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Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



He was
puffing on his
second cigar.
"The one I should be
smoking,"
I thought.

Two critical days

by BEN NUTT



I LOWERED the newspaper. My conscience lashed at me. My son Elroy, all three years of him charged with dignity, was announcing, "When I get big like daddy I goin' to smoke cigarettes."

Horried, five-year-old Bonnie Jean retorted, "I'm not!"

"So that's how it is!" I thought. "I'll not be able to teach my children that smoking is wrong as long as I do it myself. I'll just have to try again to quit."

I flung the paper on the couch. Striding to the night stand, I got a pack of cigarettes. I rummaged through my coat and found another. Jerking open the lid of the stove, I popped them in.

Startled, my wife Arthelda watched.

This true story came from an assignment in a creative writing class at Emmanuel Missionary College, where Author Nutt is superintendent of grounds. He writes: "Since campus duty comes first, I can take only a limited number of hours per semester, but I greatly enjoy competition with the keener minds of the younger folks in class." The pressing needs of a growing family kept him from completing college as early as he would have liked to. His major is English; his minors are Bible and psychology, and his hobby is writing.

Without a word she gathered the ash trays and dumped their contents into the stove. We had been through this before. The pungent aroma of the stubs singed the fragile wings of my resolution.

When Bruce, the baby, awoke Arthelda changed him expertly and put him back to bed with his bottle. By this time I was pacing the floor. "Here we go again," she thought. Aloud she ventured, "Maybe God would help you, Ben."

"How?"

"Miss Nellie said through prayer."

Prayer. I hadn't prayed in years, and Arthelda, reared on an eastern Montana cattle ranch, had hardly heard a prayer in her life. But we agreed, pray we must.

"How should we begin?" Arthelda asked.

"We should kneel and—well—just talk it out with God like we would with your dad, I guess."

Arthelda smiled, remembering gab sessions at the ranch. Then her face sobered. "Oh, Ben," she whispered, "let's kneel and—and try it right now."

We knelt beside the bed. "O Lord," I began, "I've got a hard job to do and I can't do it by myself. I want to be free

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction 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 1959, our objectives continue to be the same.

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from this terrible habit. I want to be a good daddy to these youngsters." Words tumbled over one another as I pleaded for help and strength.

Arthelda was near to tears. "Dear God," she breathed, "Ben is so good and he works so hard, but somehow he just doesn't have the strength to break this awful habit. Please help him. And help me to prepare his meals the way Miss Nellie told me, to relieve his craving for tobacco. Amen." We rose from our knees and held each other close for a long moment.

We awakened early the next morning to the children's jabbering. Yawning, I reached to the night stand for cigarettes. My fingers pawed vigorously, then went limp. I jerked upright, and both feet thumped the floor. My hands went to my head as nerveless fingers rumbled through my hair.

Arthelda touched my shoulder in quick sympathy. "Dress the kids, honey, while I get breakfast."

Struggling with Bruce's three-cornered pants, I stuck my thumb with a safety pin and swore softly. Elroy chortled, "Daddy's tryin' to put my undershirt on my feet."

Thinking long, long thoughts, I dressed myself soberly. Hadn't someone said God would take away the craving? But God hadn't! I jingled the change in my pocket—just enough for a pack of cigarettes.

I had started for the corner store when Arthelda called, "Breakfast is ready." I turned back ashamed, and Arthelda appeared not to notice. There were poached eggs and pancakes instead of the usual fried eggs and bacon. In place of the strong coffee, which I usually loaded with two heaping spoonfuls of sugar, there was a tall glass of orange juice.

Arthelda watched apprehensively as I pushed back my chair and reached for the customary after-meal cigarette. As my hand dropped I grinned sheepishly at her. "Force of habit. And what a force!"

Collecting my hat, gloves, and brief case, I put on my coat. My embrace for Arthelda seemed unusually strong, as though I could draw upon her strength and serenity to face the battle of the day. "It's rougher than I expected," I muttered.

"I know, honey," she responded. "I'll be praying for you."

She remembered the time I had tried to quit smoking after Bonnie Jean was born. Reasoning that a girl wouldn't be wanting to smoke anyway, I'd given up that time before I started. Again, in the heat of pride over the birth of our first son, I had thrown away my cigarettes and boasted that this lad would never smoke. Ironically, the cigars left over after treating "the boys" defeated that attempt. Bruce's arrival heralded another brave try—and subsequent failure.

Arthelda dreaded the effect on my ego if this new effort should fail.

Hardly noticing that the day was sunny, I waved absent-mindedly to associates arriving at business establishments along the streets. "Missoula is a friendly town," I reflected. Parking the car, I sat minutes, dreading to enter the real-estate office where I worked. When the gang learned I was trying to quit smoking, everyone would pester me with offers. With the air blue from smoke, I doubted my ability to refuse.

Though a reassuring smile belied her tone, Jane, the receptionist, greeted me with, "Bosso wants you on the green carpet." Then she resumed her clickety-clacking on the typewriter. Mrs. Chase commented that the weather was lovely. I visited a moment with the Reeds, who were waiting for a rent receipt.

Taking my brief case, I went into the boss's private cubicle. I felt a little let down. The air was fresh, and no one had offered a cigarette.

"Sit down, Ben," Mr. Chase directed, and then launched vigorously into details of the day's business. "Want you to check these new listings. Some of them look promising. Jane needs your help in closing the Blanchard deal. There's a question about something in the abstract." Schedules were synchronized and live prospects noted.

On the way out I checked with Jane for personal calls and the information needed for the Blanchard abstract. I picked up necessary items from my desk, then went on to the car.

"Odd," I thought, "not a cigarette going in the office. Even Mr. Chase hadn't lighted his pipe. First time I remember seeing the Reeds when they weren't both smoking."

In the press of the day's planning I temporarily forgot the desire for tobacco. Then it returned. I fingered the change in my pocket. I could get cigarettes at the corner pool hall. "No! I'll not do it!"

My first call was on Harry Stover. Harry did a brisk business in used cars. He was shrewd but honest, and had sold me my car.

"Got a prospect for you, Ben," Harry volunteered. "Fellow by the name of Arlie Johnston bought a Chevy coupe for his wife. Happened to mention they were looking for a home. They're new in town. Well heeled, too." He paused to light up a smoke.

I jotted down name, address, and telephone number. "Thanks, Harry."

"Not at all," returned Harry. "Glad to pass on a favor." I drove off, almost a little resentful that Harry hadn't urged me to smoke.

The new address turned out to be Arlie's Tavern, recently opened on West Broadway. The place was crowded with men and women intent on a late breakfast, or an early coffee break. Cigarette and cigar smoke and loud talk eddied and swirled around the heads of the bartenders and waitresses.

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Grace Notes

AND LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

— we hold these truths —

A Word to Young Women

CANOEES Maybe winter is not the time for canoeing, but if people insist on doing it then, why not preserve the evidence in picture? That is just what Morten Juberg has done. See cover for the picture and "Winter Rendezvous at Camp Au Sable" for the story.

DEADLINE This is our last invitation to amateur radio operators to submit information for the June 9 publication of our annual amateur radio log. We need your data by April 1. Address it to Amateur Radio Log, The Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

EDITORIAL The adjoining editorial is addressed to no particular age group among young women. Men who have allowed their minds and life habits to become warped through indecent thinking are no respecters of any age when once their inordinate desires are given free rein. It was just three years ago this month that the police of Montgomery County, Maryland, distributed a folder to parents and school children advising them what to do if accosted by a stranger under any pretext. Children were advised to "never accept rides from strangers; never accept candy from strangers." They were also cautioned against any stranger trying to talk with them or touch them.

EDITORIAL Speaking of the time of the end, Ellen G. White wrote: "Men possessed of demons are taking the lives of men, women, and little children. Men have become infatuated with vice, and every species of evil prevails." This statement (from 9T 11) should alert every Christian to use his human resources in cooperation with the divine to avoid the physical and moral dangers that mark these times.

DELETION "My sincere appreciation for your deletion of all fiction from the pages of the INSTRUCTOR. Fiction is fiction, whether written by Adventists or non-Adventists. . . . Thank you also for having the courage to run the series by Dorothea Van Gundy about diet two years ago in spite of the adverse criticism you must have received. I profited from the series, and I'm sure there must have been others who did also." PAUL BLUE, Lynwood, California.

MIND "Sickness of the mind prevails everywhere. Nine tenths of the diseases from which men suffer have their foundation here."—5T 444.

We are thankful that Dora escaped relatively unharmed from the harrowing episode recorded by Barbara Westphal in this issue. Not all young women have been as fortunate. Within the past six months newspapers have carried accounts of more than one kidnaping in which a young woman lost her life after being physically abused.

Last September an eighteen-year-old Colorado stenographer was forced at gun point to leave her escort and another couple, and to accompany her abductor. He shot her to death a few hours later as she tried to escape.

Last December the shocking photos of three young women, ages 19, 24, and 24, appeared in the press and in at least one news magazine. The photos showed the girls gagged and bound. In each instance, according to reports, the young woman was lured into a remote desert area of southern California and securely bound for professedly crime magazine pictures. The abductor photographed his victim, molested her, then slowly strangled her.

In the Colorado story the two couples were parked in the early morning hours in a secluded lover's lane. In the California story each of the three young women was lured into the photographer's car on the ruse that she would be paid for posing. A fourth woman struggled free when he attacked her in a car off the Santa Ana Freeway. *Time* magazine stated she held him at bay with his own pistol until a State highway patrolman appeared and took him into custody.*

These are not pretty stories. This is not a pretty world. As the father of teen-age daughters, we would be remiss in our duty if we did not sound a warning to other parents and to young women everywhere.

Ministers, teachers, and God-fearing parents have repeatedly counseled the youth of the church to maintain the highest standards of social conduct. But some have thought their counselors were old fogies for insisting on a respectable hour for couples to be home at night. Some have thought parents were "off the beam" for cautioning them against sitting in parked automobiles at any time of the day or night as a fit place to have a wholesome good time. A few have thought it smart to flirt with strangers and ignore the warnings of those whose training and experience add wisdom to their counsels.

Dora cannot be blamed in any way for the near tragedy that came to her. The same cannot be said for others who may deliberately ignore the word of those who know whereof they speak.

Walter C. Crandall

* *Time*, December 29, 1958.

