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[Bible Lesson for July 18]





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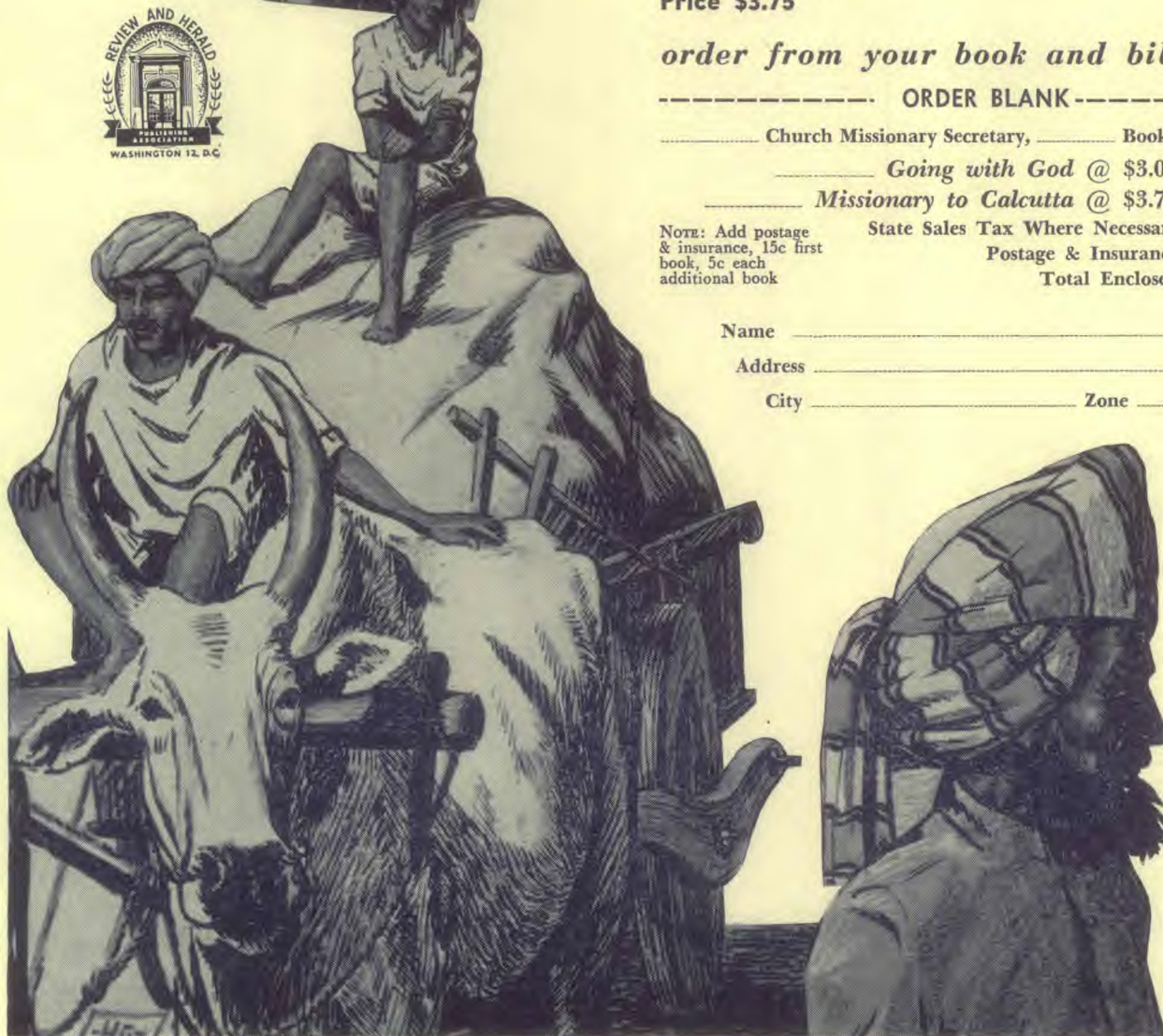
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## *the key to peace*

**W**HEN I found out, upon leaving the shelter of a Christian home and the constant guidance of strict Adventist parents, that being good was not all a matter of will power, I gave up and decided that if I couldn't be good, I would take what the world had to offer.

I had a strict upbringing, growing up in a circle of hovering relatives who were extremely solicitous of my spiritual welfare. If any fault does lie in them for my failing to follow in their footsteps, it is that they were doers of the law without teaching me that salvation does not consist alone in keeping the law. All along the way I was taught that if I wanted to go to heaven I must be good.

It was all fairly simple until I left home to make my own way. Then I found that when there was no one around to make me be good, I didn't have the strength within myself to do the things I had been taught were right.

I tried hard to be good. I tried to the point of utter despair and desperation. But it seemed that the harder I tried, the more the devil delighted in tempting me to indulge in some new transgression. For a while I got along pretty well by adopting the philosophy of appearing to be a respectable Adventist when around people who knew me. At least no one pestered me with lectures about my behavior.

But a life of pretense is a miserable existence, so I finally gave up. I was now on my way down a slide from which I would not escape until I lay in a bruised heap at the bottom. When I see children on the slide in a playground I always think what an apt demonstration it is of how Satan operates.

I found myself standing at the top of the slide that seemed to be the main attraction in the forbidden playground, and looking down its course, it appeared to be my big chance for more fun and excitement than I had ever had. I let go—



# 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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and that was my ticket all the way to the bottom. I found no stopping place on the way down. As a child will often do on a slide in the park, I tried to grasp the sides on the way down, to see if I could stop or at least slow myself down. But though I might halt my course momentarily, it was impossible to turn back and avoid the pit that I could now see awaiting me at the bottom. The devil does not provide a soft place to land. I hit hard.

When I came to myself at the end of that wild ride, I was utterly beaten and ready to despair. In my discouragement I began to cry out to God for help to keep my sanity and to find the way back. I was afraid He wouldn't hear me. I began to search the Bible desperately for some straw at which to clutch. The cry of my heart was that expressed by Isaac Watts in one of his hymns:

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering 'round Thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

I found my "sweet promise" in Isaiah 54. "Fear not . . . for thou shalt not be put to shame: for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth." I believed that God had spoken to me and that He would help me out of the mess I had made.

During this darkest period of my life I was alone and friendless in a strange place. I had long before alienated myself from Christian friends and relatives who might have helped me, for I had let them know I wanted none of their "free advice." Now there was no one to whom I could turn for spiritual help.

Although I found a number of wonderful promises to give courage to a prodigal, I began to be harassed night and day by the thought that God might not take me back. My conscience afflicted me unmercifully.

One morning I walked along the deserted shore line of the Pacific near the place where I lived, crying as I went. Was there no peace of mind for one who wanted to come back? Was there no assurance that God was hearing my prayers for help? I knelt on the rocks, and with the noise of the breakers crashing nearby, I asked God to give me a sign that He still heard my prayers. I told Him that even if He didn't give me a sign, I would never stop trying to find the way back, but, oh, how much encouragement it would be to me if He would see fit to answer in a tangible way. For the sign, I prayed that God would place a very unusual shell where I could find it—one that would be entirely different from the two or three usual varieties found in that area.

I was disappointed when several days went by and I found no unusual shell. I began to think that perhaps my prayer had been a little foolish, anyway. I continued to pray, however, for peace of mind, and I read the Bible and the writings of Ellen G. White many hours daily.

A few days later I had an opportunity to spend some time with relatives in the mountains many miles from the Pacific. Soon after arriving I thought I would go up on the mountainside to pray. It always seemed as though God was nearer when I could pray out of doors in some secluded spot.

I sank to my knees under some bushes, and as my eyes lowered for a moment before I began my prayer, I saw lying on the ground at my knees a very large spiral shell. When I think of it even now an aftertaste of the thrill I then felt goes through me. No one can ever tell me that God did not place that shell there for me. No one could explain how it got there. I know that God tested my sincerity and waited until I was so far from the seashore that I could never say it was just a coincidence. As for it being unusual, I have looked through a number of books about shells but as yet have not been able to identify this one.

Just knowing that my sins had been forgiven and that God did hear me when I prayed made the whole world look beautiful, and the discouragement that had enveloped me like a thick fog now vanished as I stood on the mountainside, above the clouds and looking up.

Everything began to take a turn for the better. I made a complete surrender to Christ—which, of course, is the secret of Christian living. I came to the place where I was willing for Him to do anything with me. My long hours of studying and reading had given me a new insight into what God wanted His children to be, and now I just relaxed and asked Him to take complete control of me. I had resolved to wait for Him to work out my problems and that I would be content whatever His decisions would be for my life. Always before I had tried to work everything out for myself.

Miracles of deliverance from temptation now took place and I received amazing answers to prayer in regard even to temporal matters. The marvelous thing to me was that many of the allurements that formerly had tempted me beyond endurance became repulsive to me. The things I had loved I now hated.

Of course, the victory over every besetment did not come all at once, but it seemed that God mercifully took care of the biggest ones first. Galatians 2:20 became my real-life experience. Each morning and many times through the day I would pray for Christ to take control of me and do His works within me. I prayed that He would give me a tender conscience and show me the true difference between right and wrong in even the smallest things. I prayed for real Christian love in my heart for everyone, for there was much bitterness there that had to be eradicated.

I had at last found that the key to peace in Christ is in "dying"—not in

To page 20



# Grace Notes

AND LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**BEAR** The bears on the cover are among the photo specimens brought back by William Boundey from his photographic hunting expedition into the Canadian Rockies. When good humor goes along, even uncooperative weather cannot dampen the spirit of wholesome fun. See the center spread.

**MART** When reading about picture-taking, you shouldn't forget the third YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Photo Mart now in progress. It began June 1 this year; ends January 1, next year. If you think you cannot make THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR as a writer, how about trying your skill as a photographer? For details write THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Photo Mart, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington 12, D.C.

**STRANGE** "I was interested in your center spread story, 'One Drink From Skid Row,' April 21. It seems strange that this story, which seems such a departure from the usual type, should appear at a time when I am praying so earnestly for a loved one in the grip of alcohol and to whom I have sent a gift subscription. I believe it is part of God's planning to answer my prayer." [Name withheld.]

