

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

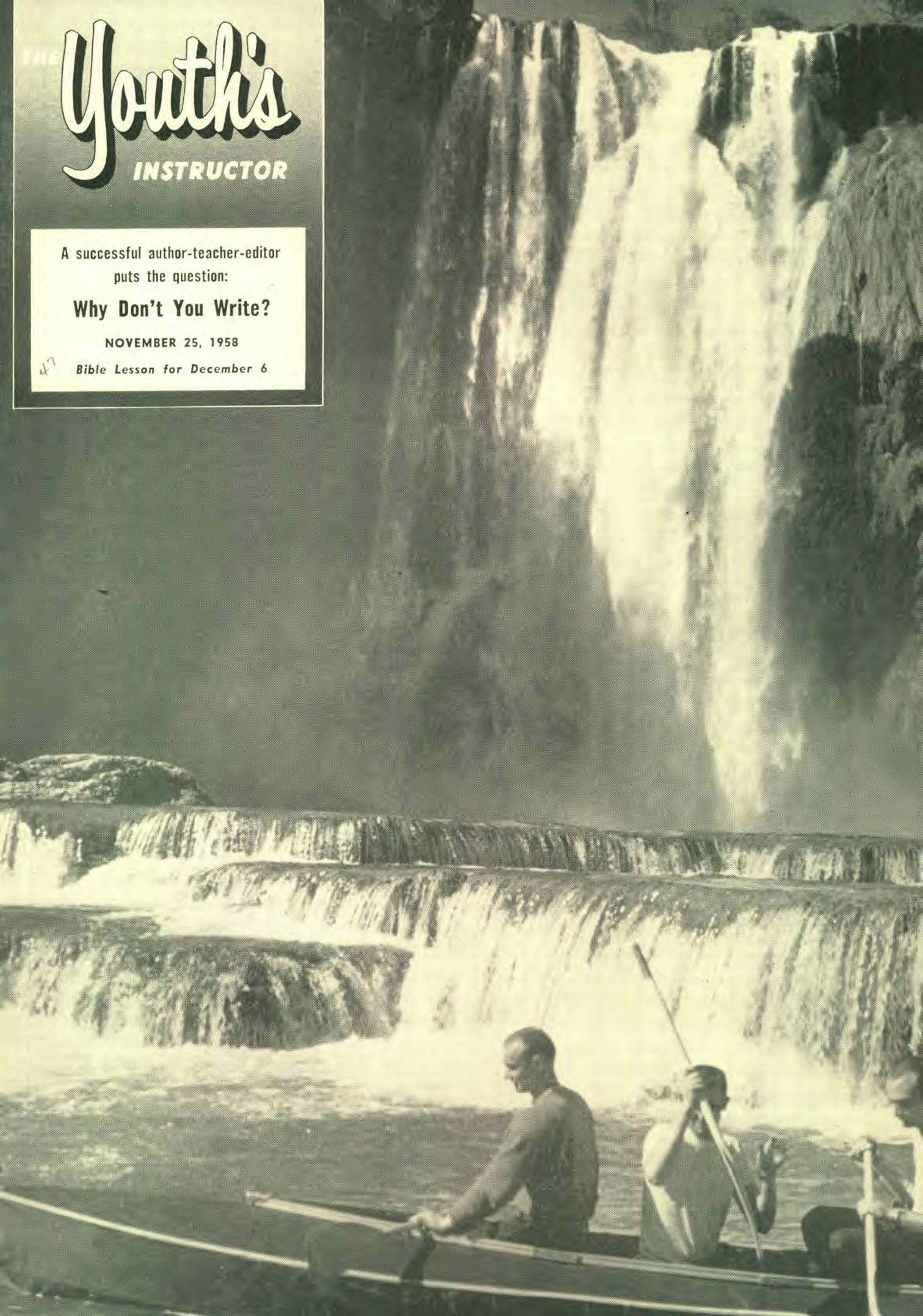
A successful author-teacher-editor
puts the question:

Why Don't You Write?

NOVEMBER 25, 1958

47

Bible Lesson for December 6



When to Meet Your Deadline

The term *deadline* is highly respected in every printing establishment. It is a matter not only of pride but of business necessity to meet each deadline, with the job done and by the appointed time. We recall watching the compositors at work in the London *Times* last November 21.

Our guide had told us that the deadline on all composing room changes for the November 22 edition was 9:15 that evening. As we stood near, watching the men make their final corrections, I frequently glanced at the master clock overhead, its hands ticking toward the final second.

At about nine-fourteen-and-a-half, the final check had been made, the last form locked up and sent on its way to the foundry below for molding and casting into plates for the rotary presses. As we left the *Times* building that evening at the close of our tour, we each received a copy of the Friday-morning edition as a souvenir of our visit.

The way to meet a deadline is to plan to be ready *before* it arrives. The way to do that is to form the habit of always being ahead of time for every appointment in life. Recently we completed the second Photo Mart contest we have sponsored. The deadline was carefully publicized, yet some missed it.

Each spring other deadlines come with our Pen League programs. Almost invariably someone misses it.

Being ready ahead of time is a life-and-death matter for every living soul at some time or other. Probation is an individual matter, with an irrevocable deadline tailored to each one.

Youth especially are prone to think there is plenty of time for shaping character for eternal life. But no one can know when the hands will point to his deadline hour. A life that leads to the commission of the unpardonable sin has at that point reached probation's close. Sudden death ends all opportunity for change.

It is a blessing that we have not been told the day or the hour when our probation is to close. For if we knew, some would mark the date on their calendars. They would try to squeeze the last possible pleasure of sin from this world before turning heavenward, not comprehending that to inherit eternity they must respond to God's love, for He alone can teach them to love with all the heart and soul and strength and mind.

Walter T. Crandall

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

FALLS Mexico's El Salto Falls is pictured on this week's cover. Berney Neufeld took the picture in color when he was a member of the biology field trip supervised by Dr. Ernest S. Booth and sponsored by Walla Walla College a year ago. The waterfall is actually higher than the cover shows, inasmuch as it was necessary to telescope the black-and-white conversion enough to bring it into cover dimensions. Berney's color slide was accepted in the second YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Photo Mart.

THANKSGIVING How long has it been since you read from your Bible, apart from preparing a school assignment, or your Sabbath school lesson? If you are out of practice, why not get back into the habit with the Thanksgiving-to-Christmas Bible reading program sponsored by the American Bible Society? And keep it up every day of 1959. Bible reading for any purpose can bring blessing when it's done with an unprejudiced mind.

PERU "A few week's ago we received a YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR with an article on the copper mine at Toquepala [May 27]. I just thought that you might be interested to know that the people there have helped us in the Ingathering for several years. My husband and I have had the privilege of visiting the families for the last two years now and have made many friends. Many of the folks when they have come up to see Lake Titicaca have stopped by for a friendly visit with us before continuing their trip." Mrs. WELLESLEY MUIR, Lake Titicaca Mission.

TENNESSEE "It was a thrill for me to read the article 'Nicaragua Sport' [August 12]. I am a student from Panama, and I know that all the students from the Inter-American Division who read it have enjoyed it too. This silent message is a call for us to go back and finish the work in Inter-America." ELIZABETH M. GUERRA.

ADVICE Next week's YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR brings candid advice from a minister's wife, entitled "I Would Not Dare."

LIVE "To give is to live."—DA 623.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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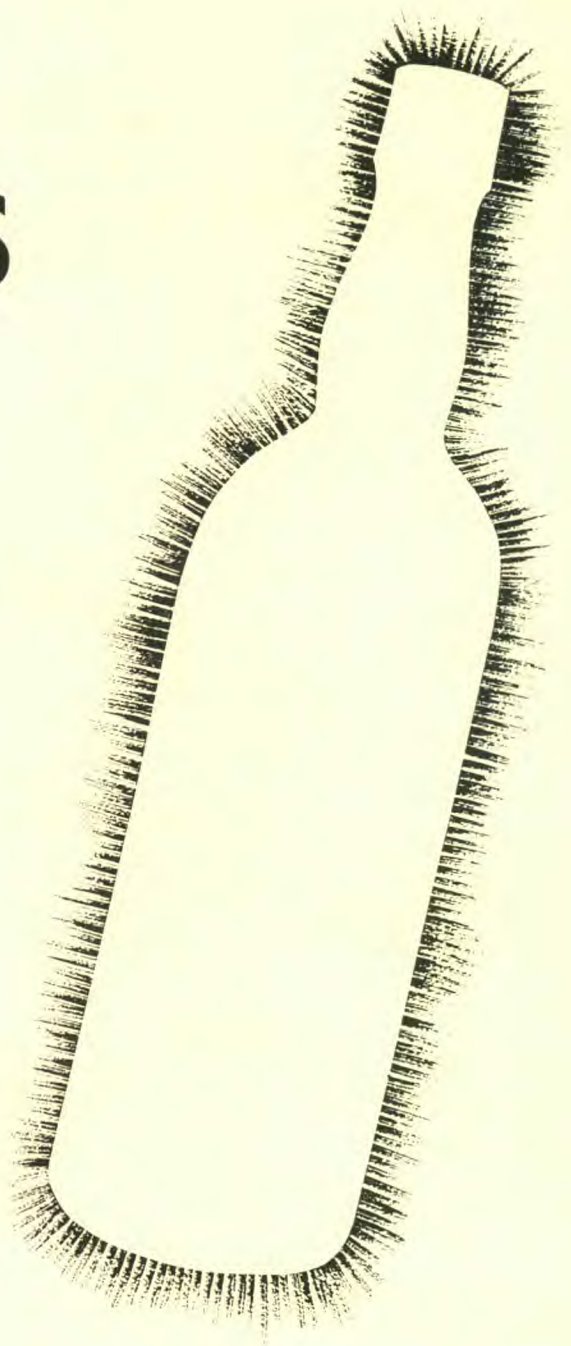
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MONUMENTS to the BOTTLE

By ERNEST LUNDIN

*A cabdriver records his observations
of what happened to people who
were "under the influence."*



JACK'S TAVERN!"

The words, from two smartly dressed young women, came as a surprise to me, a taxi driver who should be accustomed to the unusual. Their destination was a run-down tavern in the poorer section of the city.

As we wound our way across town, I tried to imagine why they had chosen such a place. It was difficult to reconcile their dress and their manners with their destination, but it was apparent from their conversation and laughter that they were in search of an evening's entertainment.

Upon arrival at the tavern, they stepped

lightly across the sidewalk and disappeared within. As I closed the cab door my thoughts went back to several nights before when I had discharged another passenger at the same tavern.

The usual rush hour for taxicabs had abated, and with a sense of relief I slumped behind the wheel for what I hoped would be a few minutes of rest. I was happy in the thought that it was nearly one o'clock in the morning and that my hours on duty would soon be ended.

