concluded, peering

below the branches of an alpine-fir family and observing a collection of sticks, rocks, roots, and plain dirt. At least the spot

The rest of the party met with varying degrees of success. We eased our minds could see quite well when we left camp, we had brought no flashlight. Then, too, there was that cliff. Don't know how it got where it was or how we got where we were. But it was there and so were we-right on top.

But why worry about a few minor problems? With a bit of starlight and a degree of caution a fellow can walk easily at night without artificial light. There is a trick or two to the trade. For instance, don't look directly at what you are trying to see. Sounds silly, but night eyes see

Most disasters aren't quite as bad as they at first seem. We soon had a flame restored among the soupy ashes, and another gallon swung gently and purred contentedly, although the camp crane had acquired no perceptible improvement in stability.

speak my mind concerning such careless

placement of oversize appendages. I said

Expectant cups awaited filling. Salivary glands were in high gear. All was well again. That is, all was well until I dumped

With salvaged drips, whole-wheat sticks, and cold water we supplied our meager board and envisioned mashed potatoes with egg gravy, brown baked beans, cranberry sauce, hot biscuits with butter, and generous helpings of apple pie and whipped cream.

For the third time we stoked that fire. This time for warmth and cheer. We

needed both, badly.

We got warmth, and we got cheer. But we got more, far more. Every camp must have its glowing embers beneath a starry sky. The embers burn gently into the soul the unforgettable memories of that world of genuine reality that reveals itself when the smog of rush and worry

clear away.

We sat long that night, chatting, then just sitting-sitting, looking, thinking, as the glow of embers wavered in fantastic patterns, then faded. It is at such sublime moments that God comes near and speaks. It was in similar places and under similar circumstances that He spoke to Moses, to David, to John the Baptist, and to Jesus Himself. We bowed our heads in benediction, thankful that in a sin-cursed, pleasure-mad world there remain pleasures that leave no regrets-a foretaste of Eden

We retired. For a time I watched the starlight play through the branches overhead and heard the wind whisper softly.

The air was nippy, but keeping warm was the least of my problems. I had my eight-year-old son along and had made the mistake of putting his sleeping bag inside mine. We were both in his. If it wasn't a rock gouging my spine, it was his elbow. If it wasn't a stick punching my ribs, it was his head pounding my nose. In spite of all inconveniences and discomforts, sleep came at last. Facts are, I was entirely too drowsy to check on the unearthly noises at the sometime-pastmidnight hour. Next morning a full account was pieced together.

The story ran something like this: 1:30 A.M., hot-cake feed; 2:30, a couple of hoot owls climbed into the same sleeping bag to get warm and were tossed over the hillside, coming to rest at the edge of an icy spring; 3:00 A.M., a moonlight hike toward the mountain.

Regardless of unscheduled events during the night, early morning found us To page 19



We spotted a gray jay grabbing a hot cake out of the skillet, but the unusual weight of the cake made it difficult for him to get even to the lowest branch of the nearest tree.

with the assurance of solid comfort, and were not to be disappointed concerning the solid part.

Beds arranged, we set out for a distant ridge outlined boldly against the painted sky. With more energy and less sense than a herd of young mountain goats we sped along-short, tall, skinny, fat-until sheer exhaustion caused by high altitude forced rest.

"Ah, I could live here forever!" panted Carl, a black-haired, well-built fellow of sixteen. He voiced the thoughts of all as, with few words but deep feeling, we watched the soft shades of rose and purple bathe the eternal snows of Mount St. Helens and at last blend imperceptibly into starlit night.

"Hey, I'm starved!" blurted sandy-haired, hard-working Russel. "When's chow?"

Great place to get hungry! Out on top of a ridge with packs way back in camp and nothing on the menu but dried soup and sticks (whole-wheat sticks, that is).

"By the way, where is camp?" asked Walt, a fellow with a perpetual grin and

happy-go-lucky manner.

"No, me no lost. Tepee lost." It gives a fellow a sort of vacant feeling to start back to camp and forget for the moment which way is back. We also had a couple of other problems. Naturally, since we

sideways. Keep the knees slightly flexed in order to absorb any sudden jolts. As for cliffs, just find a way around. Over is the shortest way, but might end the trip a bit abruptly. Brains are made to use, not to spill on rocks.

In due time and in a state of good repair we reached camp. The fire was dead. In our eagerness to chase sunsets we had failed to get in a supply of wood. That in camp lore is a first-class boner. Mistake or no, we were hungry. But not to the point of attempting to swallow dried soup in its powdered form.

"Okay, fellows, no wood, no chow."

That did it. I wouldn't insult my woodshed with some of the so-called fuel that emerged from the night. But a fair per-centage of it was dry and soon crackling. I'll tell you, the soup smelled great! A whole gallon of it simmered and sputtered, suspended by a shaky camp crane.

Then it happened. A sharp angry hissing, a cloud of vapor, a sudden dimming of light-one good campfire doused by one precious gallon of soup. Stanley had tangled with the bottom end of the crane stick and kicked it loose from its moorings. The romance of the time and place instantly changed to major disaster. Chill air rushed down our necks. Our stomachs rumbled protests. By sheer will power I held back an almost irresistible impulse to

FIRST in my FUTURE

IRES squealed as the late-model Ford nosed around a hairpin turn. The car was so loaded down that it could hardly make the long climb. Although I had not been to college before, except to visit, I felt as if I were coming home. Ever since I was a boy, I had dreamed of the day when I could enroll as a college student. Of course, the fact that dad was an alumnus, made it even more inviting. The tales dad could tell of college would make any dean's blood run cold! My reveries were interrupted by a new Oldsmobile tearing around a corner on the wrong side of the road-getting back in its lane with just

seconds to spare.
"Whew!" gasped mom, as she mopped her brow. "Do all college students drive

Dad grinned. "Now back in '32, I had

By WARREN LININGER



an old Model T, and I used to make it down the hill in-"

Mom laid her hand on dad's arm. "Now, Larry, don't you go putting any ideas in Warren's head. He's got enough

foolhardy ones as it is.'

We rounded the last bend and saw in the distance the white outlines of the college nestled among the towering pines. The very sight of it produced a flood of reminiscences from dad. Within a few minutes we were parked outside the underclassmen's dormitory. The place was swamped with cars and humanity. Here and there older students were greeting one another. Their greetings were oozing pathos, such as, "Hi, Jack, you old moth-eaten coon dog—how come they ever let you back?"

Suddenly my roommate-to-be, George Chambers, tumbled down the stairs. He eyed our bulging car. "Oh, no!" he cried. "How will we ever get all that besides my

stuff into one room?

In due time, however, we had carried it all upstairs. We then went to register, leaving our parents with the gruesome job of trying to restore order from the chaos of our room.

Registering proved to be an exceedingly hectic ordeal. Finally, however, we were through. We didn't know anything about our teachers except what the upper-classmen told us about them when we were debating which classes to choose. Their helpful comments ran in this vein: "Don't take Brown—he's a bear. Green's a jewel—you can cool his tests," et cetera.

After dinner, we returned to Babylon—alias the men's dormitory. Several hours later, the room was beginning to take form again. The curtains were hung, and the massive desks were placed next to

the window. Dad mused over them saying, "Yes, sure enough—same old desks we had twenty-two years ago, and we thought them pretty ancient then. Progress, my boy! Why, if the termites ever stopped holding hands, this whole building might collapse!"

Around 5:00 P.M., mom and dad finally bid adieu—however, not before they had given much advice. "Write home twice a week," "Read your Sabbath school lesson daily," "Always keep your room clean" (ha!). Last but not least, "Keep your clothes pressed and shoes shined—girls notice those things."

After they had gone we collapsed on the beds amid groans. "Sure glad this is only once a year," quoth George. "I'd lay down and die if it was much oftener."

He was interrupted by a knock on the door. Lo and behold, it was Mike, my cousin, who paraded into the room with all the self-assurance of a sophomore. He said, "The room sure looks nice. I bet it won't look this good again till open house, when the girls come over to inspect the place."