**VIRILE** "Curtis Anderson, in *The Writer* for March, 1959, says: 'There is a lack of vitality and a painful sameness to most of the writing we see in magazines today.' But not in THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR! Each issue is more vital, vibrant with todayism, putting truth in such virile but small capsules that it hits the spot!" Mrs. R. L. CARR, Keene, Texas.

**APPEAL** "This year's papers and format are delightfully the best yet. I marvel at their appeal." E. ROBERT REYNOLDS, West Pakistan.

**FUTURE** "In your issue of January 27, 1959, you said one of the best things you have ever written in the INSTRUCTOR to my way of thinking. 'The readers to whom this magazine is aimed can do with much less entertainment, a little more inspiration, and an unlimited amount of instruction on how to become fitted for their robes of righteousness.' I think the real future of the Advent Movement lies in the latter part of this statement." J. L. SHULER, Yucaipa, California.

**SECRET** "Nothing will give such clear views of self as secret prayer."—5T 163.

—we hold these truths—

## Keep the Problem in Focus

A reader took issue with an answer in Counsel Clinic of May 5. He had every right to disagree. We do not necessarily agree with all the answers given either, as we mention in the information paragraph each time Counsel Clinic appears.

In this instance we were interested in the line of reasoning that characterized the disagreement. A questioner had asked Counsel Clinic if it was right to hire a taxi or ride a bus to church on Sabbath. The counselor had given what we felt was a reasonable and right answer for one who had no other transportation facility. He had pointed out that the cab or bus driver could hardly "be considered a servant or 'the stranger within thy gates' that the Bible speaks of. Are not the men who do this work public servants, rather, whose services anyone may employ?"

I have been in some metropolitan cities over Sabbath days without the convenience of my own car, and I can sympathize with our members in these cities. Many—perhaps I should say most—Seventh-day Adventists in some countries of Europe, for instance, do not even own automobiles. They must depend on public transportation.

In Rotterdam I was shown some of the high points of the city, doing my "rubber-necking" from the rumble seat of the pastor's motor scooter. But that was luxury. In Florence, when I went to Sabbath services with the business manager of the Italian Union Training School, we rode the trolley. Returning home, I thought I would be crushed by the numbers on our particular car. After it was crammed full, it stopped to let on still more, and I discovered the meaning of the expression "packed in like sardines"!

The reader said that if Adventists had followed God's counsel our people wouldn't be in the cities. But that is an out-of-focus view. Scores of new members come into the church each year whose lives have been spent in the cities. They cannot quickly adapt their means of livelihood to some rural occupation, even if it were advised. This is, of course, but one of several factors to be weighed.

If young people are going to meet some of the real tests that our times will eventually bring, they must learn how to see the whole picture in a given problem before reaching some impractical conclusion. The name of the church is not made luminous by those who fail to look at a problem in all its parts before finalizing an opinion.

*Walter C. Gaudel*

## COMING NEXT WEEK

- "THE TIMES OF REFRESHING" begins a three-article series by Taylor G. Bunch, well-known Adventist author, pastor, and teacher. Not at all for the casual reader, these articles will provide stimulating reading for the serious student of the Bible and the Ellen G. White writings.
- "WHEN GOD TOOK OVER" recounts a missionary adventure out over the Gulf of Mexico in an old seaplane. The author is Robert H. Pierson.
- "THE NIGHT WAS DARK" is a triple-length, complete-in-one-issue story by John Dare as told to Cynthia Coburn. The hero of the narrative discovers that even after his conversion to Adventism he still has to win a battle with his passion for playing the horses.



# Inspiration

## AT A YOUTH CONGRESS



Elder James Chase preaching Friday night.

**T**HE huge auditorium displayed empty chairs. Except for two janitors, a tall slender youth and a short stocky man of about thirty, doing last-minute cleaning, the building was empty. Ten thousand vacant chairs extended their arms as if waiting for something, for someone.

It was eight o'clock, Wednesday morning, April 22. I had come to help put up the Union College English department display for the Central Union Youth Congress, which was to begin that night. Soon others came to assemble their displays. The band came to practice; the

secretaries to set up registration booths; the leaders, Elder Walter Howe and his crew of MV men, to work out last-minute details.

We had been hearing about the youth congress all year at Union College. Scores of students were working on Master Guide requirements. The choir, the band, the orchestra, and student groups were preparing for their parts. I had been looking forward to it all year, but now that it had come—well, I just didn't feel in the mood. Schoolwork was piling up, there were extracurricular things to do, spring was here. Perhaps when I saw

all the young people, when I heard the first speaker, when the congress really started, I would get into the spirit.

By the time I arrived at the evening meeting, hundreds of people were already there, registering, looking at the displays, and greeting old friends. I mingled with them for a while, but soon I found a seat and just watched people. There was a mother chasing her active little boy down the aisle; an elderly couple—evidently still young at heart—were making their way to the chairs; inquisitive young folks were looking at the displays put up by the college and wondering about the day when they would be studying chemistry, math, English, German, and all the rest.

The zero hour finally came. The lights dimmed, the trumpets sounded, the flags were brought in, and I stood with more than three thousand people and sang, "Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light. . . ." From my place in the side balcony I could see almost the whole audience—young people from the wheat farms of Kansas, from the oil fields of Wyoming, from the mountains of Colorado, from the big cities of Missouri, from the cornfields of Nebraska.

The evening speaker, President Theodore Carcich of the Central Union Conference, noted the filth, vice, and licentiousness of some young people today and dared us as Adventist youth to stand for the Master and the right.

The next day after morning watch, workshops were organized in Leadercraft, Pathfinder leadership, and Voice of Youth evangelism. From all over the country youth leaders had come to help—Theodore Lucas, L. A. Skinner, C. Les-



Central Union Youth Congress crowds through the sidewalk in front of Pershing Auditorium.





*Author Ramirez, from nearby Union College, stands by a Nebraska marker during prayer.*

ter Bond, James E. Chase, Mildred Johnson, and Dr. Harold Shryock. Before the next program that morning Mayor Bennett Martin, of Lincoln, welcomed us to his city—"a church town, a youth town."

Knowing young people as he does, Dr. Shryock picked a youth topic—"Courtship That Leads to Marriage." I like to hear sound advice on this subject—perhaps because I'm still single, perhaps because I'm a girl, but more than these, perhaps because I'm young and not quite sure. Many young people aren't too sure of themselves when it comes to courtship.

Always before in thinking of sharing my faith I had thought of it as handing out literature, giving Bible studies, inviting people to church; but Thursday afternoon my attention was focused on MV Community Services. Why not? What better way to witness for Christ than to render aid when needed, to speak a word of encouragement to the down-

hearted, to feed the hungry and the poor.

Union College sponsored the program that evening. There's something about hearing your band play, your choir sing, your classmates portray typical college life that arouses loyalty to your school. I'm glad Adventists have their own schools. I'm glad I go to one of them.

The Friday schedule was much like Thursday's—morning watch and workshops. However, for the morning meeting a panel of young people discussed the reasons for their belief. And the Pathfinders—it made me feel nostalgic to see those Pathfinders marching, for I remembered the time when I wore the green uniform and whispered to myself, "one, two, three, four."

The most soothing moment of the whole congress came Friday evening when as the lights dimmed I listened to music and poetry ushering in the Sabbath. Truly "there is a place of quiet rest, near to the heart of God."

"The want of the world is the want of men whose hearts God has touched," according to Elder James Chase, who spoke that evening. His talk came to my mind in snatches: "Faith cometh by hearing." "Are you blind to the signs of the times?" "How much do we desire to be made spiritually whole? . . . 'If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.'" "Glorious news: Jesus of Nazareth passeth by tonight; Jesus will touch your heart." With bowed head along with most of the more than six thousand young people there I prayed, "Jesus, touch my heart."

It was equally challenging and inspiring to listen to Elder Lucas on Sabbath as he declared that "the wonderful becomes the probable." I listened as he told of a persecuted boy with a bruised back, of the girl who lost her fiancé, of another girl whose only rice paddy was consecrated to God, of Adventist youth all over the world who have suffered persecution and starvation, but who *know* that "the wonderful becomes the probable" by knowing Christ. As I looked back to the times when I had been discouraged over some insignificant thing, I reprimanded myself. "How thankful I should be—how very thankful."

For a few minutes that afternoon we listened to music. From all over the Central Union, musicians, choirs, soloists, duets, quartets, and other music groups presented special music during the congress. I tried to imagine an MV meeting without song, a church service without hymns, or a youth congress without music, and I decided that surely "singing is as much an act of worship as is prayer."

Soon the congress was coming to a close. The last opening song was over, the last offering taken, the lights dimmed for the last time. Down the aisle marched 632 Master Guide candidates, spotlighted into position. Elder Bond, "Mr. Master Guide," gave the history of the Master Guide program; Elder Howe called for the honor guard; Elder Lucas presented the charge; and then 632 yellow scarfs were presented. The torch was lighted and everyone joined in singing, "There's another task to do, there's a battle to renew, and the Captain calls for you."

Suddenly everyone was leaving. People were taking down displays; young people were telling one another good-by; the auditorium was being emptied. I looked around. The chairs were vacant.

I wanted to cry, "Come back! Don't leave!" But everyone had gone. Back to the wheat farms of Kansas, the oil fields of Wyoming, the mountains of Colorado, the big cities of Missouri, and the cornfields of Nebraska.

Gone. Of course they were gone. They had to go. Back home to witness for Jesus, to have Him touch others' hearts, to help in MV Community Services, to share their faith, to live for Him, to make the wonderful coming of Christ the probable, the real.



# THE VERY SPECIAL GIFT

by  
**EDNA ATKIN  
PEPPER**

**A**UNT NELLIE was ill. I wanted to do something. Something different. Something special. My current interest was scrapbooks, and I resolved to make Aunt Nellie a scrapbook that would be memorable.

From a big box of souvenirs, letters, programs, pictures, clippings, and illustrations some sort of organization began to emerge. Only the best anecdotes, the cleverest bits of verse, the most significant clippings, and the most treasured letters would do for Aunt Nellie. She would enjoy Helen May Martin's description of her kitten, and of how she went up into

the attic and put the palm of her hand against the roof when it stormed, to feel the vibrations of the echoing thunder. Helen was a blind and deaf concert pianist.

