

THE

Youth's

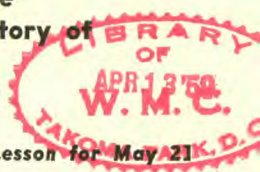
INSTRUCTOR

By word and picture
Anees Haddad tells the story of

The Third Tree

APRIL 21, 1959

[Bible Lesson for May 21]



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the third tree

by ANEES A.

HADDAD



Saleem Hawrani demonstrates how he found his Steps to Christ at the foot of "the third tree."

I WAS impatient as we—another Seventh-day Adventist and I—drove along the coast highway from Beirut to Sidon. The fifty-minute drive has been called the most interesting in all the world, but we were thinking about something else.

In a few minutes we were going to meet Saleem Hawrani. We had heard his amazing story many times secondhand, and now we were going to hear it from the boy himself. And maybe we would have a chance to get a picture of him.

We had sent word ahead of time that we wanted to see him, and when we reached the Adventist chapel in Sidon he was there with his East-West smile to meet us. A mutual friend introduced us.

"Tell us, Brother Saleem," we said, "how did you learn about the Advent message?"

He looked up, but he didn't answer our question. "Have you translated the Revelation correspondence course yet?" he asked.

We had to admit that it was not quite ready. Then we asked why he was so anxious about it.

"I have finished the Voice of Prophecy regular course, and also the one on Daniel. Now I'm waiting for the Revelation course." He concluded, "I *love* to study the Bible."

"Have you found the truth you were seeking?" we inquired.

He brightened up. "This *is* the truth. I want to be baptized soon."

Having heard that his relatives had persecuted him during his study of the correspondence courses, we asked him to tell us what had happened.

"When I finished the twenty-fifth les-

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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Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Association, at Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C., U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. Copyright, 1959, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington 12, D.C.

Subscription rates: one year, \$5.75; two years, \$10.50; three years, \$14.25; six months, \$3.00; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$4.75; six months, \$2.50. Foreign countries where extra postage is required: one year \$6.25; six months, \$3.25; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$5.25; six months, \$2.75. Monthly color edition, available overseas only, one year, \$1.75.

The post office will not forward second-class matter even though you leave a forwarding address. Send both the old and the new address to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR a month before you move.

Photo credits: Cover, p. 3, Anees A. Haddad; p. 5, courtesy of Mildred Wood Harris; p. 6, courtesy of Mae Macklin Lay; p. 10, A. Devaney.

VOLUME 107, NUMBER 16 APRIL 21, 1959

son of the first course," he said, "the Voice of Prophecy school in Beirut sent me a copy of *Steps to Christ* [in Arabic]. It is a wonderful book. I'd never read anything like it before. Every day as I went to the carpentry shop to work, it seemed I was looking forward to the evening when I could come home and study the Bible and read my copy of *Steps to Christ*.

"One evening I came home as usual and looked around for my *Steps to Christ*, but I couldn't find it anywhere. Finally I gathered enough courage to ask my family about it. They had been very unhappy at seeing me study Adventist literature, and had missed no chance to demonstrate their feelings.

"But when I asked them about the book, they just looked at me. I pleaded with them, but to no avail. At last I gave up. I knelt by my bed, prayed one of the most earnest prayers I have ever offered, and went to sleep.

"At about midnight I saw a being in white. I was afraid and hopeful at the same time. The being said, 'Saleem, if you look under the third tree below the pond, you will find your book,' then disappeared.

"I woke up immediately, and noticed a full moon shining through the window. I got up quietly, stole out of the house even more quietly, and headed for the terrace below the pond. Tree number one. Tree number two. There it was—almost torn in two, lying below the third tree. I ran to it, picked it up, and put it to my lips. I was shivering in the cool midnight air. So, they had thrown it across the pond into the trees, hoping I would never find it. Or maybe they had intended it to land in the pool, and a faithful hand carried it a little farther.

"Back in the house I woke up all the family and told them what had happened. They were scared. We knelt together and I prayed. It was hard for us to sleep the rest of the night."

When Saleem finished we all let out a deep breath, as though we had been holding it all the time he was talking.

"Brother Saleem," I asked, "do you still have that copy of *Steps to Christ*?"

"Yes. I treasure it highly, even though it's torn."

"Would you take us to that third tree below the pond? I would like to take your picture there with the book. Would that be agreeable to you?"

Saleem was not so sure. He was a little afraid to do it, he said, because only a week after the incident he had told us about, his family turned against him again.

Coming home from work one evening, he continued, he was startled to see his Voice of Prophecy lessons, Bible, *Steps to Christ*, and other books in a pile in front of an angry uncle, who had a box of matches in his hand.

Before Saleem was able to say a word

his uncle greeted him. "I was waiting for you so that you can see with your own eyes the end of your books, and your foolishness!"

Saleem was dumfounded.

"Don't you answer me, you coward?" his uncle said. "Don't you respect me?"

Courteously Saleem looked at his uncle, a huge man, then said, "Uncle, if you loved me and respected me, you wouldn't burn my books." He pointed to the Bible and added, "I also believe that if you had any respect for the Author of that Book, you wouldn't dare burn this pile of literature that is doing you no harm and that is blessing my life."

As the boy spoke his eyes glistened and his voice quivered. It was more than the uncle could take. Saleem's *Steps to Christ*, along with his other books, was saved again.

By this time in the story, I was more anxious than ever to get a picture of Saleem and his book under the third tree below the pond.

After much discussion we formulated a plan. After we arrived at Saleem's home, two of our companions would go into the house and keep the family busy while Saleem and I would go quickly and quietly to the tree and take the pictures.

The plan worked perfectly—to Saleem's amazement and to my great satisfaction.

Since I was scheduled to speak in the chapel at Sidon the following Sabbath, I told Saleem that I hoped I would see him there.

"I may not be able to come," he said. "But please pray for me."

"But why?"

"I can never tell." His reply came slowly and thoughtfully. "The other Sabbath, for instance, my uncles were determined to stop me from going to Sabbath school. As they stood facing me at the door I pleaded with them to let me go."

"The answer came quickly and painfully—a blow with a heavy stick between my shoulders.

"I looked at the one who had struck me and said, 'Uncle, thank you.'

"All of a sudden he and the others seemed to be filled with remorse. He broke the stick in two, threw it on the floor, and said, 'Son, I'm sorry. Forgive me.'

"Then he opened the door and walked out of the house. The other uncles filed out after him. Then I went out, too, and walked to Sabbath school."

We thanked Saleem for his story and encouraged him to keep faithful. And we promised to pray for him.

As we shook hands I said, "I hope to see you next Sabbath—but I hope you don't have to go through a stick experience first!"

He smiled and said, "Inshallah ["God willing"]."

The next Sabbath morning he was the first one to enter the chapel.

CAPSULE A poet is essentially a creator of capsules, compressing into brief form truths that inspire and endure. A single poem—particularly the kind in current magazines—takes but a minute or two to read. But within their limits of word and line are distilled much of living and hours of labor. Poetry that is poetry is much, much more than *rhythm* and *rhyme*.

POET Mildred Wood Harris knows something of capsule wisdom. Her "April



Snow" this week marks the thirty-sixth time her by-line has appeared in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* since June 4, 1940. All but two of her by-lines have been with poetry. She graduated from Atlantic Union College in the first class to be awarded degrees by that institution. She declines to divulge her extracurricular college activities except to say she was class poet. For many years she was a Sabbath school teacher and pianist. For eight years she taught church school, and for three she was a proofreader at the Southern Publishing Association.

POET Poetic publications by Mrs. Harris include *Cherry Stones*, *Star Out of Jacob*, *South Wind Blowing*, *Through the Lattice*, and others. Her writing has appeared in all major Seventh-day Adventist periodicals. She has held membership in the Eugene Field Poetry Society, the Mark Twain Poetry Society, and Poetry Society of America. In years gone by tennis, ice skating, and swimming were recreational outlets. A postcard collection hobby has accumulated thousands. And the making of poetry scrapbooks led a friend to remark that as she grows older

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Why Shortchange Yourself?

We do not know that this editorial will be significant to anyone, or that, even if it does touch some "eligibles," they will be among those who read editorials.

It's this way: We were in some phase of dormitory administration for fifteen years, and during that time we discovered certain predictable terminal patterns of behavior among young men. While most youth in Seventh-day Adventist academies and colleges are in earnest as they accept the advantages of Christian education, the law of averages generally works. Usually a few insist on taking advantage of the trust their deans show in them.

Perhaps they start their patterns innocently enough; maybe they forget to get permission to leave campus, or they neglect to sign out. As time progresses, old temptations, never completely overcome, return in force. Comes a study period, and one friend suggests to another that they try an "absence without leave." That itself should be warning of trouble to come. But on this level of friendship, self-respect and a high regard for citizenship do not stand in the way of a lark.

So the two fellows, or three, or more, slip away. Maybe their conduct isn't bad. Maybe it is. If it isn't the first time, it may be the next. A first step always throws you in motion for a second.

The spring of the year gives momentum to the pattern. "Success" in earlier escapades paves the way for stronger temptation as year-end approaches.

For some reason, about six or seven or eight weeks before the school year closes, misdeeds begin to come to light. Maybe they have grown so big they are easier to see. Or perhaps the dean has been counseling all along, but the student ignores his own best interest. Or it may be he has escaped detection so often that he becomes careless. Anyway, he is caught and his conduct comes to light. It may be of such a nature that he must leave school. He may not even be allowed to sit for final exams.

Well, that is our burden. We're not even going to be idealistic. Just realistic. If your dean of men or dean of women hasn't already told you so, then listen to a has-been: Quit fooling yourself right now. If you've been "getting away with it," stop now. Don't bring further discredit to your school and disgrace to your parents by violating their trust even once again. Straighten up now. Behave yourself these next six or seven weeks.

For while we hold that you may have more than one wrong to right, you needn't shortchange yourself by throwing nine months away in a foolish gamble.

Walter C. Croude

COMING NEXT WEEK

- "THE DOCTOR COULDN'T SLEEP"—an unvarnished word-and-picture report of a medical missionary visit to the primitive Bushmen of South Africa's Kalihari Desert. Telling the story of the trip for *The Youth's Instructor* is J. P. Sundquist.
- "FOR BRIDES-ELECT ONLY"—a common-sense approach to the subject of mothers-in-law. Author Jacque Brown Shain makes practical suggestions on how to address them, what to do about downright disagreements, and when to take an affectionate initiative.

*Beginning with
Grandma and Grandpa Parks,
the results of the
sale of just one book
turned out to be*

Beyond

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Parks compute the results of the summer literature evangelism carried on by the group of brothers, sisters, and cousins. Pictured with Elaine and Perry are, left to right, his four cousins—Patsy (inset), David, Ted, and Ruth—and his younger brother, Dennis.



Calculation

PERRY PARKS, a junior theology student at Walla Walla College, concentrated on the figures before him as the hum of conversation rose and fell in the tiny living room. Elaine, his dark-haired wife, sat beside him watching.

Brothers, sisters, cousins, wives—the whole Parks tribe had gathered for a Saturday evening visit at the little apartment where their grandparents were spending the winter months. Perry and Elaine were in the living room while the others were having a snack.

It was good to have them all here, thought Perry, pencil poised. It wasn't often that six grandchildren all attending one college could drop in for advice from their grandfather. In fact, even at Walla Walla College, it wasn't usual for seven students (including Elaine) of the same family name to be in attendance at the same time.