My thoughts were shattered by the sharp voice of the radio dispatcher calling my car. "Car One! Car One!"

Fumbling for the microphone, I mumbled a hasty answer. After waiting a

few seconds, the radio cracked again.

"Car One, pick up a passenger at the Star Hotel."

With some misgivings I ground the car into gear and sped the half-dozen blocks to the dingy hostelry. I idly conjectured why anyone would call a cab at this hour.

After braking to a stop at the loading zone, I was disappointed that no one was awaiting my arrival. After waiting a short interval, I decided to step inside and see if I could hurry my fare a bit. As I walked toward the dimly lighted entry I recalled the reputation of the place. The century-old brick building was said to house derelicts, drunkards, and others of ill repute.

Pushing open the grimy swinging door, I was forced to admit that the reports I

These observations on a way of life as seen by a cabdriver were set down on paper while the author was a freshman English student at Union College.

Wild Geese

By **DOLORES BRADBURY**

In thin gray wedges
The honkers fly,
Etching a message
Across the sky;
Summer is gone
And winter is nigh
When I see the writing
Across the sky.

had heard about the hotel were probably true. Slumped on a dirty, ragged sofa was a man in filthy overalls. The misshapen cap on his head and the three days' growth of beard on his face seemed to mark him as belonging to such a place. In a chair across the room sat an old man who was obviously wise in this way of life, for he also bore the marks of once riotous living.

When I entered I noticed that the object of their attention was a slovenly dressed drunken woman of about thirty-five who clung precariously to the high counter of the desk clerk. She and the clerk were arguing, with the woman alternately sobbing and pounding the desk in a fit of rage.

The only defense the desk clerk seemed to have against her vulgar tirade was a green soft-drink bottle. When her screams and curses went beyond his endurance, he would take a long drink from the bottle, which doubtless contained something stronger than soda, and then with deliberation he would tuck the bottle out of sight and again take up the wrangling.

How long this had been going on I do not know, but my appearance at the door seemed to bring a sense of relief to him. Obviously the woman was not welcome there, and I seemed to be the solution to the problem.

After some ten minutes of urging, the woman was induced into the cab. Reluctantly I got behind the wheel and started slowly down the street. After drying her tears she directed me to drive out of town to the all-night tavern. After driving a few minutes with the cold air from the open window blowing in her face, she came partially to her senses.

While chatting with her I was unable to determine whether the trouble at the hotel was of just origin or only a fantasy of her befogged mind. In any event, it seemed to be a common occurrence with her and to bother her very little.

For a while we rode along in silence, her presence filling the cab with her foul breath and the smell of her filthy body. I knew that she had no idea of the depths to which she had fallen.

She informed me that she was now going to spend the rest of the night having a "high old time." But it seemed to me that she was already having a "high old time"—each of us placing a different interpretation on the words. Never once in her conversation was there any hint of happiness—only frustration and contempt of life in general.

Certainly life had dealt her some cruel blows, but I wondered how much of her misery and heartache were of her own making.

She stepped from the cab. Then with a hollow laugh she turned and gave me her last dollar for cab fare. As she reeled and staggered away from the car I could only think of the sickening smell she had left behind.

She paused at the door of the roadhouse to straighten her rumpled dress and brush back her tangled hair; then squaring her shoulders, she stumbled through the doorway and was swallowed up by the gloom and blaring music inside.

This was what I remembered as the two neat girls stepped lightly across the sidewalk and disappeared into the tavern. It seemed to me that only a few years separated these two from the shame and disgrace that I had witnessed only a few nights before. If only those two young girls could ride with me for a few nights, I thought, and see for themselves what really is at the end of the alcohol road.

As I drove away I pondered some of the things they might see if they were to ride with me on a few typical nights.

For instance, there is that friendly young fellow who rides nearly every night. Friendly, that is, when he is not drunk. Most of the time, however, he is a sullen, speechless addict. In his more sober moments he has confided to me that he has just recently returned from a hospital where he was sent after a nervous collapse. He further admits that he has been warned by his doctors that continued drinking can lead only to a complete and perhaps permanent breakdown. If his benumbed mind has been able to comprehend this, he has been unable to break the chains that bind him. "The cup of good cheer" and the riotous parties have long since lost their luster for him.

Yes, if they could see him. Or perhaps that huge blond man who once had a fine family, a home, and some income property. He was also endowed with a

fine husky body. Now he is nothing but a hulking frame of a man who spends not one day, but four or five days at a time, with his alcoholic taskmaster. There is a longing in his voice as he talks of his two children at home. It is plain to see that he loves them very much, but he is unable to bridge the gulf that alcohol has created in his home life, so he just keeps going, going—always downhill.

Or maybe the man with six children, the one who is so soft-spoken and polite when he is sober. The one who becomes a raving, cursing monster after a few drinks, without a decent word for anyone. When I pick him up early in the morning after his drunken binge, he is a trembling, sick, heartbroken man. On the way home, all he can say is, "What am I going to do? Oh, what am I going to do?"

These words echo and re-echo, not only through the lives of those who have surrendered themselves to beer and liquor but also through the hearts and souls of the loved ones who keep the long vigil at home. Because there are still more pathetic victims—the innocent ones—the little one whose stomach aches for food; the lonely companion to whom have come heartache, poverty, and disgrace.

A good example is the young housewife whom I have taken in search of her wayward husband. She doesn't know where to find him, so we drive slowly up and down the streets and alleys in search of him. With anxious words she tells me of her pleadings with him, of the quarrels and harsh words she receives in return. She tells of his neglect and forgetfulness of his loved ones while he squanders his money on his so-called friends. Then with tears in her eyes she expresses her hopelessness with "What am I going to do?"

What is she going to do? What are any of them going to do?

There seems to be no answer to these burning words that seem to sear the very minds of those who face this problem. There seems to be no turning back. The taskmaster has no mercy even for those who regret the first step down the alcohol road.

Not many hours later I was called to pick up the two girls again. On the homeward journey the laughter was brash, the chatter vulgar and repulsive. A lot less demure now, and very much guarded in conversation—nevertheless certain that they had found the key to popularity and happiness.

Tottering ever so little, one stepped from the car with a farewell and the words, "I'll call you Friday and we'll make another date then."

As I discharged the other girl a few blocks distant I couldn't help wondering about "that date." Would it be another step on the downhill journey to poverty and disgrace? Another step downward to the end of the alcohol road?

Young Immigrant

By THEODORA WANGERIN

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

YOUNG MAN, have you lost your way?" shouted the Dutch guard. All day long the sixteen-year-old German had walked to reach the border. And now, with his goal almost in sight, he was being stopped and questioned.

Afraid that he might not be permitted to cross into Holland he clicked his heels, saluted, and replied courteously, "No sir! I'm not lost. I'm on my way to America!"

Michael's parents had been Sabbath-keepers for several years before they learned of the Advent message. They had decided to give their boy a military training, and secretly they had cherished the fond hope that he would become an officer in the German Army. Then in 1891, when he was seven, they had become Adventists.

The year they joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church Michael was sent to boarding school, where the boys were kept away from the "softening influence" of women. Discipline was strict. The boys were taught to obey without questioning, to take care of their room and their clothes.

During the first three years of his training he did not see his parents, but when he reached the age of ten he was permitted to spend a few weeks at home.

Then he was sent to a military academy. At the close of the two-year term, at his father's request he was transferred to a school closer to Berlin so that he could spend the weekends at home.

Later he was allowed to sleep at home. Being an avid reader, he picked up two books that his parents kept on the table, *The Great Controversy* and *The Desire of Ages*. He became so interested that he read them through twice.

When his parents had been Seventh-day Adventists for seven years, Michael at fourteen still had had no opportunities to attend church services.

The following summer, however, he

was able to attend an Adventist camp meeting held in Friedensau, where he accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. At the close of the session he was the youngest of a group of fifty to be baptized in a nearby creek.

A great transformation had taken place in his heart. He lost all interest in training for an army career. He was now eager to engage in battle for the Lord.

Visiting ministers from America encouraged him to go to the United States to train for a place of service. But he was penniless. When he spoke to them about his financial status they replied laughingly: "Don't worry about money! The brethren in America will take care of you!"

Shaking his head, Michael said later, "But after coming to America I soon learned that money does not grow on bushes. What I did not earn myself, I did not have."

A desire to go to the New World took possession of the lad. Although his mother secretly encouraged him to go, his father, knowing that it would be difficult to arrange for a release from the military academy, was not in sympathy with the idea. But the desire to go was strong. The more he thought about it the more he prayed that God would open the way.

One day, while visiting an uncle who was a military officer stationed about fifteen miles from the Dutch border, he decided to leave secretly. With a small Bible in his pocket, and barely enough money to take him to England, he made his way to the border.

It was then that the guard stopped him. "So, you are on your way to America!" he said. "Have you arranged for your passage? When are you to sail? And from what port do you expect to sail?"

"I have made no reservations as yet," was his reply. "In fact, I don't know when I will sail. All that I know is that I'm on my way!"

"How much money do you have for the trip?"

Hanging his head, Michael said, "I

have only a few German marks in my pocket."

The guard then wrote a note and directed Michael to take it to his wife in a house close by. After reading the note the guard's wife invited Michael in, gave him something to eat, and treated him like a royal guest.

A few hours later when the guard returned he took time to talk further with Michael about his plans. He encouraged him to go to Rotterdam, where a brother of his lived.

Michael took the suggestion. He looked up the brother and stayed with him until arrangements were made to sail for England. The brother had a friend who was employed by a large shipping company to pilot a small boat between Rotterdam and Southampton, and who arranged to take Michael to England free.

In Great Britain he was met by immigration officials, who questioned him. Since he was not familiar with English it was difficult for him to answer intelligently the questions put to him.

And when he said he was on his way to America with only three marks (seventy-five cents) in his pocket they questioned him at length.

After discussing his case for a time officials returned to tell him that he had been classified as a political refugee and would be placed under the protection of the British crown. These words were meaningless to Michael, and he had no idea what was involved in this generous decision. But he was happy that he was permitted to enter England.

The immigration officials found a job for him in a large hotel in Liverpool, where transients stayed while waiting for passage to various points on the globe. He was put to work making beds and scrubbing floors, work which he had learned to do well while in the military academy.

Now he was on his way. Only a few months had passed since he had given his heart to the Lord and taken his baptismal vows. He was determined to be true to

God, but circumstances sometimes made it difficult for him to carry out his resolutions.

During his first week in Liverpool a battle for Sabbath privileges began, and did not end for a long time. There was no one to turn to, no one who could help him fight his battle.

Early the first Friday morning he went to interview the German-speaking hotel manager, to inform him that he could not work after sunset that evening or on the day following, which was Saturday.