I leaped from my pallet in terror as an unearthly noise resounded outside my door. I felt sure the old building must be on fire already. At this, Mike almost disintegrated with mirth. "That's just the dormitory bell. You will be serenaded by it umpteen times a day. It rings every hour for classes during weekdays," he said.

In evening worship I was surrounded by hundreds of strangers. Here and there I picked out someone I knew. The dean got up and began his talk. "Men," he said, "you are no longer boys, and you will therefore no longer be treated as boys. This is a Christian college, and we are trying to instill in you Christian ideals. You are required to attend worship and religious services. If you feel you cannot, now is the time to tell us." He went on. Freshmen listened to every word; sophomores looked faintly bored; juniors and seniors just suffered through it.

Next day was the first day of college instruction. The teachers all seemed to be nice. Most of the classes let out early. Assignments were short and easy. I deluded myself into thinking college was

going to be a cinch.

Slowly I settled into the swing of college life. I joined numerous clubs and even managed to get into the a cappella choir. The classes got progressively harder as the weeks went by. It got so I had a hard time working my quota of hours and still getting my studying done. But I had to work twenty hours or I couldn't afford to stay in school.

So I was taken over by the college whirlwind. Every morning, the buzz of the alarm, and then the mad race to worship. As my timing got better, it got so I could sleep later and get to worship with just seconds to spare. The Sabbath school lesson was forgotten—I just didn't have time to read it. After all, I concluded, "Morning and evening worship pretty well take care of my spiritual life."

I never forgot my evening prayers by my bedside, but I was usually so tired that I made them progressively shorter. They soon degenerated to a formality. The class right after morning devotion was a stiff one, so I began to study

during worship for it.

Every Monday I went down to the store and bought the Saturday Evening Post. I never failed to read all the stories through. The fact that I could be studying the Bible during this time didn't seem to bother me. I got enough religion else-

where.

Friday evening vespers I enjoyed-at least the first part, which was mostly composed of music. During the sermonet that followed I languidly sat in my seat watching Mary on the other side of the chapel. It was along toward the end of the second quarter that I became aware of her. I had seen her around before, but one day she smiled at me. Whoosh-I was gone. I phoned her and falteringly asked her for a date. Somehow the right words didn't come out and I fumbled around like a grade-school kid. However, she accepted, and I walked on cloud seven for days. I soon found out, however, that I wasn't the only one that had noticed her. So now valuable study time was being spent mooning around, staring out the window, wondering how to play it cool

On Sabbath, I always enjoyed Sabbath school, but church was another thing. I sat through it because I knew I was re-

and win out over the other fellows. I

usually had to ask a week ahead of time

to get a date with her.

gh it because I knew I was re-To page 20

Ocean Waves

By BESSIE HULL SIEMENS

Moment by moment you're washing the sand,

Guided and kept by God's sure hand.

Patience with power I see in thee-

Oh, could you share your patience with me?



Active church work and consistent day-to-day living have helped the Jim King family of Clyde, Ohio, give a positive witness for Christ.

Man ... in search of peace ... at worship

AN in search of peace works like a beaver! Almost any night one can startle Mr. and Mrs. Jim King, Danny and Kevin by walking quietly into the basement of the Seventh-day Adventist Church of Clyde. And if you happen to walk in at just the right moment . . . after Mrs. King has persuaded him to play . . . Jim will look up from the piano with a sheepish grin. Then he says, "Somebody's going to think we're crazy, we have so much fun down here." This is partly to distract you from the fact that he's an accomplished pianist.

They're decorating the basement of the church . . . making it come alive and sing with beauty . . . for the junior Sabbath School students. They've been rolling Kevin in a blanket since he was born 4 months ago and putting him in the corner to sleep as they paint and

What was once a coalbin has been transformed into a miracle of color. Jim said, "This color scheme is my wife's idea. We chased all over the County for these particular colors. No others would do!" All of the benches have been painted a glistening white . . . eye-catching against a green and white ivy patterned wall-paper which was used halfway up the front wall. This is topped with a 3-section planter-Jim's handiwork-in which he sank \$40 in growing plants . . . only to have the majority die from contaminated dirt. He labored weeks, babying the plants along, saving what he could. Now he's gradually replacing them.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. King managed to skillfully combine pink, green and rose walls with green and tan tile floor (Jim has the floor half finished). Starched white curtains with green rickrack braid stand out like demure little skirts at the windows . . . a delight to see.

The Kings have found harmony in their combined effort. Jim serves his church as song leader and as superintendent of the primary Sabbath School. Mrs. King heads the Dorcas Society which is a welfare agency that collects and distributes food and clothing to the needy.

Few people know that Jim forfeits all overtime at the Plant for the sake of his religion that observes Saturday as the Sabbath. But the Kings have found peace. They say, "We're much too interested in this work to be frustrated. We have averaged 3 nights a week since starting this work. And we spent a week of our vacation down here."

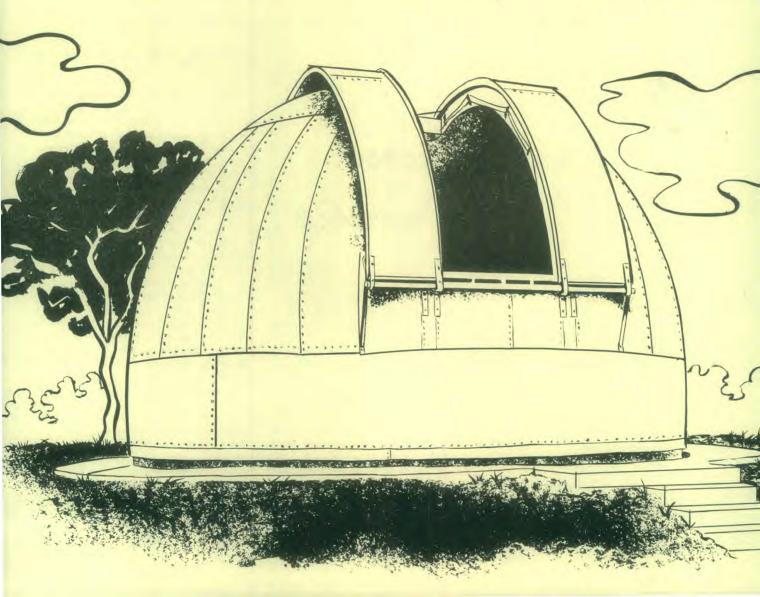
As the name of their religion implies, they believe worship is a seven day obligation. The Kings are of the same mind as Kahlil Gibran who said, "And he to whom worshiping is a window, to open but also to shut, has not yet visited the house of his soul whose windows are from dawn to dawn."-The Prophet.

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lar of Lowell Mou

By MARY ELLEN HARTLEY
in collaboration with JEAN DEERING MORGAN

This is the story of the personal life of Myron Wallace keen scientific mind, warm Christian character, and distinguished career as a one of the most respected figures in Seventh-



tain

t<mark>on, a</mark> man whose r have made him ventist education.





FIRST OF EIGHT PARTS

OW if you'll bend over a little farther and sight up this way, you'll see Jupiter." The tall, erect gentleman bent to illusstrate and then straightened as he motioned for one of the surrounding group of college students to look along the telescope.

A serious-faced lad took his position near the telescope.

"It's a good deal brighter than the others nearby, but I can't see any of the

moons you've told us about, professor."

"You will. Climb up the ladder and put your eye next to the eyepiece. . . . No, closer to it. . . . Now what do you see?" Crinkly lines appeared around the professor's clear blue eyes as he anticipated the answer.

"Say, I can see moons around Jupiter—one, two, three. And the planet itself is so bright! Say, this is great! Kathy, come over and see this!"

Between the oh's and ah's of the group as each in turn counted moons, Myron Wallace Newton, professor of astronomy at Pacific Union College, explained the orbits of these bodies in relation to the

bright reddish planet.