COMING NEXT WEEK

- "MR. AMERICA BREAKS HIS RECORD" is the title of Leona Carscallen's report on the visit of Elder Carl Hempe to the Washington, D.C., office of the Ellen G. White Publications.
- "IS YOUR INTOLERANCE CATCHING?" asks Author Robert Parr in a brightly written article that discusses one of the commonest—and most unfortunate—foibles of people everywhere.
- "I BROKE UP OUR HOME" ought to be required reading for all young people who say, "It couldn't happen to us." Names have been changed for obvious reasons, but the story and its meaning are real. Too real.

Camp director enlists "volunteers" for dishwashing.

Master Guides combine recreation and spiritual uplift at winter camp.

by **MORTON JUBERG**

Winter Rendezvous at Camp Au Sable



Dr. R. W. Spalding, Michigan Conference medical secretary, conducts question-and-answer session, handling questions on dating, courtship, behavior, and other topics.

THERMAL boots, insulated underwear, heavy gloves, and coats with parkas were standard wearing apparel as forty enthusiastic Master Guides converged on Camp Au Sable in Michigan's north woods for their annual winter camp.

Nature cooperated fully in providing crisp weather and snow for winter sports. Two feet of snow had already accumulated under the trees, and the temperature dipped below zero each night. There was no doubt that this was the winter season.

Camp Au Sable, which encompasses 848 acres around beautiful Lake Shellenbarger some 150 miles north of Lansing, is operated by the Michigan Conference and has long been a mecca for youngsters who throng to the junior and youth camps held during the summer. With a growing interest in winter sports and with thousands of Michiganders flocking north each weekend to ski resorts, it seemed only natural that Camp Au Sable would be the site of one of the first Adventist winter camps to be held in Eastern United States.

Early arrivals to the camp found MV Secretary Lawrence Caviness supervising last-minute preparations with the help of two assistants, Lois Bellore, girls' director, and Lewis Wildman, boys' leader. From

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



Trip to nearby winter-sports park provides long, breath-taking toboggan slide in addition to excellent opportunities for skiing.

the kitchen came appetite-whetting aromas where Elder Don Howe, with his wife as assistant, was whipping together the first of many hearty meals.

A steady program of winterizing the buildings is in progress, and the first major improvement could be seen in the main lodge, where a section of the dining hall had been partitioned off and lined with knotty pine. Sleeping quarters for the group were in the staff building, where each room with bunk beds provided housing for four to six campers.

With registration out of the way and a good meal to provide energy, everyone's attention turned to the wintry surroundings. On the lake an area had been cleared of snow and reflooded to provide a glassy-smooth skating surface. Floodlights had been set up as well and skating was in progress during many hours of the day and evening. A short toboggan run gave tyros an initiation for the breath-taking slide they would try out in a day or two in the neighboring town of Grayling.

While some relaxed before the fireplace, waiting for supper, others got into games of ping-pong. Following the meal, Dr. R. W. Spalding, Michigan Conference medical secretary, took charge of a question-and-answer period, handling with sage counsel questions on dating,

courtship, behavior, and other youth problems. More skating, tobogganing, and a bob-sled ride under the stars put an end to a busy first day.

Highlighting the camp activities was a two-hour canoe trip down the Au Sable River, one of the best-known canoe runs in Michigan. Though temperatures had dipped to thirty below zero just before the outing, the swift waters of the river were still unfrozen. Dozens of blankets helped to provide insulation against the cold of the canoe bottom, and the trip was on.

An ever-changing panorama of nature greeted the canoeists as they wound their way down the river. Here and there an inquisitive deer scampered away after seeing where the noises came from. The tall pines were as regal under a cloak of snow as they were in the summer, and the bare aspens shivered in the winter breezes. Winter canoe trips were different from those in the summer, for in the cold weather the canoes always remained upright. A finger dipped into the icy water was enough to discourage any thought of jousting, and all the participants arrived safely at the debarkation point, thankful for a chance to get warm.

Interspersed with the camp program were regular chores. All the work, with the exception of the cooking, was done

by the campers. While some washed dishes and cleaned the buildings, others helped with the cutting of wood for the fireplace, which consumed logs by the cord. Though the camp was operated on an informal basis, housekeeping was not neglected, and morning inspections of the girls' and boys' quarters provided the stimulus for having a tidy room.

A trip to the winter sports park in Grayling on one day provided excellent skiing. Top thrill of the day was a ride down the toboggan slide, which had been iced the night before to provide maximum speed—close to 90 miles an hour. Most of the tobogganers plowed furrows in the snow after being catapulted into the air when the toboggan overturned (which it generally did) at the conclusion of the spine-tingling run.

Although the major activity of the camp was winter sports, the religious aspect was not neglected. Morning and evening worship periods and counseling sessions with Dr. Spalding focused attention on the Creator. Nature hikes provided a tangible demonstration of the beauties of the winter out-of-doors and provided an opportunity to see the handiwork of God in a different setting.

If enthusiasm is any gauge, and memories provoke action, the camp to be held next winter will be full to overflowing.



Señorita Dora Arredondo met trouble at the church door.

Kidnap and Escape

by BARBARA WESTPHAL

BUENAS NOCHES, señorita. Wouldn't you like to take a ride out in the country with us?"

Startled, Dora looked up into the face of a strange woman. The graceful young girl was standing at the second-floor entrance to the Adventist church in Monterrey, Mexico, waiting for the doors to be opened so she could go inside for prayer meeting. She hadn't noticed the woman's approach.

"Muchas gracias," she answered politely, "but I'm going to meet my mother here in a few minutes. I'm sure the door will be opened soon." She glanced at her watch.

"Oh, it may be a long time before anyone comes to open the door, señorita. And it's such a hot evening. I'm sure you would enjoy a cool ride, and I'd like to have you meet my friends." The woman glanced down at a parked car just outside the big iron gate of the courtyard below.

"No, thank you." Dora's tone was firmer this time and her dark eyes flashed. "I'll wait for my mother right here, for she is expecting to meet me at prayer meeting."

At a signal from the woman, two men jumped out of the car, slipped through the open gate, and rushed up the outside stairway to the doorway where Dora was standing. She screamed as the men grabbed her, but her cries were silenced when a big wad of cotton was stuffed into

her mouth. The men half carried, half dragged her down the steps, mostly hidden from the street by the high wall that surrounds the church and office building. There was no one in the church, no one in the mission offices below, no one in the little clinic in the patio. Not even the neighbors across the street noticed Dora being shoved into the back seat of the car.

The woman sat in front with one of the men who drove. In the back seat Dora struggled with all her might, but the men had tied her hands behind her back as they pushed her into the car. The man who was beside her watched her every move and shoved her back when she fought to free herself. Meanwhile the car was gaining speed as it left the large city of Monterrey and headed south on the Pan American Highway.

"We're goin' on a lil' jog to Mexico City, gorgeous," the man beside her explained with an oath, "'n if you'd jus' stop all this fightin' and tryin' to scream, well, maybe we could untie you and take the gag outa your mouth. You could jus' calm down and enjoy the scenery."

But she couldn't stop struggling. Nor could she stop sobbing, though the sobs were choking her because of the gag in her mouth. The evil words she heard and the look of the men told her what fate was awaiting her. She had no money for which she could be kidnaped. There could be only one purpose in the minds

of those men. She shuddered and prayed—prayed as she had never prayed before in her sixteen years.

She had seen the man beside her push down the little safety button in the door beside him and reach across and push down the button on her side too. She couldn't think how she could get away from her tormentors.

But she heard a click and saw the safety button in the door on her side pop up, and the door opened. In an instant she knew God had given her a chance to escape. She threw herself out of the speeding car onto the pavement and rolled over and over into some bushes. She prayed that the car wouldn't stop, that the men wouldn't recapture her, that someone would help her.

Scratched and bruised and bleeding, she got to her feet and ran up a little side road away from the highway. She didn't stop at the first house or at the second. She was terrified with the fear that the men were coming back after her. At the third house she ran onto the porch and managed to bang on the door, though her arms were still tied behind her.

Her dress was stained and rumpled, her face distorted with fear. The women in the family untied her hands and pulled the cotton out of her mouth.

"Pobrecita ["Poor little thing"]!" they said gently, as they laid her on the bed. "What happened to you? Who are you?"

Dora couldn't speak. She only trembled and cried.

The neighbors sent for the police. But when a policeman came she still couldn't say a word. Even though she tried to tell them her name, no words would come out. The policeman gave her a paper and pencil.

"My name is Dora Arredondo," She wrote. "I was kidnaped from the Seventh-day Adventist church in Monterrey at Vallarta Sur 644. My mother is waiting for me there."

Dora's mother had been extremely worried when she reached the prayer meeting and didn't find her daughter. "Something must have happened to Dora," she told friends at the church. "She promised to meet me here, and she always keeps her promises."

The church members were praying for Dora and her safety when the policeman came to the door and called for the mother. Together they took the girl to the hospital. A careful examination showed no broken bones, and after rest and sleep, Dora was able to talk.

The first day she was well enough to attend services in the church she gave a testimony. "Prayer meeting is where our young people should be on Wednesday nights. I'm sure God protected me because I was here at the church. He heard my prayers and miraculously opened the car door and saved me. We can always trust Him to care for us."



Personal rights in marriage

REMEMBER Mary and Richard. Mary was an efficient person who had been trained as a secretary. She liked to see things move along quickly and smoothly. Richard was the well-meaning, easy-going type. By the time he got around to planning what to do, Mary had it done.

Without realizing what she was doing to Richard's self-esteem, Mary took care of handling the family income, paying the bills, and determining the policies of their home. She thought she was being a good wife and that Richard would appreciate her all the more. Actually, however, this made Richard into a mere figurehead as far as his being the husband in his own home. No wonder he finally rebelled!

But it is not always the wife who dominates. Often as not, it is the husband who imposes on the individuality of his wife.

Bill Conrad is a very loyal church member who likes to help with the projects the church sponsors. The Dorcas Society of his church needed a deepfreeze. When Bill heard of this he responded by saying, "Why yes, we will be glad to lend our deepfreeze for as long as you need it."

Poor Mrs. Conrad had other plans for their deepfreeze. But Bill had always made the major decisions for both of them. Her individuality had been merged with that of her husband and she was pitifully content to follow his directions.

Bill was unaware of the damage he had done to his wife's personality. He thought he was doing her a favor by relieving her of the burden of making decisions for the family. He was so confident of his own good judgment that he did not feel the need of his wife's counsel and cooperation. But his habit of dominating had robbed her of a most precious possession—the ability to think her own thoughts and to choose for herself.