The manager turned to the blue-eyed youth. "You are not a Jew! Why can't you work on Saturday?"

Michael explained that he was a Seventh-day Adventist and that he kept the seventh-day Sabbath.

The manager, never having heard of the Sabbathkeepers, replied quite curtly, "Young man, in this place we work seven days a week!"

Michael tried to tell the man that he could not work on the seventh day and quoted Scripture to prove it.

The manager cut him off. "Go to work," he said.

Perplexed, Michael went back to work. He prayed that God would work for him and influence the manager to change his mind.

Late in the afternoon, just as he had finished tidying the last room, a stranger who had listened in on the conversation that morning said to him, "You don't have to work on your Sabbath. Everything has been arranged for you."

The youth who was "on his way to America" was happy. He felt like shouting. His request had been granted. The Lord had worked for him.

Later he learned that the stranger who had brought him the cheering message was well acquainted with Seventh-day Adventists. His parents, residing in Holland, were members of the church. Sympathetic with their views, he had gone to the manager and put in a good word.

One morning two weeks later the manager sent for Michael to tell him that his passage to Boston had been arranged. Although he had worked three weeks, he knew he didn't have sufficient money coming to him to pay for the passage. He was greatly concerned.

"There is no need to worry about anything," the man said. "Everything has been arranged for you to go to America."

Later he learned that a man from Munich had engaged passage on the *Marion* of the Dominion Steamship Line. He had left his young wife at home, expecting to send for her when he was established in the new country. But while in Liverpool he received the news that his wife had been killed. So he canceled his passage and hastened back to Munich.

Since passports were not then required, it was not difficult for Michael to leave on short notice. The manager arranged for Michael to travel on this man's ticket.

The young immigrant was delighted as he walked up the gangplank of the *Marion*. His accommodations were far from desirable and the food was poor, but he was happy to be on his way. He made friends with the stewards, and because they were short of help in the kitchen, he volunteered. In turn they provided him with the best of meals.

As the ship neared Boston, Michael stood on the deck, anxious to catch a glimpse of America, "the land of his dreams," and "the land of opportunity." When the ship had docked and the gangplank was lowered, the passengers walked to a large building to be interviewed by the immigration authorities. Michael passed the inspection without difficulty.

The day that Michael, friendless and alone, unable to carry on a conversation in the English language, entered America was a bitter cold day. It was February 24, 1901. A snowstorm had been raging for several days. Without even an overcoat, he shivered in the cold.

But his heart was aglow. He was grate-

ful that God had opened the way for him to enter America!

Within half an hour after entering Boston, Michael had a job. The manager of the restaurant where he had taken his first meal hired him. Although the work was hard, the pay was good—room and board and five dollars a week. He stayed on the job three months.

The first Friday morning he went to his employer. "I am a Seventh-day Adventist," he began. "I believe that the seventh day of the week is the Sabbath of the Lord, the day which He has commanded us to keep holy. I cannot work tomorrow."

The man was well acquainted with the beliefs of Seventh-day Adventists and granted Michael's request for time off. In return for Sabbath privileges the boy was glad to do extra work on Sunday, for it was a very busy day at the restaurant.

In the restaurant Michael met a number of German youths who had been west to work in the Dakota harvest fields. They thought it great sport to hitch rides on the freight trains and go from place to place. They spoke in glowing terms of the work and encouraged the young man to join them as they returned to the "wild and woolly west."

Game for adventure and eager to see more of America, Michael joined them and went west. The first place they stopped was Jamestown, North Dakota, where the young men had acquaintances. They worked in the harvest fields until the close of the threshing season. When he left, Michael had two hundred dollars in his sock.

Anxious that one of his younger brothers join him, he sent the two hundred dollars home to his mother. But the brother never came.

After working in the harvest fields the young men found work on a steamer that plied the Missouri River. The pay was good and the work was easier. They were busy only when the boat stopped to unload freight. At night they took turns in watching the cargo.

One evening, as they arrived at Washburn, North Dakota, a few miles up the river, they received their pay about eight o'clock. With nothing much to do they went to the general store and hung about until midnight, when it closed.

As they returned to the boat they noticed shadows moving in the bushes along the riverbank. Michael sensed danger and readied the gun he had been carrying over his shoulder and shouted, "Boys, look out!"

At the same time another voice shouted, "Hold 'em up!"

Someone hit Michael over the head with a rifle, and he lost consciousness. He was taken to a hospital, where he lay unconscious for three days. He required medical care for six weeks.

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

The Flavor of Unselfishness

By BLANCHE CLARIDGE

THREE little girls watched with eager eyes as I took the pan of cookies from the oven. Lucille and Lynette had brought their guest to "see Grandma" just as I was finishing a batch. There had been enough dough left to make three extra-fancy ones, heart-shaped with a design on top.

The little six-year-old and the eight-year-olds were impatient to see how they would turn out.

The cookies came, warm and delec-

table, from the oven, but alas! Two of them broke as I slid them from the pan. There was only one perfect cookie.

Three little girls looked at me and at one another with questioning eyes. Then Lynette solved the problem. "Let Marcia have the pretty cookie, because she is company."

"Yes," answered Lucille. "The broken ones will taste just as good." And I know they did, for they had the extra flavor of unselfishness.

Nothing Too Bad for a Thief

By ALMA SWENA



J. BYRON LOGAN



"IF I were you, I'd just tell her what I thought of her!" Judy's advice contrasted harshly with the quiet mood of the softly falling snow that frosted the campus like freshly spread divinity icing. The two girls stared

across the still scene broken only by a

lone robin bobbing around looking for food.

"I don't know what you're waiting for," Judy was proving insistent. "We've searched this room three times, and I won't do it again." Her face was set in determination as she stole a glance at her still silent roommate.

Fire burned, however, in the blue eyes that returned the glance, and Judy could see that Kathy needed no further prodding.

At last Kathy's temper gave way to the hostility of her thoughts. "I'm going to just——"

"Hi, gang," interrupted Nan. Noisily she bounded into the cluttered room and flung herself on Kathy's twin-size bed, which now resembled a sales table at closing time. "When are you leaving?"

Not letting the intruder switch her own trend of thought, Kathy continued, "——demand she give it back *right now*, or I'll tell everyone in the dorm she's a thief!"

Nan looked up. "Who?"

"It's that Laura," Judy explained, wrinkling her nose in disgust. She turned from the window and hastily folded another dress into the bulging suitcase.

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The author named Southwestern Junior College as her school when this story was written during her freshman year. She has been editor of her school paper and is hoping to complete training to become a physical therapist.

Medellín to the Orinoco

By MARY COLBY MONTEITH

PART THREE

AS WE spent hours on the Venezuelan border filling out papers, paying a bond on the car, making five separate pages of fingerprints, the time slipped away. At last the Collinses and Monteiths were across the line and driving over fine paved mountain roads to San Cristóbal, where there is a small Adventist group. They were enthusiastic, planning to build a large new church on a corner lot next to their tiny meeting place.

Geographically, Venezuela differs from Colombia in many respects. Both have broad *llanos* (plains) to the south and east, but Venezuela is more arid. Colombia is more mountainous, with three ranges of the Andes, as against just one spur running across the northwest corner of Venezuela.

Because a landslide had closed the new road, we were forced to spend a half day driving up into this range and down again, to emerge just twenty miles from our starting place. Soon, however, we found ourselves on the magnificent Pan American Highway, straight as an arrow for miles and miles, and much of it in beautiful pavement.

As we traveled over this modern engineering feat I couldn't help thinking that just a little way to the north of us, probably as close as we would ever get to it, lay the Motoloni Indian country—a thought that makes the shivers start up the spine. The Motolonis have had no contact with civilization and repulse every attempt. Their territory spreads over part of Colombia and part of Venezuela, with no roads of any kind. Oil company workmen who have penetrated short dis-

tances live in stockades to stop poison arrows. The few who have tried to make friends with the Indians have given their lives in the attempt.

Much of the land near the Caribbean is semidesert country, but by contrast we found ourselves at times driving through rain forests. I greatly enjoy looking at a rain forest. No, I do not care to enter it, for I would need a long sharp machete to cut a path through the tangle. If I were thirsty, I would not dare drink from a stream no matter how clean the water

looked. Insects would sting and dangerous snakes and mammals might attack me. But to stand on a modern paved road and *look* into the lush green is a joy.

Tree ferns tower higher than my head. Philodendrons of all kinds from giant to dwarf varieties grow up every available trunk; bird-of-paradise plants fill marshy places. Here and there a tree rises fifty to eighty feet before the first limbs branch off. Vines, some with bright blossoms, crawl over everything; long strong lianas dangle like ropes from the higher trees. Some of the many-branched trees have become plant racks with ferns and air-plants crowding every inch of their branches, sapping the life of the trees but presenting a magnificent arboreal garden.

Ghostly blue butterflies may drift into sight a moment and then vanish in the undergrowth, a strange birdcall reaches the ear, a screaming parrot flies overhead while we stand and look and listen until we are reminded that after all we must reach some town where we can spend the night.



W. T. COLLINS

The metropolis of Caracas—founded in 1567, named after an Indian tribe, and now, with more than a million residents, the capital of Venezuela—boasts much modern architecture.

Since the new highway has been opened, farm sites have been springing up along the road, the jungle has been cut back, and bananas or other tropical crops have been planted. Service stations and restaurants are appearing, frequently run by newly arrived Italians who know how to make delicious spaghetti.

We looked too long into the rain forest. It was late when we reached Carora, and all the good hotels were full. At last we found space in an ancient hostelry where our huge, high-ceilinged room had per-

manent hammock posts in the walls to provide for four beds and/or four hammocks.

The drive to Barquisimeto, headquarters of the West Venezuela Mission, is through rolling, dry country full of bird and animal life. While we were eating a picnic breakfast, a vermilion cardinal visited us. He had a larger crest than the North American variety, which he turned up and forward at a jaunty angle. A good-sized animal, a member of the cat family, appeared and as suddenly vanished through the brush. Now and then large black-and-white hawks with conspicuous black face masks could be seen—the laughing hawks of Venezuela.

Barquisimeto is a progressive city, and Seventh-day Adventists are keeping abreast of it. Three hundred attend church on Sabbath, including 150 children. One hundred and eight students are in the three-teacher school, which is on the same property.

Rumors of the success of one student, Guillermo Londoño, in Colombia were reaching into Venezuela. We heard that he had made anywhere from seven to thirteen full scholarships. He actually had made ten scholarships in ten weeks by working ten city blocks in a city in western Colombia.

It is said that the heart of modern Venezuela can be seen between Valencia, Maracay, and Caracas. There are many signs of rapid development. We noticed the large lake, Lago de Valencia, with its electrical power, the many ultramodern industrial plants, and the fertile farm lands.