"Some of the small outer moons, which take a year or more to go once around the planet, go in the opposite direction to the four big moons; and one little fellow, too small for us to see with this telescope, goes clear around the planet in less than twelve hours, almost as fast as Jupiter itself turns round."

As he spoke quickly of sizes, orbits, speeds, and distances one girl remarked, "You'd think he'd been there, the way he seems so familiar with it all."

"Wait until he starts telling about

light years—that's beyond me," replied her companion.

The silver-haired professor kept up the stream of information, explaining how the telescope was mounted on an equatorial mount and thus followed the movement of the stars.

"You see, this telescope is never still. The stars are always in motion, and should the telescope be stationary you would be unable to watch any one star for more than the few moments it took for its image to cross the line of sight."

He recalled the making of the instrument. "George Carlson, who is superintendent of construction down at the Sun Maid Raisin plant in Fresno, helped me with this mounting. Donald Perry, a student who had worked for the Howell Optical Company in Pasadena, ground this fourteen-inch mirror." The thrill of the designer who is also an artist shone on Professor Newton's face as he relived the construction work.

"We finished the observatory itself in 1930, but the dedication came three years later. The entire Pacific Union College student body assembled one morning on the top of this hill to watch the canvas being pulled off the bronze name plate. It was a great day for us. You know, this is the only real observatory in the denomination.

"Stand closer together—get away from the wall—I'm going to turn on the motor and move the dome around so we can take a look at Saturn."

The same confusion of direction prevails when the walls of the observatory move as when two trains pass each other going in opposite directions. The rider has difficulty in deciding whether his train is moving and the other stationary, or his is stopped and the other moving. Several of the group who watched warily as the walls of the round building moved looked noticeably relieved when the movement ceased.

"There now. We'll pull the telescope this way. You notice it is so perfectly balanced that I can move it with ease."

As the professor adjusted the telescope in its new position, a sophomore student sought to impress his freshman roommate by imparting some information about this man who scanned the heavens with such obvious delight.

Motioning toward Newton, he said, "He was responsible for that pipe organ we have in Irwin Hall and, from what I hear, was right in the thick of building with the pioneers up here at PUC."

"He's been to Europe too. I saw some of the pictures he took there," added a feminine bystander.

Another commented, "Well, when I was in junior camp a few years ago he taught us star study. What a time we had learning the constellations by name and sight—Lyra, Cassiopeia, Scorpio. He had models of the nine planets there and placed stakes to represent their orbits.

Besides, he saw to it that we got to see the President of the United States when he came through Yosemite Park near our camp."

In the meantime the professor had located the planet he sought and couldn't rest until all had shared its splendor. "There you see Saturn. It is tilted toward us enough so that its rings are visible. It is estimated that those rings of light are 171,000 miles from side to side and that their thickness is not more than ten miles. It is one of the most wonderful and beautiful things in the universe. I



Presenting Christ in British Honduras

By Mildred Lee Johnson

COROZAL, BRITISH HONDURAS.
—Seventh-day Adventist young people decided to put into action this year's MV service slogan, "Present Christ to your community through Missionary Volunteering." They chose their own town for an MV Voice of Youth crusade.

Corozal is a modern town inhabited chiefly by Maya Indians, with fewer numbers of East Indians and Creoles. The young people had the full support of the entire church, and many who attended requested that the meetings continue longer.

Ellis Coe was in charge. Meetings were conducted three nights a week, with a special consecration service at the church each Sabbath. The opening service of the public meeting brought an attendance of more than three hundred, and attendance continued good throughout.

Music was provided by the Missionary

Volunteers, who formed a Corozal Youth for Christ quartet and an orchestra. Members of the quartet were: Balbino Santos, David Hall, Sydney Hall, and Hazart Sanker. They were accompanied on the organ by Edna Williams, age 75, whose performances reminded Coe of the psalmist's statement, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age."

The Voice of Youth speakers were Lester Coleman, George Singh, members of the quartet, and Ellis Coe. The MV Voice of Youth manual prepared by the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department was used as the guide in this project. Special nightly features included distribution of gifts to fathers on Father's Day, prizes for perfect attendance, and a Voice of Prophecy graduation ceremony with fifteen receiving diplomas.

"I am very grateful to be able to report,"
Coe writes, "that each Voice of Prophecy
graduate has enrolled a friend in the course
and is helping him through it, and the
young people are doing follow-up work
with a Bible school class every Tuesday
night. At the end, we are hoping to have
seven persons ready for baptism."



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

These seven instrumentalists helped to provide music for the recent Voice of Youth meetings in Corozal, British Honduras. The opening service had more than three hundred in attendance.

wonder why the Creator gave it to Saturn instead of earth."

The ring in the professor's voice indicated that he was at his favorite task—guiding others in a knowledge and appreciation of the heavens. A person couldn't be in his presence long without catching some of his enthusiasm for learning the why, how, where, and when that was a part of him.

Several stars later, he announced it was time for his guests to return to their dormitories. The moon had risen, hindering any further star study that night. Quietly the

group left the building.

One girl lingered a moment and let her fingers trace the printing on the bronze plaque on the outside of the door: NEW-TON OBSERVATORY 1933. A few steps down the path she paused to look back at the silver dome that seemed to float above the shadows of the old prune orchard. With a sigh she drew in a breath of pine-scented air, then turned to join the group ahead.

During the next few days she often pondered the things she had learned about the astronomy professor. An idea was taking shape in the back of her mind. This man's life was too challenging to be

left unsung.

She made it a point to be in his classroom during a free period and rather timidly asked him if he would tell her a

few things more about his life.

"Well, let's see now," Professor Newton chuckled as he answered. "Let's start back a ways. One of my ancestors came to America twelve years after the Mayflower. Another was kidnaped and reared by Indians in Canada. A third, Capt. Seth Newton, of the Revolutionary War, was a delegate to Boston and voted Aye on ratifying the Articles of Confederation. The vote was very close. Let me see-I graduated from Battle Creek in 1891, worked at Union College under the first seven presidents, taught one year at Lodi and have been here thirty years now. Along the side, I homesteaded a place in Indian territory in Oklahoma and went twice to Europe."

A class bell interrupted.

"You'll have to be on your way. Come by and see Mrs. Newton and me, and we'll show you some pictures we took in Pompeii"

The girl was intrigued. This was a story she wanted to hear.

Slowly Seth Newton closed the book on his lap. The hot, moist evening air hung close around him. It was too dark to read and too hot to go indoors and light a lamp. He glanced at the cradle nearby, and a smile lighted his face as he saw that little Myron Wallace slept. Stretching leisurely, he let his muscular frame slump back against the chair. He was tired after a long day in the fields.

August on the Illinois prairie was a trying time to mankind, hot day and

night, but the crops prospered in the humid weather. Half dozing, his mind wandered back to the time almost twenty years earlier when he had left his home in the Canadian woods for Freeport, Illinois. He would in all probability still be living in those cool woods had not his father-in-law, Jacob Berry, made a trip to Chicago with his uncle and been charmed by the prairie country nearby.

Berry had made that first trip in the late fall of 1846. Leaving the main section of Chicago, he strode to the outskirts and for the first time looked out across distances of unbroken land that seemed as measureless as the sky. The sound of the wind whipping in waves across the prairie grass became a song that haunted him. He yearned to get home to his wife Mary Ann and his family and bring them back to this country that spoke one word to his

mind-opportunity!

He felt he couldn't wait for spring to thaw the ice on the Great Lakes and set the boats running again. Though he was 800 miles from home, he set out to walk, in the dead of winter, without companionship of any kind. He averaged 35 miles a day. At the end of the first day his feet were so swollen and blistered that he dared not remove his boots, for fear that he would be unable to get them on again. Instead, he poured whisky down each boot—to toughen his feet, he said afterward.