This column, appearing once or twice each month, is devoted to the social phases of Christian living. Questions from readers are welcome and will be considered when topics for coming articles are selected. Address your questions to Harold Shryock, M.D., THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

It is not the prerogative of either partner in marriage to try to rebuild or control the other's personality. At the time of marriage each accepted the other "for better or for worse," knowing full well the nature of the other's personality.

Young Janet Rankin felt that she had a superior understanding of her husband's personal limitations. She believed that he lacked the wisdom to supervise the workers under his direction at the office. She therefore tried to supervise them by remote control. She instructed her husband day by day on the way he should manage his department.

She thought she was helping her husband. She expected that her superior ability would lead him rapidly toward success. As a matter of fact, her efforts to dominate actually handicapped him. Not only did he lose confidence in his own abilities but the workers in his office began to resent her interference. This finally led to the loss of his position.

Janet was a talented woman. She made a grave mistake, however, in believing that she could direct her husband's work better than he could. She should not have assumed the right to place her judgment above his in matters for which he was responsible. Her action not only retarded his advancement but deprived him of the experience that would have enabled him to develop the self-confidence necessary to leadership.

Fred Todd was an agreeable person who was well liked by his neighbors and friends. He ran his farm very efficiently. He was a good provider and Mrs. Todd and the children lived very comfortably.

Before their marriage Mrs. Todd had been a schoolteacher. She prided herself in the correct use of the English language. But her husband's manner of speaking caused her great concern. He had fallen into the habit of using poor

grammar. She focused on this and other shortcomings and failed to appreciate his many sterling qualities. She virtually deprived him of the chance to live his own life. Her unwillingness to respect his individuality actually made their home life unpleasant.

Are there ever times when a husband or wife may come to the rescue of his partner and keep him from making a serious mistake?

Indeed there are such times, and marriage provides just the kind of partnership that permits each member to serve as a counterbalance to the other. It is a wife's privilege and duty to tactfully warn her husband when he is in danger of "putting his worst foot forward." And the loving husband can often help his wife by making kindly suggestions on matters that may make her work easier or that may make their home more attractive and pleasant.

But these exchanges of helpful counsel should not be in the form of mandates. The suggestions a husband and wife give to each other should be "because I love you," not "because you are too dumb to know better."

Actually, then, the secret of a good adjustment in marriage centers around mutual respect and deference, each for the other. When either partner in marriage tries to overrule the individuality of the other he tends to destroy the charm of that personality. It was this personal charm that was so attractive during courtship. The same personal traits that caused two young people to admire each other before marriage will still be present after marriage if they are not obscured by the effort of one to dominate the other.

The prophet Amos asks, "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" (Amos 3:3). This need for agreement on funda-

mental matters is particularly necessary in the marriage relationship. But the basis for this agreement should have been established during courtship. Then it was that the prospective husband and wife could have determined whether their personal interests and convictions were similar enough to assure their pleasure and companionship for the rest of life. During courtship each person had the opportunity to exercise his right of choice. When they each chose in favor of marriage they thereby accepted the responsibility for harmonious living. This does not require identical attitudes, but it does require that each partner carefully respect the attitudes and preferences of the other.

If during their period of early adjustment in marriage a husband and wife learn to respect each other's individuality, their prospect of harmonious living permits a wide range of behavior patterns. Helen understood before she and Everett were married that he was an outgoing, magnanimous person who interpreted hospitality in the broad, generous sense. She was therefore not surprised when after their marriage he often brought guests to their home on short notice.

To Helen this was the natural thing for Everett to do, and she did not take offense. It did not interfere with her appreciation of him, because this friendliness was one of the traits she had admired in him during their courtship. Some other wife might have experienced emotional panic had her husband not counseled with her regarding the provision for guests.

As this article was in process I tried to prepare two lists of items regarding which husbands and wives have to deal. One list was intended to include items over which the individual has sole responsibility. The other list was to name topics that require counsel between a husband and wife. But the mere attempt to produce these two lists taught the lesson that it is not possible to frame a single rule that will guide all husbands and wives in matters of respect for each other. What may be considered to be personal rights in one family may be considered as a joint responsibility in another family.

There is one area, however, into which neither partner should ever intrude. This is the area of personal conscience. Each human being, even though married, is personally responsible to his Father in heaven for the applications he makes of the principles of truth and morality contained in the Scriptures. A husband cannot be conscience for his wife nor can a wife properly dictate to her husband in matters of his soul's welfare.

Cordially yours,

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



MV Council Held on Famous Ship

by Mildred Lee Johnson

OSLO, NORWAY.—One of the world's most renowned sailing vessels, the *Fram*, anchored at Oslo, Norway, was the meeting site of a committee that selected the motto for the 1960 Northern European Youth Congress to be held in Holland.

The *Fram* was chosen for the meeting, because it has lived up to its name—which means "Forward"—having carried explor-

ers Nansen and Amundsen on the farthest North Pole and South Pole expeditions known at that time. The Norwegian authorities permitted explorer Nansen's cabin on the *Fram* to be used by the MV secretaries of the Northern European Division in voting on a motto for the youth congress. The motto will be: UNITED IN CHRIST.

It is hoped that the spirit of the coming youth congress, expressed in the motto chosen on the *Fram*, may be revealed in the kingdom of God as the most significant event connected with the honored ship.

Sunday Through Friday

by JEANNINE WITTSCHIEBE

Sunday

A dusty road
For the feet of a King,
A donkey to serve as His steed;
Strip the green trees;
Your branches cast down;
To Jerusalem, Lord, Lord, lead!
Hosanna! Hosanna!
To Him, to our King,
King of the earth that He trod.
See Him! He weeps—
Our beautiful city—
Tears from the heart of a God.
Jerusalem, O my Jerusalem!
Tears from the Son of our God.

Monday

"A den of thieves!
A den of thieves!
And it is My house of prayer!"
A lash in His hand,
A lash to His words;
The Master is towering there.
Flee from Him now,
Ye people, ye priests,
From the fire, the grief in His eyes.
Stand then and watch
At the edge of the crowd.
Ye cowards! Wait till His wrath dies.
Look at the maimed,
The dying, the sick!
Ye people, can mere mortals tell
The love He offers,
The healing He brings?
Can a God love man so well?
Jerusalem, O my Jerusalem!
Loving you, loving so well!

Tuesday

They have gone,
They have gone, the Greeks
Who were seeking the Master today.
They wanted Him—
Wanted to know Him,
And you told them—what did you say?
Two mites, that's all.
See! That's all she gives;
Well, perhaps she cannot give more.
But look you there
At that Pharisee,
What he gives from his wealthy store!
It is as nothing,
But, Master, how so?

Look at the gold and the coins he let fall!
Not by their wealth
Judge You their gift;
The widow has given her all!
Jerusalem, O my Jerusalem!
Look! She has given her all!

Wednesday

Apart from the crowds,
Alone with the Master,
To learn, to sit at His feet.
Did ever sunset
On deep Galilee
Bring end to a day so sweet?
Jerusalem, O my Jerusalem!
The end of a day so sweet!

Thursday

Tonight, tonight
In Gethsemane,
Our Master, our Master is gone;
Gone to a trial—
A farce of a trial—
Never was man done more wrong!
The cup will not pass,
Not tonight will it pass.
The Master must travel alone.
They are all fled—
Those He loved best—
Afraid for their lives, they have flown.
Judas has come
And gone in his shame.
The Garden is silent and no one is there.
The tramping of feet,
The boisterous callings
Fade away on the still night air.
Jerusalem, O my Jerusalem!
How still, how still the night air!

Friday

"His blood, His blood
Be upon us, on us."
Fools! Ye know not what ye say!
Show Him the cross,
Laugh as He bleeds!
Ye shall pay well for this day!
The dark of the sky,
The shake of the earth,
Their branches the trees wildly toss.
"It is finished!"
Look at Him! Look!
Now ye know whom ye hanged on that cross!
Jerusalem, O my Jerusalem!
Yours forever the shame of the cross!

by MICHAEL C. GARRETT

*"You don't have to
gamble when you play poker,
any more than
you have to when you
play Authors
or Sorry or Pit," said
my friend Eddie.
And I believed him.*

"It's

THE dice rattled across the hard green table top.

A short, thick man with powerful hairy arms glanced rapidly at the dice, then at the circle of men standing around the table.

"Number four, there it is, number four. Place your bets, gentlemen." His eyes stopped upon me. "Is this your bet, son?" he asked.

I nodded and counted the stack of silver dollars in my hand. There were only three left. Five minutes before there had been ten. Well, that had only been a bad streak. This time I would win.

Gambling had been different in the academy. I remembered the first day I had ever played cards.

During study periods it was rather common for the fellows to play games after their studies were completed; often studies were ignored entirely. I had just completed an algebra assignment and stacked my books on my desk when the door of my room opened to admit Eddie Williams. Eddie was short and freckle-faced, and although he was considered a bit wild, he was charming and friendly.

"What's up, Mike?" he asked, as he lowered himself into a chair and placed a pair of highly polished shoes on my desk top.

"Oh, not much. I just finished studying for the evening."

"Let's play a game or something. Did you ever play poker?"

I shook my head. "Nope. And I don't intend to start now."

He shrugged. "Why not? You tell me one thing that is wrong with poker."

"Well, it's gambling, and everyone knows that gambling is wrong."

"Poker is only a game," he replied. "You don't have to gamble when you play poker any more than you have to

Only a Game"



gamble when you play Authors or Sorry or Pit."

He pulled a deck of cards from his pocket and began dealing them on the desk.

"Come on, I'll teach you how to play. You don't have to bet money. We'll just play for fun."

It wasn't a difficult game to learn. It seemed similar to many games I'd played before. What could be wrong with it?

After that, Eddie came to my room often in the evening and we played cards. It soon became apparent that the game was much more interesting if you had something to bet with. We used toothpicks. They seemed harmless enough. After all, it wasn't as though we were betting money.

My roommate and several of my friends learned to play, and we soon were spending much of our spare time playing poker, along with other card games that we learned for variety.

One day when Eddie showed up he found us gathered around a desk. He stood watching for a moment and then said, "Why don't you guys use pennies instead of toothpicks? It certainly makes the game a lot more interesting, and there's nobody here who can't afford to lose ten or fifteen cents."

We all looked at one another. Why not? Playing for pennies couldn't hurt us, and it would help make the game interesting.

One of the fellows ran over to the school store and asked the manager to change a dollar bill into pennies, and the game was on.