Wild life was prolific. Many small parakeets amused us. They are called *perico cara sucia*, which we would translate as "the little parrot with the dirty face." Their faces were a light brown, looking as if they did need washing. A shallow-lake area to the south of Maracay sheltered water turkeys, bitterns, night herons, an unusual water mocking bird, yellow-headed marsh birds, gallinules, white-shouldered water tyrants, and even an ugly "babilla."

My husband had been watching what appeared to be an old black log on a little rise of ground out in the marshes. Suddenly he called, "Look carefully at that old log." Just then it stood up on four short legs and slid its body into the midst of the water lilies.

In the rich pastureland just east of Maracay small white herons with dark legs and yellow bills were collecting insects around the heads of grazing cattle, even now and then lighting on a cow's broad back. They were the cattle egrets lately of Africa and now residents of both Venezuela and Colombia.

The little town of El Limón just north of Maracay has a group of Seventh-day Adventists, a neat little church building, and several enthusiastic colporteurs. Out from El Limón the paved highway runs to



W. T. COLLINS

Contrast in Venezuelan scenery is apparent in a magnificent view from Rancho Grande and in the crowded shanties near La Guaira, an airport twenty Auto-pista miles from Caracas.

the Parque Nacional Rancho Grande, set aside through the efforts of Dr. Henri Pittier, dean of neotropical botany. It is a great tract of land including a section of the coastal range and the Portachuelo Pass, three quarters of a mile high, through which the migrating birds and butterflies come south on their yearly flights. On either side of this pass stand Pico Periquito (Peak of the Parakeets) and Pico Guacamayo (Peak of the Macaws).

Driving from El Limón, we entered first the dry brush and grass area, then into the hills where the dry of the lowlands changed to the deep green of the jungle with a line as distinct as a man-made wall. Our road curved upward as the bird life increased. Soon we caught sight of a trogon, a somber little lady in demure gray

but cherry red below her bib. A little later we spied a glorious trogon in green with a burnished gold wash and cherry red on lower chest and belly. It was Bangs' quetzal, related to the famous quetzal of Guatemala but with a shorter tail.

A former president of Venezuela started to build a great home—or, some say, a hotel—in Rancho Grande. Upper floors were still unfinished, but the first floor housed an interesting museum of birds and small mammals. Out on the lawn in front of the building a feeding tray attracted many species of birds new to us. This was the spot where William Beebe and his group worked on the scientific studies described in his book *High Jungle*.*

* Beebe, William, *High Jungle*, New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1949. 379 pp.

We went up to the pass where we could look down and away to the coastal plain bordering the warm Caribbean. I stood in a notch in the mountain beside a bust of Henri Pittier and tried to visualize the thousands and thousands of birds and the millions upon millions of butterflies, moths, and other insects that use Portachuelo Pass as a convenient door during their migrations.

We hated to leave Rancho Grande and talked of a youth camp in such ideal surroundings. Wanting an excuse to tarry, we stopped for a late breakfast of *pericos* and cheese-filled *arepas*. *Pericos* may mean "bird bills," but for some strange reason in Colombia and Venezuela it turns out to mean eggs scrambled with onion and tomato. *Arepas* are to the Colombo-Venezolano what *tortillas* are to the Mexican—a thick round cake of corn, in this case mixed with cheese and served piping hot. While we were waiting for breakfast to be prepared, a racket-tail hummingbird flew within a few feet of us, and voices of the howler monkeys came across the jungle-filled gorge.

From Maracay a broad superhighway runs through the coastal range almost eighty miles to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. Caracas lies in a valley in Los Cumbres del Aguila (Mountains of the Eagle), 1,300 feet above the sea. The city was founded in 1567 with the name of Santiago de León de Caracas. Part of the name is that of the governor of the province of Venezuela at that time, Don Pedro Ponce de León; and *Caracas* comes from the name of an Indian tribe.

This modern city of more than a million people can best be described by one word—fabulous. Up-to-date city maps are not to be had, because the city is making

such rapid changes from the old to the new. Money seems of little importance: Venezuela has fortunes in oil beneath the surface both of the earth and of Lake Maracaibo. One day a block of old houses stands as a reminder of the days of Spanish rule; the next day houses are gone and huge road machines are leveling the earth for another superhighway. The twin buildings of Centro de Bolívar dominate the whole valley as they rise twenty-five stories high. Color is used lavishly, with pinks, blues, and reds in profusion. All city buses run to the Centro, where they enter one of the three basement floors and then leave for all parts of the city.

Giant apartment buildings mushroom to replace the shanties that clung to the hillsides. Shops overflow with goods from all corners of the world, and buyers have the money to pay high prices for merchandise. There is a magnificent university city and there are ultramodern stores. A large city park has a fine museum of natural history and a charming museum of fine arts housing a striking collection of paintings by Venezuelan sons Arturo Michelena and Cristóbal Rojas.

Until recently, twenty miles of narrow road led down from Caracas to the port and airfield of La Guaira on the coast. Driving was slow, with 365 curves. The president, Marcos Pérez Jiménez, ordered a straight road from the capital city to the ocean, and it was done—an engineering feat that included several high arched bridges and a long well-lighted tunnel. Now you can enter the toll gate at Caracas and arrive at La Guaira in fifteen minutes.

Of course Mr. Collins and my husband wanted pictures of this mountain speedway. They paid the toll and entered the four-lane road but moved over onto the hard-surfaced outer lane for parking and drove slowly to find the best spot for pictures. Suddenly a siren sounded at their elbow and a police car stopped. A young officer approached the car and asked for driver's license and car permit.

"What are you two doing over here on the parking area?"

"Just taking a few pictures," was the reply.

"Pictures! Don't you know it is against the law to take pictures? There is a heavy fine for doing so!" the officer almost shouted.

Our husbands assured the disturbed officer that they had not known they were committing anything unlawful. Their hearts beat a bit faster, as it is not a pleasant thing to have trouble with the law when one is in a foreign land.

The young man called back to his superior in the car. "What'll we do with them?"

"Let 'em go."

We went.

This is the third installment of a four-part serial. Part four will appear next week.

all-around

IN the suburb in which I live there are two Olympic swimming champions. On hearing where I live, people say to me, "Oh, you live in that suburb! That's where L——— and J——— live. I suppose you know them!"

I have to confess that, unfortunately, as yet they have not sought out my acquaintance. One of them I have seen once, at a distance, but that is all. This seems to surprise my friends, and indeed, leaves them a little disappointed.

But I soon overcome that by telling them, quite truthfully, that I do have more than an acquaintance with a man who, I consider, is the greatest athlete of them all. Of course, he is not competing now, and he was at his peak well before my time. But nevertheless, many of his feats are unequaled, and the mere mention of his name conjures up memories of stirring exploits of endurance and speed. His name is Paul, the top athlete of Tarsus. When all-around athletic prowess is discussed, his name must surely stand with many of today's champions of track and field.

My friend Paul was a natural athlete, equally at home in grueling marathons or the short, sharp trials of speed. Indeed, he distinguished himself as a swimmer, a runner, a wrestler, a boxer, and a walker. His prowess in so many departments of athletics indicates what a superb performer he was. He was not merely a specialist; he was the complete all-around sportsman.

Perhaps you think I am overrating my friend Paul. Perhaps you think that, because I claim acquaintance, I am glamorizing his performances. Perhaps you are silently accusing me of living in the past, without proper regard to the athletic stalwarts of today. To you I say, Let me tell you of his athletic successes. Then you can judge for yourself.

In aquatic events he excelled in endurance swimming. He recalls, in his

Mansions

By

WANDA JOHNSTON SAMPLE

GRANDPA had come from the West Coast for a visit, and we wanted to show him Fort Worth at its best. He's a lover of the beautiful and a retired builder, so we were sure he would enjoy seeing some of the mansions built by Texas millionaires.

We drove him through the Westcliff section of the city with its rambling ranch houses and paused in front of a breathtakingly beautiful home of Colorado pink stone, surrounded by a lawn as exquisite as the Botanical Gardens. We expected him to be quite impressed.

But grandpa looked, smiled, and with a twinkle in his eyes said calmly, "Oh, that's nothing compared to the one I'm going to have in the new earth!"

sportsman



By ROBERT H. PARR

memoirs, his most grueling endurance swim. It was not the mere dash up and down a modern Olympic pool, but an open-water event. With others, he swam, meeting not only the buffeting of the waves but the violence of the elements. The evil menace of cramp, the grim specter of discouragement and failure, the horror of defeat, were ever before him. So violent were the conditions under which they swam that the event lasted twenty-four hours. And my friend is modestly proud of the fact that he won through.

I think he recalls his walking marathons with the most pleasure. In these events my friend, it seemed, broke every accepted rule of style. Instead of a vigorous, bustling gait, he had a somewhat easy stride. Often, over long distances, he would apparently lose interest in the final goal, in order to take notice of what was going on in his immediate surroundings. He would have despised a walking event that had as its course merely a circular track in a sports arena. He trained strictly for cross-country events. I have marveled at his stamina, as he has recounted the length of some of his triumphant tours. His vigor in this event was truly remarkable, and he was a starter in and a winner of, such events until well past middle age!

In running, he showed himself an expert. It is not surprising that he has written extensively on techniques to be followed by all successful athletes. He has laid down principles that have since been followed by many a champion. He trained intensively, was strict to the point of being harsh with himself, but did so because he knew the value and importance of rigidly sticking to a training schedule. And he testifies to the value and importance of living a clean and temperate life, when one has to give of his best against all kinds of opponents.

Need I say more? Is it any wonder that I am proud to know such a man? Can you doubt my claim that here, indeed, is a champion among champions?

And did I hear someone say that my friend must have been a perfect physical specimen? On the contrary, while he had much to recommend his physique, on his own admission he had one physical imperfection that, in a man of less character, would have had an adverse psychological effect. As I remember, he was hardy, muscular, upstanding, and of tremendous powers of physical endurance and recuperation. *Resilient*, I think, is the term modern athletes use. Once he was attacked by a band of vicious thugs, and left for dead. But he was back in training the next day!

Yet, as I have said, this apparently perfect physical specimen was not really perfect. Amazingly enough, he had a physical disability that he tried to conquer, but which no amount of training could overcome. He was constantly aware of it and would have given almost anything to cure it. His eyesight, unfortunately, was not good, probably due to an experience when he was younger. This impediment, however, he refused to allow to hinder him in his relentless pursuit of victory. Not once is there any hint of my friend's appeal for leniency or favor because of his physical handicap. As a true sportsman, he took it in his stride. It was all part of the contest.