After several weeks of work I turned the creamy pages and noted the odd-shaped spaces between pastings. To soften and beautify the harsh outlines I sketched in landscapes, seascapes, flowers, and pets. Then I tinted them with water colors. In some of the outer margins I penciled in and lightly colored tall graceful trees.

After Aunt Nellie died the book was returned to me, and sometimes lent to friends who shared my passion for scrapbooks. Growing uneasy at a prolonged absence, I learned that the scrapbook had become a burnt offering, having fallen victim to a spell of zealous housecleaning.

That was many years ago.

Glancing through an old accumulation of *Reviews* one day, I noted many articles on the home, and especially those concerned with child training. I was off! The proud parents of the newest grandchild received a scrapbook on rearing their youngster, enlivened with sparkling bits of poetry and colored pictures clipped from magazines.

Last night I completed a scrapbook for six-year-old Peggie Lynne. I had planned it for her birthday and had given myself plenty of time to organize it carefully.

In the process of searching, selecting, and discarding material I came across some things that would not, however, do for a six-year-old. Now, on the rear closed porch are two shelves of boxes. Each box has a label clipped to it, indicating the nature of its contents, and in some cases the future recipient of a scrapbook.

There is one box on history—short, human-interest stories about outstanding statesmen. There is one on nature—mostly pictures in color—for a certain little boy who does not read yet. There is one for a young relative who is interested in a house he would like to build someday. The prize material in this box is a sheaf of plans—in color—for a house with an indoor garden and pool.

Some time ago I was inveigled into subscribing for some magazines that I did not want. It is all I can do to keep up with my church papers and my books. But the magazines are not wasted. I carefully remove the striking pictures, significant poetry, and best articles. From them I have gathered riches of history, nature, homemaking, interior decorating, and other topics too numerous to mention, many of them illustrated in color. Augmented with articles from church periodicals and newspaper clippings, the source boxes are filling rapidly with intriguing material.

A really valuable scrapbook should not be assembled in haste. Articles and poems do not always come complete with illus-

trations. These, however, add a great deal to the interest and attractiveness of the finished product.

The next time I find time to work at my hobby it will be to begin a brand-new scrapbook. History perhaps. An extra-large book will be needed, because many reproductions of famous historical paintings are large, and I don't want to mutilate them. I will choose a book with a strong cover, and heavy, double pages, for this is material that should be useful for many years. I use a good liquid paste or what is known as rubber cement, or paper cement, for it will hold well and any excess seepage may be brushed off harmlessly.

Over the years I have made scores of scrapbooks. I have an uneasy, guilty feeling when doing nothing, and one should not be a slave to duty every hour of the day. Scrapbooks can and do contain anything from pressed flowers to church press notices and pithy proverbs.

Even if you have not been bitten by the bug "collectoritis" you will be surprised at the speed with which clippings pile up—if you clip regularly. Later on, you may discard, but don't be in a hurry. Just the right place for each one may turn up later. Probably there are people who would be happy to give you their old magazines and papers, to get rid of them, if you lack a source of supply. If a person may advertise for free kittens, why not for used magazines?

Even if you can't buy scrapbooks, you can make them. Save wrapping paper and press it smooth with a hot iron. Using a double thickness for strength, bring the raw edges together at the center and fold over a half inch for an extra-strong binding. If you have no punch, thread a large darning needle with cord, and after marking each sheet so you can string them together accurately one at a time, bind with it.

You can do a neater job with greater ease if you bind the pages together after the pasting is completed, and the page has been dried flat under a weight.

And speaking of paste, you can make a good one at home if you need to. Make it with flour, as though you were making laundry starch. Strain it while still hot, don't use too much, wipe it on thinly, and let it dry a bit before you apply the clipping to the page. A little practice will show you just how thick the paste should be.

Anybody can buy a book. All you need is money. But it takes thought, planning, and imagination to dream up and make an extra-special, personal, just-for-you gift.

Now where is that poem you were reading last night about the father spoon-feeding his small son for the first time? If you keep it in mind, you'll find a picture to match it one of these days, and you'll be off to a good start on a "very special" scrapbook.





Thousands of Russians stand in line for hours, four abreast, waiting their turn to visit the Lenin and Stalin mausoleum in Red Square.

# Twelve Days in Russia

## PART TWO—CONCLUSION

by ARVIL N. BUNCH

**F**OR a long time I had wanted to see Red Square, the Kremlin, and St. Basil's Cathedral. As soon as possible after we arrived and were settled at the Moscow Hotel, which was less than a block from Red Square and the Kremlin, I took off on a sight-seeing trip of my own. One of the

first things I learned was that one is not supposed to walk across Red Square. I tried it, and two friendly but stern policemen indicated that one just does not walk across the square, but must go around and cross at the marked crossings.

St. Basil's Cathedral, situated on Red Square, has spires and cupolas of red, yellow, and green. The ribbed, spiral, bulb-like designs on top of the cathedral are interesting. Some of them resemble pineapples; others, onions; and some, huge flower bulbs. The cathedral, now a museum, is not nearly as pretty or interest-

ing on the inside as it is on the outside.

The Kremlin is located on the Moskva (Moscow) River. The walls are of red brick and vary in thickness and height. We were told that it is one and one-half miles around the building, and I believe it; I walked around it several times. The walls have nineteen towers topped by stars six feet high.

The Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R. holds regular meetings in the Kremlin. This powerful fortress, within whose walls have occurred many major events in the history of Russia, is interest-



ing but at the same time very surprising.

Inside are three more cathedrals turned into state museums. The Assumption Cathedral, built in the fifteenth century to symbolize the power of the united Russian state, is the most famous. Its walls and columns are covered with murals and religious paintings, and it contains the exquisitely carved walnut throne of Ivan the Terrible.

The Annunciation Cathedral was also built in the fifteenth century and was used by early czars for weddings and christenings. It has interesting stone carvings, a great many religious paintings on the walls and ceilings, and a floor laid with slabs of Ural jasper.

The Archangel Cathedral was built during the sixteenth century and contains the marble and bronze tombs of most of the grand dukes and czars of Moscow before Peter the Great. Ivan the Terrible and two of his sons, one of whom he murdered, are buried here.

On the northeast side of Kremlin Square is the 300-foot Bell Tower of Ivan the Great. The top of the tower was shot away by the French during their attack on the Kremlin in 1812.

Nearby is the famous Czar Bell, said to be the largest bell in the world. A sign on it says it weighs 200 tons and is 26 feet high. It was cast in 1735 and was to have been hung in a wooden tower at the present location. While the bell was being installed in 1737, however, a fire broke out in the Kremlin and destroyed the scaffolding, letting the bell fall to the ground and breaking off a piece said to weigh 11 tons. About one hundred years later the bell was raised and put on a granite base, where it stands today. It seems to be as familiar to Russians as the Liberty Bell is to Americans.

We joined a queue to go through the mausoleum and view the bodies of Lenin and Stalin. Although it does not open until one o'clock, each day we were there the people began lining up by eighty-three in the morning; an hour later the line was two blocks long, with people standing four abreast. And this was true, rain or shine, every day the mausoleum was open while we were in Moscow.

Fortunately, we did not have to stand in the line very long. Our guide took us to a place near the doors and we were permitted to go in before hundreds of people who had been waiting in line for hours, a privilege for which I felt a bit guilty. We were told that an average of 15,000 people visit the mausoleum every day.

The bodies of Lenin and Stalin are in open caskets placed side by side. Both caskets are enclosed in a large glass case so clear and finely polished that the glass is almost invisible. Both bodies appear to be well preserved, but Lenin, who died in 1924, looks more like wax. Lenin is dressed in a black striped dress suit and Stalin in a military uniform complete

with all his decorations. The people file quietly by the caskets, which are guarded by six Russian soldiers. I did not see any weeping, although I have been told that it frequently occurs.



ONE OF the principal show places in Moscow is the Kremlin Museum, in which are some of the greatest monuments of Russian medieval sculpture and the richest treasures of decorative art. The large collection of sacred and secular objects of art, the crown jewels, thrones, coronation robes, coaches, horse trappings, sleighs, church vessels and furnishings, and manuscripts makes this one of the greatest museums in Russia.

The Throne Room is said to contain all the thrones of the czars. The first one is the throne of Ivan the Terrible and the most beautiful is the throne of Boris Godunov, a low, square chair covered with thin gold plate and embellished with more than two thousand pearls and other precious stones. There are other thrones, including one of Michael, the first of the Romanovs, and the double throne of Ivan V and Peter I, which was used when they were boys. This throne has a tall

straight back and a concealed place where Sophia, the boys' older sister, would stand hidden from view and whisper orders to the young rulers. It is said that many visitors were amazed at the intelligence of the boys, unaware that their answers came from Sophia, who was literally the power behind the throne.

The high light of my visit to the museum was the crown room, in which everything appeared to be embellished with jewels. It is hard to understand how the Russian priests were able to move around in robes covered with hundreds and hundreds of pearls and precious stones. Even the Bibles once used by the priests are decorated with gold and pearls.

The Tretyakov Museum, which displays only Russian art, is not as impressive as the Hermitage in Leningrad, but displays many Biblical scenes. One painting represents Christ's first appearance after His resurrection to a group of people other than His disciples. The characters in the picture representing the priests, soldiers, rulers, and followers of Jesus look so real that one feels he should speak to them.

Our guide had told us that the Russian people are atheists and do not believe in



*In this Moscow building 700 Seventh-day Adventists meet regularly for Sabbath services.*



God, but after looking at some of the religious paintings I said, "Most Russians today may be atheists, but surely the artists who painted these lovely pictures must have believed in God."

One evening while I was walking around the Kremlin I met a seventeen-year-old student on vacation from southern Russia. He was neat, well-dressed, and spoke some English and German. He, like many others, wanted to talk about America, and although he had never been out of Russia, he spoke about several cities and of our people as if he had been there.

Apparently it is not considered wise for a Russian to stand and talk to a foreigner, for he wanted to keep walking as we talked. Walk we did, for more than two hours.

At one time during our walk he began humming something I recognized as an American jazz tune. "Where did you learn that?" I asked.