Suddenly the entire atmosphere changed. It was no longer just a game; it was a battle. Where before no one had worried particularly about the rules, now everyone suddenly became very sensitive

to correct procedure. Tempers flared and friendships were temporarily forgotten. It soon became apparent that those who lost were the ones who could least afford it. When the game broke up, I was twenty cents ahead. Twenty-two cents. Not very good wages for an hour, I thought. Next time we ought to play for nickels—maybe dimes.

And so it went. What had started out as a means of occupying spare time became a craze. Soon many of the fellows were playing cards several hours a day. What was wrong with it? After all, no one ever lost more than he could afford. Or at least, not much more.

Gambling was fascinating. There was always a chance that the next roll of the dice might be the lucky one, that a streak of luck would come and you might even win several dollars. Soon all rationalizing stopped. Gambling was fun.

That's how it started. Time went on. Gambling became a habit. So did winning; but I hated to lose.

One day I went to visit a friend of mine who had been a vaudeville magician. When I told him that I had been gambling he looked at me soberly and said, "You're a fool, son. Quit before you hurt yourself! The only successful gamblers are the ones who cheat. You can't win any other way. If you cheat, you're not gambling—you're stealing."

"It's only a game," I argued. "What difference does it make if you just gamble for pennies?"

"Nobody ever stops with pennies. First it's nickels, then dimes, quarters, and half dollars. You can lose an awful lot of money in a hurry gambling with half dollars."

He looked at me for a moment and saw that I was not convinced. "You ought to go to Reno," he said. "Then you'd see

what gambling does for people. Those big palaces down there are built because people can't quit gambling. Do you think the men who own those casinos go broke?"

"You see, the human mind works this way: Just about everyone who has ever been born has been intrigued by the possibility that he is going to get something for nothing. Look at magazine advertising, the backs of cereal boxes, or television commercials! They're all trying to convince people that they'll get something for nothing. Most people never realize that for every person who gets something for nothing there has to be someone who gets nothing for something. That person, the one who gets nothing for his investment, is being stolen from, and you are the thief."

"Look at the money you earned playing cards. Did you do anything to earn it? No. You took that money from someone who was just as greedy as you were. He got nothing in return. You stole it from him. He didn't object, of course, because he was trying to take your money."

The old magician pressed his lips in a firm line and looked at me for a moment.

"You can do a lot better with your money than lose it gambling. You don't think you will ever lose? All right, go out and play for a while. Just remember—if you cheat you are robbing the people you play with. If you don't cheat you're going to lose eventually. And when you do, remember this—I told you so!"

In the following months I mulled the question over. Just what *was* wrong with gambling? If you played fair it was just a game, wasn't it? Wasn't life just a gamble anyway? Everything I had heard about gambling was that it was wrong to lose, yet I had never lost any money. Over a period of time I was ahead of the

game. Was it wrong to gamble or only wrong to lose?

Gambling acts much like a drug. Once I had begun, it was difficult to stop. You forget all your problems in the excitement of the game. Every time something would go wrong at the academy I would pick up a deck of cards. By studying books on sleight of hand, practicing palming and other methods of cheating, and learning the mathematical odds associated with card playing, I soon could win quite consistently.

It became my hobby, and when anyone would suggest that I should quit, I would only laugh and ask, "Why? I've never lost any money gambling. It's just a good way to make my leisure time pay."

About a year later I graduated from the academy and went on to college. As is true in colleges anywhere, there was a less admirable element. In spite of the fact that spiritual advantages were open to any who wished them, this group ignored these privileges.

My academy reputation as a gambler followed me to college, and it wasn't long until various boys began to invite me to join them in poker parties. Soon I was again winning consistently behind locked dormitory doors. This only stimulated my desire to play more.

Lullaby

by LOIS HANSEN

Listen, my darling!
Night winds are singing
Small sleepy words

To a lullaby tune.
Home to their babies
Brown birds are winging
And high in the sky

Rides a slender new moon.

In the quiet garden
The flowers are sleeping.
Bright petals are folded,

Tucked in from the night,
While under the moist grass
There are fireflies creeping,
Lending the darkness

Their wee gift of light.

Rest, little darling,
Sleeping and dreaming
Gay little dreams

Of far golden lands.
And through the long hours
Till morning comes beaming,
Love rocks your cradle
With soft, gentle hands.

One evening one of the fellows offered me a ticket to a men's club downtown in the city near the college.

"You'll be interested in it," he said. "They do a lot of gambling there. I can't use the ticket myself, and you were the first person I thought of. You might as well try your luck."

Three evenings later I found myself going down a dimly lighted stairway and pressing a small button beside a garishly painted door. From inside I could hear the noise of a juke box above shouts and raucous laughter. Soon the door opened and a short, fat man with a cigar in the center of his face blocked the door.

"You got a ticket?" he demanded.

Nodding, I handed it to him.

He stepped back and motioned me in. I walked down a short hallway and down a short series of steps into a large smoky room. Along one wall of the room was a bar where men stood alternately drinking and arguing. At the far corner of the room a neon-lurid juke box blared out rock 'n' roll. The center of the room itself was filled with several large square tables surrounded by highly excited men playing dice. In one corner stood three smaller round tables that I immediately recognized as poker tables.

One table especially drew my attention. At it stood a tall, thin man furiously shaking a cup of dice. He rolled them on the table and the men cheered. He had won. He rolled again and won.

I edged up to the table and placed a silver dollar on the table. The thin man rolled again and lost, and so did I. The dice bounced across the table—another dollar gone. Suddenly nothing mattered but those dice. I would play until I won. Slowly my money dwindled. Seven dollars. Four dollars. Three.

But I just *had* to win. My luck changed, and I won again and again until I had \$20. Thinking that it would be better to quit while I was ahead, I wandered over to a poker table to watch the playing.

At one of the tables sat a young man who seemed especially nervous. His face was lined with tension and his trembling fingers held a cigarette, which he smoked excitedly. He was betting heavily.

"My wife is going to have a baby. I've got to win."

I watched as he lost and grew more desperate. His face became more and more panic stricken as he realized that he was losing his savings.

He turned to the fellow sitting next to him. "I'd like to quit, but I can't afford to lose this much. I'll have to keep playing and try to win back what I've lost."

The game went on and on. The tide of luck did change and the fellow gradually gained back what he had lost. But he didn't quit!

Instead he grinned at the men around him. "My luck has changed. I may as well keep on playing."

A half hour later he got up from the

table, pale and silent. His entire savings of more than \$140 was gone. He left without a word.

I walked back to the table, where the men were still shouting at the dice. Soon the lesson I had learned watching the young father in the poker game was forgotten. I had won \$20. There was no reason why I could not win \$40. Within an hour my money was gone.

Suddenly I felt sick. Ten dollars was gone, and for what? Nothing. Everything around me seemed dirty, and I wished that I had never seen a deck of cards.

Outside the air was clear and cold. I walked down the dark, silent street with my hands in my pockets, thinking. There was no doubt in my mind that gambling was wrong. The expressions on the faces of the men I had just seen were sufficient proof of that, but why was it wrong?

It would have made no difference had I won or lost. Either way was wrong, because I was trying to take something from someone else without giving him anything in return. I realized that I had known it all along, but had simply refused to admit it. How stupid to have to learn the hard way.

No wonder the men in the club were so intense. They were trying to rob one another.

Now I knew, too, why playing cards is wrong. Those games can't be played enjoyably without gambling any more than one can spend a lot of time flipping a coin without gambling. They all lead to the same end. When you have to gamble to make a game entertaining, that game is wrong.

Many other things occurred to me. Gambling is a useless waste of time. It stimulates hate and pride. It becomes a false god. It brings out all that is evil in men's hearts.

Back in the dorm my clothes reeked of smoke. Down on my knees I prayed that God would help me never to gamble again, and to forgive me for my folly in the past.

Some people have to fight for a long time to subdue a temptation. So it was with me. For a time when my friends would challenge me to a game of poker, it was a big temptation. I knew that I could beat them.

Then I would think back to the panic-stricken face of the young father as he lost his savings. I would remember, too, my own experience that night, and the Biblical instruction: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Then it was no longer difficult to refuse.

Since that night in a smoke-filled bar, I have never gambled again. I thank God for His keeping power.

THE PAVILION OF LUNA PARQUE



RICHARD HUGHES, ARTIST

THE church group of the Upper Magdalena Mission headquarters in Bogotá had long since overflowed onto the balconies in La Sala Adventista at Carrera Séptima. It was out of the question, however, for Jeanie and Bob Weston to even dream about building a church, for there was no money for building purposes. For that matter, there was no money for a great many other things that were greatly needed. But it was imperative that a larger, more ample hall be found for the weekly services.

Frequently there was not enough room for the children to join their parents for the church service when Sabbath school was over. For a time the situation was met by arranging special church services for them in the parlor Sabbath school room

that Señora de Jiménez so graciously permitted them to use from week to week. But now even this was overflowing.

The union mission committee met and studied the problem from every angle, but no adequate halls seemed to be available anywhere in the city at a price the mission could afford to pay.

"What can be done?" Jeanie and Bob asked themselves repeatedly. They had prayed earnestly that the work they loved would grow and that their efforts would be blessed of God. Now He would surely answer this request and lead them to a hall.

At times when the attendance was greatest, Bob had requested that the members not come to the services, so as to make more room for these interested ones.

He came into the kitchen where his wife was baking cookies one morning and

by **WILMA ROSS**

WESTPHAL

announced a holiday. "I think we need to get out of doors for a half day, Jeanie. I've just come back from another dead end so far as finding a hall is concerned."

He looked unusually crestfallen, for he had done everything he knew to do, and had had no results. "Let's pack a lunch and take a streetcar out to the southeastern section of the city. We could both do with a change and we've never been out that way. They say it's beautiful."

"Why," Jeanie said joyfully, "that will be great! Just let me finish these cookies and get a lunch together. It's been a long time since we've had a picnic."

A couple of hours later, Jeanie and Bob were eating their lunch beneath some weeping willow trees out in Luna Parque and reveling in the beauty of the surroundings.

"When we finish eating our lunch," Jeanie suggested, "let's go over to that pavilion. It seems to be empty. I'd like to see what it's like inside."

They finished the sandwiches, ate the fruit and cookies, drank some milk, and headed for the pavilion. As they ascended the broad steps they heard voices that seemed to come from within. As they entered a side door at the east, they were impressed with the size, the good repair, and the structural condition of the building.