You may wonder what kind of man he was apart from athletics. Some sporting enthusiasts are sportsmen only; they live and breathe sport; it is with them three meals a day; they take it to bed with them and dream about it. Not so with my

friend. He was by no means all brawn and no brains. Indeed, he was one of the leading intellectuals of his day. He was a writer of prolific output, a philosopher, for a time a member of the legislature of his own country, a scholar and educator, a tradesman, a reformer, and a prominent churchman.

I nominate Paul, therefore, as a champion among champions, a sportsman in the truest sense of the word. You know of his prowess as a swimmer ("a night and a day I have been in the deep"), as a marathon walker (who, "in journeyings often," tramped hundreds of miles of Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Judea, Syria, Cyprus, and other states), and as a runner ("Let us . . . lay aside every weight and . . . run with perseverance the race"). Yes, you know Paul, sportsman and champion.

You and I have not met him personally, of course, yet every Christian knows him and admires him. And when, by the grace of God, I come face to face with this champion of Jesus Christ, I shall count it one of the greatest honors that Heaven can bestow, to hear from his own lips the stories of courage and endurance that are his alone to tell, stories of events that have gained him, not a laurel wreath of victory, but an imperishable crown of life.

FIRE

from the Sky





OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

It was sudden death for the pilot and widespread damage in an otherwise quiet neighborhood, when a Navy jet plane crashed in Mountain View, California, February 1, 1957. One house was demolished, many small fires were started, and debris was scattered hundreds of feet.

*Little by little, as we tried to relax after the excitement was over,
a picture of Providence began to emerge.*

By MAXINE WRIGHT



MY DISPOSITION was no match for the magnificent weather in our town of Mountain View, California, on February 1, 1957. My sister Emily and I had planned on a snow trip this weekend, but mother and dad had sur-

prised us with the stereophonic tape recorder we had wanted so badly, and that

would take care of any question involving finances for some time to come.

"Come on, slowpoke, or we'll be late for school," Emily called good-naturedly. Nothing bothered *her* for very long.

I smiled as I hurried to catch up with her, and turned to wave toward the front window in case mother was watching. "Let's walk fast, and maybe Mr. Koenig will think we're wearing rouge and send us home. Wouldn't that be a joke on him?"

Emily laughed. "Wouldn't it! Then

if some good fairy would just waft us off to Wawona we could go skiing with Bette and Walton and all the others. Oh, well, we won't have to worry all next week about making up our assignments the way they will."

Rounding the corner, we saw the academy.

Miss Wright would like to be a missionary nurse some day. She has been a prayer band leader and seminar speaker. Music is her major hobby, and she has played oboe in the band and has been a member of a choral group called The Sharps. It was while she was a student at Mountain View Academy that this account was written.

"Maxine," Mr. Rhodes called from the library as we hurried toward the chapel, "Saundra isn't here today, and I wondered whether you wouldn't like to take your saxophone lesson during her time instead of after school. This being Friday, I know your mother would be glad to have you home early."

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Rhodes. That will be fine."

Mother was just taking from the oven the last of three loaves of bread and the mouth-watering aroma was already filling the house and pouring out through the open windows, when she heard the front screen door slam. That would be Emily.

"Hi, Mom! M-m-m, does that bread smell good! We've followed our noses for the last two blocks."

"We? Is Maxine home too?" mother asked in surprise.

"Yes, I'm home too," I laughed as I came through the door. "I had my sax lesson during school, so that's why I'm home early."

"Well, I'm glad you're both here," mother said. "If we can get through our work in time before I have to pick up dad, I'd like to go to town for a few minutes."

"Emily, will you clean the lanai and patio and mow the back lawn? Maxine and I will finish inside. It won't take long."

Emily started through the back door. She loved being outside, so this was her regular Friday afternoon job. I would

rather work with mother, so everyone was satisfied.

"Emily," mother called, "before you go out please come here and look over these clothes I've sorted out before I put them in a box for the Dorcas Society. If there is anything you want to keep, you can put it back in your closet. Maxine, will you go out and turn on the water in the fish pond? You can empty your wastebasket while you are out there."

Mother turned on the vacuum cleaner and was about to finish the last bit of cleaning when she heard a booming roar that sounded like a heavy clap of thunder. "That's odd," she thought, "the sun is still shining."

Just then I raced screaming through the house. "Mother! The whole backyard is on fire! I think a jet has crashed! Shall I carry out the stereophonic set?"

"No, wait a minute till I see what's happened," mother exclaimed. As she turned around, a sheet of flame streaked past the dining-room window. Emily and I ran outside, with mother close behind us.

One look told mother the situation was serious. She ran back in the house and with trembling fingers dialed the telephone operator.

"Give me the fire department, quickly please." No time to look up the number. "Oh, why don't they answer?" she thought frantically as she could hear the telephone ringing on the other end. Then she heard something else. The engines were leaving the firehouse, which was only two blocks away, and she hadn't

told them where the fire was yet! Then she realized that whatever had happened had set other fires as well.

"Fire department," a man's voice finally said.

"There's a fire at 965 California. Please come quickly," mother told him.

"We'll be there," the man answered.

Mother ran back outside, and it seemed our home was in a semicircle of fire. Flames were shooting up all around us. The fire spread clear across the back of the yard, engulfing the high grape-stake fence and the ivy vines and bamboo that covered it. The brick barbecue pit, which was close to the fence, was ablaze too, and as I saw it I wondered momentarily that bricks could burn! The ivy covering the top of the wishing well was on fire too.

With only one hose we were trying to put out the flames everywhere at once.

A man appeared out of the fast-gathering crowd, and taking the hose from us, quickly climbed to the garage roof. A momentary indignation came over us. The garage wasn't on fire, but the yard *was*.

Seeing our confusion, the man pointed back of him. There just behind the garage, with only the fence between, was a neighbor's house blazing furiously. If the flames jumped the fence and ignited the garage, it would be hard to save our own house.

Emily and I brought panful after panful of water to pour on the smoldering vines and shrubs along the fence.

Where was the fire department? We could hear many sirens, but no one came to help.

Mother ran in to telephone dad, but in her excitement she couldn't remember his extension number. The switchboard operator finally located him, and he said he would have someone bring him right home.

As it turned out, he had to run the last four blocks, because traffic was completely blocked off even that far from his neighborhood. By that time the man on the garage had soaked the roof thoroughly and we were able to finish putting out the fire along the fence and in the bushes.

For the first time we now noticed that the yard was littered with various-sized pieces of metal, ranging from one piece about two feet long, which had come through the lanai roof near where I stood by the fish pond, to nuts and bolts and small fragments.

Out in front the street was swarming with people, and it looked as if the entire Navy had moved in from the nearby air base. Above the din, dad asked one of the officers if he knew what had happened.

"Only that a jet has crashed," he answered. "We won't know who it was until all the planes are in. He hit the corner house in the next block, and completely demolished it."

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



MOUNTAIN VIEW "REGISTER LEADER"

Even in front of Author Wright's home in the next block, the street swarmed with sailors from a nearby air base searching for and collecting every remnant of both pilot and plane.

Why Don't YOU Write?

By
HARRY
MOYLE
TIPPETT



O MISS ROGERS, Miss Rogers!" All out of breath I had finally caught up with my much-admired college rhetoric teacher, after running three blocks to overtake her.

"Look!" I exclaimed, as in some surprise she turned to acknowledge my greeting. "A check from the *Watchman Magazine* for that article you encouraged me to send in!"

Then embarrassment seized me, for the check was for only four dollars, and even in the rather stable status of money in the "roaring twenties" that was hardly a munificent reward for a two-thousand-word article.

But it was my first pay for literary effort, and assumed in my new-found pride the proportions of a blue ribbon at a county fair. It animated my self-respect and bolstered my confidence to think I could write something editors would pay for and people would read.

The other day I pulled out my file copy of that article to see if I could discover what made it "tick" with the *Watchman* editor thirty-five years ago. It seemed to me that aside from its odd theme its chief characteristics were its timeliness and timelessness, for there are many topics having to do with current affairs that have a timeless interest in them.

The title of the article was "The Devil in the Fine Arts," and it pointed out that the distortion in music and the plastic arts, which placed emphasis on accidentals and exaggeration, was satanic in its origin. Instead of symmetry, proportion, and harmony there was caricature, daubery, and cacophony. Ugliness, passing as art, had become a cult. My personal aversion to distortion of truth and betrayal of the principles of beauty gave earnestness to the presentation.

It was unfortunate that my next venture in journalism was as successful as the first.

I say unfortunate, for I won first prize in a collegiate writing contest sponsored by the *Signs of the Times*, and it lengthened the leash on my ego. I now had secret hopes that I might become as distinguished a writer as were some of the prominent church leaders whose names had gone into orbit in our publishing circles. But one or two swallows do not make a summer, and I was to find that out.

Proper rebuke to my presumption came in the form of the results of a national letter-writing contest that I entered. When I saw the attractive prizes that were being offered for the best hundred-word letter on the superior virtues of a much-advertised rolled-oats product,

I saw in the contest my springboard to fortune.

I had sense enough to realize that I would be up against heavy competition, but had I not worked in a grocery store for ten years and demonstrated to many a customer the merits of three-minute oats as the ultimate in morning mush?

Diligence in research must be my watchword. Accordingly, I ransacked libraries and read many books on the growing, milling, merchandising, and distribution of oats. After many weary days I emerged with my battery of facts, and they were indeed formidable.

I wrote my hundred-word letter, bristling with irrefutable information, and sat back to wait in expectancy for one of the high awards.

A few weeks later I tried to be nonchalant as I opened my letter from the rolled-oats company. Out of it dropped a check—for one dollar. I had been awarded one of the one thousand consolation prizes.

Dazed and chagrined, I sat down to consider the unhappy conclusion that I must have overtrained. My conclusion was that my letter had had authority, but no spontaneity; facts and finesse, but no flavor; scope, but no seasoning.

I examined my *Signs* article for the formula that made it appeal to the editors. Its subject matter was the perpetuity and authority of the law of God. Several good tracts had been written on the topic by some of our best Bible scholars. Before writing that article I had wondered how I could present this old, much-discussed, but important theme in some new way.

My work before going to college had been in Montana copper mines, and an incident occurred one day that provided a unique illustration for discussion of God's law. One of the miners was measuring a support that was to be used in propping up the cap of a drift in one of the lower levels. It was to be seven feet long. He laid his six-foot rule along the log, made a mark, and laid his rule from that point. It extended two feet beyond the timber. Taking his saw, he cut the two feet off the rule. Stupid as it sounds, it illustrates how people try to adjust God's rule to their lives, instead of their lives to His law. It was on that simple idea that my article was written.

One thing I learned from my apprenticeship in writing was that there must be something more than a mercenary motive in the person who would write to capture the approval of those who judge values. If I was to write so as to grip men's minds, there would need to be personal communication of my own convictions and feelings to the feelings of the reader.