"From the Voice of America program. There is some good jazz music on those programs." He added that a great many young Russians listen to the programs.

One would have to visit the subways in Russia to appreciate their magnificence. In both Leningrad and Moscow long, clean escalators carry passengers from the street level to clean, attractive stations that are generally built of different colored marble and look like palaces rather than subway stations. Most of the stations I visited have chandeliers instead of the regular lighting. There are many mosaics and statues representing various Russian scenes and people, with Lenin well represented among them.

We visited the permanent agricultural and industrial exhibition of the fifteen provinces of Russia, which is in a 500-acre park near the center of Moscow and is open to the public from May through October each year. Forty-six pavilions house agricultural exhibits and twenty are devoted to all kinds of Russian industry. I had visited the World Fair at Brussels before going to Russia and found that the Russian exhibits there were much like the Moscow exhibit, including exact models of Sputnik III, machinery, trucks, cars, cloth, an atomic pile, and a mechanical man that can do almost anything an ordinary man can do except think.

The word "peace" is displayed everywhere in Russia. The symbol of the peace dove is on many of the buildings, and peace prayers are displayed in some of the few churches that are still used as churches. The slogan "Peace for the World" is seen in many places. In one of the parks there is a large sign depicting children of various countries of the world holding signs saying, "Peace in All Languages."

I believe there is no question but that the average person in Russia wants peace, as do the people of all the countries of the world.



HIGH light of the trip was my attendance at the services of the Seventh-day Adventist church in Moscow. I shall always remember the Sabbath spent in the shadow of the Kremlin walls.

The church members in Moscow meet in a Baptist church just a few blocks from Red Square. The church building is not impressive on the outside, but it is attractively decorated on the inside in green, cream, and tan, with a picture of an open Bible on the wall behind the pulpit. Eight bouquets of beautiful flowers were on the rostrum.

The main auditorium, which seats approximately 450 people, was filled and the two side balconies were partially filled. I was told that there are 700 Adventists in Moscow, but that many of them were away on vacation.

There were people of all ages in the congregation, but the majority appeared to be about fifty years old. Approximately 80 per cent of those present were women and girls. They were well dressed by Russian standards. Only a few women wore hats, but most of the women and girls wore an attractive head scarf.

I had visited Leningrad, Minsk, and Kiev before going to Moscow, and had become accustomed to having people ask where I was from. I enjoyed seeing them brighten up with a smile when I told them I was an American. This, however, did not compare with the welcome I received at the church when they learned that I was not only an American but also a Seventh-day Adventist.

A woman who spoke English translated the sermon for me. The Sabbath school began at ten o'clock and the first sermon ended at fifteen minutes before one. Immediately after the first sermon a visiting minister gave another. During all the services the people were very attentive, and no one left until the second sermon had ended.

I was particularly impressed by the way the church members gave when the offering was taken. Russian money of one ruble or more is of paper, and the coins of less than a ruble are of metal. But I did not hear or see any coins being put in the offering, although everyone appeared to be giving something.

The sacrifice necessary in order that Russian Adventists can contribute so liberally is more meaningful when prices in the Russian state department stores are compared with prices of similar articles in America.

As I sat in the church and heard the minister deliver an inspiring sermon on the importance of being ready for our Lord's return, I could not help thinking of the tremendous work to be done in Russia.

After the services many people came up to shake my hand. Many of them said, "Give our greetings to the Adventists in America." Others said, "Please pray for

us and tell our Adventist believers in America to pray for us."

Each day in Russia was full of surprises. I was surprised at the amount of construction going on; the number of people on the streets; the hustle, bustle, and gaiety; the amount of goods, mostly clothing, shoes, and other necessities, in the stores. There is much less than in similar stores in America, and some of the window displays are artificial. But still there seemed to be plenty of dress goods, shoes, and coats. Prices, unfortunately, are high.

The present official rate of exchange is four rubles to one dollar, but that is far from a fair or equitable rate. Russia is endeavoring to attract tourists, and is allowing ten rubles to the dollar. Since the stores are all state owned and controlled, the prices on similar items appeared to be identical wherever I went.

At the official exchange rate men's shoes range from \$43 to \$100 a pair and suits from \$45 to \$400. The one suit I saw priced at \$45 was cotton and of poor quality. Any suit that looked at all presentable cost at least \$100. The \$400 suits appeared to be about the same quality as \$75 suits in America. Men's heavy wool overcoats are \$400. Women's hats cost from \$15 to \$66, dresses from \$46 to \$110, blouses \$40 to \$60, and hose from \$4.50 to \$10.50 a pair. Dresses for children of about eight years of age cost \$25 to \$35, and shoes for children of the same age are \$12 a pair.

Small automatic washing machines cost \$562, small electric sewing machines are \$300; television sets with ten-by-twelve-inch screens cost from \$480 to \$625, and table-model radios are \$313. Boys' bicycles cost \$159 to \$175. The Moskvich car, which is similar to a Nash Rambler, costs \$5,000; the Volga, which is somewhat equivalent to a Chevrolet, but smaller, is \$10,000.

I was told that there is a waiting period of eighteen months or longer for new cars for the very few people who can afford to buy them. Privately-owned cars are almost nonexistent, but a great many state-owned cars, trucks, and buses are found in the large cities.

I didn't see a single parking meter in Russia. There is no need for them. I saw only one gasoline service station in Leningrad and none in Kiev or Moscow. I am sure there are stations in all the cities, but they are not out where they can be seen from the roads or streets. Since nearly all vehicles are state owned, there apparently is no need for service stations as we know them.

My twelve days in Russia passed quickly. I thoroughly enjoyed the trip and found the people friendly. I had expected to be able to detect much more discontent than I saw. I got the impression that the average Russian worker is fairly happy, even though he must work long hours and stand in line for almost everything.








*Mountain goats, sheep, elk, and other  
wildlife combine with majestic mountains and  
a passion for picture taking.*

# *"Hunting"*

**in the**

## **Canadian Rockies**

by **WILLIAM J. BOUNDEY**



**A** LIGHT mist of rain draped the walls of the evergreen corridor through which our car and heavily loaded camp trailer sloshed and lurched. Slowly we made our way over the gravel and rock of a newly bulldozed roadbed that would someday become a paved highway. We were disappointed about the weather because our stay in Banff was to be only a week, and we had hoped for clear skies and bright sunshine.

So this was Canada! We were entering Kootenay National Park, the western sister of Banff, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. For hours it had rained. And for hours we had been driving on primitive roads and detours traceable only by water-filled ruts. We had seen nothing of scenery but the dripping atmosphere and an occasional car creeping in the opposite direction. Only from the twisting road did we know we were now in the higher mountains. Everything but the vegetation closest to the roadside was invisible. We—my wife, Opal, our little daughter, Suzanne, and I—tried to visualize what panoramas of peaks and snows were tow-

ering above us shrouded in the impenetrable gray.

The car labored on, pulling the relentless load in the trailer behind. Ahead in the dimness we caught a glimpse now and then of the lead car driven by my brother, Burton, who with his wife and three children was also engaged in picking the least formidable chuckhole through which to drive.

"Sure hope this weather clears pretty soon," Opal remarked after a long concentrated silence.

"I do too," I replied almost automatically. Up ahead Burton had stopped his station wagon. I pulled in behind.

"What's the trouble?" I asked, opening the window and leaning out.

"Bears right over there, if you're interested." My gaze followed the direction his finger indicated.

"Good," I said. "Where's my camera?" He looked at me questioningly.

"What do you want with a camera in this weather?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "if this is all the weather is going to let us see, I am going to be foolish enough to try for some proof that we've been here."

Using better judgment, Burt decided

*These mountain sheep near Banff  
are in the yearly process  
of shedding their winter coats.*





*Standing on the grounds of a hotel at the upper end of famed Lake Louise, Author Boundey's daughter, Suzanne, scans the ice fields far away.*

not to join me in this waste of film, as indeed it turned out to be. I got out, grabbed the Hasselblad, snapped the 300-millimeter lens in place, and walked to the side of the road with as little noise as possible. The rain had stopped and it was somewhat lighter. The stern silence of the forest was soothed by the drip of water from the needles of the lodgepole pines. Sure enough, there were the bears, two of them—no, three—a mother and two cubs.

"Probably last year's," I said to myself as I followed them quietly at a distance. I stole a shot or two and returned to the car quite disgruntled.

"Get anything?" Burt inquired.

"Probably not much."

We checked the cars and the trailer, found that several hours in the driving rain had not penetrated the heavy canvas covering, and then drove on. It was getting late in the afternoon, and in such weather, making camp after dark did not appeal to any of us. The monotonous groan of the engine was intensified by the ceaseless sweep of the wipers across the windshield. No one spoke. The muddy miles crept by.

"What was that?" Opal cried, looking back quickly. I had also seen a brownish blur some distance to the left of the road. I hit the brake pedal.

"An elk," she said. "A male, antlers in the velvet."

"I'll try a shot or two." I picked up the

camera lying on the car seat between us.

The elk was watching from the edge of a clearing and I had little hope of a good picture. The light was poor. The shutter speed would have to be slow and the aperture wide open in spite of the relatively fast color film I was using. Slowly I opened the door and got out. I walked in a direction parallel to the elk. The gravel crunched noisily with each step. He was a big fellow and stood his ground proudly. Finally I decided to try for a shot.

The noise of the shutter as it released seemed to echo through the damp forest. I cocked the shutter for another try.

The elk was still there, so I decided to move closer if possible. Slowly I started to walk, this time toward him. He looked away nervously, then back again. I was quite close now. Again I stopped, raised the camera, focused, and pressed the cable release. That did it. With gracefully agile power he lunged for the timber and disappeared.

"Thank you," I said as the sound of his hoofbeats died away, "Thank you very much." I knew I had a good picture.

**A**T JOHNSTON CANYON the next morning we all awoke early. Burt was up already and was starting the fire. I opened the flap of the tent and looked out over a new creation. Bathed in the warm sunlight the clouds had broken and gathered

themselves into fluffy billows, casting phantom shadows over the forests and mountains. All life had taken on a new zest that radiated in the songs of the birds and the whisper of the breeze in the trees.