He lost no time in settling his affairs when he got home, and on the first boat of 1847 he and his family sailed for Illinois via Lake Champlain, the Erie Canal, Buffalo, and thence through the line of

Great Lakes to Chicago.

With a wry smile Seth remembered what a dreary day that was to him. He and Anna Maria Berry had begged to be married and allowed to remain in Canada, but Jacob had refused on the grounds that she was only fifteen. He promised, however, that they might be married in a year.

The baby stirred fretfully, breaking into the reverie. Picking up a fan, the father stirred the air over the cradle until

once more his son slept.

He recalled the first time he had seen Anna Maria Berry. It had been during his first visit to the Berry place. He had gone there to do the threshing. He owned a small threshing machine that was powered by one horse on a treadmill. It was slow work, but much faster and easier than with a flail, the usual way. The Berrys had persuaded him to stay to dinner, where he was placed next to Anna, with somehow only one cup of coffee between them. Seeing the error, Mrs. Berry apologized. She would have brought another cup, but Seth stopped her.

"That's all right," he assured her quickly, glancing at Anna Maria. "We can drink from the same cup!"

He had hoped that the incident was symbolic.

Anna Maria was an unusual girl. At fifteen, she had gone to school only three months in her life; yet she could read beautifully. She had her own system of figures, and kept accurate accounts. Already she was an accomplished weaver.

In the fall of 1847 Seth came to Freeport. The prairie acres that stretched away from the town were selling cheap. He looked them over with a careful eye and decided on an eighty-acre tract for which he paid \$100. Almost immediately he took up his ax and went over to the Pecatonica River and hewed out the frame for the hard-maple loom that was to be his wedding present to his beloved Anna Maria. He also made the furniture for his home.

On February 19, 1848—the day Anna was sixteen—she and Seth were married. The following winter they spent in the pineries of Wisconsin, cutting logs and making a raft. In the spring they floated it down the Mississippi River to Savannah, where the logs were cut into lumber, which was then hauled to Freeport. There were several men in the party, and Anna Maria served as cook.

Before the railroad extended west of Chicago, Seth made a regular wagon run between Freeport and Chicago, about two hundred miles a week, carrying in the loads of wheat, and returning with supplies. On Sundays, he and Anna rested, according to the custom of their faith.

The coming of the railroad to Rockford, only twenty-four miles from Freeport, put an end to his weekly trips, and he settled down to wheat and corn farming. Two new possessions came to the Newton household in the year of 1851—their first child, Martin Luther, and, in consequence, the first purchased article of furniture, a rocking chair. Later on, two more children, Ezra and Martha Celesta, were born to the Newtons, and they too were rocked in that store-bought chair. Until her death it was Anna Maria's favorite.

From indoors came sounds of the children as they took turns helping their mother with the evening chores.

"Seth, is Wallace all right?" Anna called from the doorway.

"Still sleeping, dear," her husband replied. "Come out a while. There's a little air stirring now."

Fireflies were winking their green lights as they flitted over the Newton front yard. One hung over the cradle making small illumination as Anna bent to see if the baby was comfortable.

"Seth, do you realize that tomorrow, August 21, 1866, Myron Wallace will be two months old? How quickly the weeks pass by!"

"Indeed they do. I've just been thinking about when we first came to Illinois. Do you remember?"

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Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Living Up to the Standard

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 27

	S	S	M	T	W	T	F
Daily Study Record:							

OUTSIDE READING: The Desire of Ages, pp. 109-113; Messages to Young People, pp. 65-74.

MEMORY GEM: "For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps" (1 Peter 2:21).

Christ the Standard

1. How can we sinners be made righteous?

"From this same God you have received your standing in Jesus Christ, and He has become for us the true Wisdom, a matter, in practice, of being made righteous and holy, in fact, of being redeemed" (1 Cor. 1:30, Phillips).

Note.—"Christ Himself is the pearl of great price. In Him is gathered all the glory of the Father, the fullness of the Godhead. He is 'the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person. The glory of the attributes of God is expressed in His character. Every page of the Holy Scriptures shines with His light. The righteousness of Christ, as a pure, white pearl, has no defect, no stain. No work of man can improve the great and precious gift of God. It is without a flaw."—Christ's Object Lessons, p. 115.

"When Jesus came to be baptized, John recognized in Him a purity of character that he had never before perceived in any man. The very atmosphere of His presence was holy and awe-inspiring.

"Jesus did not receive baptism as a confession of guilt on His own account. He identified Himself with sinners, taking the steps that we are to take, and doing the work that we must do. His life of suffering and patient endurance after His baptism was also an example to us."—The Desire of Ages, pp. 110, 111.

2. For what purpose did Jesus leave us an example?

"Christ suffered for you and left you a personal Example, and wants you to follow in His steps" (1 Peter 2:21, Phillips).

3. What kind of record did He make?

"He was guilty of no sin or the slightest prevarication" (1 Peter 2:22, Phillips).

4. To whom did Jesus always look for His own example?

"The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do" (John 5:19). "I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me" (verse 30).

Note.—"'I am the true vine,' He says. Instead of choosing the graceful palm, the lofty cedar, or the strong oak, Jesus takes the vine with its clinging tendrils to represent Himself. The palm tree, the cedar, and the oak stand alone. They require no support. But the vine entwines about the trellis, and thus climbs heavenward. So Christ in His humanity was dependent upon divine power. 'I can of Mine own self do nothing,' He declared."—Ibid., pp. 674, 675.

2 The Christ Life

5. When does the Christian "put on Christ"?

"For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ" (Gal. 3:27).

Note.—Sometimes, unfortunately, people are baptized into the church, or into "Elder So-and-So." When this is true, there will very likely be no noticeable change in the conduct pattern before and after baptism. And no wonder, The church cannot save the candidate. Neither can Elder So-and-So.

after baptism. And no wonder. The church cannot save the candidate. Neither can Elder So-and-So.

"Those who have put on Christ by baptism, by this act showing their separation from the world and that they have covenanted to walk in newness of life, should not set up idols in their hearts. Those who have once rejoiced in the evidence of sins forgiven, who have tasted a Saviour's love and who then persist in uniting with the foes of Christ, rejecting the perfect righteousness that Jesus offers them and choosing the ways that He has condemned, will be more severely judged than the heathen who have never had the light and have never known God or His law. Those who refuse to follow the light which God has given them, choosing the amusements, vanities, and follies of the world, and refusing to conform their conduct to the just and holy requirements of God's law, are guilty of the most aggravating sins in the sight of God. Their guilt and their wages will be proportionate to the light and privileges which they have had."—Testimonies, vol. 3, pp. 365, 366.

"Self-denial in dress is a part of our Christian duty. To dress plainly, abstaining from display of jewelry and ornaments of every kind, is in keeping with our faith. Are we of the number who see the folly of worldings in indulging in extravagance of dress as well as in love of amusements? If so, we should be of that class who shun everything that gives sanction to this spirit which takes possession of the minds and hearts of those who live for this world only and who have no thought or care for the next."—Ibid., p. 366.

6. How real and personal did all this become to Paul?

"I am crucified jointly with Christ; I no longer live as I, but Christ lives within me" (Gal. 2:20, Berkeley).

Note.—"To believe in Christ merely as the Saviour of the world can never bring healing to the soul. The faith that is unto salvation is not a mere assent to the truth of the gospel. True faith is that which receives Christ as a personal Saviour. God gave His only-begotten Son, that *I*, by believing in Him, 'should not perish, but have everlasting life.' John 3:16. When I come to Christ, according to His word, I am to believe that I receive His saving grace. The life that I now live, I am to 'live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Gal. 2:20."—The Ministry of Healing, p. 62.

3 How the New Life Works

7. What marks did Paul say could be seen in his body?

"I bear in my body the brandmarks of Jesus' ownership" (Gal. 6:17, Berkeley).

"All the while bearing about in the body the death-marks of (the Lord) Jesus, so that by our bodies the life of Jesus may also be shown" (2 Cor. 4:10, Berkeley).