Perry was brought back to the task at hand by Elaine's soft-spoken question: "Almost finished?"

"No," he admitted. "I've been dreaming, I guess. And perhaps I was a bit carried away just watching the family."

"That hubbub is enough to carry anything away," she smiled. "But I can hardly wait. Remember, I'm proud of this Parks clan, and I want to know what they did to distinguish themselves the past few summers."

Perry again bent over the figures before him. His concentrated calculating was suddenly broken by a gasp. "Perry, it couldn't be! Five thousand! You mean—you mean the six of you sold five thousand books in the Pacific Northwest?"

Elaine gestured with the eloquence of her Swiss heritage.

He smiled indulgently at his wife. He had met her while stationed overseas with the Army. "That's right. I hadn't realized such a total was possible, but here it is: between five and six thousand books with a total value of almost \$30,000. And we really ought to add Otis' summer work too. He'll be back in college next year, you know. That would make almost \$32,000 in sales. This is only an estimate, of course—it doesn't include the small books I sold while I was assistant field secretary."

At Elaine's call the family flocked to see the results. Ted, David, Patsy, and Ruth—all cousins of Perry—crowded about. Grandpa and grandma envied their exuberance.

"Where's Dennis?" asked Elaine.

"Coming. You wouldn't expect me to leave grandma's luscious gooseberry pie, would you?" laughed Dennis, Perry's brother.

Now all eyes focused on the paper as Perry read: "David Parks, two summers, \$4,000; Dennis Parks, two summers, \$3,500; Otis Parks, one summer, \$2,000; Patsy Parks, four summers, \$6,000."

"Sounds like a class record," Elaine interjected. "When we met in France and you told me about your relatives, I used to wonder how many Parks there were. Then I found that you weren't all brothers and sisters, but really two families of double cousins!"

"Perry Parks, two summers, \$5,000; Ted Parks, four summers, \$11,000," Perry concluded, ignoring the interruption.

He let the paper lie on the table before

him. The seven Parks, six of whom were attending WWC on scholarships earned by selling books, gazed at the record. All fell silent.

Canvassing—the literature ministry. Was it a way of life, a means to an end, a duty, or a privilege? Then the silence was broken as experiences tumbled out.

"Remember that first summer in Vancouver, Dennis?" asked Perry. "It was the first summer of canvassing for the three of us—Otis, you, and me. I went to a house early one morning. The woman wasn't interested. 'Too early!' she said. A few hours later Otis called at the same place. She was somewhat interested."

"I know," interrupted Dennis. "Funny, too. We had our territory outlined and never before or after crossed one another's lines, but that afternoon somehow I called at that same place, and the woman bought the *Tiny Tots* set. There must have been some reason. I wish we could somehow know the ultimate influence of those books."

This was Dennis speaking—Dennis, whose whole interest in high school had been in sports, who had pitched a no-hit, no-run baseball game on his high school team, who had been high scorer at the State track meet, and who had been offered a scholarship to a State university. He had watched his fellow high school students' careless lives following high school and had decided the glory offered would quickly pass. After two of his buddies were killed in a highway accident when they were drunk, he sought a more satisfying life. A year at a Seventh-day Adventist academy and a summer of canvassing helped him to choose attendance

at a Christian college. Married last summer and now a junior theology major, he is looking forward to academy teaching and being a boys' dean.

"I think people are reading as much as ever," cousin Ted commented. A junior theology major, too, he is minoring in graphic arts and is a linotype operator and pressman.

"We ought to do everything we can to get the books into their hands," he went on. "In one place I was able to place *The Bible Story* set in the homes of ministers of four denominations. They recommended the books to the members of their congregations and gave me lists of prospective purchasers. I felt that these opportunities came as an answer to my prayers for guidance."

David, Ted's brother, spoke up. "And there are many who once were Seventh-day Adventists who really are eager to get in touch with the church again. Like that woman in Klamath Falls. Her first question was, 'Are you a Seventh-day Adventist?'"

"Since the children she cared for were clamoring for attention, she suggested that I come back. Remember, Perry? You went with me on that return visit. We discovered that she had once been a colporteur. I saw her a number of times during the summer, and she frequently gave me names of children's parents on whom I should call. Those calls resulted in the sale of a large number of children's books. Later in the summer she took *The Triumph of God's Love*. Think of the possibilities of such a contact: a former Adventist brought back, perhaps; a large group of children exposed to Christian stories; and the parents of those chil-

dren introduced to Christian literature."

"You know," continued Dave, "someone asked me how all of us happened to canvass and to go to college."

"What did you tell them?" asked Ted. "That the answer was Christian home atmosphere, regular worship, and dad's caring enough to make any sacrifice?"

"Of course, we always worked too," said sister Ruth, half in jest. "Remember the seventeen acres of potatoes we picked up together?" Ruth is a freshman dietetics major who is interested in a career as a hospital dietitian.

Patsy, the last to speak, will be graduating from WWC's School of Nursing next year. "I was never more thrilled than when I learned of the conversion of a young couple to whom I'd sold a set of books. I signed them up for a Bible correspondence course and invited them to church," she said. "There were two children, and the mother longed to get them *The Bible Story* books but had to save for a whole month first. They told me of visiting many churches in the hope of finding one that would satisfy them. To think that I was an instrument in their finding it!"

Elaine lifted the figure-covered paper again. "Nearly six thousand books!"

"And none of it would have happened if grandpa hadn't read that book," said David.

Ted looked up sharply, "You're right, Dave, you're right."

"What on earth?" said Elaine.

Dennis, who always saw the humor in the turn of events, grinned, and Ted said, "Remember that old copy of *Daniel and the Revelation*? I've heard grandpa tell the story many times."

Grandpa and grandma—Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Parks—are now in their eighties. Farmers all their lives, they worked from dawn till dark on a 350-acre farm. They were always too busy or too tired to read, they recall, but although grandpa had no Christian background, he hungered for spiritual satisfaction.

After her mother's last illness and death, Mrs. Parks had gathered up the family belongings and brought them to her own home. Among these was *Daniel and the Revelation*. It lay long neglected. By the time the five Parks children were grown and away from home, however, the farm acreage had been cut down and life was a bit more leisurely. And there was time to read.

Grandpa read, at first spasmodically, then more steadily, putting aside the heavy volume only when his one good eye was too tired to read further. He was so convinced by the message of that book that when meetings were held in the community and an invitation was extended to attend the Seventh-day Adventist church, the harvest was ripe and two potential church members needed only to be garnered in.

Now a compulsion gripped grandpa; his children must know about Adventism too. Every time he visited them or they returned home, he talked about it, gently and convincingly. His children and grandchildren insist that he also lived the message conscientiously. He still does.

That is how it is that four of the five children are now church members. Two of them, Theodore and Robert, married sisters, and the six double cousins were now reviewing the story.

Elaine had sat sketching while they talked. "Better do some more figuring, Perry," she suggested as she held up a sketch of grandpa reading the book. "That one book convinced grandpa, and he in turn showed the Christian way to his children, including your parents, and who knows to how many grandchildren!"

"At least sixteen," answered Patsy. "Grandpa did have an important part in our lives by his stories and songs and constant encouragement. And all from just one book."

"Just think," suggested Elaine, "what the harvest of all those six thousand books might be!"

The whole group felt the wave of dramatic possibilities, as Perry said, "Thank you, God, for a part in sowing the seed."

"It's really been a privilege to help spread the good word," murmured Ted. "And to be counted worthy to serve," Dennis added.

Patsy broke in, "Besides having a way to earn our college expenses."

"We ought to be thankful for a wonderfully rewarding experience," David suggested.

Elaine looked up and said softly, "And for the power of a book."

Grandpa Parks, in his chair, nodded.

FAMILY FARE

Nursery School

by ALBERTA BERNHARD MAZAT

MY TWO-YEAR-OLD daughter needed playmates. She needed them badly.

When a doting older sister and brother went to school in the fall and no preschool children had yet moved into the neighborhood, my husband and I knew it was time for action. A well-recommended nursery school, housed in a fine old home across town, seemed to provide the answer. Three mornings each week our daughter could play games, sing songs, finger paint, build with blocks. But more important, she would be learning to do these things with others.

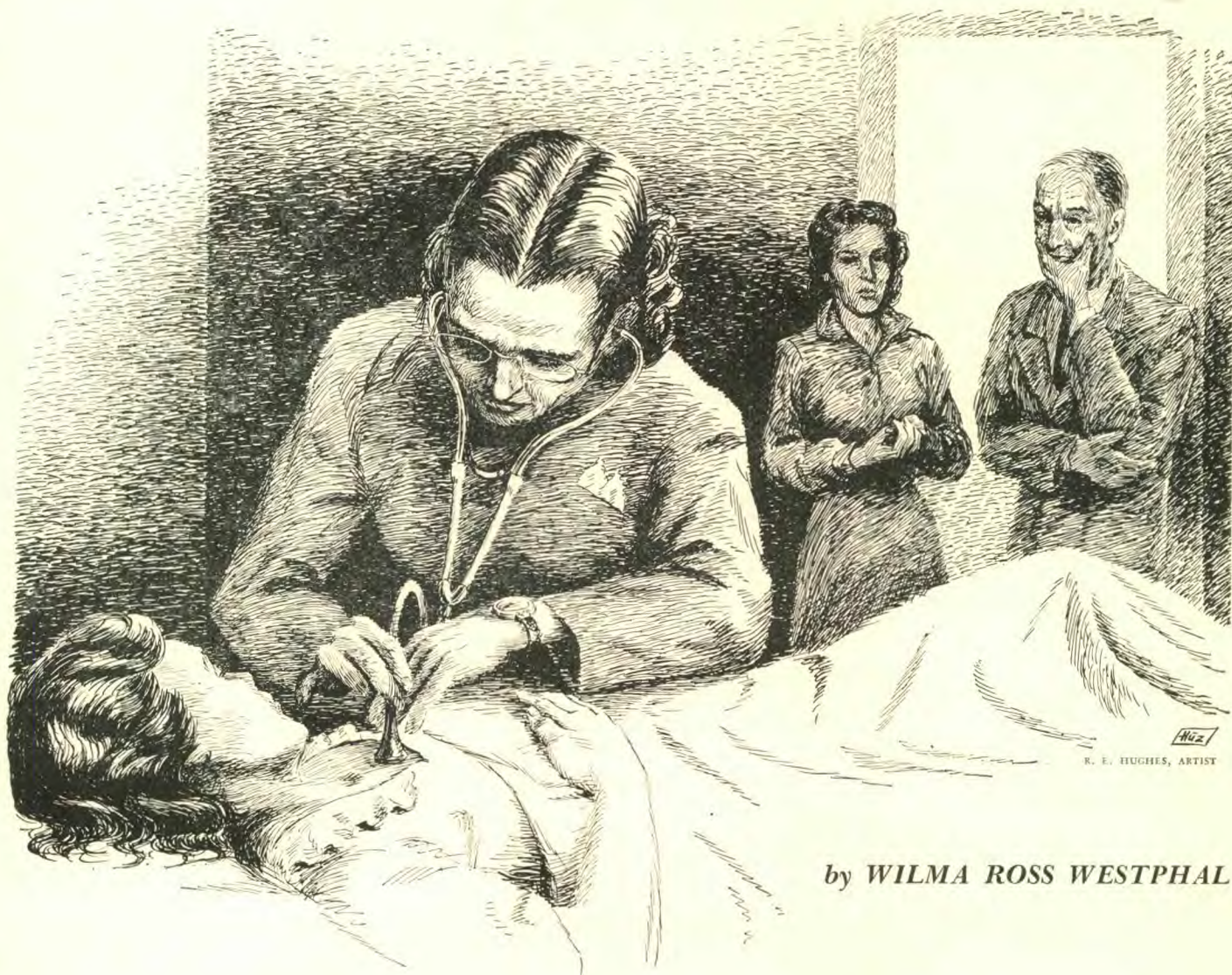
I was a bit surprised the first day to hear the teacher say, "Now, we will all have more fun together if we learn to use self-control. When Johnny hits Esther,

he's not using self-control, and it makes Esther unhappy, and Johnny and teacher too!"