Quickly I dressed and went outside. Rising in majestic splendor to the south was what I took to be Mount Massive, standing alone and aloof, its granite crests laden with ice and snow. Eastward stretched the jagged hulk of the Sawback Range screened lightly by a veil of white vapors. Through the trees to the north rose the outline of Mount Eisenhower, while to the westward, completing the great natural enclosure, rose tier upon tier of timbered slopes and ledges capped with gleaming crystal, scarred through the years by relentless plunging avalanches. Here, indeed, was the Canada we had imagined.

When breakfast was over we all piled into the station wagon. Driving slowly toward the little resort town of Banff, some twenty-five miles to the south, we took in all the splendor of a perfect morning in the Canadian Rockies. We had gone perhaps five or six miles when we came upon a party of four black bears, one of which was in the cinnamon phase.

They were a comical sight. Each was at his separate aspen tree, slowly scratching his posterior in sublime contentment. Here was a real subject for the motion picture camera and it was loaded and ready for action. After shooting a few



feet from the far side of the car, I crossed the road for a better vantage point.

When the bears saw this, they grew curious and stopped scratching to watch while I set up the camera again. Two of them soon tired of my performance and resumed their scratching, but the other two let curiosity get the better of them and began to amble my way. As I was just ready to push the button for a second run, a sports car streaked past, saw the bears, and slid to a stop in a hail of gravel. That ended the picture taking. Cars meant food, and anyway, a fellow can't scratch and eat too, can he?

The next day, on the way back from a southerly tour, we came upon a group of people peering through binoculars fixed upon something far up on the eastern slope. The terrain was rough but carpeted with grass wherever there was a footing among the rocks and boulders. Beyond, snowy ridges cut into the sky. The shimmering leaves of the white-barked aspens glistened like myriads of little mirrors in the sunlight.

Perched on a rocky prominence stood the silhouette of a mountain sheep standing watch over his group of feeding charges. Although their coats appeared ragged and unkempt through the binoculars, I decided to make a try for some pictures with the movie camera. I use a Kodak Cine Special, usually with a six- and a twelve-inch lens on a heavy tripod, when after this kind of material.

Burt decided to stay behind with the rest of the group. (He probably thought I might make him carry some of the gear; it weighs more than thirty pounds.) I started up the slope in a lateral direction under cover of trees and rocky prominences until I had climbed to the level of the sheep. Cutting northward I approached the animals from the sun. The breeze was also blowing in my favor. The old ram lookout was intent upon the cluster of human beings far below and did not detect me. Even though the distance was still considerable, I made a few runs with the camera, then inched forward, taking care to keep under cover as much as possible.

I could see plainly now that it was at least two weeks too early in the season to get good pictures of sheep. This was early June. By July their coats would have been in their photographic prime. The old wool would have given way to the new, thinner coat, in readiness for the warm summer days to come. However, after the climb I decided to try for some closer pictures and not return entirely empty-handed. Finally I came into a position where I could fill the frame with the lordly old sentinel himself.

He made a beautiful picture standing there on a slight rocky rise, head erect and framed by a set of perfectly spiraling horns. With muscles tense and nose constantly alert for the slightest scent of danger, he gazed steadily at the clump of hu-

man beings gathered a half mile below.

In the soft distance lay a panorama of glistening peaks buttressed by green forest slopes dappled with cloud shadows and crowned with a canopy of emerald sky. I hardly dared press the shutter for fear of disturbing the tranquility of the splendid wilderness setting. Here was truly an old man of the mountains over whose weathered head had flowed many a cyclic season. Here, before my camera lens, was a fitting symbol of the free and rugged life that exists among the boundless mountain fastnesses of the Canadian Rockies.

Finally, however, I brought myself to press the release and the motor whirled, running several feet of film before the monarch found me. Already some of his charges were looking my way. I kept on shooting. For a long moment they seemed transfixed, with heads half raised and jaws motionless in puzzled silence. Then my film ran out (as it has a way of doing at a crucial moment). When I raised my hand to remove the magazine they recovered and bounded away through the trees.

**S**INCE we had only a few days left, we felt we must make every minute count either for sight-seeing or for photography. Had we more time we could have planned a better filming strategy, concentrating on more representative settings for our pictures. It did not help our morale in the least when the ranger came by one morning and announced that both moose and bear—grizzly at that—were seen in the lowlands south of camp a few hours earlier. We would have liked at least to see them if not to photograph them, but that was out of the question. We were heading north to Jasper National Park the next day and couldn't take the time to sit and wait.

However, the day did not pass without its adventure. On one of our previous exploration trips we had passed a certain spot that both Opal and I had noted as good mountain goat country. In fact there was a sign pointing to a rocky escarpment that jutted out and away from the rest of the mountain, indicating a point at which the animals were likely to be seen. This particular part of the mountain was devoid of trees and grass except for a sprig here and there, growing where it could among the crevices that broke its crumbling face. We decided to stop and take a look.

Burt and family pulled up shortly and we all began searching the area for some speck of white.

"That looks like ideal goat country," Burt remarked to Opal, "but I don't see a sign of one, do you?"

"No. Just a minute—is that one?" Her voice was tinged with excitement.

"I see one!" cried someone.

"Where?" we all asked at once.

"Right there—see? It's feeding about

fifty feet below the top." We all looked again.

"Sure," said Opal. "It's moving to the right, browsing along a ledge. Can't you see it?"

"I don't see that one, but I do see a mother and a kid way up to the left," said Burton's wife. Then we all saw them at once.

After a little scrutiny Burt and I decided perhaps they were worth a try for a picture. Burt went with me this time. (I carried the equipment, which included the movie camera and the big lenses for my part and a still camera for Burt.) The route we took wound up quite steeply through a thick tangle of evergreens and deciduous trees, and at times the undergrowth was all but impenetrable. A fragment of a trail now and then gave us some assistance and made those parts of the going much easier. A time or two we came across the fresh track of an elk that had evidently been disturbed by our advance.

The goats were perhaps a half mile above us now, but still we walked quietly, so as to give them no opportunity to see us. After twenty minutes of hiking we came to an open area formed by fallen boulders dropped from the cliff above. We could see one of the goats grazing precariously on a ledge near the top. I exposed a few feet of film in case I wouldn't be able to get any closer.

Burt decided to stay at the bottom and hide in the underbrush to watch and keep me posted on the movements of the quarry. Trying to stalk a mountain goat is not the easiest thing to do from below, since they invariably keep in such a position that at all times they have a clear view of the surrounding lowlands. The rock and shale apron that I was endeavoring to cross was at an angle of about forty-five degrees and more than once I barely saved myself a good long tumble, camera and all, by using the folded tripod as a third leg. After crossing this apron I planned to ascend the other side and come down toward the goat from above. As I gained the top of the apron, preparatory to scaling the cliff itself, I was exasperated by the way the loose gravel and rock fragments rolled down the slope with each step and shattered noisily on the rocks below.

The wary old goat spotted Burt and evidently decided he was responsible for the commotion, because I was able to get within a hundred feet of him and take some beautiful sky-line shots.

It wasn't long, however, before he caught sight of me too. I didn't know it at the time, so kept on climbing upward. Having seen me, the goat climbed for the top and disappeared around a part of the cliff. Burt signaled that he had gone out of sight, but that he could still see him now and then. I now made all haste to get up and through the crevice toward which I was heading to gain the top. Even though



## sovereignty

by juliette sierra andré

Cling to your righteous objectives  
Though the world may oppose;  
Strengthen your worthy soul aims  
In the faith that God knows.

it looked futile, I still wanted to make a try for another picture.

Then Burt began to make strange signals, which I couldn't make out. He was watching with considerable excitement.

It was getting very steep now, and I was climbing on all "threes," which included my free hand, while the other hand held the equipment. Frequent rest stops made progress slow despite my attempt to hurry. A half hour had now gone by since I had last seen the goat, and my weariness almost made me forget what the climb was all about. From time to time I glanced down at Burt, who continued to make his strange motions. I could tell he was getting more excited all the time, for he was standing out in the open, gazing at a point above me.

Little by little I inched up toward the mouth of the crevice. Burt was now out of sight behind a granite abutment, which I was in the process of skirting. Finally he came back into view, still giving his mystic signals whenever I looked his way.

Another few steps and I would be on top at last. Just as I reached the crest I looked up. I shall never forget what I saw.

The goat was fifteen feet straight ahead of me. We looked up at the very same instant and saw each other. I stopped dead in my tracks and he stopped dead in his chewing. We stood there staring. It was clear that each of us had completely forgotten about the other's presence. Then we both burst out laughing. I had never seen a goat laugh before, but he was doing just that. His was the most comical face I ever hope to see on a homely goat, and I imagine he was thinking the same of me.

It took some moments for each of us to regain his equilibrium, but he was the first. As soon as he had collected his wits he immediately excused himself and made haste for the higher crags.

Though I took more pictures of him later on, I will not soon forget our first meeting; nor will Burt, who had seen the

whole drama from beginning to end. It has been the source of many a laugh since.

There is certainly not a dull moment in photographing wild creatures.

As it neared sundown in the deep valley of the Bow River, on our way back, the graying columns of spruce and lodgepoles rose tall and straight. In our five days in the two magnificent national parks we had not so much as glimpsed the shadow or track of a moose, and the next day we had to leave. We really wanted to see one and if possible capture his image on film in this splendid natural setting.

But evening was drawing on. The forests on the western slopes were already reposing in the shadows of the snow-crowned peaks. Wisps of cloud encircled the spires and domes of the Columbia Ice Field to the north. Toward the south, the river, slowed by the thick marsh grass, flowed between the mountain slopes to mingle with the frigid glacier milk trickling from the massive Bow Glacier.

The road ahead lay smooth and gravely as it followed the gracefully winding stream. Long shadows began to push their way across the edges of the marshlands toward the eastern ranges.

Then we saw him—a great bull moose feeding placidly amid the water weeds three quarters of a mile to the west. Here was our picture if only the sun would slacken its pace.

Quickly we brought the cars to a stop. There was no time to lose if we were to get pictures before the light was gone. Burt and I got out our cameras carefully, so as not to disturb our subject. We exchanged our boots for old shoes, rolled up our pants legs, and struck out diagonally northward through the ankle-deep marsh. The light was becoming reddish now and the western crags were turning golden at their summits. The melodious silence of the wilderness flooded the vast creation and nature seemed loath to relinquish the fading day.