Note.—Can we show the life of Jesus in our bodies when we have gone in for such worldly "brandmarks" as lipstick, hair dye, bleach, et cetera, cheap conversation, and degrading music?

"God's stamp is upon us. He has bought us, and He desires us to remember that our physical, mental, and moral powers belong to Him. Time and influence, reason, affection, and conscience, all are God's, and are to be used only in harmony with His will. They are not to be used in accordance with the direction of the world; for the world is under a leader who is at enmity with God."—Messages to Young People, p. 69.

8. How will the fact that we are "in Christ" be revealed in our personal experience? our conversation? our attitude toward

"You are to rid yourself of the old nature with your previous habits, ruined as it is by deceitful lusts; that you be renewed in your mental attitude, and that you put on the new nature that is created in God's likeness in genuine righteousness and holiness" (Eph. 4:22-25, Berkeley).

"Our commonwealth has its capitol in heaven" (Phil. 3:20, Berkeley).

"If, then, you have been raised with Christ, seek for things above, where Christ is seated at God's right hand. Apply your mind to things above, not to things on earth; for you have died, and your life is with Christ hidden in God" (Col. 3:1-3, Berkeley).

9. What daily experience characterized the life of Paul as he followed in the footsteps of the Master?

"I die daily" (1 Cor. 15:31).

"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection" (1 Cor. 9:27).

4 Meeting the Perfect Standard

10. How fully did Jesus succeed in meeting the standard set up by Him and the Father?

"I delight to do thy will, O My God: yea, thy law is within my heart" (Ps. 40:8).

"I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do" (John 17:4).

11. In what way can we best show our appreciation for the infinite price Heaven paid for our redemption?

"Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's" (1 Cor. 6:20).

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. 10:31).

Note.—"You are not your own. Jesus has purchased you with His blood. Do not bury your talents in the earth. Use them for Him. In whatever business you may be engaged, bring Jesus into it. If you find that you are losing your love for your Saviour, give up your business, and say, 'Here I am, Saviour; what wilt Thou have me to do?' He will receive you graciously, and love you freely. He will abundantly pardon; for He is merciful and long-suffering, not willing that any should perish."—Messages to Young People, p. 70.

Quizangles

- 1. What does it mean to be redeemed? (1)
- 2. Why was Jesus baptized? (1)
- 3. Do you think Paul was really crucified with Christ? or is this a figure of speech? (2)

- 4. Would it have been a more accurate translation to say Christ's spirit lived in Paul? or is it true that Christ Himself comes to the human heart? (2)
- 5. As between Christ's kingdom and the world, what brandmarks are you carrying about in your body? (3)
- 6. Is this experience of being "in Christ" meant for the Sabbath only or for all the week? (3)
- 7. Is it normal, rational, reasonable—is it fun—for a teen-ager to go through life seeking the things that are above? (3)
- 8. Do you as a young Christian delight to do God's will? (4)
- 9. By God's grace, will you enter into the "whatsoever" program of 1 Corinthians 10:31? (4)

NEXT WEEK, October 4, 1958-Lesson title: "Baptist John." Outside reading: The Desire of Ages, pp. 97-108, 178-182, 214-230. Memory gem: Malachi 4:5, 6.



The services of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Counsel Clinic are provided for 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 will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but is not to be taken as either an official church pronouncement or, necessarily, the opinion of the editors. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of general 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, Wash-

ington 12, D.C.

QUESTION Is it wrong to act in a class play? Some plays, I know, are wrong, but I'm wondering about the decent class plays.

ANSWER If by your use of the word "wrong" you mean "sinful," "immoral," or "iniquitous," I would say that it is not necessarily wrong to act in an inoffensive class play. If, on the other hand, you would broaden your meaning to include "not suitable or appropriate," "not up to the mark or standard," "faulty," "unfit," I would say that it is wrong.

Class plays are fiction set in the literary form of a drama. It is the general Seventhday Adventist belief that the reading of fiction invariably diverts the mind from personal Christian duty and from an adequate consideration of one's future destiny. It turns one's mind into frivolous channels, so that he prefers to dwell on matters that are light, trifling, and exciting. It diverts the mind from the serious matter of preparing one's life to meet Jesus at His coming.

Taking part in the production of fictitious drama will divert the mind far more than the mere reading of imaginary stories. Experience has shown that drama and fiction do fix one's attention and interest on unreal or trifling matters, and do in a very marked manner lead one to ignore God and His claims upon the life. They destroy the relish for Bible reading; for after the light subject matter and exciting themes of drama and fiction, the spiritual counsel of the Word of God seems dull. They do wean one away from prayer and from meditation concerning one's spiritual needs. This is an established fact, demonstrated in thousands of lives year in and year out.

We grant that there are plays whose

stories contain nothing immoral or wicked. But a principle well stated by Ellen G. White applies to dramatized fiction as well as to printed fiction:

"Even fiction which contains no suggestion of impurity, and which may be intended to teach excellent principles, is harmful. It encourages the habit of hasty and superficial reading, merely for the story. Thus it tends to destroy the power of connected and vigorous thought; it unfits the soul to contemplate the great problems of duty and destiny. . . .

"It is often urged that in order to win the youth from sensational or worthless literature, we should supply them with a better class of fiction. This is like trying to cure a drunkard by giving him, in the place of whisky or brandy, the milder intoxicants, such as wine, beer, or cider. The use of these would continually foster the appetite for stronger stimulants. The only safety for the inebriate, and the only safeguard for the temperate man, is total abstinence. For the lover of fiction the same rule holds true. Total abstinence is his only safety." - Counsels to Parents and Teachers, pp. 383, 384.

By acting in a class play you would be exposed to all the harmful effects of reading fiction. But, in addition, you would face the extra danger of being thrown into close association with youth of both sexes who may not share your ideals and standards, an association that could bring great temptation and perhaps sin.

For a Christian youth to take part in a class play is "not suitable or appropriate," not "up to the mark or standard." How much better for every Christian youth to concentrate on properly acting his part in the great drama of the ages! By partici-pating in Share Your Faith activities, by seriously contemplating duty and destiny, he can act an important part in finishing God's work in the earth.

Somewhere Beyond the Blue

From page 8

high on the slopes at the mountain's foot. We were wide-awake and anxious to keep moving. Couldn't be much else with a faceful of chilled water and the mercury pushing the thirty-two mark.

We had no intentions of scaling the summit. The snow line would be far enough. We weren't equipped for hiking beyond that point. There are certain rules one can temporarily lay aside in this fun of hiking and camping, with no further damage than an empty stomach and lack of sleep. But when it comes to high country where rocks are loose, steep, or slippery or where snow covers steep slopes, it's time to stick close to the rules. If you don't, you may not have a chance to wish you had.

Hands were getting numb. Climbing was getting steep. By unanimous vote we turned our steps "chow-ward."

A steep snow field lay temptingly to the side of the trail. Terry, a lank, adventurous number, and I couldn't resist. A-skiing we would go. I made a mighty dash through the crumbled lava stone and leaped onto the snow. An instant after the take-off came the crash landing on all fours plus nose. Wildly this would-be joy rider clawed at the frozen crust. Realizing I was only burning my hands, I raised my arms and head and rode it out, with eyes and a hundred thoughts on the pile of rocks below. Fortunately the snow field leveled out a little and made the climax less impressive.

Staggering to my feet I prepared to shout warning. Too late. Terry was in mid-air and certain that he could improve upon my technique. He did. He came down on his back instead of his stomach. Comparing amounts of lost hide, we returned to the trail a bit wiser.

Camp and food soon helped us to forget our burning hands. Good old hot cakes flipped flapjack style. Trouble is, too many things can happen that shouldn't. And everything in the book happened to us—double flips, jackknife flips, side-pan straddles, and beautiful rainbow arcs that missed the pan entirely. But, I'll tell you, those cakes were filling!

"Hey, what goes on?"