"Aha," I thought to myself, "twenty years of experience, and she's talking clear over their heads!" But that was only my first surprise.

Three months later came the kind of busy day when things go wrong in pairs. It was already past time to pick up my older daughter and son at their school, and in a burst of impatience, I brusquely gathered up my little girl, busy at one of her unintentioned but effective delaying tactics, and dashed for the car. "Mommy," she said quietly, "you not using self-control!"

"Over their heads" indeed.



by WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

This too shall pass

ONE THING bothered Pastor Robert Weston as he went from place to place visiting church members through the lowlands of the Upper Magdalena Mission. It was a disturbing thought he couldn't seem to throw off. It had to do with his wife at home.

Some of the territory had to be reached by horse or mule and he could not hope to receive mail from home in these places. The few letters he had picked up on his way through Icononzo had made him even more uneasy. There was little more than the account of days and nights in the fight against the epidemic of German measles.

His trip had been satisfying in other ways, however. Every group he visited, regardless of how remote, had yielded several converts. Sometimes quite a group was ready for baptism. This, he reflected, was a most amazing miracle—the miracle of transformed lives. As he saw people who had been steeped in sin and ignorance he thanked God for His mighty power and saving grace.

He was thankful, too, that he himself had been reared by faithful Christian parents who taught him that the greatest calling on earth was service to humanity.

It didn't matter if he had to sleep on boards with a straw mat for a mattress. Why should he long for the comforts of

home and the companionship of his wife, when the need was so great and the workers so few? Sacrifice? He didn't feel he was making any real sacrifice. It was a high privilege to be a co-worker with the Master. It was one of the greatest moments of his life when he and Jeanie were called to mission service.

When restlessness took possession of him, he would go for a walk so that he could be alone with God, and then he would be at peace again.

Still, this vague, uneasy feeling persisted as he boarded the train at last for the high plateau and home. The union mission president joined him, and the remainder of the journey was spent in

making plans for advancing the work.

He was greatly relieved when they arrived at Bogotá and he glimpsed Jeanie and Mercedes waiting on the station platform.

In the excitement he didn't notice the pallor of his wife's face, nor the tired look in her eyes. They had so much to talk about and so many questions to ask that there was little time or inclination to talk about personal problems.

At home, Pastor Baasch was shown to his room upstairs. When he was made comfortable, Mercedes and Jeanie went downstairs to put the finishing touches to the evening meal. It was nice, Jeanie thought, that this home-coming was on a Thursday; it coincided with the usual housecleaning day and everything was shining.

Friday morning before Jeanie had finished cooking and baking for the Sabbath day, her head began to spin. Everything went black.

When she came to, she was lying on the sofa. Bob was wringing a cloth from a pan of cold water. He had taken her temperature too, and he looked at her gravely.

"You're going straight to bed. How long have you been feeling miserable?"

"For—several days now. But I thought it would pass. I—I was so tired from fighting the measles. But we were able to help so many children—so many children—so many—"

"Don't try to talk any more, honey." He bathed her forehead with a cold cloth until she dozed off.

A half hour later she sat up suddenly. "I must—I have work to do. This—this will soon go away. I didn't want to be

ill when you came home. I tried so—so hard to—keep well."

"I know, honey. I was concerned about you all the time I was gone. You worked too hard, and in your condition too. I—I shouldn't have gone away." Bob buried his face in his hands.

"I—I had to do it. I'd have done it even if you had been here. All those poor little children! Bob, it was awful—" She lay back against the pillows and coughed until she could scarcely get her breath.

"Pastor Baasch has gone for a doctor, honey. Please don't try to talk any more. Mercedes and I'll get you ready for bed and we'll put you there in a jiffy."

But Jeanie didn't hear. Her head seemed to be whirling, or maybe it was the room; she couldn't tell which. Then everything was black and silent.

When she regained consciousness, Bob was gone. But there was a doctor—a lady doctor bending over her, taking her pulse, listening to her breathing, and shaking her head. Mercedes and Pastor Baasch stood near the bedroom door.

"She will have to have a private nurse," the doctor said in a halting Spanish monotone with French accent. "The señora has pneumonia. A very bad case. She may not recover. I shall leave a prescription."

She turned to Pastor Baasch. "Good-day, Señor. I must be going now. I have many patients to see today. Call me again when she makes a turn for the worse."

Pastor Baasch accompanied her to the door. Jeanie turned questioning eyes to Mercedes who seemed to be wiping her eyes.

"Why did she say *when* I make a turn

for the worse? Where's—where's Bob?" She coughed violently.

"He went for a doctor," Mercedes said. "He was afraid the other pastor wouldn't find one in time to—to make you better. You must get well soon. We need you."

"Don't—don't worry dear. This will soon pass." She coughed painfully. "I wish—Bob would—hurry back."

Pastor Baasch returned and spoke with Mercedes. "Had to get this woman doctor because the one I tried to get was out on a case at the hospital. I left my name and this address at the office though, and he may come yet. I'm not quite satisfied with Doctora Francoise Nadeau."

"The señora talked a little while you were out. She heard what the doctor said. She asked for her husband. We shall not be calling this doctor again?"

"No, we shall not call Doctora Francoise again."

It was a little past noon when Dr. Valéz appeared with his small black satchel. He made a brief examination, took her pulse and temperature, and stroked his short black goatee. "She can have one of three things: a very bad cold, influenza, or pneumonia. She is probably run down, and needs a good tonic to help build her up. I'll leave some medicine."

Dr. Valéz pulled a bottle from his satchel, and, giving instructions as to how and when it should be given, left the house.

Shortly after, Bob came in with a doctor he had found.

"Oh," Jeanie whispered hoarsely, "I'd rather have you here than a dozen doctors!"

"This is Dr. Francisco Rodríguez," Bob said. "Dr. Rodríguez, this is my wife, and you'd better do your best for her."

Dr. Rodríguez, a little on the pudgy side, laughed. "Well, well, what are we doing in bed on such a pleasant day?"

Jeanie coughed. It seemed she would tear her lungs apart.

The doctor took out his stethoscope. He shook his head and examined her.

"What is it, doctor?" Bob's voice sounded faint and unfamiliar.

"Very serious. Extremely serious," the doctor said in clipped syllables.

"Is it pneumonia, or a bad case of the influenza?" Pastor Baasch asked.

"I wish it were." He shook his head and put his stethoscope back into the satchel. "It is something much worse than that. It is tuberculosis of the worst type."

Bob paced the floor. "But how can you be certain without taking laboratory tests and X-rays?"

"Of course," Dr. Rodríguez said crisply, "if you do not have confidence in me, you will not need my services again. In that case may you pass a very pleasant day, Señor."

Bob steered him to the door through the office and on out to the porch. The doctor was still talking. "You will have

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APRIL SNOW

by MILDRED WOOD HARRIS

Ice frosts the ponds;
Lace trims the brooks;
Winter has found
All the small sunny nooks
Where violets will nod,
And piled them quite full
Of the whiteness of God.



ELF'S saddle, witches' butter, dryad's broom, chanterelle, and destroying angel all flourish in British Columbia. It is not, however, a land of pixies and fairies, although early observers of growing things did build up superstitions around these interestingly named mushrooms and did give them much attention in folklore. Some stories said fairies danced on them, toads sat on them, brownies used them as umbrellas, and witches used them to spice deadly potions.

When the flowers of field and forest are resting, then mushrooms flaunt their fragile beauty unchallenged by rivals in flora's domain. More than two hundred varieties of mushrooms have been listed as perfectly safe.

The most obvious structures visible under a mushroom's cap are the gills. They are not used for breathing as are a fish's gills, but are veils within which spores are grown and from which they are dispersed. One mushroom will produce millions of spores. In fact, from a very large puffball, also called smoke ball or devil's-snuffbox, it has been estimated that 7.5 trillion spores are formed, and that if each of these spores grew into a similar ball, by the second generation down the line a fungus colony eight hundred times the size of the earth would be produced!

The spores of the gill-bearing mushrooms shake down from the fanlike drapery attached to the underside of the cap. Those of the cushioned sort, whose surface is evenly punctured as if pricked with a pin, shake themselves out as salt comes from a shaker.

Mushrooms always grow with their caps horizontal, even if the stem must curve sharply to do so. This ensures proper spore dispersal.

Did you know that the mushroom is a photographer capable of taking a self-portrait? If you are skeptical just try this, as I have, and you will have a delicate picture for your herbarium or nature files:

Take the cap of a fresh mushroom with stem cut off and place it, gills down, on a piece of paper that may be coated with thin mucilage or egg white. The picture is better if you use black paper for white spores and pale-colored paper for dark spores. Cover the mushroom with a bowl and leave for twenty-four hours. Then, carefully remove the bowl and the cap and you will have an exact reproduction of the mushroom from its own active spores. The millions of minute spores that make up the picture are not seeds, but do for mushrooms what seeds do for other plants.

To preserve your spore print, spray it with artist's fixative. Some of the patterns are very intricate, and those that have colored spores reproduce each delicate shade, while the white ones are as softly white as snow.

The important thing to remember

Mushrooms

OF FIELD

AND FOREST

about the different kinds of mushrooms is that some are deadly poisonous. Any that turn blue when bruised or cut should be left alone.

The most famous—or infamous—of all mushrooms is the fly agaric of the deadly Amanita family. Its poisonous properties are associated with the early history of the Greeks and Romans who, it is said, considered it "very conveniently adapted to poisoning." Some say that in Siberia it was used as an intoxicant much as opium and alcohol are used elsewhere. The chief poison is an alkaloid that affects the nerves of the heart. The cap, sprinkled with sugar, has been used to kill flies.

A deadly white species of the Amanita family is called the destroying angel. It contains an extremely virulent toxin that affects the digestive organs and the kidneys, causing cramps, convulsions, and a painful death.

Some mushroom mycelia (spawn) are luminous and account for the eerie fox fire often seen in rotten wood on a dark night. There is also a mushroom that glows with a soft greenish light that emanates from the gills. It is the yellow-orange jack-o'-lantern found in open woods from July to October. The strong odor and the luminous nighttime appearance may be a warning that it contains, though to a lesser degree, the same poison found in the Amanita family.

The odd-looking caps and saddle of elf's saddle arrest the attention when seen on some woodland trail. They make a flavorful addition to a meal.

Witches' butter is a soft gelatinous mushroom. Long ago, those of an imag-

inative turn of mind compared the bright yellow masses adhering to fallen branches and stumps to dabs of butter.

In the woodland places where there is a carpet of fir debris we find dryad's broom. Though not especially conspicuous it adds variety to the forest picture.