Bob spoke to the man across the hall. "Good afternoon. Would you mind telling us what this building was used for? It seems to be in pretty fair condition, though it could do with a good coat of paint."

The man bowed and his wife nodded and smiled. "I'll be glad to tell you about the park and the pavilion. At one time this was the most beautiful park in all of Bogotá. El Parque de la Luna it was called."

Jeanie smiled. "The Park of the Moon"—how fitting and pretty."

"If you think it pretty now," the woman smiled, "you should have seen it when it was the leading recreational center of the city. Come over to one of these windows, or better still, to the door you just entered, and we'll tell you how it used to look from there."

They all moved toward the door.

"This pavilion was known then as El Pavellón Chinesco. We used to have some wonderful times here—dancing and attending fancy dress balls. Down in the basement they used to play games and gamble in the different rooms. Those were the days. *Those* were the days." The man's voice trailed off.

"You see out there, between all those trees, where it looks as though it had been scooped out at one time? Well, that was a beautiful artificial lake then." The woman's eyes grew dreamy. "We used to go boating and canoeing almost every weekend. With all these beautiful trees and shrubs around the edges, it was a veritable fairyland. You should have

seen it on a moonlight night. It was simply enchanting—a land of dreams! That's why it was named Luna Parque."

"It's still very beautiful," Bob observed. "It must have been a lovely park at that time—very lovely indeed!"

"It was a great pity," the man answered, "that the owner lost interest and neglected to keep it up. The lake dried up and the crowds gradually quit coming. Oh, there's still an occasional dance here in the hall, but that's all. Terribly dead around here these days—terribly dead."

Jeanie and Bob exchanged glances and thanked the couple for telling them about the place. Then Bob asked if it would be possible to see the basement.

"Certainly," the Don said. "Go right down the stairway. It's wide open. I don't know why everything was left open today; it's generally locked up inside and out, unless there's something going on."

Downstairs, Bob and Jeanie glanced about the room.

"Wonder how many rooms there are down here?" Bob said as they peered into one room. "Not bad at all if it was cleaned up."

"Go ahead and say it!" Jeanie said. "Go ahead and say that the hall upstairs would make a wonderful place to hold Sabbath school and church services, and these rooms down there would be ideal for the children's and young people's divisions!"

Bob laughed. "I thought of it as soon as we came through that door up there. And you did too—I could tell from the look on your face."

"The only disadvantage—" she stopped abruptly. "Say, I thought we came out here to get *away* from the burden of trying to find a hall!"

"Remember Jonah?" Bob smiled. "Maybe it was God who led us here."

"I was thinking the same thing. As I was about to say—the only real disadvantage that I can see is the fact that it's so far away. Of course—"

Bob took up where his wife left off. "Of course, the members would come out here each Sabbath and enjoy it thoroughly. The really interested nonmembers would come too, but we would still have to hold short evangelistic campaigns down in the center of the city."

"Let's go back upstairs," Jeanie suggested. "It seems to me there's quite a suburban residential area around here. I remember seeing some nice-looking homes on the way out. You might do well to hold some meetings out here sometime too."

They looked around the building. The more they looked, the more impressed they became. On the way home they visited Salvador Plata and Francisco Hernández, both of whom were elders of the church.

They could scarcely wait to tell of their find. Plata accompanied them to the

home of Hernández, and Bob and Jeanie explained the situation in detail.

"Haven't been out there since I became an Adventist," Hernández commented. "Used to be a beautiful place, all right."

"I didn't know it was no longer being used as a recreational center. I'll have to go out and have a look at it again. We'll certainly have to do something about a meeting place pretty soon." Plata's face registered genuine interest.

When the church committee went out that same week to look things over, they were also much impressed. Bob did a little investigating on the side and discovered that the owner would consider selling at a nominal price. He then wrote a letter to the union mission president concerning the prospects of securing the Luna Parque Pavilion for use as a meeting place. It wasn't long before a committee came up to investigate the proposition, and they too were favorably impressed. At the time it seemed the only way out.

Several meetings and many prayer sessions later, the combined committees decided to buy the property. They all agreed that the bright colors and Chinese characters on the outside of the structure didn't add to the churchliness of the building, but it was so light and spacious that everyone seemed overjoyed at the prospects.

Jeanie had organized a Dorcas Society some months before, and at the meeting that followed the purchase of the property she presented the problem of cleaning the place. The response was instantaneous. For days men, women, and children came with mops, pails, soap, brushes, and cleaning rags and went to work. Even some of the women who weren't in the habit of doing physical labor came with their servants and did their part to put the main hall and division rooms in order for the following Sabbath services.

After the cleaning and scrubbing were done the benches and folding chairs were brought over from the former meeting place. Everyone helped to put them in place. The songbooks were distributed and the Sabbath school goal device was put up, along with the small black bulletin board that announced the song numbers and the title of the sermon.

Jeanie and several other women also worked on the rooms downstairs that would serve as the children's and young people's departments. They cleaned, brought in folding chairs, and put up pictures, crepe paper, and cutouts. The sand table was brought over for the younger children, and they decided to order several more now that they had plenty of space.

Later, there was a discussion of the grounds and the possibility of different members bringing plants and shrubbery to replace the ones around the building that had been neglected. "Has anyone

remembered about the flowers for the pulpit and the front of the—the church?" Jeanie wanted to know.

"Of course. We could never forget that," two women said with a smile. Jeanie remembered how the old hall had been faithfully decorated each week with beautiful bouquets. Why, it was practically an insult to their beauty-loving natures to even suggest that they might not have remembered so important a duty and privilege. Even the lowliest parishioner owned a patio full of plants, and now they were all willing to share even these to beautify the grounds around the pavilion.

"Some of us are going to bring our lunch tomorrow and eat out under the trees. This is a marvelous place to bring our children for the Sabbath day. It is so lovely and quiet here. We can study the Bible together, sing songs, and listen to the birds. Will you and the pastor join us?" Eugenia de Hernández had grown quite eloquent as she addressed Jeanie.

"We'll be delighted," Jeanie replied. "The fact is, we'd planned to bring our lunch out here and stay until after the MV meeting in the afternoon."

The next day many of the members arrived at Luna Parque nearly an hour before time to begin Sabbath school. The Westons were there too. It was a day never to be forgotten in the history of the Bogotá Seventh-day Adventist church. There was a glow of happiness on the faces of the members.

At the close of Sabbath school one of the leading laymen rose to speak. "My dear brethren," he began, "today we have seen a wonderful thing happen. This attractive pavilion, once dedicated to the pursuit of worldly pleasures and wickedness, has been transformed into a meeting place for God's people. In days gone by raucous music drifted out through these windows and filled the far reaches of the park. Today the songs of Zion have mingled with the songs of birds in praise to the Creator. In days past the sound of rioting and drunkenness, swearing and gambling, issued from the rooms below; but today we have heard from those very rooms the happy sound of children's voices lifted in song and the study of the Holy Scriptures.

"In the place of dancing and self-aggrandizement God's people have this day humbled themselves before the throne of grace. Dear friends, may we carry the banner of truth high, and may the pavilion of Luna Parque ever be a light shining in a dark place!"

The man turned and sat down.

Jeanie was sitting near the front, and as she sought her husband's face among those on the platform, she thought she detected tears in his eyes. But she couldn't be certain because of the tears of joy in her own.

Next week: "Homiletics and Home-a-letics."



SHOES of the pioneers

by R. H. WENTLAND

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THE first few days that my wife and I and our two sons spent in Indochina were unforgettable. When we were somewhat settled our first work was to study French; this we did for six weeks.

Our teacher was a member of the faculty of the local French college. He, of course, taught us French by speaking English, and at the end of six weeks he spoke better English than he had before, but we spoke no French. He taught us grammar and verbs, but it was years before we were able to assimilate these beautiful words.

We then set to work studying the Annamese, now known as Vietnamese. This is a most interesting language because every word can be pronounced with five different intonations, and each has a different meaning. As an illustration, the word spelled *dau* is pronounced five different ways, depending upon the diacritical marking above, alongside, and underneath the vowels. (Of course the *d* would

have a cross over it, like a *t*, otherwise it would be a *j*!) Vietnamese is a singsong language and accents mean everything. Unless you have the right pronunciation and right tone you may be saying things you wish you had never said.

We found this language exceedingly difficult to learn and we made no progress. In desperation we turned to the Lord. We opened the Bible to the place where He has promised the gift of tongues. We read these verses before Him, and spent much time in prayer as we studied hour after hour.

The Lord blessed us. In six months we started our first series of evangelistic meetings in an inland town known as Cantho. I took my language teacher, Tran-ngoc-Te, with me.

After considerable difficulty getting permission from the French Government to conduct the meetings, we rented a little hall, got it whitewashed and cleaned up, made some benches, and began our series. We had no literature and we had no handbills, not even songbooks. We did have, however, the entire Bible in the Vietnamese language. This had been pre-

pared by the British and Foreign Bible Society some twenty years before our arrival.

We had no organ but I had my old C-melody saxophone. We had two gasoline lamps burning brightly and by their light I took a *Christ in Song* hymnal and began to play. I was hoping I might draw attention by playing.

I was successful. The street was filled with people strolling about to find some place of amusement. Before I had played a hymn through twice, our little chapel was filled, with not even standing room left. It was a little early, earlier than we had thought we would start our meeting, but since the chapel was filled I thought I might just as well begin to speak. I was to preach the first Seventh-day Adventist evangelistic sermon that had ever been preached in that country.

I thought it might be well to start at the beginning of the Bible. So I spoke on Genesis 1:1—"In the beginning God." I explained who God is, but I did not get very far before the people began to get up and leave, as though the meeting was over.

When the chapel was empty I raised my voice and shouted to those out on the street. As I spoke they heard me and came in. In no time the chapel was full again. I began the second time with Genesis 1:1. But the same thing soon happened. I again repeated my call to those on the street.

About seven or eight times my audience was entirely changed. When I felt I had preached long enough I quit. We needed no benediction and we had no closing song, for when I stopped, the chapel was entirely empty; no one was there but my language teacher and me.

I could not understand why the people did not stay and listen. Tran-ngoc-Te said it might be that they could not understand my accent, and perhaps my articulation was not true enough; they may have lost the connection and so lost interest. So I suggested that he speak. He was one of them, and could speak the language correctly. But he was just a very young man recently out of Buddhism, although he had, of course, given his heart to Christ and had had some instruction in the Bible.