We turned quickly just in time to see a gray jay grab a leftover cake right out of the cooling skillet. It must be admitted that the cakes made up in weight what they lacked in quality. For this reason our camp robber found it difficult to ascend even to the lowest branch of the nearest tree. But having made the grade, he lost no time in getting down to the business at foot. It was the only genuine compliment to our cooking we got on the whole trip.

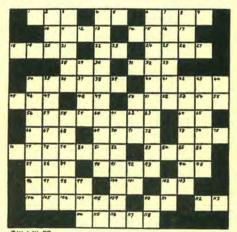
Time to break camp arrived. Our packs were quickly loaded and sleeping bags rolled. A last silent look at Mount St. Helens in all her majestic glory, and we turned homeward, sorry that good events must end so quickly. Sorry, but thankful that from the curse and ruins of sin God has raised inspiring grandeur. And glad that He is made happy when we find delight and relaxation in the work of His hands.

Sharpeners

Fill in the missing words in the Scripture clues. Under each letter of these words you will find a number. Write each letter in the square that contains the same number as the letter. When you have written all the letters in their proper places, you will be able to read a well-known verse of Scripture. (The Bible texts are taken from the King James Version.)

HOW TO PRAY

- 1 Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty $\frac{1}{88}$ 45 $\frac{1}{21}$ $\frac{1}{3}$ of God, that he may exalt you in due $\frac{1}{36}$ $\frac{1}{91}$ $\frac{1}{77}$ $\frac{1}{72}$ (1 Per. 5:6)
- 2 Better is it that thou 110 4 84 32 92 9 105 28 47 chan that thou shouldest vow and not 24 1 89. (Eccl. 5:5)
- 3 Thou shale also be a 83 39 60 40 11 79 58 111 25 68 in the hand of the Lord, and a 116 31 27 100 59 diadem in the hand of thy God. (Isa. 62:3)
- 4 Also, O Judah, he hath set an 41 7 46 53 108 6 117 for thee, 18 67 114 78 I returned the captivity of 82 22 people. (Hos. 6:11)
- 5 Can two 61 115 93 76 together, except 87 56 23 75 be agreed? (Amos 3:3)
- 6 Your words have been stour against me, 101 29 42 73 50 the Lord. Yet ye say, What 118 57 107 20 we spoken so much against thee? (Mal. 3:13)
- 7 For the hope 90 104 8 43 74 is laid up for you in heaven, whereof ye heard 64 95 34 13 33 99 in the word of the cruth of the gospel; (Col. 1:5)
- 8 And am no more worthy to $\frac{1}{94}$ $\frac{1}{16}$ called thy son: make me as $\frac{1}{81}$ $\frac{1}{49}$ $\frac{1}{51}$ of thy hired servants. (Luke 15:19)
- 9 For, lo, I will make thee small among the 44 5 26 12 19 86 113 and despised among men. (Jer. 49:15)
- 10 = . . But God = 85 54 106 69 14 it unto good, to being to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive. (Gen. 50:20)
- 11 And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called $\frac{1}{98}$ $\frac{1}{35}$ $\frac{1}{48}$ $\frac{1}{109}$; . . . (Luke 7:11)
- 13 . . . 1 will 96 62 71 52 103 80 of thee, and declare thou unto me. (Job 42:4)
- 14 . . . And they fled before the men of $\frac{1}{70}$ $\frac{1}{77}$. (Josh. 7:4)
- 16 That he may withdraw man from his purpose, and _____ 15 102 63 38 pride from man. (Job 33:17)



Key on page 22

Man of Howell Mountain

From page 15

As she thought of her first years on the plains many events came to her mind.

A neighbor had stopped to visit Anna soon after she and Seth were settled in their new home. "Well, stranger, how do you like Illinois now you've been here a spell?"

"Oh, I love this country! I'm really not a bit homesick for Canada. The only thing I miss is the old hard-maple bush. But then we couldn't expect to have everything."

"Well now, I don't blame you a bit for missin' your maple trees. I'm one to want good syrup on my flapjacks of a morning too. But you know, a while back I tasted some syrup that suited me right well."

Anna's face brightened. "What was it called?"

The neighbor scowled as he tried to remember. "Let me see now, what did they call it? Oh, yes—molasses. They made it from a plant called sorghum."

"Sorghum. I'll certainly tell Seth about sorghum as soon as he comes in this noon. We must find out whether it will grow in this climate."

For the rest of that morning Anna could not keep her mind off the subject of sorghum. Could it stand the severe Illinois winters? Would it really make as fine syrup as maple? Where would they get any seed?

Her enthusiasm was matched by Seth's when she told him of her morning's conversation with their neighbor. Seth and his brother-in-law sent for a few sorghum seeds—a few, because they were expensive.

The sorghum plants thrived. Then began the tedious process of converting the mature plants into molasses. The cane was cut into one-inch pieces, placed in a wooden pail in which holes had been bored, then pressed with a heavy lever using the corner of the house as the fulcrum. The juice had to be boiled down in



Bible Geography Game



A sea that lost its tongue, imported apes and peacocks, twenty worthless towns—could you locate these references in the Bible? This attractively printed card game affords suitable Sabbath diversion in finding Bible place names.

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PRICE, \$1.00

Where Family Life Ends, Juvenile Delinquency Begins

Order From Your Book and Bible House

Review and Herald Publishing Association Periodical Department Washington 12, D.C. a kettle on the kitchen stove. They were almost afraid to taste their first molasses. Would it really be as good as it was supposed to be? The first spoonful dispelled their fears—it was good, almost as good as maple syrup.

A lusty yell from the baby interrupted their reverie.

"I wonder how long it will be before Wallace here will be begging to help with the sorghum harvest," laughed Seth. "Right now it sounds as though he'd make a better hog caller than a molasses maker."

"Seth, how you talk!"

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

First in My Future

From page 10

quired to do so, and because if I missed, my conscience would bother me.

Sabbath afternoon I helped with the singing band for patients at the hospital, or addressed Signs of the Times in the correspondence band. Sometimes I'd get my roommate and others to join me on a Sabbath afternoon hike. We would try to cover at least ten miles in an afternoon. We would strike out across country and usually break our own trail. The speed with which we traveled usually prevented us from really looking at nature and learning more about God's handiwork.

Spring Week of Prayer loomed up, and the speaker was very interesting. The students liked him because he was not "emotional." There seemed to be a general antipathy against any speaker who appealed to the emotions in more than a

slight degree.

When Friday night testimony meeting came, I stood and testified for God. I felt quite satisfied with myself because I had had the courage to stand in front of the whole student body. Steve, a sophomore, sat beside me with his head bowed. In my self-righteous mood, I poked him and asked him why he hadn't stood. He answered back, "the fellows will think I'm a hypocrite—I'm always slipping back on my resolutions after a Week of Prayer—and they know it. I've heard them snicker behind my back when I've stood before, and I won't stand again."

Right after Week of Prayer, around a hundred young men attended outdoor prayer bands. We met on the hillside, around an open fire, and it always seemed especially inspirational to me. Here I could look through the tall trees to the stars. God seemed close. After a short devotional thought and numerous choruses, we divided into groups of four or five, and each one prayed a short prayer. We prayed especially for the person on our left by name. This made it a very personal thing. Then as each group finished the men would sing "Into My Heart." Many students first came to know God in these prayer bands.

But after the inspiration of the Week of Prayer wore off, fewer and fewer came. So it dwindled down to twenty-five or twenty. A lot of fellows felt so tired of the grind by Friday night, that they felt they just couldn't do any more walking, so they lost that source of communion with their Maker also. They would just hit the sack or join a rag-chew with their buddies.

These discussions sometimes started out on religious topics, but they almost never stayed on them. Sounds of laughter could be heard shattering the quiet Friday evenings. Of course, the noisemakers were the exceptions rather than the rule, but even so, it was contagious. The noisemakers were often the students whose parents were paying all their way. These hadn't had to make any personal sacrifices in order to attend an Adventist college and consequently seemed to place a low value on its requirements and standards.