The cauliflower fungus is ten to twelve inches in diameter and is like a large rosette formed by the intertwining of an inch-wide ribbon. My husband brought his lunch bucket home filled with this tan-colored mushroom one day. And it made a new and delightfully tasty addition to a meal.

Fine specimens of dryad's saddle make excellent foundations for artistic work. The light-colored underside is easily stained a permanent brown by the lightest scratch and so lends itself readily to etchings and outlines. I have seen many beautiful etchings done in this manner and they seem to find a ready sale.

The brilliant yellow of chanterelle is attractive in the somber semidarkness of its woodland haunts. It is found growing in or among decaying wood. Bright colors in nature are often a warning to beware, but in this case there is nothing to fear.

There are many more interesting mushrooms of field and forest: the velvet-stemmed collybia, a fairly accurate weather barometer that shrinks in dry weather and becomes pliable in moist weather; blue bonnets, an old-time source of blue dye; shaggy-mane, a prime favorite with food connoisseurs; and many others, such as glistening coprinus, peg-top, crested lepiota, gray parasol, and Scotch bonnets.

*"This isn't so bad," Mac thought
as he glanced about the room,
not caring to look up
or think about it.*

*The room was about three feet wide,
with a crack in the wall
every three or four inches.*

*The dim light was on a single cord,
the kind that didn't have any switch—
you merely twisted the bulb—*

*and its 40 watts
were hardly enough to show up
the dirtiness of the washbowl.*

Looking closer,

*Mac could see the dark brown
and sickly yellow stains that had
gathered around the edges.*

ONE

FOR THE next twelve hours this would be his cubicle—the place where he could relieve the burning agony that had plagued him so viciously. Tomorrow he would be able to panhandle enough to buy another bottle of "Sneaky Pete," the favorite of skid-row drifters.

Mac staggered into the hall on his way to the shower room. Empty wine bottles stood outside the doorway like so many milk bottles waiting to be replaced. "Maybe they're hoping the maid will fill them," Mac thought as he continued down the dusk-dim corridor. The place reeked of the foulness of the inside of a garbage can.

An old man in dirty dungarees and tennis shoes—that was all—walked from his cubicle toward Mac. He was talking to himself, but it was just meaningless gabble. Mac stepped to one side to allow the man to go by. Neither spoke. Mac knew that some of these men get the jabbers when they are drunk. He pretended not to notice and continued on his way. A dirty cat slipped by and disappeared as though resenting the presence of these ugly representatives of humanity.

The night continued in dull, endless nothingness. In this building of walking dead men, there was no need for any of the ordinary comforts of other human beings—just a place to be alone.

Then it was morning. Even though the sun was shining, to Mac it looked ugly,

DRINK

from skid row

black, and sick. His trembling, nauseated body was crying out for relief, and the knowledge that there would be none unless he could get another drink to stay down his alcohol-burdened stomach made him feel even more desperate. He looked at the empty bottle on the floor and cursed himself for not saving at least one shot for the inevitable that he knew would come. But thinking that a good sleep would make him feel better, plus the compulsion that one more drink would tranquilize his thoughts into a completely happy state, he had drunk every drop and then had fallen into an alcoholic unconsciousness that rates but little higher than death itself.

Mac thought that if he could make it to the hall telephone, he would call a doctor and tell him he was dying. But he remembered that he'd tried that once, only to be told it was so much nonsense because thousands of people die every day and it couldn't possibly be as hard as he made it sound.

Instead, he decided to drink a glass of water, knowing from previous experience that the first two or three drinks of water wouldn't stay down. But if he persevered, the burning sensation in the pit of his stomach would cool and the unbearable nausea would leave. He managed to raise himself to a sitting position and reach over to the pitcher of lukewarm water.

With both hands holding the pitcher, he succeeded in keeping it from spilling

as he filled the glass. Grasping the glass with both hands, he raised it to his lips, bracing himself for the cooling-off process. He gulped it down quickly. As anticipated, regurgitation was instant.

He tried it once more, and it happened again.

Then the thought occurred to him that if he could find some alcoholic potion in the form of shaving lotion, bay rum, rubbing alcohol—anything to “snatch the hair of the dog that bit him”—he could manage to return to reality. Searching through his belongings, he found nothing and decided to try another glass of water.

This time he succeeded—the water stayed down. He lay back and waited impatiently for the burning pain in his stomach to leave. He drifted off into a fitful slumber, almost hoping that death would overtake him. Death would eliminate the urge to repeat this daily cycle of searching for more cheap wine to “get well” all over again.

Mac did sleep though, and dream. He dreamed of the peaceful surroundings he had known as a boy—fields of green clover and cold water, oceans of water. The overwhelming desire for peace of mind dominated his subconsciousness. Half awake and half asleep, he wanted as he had never wanted before to be free from the habit that controlled him, to be free from alcohol.

A knock came at the door. It was the

maid warning him to clear out before noon or he would have to pay for another night's flop. He was broke and knew there was nothing else for him to do but to get out or to find himself in the city drunk tank.

Mac wondered whether there was anyone else in the world as miserable as he. He yearned for the warmth of a clean bed and for calm to his shattered nerves. It was a maximum effort to pull his ragged, dirty clothing on and to face the prospect of wandering down skid row where every man was alone in a jungle of human degeneracy.

Human will power has its limitations, and Mac felt that this was the ultimate. He forced his trembling body into the hallway and down the creaking stairs by supporting himself against the cracked plaster.

He opened the door to a cold, windy sidewalk. The chill forced him to thrust his hands into his pockets for warmth. This only emphasized the fact that he was without funds. With his back to the freezing wind he began walking aimlessly.

He paused long enough to watch two dirty-faced children looking into a bakery window, but the thought of food made a nauseated knot in his stomach. He staggered on for at least two endless city blocks before the physical discomfort of nausea reminded him again that he would have to seek some sort of alcoholic relief. The compulsion of this desire

would let neither disgrace nor inhibition stand in his way; he must have money.

His first thought was to "bum" a serviceman, because from long experience he knew that servicemen were easy targets. The "down-and-out ex-serviceman" approach usually rewarded him with an easy coin or two. But since it was a weekday, he knew it would be hours before any servicemen would be on the streets. Extreme mental depression intensified in Mac's mind.

He decided to ask the first man who came along for a quarter to buy a meal, feeling that this would yield a reluctant nickel or dime and would contribute to the small amount of money he required.

Because it was apparent there was more human traffic crossing at that point than at any other place he could see, Mac decided to solicit funds at a corner across the street. Furthermore, it was close to a tavern, so that if he was successful in his venture he wouldn't have far to go to quench this ravaging thirst for alcohol.

He crossed with the green light, feeling better that he had a workable plan in mind. His pace quickened as he noticed that people were walking by him and dodging him as they would an open manhole. As he passed a place of business that had a big red sign with bold yellow letters reading "LOANS," he thought of his wrist watch and gold wedding ring, wishing with all his soul that he had again even the little money he received from them at just such a place. But this being no time for regrets, he set about solving his present critical situation.

He spotted his objective about a half block down the street—a well-dressed man who looked to be thirty-five or forty. He swore softly to himself as he thought how well off this man must be in comparison to his own tortured situation. "This is it," he thought to himself and almost caught himself running toward the chosen prospect. "Now or never." The thought of failure didn't even enter his mind. "Say, buddy, ya' gotta quarter?"

"Beat it, alky! You characters belong in the crazy house."

Mac staggered back against a dirty brick wall as if unable to believe his ears. His breath came faster, and for one painful moment he felt beaten, tired. Desperately he wished he could lie down on the spot. For five minutes of warmth and peace he would gladly trade his life.

He was mad, bitter, completely defeated inside and out. It seemed as though all the world had suddenly crushed him, and his poison-weakened body didn't want to fight back. Just one small jigger of whisky was all he wanted, and the world had denied him even that. Why did it always have to be he? Why didn't everyone else go about begging and cold? Thus he reasoned as he started walking again, downwind toward a bright red-and-gold neon sign that read "The Hideaway."

"Yeah, The Hideaway," Mac thought. "I'd like to hide away in there for the rest of my life and tip up a jug of that 'white lightning' and kill it."

And he knew all the rest of the places, too—The Elbow Room, The Pink Elephant, The Gay Nineties. He knew how they all sat along skid row like so many vending machines, waiting for anyone with a dollar to come in and spend it for a few moments of "relaxation."

And he *should* know them. He had been thrown out of all of them within walking distance of his bedbug-ridden flophouse—thrown out after he would order a drink and quickly flip it down his throat, then go through the "lost billfold routine," or "Can you wait till Thursday?" But they all knew him now. Unless he laid out the cash first, the bartender would merely shake his head and walk on to the next customer. It sourly reminded him of the song he'd once heard and laughed about, "Put Sumpin' on the Bar Besides Your Elbow."

He bit his lip and walked on, trying to make his mind a vacuum so the biting cold and the compulsion for alcohol would become unimportant. But the "monkey" was on his back now, and he felt he must get money or die. Before passing The Hideaway he glanced in just long enough to augment his desire for drink. With his head down he drove himself on.

WHERE the wind had blown it up against the side of a brick building, a card stuck as though someone had glued it there purposely. It was white, about twice the size of an ordinary business card. The only reason Mac noticed it was that he was walking close to the sides of the buildings, trying to keep warm. He knocked it down by scraping it with the edge of his coat.

It blew ahead of him and caught on the edge of his toe. For a split second he stopped, unable to decide whether to pick it up. Desperately he wished it were a five-dollar bill, or even a one. The word "IF" boldly stamped in large print at the top of the card caught his eye. Plunging his hand down, he picked the card up. It was then he read the small print below the big "IF":

"If you want to drink, that's *your* business. If you don't want to drink, that's *our* business." At the bottom there was a telephone number to call.

In anger Mac nearly tore it into bits, but on an impulse he stuck the card into his coat pocket and promptly forgot about it.

It was beginning to snow now and the wind increased, swirling the snow around the corners like an invisible devilish force sent purposely to make the miserable more so. Mac singled himself out in his mind as the poorest of human beings. He might as well have been trying to cross a

desert wasteland as to be where he was, for he had neither the courage to live nor the courage to die. He knew one thing—he must get some sort of shelter soon or the more exposed parts of his body would freeze.

Turning a corner to escape the wind, he leaned against a building to catch his breath. He lifted his head for a moment and wiped the snow from his eyes.

He saw a blue-and-white sign with the circled letters reading "Public Telephone." A fat man with a huge gray overcoat was squeezing himself out of it. On pretense of making a telephone call, Mac darted in and shut the door. The foul odor of a cheap cigar burned his nose and lungs, but the booth seemed warm and he didn't care. He stood for a moment with the telephone receiver to his ear, purposely letting it buzz to give the appearance of calling someone. Vigorously he stomped his feet to bring back the circulation.

As was a habit of his, he fingered the coin drop for any forgotten nickel or dime. To his utter delight, a coin was there. So eagerly did he grab for it with his numb fingers that immediately upon drawing it from the coin drop, he lost it. A near panic followed; he must have that coin at all costs. Here was recovery at his finger tips and now it was gone.

He nearly broke the glass getting the telephone booth door open to allow enough room for him to get down on his knees and search for that precious piece of metal that would do so much to relieve him of his distress. He clawed at the dirty floor of the booth, searching for it. After what seemed like an hour there it was—a dime, a beautiful, lovely ten-cent piece that would be capable of buying at least one glass of beer.