I finally prevailed upon him, made him an outline, and studied late into the night with him, preparing for the next evening meeting. I played the saxophone and he preached his first sermon—and it was a marvelous sermon. God was with him. Pastor Te is still a minister, still preaching the gospel, but I doubt that he ever preached a better sermon than that first one.

The people, however, came and went as they had done the night before. It was not the language that they misunderstood; it was the subject material. They had never heard of God, of Jesus Christ, or of Adam and Eve. They had never

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but Tokyo taxi drivers must never smoke or drink while driving.

The taxi supervisory committee recently drafted a set of courtesy rules, and drivers who break the rules will lose their jobs. The list of courtesy rules specifies that taxi drivers must neither smoke nor drink while driving.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

heard of a Bible before. They had no more regard for a Bible than they would have had for a mail-order catalog. It was up to us to find out what they believed and how we could approach them.

I discovered that they open the grave on the third day to let the spirit or soul out, so we announced a meeting on the subject "The Open Grave on the Third Day." We explained to them where their idea originated, and told them about an open grave in Jerusalem, the open grave of the Son of God. This became interesting to them. Many men and women sat spellbound. Their cigarettes died hanging from their lips as they listened.

We also discovered that when a person died in a home, or in a store where mirrors are sold, crosses were put over the mirrors with chalk or paint, to keep them from being spoiled. The people explained to us that there was salvation in the cross. That was all they knew about it so we spoke the next evening on the meaning and origin of the cross as a symbol. Again the people remained very much interested.

Thus we learned day by day, as we mingled with the people, what we could speak about to hold their attention.

Te and I preached in the little hall for six months. One night I would speak, and the next night he. At the end of six months I had my first baptism. I baptized my language teacher, my preacher, the man who spoke every second night—Teacher Te. We continued our meetings for a year, then baptized ten converts.

In the meantime we spent much time giving practical medical treatments to men, women, and children. A great deal of sickness was evident everywhere, and the Lord blessed our simple treatments. We made many friends.

We also spent days, weeks, and months preparing our first five tracts in the Vietnamese language. This was no small undertaking for a missionary who was not himself too fluent in the national tongue.

We had understood from our fellow missionaries that the union mission office in Singapore would provide the money

to print these tracts when they were ready for publication. It seemed necessary to have tracts for the people. A great percentage of the Vietnamese people were literate, and their bookstores and magazine stands were literally covered with all types of literature. We thought it would be good to give them some Seventh-day Adventist literature to read.

When the tracts were completed we wrote to the Adventist publishing house in Singapore and asked for \$100 with which to prepare 10,000 each of the five tracts. Inasmuch as the publishing house there was not set up to publish in Vietnamese, we had to have it done locally, but we needed money to cover expenses.

After a few weeks we received a letter congratulating us for the accomplishment of our task, but expressing regret that the publishing house did not have the funds to prepare more free literature. This account, the letter said, had already been much overdrawn.

About that time we received a letter from a missionary who had worked in Australia and some of the South Sea islands. He and his wife had read a report of our work in the *Review and Herald*, and their letter asked many questions about the country. They explained that they had sailed by the shores of Indochina on their way to Australia and had seen the glittering lights of the large cities untouched by the gospel, and that they had often gone to their cabin and prayed earnestly for the people who lived in the dark country behind the high mountain peaks in Indochina.

At the close of his letter he scribbled, "If you need any money for anything, let me know. I might be able to help you a little."

That letter seemed like an answer to our prayer. Immediately I took my typewriter, answered his questions, and placed before him our need for \$100. I told him that we would try to supply half of that ourselves if he could supply the other \$50. We mailed the letter with a prayer and waited for an answer.

Months went by—three, four, five, six months. One day as we were having our noon meal the mailman came. (In Indochina the mailman does not leave the mail on the outside, because someone might steal it. He knocks at the door and you come and take it from his hands.) He had a YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for us, a *Review and Herald*, a letter from my mother-in-law, and a letter from Glendale, California. As we opened the letter from Glendale a bank draft dropped out. It was for \$125. We were overwhelmed, and had a prayer of thanksgiving, leaving the rest of our rice, mushrooms, bean sprouts, and soybean curd on the table untouched.

That afternoon our manuscript was taken to the press, and in a few days a stock of 50,000 tracts was delivered to our home. But then we did not know how to use them.

Te and I decided that we should take them into the interior and distribute them in some of the influential areas. The next week we carried bundles of them out to the territory of Cantho. We noticed too that a good place to take them was the temple, where many people streamed to and fro daily. The priests had nothing to do but stand around, beat the drums, and smoke cigarettes, so we offered them the tracts and told them that there had never been anything like them published before. The people would greatly enjoy them, we explained, and we would furnish the tracts free if they would promise to give five to any individual who came to worship. This they gladly did, and bowed courteously to us, grateful for having something to give the people to read. Then I stood back in a corner and watched the priests hand out the gospel literature as the people came to worship.

Things began to happen. Interest began to spread, groups of believers began to write us, and such a wide interest developed that we were never completely able to follow it up all the time we were in the mission field.

Several months later we received a letter written by people who lived in the valley of Dai Loc. They had used a homemade envelope scribbled in blurry, smeary letters with a lead pencil thus: "Pastor of the Sabbath, Saigon." Despite the fact that the letter carried such an address, when it arrived at the post office in Saigon—with its tens of thousands—the mailman brought it directly to our home. In the letter was a request for more literature. The writers said that someone had brought them five tracts, which they had read many times. A number of people had memorized the contents in order to preserve the message, for the tracts had become too badly worn to be read any longer.

Up to this time no colporteur or Adventist missionary had ever entered the valley, which was seven hundred kilometers north of Saigon and over a number of mountain ranges. We promptly wrote an encouraging letter and sent more tracts, giving our correct name and address. The Lord definitely blessed this literature as it was passed out.

One year during a camp meeting I received some mail that was sent over by bus from Saigon, including a letter and a package from our friend in Glendale, California, the aging Elder E. W. Farnsworth. He had written us many times. They were usually encouraging letters, but this one was not. This time he told us of his wife's death and of his own accident, which occurred when he stepped out of a streetcar one evening on his way to prayer meeting and an automobile ran into him. He told us of being in a cast, saying, "As I have lain here upon my bed these weeks I have talked to the Lord much about your work and the literature you have passed out." Then I

could understand better why our literature had been so greatly blessed.

He also mentioned that he had hoped to help some more, but his money had gone for his wife's burial and his own medical expenses. As he was thinking of how he could help further, he thought of his shoes, which he had worn very little. "A fine pair of shoes, which I have mailed to you some weeks ago. You ought to receive them soon," he concluded.

That was the package I received that day. I took the shoes and went to my hotel, where on my knees by my cot I asked God to make me worthy to wear them.

They were a little small, but I squeezed into them. Wearing them a half day at a time, I finally got them stretched so that I could wear them with considerable comfort. I cut the tops off and sewed a hem around, making oxfords out of them. I wore them many a day, and resoled them three times.

A year later I wore the same shoes when I went up across the mountains of Annam to visit the interests that were constantly being developed as a result of the first literature that had gone into the valley of Dai Loc. For days we walked through the valley and visited groups of Sabbathkeepers. We found a total of 720 Sabbathkeepers, and of these we baptized 135. I sent Elder Farnsworth photographs of the people and wrote him at length about the interests we had found.

On furlough we arrived in Los Angeles in January, 1936, and learned that Elder Farnsworth had died about two weeks before our arrival. We were very much disappointed.

As we looked for a place to live in Glendale his home was pointed out to us. I requested to be taken into the home and into the room where he had prayed for our work.

I was introduced to his sister there. "Eugene left a package here for you," she said, and went out to the coal shed to bring it in. It was wrapped in the Los Angeles Times—a pair of shoes, an old pair with holes in the soles and the heels worn down. There was a note written on a piece of yellow paper: "My dear brother, I have waited long for you. Everything I have has been used in the work of the Lord. All I have left is this old pair of shoes. Please repair them and use them as you return to the mission field. Wear them for me while I rest from my labors."

I did. I took the shoes to a shoemaker and had them repaired, cut the tops down to make oxfords out of them, and wore them much. I resoled them three times. I still have these shoes. I wear them occasionally.

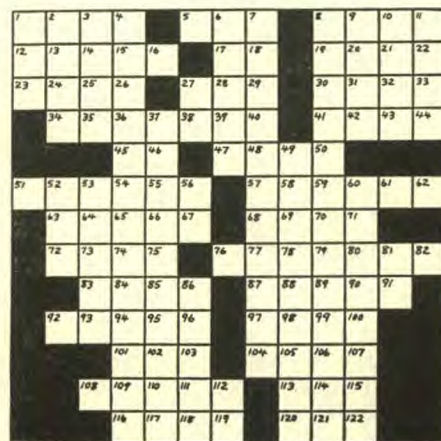
Whether he realizes it or not, every Seventh-day Adventist is wearing, as it were, the shoes of the pioneers. He should wear them well—proudly, loyally, unselfishly.



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

A Word of Caution

- 1 And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell
72 16 38 116 46 2 88 shall be 59 31 91 1 111 3 98 34
their iniquity. (Isa. 33:24)
- 2 And the Lord shall 63 15 113 7 83 117 61 you among the
nations, and ye shall be left few in number among the
13 74 110 8 73 90 24. . . . (Deut. 4:27)
- 3 And Moses told these 18 78 22 95 5 32 70 unto all the
children of Israel: and the people 79 20 105 50 112 29 103
greatly. (Num 14:39)
- 4 Then Asa the king took all Judah; and they
41 108 54 96 36 69 30 away the stones of Ramah, and the
timber thereof, wherewith Baasha was 57 49 14 81 119 65 102 109; . . . (II Chron. 16:6)
- 5 Wilt thou 66 26 92 from this time cry unto me, My father, thou
art the guide of my 75 6 87 27 84? (Jer. 3:4)
- 6 And they found fat 51 101 33 71 122 77 4 and good, and
the land was wide, and quiet, and peaceable; for they 48 97 Ham
had dwelt there of old. (I Chron. 4:40)
- 7 . . . For what a man seeth, 64 38 47 doth he 45 35 44 hope
for? (Rom. 8:24)
- 8 For 93 39 106 67 have we 114 60 continuing city, but we seek
one to come. (Heb. 13:14)
- 9 Behold, I will bring it 9 94 53 55 37 28 and cure, and I will
cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and
76 40 23 104 19. (Jer. 33:6)
- 10 No man hath 43 62 85 107 God 10 100 any time . . .
(I John 4:12)
- 11 Wherefore will ye 80 68 99 42 89 with me? 120 52 all have
transgressed against me, saith the Lord. (Jer. 2:29)
- 12 But he passing through the 86 17 115 56 11 of them went his
way. (Luke 4:30)
- 13 . . . Jacob is the 21 121 25 of his inheritance. (Deut. 32:9)
- 14 They are 118 82 12 every morning: great is thy faithfulness.
(Lam. 3:23)



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Key on page 20

TWO CRITICAL DAYS

From page 4

I cringed as acrid fumes enveloped me. I shivered as with a chill. My throat tightened. My stomach jerked. Hoping some friend would call me over to share cigarettes and conversation, I glanced about. No one noticed me. Overpowered by the urge to order cigarettes and strong coffee, I slipped onto a stool.