During my sophomore year I changed my major from Theology to history. I had decided that I would make a better teacher than minister. In the meantime I had lost out on Mary. She married an

upperclassman.

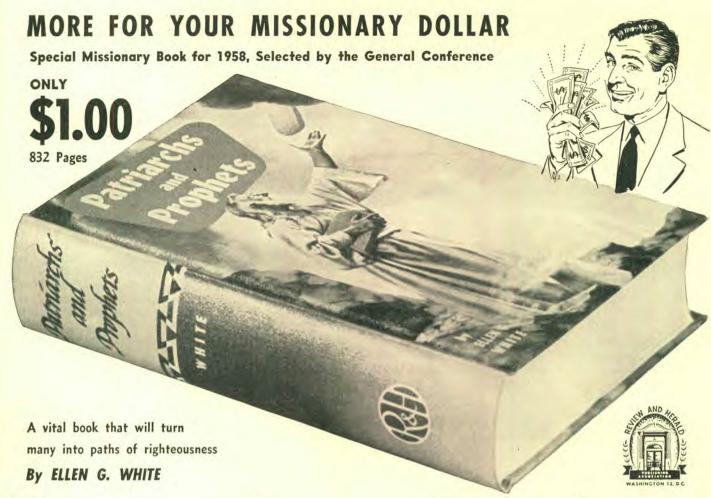
It seemed to be the vogue among the students to be exceedingly critical, and I did my share of it. Maybe more. I thought it was the popular thing to do. Mealtimes at the cafeteria were composed of scores of grumbles. Everyone in authority would be griped about—not exactly producing any better teacher-student relations.

One summer cured my grumbling about the food, however. After I had tried to cook for myself weeks on end, the cafeteria fare tasted heavenly to me.

A little brunette monopolized my junior year. Her name was Sue and she majored in nursing. She didn't take religion or her studies too seriously and seemed to have as her major aim in life to have a good time. I thought that time would bring a change in that. I soon found out that it would be plenty hard

to change her.

One Sabbath afternoon two weeks before vacation, during my junior year, my roommate had gone home for the weekend, leaving me alone. My activities had increased rather than decreased during the third year. I had even less time for meditation than before. Everything looked rosy. Relations with Sue were better than ever. I had resigned myself to be a mediocre Adventist. I still expected to be in heaven though. I hardly ever went to



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shows, I never used bad language, and I believed in most of the Seventh-day Adventist doctrines and standards.

Idly thumbing through The Great Controversy I stopped short and fever-

ishly began to read.

"With every truly converted soul the relation to God and to eternal things will be the great topic of life. But where, in the popular churches of to-day, is the spirit of consecration to God? The converts do not renounce their pride and love of the world. They are no more willing

to deny self, to take up the cross, and follow the meek and lowly Jesus, than before their conversion."-Page 463.

I read on, and on page 482 I found this

sobering thought:

"Every man's work passes in review before God, and is registered for faithfulness or unfaithfulness. Opposite each name in the books of heaven is entered, with terrible exactness, every wrong word, every selfish act, every unfulfilled duty, and every secret sin, with every artful dissembling. Heaven-sent warnings or re-

proofs neglected, wasted moments, unimproved opportunities, the influence exerted for good or evil, with its far-reaching results, all are chronicled by the recording angel."

"Sad is the record which angels bear to heaven. Intelligent beings, professed followers of Christ, are absorbed in the acquirement of worldly possessions or the enjoyment of earthly pleasures. Money, time, and strength are sacrificed for display and self-indulgence; but few are the moments devoted to prayer, to the searching of Scriptures, to humiliation of soul and confession of sin.

"Satan invents unnumbered schemes to occupy our minds, that they may not dwell upon the very work with which we ought to be best acquainted."-Pages 487,

I sat stunned, thinking of the years of college behind me. Of the whirlwind of activities that had kept me from knowing my Lord. Of the thousands of idle words. Not wasted moments, but wasted hours, wasted days. It dawned on me that even in a Christian college, a person can lose sight of God's purpose for him, and be so busy doing things that are intrinsically good, that he can lose his personal relationship with God.

After pondering these statements, and more, I knelt down and prayed as I'd never prayed before. For the first time in

years I felt God's presence.

I showed the quotations to Sue. She tossed them off with the burning brand, "Very fitting!" Those words seared my heart. But I have determined, no matter what the cost, socially or otherwise, to make God first in my future.

During my next year at college I am determined to:

- 1. Read the Bible or Spirit of prophecy writings and have prayer each morning.
- 2. Keep a prayer and a song in my heart all day.
- 3. Stop studying during worship.
- 4. Study the Spirit of prophecy every chance I get and help others to come closer to Christ.
- 5. Have a devotional time at the close of each day, and resolve then and there to do things better the next day.
- 6. Organize a prayer band on my floor of the dorm that will function twice a week.

I may not be able to fulfill this in every detail. But I am going to try. And I sincerely hope that there are others who will rededicate their lives with mine. I must take care lest I have only a form of godliness, and deny the power thereof.

How Does a Dog Find His Way Home?

Do dogs follow visual landmarks when finding their way home from strange places or do they depend on their scenting ability? Both, when it is possible. However, neither can account for the many authenticated cases where dogs have been taken by automobile or train to great distances from home, been lost in strange places and yet appear, days, weeks, even months later on their own doorstep.

It is well known that most dogs can follow their own tracks. For this reason, if a dog is lost while hunting or when he has been taken for a walk in the woods, he will usually return to the point where you started, and if you leave a coat or similar personal belonging at that place there's a good chance that he'll

stay beside it until your return. Dogs can follow landmarks in retracing their steps. But the "sixth sense" that enables them to travel many miles across unknown land and water is still a mystery.

Many tests have been made in an attempt to find the answer. In one celebrated case, a dog was carried in an enclosed van on a strange road and in a direction he had never traveled. He could not see where he was going and was totally unfamiliar with the place where he was released nine miles from home. Yet he found his way back by traveling in almost a straight line. The scientist who made the experiment enlisted the aid of shopkeepers, policemen, and farmers in the area who were able to recognize the dog by its description and report on the route taken. The dog knew none of these people, so had no clue at any point of his journey. The experiment was tried several times with the same result.

In similar tests, using different dogs, the outcome was equally remarkable. In one test, the dog walked around aimlessly for half an hour, then started off in the direction of his home. Weeks later, taken to the same place, he started off after only ten minutes and took a more direct route.

Such scientific tests, however, can hardly account for stories such as that of Teddy, who survived a storm at sea off the Georgia coast that wrecked their schooner and in which his owners were drowned. He managed to gain the shore and traveled 600 miles back to Baltimore, Maryland. Nor do they explain the story of a dog owned by two brothers in Ellery, Illinois, who was given to a new owner. The new home, where the dog had never been, was only twelve miles away, but it was across the Little Wabash River, very high at the time and three miles wide. Because of the high water, the brothers had crated the dog and sent him by rail. From the railroad station the dog was carried four miles farther in a hack. After being fed, he was tied up, but broke away during the night and showed up, dripping wet, at his old home.

Skippy, left behind with friends in Seattle, Washington, when his owners moved to Morris, Minnesota, showed up at his owners' new home eight months later, pads nearly gone and feet swollen twice their normal size. He had

walked 1,800 miles to a town and a house he had never seen.

Researchers attribute the homing ability in birds to an exact sense of time and an incredibly sensitive interpretation of the sun's position. Whether either faculty plays any part in the homing ability of dogs and other animals has never been shown. There is either a sixth sense or a wider range of the recognized senses, in dogs .- Gaines Dog Research Center.



Wit Sharpeners

"And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth" (Luke 11:2).

"Good-by, Central--Good-by"

NEXT time you lift up a telephone receiver and hear the hum of a dial tone, give thought to Almon Brown Strowger — cavalry lieutenant, schoolteacher, and short-tempered undertaker. He's responsible for the dial.