He began to feel confidence returning. He almost cried aloud, "Thank God," but then he reasoned it wasn't really God—just good luck. There couldn't be a God for vagrant bums like himself, although he never really thought of himself as a bum or vagrant, just a man who was down on his luck. And now luck was smiling at him.

When he put the dime in his coat pocket, the only pocket that didn't have a hole, his fingers touched the white card he had picked up on the freezing sidewalk. His first thought was to take the card out and throw it away because it meant nothing now. The only thing that mattered was restoring his peace of mind via alcohol.

As he pulled out the card he noticed some more printing on the opposite side. And because he was cold and wanted to thaw out, he glanced over the words. The first he read caught his attention because inscribed thereon was the name of the substance he worshiped. The sentence began, "If alcohol is a serious problem to you and you want to stop drinking and are willing to let some who have had this

Mac almost cried aloud, "Thank God," but then he reasoned it wasn't really God—just good luck. After all, there couldn't be a God for vagrant bums.

problem explain their way out, write or phone the address on the other side."

Mac was confused. He needed that drink in the most crucial way, but the seed of another way out was sown, and he couldn't completely repress the idea of calling the number printed, curious to know just what all this was about. For a few moments, indecision and pride kept him from doing anything. He did want peace of mind more than anything else and—well, perhaps there was some different way.

With apprehension he turned the card over and dialed the number given. A man with a pleasing voice answered in such a way that Mac felt at ease almost immediately.

"I'm calling about a card I found that says you can help guys shake the alky habit. Is this some kind of a gag, or do you mean what you say?"

The man on the other end seemed extremely pleasant and sure of himself. "Yes, we mean exactly what we say, but before I tell you anything else I want you to answer me honestly. Are you sure you want to stop drinking? If you do, let me know and I'll come down where you are and try to help."

"I'm broke. I haven't got a dime. So if it will cost anything, you can just as well forget it."

"I assure you this will not cost you a penny."

"What do you mean?"

"You see, I'm an alcoholic myself—only I don't drink the stuff. I've learned that sobriety is the most important thing in my life. You may believe that your homelife, or your family, or many other things come first. But consider, if you do not get sober and stay sober you can never return to normalcy. You must be convinced that everything in life depends on staying sober—your sanity, your life, your job. You have just as much or more chance of getting and staying sober as I have. If you put other things first though, you are only hurting your chances."

Hesitantly, but with sincerity, Mac said, "Can I see you soon?"

They agreed to meet in a cafe in an hour.

It took a real effort for Mac to keep that appointment, because he wasn't

quite sure of the outcome, and it's easy for a man with Mac's lack of resistance to rationalize and forget the whole thing. He stuck it out, however, and at the suggested time, not a minute early or late, a man tapped Mac lightly on the shoulder.

"You must be the gentleman I talked to on the telephone," he said. "How are you feeling now? I know right now you'd like to have me wave a magic wand and remove your desire to drink. But it isn't as easy as that. I'm afraid to say too much until I find out your attitude. I'm not trying to say I know all the ropes in this battle with booze, but I do know all about the heartbreaking agony of sobering up after a drink, finding my family going without the necessities of life, my job gone, a line of bill collectors at the door, and a trail of forgotten IOU's behind."

"I'm going to leave a little book for you to read, and I want you to study it if you possibly can. It will be hard, but if you ever want to live again and really feel alive, I think we can help you."

"We? Who's 'we'?" asked Mac.

"Well, if you don't mind, I'd prefer not to tell you at this point, but get in touch with me anytime. I want you to mean it when and if you ever decide you want to stop drinking. I'll be leaving you for now, but I want you to know you have friends, friends who can help you. Above all, try to believe that there *is* a Power greater than yourself that can help you gain control of your life."

The two walked out together and said Good-by. Mac wasn't sure he felt any different than before he went in. He almost felt sorry that the whole affair had taken place. He even felt a little guilty that he had placed himself in the position of asking for help from anyone. Leaning against the corner of a building, he eyed the front of the booklet the stranger had left with him and read slowly. It merely said, "If you can follow this program for twenty-four hours, you can follow it for the rest of your life, a life of sobriety."

"*A life of sobriety.*" The words stimulated Mac's thoughts to unbelievable heights. Somehow the cold and wind didn't matter now. He had to find out more. With his fumbling fingers he turned the booklet to another page and saw an epitaph printed at the top: "DIED

—JOE DOAKES, 36, IN THE COUNTY SANITARIUM OF ACUTE ALCOHOLISM. HE WAS FOUND UNCONSCIOUS IN A SKID-ROW ROOMING HOUSE."

And it went on:

Mr. Doakes thought he could handle his liquor. His friends told him he could too if he would only use his will power.

Joe taxed his will power to the limit. He tried many other ideas to control his drinking.

But what neither Joe nor his friends realized was that he was an alcoholic.

Joe wouldn't admit that he would always take a drink too many because for Joe the *first* was the one that did the damage. Joe's make-up was such that it took only one drink to change him to another person, one to whom alcohol was as necessary as breathing. His only hope was total abstinence from alcohol, but Joe never realized that, even though his friends soon came to recognize it.

There are many Joes in this country today. Time after time these Joes take that first drink with all their controls focused on the determination that this time it will be different. They have every intention of quitting before it is too late.

The fact is that most alcoholics, for reasons yet obscure, have lost their power of choice in drinking. Our will power becomes practically nonexistent. We are unable to bring into our consciousness with sufficient force the memory of the suffering and humiliation of even a week or a month ago. We are without defense against that first drink.

And then it continued in bold italicized letters—"Don't put this book down yet, mister!"

We don't have a lecture to give. We know what it's like to wait in agony for a saloon to open, to hide liquor in half a dozen places in the house, to wake up in a strange room or even a strange town and wonder how we got there. We know what it means to steal money from our wife's purse, to haggle in pawnshops, to have our wife get a job in order to pay the rent. And we, too, have thought of jumping from a high window or blowing out our brains.

Mac's mirror was in front of him. He could see himself as he had never before, and he knew he found an understanding of himself. His mind whirled with anticipation of the next pages. He read on. Some of what he read painfully described with fascinating accuracy his recent years of existence. Desperately now he wanted a way out, and he wondered how he

could reach out from nothing and touch that Power greater than himself. He had never prayed before in his life, with the exception of a few childish prayers he recited at meals and sometimes before going to bed. Wanting to know, he read on.

These are the 12 steps in the Ladder of Complete Sobriety:

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps we tried to carry this message to others and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

Mac's pulse quickened and the blood, flowing faster, warmed his body and sharpened his thought. He had no money, but he would walk—walk as he had never walked before.

Mac went on with dogged determination. The visibility was closing in rapidly. Maybe it was impulse or singleness of mind, but he charged across a busy street against a red light.

The driver of the car couldn't possibly see the stooping figure bent low against the wind, and the thud of human flesh against concrete and metal was barely heard above the howling wind and driving snow. To Mac there was only a flash of red and then nothingness.

The auto skidded to a crunching stop against the curb and the blood drained from the driver's face as he slowly opened the door to examine the hulking, bleeding form lying midway on the avenue. From morbid curiosity the crowd had already started to gather. Someone from the group darted into a nearby café to call the police.

With typical medical efficiency an ambulance crew loaded their loathsome cargo onto a rubberized stretcher, the

kind that is usually used for messy cases. The attendants, at first glance, analyzed it to be a "Dead on Arrival" case, noting Mac's appearance and the mutilated condition of his clothing. The men knew that the evidence of hemorrhage from the nose and ears meant that the unfortunate vagrant couldn't hang on to the precious thread of life much longer.

Since he was a bum, the normal routine was all that mattered. This was accomplished in the space of a few moments, and the curiosity seekers were already beginning to drift away. The excitement of a car-pedestrian accident was beginning to lose its thrill. There was nothing more to be seen.

A trip to the county hospital was quick and routine. The patient was unloaded and taken to the emergency room. The attending physician, with little effort, hurriedly diagnosed a skull fracture and multiple bruises. He injected a ready shot of morphine into Mac's arm and bandaged his head wounds. He made a notation on the fresh chart—"Prognosis: Poor"—then gave instruction to the nurse and other attendants to make the tramp as comfortable as possible.

Mac had to be undressed before being assigned to a ward. Orderlies began by using a razor to cut off the ragged clothing. It required little effort. Mac's dirty old clothes gave way to the razor's edge with a minimum of resistance. They fell off as a result of continuous wearing.

The attending medic went through the worn-out pockets to check for any valuables. The inspection revealed nothing except dirty pockets with ragged holes. He nearly forgot to go through Mac's coat because he was sure there would be nothing there. And he was right—nothing but a wrinkled red pamphlet, the description of which he observed only casually. Rules are rules, however, and he obediently filled out in duplicate a personal possession sheet on which he merely marked "Reading material," and forgot about it.

For days Mac was oblivious of everything. He was in a state of coma but he stubbornly refused to die. Providence had smiled on him, and on the morning of the fourth day he rallied to a state of semiconsciousness. He could smell and see what he immediately thought to be immaculate cleanliness, something he had not experienced in a good long while.

His first thought was that he was in an alky ward and merely sobering up, but the bandages around his head and the absence of D.T.'s told him otherwise. It was then that he realized he had been hurt, but he couldn't remember how it happened. Right now he didn't care because his mind was relaxed and the feeling of good clean sheets, along with the prospect of enjoying a good rest, made him feel as though he was wanted. Only he didn't know for sure where he was. It was mildly

confusing, but he put that out of his mind.

This was peace as he had not known it for a very long time. His only discomfort was the pain across the top of his forehead, but compared to his previous emotional conflict the headache didn't matter.

He lay back and went to sleep. Soon, however, he was awakened by a soft squeak of the door hinges as someone entered the room. By the medicinal aroma, he knew it must be a nurse or a doctor. He didn't bother to turn his head. Being relaxed, he in no way wanted his feeling changed. But it did change. A friendly male voice spoke as the newcomer bent over the patient.

"Hello, Mac. Looks as though you got yourself banged up a little. I'm Dr. Fossman, and I don't mind saying we were a little worried about you. One thing, though, you've surely been catching up on your sleep."

This put Mac at ease. He felt like talking even though the emotional relaxation was the one thing he didn't want disturbed. With half-hearted effort, he inquired, "Would you mind telling me where I am? I guess I really blacked out for a while. I still feel as though I could sleep for a week."

"You were hit by a vehicle a few days ago," the doctor replied, "and you are now on the fourth floor of the county hospital, Ward 15-A. Later on when you are feeling less drowsy I'll give you more details, but right now that's all that is important to you. However, there are just a few questions I'd like to ask. Then you can take it easy. You see, there are some pieces I'd like to fit together about the events leading up to this. If you don't feel like talking, just say so and I'll drop in tomorrow."

"No, sir, please go ahead," Mac answered, almost enthusiastically.

"All right. Tell me, were you drunk when this happened?"