When a man in a business suit stepped up to take my order it occurred to me that he might be the owner. "Are you Arlie Johnston?" I asked.

"Why, yes," he replied. "What can I do for you?"

"Harry Stover told me you were looking for a home. I have a place you might like. When can I show it to you?"

Johnston smiled. "Can't think of a better time than right now. I'll phone the Mrs. that we'll pick her up in five minutes, if that's O.K. with you. We're staying at the Ardmore Apartments."

Surprised by the man's interest, I nodded and thumbed hastily through my mental notes to select several of my better listings. This was obviously a warm prospect.

"She'll be ready," Johnston said as he came around the counter. "Houses to rent or buy are hard to find." Since there was nothing else I could do, I joined Johnston on his way to the front door. To ask the man to go back and complete my order for cigarettes and coffee might spoil the chance to make a sale. That I couldn't afford. Refreshed by the outside air, I led Johnston to my car.

"That was a close call," I reflected.

Events the rest of the day followed a similar pattern. Because the cigarette vending machine was too handy at my regular place, I patronized a different gas station. When I paid for groceries, Mr. Dayton opened a pack of cigarettes, but while in the act of holding it out to me, he was called to the telephone. I lunched at the restaurant across the street from the office, hoping some of my pals would be eating there, but none of them showed up until I was leaving.

A fragrant supper awaited me that evening. Arthelda listened anxiously as I recounted the day's events. Strengthened by her love and sympathy, and challenged by her simple faith, I spent more time than usual romping with the children to keep my mind diverted.

After the youngsters were in bed we again knelt and prayed. I thanked God for help already given and asked for added strength. Arthelda's prayer was filled with thankfulness and with a dawning hope.

"Why don't you have hot chocolate at coffee-break time?" she suggested next morning. "Chewing gum and eating fruit helps, Miss Nellie said. And hold fast, Ben. She's praying for you too." Miss

Nellie was a Seventh-day Adventist spinster who lived in the next apartment.

The morning passed quickly. After a second inspection the Johnstons decided on a house they liked. It was while I was helping Jane prepare the papers for closing the deal that she first noticed I wasn't smoking. "On the wagon, Ben?" she inquired when I refused a proffered cigarette.

"Yep," I replied, sorting papers to divert attention.

But Jane wasn't to be shaken off so easily. "Hey, fellows!" she called. The whole office force rallied around to shower me with exaggerated sympathy. Laughing off their friendly jibes, I went home to lunch, elated with the morning's successes.

When the office bunch kidded me unmercifully after the noon hour, my elation evaporated. To escape their teasing I went out to inspect new listings. As I drove about alone the desire to smoke came back like a plague. Turning onto the State highway, I drove out of town and up into the mountains. Such a drive at high speed usually exhilarated me and relaxed my tensions, but not that day. Every nerve seemed on stretch like piano wire. Every body cell cried out for nicotine. I broke into cold perspiration.

"Can't stand this any longer," I said to myself. "I've got to do something or I'll crack up. I might just as well face the fact that I don't have what it takes." I turned back to town intending to drive straight to the pool hall and buy cigarettes.

Instead, for some unexplainable reason, I drove to the home of a Mr. Butler. "I have a couple of new properties to show you," I told him.

Butler was a retired railroader interested in properties for investment. Although extremely cautious and hard to suit, he was pleasant company. On every previous occasion he had insisted on providing cigars for me as well as himself.

"Be right with you as soon as I get my coat and hat," he exclaimed. "Talk to Ben, Mother, while I get my things."

Many times Mrs. Butler had handed me opened packs of cigarettes left by her sons, because her husband did not care for them and they would be stale before the boys returned. Today she chatted until Mr. Butler was ready, oblivious to an opened pack on the hall table.

I trailed Mr. Butler to the car. "Oh, well, I'd have refused if she had tried to give them to me," I consoled myself.

"Beautiful day, isn't it," Mr. Butler remarked between puffs on his cigar. A sideways glance showed me two more cigars in his breast pocket. But he did not hand me a cigar or even seem to notice that I wasn't smoking.

"Uh-huh," I agreed belatedly. "If this wasn't so exasperating, it would actually be funny," I thought to myself.

After an hour of acute agony and fruitless sales talk I took Mr. Butler home. He was puffing on his second cigar. "The one I should be smoking," I thought.

"How did the afternoon go?" Arthelda inquired later.

"Not like the morning. The office crew got on my nerves, so I drove up to the hills. That wasn't any good so I took old Butler out, hoping he'd give me a cigar, I guess." I recited the details of the encounter with the Butlers.

"Oh, Ben, isn't it wonderful," she exclaimed, "how God helped you in spite of yourself?" Then she added brightly, "Miss Nellie said the first two days are the hardest."

"How does she know so much?" I wondered out loud. "She never touched a cigarette in her life."

"Oh, she reads about it in her books and magazines," Arthelda replied, "so she can help people like you!"

Supper was so satisfying that I surprised myself by not reaching for an after-meal smoke. Just being with Arthelda helped me to forget. Her cooking tasted especially good.

After supper we reviewed the events of the past two days. "We asked God for help and believed He would give it. And He surely did," Arthelda concluded wonderingly. "Oh, Ben, I never realized how marvelous it could be to believe in God and have prayers really answered."

"You never had a chance to know," I said. "I did, but I had forgotten." A warm glow came over me as I sensed impending victory. "Let's kneel right now and thank Him." We knelt beside Bruce's crib with Bonnie Jean and Elroy between us.

I prayed first. "Dear heavenly Father we thank Thee for helping me in this battle with cigarettes. I'm so weak and foolish I'm ashamed of myself, but You have gone right ahead and helped me anyway." The words flowed freely. Joy enfolded me, the almost forgotten joy of communion with my heavenly Father. There were tears, too.

Arthelda prayed, "Thank You so much for helping me, and thanks for the joy of answered prayer. Dear Father in heaven, please help us to be good parents to these little ones. Amen."

The children stared, wide-eyed. Elroy broke the spell. "Where's heaven?" he inquired solemnly.

I scooped him up in a great bear hug. "Up there among God's stars, honey boy," I said. "But all its riches are only one prayer away."

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you" (Matt. 7:6).

Bible Lesson

Prepared for
publication by the
General Conference
Sabbath School
Department

General Introduction

Life is one long struggle between the forces of good and the forces of evil for the mastery of the human heart. For every voice that says, "Go ahead. It's all right," there seems to be another voice that says, "No, don't."

So many times the wrong voice appears to be the most glamorous and appealing as it continues to rasp away at the old worn-out record, "There is no such thing as right or wrong. Forget it! It is what feels good that matters."

When you were a baby your mother or father, or both, were there to decide for you, every time, all the time. Out of their experience, gained at priceless cost, they guided, sheltered, and enabled you. Why don't you take a minute right here to admit that they have done a pretty fine job?

Gradually and surely you have been taking over this responsibility of exercising the power of choice in shaping your life. As you move farther and farther out into the sea of life "on your own," as you like to put it, you will need God's comforting and steadying hand more and more.

On your own is all right, mind you, when you are God's own and He is your own.

Why should you feel this way about God? Maybe you don't know yet. Maybe you do know by virtue of an experimental relationship with Him that you have found works. In either case, take another look at the evidence.

To know God is to know what to do about Him. So dig deeper into the mine of scriptural truth through the medium of this quarter's set of brand-new lessons prepared especially for young Adventists. Give God a chance to show you in His Word that He is able to be the Friend to you that you cannot possibly get along without.

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YOUTH'S GREATEST FRIEND

Lesson for April 4, 1959

Daily Study Record:

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MEMORY GEM: "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee" (Job 22:21).

OUTSIDE READING: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 311-321; *The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 451-457.

Introduction

God created man in His own image with all the capacity necessary to develop a character like His own. He placed

within the heart of man a desire to know God and to have fellowship with Him. Man's choice to take sin's way instead of God's way short-circuited this desire right out of his life.

So the invitation comes again through His Word and His Spirit to know Him anyway, in spite of sin. The need is greater now than it was when everything was fine. The difference is that now there is no natural inclination toward God. He supplies this fatal lack in giving and implementing the desire anew in the person of His Son. Will you receive this gift of desire, which amounts to an offer of friendship? He stands ready to give it to you freely and to help you cultivate the association. For your own sake, as well as for His, give Him now your best attention and study in the effort to explore the infinite benefits available to you in knowing Him.

1 The Importance of Knowing Him

1. What is the beginning of wisdom?

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the holy is understanding" (Prov. 9:10).

"The first thing in knowledge is reverence for the Eternal" (Ps. 111:10, Moffatt).

"The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding" (Job 28:28).

NOTE.—"The first great lesson in all education is to know and understand the will of God. Take the knowledge of God with you through every day of life. Let it absorb the mind and the whole being."—*Fundamentals of Christian Education*, p. 414.

"The students in our schools are to consider the knowledge of God as above everything else. Searching the Scriptures alone will bring the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent."—*Ibid.*, p. 415.

"The great work of life is character-building; and a knowledge of God is the foundation of all true education."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 596.

The knowledge of God is the beginning, or the ABC's, of learning. It runs in and through and gives meaning to education. Without a sense of God, there is no real education.

Don't fail to notice where it leads—to turning away from evil. You want to be an educated person? Of course. This is the way education works. If your education is of the right kind, Heaven's kind, that is, it will help you in these difficult personal problems to turn away from evil.

2. What kind of boasting is all right?

"Let not the wise man boast of his wisdom, nor the strong man boast of his strength, nor the rich man boast of his riches! But if one must boast, let him boast of this, that he understands and knows me" (Jer. 9:23, 24, Smith and Goodspeed, *The Bible*, American Translation).