An evening breeze was crisp as it

drifted down from the heights, but the rays of the sun were still pleasantly warm. Carefully we waded toward a sparse line of alders and evergreens extending out into the swamp, and following it, we edged southward toward the moose.

He was browsing 250 yards away, occasionally looking up unconcernedly as he munched the succulent, dripping vegetation. Hunched over and dodging from tree to tree we crept toward him. At a hundred yards we stopped and took note of where we were in relation to the cars, the nearest climbable trees, and the best way to exit if need be.

I set up the tripod behind a brushy tree and adjusted everything on the camera for action. Burt squatted low in the grass while I eased out into the open a bit and shot several feet. Burt was watching warily and catching a picture now and then. The moose was still feeding, so I took a few more runs as he changed position.

The shadows were softly creeping in to enclose the great animal, and we made another attempt to get closer. But we had gone only a few steps when the moose discovered us. Burt immediately settled down into the cover of the high grass. I stopped dead for a long moment, then slowly bent to set the camera and focus. Burt was watching for signs of trouble. The old bull solidified and became all ears and eyes.

"Better watch him," Burt whispered hoarsely. "You can't tell what he'll do."

The huge beast stood awkwardly, his hunched back rigid, ears fanning slightly as if trying to tune in at full volume. I began grinding film through the camera. All at once he reared, snorted, and stopped. I looked to the nearest tree. Burt did the same. The bull plainly disliked being surprised and showed no signs of cooperating. The paramount question was, What would he do? Burt and I were getting set to make a run for it, but the moose stood motionless, testing the air.

Both parties stood staring at each other. Long seconds ticked by while we each waited for the other to make a move.

The moose decided to act first. Snorting again, he wheeled and started for the edge of the marsh, his dark eyes flashing in the reddening light. Relieved, we watched him go, jogging through the marsh grass, his ears back, head turning from side to side, and water weeds still dangling from his mouth as he ran. In the deep shadows at the edge of the trees he turned around and watched us.

After a few moments I folded the tripod and we departed for the cars in silence. Now and then we cast a longing glance back toward the old bull moose. He was still there, watching in the purple shades of descending night, a perfect symbol of the great northern wilderness, and to us a symbol of adventure—to capture on film the fascination of God's creation.





*Some of the participants in SMC's Operation Fireside project—students, teachers, community sponsors, converts—sit for an informal picture.*

# ***OPERATION FIRESIDE***

## ***AT SMC***

*by* L. M. NELSON



*Standing with Elder Hoyt Hendershot, associate pastor (second from right), are four new Seventh-day Adventists won through Operation Fireside—Charles Blair, Shirley Gunter, Peggy Swayze, C. C. Jones. Three others have also been baptized as a result of the project.*

**n**EARLY six thousand non-Seventh-day Adventists have attended Operation Fireside gatherings throughout the Southern Union Conference. More than one thousand Southern youth have taken their rightful place in giving the Advent message through Bible studies. Hundreds have been baptized as a result. Here is the story of how the youth of Southern Missionary College responded to this soul-winning adventure on their campus.

Four months ago the college Missionary Volunteer Society decided to use this new Bible study plan for its members, since Operation Fireside is a simple organization, making it possible for even busy students to find time to give Bible studies.

Eight teams of two people each are chosen to prepare a Bible study on one of the cardinal Adventist doctrines. Then eight homes are visited and arrangements are made to give the studies. Each team visits one of the homes and gives their particular Bible study, and the next week the teams rotate, giving the same Bible study in a different home. After eight weeks, each of the homes has had eight different Bible studies. A revival is then conducted in the church and each of the families visited is invited to attend. It is during these evangelistic meetings that decisions are made for baptism.

On the SMC campus one hundred students volunteered to participate, making it possible to have six complete units of Operation Fireside in progress at the same time. Fifty homes were visited and arrangements made for Bible studies, which





Leaders for Operation Fireside at Southern Missionary College were Joan Kistler, William Berry, and Caryl Maddox (standing); Elder Hendershot, Jim Tucker, and Don Clark (seated).

were given on Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday nights. It had been determined that these three nights would be most suitable for their various units, and the students were grouped to the time best fitting their school schedules. Prayer bands were organized to give spiritual backing to the visiting teams and the students found it easy to develop and study just one Bible study per team.

During the Spring Week of Prayer, conducted by E. L. Marley, president of the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference, the chapel doors were swung wide for those in the community to attend the evangelistic meetings. These were beamed to those who had been taking the Bible studies presented by the youth teams.

It thrilled the students when five of those with whom they had been studying accepted Seventh-day Adventist teachings and were baptized. Another family made their decision soon afterward and planned to be baptized in May.

The fire of evangelism spread into the hearts of students as they listened to the testimonies in their own college chapel by those who had found Bible truth through their efforts. One woman said that for many years she had lived near the campus but had never set foot inside the church. She had often wondered how Seventh-day Adventist meetings were conducted, and after the students came into her home and studied with her, she found it in her heart to attend.

A student, Marolyn Miller, stated: "Giving Bible studies for Operation Fireside was one of the most thrilling experiences of my college days. If those who received the studies gained half the blessing received by those who gave them, the profit was inestimable. I was most im-

pressed by the power of the Holy Spirit, which I knew was working through me. I had never even seen a Bible study being given, and it was actually easy and fun."

Another student expressed it this way: "So many times I have heard students say, 'I am so busy with my schoolwork that I'd never have time to give a Bible study.' But Operation Fireside gave me the opportunity to give Bible studies at a time that would not interfere with my schoolwork, and the preparation of just one study wasn't hard. I loved it, and can hardly wait for the opportunity to start a complete series of studies in some home where there is a thirst for Bible truth."

These are typical Missionary Volunteers. Pat Matthews spoke from her heart when she stated, "Scared? I thought I would shake apart! My arm was shaking so much that I had to rest it on the chair arm to keep from dropping my Bible. Rewarding? Yes, sir. Never has there been such a wonderful, easy way to share your faith so directly. Have you ever held a roomful of people spellbound with Bible studies? We did. Their genuine interest made all the effort worth while. My hat goes off to whoever dreamed up the idea of Operation Fireside."

Elder H. V. Hendershot, associate pastor of the Collegedale church, took the lead in giving guidance, developing organizational plans, and in reaching the many homes.

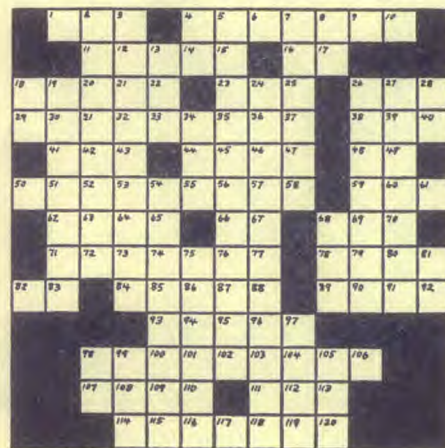
SMC President Rees said recently, concerning Operation Fireside: "This was the greatest soul-winning endeavor ever conducted on the campus of Southern Missionary College. It has done more for the students spiritually than any other one feature. We definitely plan to use this program again next year."

## WIT Sharpeners

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

### Workers Needed

- 1 And they said unto \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ we will return with thee unto thy people. (Ruth 1:10)
- 2 The \_\_\_\_\_ which ye sent unto us hath been \_\_\_\_\_ read before me. (Ezra 4:18)
- 3 The Lord is \_\_\_\_\_, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that \_\_\_\_\_ in him. (Nahum 1:7)
- 4 The king sent and loosed him; even the \_\_\_\_\_ of the people, and let him go. (Ps. 105:20)
- 5 And the Lord commanded the angel; and he put up his \_\_\_\_\_ again into the \_\_\_\_\_ in him. (1 Chron. 21:27)
- 6 He giveth \_\_\_\_\_ like wool: he scattereth the \_\_\_\_\_ like ashes. (Ps. 147:16)
- 7 A stone is \_\_\_\_\_, and the sand weighty; but a fool's wrath is heavier than them \_\_\_\_\_. (Prov. 27:3)
- 8 Israel hath cast \_\_\_\_\_ the thing \_\_\_\_\_ is good: the enemy shall pursue him. (Hos. 8:3)
- 9 Behold, I \_\_\_\_\_ received commandment to bless: and he hath blessed; and I cannot \_\_\_\_\_ it. (Num. 23:20)
- 10 All that \_\_\_\_\_ me whisper together against me: against me do they devise my \_\_\_\_\_. (Ps. 41:7)
- 11 \_\_\_\_\_ I have prayed for \_\_\_\_\_, that thy faith fail not: \_\_\_\_\_. (Luke 22:32)
- 12 And the middle \_\_\_\_\_ in the midst of the boards shall reach from end to end. (Ex. 26:28)
- 13 Thou shalt truly \_\_\_\_\_ all the increase of thy seed, that the field bringeth forth year by year. (Deut. 14:22)
- 14 Ashur shall not save us; we will not \_\_\_\_\_ upon horses: \_\_\_\_\_. (Hos. 14:3)
- 15 \_\_\_\_\_ Christ forgave you, so also do ye. (Col. 3:13)



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Key on page 20

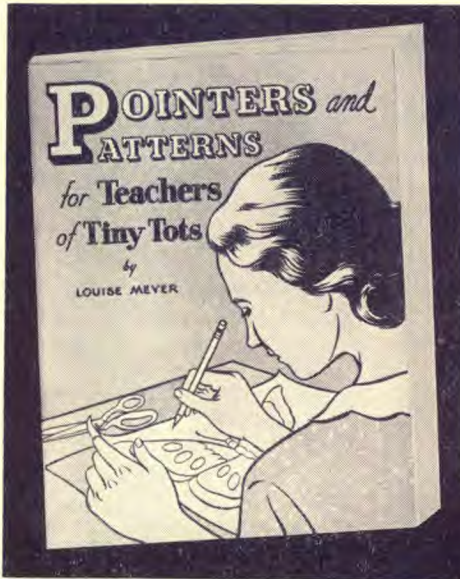
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