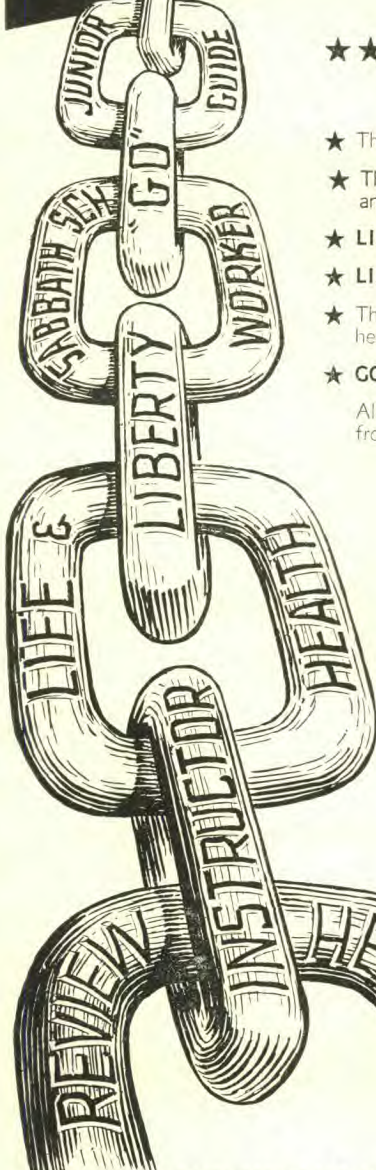
The word "drunk" struck Mac like a bolt of lightning, and for an indecisive moment he questioned whether or not to tell the truth. Who was this character asking blunt, personal questions? Wasn't this a free country? A man shouldn't have to tell anybody anything unless he wanted to. But the medic had gained Mac's confidence. Out of his desire to maintain his mental stability he asked, "What do you want to know?"

"Well, Mac, I found a pamphlet in your coat pocket, and I've read it. It is my professional opinion you do have a problem with alcohol. I'm certain your head needs healing inside as well as out. I know you have the 'bug,' and I assure you it can be conquered. The only barrier is your attitude."

Almost prayerfully Mac answered, "I don't know what made me this way, but I want to shake the habit. You've read the book—is that the way?"

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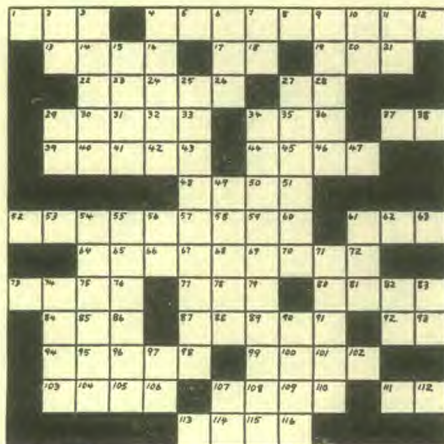
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Fill in the missing words in the Scripture clues. Under each letter of these words you will find a number. Write each letter in the square that contains the same number as the letter. When you have written all the letters in their proper places, you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

Promise of Abundance

- 1 If any man will do his will, he shall know of the
36 82 59 110 72 20 55 103 100 40 71 94 111 60 12
it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. (John 7:17)
- 2 And the _____ shall _____ that I
5 93 74 107 88 47 33 96 58 49 4
the Lord do sanctify Israel. . . . (Ezek. 37:28)
- 3 And he said, Draw not _____;
77 85 29 108 13 30 75 65 32 81
put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest
is holy ground. (Ex. 3:5)
- 4 For every one that _____ milk is unskilful in the
54 7 51 63 16 27 99 53 69 (Heb. 5:13)
word of righteousness: for he is a _____
- 5 And because ye are sons, God hath sent _____ the
1 66 50 17 37
Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, _____ Father.
(Gal. 4:6) 89 61 92 24
- 6 . . . And _____ seed of an _____ shall yield an
79 73 97 19 68 48 38 3
ephah. (Isa. 5:10)
- 7 Let them not say in their hearts, Ah, _____ would we
67 18 84 41 46 9
it: . . . (Ps. 35:25)
- 8 Then the king said, Cause _____ to make haste, that
113 14 86 34 98
he may do _____ Esther hath said. . . . (Esther 5:5)
57 22
- 9 So he sent his brethren away, and they departed: and he said unto
15 44 28 83 80 45 91 25
it: . . . See that ye _____ not out by the way.
(Gen. 45:24)
- 10 That thy beloved may be delivered; _____ with _____
87 52 31 105 115 76 102
right hand. . . . (Ps. 60:5)
- 11 And when they had kindled a fire in the midst of the _____
116 101 42 90
and were set down together, Peter sat down among them.
(Luke 22:55)
- 12 But if thou shalt forbear to _____, it shall be no sin in thee.
104 6 64 (Deut. 23:22)
- 13 Behold even to the _____, and it shineth not; . . .
21 2 78 106 (Job 25:5)
- 14 All these were joined together in the _____ of Siddim,
10 109 43 11 (Gen. 14:3)
- 15 . . . I cry _____, but there is no judgment.
95 26 8 62 56 (Job 19:7)
- 16 Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was
39 23 114 70 112 35 (Judges 16:22)



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Key on page 20

"Maybe not, maybe so. The important thing to consider is not so much whether you were dropped on your head as a child, or had a mean mother, or father, or both. We can't blame our background at this stage of the game. We can only say to ourselves that we are what we are and attack the problem in its present setting.

"I'm a doctor, and I would like for you to think seriously about a certain matter. You regard it as silly right now, but if you are really interested in never taking another drink, I think I can help you. I've read the twelve steps to sobriety. They tie in almost to the letter with a program of self-denial and of relating yourself to God as a personal friend. In other words, search for God little by little, but earnestly.

"It's just like getting well after a long illness. When you suddenly realize you are on your way to recovery, you don't go out and run an endurance race and sit down to eat a huge meal. It's a step-by-step process, and the direction you move in is the gauge you must go by. Some religions call it conversion, but in simpler terms I prefer to call it a change in your basic attitude toward life. Your determination must go further than skin deep.

"You could, no doubt, assure everyone around you that you are determined to go 'on the wagon,' but the thing you must develop and guard against is taking that first drink. By the very presence of this pamphlet in your pocket you have admitted at least to yourself that you have a problem in handling alcohol. This represents a critical point in which I can be helpful if you'll let me.

"You see, Mac, we can't treat alcoholism as we would an infected knee. We can't take you into surgery and merely cut out that part of you that compels you to drink, although you are just as sick as anyone with any chronic disease."

"Doc," came a weak but sincere reply, "I'll try anything. I haven't known a completely sober day for 25 years, and I'm sick of it. If it means a 'bughouse,' I'm ready to go. Right now I feel so good I don't think I'll ever take another drink. I know you're busy, but tell me, what should I do?"

"No, Mac, I'm not going to tell you what you should do. I merely want to help you gain an insight into yourself so that you can eliminate excuses for your addiction. The sole reason anyone who addicts himself to anything is that he wants an escape from the reality of everyday boredom. In other words, the dread of 'going back to the salt mines' seems to be the initial escape motive that prompts the desire for an avenue of diversion.

"I'm not a minister, but I do believe in God. There are times when religion becomes vague and hard to understand, and right now I'm sure this doesn't make sense to you at all. But if you will try to pray to God as *you* understand Him, try to be receptive and humble, that's all

that's necessary. Believe me, Mac, there is nothing more frustrating in medical practice than an alcoholic who won't cooperate. It sums up to this: Anyone can be helped if he wants to be helped."

Mac really desired this change but he couldn't think of anything to say that would sound convincing. The frustration made him uncomfortable. But somehow he felt stronger now. The desire to learn more dominated his feelings and he kept the conversation going by asking questions.

He wanted to know if this program would work for him even though he felt helpless. He had only a general idea what the doctor was saying. He thought perhaps he was only enjoying the relief from a hangover, and he wasn't sure at all that this could be the real thing.

"What does all this have to do with God and religion? You mean you can't change your attitude without it?" Mac asked as if he were trying to escape the humiliating experience of admitting that he needed religion.

"Mac, I have a list of ideas here. I'd like to read them to you. The main idea I want you to try to comprehend is that the medical and religious approach go hand in hand:

1. Medicine says the alcoholic needs a personality change. Religion says the alcoholic needs a change of heart, a spiritual awakening.

2. Medicine says the alcoholic should be analyzed; there should be a full and honest mental catharsis. Religion says the alcoholic should look into his conscience; he should take a "moral inventory"; he can be helped through confession or frank discussions.

3. Medicine says serious personality defects must be eliminated through accurate self-knowledge and realistic adjustment to life. Religion says character defects can be overcome only by surrendering self to Christ. Through conversion one acquires honesty, humility, and love in place of hatred and sin.

4. Medicine says the alcoholic neurotic retreats from life, is a picture of abnormal self-concern and anxiety; he withdraws from his fellow men. Religion says the alcoholic's basic trouble is self-centeredness and self-seeking; he has forgotten the "Brotherhood of Man."

5. Medicine says the alcoholic must find a "new compelling interest in life"; he must "get back into the herd." He should find interests, activities, and hobbies to take the place of alcohol. Religion says the alcoholic should learn the "expulsive power of a new affection," love of serving man, of serving God. He must "lose his life to find it" and should turn to the church and there find self-forgetfulness in service.

"So you see, Mac, I stress the spiritual part of this simply because thousands of addicts have found they can't do without it. I call it a simple, common-sense approach to a serious personal problem, and I want you to think that you are no more deficient in your will power than the victim of diabetes or tuberculosis. The difference is that you must attack your

malady from experience and not from some prescription or rigid formula. I know if you'll think this way, you'll have a new and better understanding of yourself and the nature of your illness. Think about what I've told you, Mac. There is still a wonderful and full life for you to live if you'll sincerely follow it step by step.

"Many addicts decide at the end of a long, painful spree that they have had enough. They announce their resolution loudly and vehemently to all who will listen. No one questions their sincerity; they mean every word of it. Yet they know, and so do others, that before long an addict will be singing another tune. That's where that skin-deep determination shows. The need for accepting the fact that he is an alcoholic is ignored because, after all, deep inside he really doesn't mean it. It is only when a real surrender occurs that the addict can make a series of sincere responses, including acceptance of his illness and his need to do something about it.

"You've somehow got to rid yourself of toying with the thought of taking that first drink. The greatest power for ridding yourself of the lust for alcohol is not in the medical books. It's in the words of Christ: 'For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find."

"And that means everything. Peace of mind, security, and respect. Think about it, Mac. I'll be in again tomorrow, and remember I want to help you."

Mac was stunned. He wasn't sure he had understood everything yet, but one thing he was sure of—he had peace of mind as never before. With tears in his eyes, he half mumbled, "Please, God, show me the way and rid me of this curse in spite of myself."

Lying back on his pillow, he ignored the pain in his head and slept peacefully.

IT WAS a late summer evening in Chicago, and to Mac it seemed like the hottest place on the face of the earth. He had been riding a cross-town bus for nearly an hour, trying to content himself by reading snatches of a newspaper he had purchased while changing buses at the Loop. The shaking and bouncing of the vehicle made it nearly impossible to read anything but the bold type, and he was glad that he was beginning to notice familiar landmarks that told him he was at last approaching his destination. Reaching for his billfold, he drew out a white business card and noted the address he had scribbled on it earlier in the afternoon.

He reached up with his free hand and pulled the signal cord. The air brakes sputtered and then groaned as the big rattling vehicle pulled to the curb.

Bouncing out lightly, Mac adjusted his summer hat as he tucked a neatly folded

newspaper under one arm. He walked briskly down a side street, glancing up and down the row of dirty gray apartment houses to find the number of the particular building he was looking for.

A block farther down, he mounted the stairway. Supporting himself lightly on the banister, he walked up slowly as if to conserve his energy for the task that lay ahead of him. Try as he might, he could never quite eliminate a corner of apprehension when he went out to call on his "clients."