2 Friendship With God Pays Off

3. Of what benefit will it be to me to become acquainted with God?

"This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent" (John 17:3).

NOTE.—Maybe that's enough. But it certainly is not all. God is properly interested in my future. He is also interested in my present.

4. What may we have now?

"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord, according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue: whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature" (2 Peter 1:2-4).

NOTE.—Line up the blessings of the present which are available in this friendship: grace, peace, all things, glory, virtue, divine nature. Leave eternity and heaven out of it for the moment. God's way is the only really comfortable, full, decent, happy way to live. You can step up to the mirror, look yourself in the eye and be thankful and proud, and say, "God and I have had another fine day together." In the growth and development of this friendship there lies infinite satisfaction for now and forever.

3 God Is Not Altogether Mystery

5. What will God's works help us see and know?

Know any

HAMS?

If so, be sure to
remind them that
the annual *Youth's Instructor*

RADIO LOG

for Seventh-day Adventist
amateur operators

will appear June 9. Only listings that have been received since publication of last year's Log will be printed; no previous listings will be held over. Be sure to supply call letters, address, bands used, and other pertinent information, as follows:

W6QPZ—Rolland Truman, 4235 Nipomo Ave., Lakewood, Calif.—75, 20, 15, 10. Phone, AM, SSB. Phone patch. Mobile and fixed. Missionary traffic invited.

All listings must be in *The Youth's Instructor* editorial office not later than May 1. The address is:

The Youth's Instructor
Radio Log
Takoma Park
Washington 12, D.C.

"His eternal Power and Divinity have been plainly discernible through things which He has made and which are commonly seen and known" (Rom. 1:19, 20, Phillips).

NOTE.—"In the song of the bird, the sighing of the trees, and the music of the sea, we still may hear His voice who talked with Adam in Eden in the cool of the day."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 281, 282.

"Nature testifies that One infinite in power, great in goodness, mercy, and love, created the earth, and filled it with life and gladness. Even in their blighted state, all things reveal the handiwork of the great Master Artist. Wherever we turn, we may hear the voice of God, and see evidences of His goodness."

"From the solemn roll of the deep-toned thunder and old ocean's ceaseless roar, to the glad songs that make the forests vocal with melody, nature's ten thousand voices speak His praise. In earth and sea and sky, with their marvelous tint and color, varying in gorgeous contrast or blended in harmony, we behold His glory. The everlasting hills tell us of His power. The trees that wave their green banners in the sunlight, and the flowers in their delicate beauty, point to their Creator. . . . All the brightness and beauty that adorn the earth and light up the heavens, speak of God."—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 411, 412.

6. What do the heavens declare?

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork" (Ps. 19:1).

7. What is the testimony of the Scriptures?

"They are they which testify of me" (John 5:39).

NOTE.—"Jesus said of the Old Testament Scriptures,—and how much more is it true of the New,—'They are they which testify of Me,' the Redeemer, Him in whom our hopes of eternal life are centered. Yes, the whole Bible tells of Christ. From the first record of creation,—for 'without Him was not anything made that was made,'—to the closing promise, 'Behold, I come quickly,' we are reading of His works and listening to His voice. If you would become acquainted with the Saviour, study the Holy Scriptures."—*Steps to Christ* (pocket ed.), p. 88.

4 What Does This Friendship Cost?

8. What attitude is helpful?

"Be still, and know that I am God" (Ps. 46:10).

NOTE.—"All who are under the training of God need the quiet hour for communion with their own hearts, with nature, and with God. In them is to be revealed a life that is not in harmony with the world, its customs, or its practices; and they need to have a personal experience in obtaining a knowledge of the will of God. We must individually hear Him speaking to the heart. When every other voice is hushed, and in quietness we wait before Him, the silence of the soul makes more distinct the voice of God."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 58.

9. What words are called on by inspiration to point up the matter of personal initiative and intensity in cultivating the knowledge of God?

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God" (Ps. 42:1).

"My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee" (Ps. 63:1).

"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God" (Ps. 84:2).

10. What is my part in cultivating this friendship with God?

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double minded. . . . Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up. Speak not evil one of another" (James 4:8-11).

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth" (Ps. 145:18).

"Although there may be a tainted, corrupted atmosphere around us, we need not breathe its miasma, but may live in the pure air of heaven. We may close every door to impure imaginings and unholy thoughts by lifting the soul into the presence of God through sincere prayer. Those whose hearts are open to receive the support and blessing of God will walk in a holier atmosphere than that of earth, and will have constant communion with heaven."—*Steps to Christ* (pocket ed.), p. 99.

11. Of what may the young seeker for truth be sure?

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart" (Jer. 29:11-13).

Quizangles

1. Give two definitions of understanding. (1)
2. What is life eternal? (2)
3. Can God's power and deity be seen? (3)
4. What does the margin say is the meaning of "pant"? (4)
5. What are the two very best ways to call upon God? (4)
6. What is your personal hope for peace? (4)
7. What is your expected end? (4)
8. How will God honor your prayers? (4)
9. How will He reward your seeking for Him? (4)

NEXT WEEK, April 11, 1959—Lesson title: "The Nature of God." Outside reading: *Testimonies*, vol. 8, pp. 263-294. Memory gem: Jeremiah 23:24.



► MORE than five hundred rare white rhinoceroses inhabit Natal's new White Rhino Sanctuary in Zululand. ISSA

► FODDER for stock can be grown indoors in winter by a new method based on hydroponics and fluorescent lighting.

Chemical Digest

► SEVENTY per cent of the tide-raising force on earth comes from the moon. The rest is derived from the more massive but distant sun. NGS

► THE MUSK OX, nearly exterminated in North America by ruthless hunting, may be on its way back. Successful experimental herds are found in both Alaska and Canada at the present time. Smithsonian

► MEDICAL scientists, including physicians and all engaged in medical research, are now the largest group in the American Association for the Advancement of Science, accounting for 13,399, or 25 per cent, of the A.A.A.S. membership of 56,000. The "chemistry" category accounts for 10,878 members. Scope

► THE VAST energy of the Gulf Stream and other Atlantic currents comes largely from the trade winds that blow almost constantly toward the equator. These winds, deflected westward by the earth's rotation, drive equatorial waters with them to begin huge circular swirls, which are clockwise in the North Atlantic and counterclockwise in the South Atlantic. NGS

► CLEAR pictures from the first rocket-camera unit designed specifically to photograph weather frontal systems and cloud formations have been obtained from a successful firing and recovery of a Project Hugo rocket. The rocket, which reached an altitude of 86.25 miles, gave man his first opportunity via cameras to look down from so high a vantage point on weather conditions. The film, recovered from the nose cone, was picked up at sea by the destroyer U.S.S. *Leary*. Science

► A SURVEY of a cross section of a large denomination indicates that about one third of the attendants at church services, or one in eight or nine of the members, read from the Bible daily. An additional sixth of the fairly regular church attendants read from the Bible at least once during the week, and another sixth read occasionally. Less than 5 per cent of the membership will admit that they practically never read from the Bible except when at church service. ABS

► NORTH RHINE-WESTPHALIA is the first province in the Federal Republic of Germany to inaugurate free treatment of cancer for everyone. There are already 180 municipal examination centers in North Rhine-Westphalia. The expense to the state of each case treated, including care of the person's family where necessary, is estimated to be about DM30,000.

Science

► A RECENT poll shows that consumers of alcohol have dwindled from 67 per cent of the adult population in 1945 to 60 per cent in 1956. At the same time, total abstainers today are 40 per cent of the adult population, compared with 33 per cent in 1945.

North Pacific Union Gleaner

► COLUMBUS found the Cuban Indians inhaling smoke through a Y-shaped pipe inserted in their nostrils. They called the pipe a *tabaco*. Europeans took up the smoking habit, and Cuba has been famous for its tobacco ever since. NGS

► PENICILLIN seems to kill bacteria by preventing them from forming normal cell walls, thereby causing them to burst as they divide. Human cells, encased by a membrane, do not have cell walls and therefore are not affected. Cyanamid

► SCIENTISTS have succeeded in teaching cockroaches to find their way through mazes. However, the insects forget their lessons overnight and have to be retaught the next day. NGS

► VITAMIN C protects citrus trees from smog damage, but the dosage required—so far—is impractical for commercial use. UCAL

► COLLIES rose to fame among dogs after Queen Victoria expressed admiration for them. NGS

► PLASTIC surgery can remodel and rebuild the aortic valve of the heart so that leaking does not occur. AHA

► FIJI ISLAND dwellers, who have given up cannibalism, still practice the ancient arts of fire walking and calling turtles, red prawns, eels, and sharks from the sea. NGS

► IN 1925 there were more than 6,500 bus companies in the United States. They operated 7,800 different routes, and each company had an average of only two buses. Greyhound

► IN A REMOTE region of Argentina, Harvard scientists have been working in a brightly colored valley strewn with purple bones. It is declared to be one of the greatest fossil fields of the world. Harvard

► AMBLYOPIA is a condition in which a person's eyes do not work together as a team. Almost 5 per cent of all American men of military age are handicapped by poor vision in one eye, and 66 per cent of these have amblyopia. BVI

► A HIGHLY organized sport with subsidized athletes, on which emperors gambled, once thrilled thousands of enthusiastic Aztecs. The sport, known as *tlachtli*, was played with a solid rubber ball smaller than a volley ball, which was batted around with elbows, knees, and hips. UCAL

► A PERMANENT moon building fitted with living quarters for moon explorers and space pilots as well as maintenance shops for space ships, research labs, and earth-moon communication stations has been designed and engineered by a building corporation in Chicago. The house may be anchored by great weights suspended on cables, and will consist of a corrugated aluminum cylinder 340 feet long, protected from above by a flat meteorite shield, and equipped with an air lock and plastic observation bubble. Scope

target

There has never been (as far as we know) a thorough survey of the Bible-reading habits of Seventh-day Adventists, but we certainly hope that if one were taken it would turn up better results than those reported by the American Bible Society concerning "a large denomination."

Nothing—not even prayer or missionary activity or a class in Bible doctrines—is an adequate substitute for daily, personal Bible study. One of the church's biggest responsibilities to its young people is to show—repeat, *show*—them why and how the Bible can be significant in their own lives in 1959.

Youth, they say, is a time when a person seeks recognition as an individual, when group relationships become of major importance, when there is marked physical development, intellectual expansion, and the establishment of personal values. In this context, does the Bible have real meaning? If so, it is up to the church (and its schools) to demonstrate how to find that meaning. FG

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