An intellectual marshaling of truth might be something to admire for its brilliancy and glitter, but unless it impelled to action or to a change in thinking, it was not of much practical value. Argu-

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Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Missionaries Barnabas and Timothy

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 6

Daily Study Record:

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OUTSIDE READING: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 177-187, 498-508.

MEMORY GEM: "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth" (2 Tim. 2:15).

Introduction: Chosen Ambassadors for Christ

Barnabas was the first Levite mentioned to accept Christ; a little later "a great company of the priests" became "obedient to the faith" (Acts 6:7). Barnabas, whose home was in Cyprus, became the sponsor of the newly converted Saul of Tarsus; and when, soon after their first extended missionary tour, they "departed asunder," Timothy became a beloved co-worker with Paul. These three were all Hellenists, or Grecian Jews, residents of lands outside of Palestine who spoke the Greek language fluently. Naturally more free from the traditional bigotry and exclusiveness of the Jewish race, they quickly caught a vision of the universal scope of Christianity, and God mightily used them as His pioneer ambassadors to the Gentile world.

1 Barnabas and Timothy

1. When Barnabas sold his land, what did he do with the sale price?

"Barnabas . . . having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet" (Acts 4:36, 37).

NOTE.—The name Barnabas is variously translated as "the son of consolation," "the son of exhortation," "the son of encouragement," or "the son of prophecy." The conversion and generous gift of this Levite was truly a great inspiration and encouragement to the early church.

2. On Saul's visit to Jerusalem following his conversion, who befriended him and commended him to the apostles?

"And when Saul was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples: but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple. But Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus" (Acts 9:26, 27).

NOTE.—"It was difficult for them [the church members] to believe that so bigoted a Pharisee, and one who had done so much to destroy the church, could become a sincere follower of Jesus."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 129.

3. On hearing the good news of the advance of the gospel into lands beyond, what did the Jerusalem leaders do?

"They sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch" (Acts 11:22).

NOTE.—This was a distance of some 300 miles due north.

4. What kind of man was Barnabas?

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith" (Acts 11:24).

2 Colaborer With Saul

5. In the midst of his work in Antioch what special mission did Barnabas undertake?

"Then departed Barnabas to Tarsus, for to seek Saul: and when he had found him, he brought him unto Antioch" (Acts 11:25, 26).

NOTE.—"As the work developed, Barnabas felt the need of suitable help, in order to advance in the opening providences of God; and he went to Tarsus to seek for Paul, who, after his departure from Jerusalem some time before, had been laboring in the regions of Syria and Cilicia, proclaiming 'the faith which once he destroyed.' Barnabas was successful in finding Paul, and in persuading him to return with him as a companion in ministry."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 156.

6. At whose direction was Barnabas ordained?

"The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away" (Acts 13:2, 3).

NOTE.—On this itinerary Barnabas and Saul (later known as Paul) visited Cyprus and numerous cities of Asia Minor, in a number of which they established churches. Following the healing of a cripple at Lystra, the people declared, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." This statement was in harmony with a tradition of theirs that the gods occasionally visited the earth. Barnabas they called Jupiter, the father of gods, because of his venerable appearance, his dignified bearing, and the mildness and benevolence expressed in his countenance."—*Ibid.*, p. 181.

7. When Barnabas and Paul disagreed on taking John Mark on a second journey, how did they resolve the difficulty?

"They departed asunder one from the other: and so Barnabas took Mark, and sailed unto Cyprus; and Paul chose Silas, and departed, being recommended by the brethren unto the grace of God" (Acts 15:39, 40).

3 Youthful Timothy

8. What kind of environment did Timothy grow up in at home?

"Timotheus, the son of a certain woman, which was a Jewish, and believed; but his father was a Greek" (Acts 16:1).

"The unfeigned faith that is in thee . . . dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice" (2 Tim. 1:5).

"And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. 3:15).

NOTE.—"Among those who had been converted at Lystra, and who were eye-witnesses of the sufferings of Paul, was one who was afterward to become a prominent worker for Christ, and who was to share with the apostle the trials and the joys of pioneer service in difficult fields. This was a young man named Timothy. When Paul was dragged out of the city, this youthful disciple was among the number who took their stand beside his apparently lifeless body, and who saw him arise, bruised and covered with blood, but with praises upon his lips because he had been permitted to suffer for the sake of Christ."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 184, 185.

9. What did the brethren think of him?

"Which was well reported of by the brethren" (Acts 16:2).

NOTE.—Soon after the departure of Barnabas, "Paul again met Timothy, who had witnessed his sufferings at the close of his first visit to Lystra, and upon whose mind the impression then made had deepened with the passing of time until he was convinced that it was his duty to give himself fully to the work of the ministry. His heart was knit with the heart of Paul, and he longed to share the apostle's labors by assisting as the way might open. . . . Paul saw that Timothy was faithful, steadfast, and true, and he chose him as a companion in labor and travel. Those who had taught Timothy in his childhood were rewarded by seeing the son of their care linked in close fellowship with the great apostle. Timothy was a mere youth when he was chosen by God to be a teacher; but his principles had been so established by his early education that he was fitted to take his place as Paul's helper. And though young, he bore his responsibilities with Christian meekness."—*Ibid.*, pp. 202-204.

10. What did Paul think of the "problem" of Timothy's youth?

"Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity" (1 Tim. 4:12).

11. What was Timothy's work?

"He sent into Macedonia two of them that ministered unto him [Paul], Timotheus and Erastus" (Acts 19:22).

12. What did Paul call him?

"Timotheus my workfellow" (Rom. 16:21).

13. On another occasion how did Paul express his confidence in Timothy and his regard for him?

"I hope to send you Timothy shortly, so that I, too, may be cheered by news from you; for I have no one else as near of my own attitude with such a genuine interest in your affairs. . . . You know his sterling worth, how as a son with his father he has served with me for the Gospel" (Phil. 2:19-22, Berkeley).

NOTE.—As the gentleness and caution of Melancthon served as a complement to the energy and courage of Martin Luther, so the providence of God placed two men by the side of the aggressive, intrepid Paul—first the dignified, mild-mannered Barnabas, and later the meek, unobtrusive, and youthful Timothy. Yet each of these possessed holy boldness to hazard their lives for the gospel.

"Paul and Timothy were bound together by an affection unusually deep and strong. Since his conversion, Timothy had shared Paul's labors and sufferings, and the friendship between the two had grown stronger, deeper, and more sacred, until all that a son could be to a loved and honored father, Timothy was to the aged, toil-worn apostle."—*Ibid.*, pp. 498, 499.

14. What ministerial charge did Paul give Timothy?

"I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. . . . Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of the ministry" (2 Tim. 4:1-5).

15. What final earnest request did the aged apostle make?

"Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me." "Do thy diligence to come before winter" (2 Tim. 4:9, 21).

NOTE.—"Paul knew that his life was uncertain, and he feared that Timothy might arrive too late to see him. He had important counsel and instruction for the young man, to whom so great responsibility had been entrusted; and while urging him to come without delay, he dictated the dying testimony that he might not be spared to utter. His soul filled with loving solicitude for his son in the gospel and for the church under his care, Paul sought to impress Timothy with the importance of fidelity to his sacred trust."—*Ibid.*, p. 499.

Paul "repeated the urgent request that Timothy come to him soon, if possible before the winter. He spoke of his loneliness, caused by the desertion of some of his friends and the necessary absence of others; and lest Timothy should hesitate, fearing that the church at Ephesus might need his labors, Paul stated that he had already dispatched Tychicus to fill the vacancy. . . . Paul closed his letter by commending his beloved Timothy to the guardianship of the Chief Shepherd, who, though the under-shepherds might be stricken down, would still care for His flock."—*Ibid.*, p. 508.

Quizangles

1. Did Barnabas bring all of the sale price of his land to the apostles, or part of it? (1)
2. Why were the disciples "all afraid" of Saul? (1)
3. Who convinced them that Saul's conversion was genuine? (1)
4. What evidence did he present in arguing his case? (1)
5. Who called Barnabas and Saul to their work? (2)
6. How did the apostles prepare for the ordination service? (2)
7. What is another word for ordained? (2)
8. What was Timothy's nationality? (3)
9. In Paul's eyes was Timothy an aide, an assistant, a servant, or associate? (3)
10. Was Timothy's youth against him in the work he was called to do? (3)

NEXT WEEK, December 13, 1958—Lesson title: "Saul, the Zealot." Outside reading: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 112-130. Memory gem: *Philippians 3:8*.



J. BYRON LOGAN

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, Washington 12, D.C.

QUESTION Considering that men of olden days wore beards, is it proper for young Adventist men to grow them nowadays? Can a wearer witness for Christ the same as if he hadn't one?

ANSWER Men in Old Testament times,

and later, very commonly wore beards. I believe it is also true that quite as commonly men allowed their hair to grow. I know of no scriptural reference, however, that indicates that there is any virtue in either. The vow of a Nazarite (which included allowing the hair to grow as an

indication of consecration) was for a set period of time.

As Christians, the supreme objective of our lives should be to reveal Christ to the world. In matters of principle we must be as firm as a rock. The distinctive points of our faith set us apart from other Christians and on these matters we have no choice. Where principle is not involved, however, we have nothing to gain in appearing different from others. This is made clear by Ellen G. White: "We should not be odd or singular in our dress for the sake of differing from the world, lest they despise us for so doing."—*Testimonies*, pp. 424, 425. In other references we are advised to avoid being extreme.

If for any reason other than adherence to the principles of God's Word a person makes himself objectionably "different," he should remember his responsibility as a Christian. A lack of regard for the opinion of others—if principle is not involved—is not virtuous. We are to make Christianity as attractive as possible, demonstrating the saving grace of God in our lives. "The strongest argument in favor of the gospel is a loving and lovable Christian."

Nothing Too Bad for a Thief

From page 7

"I thought this was a Christian school. What kind of Christian would steal ten dollars from you and then play like your best friend?" Kathy's temper, mixed with fear and flavored with sarcasm, reached the boiling point. The thought of even being considered a friend of Laura's made her flinch. She had never known a thief before. Whenever she had heard of someone stealing money she always pictured a starving man or some wild gang—not a friend.

Spring vacation was beginning the next morning, and Kathy realized with rising panic that she couldn't buy her precious bus ticket. She strolled to the closet and started surveying her wardrobe. She couldn't plan on going home with her money gone, but almost unconsciously she began selecting the clothes she would want to take.

Nan looked at the two girls—Judy packing in angry haste, and Kathy glaring into the open closet. "You aren't *sure* Laura took it, are you? Maybe you put it someplace and forgot where. Or, maybe someone else took it."

Nan tried hard to defend Laura, but it was hopeless. Both girls were sure she had taken the money, and both were plainly set on getting it back, getting even—or both.