He rounded the top of the stairway and knocked gently on a door that read "Apartment No. 6." The door opened slowly. A woman with a few strands of dark hair falling over one eye stuck her head around the corner.

"Yes?"

"Good evening, ma'am. I'm Mac. You called earlier this afternoon?"

"Y—yes, I did. Won't you please come in?"

She opened the door wide enough for Mac to step in. Then she immediately closed and locked the door behind him.

"What's the trouble, Mrs. Marco?"

"It's him again—in there." With an angry toss of her head she motioned in the direction of the living room.

"He's been on it for three days now and won't go back to work. Has me call 'em and say he's sick all'a time. I called you, Mr. Mac, because this is his last chance. Either he straightens himself out or I'm callin' his place where he works to tell 'em he's a big slob and stays drunk all'a time. We got bills to pay an' I'm sick of this drinkin' all'a time. Mr. Mac, you tell him for me, will ya? I've heard you've helped a lot of other folks."

"I try to, Mrs. Marco, but I can only help when people want to be helped. I wish I could wave a magic wand and erase all your troubles in the flash of a second, but I can't. It just isn't as easy as that."

"What do you mean, Mr. Mac?"

"Well, Mrs. Marco, you say your husband has you call the place where he works and tell them he's sick. The fact is that he *is* sick and just as you can't cure TB or cancer overnight, neither can your husband's dilemma be eliminated by a pill or shot in the arm. The only real difference, Mrs. Marco, is that your husband's trouble is in his psychological make-up plus a vicious habit, and he must be brought to realize that. He must stop not because you threaten him but because he has reached the point in his thinking where he really wants to stop—not for a day, week, month, or year, but for good."

Mac seemed to hear someone else talking as he went on. How many times he had gone over the same thing, and how much more sure he was that helping others struggle free from alcoholism was the very center of his existence. He was helping to free those who were facing the

same problem he had been facing so helplessly ten years before. It was ten years last winter since he had touched a drop of liquor, and each day that went by, each time he reached out to help some poor wretched miserable addict, he had this one thought more deeply embedded in his mind—that he himself was still, and always would be, only one drink away from skid row.

He continued. His manner of speaking was forthright, but humble, and full of conviction. No one could sense a trace of boasting or eloquence. Anyone who listened knew that Mac spoke the truth. His sincerity was never questioned.

"You see, Mrs. Marco," Mac explained, "I am an alcoholic, and I always will be. The only difference between your husband and me is that I don't drink the stuff any more. I began drinking when I was in college. I'll never forget that first drink as it burned down my throat. There was a feeling of nausea and repulsion, but I wanted to be 'one of the boys' so I kept it down."

"Soon there was that glowing sense of well-being and hilarity. I felt nine feet tall. Already I knew I had found a simple and thrilling method to dispose of any fear of facing new situations. As a member of a lavish cocktail lounge, I knew the bartender by his first name. I can remember thinking how that was really living. What a great feeling it was belonging to my own exclusive club. For a few bucks a night I could mix with dignitaries and discuss difficult topics with a feeling of great poise and attainment."

"This routine gathered momentum, and I reasoned that if one or two drinks can have such marked results, a few more must be all the better. I soon found myself taking a slug or two at home or in my car before arriving at the club for my meeting with the boys. This practice proved such an exhilarating success that it wasn't long before I was making my appearance at such gatherings shamefully drunk, only to get drunker. After months of repeating this process, I was well on the downward road—the road I was not willing to admit I was following."

"So you see, we must bring Mr. Marco to realize that his drinking is dragging him down to skid row just as surely as I spent years fighting booze."

"I didn't realize, Mr. Mac, that you —" her voice trailed off in embarrassment as she attempted to apologize.

"That's quite all right, Mrs. Marco. Now I wonder whether I could talk to your husband."

And Mac went in—as he had so many times the past ten years, for by doing it he grew stronger. Each time he talked to a man who had a problem with alcohol he thought of the words the doctor had spoken to him at the county hospital: "You must lose yourself to find yourself. For in service there is self-forgetfulness."

THIS TOO SHALL PASS

From page 10

to take your wife to the lowlands as soon as she is able to be moved. Her condition is exceedingly serious. Here is my card. If you should need me further during the night, you may call me at my residence. I hope your wife improves soon."

When Bob returned, Jeanie pleaded, "Please don't bring—any more—doctors to—to examine me. I—just want to be—quiet now and—have you near."

"Of course, dear," Bob agreed. "We didn't mean to get three doctors out here all in one day. That's enough to make a well person sick!"

Days passed—days filled with acute anxiety for Bob, and delirium for Jeanie. But when the worst passed, she became aware that her nurses were none other than those who had worked with her in the clinic. For days they cared for her, relieving one another in early and late shifts.

Jeanie raised herself on one elbow and looked around. There were flowers on the dressing table, and the bed linen was fresh and clean. "Virginia," she asked weakly, "how long have I been here?"

"More than a week, my dear. You are better now. That is, your temperature is no longer so high, but you haven't kept anything on your stomach. We have fed you, but you don't keep anything down. Now you must eat something."

Mercedes brought in a bowl of soup, but Jeanie couldn't keep it down. It was like turning on a two-way switch, she thought. "Don't worry about my eating. As soon as Pastor Baasch leaves, I would like to move upstairs. I feel like I need some sunshine, and up there, I'd get the sun from the east window."

"Pastor Baasch has already gone," Virginia said. "He left regards and regrets, and hoped that you would improve soon. As soon as your husband comes home

we'll move you right up there. It may do you good." She called to Mercedes. "You can get the bed ready in the front room upstairs right away, can't you?"

"I surely will!" Mercedes was already halfway upstairs by the time she answered.

The sun was shining brightly on the low zinc roof when Jeanie was moved to the low-ceilinged room on the second floor. She still ached all over and felt too weak to even look out the window. But the room was cheerful and cozy and she loved the change.

Soon the sun's tropical rays beating down on the zinc served the same purpose as the sweat baths and fomentations they had given the children to make them break out with the measles.

Jeanie started sweating almost as soon as she had been transferred, and within a couple of hours she began breaking out with a rash.

"If it weren't for what the doctors said," Bob remarked when he came back upstairs that evening, "I'd think you were coming down with the measles!"

"I'm afraid that's exactly what's happening," Virginia said. "We should have thought of that and given her the treatments like we did for all those—those children."

They gave her fomentations and a hot sweat bath that night, and by the following morning she had broken out in a fuchsia-colored rash that covered her entire body. Within a few days she was eating better and sitting up again.

Bob sat by her bed one evening and patted her hand, but he was strangely quiet. "Dear," he said at length, "there's something I must tell you—"

"You don't need to tell me, Bob." She reached over and took his strong hand in her thin one. "We won't be picking out

The 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:

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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.

a name now, and I'll not be making any—any little clothes."

She was silent a moment and then, "I knew when it happened. I—I didn't think you had found out about it though. I—I dreaded to tell you." Jeanie lay back on her pillow and brushed away the tears.

Bob put his head down on the side of the bed for several minutes. When at last he found words, he said, "Jeanie, dear, it was you I was worrying about. With your courage and God's help I think I can stand almost anything."

Next week: "Romance in the Air."

GRACE NOTES

From page 5

she grows verse and verse! She concluded her autobiographical questionnaire with this original quatrain:

Forgetting the things which are behind,
I see but the open door,
So I press ahead with a steady tread
In the steps of One gone before.

CALCULATION The author of "Beyond Calculation" included on her manuscript cover page this quotation from the *Review and Herald*, November 10, 1885: "More than one thousand will soon be converted in one day, most of whom will trace their first convictions to the reading

of our publications." Students are not the only ones participating in this extensive seed sowing in the acres of the world. Many youth and older Christians have chosen literature evangelism as their life-work. This is a major avenue for bringing the story of salvation and of Jesus' imminent return to city dwellers and to citizens of the country alike. Ours is the responsibility for planting; the final harvest is God's.

ALBUM The cover "album" will help you visualize the fascinating land in which the thrilling story of "The Third

Tree" took place. Author and photographer were the same—Anees A. Haddad. The pictures include a sunset scene near Beirut, two views of the harbor at Sidon, and a photo of young Hawrani and a friend.

GOLD "God has always tried His people in the furnace of affliction. It is in the heat of the furnace that the dross is separated from the true gold of the Christian character."—PP 129.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

"For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath" (Matt. 13:12).

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



THE CHARACTER OF GOD (continued)

Lesson for May 2, 1959

Daily Study Record:

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MEMORY GEM: "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy" (Rev. 15:3, 4).

OUTSIDE READING: *Early Writings*, pp. 69-71; *Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 737-746.

Introduction

No amount of study of the character of God can ever exhaust the subject. "The years of eternity, as they roll, will bring richer and still more glorious revelations of God and of Christ. As knowledge is progressive, so will love, reverence, and happiness increase. The more men learn of God, the greater will be their admiration of His character. As Jesus opens before them the riches of redemption, and the amazing achievements in the great controversy with Satan, the hearts of the ransomed thrill with more fervent devotion, and with more rapturous joy they sweep the harps of gold; and ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands of voices unite to swell the mighty chorus of praise."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 678.

1 God Is Holy

1. Why did David say men should worship God?

"Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy. . . . Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill; for the Lord our God is holy" (Ps. 99:5-9).

NOTE.—"Holiness is the foundation of God's throne; sin is the opposite of holiness; sin crucified the Son of God. If men could see how hateful sin is, they would not tolerate it, nor educate themselves in it. They would reform in life and character."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 145.

2. How was Isaiah affected by his vision of God?

"I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. . . . And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts" (Isa. 6:1-5).

NOTE.—"As Isaiah beheld this revelation of the glory and majesty of his Lord, he was overwhelmed with a sense of the purity and holiness of God."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 307.

3. What was done with his sins?

"Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged" (Isa. 6:6, 7).

4. What standard has God set for His people?

"Ye shall be holy: for I the Lord your God am holy" (Lev. 19:2).

"That we might be partakers of his holiness" (Heb. 12:10).

"Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14).

NOTE.—"Holiness is not rapture; it is an entire surrender of the will to God; it is living by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God; it is doing the will of our heavenly Father; it is trusting God in trial, in darkness as well as in the light; it is walking by faith and not by sight; it is relying on God with unquestioning confidence, and resting in His love."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 51.

5. What is the theme of the anthem of praise offered by heavenly beings?

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty" (Rev. 4:8).

"Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before thee; for thy judgments are made manifest" (Rev. 15:4).

NOTE.—"The crowning glory of Christ's attributes is His holiness. The angels bow before Him in adoration, exclaiming, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.' He is declared to be glorious in His holiness. Study the character of God. By beholding Christ, by seeking Him in faith and prayer, you may become like Him."—*Counsels to Parents and Teachers*, p. 402.

2 God Is Just

6. When the redeemed sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb, what do they say concerning God's dealing with mankind?

"Just and true are thy ways" (Rev. 15:3).

NOTE.—"Every question of truth and error in the long-standing controversy has now been made plain. The results of rebellion, the fruits of setting aside the divine statutes, have been laid open to the view of all created intelligences. The working out of Satan's rule in contrast with the government of God, has been presented to the whole universe. Satan's own works have condemned him. God's wisdom, His justice, and His goodness stand fully vindicated. It is seen that all His dealings in the great controversy have been conducted with respect to the eternal good of His people, and the good of all the worlds that He has created. . . . With all the facts of the great controversy in view, the whole universe, both loyal and rebellious, with one accord declare, 'Just and true are Thy ways. Thou King of saints.'"—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 670, 671.