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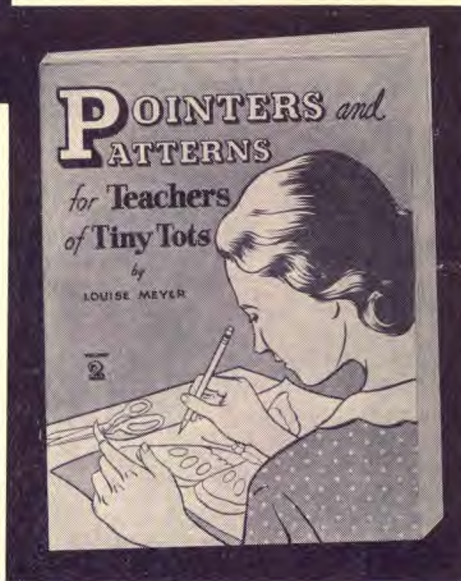
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**QUESTION** *I'm going with an Adventist girl eighteen years old. I am nearly twenty-two. We've known each other for more than three years. Although she wanted to take a six-month business course in a secretarial school, her father wants her to go to college. He said that he dedicated her to the Lord and that I'm interfering. She has agreed to go to college for one year. I had to drop out of school after the tenth grade because of my eyes. They're better now, and I'm working in a hospital learning X-ray technique.*

*If we got married do you think the father would give in? Or should she go ahead and go to college for a year? I don't get to see her very often, but I want to do the Lord's will.*

**ANSWER** Before answering specifically the questions you have raised, I would like to make some general observations.

In the first place, statistics show that while the number of persons marrying while in their teens has continued to rise, at the same time the proportion of divorces to marriages in that age bracket has also been on the increase. Since your girl friend is only eighteen, these statistics are worth noting.

Also, many a home has been forced to endure hardship when the wife was not sufficiently prepared to make a living and something happened to the earning power of the husband, who is naturally considered the breadwinner. A girl is therefore wise to have some vocation that she can fall back on in case of necessity. This fact should be of special consideration to you and the girl you marry because of the trouble you have had with your eyes. Have you considered the possibility that sometime you might not be able to work as an X-ray technician?

My next observation is that, while a young man marries only the girl, it is certainly important to be on good terms with her parents. It is generally not a good thing to marry a young woman if her father opposes the marriage even though the mother may not object. You ask, "If we got married do you think that he would give in?" Through love for his daughter he might come to "accept" you, but would it not be better for you to earn and merit his respect and acceptance, rather than to force it upon him through marriage *at this time*?

Someday if you have a daughter in a similar situation you will see it from a

parent's point of view, and you may feel the same way. Undoubtedly, her father has hoped and planned for eighteen years that she would get a college education. He must feel that if she gets married now all his hopes will be lost. Perhaps he does not object to you personally, but only to the fact that you wish to marry her while she is so young. While it is true that you are twenty-two, she is only eighteen, and that is very young to make such an important decision.

Wouldn't it be best for her to go to college at this time, as her father wishes, and which she is willing to do? In addition to preparing for a lifework she will be maturing and will be in a better position to decide upon a life companion.

If your love for each other is strong and true nothing will happen to your friendship while she is away. You have expressed a desire to do the right thing, and that is surely commendable. Why not ask God to keep her for you if it is His will? If He permits something to happen to your friendship, you will know it was better that way.

Another thing: you mentioned your eyes are better. Have you considered going back to school?

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.

## THE KEY TO PEACE

From page 4

"trying." The secret was in dying to self—not trying to make myself good. Only Christ had the power to do that.

One of my troubles had been that I had never realized what a complete process true surrender to Christ must be. That is the hardest part of being a Christian, and it is the first requirement. Once the surrender of self is accomplished, the hardest part of the battle is over.

I even had to pray for the will to want to surrender. It was so hard to say, "Thy will be done." But I learned that no real progress can be made in the Christian way until one is willing to let Christ completely rule in the life.

After I took this first important step, it gave me great joy to keep the commandments to the best of my knowledge. It became my intense desire to please Jesus in everything. I wanted to show Him how

much I loved Him. In this way I discovered that faith in the power of Jesus comes first, and the performance of good works follows.

I cannot describe all the good things that came to me after I literally gave myself to Jesus. The greatest was a clear conscience for the first time in years. Many of the good things of life for which I had struggled so hard when I was walking in the ways of the world now came to me out of God's direct providence.

You cannot venture into Satan's playground without paying, however. Even though God's mercies to me overshadow all else, I will always have many sorrows and regrets to remind me of the pit from whence I have been digged. I must sorrow over personal heartbreaks and situations that could have been spared me and my loved ones. I must accept impaired

health and the knowledge that most of the best years of my youth have been worse than wasted.

Yet, how can my heart help overflowing with love to the One who loved me all the time I was so far away, and who accepted me with rejoicing when I came crawling back, wretched and ashamed?

The love of Jesus and my heavenly Father who gave His Son for my redemption means more to me than anything else. This love is *life* to me here in this world, for I am worse than dead without it. And it will be life eternal for me in the new world to come, for with Paul I am "confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

**KEY**

*Wit Sharpeners*

"The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest" (Luke 10:2).

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



# Bible Lesson

Prepared for  
publication by the  
General Conference  
Sabbath School  
Department

## RECONCILIATION THROUGH JESUS

Lesson for July 18, 1959

Daily Study Record: 

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**MEMORY GEM:** "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation" (2 Cor. 5:18, 19).

**OUTSIDE READING:** *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 185-211; *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 63-70; *Steps to Christ*, pp. 17-25 (1908 ed., pp. 19-25).

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION—

"It was Satan's purpose to bring about an eternal separation between God and man; but in Christ we become more closely united to God than if we had never fallen. In taking our nature, the Saviour has bound Himself to humanity by a tie that is never to be broken. . . . In Christ the family of earth and the family of heaven are bound together. Christ glorified is our brother. Heaven is enshrined in humanity, and humanity is enfolded in the bosom of Infinite Love."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 25, 26.

1. *Redemption.* Jesus obtained eternal "redemption" for us (Heb. 9:12). This word looks at sin as slavery, and at sinners as slaves to sin. See Romans 6:16, 17. It sees the ministry of Christ in delivering us from sin as a work of setting slaves free from bondage by paying a ransom for them (Eph. 1:7; Col. 1:14).

2. *Reconciliation.* That God "reconciled" us to Himself by Jesus Christ (2 Cor. 5:18) is the good news of "reconciliation" (verses 19, 20). Christ became incarnate in order "to make reconciliation" for our sins (Heb. 2:17). These words look at sin as a state of hostility toward God and at sinners as enemies of God. See Romans 5:10; 8:7. They see the ministry of Christ as a work of setting us at peace with God, of restoring friendly relations between us and God (Rom. 5:1, 10).

3. *Propitiation.* Christ is the "propitiation" for our sins (1 John 2:2; 4:10). "Propitiation" presents Christ as the Lamb of God, by whom the enmity of sin is removed. See John 1:29. As used in the New Testament, "propitiation" is equivalent to "reconciliation."

### 1 Man Without God

1. What is man's natural, normal attitude toward God and spiritual things?

"The fleshly mind is enmity against God" (Rom. 8:7, Conybeare).

**NOTE.**—Man without God is lost—hopelessly, irretrievably lost—except for God's mercy. He cannot, except as God enables him, reach up toward God. He is God's enemy.

"Whatever the appearance may be, every life centered in self is squandered. Whoever attempts to live apart from God is wasting his substance. He is squandering the precious years, squandering the powers of mind and heart and soul, and working to make himself bankrupt for eternity. The man who separates from God that he may serve himself, is the slave of mammon."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 200, 201.

### 2. Whose man is he, this man without God?

"To you, who were spiritually dead all the time that you drifted along on the stream of this world's ideas of living, and obeyed its unseen ruler (who is still operating in those who do not respond to the truth of God), to you Christ has given life!" (Eph. 2:1, 2, Phillips).

**NOTE.**—"Satanic agencies were incorporated with men. The bodies of human beings, made for the dwelling place of God, had become the habitation of demons. The senses, the nerves, the passions, the organs of men, were worked by supernatural agencies in the indulgence of the vilest lust. The very stamp of demons was impressed upon the countenances of men. . . . It was demonstrated before the universe that, apart from God, humanity could not be uplifted. A new element of life and power must be imparted by Him who made the world."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 36, 37.

### 2 Man With God

### 3. What did God do about man's hopeless estate?

Memory Gem.

**NOTE.**—Three things should be noted in these verses: (1) Reconciliation is an act of God. (2) God gave the plan to men. (3) He gave His Son, the instrument of the reconciliation, to men. God has done everything that needs to be done on His part to bridge the otherwise impassable gulf brought about by sin. Every man is confronted with the opportunity to accept this reconciliation.

"Only He who knew the height and depth of the love of God could make it manifest. Nothing less than the infinite sacrifice made by Christ in behalf of fallen man could express the Father's love to lost humanity."—*Steps to Christ* (pocket ed.), p. 14.

## The Sun Will Shine Again

by WILHELMINA NIVISON

He made the sun to rule the day,  
The clouds to bring the rain;  
And when the earth is fresh and new,  
The sun will shine again.

He knows the sun would scorch the earth  
Without refreshing rain;  
So remember always, God is love—and  
The sun will shine again.

Just so it is when trials sore  
Beset the soul with pain.  
Because we know that God is love,  
The sun will shine again.

A letter from Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Webber, workers in Japan, suggested that if Mrs. Webber were a writer of verse she would write one entitled "The Sun Will Shine Again." They were experiencing successive days and weeks of cloudy skies and seemingly unending rain, and she felt such a poem would help to cheer them. Mrs. Nivison responded by penning this poem, and air mailing it to the Webbers. "It cheered me as I knew it would," Mrs. Webber replied.



4. What happens in heaven when a sinner accepts God's reconciliation?

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15:10).

NOTE.—"When sinners are led to give themselves to the Saviour, angels bear the tidings heavenward, and there is great rejoicing among the heavenly host. 'Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.' A report is borne to heaven of every successful effort on our part to dispel the darkness and to spread abroad the knowledge of Christ. As the deed is recounted before the Father, joy thrills through all the heavenly host."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 154.