Judy pointed her finger at Nan. "She sat right there on the bed in front of us and looked at Kathy's billfold. It's clear as crystal she's guilty. I don't know what made her think she could get away with it."

By the look on Nan's face it was clear she was reluctantly becoming convinced of Laura's guilt. "That just doesn't sound like Laura," Nan mused, "but you never know."

"What if she won't give it back?" Kathy was still thinking of the dire possibilities of missing out on her planned vacation while everyone else went home.

"Oh, she'll give it back," Judy said. But a tone of doubt belied her confidence. "We can surely think of some way to make her admit she took it."

For a long time the girls viewed and reviewed the story. Wouldn't it serve her right if they called the police? Probably a couple of months in a reformatory would do her good. More than likely it wasn't her first theft. She might even have a record for stealing under the pretense of friendliness. The probabilities grew until the very thought of Laura sickened Kathy.

She wanted to ruin everything Laura owned and then stand and laugh. In fact, she couldn't think of anything bad enough for a thief.

After a long discussion Kathy and Judy found themselves in Laura's room hurriedly counting every cent they found in the leather billfold that had been lying

on her desk. "Seven dollars, seven-ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty. Seven-thirty," Judy announced as she replaced the money.

Kathy glanced hurriedly around the room. "Look, Judy, there's a sack. She went to town—let's see what she bought." They took one long look, then placed the sack in its original position.

"We'd better get out of here," Kathy suggested. But she took another glance around the room. The billfold was lying seemingly undisturbed on the desk as before, and the sack sat in the corner exactly as they had found it.

"O.K., when she comes in, you can tell her off. This is something I've got to see," Judy chuckled as they shut the door and joined Nan, who had been stationed outside the door to watch for Laura.

"Me too," Nan agreed, "but I don't envy you. What are you going to say?"

"I don't know," Kathy mumbled. She had just remembered something. What was it her dad had told her over and over again? "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." She had seen its effectiveness on many an occasion. But there was no peace in her heart.

When the girls entered their own room again, they heard giggles from the walk outside, and snowballs were planting themselves in various places on and around the window screen. As Kathy pushed open the window, her glance fell on the rosy cheeks and flashing eyes of Laura.

"Hi!" Laura called. "Why don't you come out? We're going to build a snow man, and no party would be complete without you kids."

Kathy's face flushed. Laura was a thief. Reformatory. Police records. Nothing bad enough for a thief. She hated the looks of Laura, her actions, her carefree smile. She hated everything about Laura.

She looked at Judy and then at Nan. "We're busy."

With a quick smile Laura ran to meet the other girls, who already were busily packing a huge bundle of snow.

Silently Kathy turned from the window and sat down heavily on the edge of her bed. It seemed awful that there had to be such people in the world. Deceitful people. People you couldn't trust. How could anyone do such a terrible thing as steal? She had never stolen or even been tempted to.

Then she remembered. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a *murderer*." The impact of the word made her shudder. She had hated all right, but—Slowly she started reviewing the night before in a different light. She rehearsed the ugly

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

words she had been hurling against a friend who hadn't even been given a chance to defend herself. She thought of Laura's generous spirit and doubted if Laura would have treated anyone so harshly—not even a thief. As Kathy's sense of shame rose, her ruffled feelings subsided.

Judy interrupted. "Why didn't you tell her you wanted to talk to her?"

"Yeah," chimed in Nan. "You aren't going to let her get away with it, are you?"

"I'll tell her when she comes in," Kathy defended. "She probably won't admit it anyway."

The girls busied themselves picking up the carelessly thrown clothes that decorated every chair. Judy and Nan chattered gaily, but Kathy was occupied with her thoughts.

Soon night closed in on the campus. Kathy, urged on by Judy and Nan, found herself sitting uncomfortably in Laura's tidy room, while Laura talked happily of the vacation.

The lump in Kathy's throat grew even bigger as she thought of herself in the dorm, alone. Somehow, the opportunity to accuse Laura just wouldn't come. Instead, the thought persisted, "peacemakers—peacemakers—" For a brief moment she silently prayed. "If there is a way to help Laura, and not hurt her, please, God, show me how."

"What are you going to do when you get home?" Laura asked.

Kathy built up her courage. "I'm not going home."

Fire From the Sky

From page 14

Above the crowd, now roped off at the corner between them and the still-blazing house, we could see ambulances, fire engines, and smoke.

"Why that's Walt Darby's house!" dad exclaimed.

"Oh," cried mother, "no wonder our phone has been ringing like mad. Evidently the radio has already carried the story, and our friends thought it was our place."

Sailors with boxes and sacks were covering the territory, picking up every piece of metal they could find.

"Dad," Emily excitedly called, "there's something around here by the side of the house!"

Dad and the officer went to investigate, then called two of the sailors. With a piece of canvas they soberly picked up a piece of the pilot's leg. On the roof they found another piece, and in the driveway they found a tooth still attached to some of the gum.

Later, dad called the family together.

WIT Sharpeners

Pick the Place

By IDA M. PARDUE

Match the names in the right column to the descriptions in the left column.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. a wilderness | a. Beer-la-hai-roi |
| 2. a bitter spring | b. Jordan |
| 3. a sea | c. Jericho |
| 4. a river | d. Paran |
| 5. a well | e. Galilee |
| 6. a city of palm trees | f. Marah |

Key on page 22

"What? You mean you're staying here?" Laura's voice was incredulous.

"I lost the money I had for bus fare." Kathy could no longer face Laura. "Or someone stole it," she added.

"Stole it?" Laura screamed. "Have you told the dean? Maybe someone found it and turned it in."

"It was there last night," Kathy went on very quietly. "Remember when you were looking at my billfold?"

"But I don't remember seeing it. Besides, you don't think I took it, do you?" Laura's voice was convincing. Her long

brown hair curled casually around her face.

For one long painful second Kathy froze. Chills ran down her spine; the certainty of the afternoon was gone. The room suddenly became an oven.

"It looks that way," Kathy choked up and stopped. Again silence filled the room. "Please, God," she whispered, as she looked at Laura.

Then like lightning came the words Kathy had hardly expected. "I took it, Kathy. I don't know why." Laura was crying. "Please, Kathy—please forgive me. I'm so ashamed. I've felt so terrible. But I didn't see after I took it how I could ever admit it. I just *couldn't*. And I'd always know I was a horrible *thief*. It's—it's the first time I've ever stolen anything." Her words came in jerks between sobs.

To Kathy it seemed like some kind of awful dream, but she found her arm around Laura's shoulders.

"I'll forgive you, Laura. And I need to have you forgive me. I said some terrible things about you. Will you please forgive me?" Kathy was as unsteady as Laura when they knelt by the bed.

There were more tears as the girls prayed, both for forgiveness.

Kathy had a hard time forgiving herself. Why had she been so harsh? Laura was the one she should have gone to first. Now she realized that only God had saved her from losing a friend and perhaps from making two wrongs not *right* but *worse*. What if she had done it her way? She didn't care to think what the ending might have been then.

in the trees and among the bushes. But not so much as one dead bird was to be found on the place. And now, going on two years later at 965 California, the only visible reminders of the tragedy are the blackened grape-stake fence, and the patch on the lanai roof over the fish pond.

But for us this does not end the matter. We *know* God's hand was over us that day.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but last year alcoholism caused 30 per cent more deaths in France than did tuberculosis. Cirrhosis of the liver took 17,400 lives while tuberculosis took the lives of only 13,300. Alcoholism has now become France's number one public health problem.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

Why Don't You Write?

From page 15

ment may surprise and startle, but if it is to motivate readers to consider, "What shall we do about it?" the facts adduced must in some way be tied to life. They must have meaning on the level of the reader's emotions—how he feels about the multifold interests of everyday experience.

That particular lesson was made graphically clear to me a few years after the rolled-oats incident, when I saw in a household magazine the announcement of some tidy awards that were being offered for the best letters on the solving of any one of sixteen typical family problems. One of these fitted exactly into a pattern that had been a problem in my own home.

I sat down and wrote an enthusiastic portrayal of how we solved it. Incidentally, it was only an application of the golden rule. It took me but a half hour to get it into the mail, and after sending it, I promptly forgot it.

Three months later a note came with a check telling me my letter had won second prize among 16,000 entries. The carry-over of my very real joy in solving our problem had stirred the minds of the judges. No synthetic solution of the same problem would have measured against the elation my letter conveyed.

The incident emphasizes what one of the world's great writers once said: "Look into thine own heart and write." Those who write to move men's minds must do so out of life's overflow.

During my college teaching days a former student who had a real talent for the writing of verse sent me a manuscript for comment and appraisal. The poems that dealt with romance and tender love were gems of poetic fervor. I happened to know that this beautiful girl was in love with an estimable man, and that these lyrics came out of her experience.

But another section of her manuscript was devoted to the theme of sorrow and grief. These were in perfect meter and rhyme, and expressed with facile art, but they had a hollow sound. Why? Because this writer had never known the loss of a loved one. She had never felt the poignant grief of a break in the family circle, or any of the tragic reverses that overtake so many lives. Her poems in this field were like so many store manikins—unreal.

I counseled her to stay within the area of her personal experience. This is especially important for younger writers.

Wide reading, of course, along with travel, research, and broad contact with people, especially if you have an inquiring mind and a restless curiosity, will provide a vicarious experience on which you can draw for example, illustration, exposition, and even topics. Besides, choice

reading helps to form your own writing style. But that theme deserves a whole treatment in itself.

During the years I taught college English classes I made the happy discovery that there is something unique in the experience of every individual. Each one has been brought up in his own singular environment, and there may be a wide difference in the manner in which two families live, even though they are next-door neighbors. Students have revealed to me some of the strangest and most exciting episodes, even in families that one would consider quite normal, and typically American. I have had occasion to admire the spiritual fortitude and moral heroism exhibited by many a student under duress of discouraging situations. Their stories would thrill any reader.

Why are these accounts not written? Lack of writing ability? No student making satisfactory English grades in college can plead that as an excuse. Indeed, whether one has had any college training or not, if he has had a vital experience that would help other people by the recital of it, he may write it as best he knows how, and some more literate friend may help him to put it into acceptable shape.

It is unfortunate when one who has an experience to relate is so close to it that he cannot see the story or publication value of it. It is an old truism that some people are so close to the woods they can't see the trees.

To see a series of events leading up to an intense climax, or one with a high moral or spiritual lesson, a person needs perspective. To gain that, the would-be writer must sometimes dissociate himself from the experience enough to evaluate it from the viewpoint of the potential reader. He must learn to look through the reader's eyes at the things he would portray, and slant them from that angle.

The trouble too often is that we are so familiar with the pattern of our own existence that we cry, "Oh, nobody would be interested in my story."