7. How did Abraham express his confidence in God's justice?

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" (Gen. 18:25).

NOTE.—"God alone is the Judge of all men. Addressing Him thus, Abraham gives evidence that he knew the One before whom he stood to be the Supreme Being. Now he appealed, not to God's grace and pardon, but to His absolute judicial equity. This principle had been demonstrated by God in His extension of probation for the Amorites another 400 years. Their iniquity was 'not yet full' (ch. 15:16). When God consented to spare Sodom if only ten righteous men could be found within its gates, He followed the same principle."—*The Seventh-day Adventist Bible Commentary*, on Gen. 18:25.

8. How does God contrast His ways with those of men?

"O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal?" (Eze. 18:29).

9. How did Moses proclaim the justice of God?

"He is the Rock, his work is perfect: for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he" (Deut. 32:4).

NOTE.—"In all the dealings of God with His people, there is, mingled with His love and mercy, the most striking evidence of His strict and impartial justice. This is exemplified in the history of the Hebrew people. God had bestowed great blessings upon Israel. . . . And yet what swift and severe retribution was visited upon them for their transgressions!"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 469.

10. How is the impartiality and fairness of God manifested?

"There is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts" (2 Chron. 19:7).

"If ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons

judgeth according to every man's work, pass the time of your sojourning here in fear" (1 Peter 1:17).

NOTE.—"No distinction on account of nationality, race, or caste, is recognized by God. He is the Maker of all mankind. All men are of one family by creation, and all are one through redemption. Christ came to demolish every wall of partition, to throw open every compartment of the temple courts, that every soul may have free access to God. His love is so broad, so deep, so full, that it penetrates everywhere. It lifts out of Satan's influence those who have been deluded by his deceptions, and places them within reach of the throne of God, the throne encircled by the rainbow of promise. In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 369, 370.

3 God Is Faithful

11. What trait of God's character guarantees His promises?

"The Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God" (Deut. 7:9).

"He is faithful that promised" (Heb. 10:23).

"God is faithful" (1 Cor. 1:9).

"Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it" (1 Thess. 5:24).

12. What is required of stewards?

"It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful" (1 Cor. 4:2).

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. 2:10).

NOTE.—"The present is a season of solemn privilege and sacred trust to the servants of God. If these trusts are faithfully kept, great will be the reward of the faithful servant when the Master shall say: 'Give an account of thy stewardship.' The earnest toil, the unselfish

work, the patient, persevering effort, will be rewarded abundantly; Jesus will say: Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends, guests. The approval of the Master is not given because of the greatness of the work performed, because many things have been gained, but because of the fidelity in even a few things. It is not the great results we attain, but the motives from which we act, that weigh with God. He prizes goodness and faithfulness more than the greatness of the work accomplished."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, pp. 510, 511.

Quizangles

1. What is the proper response to God's holiness? Memory Gem.
2. What further response is called for? (1)
3. What provision is set forth for making unholy men holy? (1)
4. Is it proper to have a set place for worship? (1)
5. What was Abraham sure of about God? (2)
6. What kind of work does God do? (2)
7. How are God's ways equal with respect to His judging the righteous and the wicked? (2)
8. When does the need for faithfulness run out? (3)
9. What does faithfulness lead to? (3)

NEXT WEEK, May 9, 1959—Lesson title: "The All-wise." Outside reading: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 491-502, 551-558; *Fundamentals of Christian Education*, pp. 181-185, 444-453. Memory gem: Isaiah 40:28.



QUESTION *I have never dated, and in the last few years I have mostly attended schools where no courtship whatsoever is allowed. There is some counsel from Ellen G. White that does seem to justify these rules. Can you give me some statements or ideas on the subject to clear my thinking? I will be nearly twenty when entering an academy next year as a senior and would like to choose a school where some dating is allowed.*

ANSWER Your question regarding the propriety of dating while attending the academy is an old one. One quotation which especially touches upon the point at issue is this: "We cannot treat the young and the old just alike. There are circumstances under which men and women of sound experience and good standing may be granted some privileges not given to the younger students. The age, the conditions, and the turn of mind must be taken into consideration."—*Counsels to Parents and Teachers*, p. 101.

It has been my privilege to visit practically all of the Seventh-day Adventist

boarding academies in North America. I do not know of any of them where this policy has not been followed. Regardless of which one you attend, I am sure that you will find that some opportunity is granted the older students to date, and that the privilege will be continued unless it is abused by the young people concerned.

Considering the effort and time and money Christian education requires, every sincere young person should appreciate the policy of the school he attends and gladly cooperate in upholding its ideals, even though he may not be privileged to carry on with his courtship as aggressively as he might choose. It has been my observation over a period of many years that most of the young people who attend our schools have sufficient opportunity for courtship to make it possible for each to select a life companion from his classmates or other members of the student body.

QUESTION *Shortly I plan to purchase a new Bible. Could you please tell me what I ought to do with the old one, which is*

not of much use any more? It does not seem proper or reverent to destroy it.

ANSWER Perhaps you can find someone less fortunate than you who would be happy to get your old Bible, even if it is in poor condition. If this does not seem advisable, you may consider destroying it with becoming reverence.

As the Bible is sacred to the Christian, so the national flag is "sacred" to the loyal citizen. You may find a solution in the following suggestions for disposing of the flag of the United States.

"When the National flag is worn out, dispose of it with due reverence. According to an approved custom, the Union is first cut from the flag; and then the two pieces, which no longer form a flag, are cremated."—*How to Respect and Display Our Flag*, The United States Marine Corps.

"The flag, when in such condition as to no longer be a fitting emblem for display, should be destroyed in a dignified way, preferably by burning."—*Flag of the United States of America*, National Service Foundation.

The services of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Counsel Clinic are provided for those for whom this magazine is published, young people in their teens and twenties. Any reader, however, is welcome to submit a question to the Counsel Clinic.

The answer will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but is not to be taken as either an official church pronouncement or, necessarily, the opinion of the editors. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of general interest will be selected for publication, and will appear without identification of either questioner or counselor.

(1) Submit only one question at a time. (2) Confine your question to one hundred words or less. (3) Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope for the reply. (4) Send your question to: THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Counsel Clinic, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.



► TWINS occur in one out of 92 confinements; triplets in one out of 9,600 confinements; quadruplets occur in one out of 657,000 confinements. PD

► THE TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY now under construction will stretch 5,000 miles from St. John's, Newfoundland, on the Atlantic to Vancouver and Victoria on the Pacific. NGS

► FOR THE first time living corals have been transported successfully out of their native tropical habitat. Still in fine condition, they are currently being studied at the American Museum of Natural History. Scope

► AN ESTIMATED 75 per cent of America's juvenile delinquents have reading difficulties. Inability to keep up with schoolwork often makes a youngster resort to bad behavior in an effort to be outstanding in something. BVI

► SINCE the days of the ancient Pharaohs Egyptians along the Nile Valley have been hatching eggs in mud brick incubators warmed by straw fire. Thousands of eggs are turned by hand every four hours and constant checks are made on the temperature. UAR

► STORIES that sub-zero temperatures in Antarctica cause damage to human teeth are unfounded. At 100° below zero, there is no shattering of teeth, loss of fillings, or other oral problems, although a 1952 book reported such phenomena supposedly observed on Scott's last expedition to Antarctica. Dental Times

► THE MOUNTED skin of a massive elephant, the largest land animal in the world, has recently been put on display in the Smithsonian Institution's Natural History Building. Standing 13 feet 2 inches at the shoulder and in life weighing an estimated 12 tons, it is the largest elephant ever recorded, exceeding the previous champion by at least a foot in height. Smithsonian

► AMHERST COLLEGE has decided to experiment with a plan to give a year's "leave of absence" to students whose academic performance is not commensurate with their ability. A student judged capable of doing A or B work but getting C's could be asked to take a year off to make up his mind about the value of college. He would be allowed to return in good standing. No change is being made in the passing marks required to stay in school. The plan is expected to result in perhaps a dozen leaves of absence a year. Science

► AIR THAT was trapped in ice blocks in Antarctica centuries ago is being analyzed to determine whether it contains less carbon dioxide than modern air, which may be polluted by industry. More carbon dioxide in today's air would cause the surface of the earth to be warmer by letting in the sun's heat but preventing warmed air from escaping into colder altitudes. Scope

► THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO will sponsor a celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the publication of Darwin's *Origin of the Species*, November 22-29, 1959. Leading figures in the sciences will come together from all over Europe and America. Science

► IN GEORGIA, 117 archeological sites near the Chattahoochee River and 90 similar sites in Alabama are to be explored, some extensively, before Army engineers create reservoirs that will inundate the areas. Smithsonian

► A QUICK-DRYING plastic spray, originally developed to help identify battle casualties, reproduces fingerprints more accurately than customary methods and is benefiting police in identifying suspects. Chemical Digest

► THE PARROTFISH not only has the rainbow hues of the parrot—blue, green, red, pink, and yellow—but its teeth are solidly joined to form a parrotlike beak. NGS

► PORCUPINES kill or stunt young trees by gnawing into the inner bark and cambium layer, which are vital to the tree's growth. NGS

► A TOTAL of 142 secondary schools, both public and private, in the 49 States are offering courses in the Russian language to about 2,400 students, according to a recent survey. Science

► KENAF, a plant whose development would mean about 3,000 new jobs for Cubans, may replace the imported jute, from which 45 million bags are made annually. Kenaf might possibly become a product for export. SRI

► LEBANON, with practically no raw materials, has prospered on trade and recreation. In untroubled periods quantities of goods of all kinds flow through Beirut. Vacationers from the eastern Mediterranean flock to Lebanese beaches and ski slopes. NGS

► ACCORDING to Russian sources, more than 1,000 editions of Karl Marx's *Communist Manifesto* (usually of about 25 pages) were published from 1848 to 1952 in 77 languages. It is also claimed that of the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin more than a billion copies in 101 languages were published from 1917 to 1954. ABS

► AN IMPRESSIVE stone head, representing the ancient Olmec culture of southern Mexico, measures 9 feet high by 6 feet 10 inches wide and was carved out of basalt by means of stone picks and chisels. Although the carving alone is an accomplishment of great skill, almost as much interest attaches to the remarkable industry and engineering ability required to transport the 20-ton mass more than 50 miles from the coast up the Rio Chiquito to the area where it was found in southern Veracruz, Mexico. Of the 11 known colossal heads, this one is noted for its large size, good state of preservation, artistic merit, and impressive facial features. Smithsonian

target

We could hardly join with enthusiasm in the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. But we dare to hope that this occasion may stimulate on the part of young Seventh-day Adventist intellectuals more interest in geology and biology from the point of view of creationism.

George McCready Price, Harold Clark, Frank Marsh, Ernest Booth, and others have done much to formulate an educated, intellectually sound presentation of Adventist thinking in regard to Creation and evolution. But they would certainly be among the first to insist that there is an urgent need for others to contribute further in this direction.

Since Adventists believe that observance of the seventh-day Sabbath is to become an increasingly controversial point of faith, it seems only logical that the scientific basis of our belief in a literal creation (without which the Sabbath is meaningless) deserves increasing attention.

Not many can enter this field. But some should. We hope that those who can and should will get appropriate encouragement. FG

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