### 3 Reconciliation Applied and Accepted

5. What is Jesus doing now?

"We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous" (1 John 2:1).

"We have a Counsel for defense in the Father's presence" (Berkeley).

"To make reconciliation for the sins of the people" (Heb. 2:17).

NOTE.—"Christ is in the heavenly sanctuary, and He is there to make an atonement for the people. He is there to present His wounded side and pierced hands to His Father. He is there to plead for His Church that is upon the earth. He is cleansing the sanctuary from the sins of the people. What is our work?—It is our work to be in harmony with the work of Christ. By faith we are to work with Him, to be in union with Him."—ELLEN G. WHITE in *The Review and Herald*, Jan. 28, 1890.

6. What is there left for us to do?

"Being justified freely by his grace" (Rom. 3:24).

"We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Heb. 4:15, 16).

7. How may we make sure of keeping this experience of reconciliation?

"Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter 3:18).

"If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7).

### 4 Divine Grace Transforms Lives

8. What is the converted man's attitude toward God and spiritual things?

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God" (Rom. 12:2).

NOTE.—"Christ has given His Spirit as a divine power to overcome all hereditary and cultivated tendencies to evil, and to impress His own character upon His church."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 671.

9. Into what intimate relationship with Jesus are we invited?

"That I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death" (Phil. 3:8-10).

NOTE.—"Of all the gifts that Heaven can bestow upon men, ..... is the most weighty trust and the highest honor."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 225.

Now what would that be? There are six words missing from the quotation. Before filling them in, come to some conclusion in your own mind as to what it is you want more than everything else in all the world, regardless of cost. If you could have your heart's desire right now, what would it be? Now, the six missing words are "fellowship with Christ in His sufferings."

10. What will show up in the life of that young person who enters into this experience?

"The product of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control" (Gal. 5:22, 23, Williams).

NOTE.—"On this earth, the earth whose soil has been moistened by the tears and blood of the Son of God, are to be brought forth the precious fruits of Paradise. In the lives of God's people the truths of His word are to reveal their glory and excellence. Through His people Christ is to manifest His character and the principles of His kingdom."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 296.

### Quizangles

1. Is reconciliation a part of the past or present record? Memory Gem.

2. Is it true that "man is incurably religious," that he has in him "a spark of the divine"? (1)

3. Is reconciliation an act of God alone, God with man, or man alone? (2)

4. What is an advocate? (3)

5. What are the two facts that make it all right for a Christian to "come boldly unto the throne of grace"? (3)

6. In what two primary and essential elements is the Christian to grow? (3)

7. How does God transform a youth? (4)

8. What is a young Christian always to be proving? (4)

9. What is even better than knowing a lot of wonderful things about Jesus? (4)

NEXT WEEK, July 25, 1959—Lesson title: "The Kingdom of Grace." Outside reading: *The Desire of Ages*, p. 234; *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 8, 107, 108 (1943 ed., pp. 20, 159, 160); *Steps to Christ*, pp. 43-48 (1908 ed., pp. 47-52). Memory gem: Hebrews 4:16.

## Don't Stop With a Mistake

by FRANCES REED VIELHAUER

**W**HY should we make resolutions if we don't keep them?

This was in answer to the Sabbath school teacher's question, "Didn't we all make some resolutions as we studied this lesson on reverence?"

"At least," said the teacher, and the class agreed, "we will make more progress by resolving and then asking God to help us keep our resolutions than by giving up in discouragement." We

grow by reaching toward a high goal.

Later, at home, the teacher was musing on the course of action that produces achievement. How can a person actually accomplish what he desires? She remembered that in typing class the instructor had said it is better not to stop when a mistake has been made, but to keep the eyes on the copy and go right ahead trying to better the record. More progress will be made that way.

It is the same in trying to achieve success in right living. One should not give up every time he makes a mistake and then wait a long time before trying again. No, the one who determines to reach the goal will ask God's forgiveness for his mistake and ask His help for the future. He will not waste time in regret and self-reproach, but will go right ahead practicing reverence and all other right principles, and never give up trying.





► THE LONDON UNDERGROUND is the oldest subway system in the world. *NGS*

► IN THE Chinese language, one symbol conveys the meaning of two distinct English words—"serenity" and "music." *AMC*

► THE NEW YORK THRUWAY AUTHORITY reports a record low rate of 0.88 fatalities per 100 million vehicle-miles in 1958 (down from 1.94 in 1957).

*Automotive Safety*

► VENUS outglitters everything in the night sky except the moon, and is bright enough to cast a shadow. Sometimes the planet is visible even at noonday. Several flying saucer reports have been traced to observations of this brilliant planet. *NGS*

► MICHIGAN, the largest State east of the Mississippi, has the largest living family in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Gerit Kooienga have 21 children, including five sets of twins, ranging in age from 10 to 33 years. Kooienga, a 55-year-old truck driver, was named national "Father of the Year" in 1951. *MWPRB*

► AN INVESTIGATION at the Harvard Medical School and the Boston City College showed that lack of contact with the world around it will cause the human mind to develop transient mental abnormalities. Subjects of the tests showed anxiety and were beset by illusions and phantasies. *Naval Research Reviews*

► THE NUMBER of countries undertaking systematic research on wind power has been steadily increasing. In Israel a general wind survey has been completed and two small wind-driven electric generators have been installed; Spain has made a survey with a view to using windmills for water pumping and for the desalinization of brackish waters; in India testing stations have been set up to determine the potentialities of wind-driven plants for pumping water and generating electricity; Uruguay, Burma, and Pakistan are also making surveys and studies of various types. *Science*

► THE ONLY essential difference between the water droplets in clouds and those in rain is size. Whereas cloud droplets range in radius up to 20 or 30 microns (millionths of a meter), raindrops are regularly of a few millimeters in radius. In mass, an average raindrop is about a million times as large as an average cloud droplet. *Science*

► FLOCKS of antbirds frequently follow the hordes of army ants that drive grasshoppers, worms, tarantulas, and the like from their hiding places. The antbirds and other species that attach themselves to the flock do not eat the ants, but feast on the displaced insects. *Smithsonian*

► NURSEMAID'S ELBOW, first described in 1671, is a dislocation of the radius of a child, frequently caused by a jerk on the hand, which pulls the youngster off his feet. It rarely occurs in children older than six, and usually is limited to those between two and four. *AMA*

► ANIMALS, a source of food, clothing, and companionship for people, are also a source of some 80 diseases that afflict man. Human diseases of animal origin range from minor infections such as ringworm, to deadly plagues of the past. *UCAL*

► THE INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR involved 30,000 scientists and technicians of 66 countries. Analysis and interpretation of the data recorded is expected to take years. *NGS*

► THE WHOLESALE promotion and conduct of mail-order business in obscene and pornographic materials in the United States now takes in a half-billion dollars a year. *U.S. Post Office Department*

► SCIENTISTS and engineers at a turbine engine company in two years made 1,004 inventions to improve the efficiency of jet propulsion. *Planes*

► ALMOST one fourth of all operations in the United States are now performed on children. *Scope*

► A HEARING aid that operates off the power of the sun, without batteries, has been designed and incorporated into eyeglasses. *Zenith*

► A COCKER SPANIEL adopted in Russia by an American reporter had to be "certified exempt from military service" before it could be taken out of the country. *Gaines*

► THE PREVENTION of trachoma, a disease afflicting 400 million people, is the object of a research program that will be continued during the next five years by the Harvard School of Public Health and the Arabian American Oil Company. *Harvard*

► BRAZIL'S Kraho Indians run ceremonial relay races carrying palm logs weighing from 20 to 200 pounds. Frequently the heavy logs are dragged by two bearers. The curious sport is semireligious, and is practiced on holidays and at the end of hunts. *NGS*

► WORKING wives become wage earners for many reasons, but the following ones rank high: 1) to improve the family standard of living, 2) to clear up family debts or other family obligations, 3) to purchase a home, 4) to help a husband complete his education, 5) to provide for elderly parents or other dependent relatives. *ILI*

► THE MAXIMUM flow of a river—important factor in planning a dam—can be predicted if the average wind speed and direction up to 10,000 feet above a watershed area is known. This enables meteorologists to estimate the precipitation and flood flow likely during an average storm and during the most intense storm expected in the region. *Scope*

## target

All Christians need to beware of developing an "ivory tower" experience that would keep them from recognizing some of the gutter-level realities of modern life. Whether we want to admit it or not, the \$500-million-a-year business in mail-order obscenity is likely to touch even Seventh-day Adventist homes once in a while.

Perhaps the most contemptible aspect of the whole business is the fact that it is aimed primarily at young people, who may not yet understand the new and powerful biological drives that are emerging in their lives. That which the Creator designed to be a wonderful and valuable part of life is thus corrupted for the monetary profit of conscienceless racketeers.

Any Christian who gets obscene materials in the mail certainly ought to follow the recommendations of Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield:

1. Save all materials received, including the envelopes and all enclosures.
2. Report the matter immediately—either in person or by letter—to your local postmaster, and turn the materials over to him.
3. Be willing to sign a formal complaint and testify if criminal action should be necessary.

This is one of those public issues—like temperance and religious liberty—in which Seventh-day Adventists cannot escape their moral responsibility to "stand up and be counted."

FG



# Elementary Teachers

are but one group among the many young people annually employed by the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Other professional personnel for whom the need has become acute are

Deans of Men and Women  
College Teachers  
Farm Managers  
Secretaries



Atlantic Union College, South Lancaster, Massachusetts  
Canadian Union College, College Heights, Alberta, Canada  
College of Medical Evangelists, Loma Linda and Los Angeles, California  
Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan  
La Sierra College, Arlington, California  
Oakwood College, Huntsville, Alabama  
Oshawa Missionary College, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

Pacific Union College, Angwin, California  
Potomac University, Washington, D.C.  
Southern Missionary College, Collegedale, Tennessee  
Southwestern Junior College, Keene, Texas  
Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska  
Walla Walla College, College Place, Washington  
Washington Missionary College, Washington, D.C.

**COURSES OF PREPARATION FOR THESE PROFESSIONS ARE OFFERED  
BY MOST OF THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST COLLEGES LISTED ABOVE.**