Military life lacked appeal for the young New Yorker, and teaching didn't pay very well, so Strowger turned to the dignified—and lucrative—field of undertaking in Kansas City, Missouri.

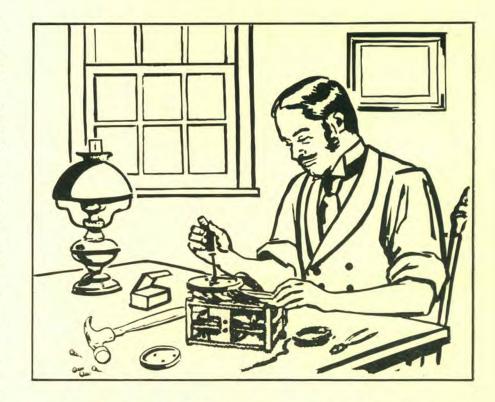
One morning in 1888, he opened his newspaper and was astonished to find that a close friend had died. More astonishing: The friend lay in state at the funeral parlor of a competitor. A dark suspicion crossed Strowger's mind. He reasoned that the bereaved family had tried to call him and had been "switched" to his competitor by the girl at Central.

Strowger was furious. He called the girl at Central and she *knew* he was furious. Strowger decided to do something about it.

First he visited the telephone exchange. Each operator, he noted, sat before a board containing ten rows of ten outlets each. Each outlet represented one telephone. If a caller wanted number 65, for example, the operator connected a line from the calling party's outlet to the fifth outlet in the sixth row. Such a system, Strowger saw, left telephone calls open to a variety of human errors.

Returning to his office, he emptied a





cardboard box, then stuck the box with ten rows of pins, ten pins to each row. Dangling a pencil over the pins, and probably still muttering in anger through his beard, Strowger wondered if there was not some way for the pencil to make automatic contact with the particular pin needed.

There was a way, he found—with magnets! After months of manipulation with cords, switches, buttons, and wires, Strowger in 1889 excitedly filed an application with the U.S. Patent Office for an "Automatic Telephone Exchange." Two years later the patent was granted.

Oh, how they laughed when Strowger sought money to finance his project. "Craziest idea yet," they jeered. But finally the money was raised. On November 2, 1892, an installation was placed in service at LaPorte, Indiana.

The new telephones were equipped with buttons. If you wanted to call number 65, you pushed one button six times and another button five. Then, by turning the generator handle, you could ring the called party.

The equipment worked successfully, and people like it. A typical reaction to this pioneer bit of automation was that of the LaPorte Daily Herald. "If any error has been made," it reported, "the

person calling may be sure that he, and not the machine, is at fault. Machines make no mistakes."

Other improvements followed rapidly. With the introduction of automatic intermittent ringing, a caller no longer had to crank his generator to ring his party. The automatic busy tone was introduced, and simplification of the system reduced the number of wires needed. By 1904 Strowger exchanges had been installed in Chicago, Dayton, and Grand Rapids. The system was hailed by the Chicago Journal as "perfect."

But there was still too much room for error. Many subscribers were getting wrong numbers because they were pushing buttons the wrong number of times. This was largely overcome by the invention of the dial in 1895, perfected for practical use in 1896.

Since then, dial telephones have multiplied rapidly. From teen-age girls waiting for that exciting ring from him, to major executives calling distant branch offices the dial telephone plays an increasingly important role in modern life.

Next time you mean to call home but dial the fire station instead, don't be mad. Take a tip from the irate undertaker from Kansas City—and invent some improvement.



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

- Mexico's population has doubled in three decades to reach more than 30 million.
- FIFTY-FIVE per cent of the money paid out by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company last year in death claims was for diseases of the heart and arteries, and about 20 per cent was for cancer.

Science

- Marine birds have an excellent device—their well-developed nasal glands—for removing salt from their diet. These glands were previously thought to provide protection for the sensitive nasal mucosa from the irritating effects of sea water.

 Scope
- A NEW, inexpensive (\$20) deep-diving camera makes under-water photography no longer a pastime just for the affluent. The aquatic camera snaps either black and white or color photos and can be used both in pools and ocean depths down to 100 feet.

 MLPFS
- THE famed Scythe Tree near Water-loo, New York, is a unique memorial to a young soldier of the Civil War. When the boy left for the front, he hung his scythe in the crotch of a Balm of Gilead poplar and asked that it be left there until he returned. He never did. The growing tree enveloped the scythe's blade, and today only six inches of it shows.
- A RESEARCH vessel has been assigned to study a trench in the Caribbean Sea where the deep water is not in motion. Called the Cariaco Trench, the 4,680-foot-deep basin is located near the coast of Venezuela. Shut off from the rest of the sea by a sill that permits no ocean water to enter from depths greater than about 500 feet, the trench contains stagnant water in which there is no free oxygen. Similar areas have been known to exist in the Black Sea and in some fiords, but had never before been encountered in the open sea. Science

- ABOUT 9 million United States students-nearly one fourth of the school population-were expected to have religious instruction on their schedules in one form or another during the 1958-1959 school year. Of these, about 3.5 million are enrolled in public-school systems providing "released time"-usually an hour a week-for classes in Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Jewish teachings. In spite of objections that such an arrangement encroaches on the traditional separation of church and state, the Supreme Court has upheld the formula as legal so long as school facilities are not used for the religion classes.
- THE sun has big "fire hoses" shooting into space. When, as the sun rotates, one of them happens to spray the earth with streams of infinitesimally minute atomic particles, the result is a big magnetic storm, which causes disruption of radio communication through wide areas of the world and a great display of the aurora. Such storms can somewhat be forecast, it now appears, by observing the intensity of certain visible-light lines.
 - Smithsonian
- YEARS ago in Wales, a musical instrument was the most important possession of a gentleman. Serfs were not permitted to touch the family harp, and even if the law confiscated the property of a gentleman, the harp could not be taken, since removing it would degrade the position of the owner.
- Although the number of deaths and injuries from motor vehicle accidents has been increasing, the death rate per 10,000 motor vehicles registered has decreased about 50 per cent in the past 25 years.
- THE 841 doctors of veterinary medicine graduated this year from the nation's 17 veterinary colleges, brings the number of veterinarians in the United States to nearly 20,000.

 Gaines
- THE American Embassy in Baghdad, capital of Iraq, is a replica of the White House in Washington, D.C.

- COAL mining is still the most dangerous major industry in the United States, as far as injuries to workmen are concerned.
- HALLEY'S comet, which in its orbit around the sun comes quite close to the earth every 75 years, has been a recurrent visitor for nearly two millenniums.

Smithsonian

- A FIVE-YEAR STUDY of more than 2,000 individuals showed that executives had less hypertension and arteriosclerosis than did nonexecutive office workers of comparable sex, age, and work environment.
- A JAPANESE researcher has found that police dogs and other canines trained to pursue a man by his scent can be thoroughly confused if the odor from certain fatty acids is placed in their paths. These acids, such as are found in the decaying corpses of animals, are formed during the process of bacterial decay.

Scope

FLAG throwing in Switzerland is like baton twirling in the United States, except that it is performed only by men. Using the national flag of the country, the performers execute a series of difficult but graceful maneuvers. An Alpenhorn provides a melodic accompaniment to the artistic gyrations of the flag throwers.

Swiss National Tourist Office



TARGET-

Being caught in the middle of an argument is often embarrassing, but sometimes inevitable, as in the case of the public-school provision for classes in religion. The Seventh-day Adventist Church has generally opposed the "released time" arrangement for public schools, while at the same time preaching with all its vigor that religion is the only answer to the mounting problems of individuals, society, and the world. To some people this seems inconsistent.

A similar predicament arises with a move to prohibit the selling of alcoholic beverages on Sunday. Here the Church finds itself on the liquor dealers' side of the controversy.

The major concern must always be, however, not a superficial consistency but a careful faithfulness to fundamental principles. This holds both for the Church in its official positions and for individual members in their daily living.

FG