Yet other people's stories are being devoured by the nation's periodicals at a phenomenal rate. It is estimated that 150 million English-speaking people around the globe are learning to read each year, and not enough wholesome literature is being produced to meet the need. The English colonials of Asia, for example, are consuming tons of pernicious publications from America every year that give erroneous ideas of American morals and the American way of life. There isn't enough of the other kind available to them.

What a marvelous opportunity for Seventh-day Adventist writers to help fill this need for reading that morally and

spiritually uplifts the human heart and molds Christian ideals.

I believe it is true, as Gilbert Keith Chesterton used to point out, "There are no uninteresting subjects—there are only uninterested people." How to capture the interest of the reader who casually thumbs through the pages of a magazine is an art worth studying.

There are books on technique that help you do it. And it's fun!

If a subject is interesting to you, study every aspect of it until you can make it vitally interesting to other people. Writing on any theme while yawning is a pretty sure way to have your readers yawning. But of course that kind of writing will not get past an editor to his readers anyway—unless he too is nodding.

If this were a sermon, this would be a good place to introduce a text, and I can think of no better one than Paul's advice to Timothy, "Stir up the gift of God, which is in thee" (2 Tim. 1:6). And the way to begin, after prayer for inspiration and guidance, is to pick up that pen or uncover that typewriter today and begin to write.

Periodical editors are constantly on the lookout for new denominational writers whose material will appeal to a wide audience. Young men and women in Seventh-day Adventist colleges and academies should be doing their apprentice work now. One of the best projects for trying your wings is the annual YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Pen League effort, open to college and academy students and free-lance writers as well.*

It is unthinkable that the time will ever come when we must turn to professional writers of the world to provide reading for those who love God's truth for today.

Are you afraid your article may be rejected or disapproved? Take courage from the fact that everyone who writes for publication must run the gauntlet of rejection slips. Just today I received the following note in the mail for something I submitted to an editor:

Thank you for submitting your manuscript to us. We have given it careful consideration, but unfortunately we cannot use it at this time. We are returning it herewith.

—THE EDITORS

Rejections are all in a day's work with one who likes to write. Shall we quit writing because our material doesn't please everybody? Not by any means—there is too much joy in creative effort.

By the way, why *don't* you write?

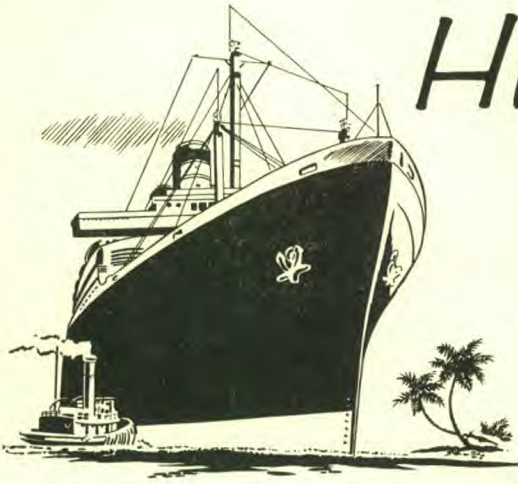
*Write for details of a program now in progress.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. d (Num. 10:12) | 4. b (Matt. 3:6) |
| 2. f (Ex. 15:23) | 5. a (Gen. 16:14) |
| 3. e (John 6:1) | 6. c (Deut. 34:3) |

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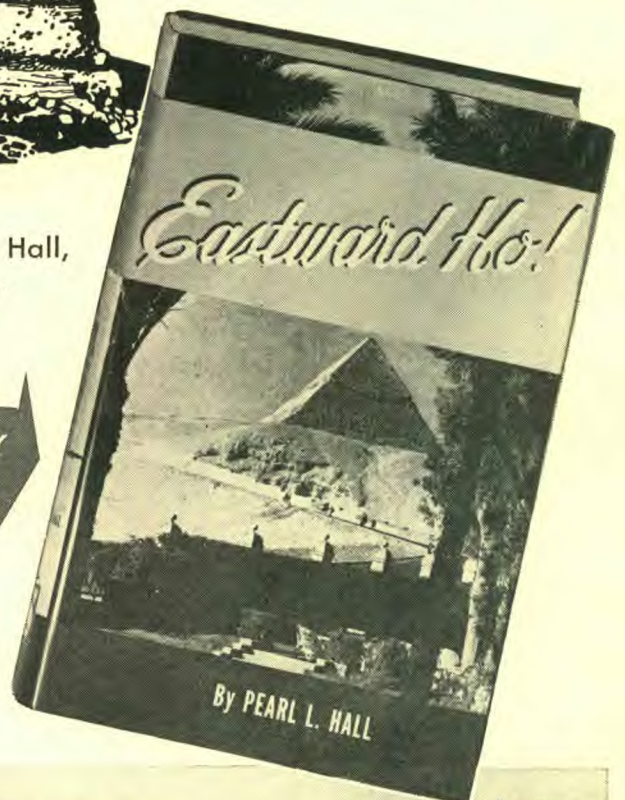
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► THE days are past when professions could be learned by apprenticeships, according to one educator in the field of agriculture, who says that in his field as well as others a "practical" education must be built around significant principles, not mere apprenticeship. "Mental discipline acquired in the more basic courses is more important," he says, "than the trades learned in high school."

UCAL

► A NATIONWIDE college-level course in atom-age physics is being televised by the National Broadcasting Company network in a project designed to help raise the standards of physics teaching throughout the United States. Credit for the course is available through the auspices of local colleges and universities. *Science*

► SOLAR radiation, which is considered responsible for the world's weather patterns, has been found to repeat itself in master cycles of exactly $23\frac{3}{4}$ years, according to one researcher. Within the master cycle are more than 60 smaller cycles, called harmonic periods.

Smithsonian

► THE Veterans Administration hospital system has the nation's largest single and richest resource for clinical medical research in terms of numbers of patients, varieties of diseases, percentages of autopsies, completeness of medical records, and opportunities for follow-up. *Scope*

► MATHEMATICAL problems inscribed on clay tablets found near Baghdad, Iraq, indicate that schoolboys were learning about the hypotenuse of a right triangle 1,700 years before Euclid's time. *NGS*

► AMERICA has 21 million cats, of which about half are fed, housed, and cared for by owners. The rest are strays.

American Feline Society

► THE geography of the moon is called *selenography*. More than 30,000 craters are visible. *AMNH*

► IROQUOIS INDIANS frequently made their dreams come true, for they were thought to be the expression of desires that come from the depths of the soul.

Scope

► THE number of United States births for the first quarter of 1958 is 7,000 less than in the first quarter of 1957. This is the first time in several years that the seasonal trend in births has shown a consistent decline.

Science

► THE first home to be lighted by Thomas Edison's incandescent bulbs was the boardinghouse of Mrs. Sarah Jordan in Menlo Park, New Jersey. To test his newly developed electric light, Edison strung wires from his laboratory to Mrs. Jordan's dining room.

NGS

► PROLONGED pulling of the hair upward and backward—as in a pony tail—may produce baldness, according to an Illinois dermatologist, but it can generally be cured by changing the hair style, he said. The condition is called traction alopecia (alopecia is the medical term for baldness).

AMA

► MORE than 1,500 scrapbooks filled with pictures and clippings of famous personalities have been kept by Mrs. Robert Pool, of Ben Lomond, California, during the past 40 years. An important addition to many of her books is the letters Mrs. Pool has received from people whose lives she has followed.

Friends

► A BATHYSCAPHE called the *Trieste*, and acquired this year by the U.S. Navy from two Italian scientists, has descended to a depth of nearly three miles—20 times deeper than conventional submarines. Its descents involved no danger to itself or passengers because it operates under water like a blimp, with its 50-foot hull serving as a float carrying 28,000 gallons of gasoline, which is 30 per cent lighter than sea water. The float does the job of a balloon's gas-filled bag, while the passenger ball hangs below.

Science

TARGET

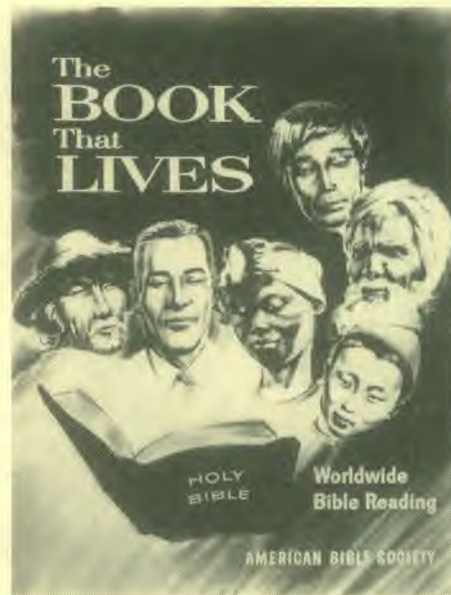
It is temptingly easy for a Christian to look down a pious nose at Moslems, whose religious forms are so much a part of their lives. "After all," we can say to ourselves, "it's the heart that counts, not all these external ceremonies."

And that is true.

But it would be a wonderful thing if most Christians would display the willingness to be inconvenienced by their religion that is characteristic of devout Moslems. And their practice of interrupting the daily routine to pray five times a day might also be worth thinking about.

FG

► "OUT here I have had time to think about the deeper things of the spiritual life. I'm writing you, Mom, to ask that you and Pop read a chapter of the New Testament each day. I will read the same chapter way across the other side of the world and I will feel, somehow, we are united, sort of joining invisible hands. And if I come back, the church and the Bible will mean more to us than ever in our lives." When a mother relayed this message over the telephone and hung up before anyone was able to get her name, she did not realize that her son's letter would begin a program now known as Worldwide Bible Reading, which is sponsored by the American Bible Society and publicized by 5,000 newspapers and magazines, reaching 40 million readers. *ABS*



► IN SPITE of the recurrent turmoil in the Near East, more and more Moslems are making pilgrimages to Mecca each year. From as far away as the Philippines and Senegal, hundreds of thousands of pilgrims travel to the Arabian city by ship or plane, by camel or donkey or bus. Many go on foot. Wherever he lives, a devout Moslem faces Mecca to pray five times a day, and once in his lifetime, if he has the means, he must make a pilgrimage to the city. *NGS*

► SOME three hundred years ago, a brushwood fence was erected across the tip of Manhattan Island to keep the cows in and the Indians out. Today, the course of this fence may be traced along the narrow chasm rimmed tightly by towering buildings and known as Wall Street. *NYCVR*

► It is now possible to fly across the very top of the North American continent without ever losing sight of the lights of human habitation and seldom being more than 25 miles from an airstrip. *NGS*

► A MOTORIST's eyes flit constantly from one object to another, shooting pictures to the brain in less than 1/100 second. *BVI*